DARKNESS - DAY X
Floating plain-song - “Beatus servus in Christi dominus…”

SMASH CUT:

EXT. RUTTED COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT X

Lightning strikes revealing the BBC ONE LOGO and then FIVE CLOAKED MEN trudging the unforgiving road. Heads bowed. Two riding the same thin horse – a mark of austerity. Remaining three carrying a heavy structure hidden beneath muddy sheets.

SUBTITLE: Larkhall, Somerset – October 1307
Between the hospice and the childrens’ playground.

Shadows in the trees – the party is being watched. They lower their heavy icon to the ground.

Thunder explodes and as if this is their cue, out of the trees come the ambushing SARACEN WARRIORS. Their faces are hidden behind black scarves – eyes that are dark and fathomless.

The CLOAKED MEN shout in subtitled Medieval French – “We’re under attack!” / “How can this be? Saracens!” “Impossible!” / “It’s an ambush!”

These bowed men suddenly throw off their cloaks revealing white robes emblazoned with red crosses and chain-mail that flashes like dappled water.

TEMPLAR KNIGHTS!
Their leader – JAQUES de SAINT-OMAR – strong and righteous.

JAQUES DE SAINT-OMAR
(Medieval French / subtitled)
How can this be? The Saracens are abroad! In the name of Christ and the Temple of Solomon, defend the Relic!

The SARACENS charge.

JAQUES de SAINT-OMAR draws his sword. The blade is long and narrow, the pommel simple. (But this sword is highly significant throughout the annals of History.)

The Templar commander holds it aloft – a simple weapon but it immediately inspires his KNIGHTS.

JAQUES DE SAINT-OMAR (CONT'D)
(Medieval French / subtitled)
(MORE)
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 geyser 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:

SUBTITLE: 701 years later ...

We FLY TOWARDS a vast compound of modern buildings dominating a campus on the eastern hill of the city. Wessex University. We DESCEND TOWARDS the campus and pick out a lone figure hurrying towards the lecture halls.

MIX TO:

The WOMAN takes big purposeful steps. We can’t see her face. Her raven hair tumbles and bounces as she walks.

CUT TO:

A cluster of STUDENTS take diligent notes during an astonishingly dry lecture. The round-shouldered LECTURER points to a grid-reference map peppered with dots.

LECTURER
If we take our example grid-map, the Cycladic island of Melos, we can identify that this grid was compiled using randomly stratified sample transects which were then field-walked such as in the process outlined on Wednesday. When choosing a site for sampling it is important to take into account top ...
.. top .. top ....
(massive sneeze)
Topography and surrounding foliage.

The lecture room door crashes open. The woman we have just picked out, enters. Cargo pants, t-shirt and bomber jacket. Her hair an excited tangle of Celtic curls. This is DR GILLIAN MAGWILDE.

GILLIAN
Okay, who wants to go on a dig?

A sea of hands fly in to the air.

GILLIAN (CONT’D)

Clamour of books and folders packed.
GILLIAN (CONT'D)
Leave those.
(to startled LECTURER)
Thank you Dr Veesey. Sounding good.
You’re the man.

CUT TO:

SCENE OMITTED

EXT. LARKHALL - OPEN GROUND - DAY 1

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?

(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:

EXT. DIG SITE - DAY 1

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

CUT TO:

INT. DIG SITE - OPS TENT - DAY 1

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)
Damescene 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 ...
GILLIAN’S internal radar is beeping. She casts an intuitive eye over the fresh green grass to her left.

CUT TO:

11 SCENE OMITTED

12 SCENE OMITTED

13 EXT. RUTTED COUNTRY ROAD - 14TH CENTURY - NIGHT

Sudden and shocking.
- SARACEN attack. Men writhing and bleeding.
- JAQUES de SAINT-OMAR rallying his men.
- The KNIGHTS surrounded and then slaughtered.
- A flash of supernatural light silhouetting a cross that towers as a beacon.

SMASH CUT:

14 INT. BEDSIT - DAY 1

JAMES springs awake with a cry, his hand finding the knife under his pillow. Young, tousled and clearly broke. The bedsit is grey and lit by a single bulb. It is adorned as a monk’s cell. JAMES (trembling) gets immediately to his knees in supplication. Another derelict, COLM, enters. He wears a long dusty trench coat.

COLM
James! If you want to get well you need to keep drinking. I’ll do a Tescos run. Stay in bed until the temperature ... 

JAMES
When we were little boys, Colm .. What did the Brothers tell us?

COLM kneels beside him, concerned.

COLM
That our founders were betrayed by those they had protected. That everyone turned on them.

JAMES
Our founders were betrayed by friends and butchered by the enemies of Christ.
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.
PRESS
Will you continue to lobby
Parliament on behalf of the White
Wings Alliance? Mr Laygass?

JAMES pats COLM on the back - suddenly heartened.

JAMES
I tell you what Colm, my dreams
mean something. The mission that
those knights started .. It’s going
to finish soon. With us.

CUT TO:

15

INT. DIG SITE - OPS TENT - DAY 1

VIV, alone, bored and disheartened. Gives the monitor a thump. The picture clears. VIV stares at the data. Fuzzy black and white images.

CUT TO:

16

EXT. DIG SITE - DAY 1

BEN walks out the geo-phys - a zimmer frame type device. GREGORY returns from the pub loaded down with fish and chips.

GREGORY
Grub’s up my darlings.

VIV
I’ve got the data! It’s right there! They’re people! People!

In her rush, she crunches through a seed tray of finds.

VIV (CONT'D)
Sorry .. Sorry ...

GILLIAN lifts her head from the trench.

GILLIAN
STOP!!

VIV comes to a dead stop. Silence. Everyone looking at VIV. One boot hovers over a seed tray of delicate finds. GILLIAN gestures placatingly and VIV lowers her leg down slowly.

She points to the same patch of innocent turf GILLIAN was staring at earlier.

CUT TO:
EXT. DIG SITE - LATER - DAY 1

A fresh trench has been opened by the team. A small CROWD OF LOCALS watch from beyond the fence. A young hospice nurse named HELENA brings a couple of PATIENTS outside to watch the activity. The PATIENTS are in the last throes of cancer. HELENA is attentive and caring.

GILLIAN inches into the soil with her trowel. A length of bone becomes visible. GILLIAN clears it.

CUT TO:

SCENE OMITTED

EXT. DIG SITE - DAY 1

An hour later. An aerial imaging Land Rover has been brought in and positioned by the fresh trench. From its roof extends a 15 meter pole with a remote-control HD camera mounted on top.

BEN stands at the back of the Land Rover, leaning over the lap-top linked to the HD camera.

BEN
Little bit more ...

He moves the mouse. High above, the camera swivels a fraction. Click.

GILLIAN
Everyone. Here. Check this out.

STUDENTS gather behind BEN as the overhead image appears on the lap-top. They all gaze at the collection of human bones spread out along the trench floor.

BEN
Oh my God ...

GILLIAN
You beauties.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIG SITE - DAY 1

GILLIAN marches to their Land Rover with unbridled passion in her eyes. VIV and GREGORY walk with her. BEN is already loading some of their finds.

BEN
Hacked to death! They were hacked to death! Bloody gorgeous!
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

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:
EXT. UNIVERSITY - NIGHT 1

The modern complex with Bath dropping away beyond.

CUT TO:

INT. UNIVERSITY - FUNCTION ROOM - NIGHT 1

FACULTY mingle with drinks as DANIEL MASTIFF takes the floor. He is a media-loving historian. The DNA of Simon Schama with the ego of a movie producer. He stands beside something large and bulky covered in a cloth.

DANIEL MASTIFF
As your new Head of Archaeology can I balance an academic commitment with being a media sensation?
(encourages laughter)
All right, now, let me tell you, when I wrote my first book, "The Secret Perversions Of Henry VIII", I was petrified. Academia. Media. Could I survive in both camps? Well, if I may humbly quote, "Veni, vidi, vici."
(applause)
Because we live in an exciting age of Acamedia. And there are benefits; two percent of profits from my latest book will be ploughed directly into this department!

He unveils the giant mock-up for his latest - "Sex Rites Of The Ancients".

DANIEL MASTIFF (CONT’D)
Soon to be a Channel Five series.

BEN and GREGORY stand at the back in suits. GILLIAN arrives late. She looks stunning in a red dress. GREGORY growls like a hound. BEN drinks her in with a half-smile.

GILLIAN snatches a champagne flute irritably.

GILLIAN
One drink and we’re out of here.

She suddenly notices that her hands are caked in dirt.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIG SITE - NIGHT 1

Light fading. Bones are wrapped in acid-free tissue and laid in boxes. A LOCAL REPORTER takes pictures.
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:

INT. UNIVERSITY - FUNCTION ROOM - NIGHT 1

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:

INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - NIGHT 1

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:

INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - LATER - NIGHT 1

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:

INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - ARCHIVE - NIGHT 1

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:
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:

INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - NIGHT 1

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:

INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - ARCHIVE - NIGHT 1

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:

INT. LAYGASS’S OFFICE - NIGHT 1

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:

INT. MAYFIELD HOSPICE - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT 1

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:
INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - NIGHT 1

HELENA (V.O.)
You who died for our sins have
tolerance for 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:

INT. BEDSIT - PRE-DAWN 2

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:

INT. MUSLIM CENTRE - DAWN 2

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:

SCENE OMITTED

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

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 ...

Which is patently absurd.

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.

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

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

VIV brings in teas.

Tea’s up.

Bickies?

I’m so glad I’ve got a degree.

(GREGORY waits)

Rich Tea or Bourbons?

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

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:

INT. UNIVERSITY - MASTIFF'S OFFICE - DAY 2

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.
DANIEL MASTIFF
(on the phone)
Look, if you’re in two minds about acquiring the site it may interest you to know that my team have unearthed a piece of cedar wood, 2000 years old .... We could come to an academic agreement on this ...

CUT TO:

38 SCENE MOVED TO 34A

39 SCENE MOVED TO 34B

40 INT. UNIVERSITY – LAB – DAY 2
The hunk of dark wood sits on a desk untouched. Unremarkable.

Closing in on the wood - We hear muttered prayers (Helena). Book of Psalms.

HELENA (V.O.)
“I have asked the Lord for one thing; one thing only do I want: to live in the Lord’s house all my life, to marvel there at His goodness, and to ask for His guidance ..

CUT TO:

40A INT. MAYFIELD HOSPICE – PRIVATE ROOM – DAY 2
HELENA hunched forward in prayer by the bedside of JACK, the dying man.

HELENA
In times of trouble He will shelter me; He will keep me safe in His temple and make me secure on a high rock. So I will triumph over my enemies. With shouts of joy I will offer ...”

She stops quite suddenly. Raises her head.

The patient JACK is sitting upright. Eyes open. Alert. He smiles at HELENA. HELENA bursts into tears and hugs him.
A stunned NURSE hovering in the doorway takes out her mobile.

CUT TO:

41 SCENE OMITTED

42 INT. UNIVERSITY - ARCHIVE - DAY 2

BEN grabs GILLIAN'S elbow.

BEN
You should see this.

They are all watching TV - HELENA is being interviewed.

HELENA (TV)
All I know is that I've been in palliative care for three years and I've never seen a patient recover when so close to death ...

REPORTER (O.S.)
And is it true that you came into contact with a piece of ancient wood found on the field beside us?

HELENA (TV)
Yes, I told my colleagues that I helped a student archaeologist pull it out of the ground.

GILLIAN casts a look at VIV.

REPORTER (O.S.)
And is it true this wood is Biblical? Perhaps 2000 years old?

HELENA (TV)
I don't know ..

REPORTER (O.S.)
Would you describe what you saw today as a miracle?

GILLIAN punches off the TV.

GREGORY
How the hell did the hacks get on to this?

VIV
I didn't say anything!
GILLIAN
You let a layman help you on a dig site?

VIV
I .. I .. I’m sorry ...

CUT TO:

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:

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

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.


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:

EXT. BIRMINGHAM CITY STREETS - DAY 2

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:

TV - DAY A

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:

EXT. DIG SITE - DAY 3

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:

EXT. MAYFIELD HOSPICE - DAY 3

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:

INT. GILLIAN’S FLAT – DAY 3

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.
The wood of the door begins to squeak. The architrave cracks.
Silence. She begins to relax.

A sword blade slides through the gap between door and architrave. Begins to twist and prize the hinges.

VIV backs into the living room. Sounds of the door splintering, groaning, cracking. What the hell should she do?

CUT TO:

51 SCENE OMITTED

52 SCENE OMITTED

53 SCENE OMITTED

54 INT. DIG SITE - OPS TENT - DAY 3

GILLIAN blazes at DANIEL who tries to keep her placated.

   DANIEL MASTIFF
   Now. The other interested party ..
   He’s bought the site at three times its premium. It’s his site now.

   GILLIAN
   Why?

   DANIEL MASTIFF
   To declare this holy ground.

   GILLIAN
   This site and these finds are under my jurisdiction Daniel. Who the hell are we talking about?!

CUT TO:

54A INT. GILLIAN’S FLAT - DAY 3

VIV tries the sash window. Stuck.

   VIV
   “Why did you come here Viv?” Good bloody question ....

CUT TO:
EXT. GILLIAN’S FLAT – DOOR – DAY 3

Blade rams through. Hinges giving.

CUT TO:

INT. GILLIAN’S FLAT – DAY 3

VIV has nowhere to run to. She backs against the far wall, looking for something to defend herself with. She leans against the back wall. And the wall gives! VIV can not believe her luck – a secret door. She pushes open the door and slips through.

CUT TO:

INT. GILLIAN’S FLAT – SECRET ROOM – DAY 3

VIV pinwheels into the small room. Despite her urgency she is momentarily thrown by what she sees around her. Although we don’t see what she sees, it clearly has an effect on Viv.

VIV hurries on through the room as back in the flat come sounds of a break-in.

CUT TO:

SCENE OMITTED

SCENE OMITTED

INT. UNIVERSITY – LAB – DAY 3

GILLIAN paces angrily. GREGORY and BEN wait.

GILLIAN
He won’t tell me who’s got the site. I can’t believe how quickly this is getting out of control.

GREGORY
Everyone wants a piece of the Cross. They always have.

GILLIAN
What about the tissue residue in the wood?

BEN
They may be able to recover DNA.

GILLIAN
The DNA of Christ?
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:

INT. GILLIAN’S FLAT – DAY 3

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:

INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - EVENING 3

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?”
LAYGASS (V.O.)
A question for you; do you want
their Jerusalem or Christ’s
Jerusalem?

EXT. DIG SITE - NIGHT 3
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.

INT. DIG SITE - OPS TENT - NIGHT 3
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 seys - 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:

INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - ARCHIVE - NIGHT 3

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:

EXT. RUTTED ROAD - 14TH CENTURY - NIGHT X

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)
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.

INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB -档案馆 - 夜 3

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.

EXT. RUTTED ROAD - 14TH CENTURY - 夜 X

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.

INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - ARCHIVE - 夜 3

GILLIAN
He was the soul survivor of that attack. He knew what the knights were carrying. He knew what became of the relic.
During the mayhem, a SARACEN lunges at a TEMPLAR who dodges. The SARACENS scimitar hacks through a small chunk of exposed wood from under the cloth. A hunk of wood drops onto the road.

Thunder explodes in the sky as if in rebuke.

CUT TO:

BEN
Look if Laygass has the book then he has all the answers anyway. He’d know where the Cross was.

GILLIAN
He has some writings, not all of them. He’s obviously missing a vital clue.

She stands.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)
You are impressed.

BEN
(trying to make light)
I am. You’re very clever.

BEN takes her arm.

GILLIAN
What is it?

BEN
If .. and I say only if Laygass has an army of modern day crusaders on his side ... how many are there?

Neither of them want to think too long about that.

CUT TO:

JAMES, COLM and EIGHT KNIGHTS step out of the shadows to meet LAYGASS. All the knights are wearing the same coats and plain white t-shirts.

JAMES
Edinburgh. Swansea. They’re waiting sir. Just as we’re waiting.
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:
INT. ECCLESIASTICAL LIBRARY - NIGHT 3

Small but labyrinthine with rows of dusty books. GREGORY lets his fingers skip across the spines, humming something from “The Marriage Of Figaro”. The stern female LIBRARIAN sssshes him.

GREGORY
Apologies madam.

He locates a heading on “Obscure Monastic Writings.”.

GREGORY (CONT’D)
Now then, where art thou Brother Stephen?

Sounds of the door swinging open. Someone else has entered the candle-lit library.

GREGORY feels an urge to hurry. He trawls quickly through the spines of books until he finds what he is looking for. Flips down the pages. Finds a heading on the Grandmontine Order.

Someone is moving down an aisle of books towards him. GREGORY reads avidly, strolling deeper into the library.

At her desk, the LIBRARIAN is writing. A shadow passes across her. She looks up but there is no one.

GREGORY has the book on a reading stand. He photographs the relevant pages with his digital camera.

A noise in one of the aisles. GREGORY can see nobody.

Creak. Floorboard on the opposite side of the case. Someone standing on the other side. GREGORY begins to walk slowly along the aisle. Can he hear footsteps matching him? He freezes. Leans forward and pulls out a book.

A pair of bloodshot eyes blaze back at him.

GREGORY drops the book with a crash. He darts down another aisle. He moves fast, switching from row to row.

COLM reaches the far end of the library. No sign of his quarry.

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

CUT TO:

INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - ARCHIVE - NIGHT 3

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.
By Saracens?

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

CUT TO:

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - ARCHIVE - NIGHT 3

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.

The jammy sods! Why?

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.

Cresswell’s been heavily excavated. Nothing doing.

They hid it somewhere!

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.

Where else could the monks hide it?
GILLIAN
    Well Laygass can only read the topsoil, 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

The car hammers up the M5.

CUT TO:

77
INT. WHITE WINGS ALLIANCE - RECEPTION - NIGHT 3

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

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:

INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - NIGHT 3

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:

INT. LAYGASS OFFICES - NIGHT 3

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
My lady.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - MORNING 4

Land Rover bouncing over rough lanes in deep countryside.

CUT TO:

I/E. LAND ROVER - MORNING 4

GREGORY drives. GILLIAN on the far side and VIV wedged between them. BEN in the back. They listen to radio news.

RADIO NEWS
The beheaded body of a young muslim student in the south of the city has sparked an outcry of anger and disgust from religious leaders across the country. As the Bishop of Birmingham meets with Muslim clerics today to discuss how best to tackle the growing fury amongst all religious factions of the city...

GILLIAN switches it off.

BEN
Sounds Laygass’s war is about to begin.

GILLIAN
Viv, you don’t have to sit in the Floozy Seat.

Every time GREGORY changes gear he has the perfect opportunity to grope VIV’S leg. She slaps his hand.

GREGORY
I was changing down!

GILLIAN
(refers to book)
No wonder Laygass loves this thing. Brother Stephen talks about the Templars rising again in the future and crushing the heathens.

BEN
What are those symbols? Animals and stuff...

Various images of houses, water, castle keeps, birds.
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:

INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - DAY 4

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:

EXT. GARWAY - LANE - DAY 4

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:

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

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:

INT. DOVE-COTE - DAY 4

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:

EXT. GARWAY - LANE - DAY 4

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:

INT. DOVE-COTE - DAY 4

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:

INT. DOVE-COTE - UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - DAY 4

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

GILLIAN
Stop. Hang on ...
She waggles the light to fix it. Now she can see. And her face registers tearful, emotional awe.

CUT TO:

INT. DOVE-COTE - DAY 4

GREGORY is tying off a rope. BEN secures his own harness. He notices VIV watching him enviously. He passes it to her.

BEN
Know how to put this on?

She can’t believe he is giving her the chance.

CUT TO:

INT. DOVE-COTE - UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - DAY 4

GILLIAN is surprised as VIV is lowered beside her. Together they stare in wonder at the chamber.

FX: The large chamber is filled with hundreds of decaying wooden crosses. Some with their cross-beams missing. Some fallen.

They reach the floor.

GILLIAN
These are Roman crosses, collected over the Crusades. The Templars didn’t know which was Christ’s so they brought them all.

VIV
And the piece we found ...?

GILLIAN
From one of these.

VIV unclicks her harness.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)
Be careful.

VIV walks amongst the crosses. She cautiously touches one.

Quite suddenly VIV’S empty harness is yanked off the ground and back towards the roof.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)
Ben? What are you doing?

CUT TO:
INT. DOVE-COTE - DAY 4

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:

INT. DOVE-COTE - UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - DAY 4

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 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:

INT. DOVE-COTE - DAY 4

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:

INT. DOVE-COTE - UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - DAY 4

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:

INT. DOVE-COTE - DAY 4

BEN can see that COLM is faltering.
BEN
It’s never been about faith Colm.
It’s been about power. Come on ...

He holds out his hand – give me the sword.

CUT TO:

INT. DOVE-COTE - UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - DAY 4

JAMES swoops past GILLIAN who ducks a second before losing her head. He swings in an arc, ready to get her the next time. She is helpless in his path.

A sword cuts his harness from above. JAMES falls to the chamber floor, leg broken and helpless.

CUT TO:

INT. DOVE-COTE - DAY 4

COLM pulls back with his sword. Gregory and Ben start to haul Gillian up.

CUT TO:

INT. DOVE-COTE - UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - DAY 4

GILLIAN is being hauled up.

GILLIAN
No, I’m going down!

LAYGASS grabs VIV and throws her to the ground, raising his sword. In the hellfire glow of burning crosses he appears demonic.

And VIV starts to sing.

VIV
“And did those feet in ancient times, walk upon England’s mountains green? And was the holy Lamb of God, in England’s pleasant pastures seen ..?”

Beautiful. Pitch-perfect. Pure. LAYGASS is dumbfounded. The song has captured him. He did not expect it. VIV stares at him as she sings “Jerusalem” with utter sincerity.

LAYGASS
God gave you that voice sister. But the Devil uses it.

It is the fraction of a beat that is needed.
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:

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

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:

INT. DOVE-COTE - UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - DAY 4

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:

SCENE MOVED TO 106

INT. PUB - DAY 4

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:

SCENE MOVED TO 105

EXT. MAYFIELD HOSPICE – DAY 4

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:

INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - ARCHIVE - DAY 4

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:
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:

INT. GILLIAN’S FLAT - SECRET ROOM - DAY 4

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.