

D O O M S D A Y

DRAFT 2.0

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1 **EXT - GLASGOW STREETS - DUSK**

1

We fade up and down on images of a contemporary city bustling with life. Swarms of people come and go about their daily life, oblivious to the devastation and death that is about to overwhelm them....

FADE TO BLACK.

2 **INT - BACTERIAL FLUID - DAY**

2

FADE UP ON - a swirling mass of micro-organisms. One particular CELL, yellow in colour, is absorbing and corrupting the others around it, until it becomes the dominant cell, and finally the only cell, multiplying and spreading until there is little room to move.

Main title appears over this image:

DOOMSDAY

DISSOLVE TO:

3 **INT - BAR - NIGHT**

3

Behind the title, the image MORPHS through to a blurred overhead shot of a bustling crowd of people.

TITLE:

Glasgow, Scotland - 2007

FADE OUT.

Thumping music fills the air as the crowd comes into sharp focus and we are looking down on a crowded BAR, packed with young men and women, mixing and mingling, out on the town.

We CRANE down and come to rest looking across the bar at a YOUNG MAN - **BRADLEY**, standing alone, being pushed and shoved by the throng of people around him.

A single drop of blood lands in his drink.

Concerned, he feels his nose and pulls his finger away soaked in blood.

A barmaid asks if he's okay and he sneezes violently, spattering blood across the bar and her!

Now, scared, he pushes his way through the crowd, heading for the bathroom.

Along the way he shoves the wrong man, spilling his drink.

(CONTINUED)

The THUG grabs BRADLEY by the collar, pulls him close and savagely NUTS him, getting his blood all over his forehead. Even more pissed off now, the THUG punches BRADLEY in the face, spraying his blood over the faces of people standing around, watching!

The crowd back off and BRADLEY manages to scramble away as a brawl develops behind him!

CUT TO:

4 **INT - MEN'S TOILETS - NIGHT**

4

BRADLEY staggers to the sink and throws up - red bile! Others around him take the piss - "Had a few too many have we?"

Gathering himself, BRADLEY runs the tap and soaks his face in cold water, washing away the blood, but it keeps flowing.

Panic begins to set in as he looks in the mirror and sees blood is now running from his ears and around his eyes! His complexion is turning sickly grey as he runs for the door.

CUT TO:

5 **INT - BAR - NIGHT**

5

Running back out into the crowd he barges into people, making his way toward the exit...

CUT TO:

6 **EXT - BAR - NIGHT**

6

Blood streaming down his face, he pushes his way outside and onto the street, calling out for someone, anyone to help him, touching and covering people in blood as he goes.

In blind panic and fear he runs out in the road, and straight in front of a CAR!

The CAR hits him hard and knocks him flying and he lands in a crumpled heap in the middle of the road!

VO

(cold and chilling)

Like so many epidemics before, the loss of
so many lives began with a single
organism....

As a crowd of people begin to crowd around him, and we can hear the faint sound of sirens, we CRANE UP, looking down on him, higher and higher, and we

CUT TO:

7 **MONTAGE**

7

OPENING TITLES over news footage depicting the growing sense of panic and unrest during the first days of the epidemic.

VO

The unknown disease, dubbed "The Reaper Virus", passed from person to person like a common cold. It was contagious within 2 hours....fatal within 24. There was no cure, no vaccine. It claimed the lives of hundreds in the first week. Only it's rapid incubation period prevented it from spreading too far, too fast. In an attempt to quell the epidemic, Martial Law was implemented, roadblocks set up and curfews ruthlessly enforced by the Police and Military. All airports, harbours and borders were closed. Movement was restricted. The whole of Scotland was placed under quarantine. The people were ordered to stay in their homes. To avoid travel. Avoid contact. To sit it out and weather the storm. But they were afraid, and they did not obey.

Ambulances rush through the streets, the hospitals can't cope, road blocks are set up. There's chaos on the streets as traffic jams bring the city to a grinding halt. The exodus has begun. The airport is shut down. The epidemic spreads. We see rioting and looting. Chaos is not far away. The border between Scotland and England is closed for the first time in history.

VO (CONT'D)

The road blocks and border patrols weren't enough to stop the terrified thousands, desperate to escape certain death. The situation grew worse by the hour, while those in charge, safely hidden within their concrete bunkers, argued and haggled and eventually conceived their final solution.

CUT TO:

8 **EXT - M6 MEDICAL STATION - NIGHT**

8

ARMY TRUCKS pull up in line and people streaming out of the back of them, among them **a young couple and their infant daughter**, herded like sheep by SOLDIERS in full bio-warfare suits.

WE follow them as they join a crowd of frightened, disparate people, all shuffling through a narrow funnel of barbed wire fences to the medical station on the far side of a bridge. Razor wire lines the bridge, a patrol boat cruises up and down the river, search lights sweeping the water left and right. Helicopters sweep up and down the line of wire.

(CONTINUED)

A PA system calmly instructs people to stay calm and maintain order. Anyone not complying will be dealt with maximum force.

VO

Medical stations were established at the two major border crossing points, the A1 in the east and the M6 in the west.

One by one they pass through M.A.S.H. tents and are seen by a team of specialists, the nearest of which is a young DOCTOR, also in full bio-hazard suite, the name **KANE** written in marker above his visor.

The **young couple** go through, but the father is past negative. KANE shakes his head, and the MAN is quickly ushered away from his tearful, grasping **wife and daughter**, out of another exit.

VO (CONT'D)

The healthy were filtered out from the infected, the living from the dead, and placed in holding camps. Kept apart from their loved ones.

The rest, once processed and approved, are then herded out of the tents, through more barbed wire corridors. Now the **separated husband and wife** find themselves on opposite sides of the wire, unable to reach each other as they are pushed through. The father pleading with the mother to protect their daughter. They find themselves in detention areas where they must await their fate.

CUT TO:

In the tightly packed mass of people, moving slowly toward the first of many gates that lead to the medical station, one YOUNG MAN looks increasingly edgy and terrified, glancing along the edge of the cordons, thinking about making a run for it.

Armed SOLDIERS move amongst the crowd, keeping order. One of the soldiers tries to get the attention of a man, wearing a hooded Parker. The man won't turn around. The SOLDIERS urges him, then grabs his hood and pulls it off, revealing the man is rotting alive, infected to the core, bleeding from his eyes, ears and mouth!

The crowd backs away in terror!

INFECTED MAN

Help me....!

SOLDIER

Get down on the ground! Get down on the fucking ground!!

But the man just walks toward him...

INFECTED MAN

Please...help me.....!

(CONTINUED)

Backed up, terrified, the SOLDIER opens fire. Infected blood sprays across the faces of those standing close by. PANIC erupts in the crowd. The people want to get as far from this infected person as possible! They surge against the wire fences blocking their way! Gates are closed in their path! The SOLDIERS try to control the situation, shots are fired but the crowd no longer care!

The YOUNG MAN sees his chance, he breaks from the crowd and hurls himself over the wire! He cuts his hands and face to ribbons, fighting through to the other side. Once through he runs as fast as he can. Pursued by soldiers, as well as KANE, pleading him to stop. He breaks into the clear, heading over the brow of a hill, toward bright lights on the far side.

He runs, desperate, gasping, leaving the crowd behind him, until he reaches to the top of the hill....

There he slows to a stop, his resolve fades, he knows he is doomed.

Before him welders are busy finishing off a forty foot high steel WALL! The razor wire was only a temporary measure!

Behind him, the panic stricken crowd have broken through the fences and now overwhelm the MEDICAL STATION!

The crowds inside the detention camps surge against the wire, pressing forward, trampling others in their desire to escape.

The YOUNG MAN is immediately pin-pointed by a SPOTLIGHT from the WALL. In an instant his chest is blown apart by GUNFIRE and he slumps onto the Tarmac, blood gushing onto the road.

DR. KANE cries out as another innocent is lost. He quickly checks the YOUNG MAN for signs of infection as more SOLDIERS gather around the body.

KANE

He wasn't even infected!

Behind them, the rioting crowd have broken down the fences of the detention area and rush out, **the young mother and daughter** among them. The father, still trapped, cries out to her - "Save her! Save her!" The SOLDIERS, unwilling to open fire, retreat before them.

A KLAXON sounds on the giant metal WALL, beside the open GATE, red rotary beacons fire up.

All eyes turn to the WALL.

SERGEANT

Oh shit!

(to his men)

Fall back, now!!

KANE

What are they doing!?

(CONTINUED)

SERGEANT

They're closing the gates! Come on!

The SOLDIERS turn and run for it as the giant GATE slowly slides closed, powered by giant electric motors!

KANE

They can't do that.....We have to help these people!!!

KANE attempts to follow but the YOUNG MAN grabs his ankle, tripping him! The CROWD flood past, one kicks his visor as he runs by, racing for the GATE!

SERGEANT

GET BACK! GET! BACK!

The SERGEANT helps his men through the closing gap, along with the medical staff. He looks back and sees KANE lost amongst the CROWD. He can't wait any longer.

KANE manages to break free from the YOUNG MAN, but it's too late. The SERGEANT ducks through and looks back as the GATE closes the last few inches. The wave of screaming terrified people crash against the GATES, reaching out for pities sake! Arms and fingers are crushed and severed as the gap narrows and with a metallic clang the GATES slam shut.

Within the crowd, the young mother and daughter spot a soldier, further along on their side of the wall. His mates on the wall have thrown him a line and he's hooking himself on. She runs to him, grabbing him and spinning him around.

MOTHER

For pities sake, take her with you!?
Please!

The young girl doesn't want to go. She clings to her MOTHER, but it's her only chance! Urged on by his comrades above, the SOLDIER must make a decision quickly. He grabs the little girl and gives the signal to pull them up!

Screaming and crying, the struggling infant is lifted up and away in the arms of the SOLDIER. Her MOTHER stands below, gasping through the floods of tears, watching her daughter go to safety.

The girl looks down and sees her MOTHER reaching up toward her, only to be enveloped by the crowd below!

CUT TO:

AT THE GATES liquid concrete is poured from giant skips into the cavity between the double skinned GATE, clearly showing that these gates are not intend to be opened again, ever.

KANE stares up at this vast structure in fear, knowing his fate is sealed.

(CONTINUED)

From behind him comes the sound of a HORN, then the roar of an engine, the crowd scatter in fear as a huge articulated TRUCK charges onto the bridge, smashing its way through the wire fences, heading straight for the GATE! Machine guns open fire from the WALL, ripping into the TRUCK, scattering the crowd even more! The TRUCK keeps coming until finally, an ANTI TANK ROCKET flares down from above and instantly turns the TRUCK into a rolling fire storm!

It crashes off the road before it ever reaches the GATE. KANE tears his VISOR off and watches through the flames.

The WALL stands tall and strong. Opposing any attempt to escape.

FADE TO BLACK.

10 GRAPHICS

10

We see an animated display, showing the geography of the WALL.

VO

They called it the new 'Hadrian's Wall' 40 feet high and constructed of steel armour plating. It followed the same line of the ancient Roman frontier, 2000 years before, spanning 80 miles, east coast to west, cutting Britain in half. North of the wall the skies were declared a no fly zone and its coastal waters were mined and patrolled. Nobody went in....and nobody came out.

CUT TO:

11 EXT - WALL - DUSK

11

Looking down the length of the completed WALL as it snakes away into the distance, 40 foot high, lined with steel armour plating, crowned with razor wire between the regularly spaced towers. Upon each tower stands a RAPIER ANTI-AIRCRAFT MISSILE SYSTEM. Before the WALL, lies a no-mans-land, peppered with ANTI-PERSONNEL MINES and enclosed RAZOR WIRE. Signs clearly state that anyone attempting to cross this area will be shot.

VO

Those trapped inside were left to fend for themselves. Left unchecked the contagion would, in time, claim them all.

HELICOPTER GUNSHIPS sweep overhead, patrolling the length of the wall as we

CUT TO:

12 INT - MOBILE RADAR STATION - WALL - NIGHT

12

Looking at a radar screen, we see a blip getting closer. A klaxon sounds and a PA system announces 'WARNING - AIR SPACE VIOLATION IN PROGRESS'! The GUARD hurries outside and we follow. The RADAR STATION is in the back of the military truck parked up behind one of the many WATCH TOWERS along the WALL. The GUARD looks up as a single engine CESSNAR flies low over the WALL, barely missing it! The PLANE flies away into the night, trying to make a break for it. We look back at the WATCH TOWER as an ANTI-AIRCRAFT MISSILE is launched, streaking across the night sky at high speed and finding its mark! The CESSNAR bursts into flames and falls to ground along the horizon.

The GUARD makes his way up a staircase to the top of the WALL and we CRANE up with him. He reaches the top and looks out over a vast landscape, dotted with distant FIRES.

VO

Without power, communications with the outside world soon broke down, never to return. Attempts to break out became fewer and fewer. The bodies burned in their thousands. Society rotted along with the corpses. The streets ran with blood as the people fought to stay alive. Looting, rape, murder, became rife. The cities burned. The last to die became primal, savages feeding off the raw flesh of uninfected livestock, and sometimes...off each other. As the weeks turned to months, the funeral pyres ceased to light up the night.

We move out beyond the SOLDIERS on the WALL, until all we can see is the vast sprawling sea of burning bodies, and one by one they disappear.

VO (CONT'D)

In time they would all fade and die, and the world North of the wall would be consigned first to memory....and then to history.

As the last pyre burns out, the screen is plunged into total darkness.

CUT TO:

13 BLACK

13

TITLE:

2037

(CONTINUED)

NOW

FADE OUT.

FADE UP ON:

14 EXT - AERIAL - LONDON

14

Drifting toward the sprawling city skyline as the sun goes down. It's last golden rays reflecting on a series of flood canals encircling the bulk of the city north of the THAMES and preventing it from being engulfed by rising tidal flood waters.

CUT TO:

15 EXT - CITY STREETS - LONDON - NIGHT

15

The capital is much the same as it is now, it's Edwardian and Victorian architecture mixing and contrasting brilliantly with the towers of glass and steel reaching high into the night sky. There are no flying cars or hover bikes in this future. It's a logical progression from where we are now. For every two steps forward, we've taken one step back. For every new gadget and gismo on the market, there remain issues of crime, poverty, unemployment, and over population.

TITLE:

LONDON

POPULATION - 17 MILLION (APPROX)

FADE OUT.

In order to maintain some semblance of law and order, the streets are patrolled by the **F.S.A.** An amalgamation of the ARMY and POLICE FORCE. The FSA rules with an iron fist, much like an army of occupation. All officers are armed with military hardware and have the authority to shoot criminal offenders.

We see news stands with months old HEADLINES pasted over each other - "HOMELESS THOUSANDS FORCED INTO GHETTOS", "**CRIME RATE SOARS**" and "**HATCHER APPROVES CURFEW!**"

New MATRIX SIGNS on street corners warn that the CURFEW will be in effect in 3 hours, 30 minutes and counting.

This is not the utopia so many people died to protect.

CUT TO:

16 **EXT - LONDON CITYSCAPE - NIGHT**

16

Architecture from the 80's and 90's, once built as slick urban apartments, now stand as vandalised and derelict ghettos, vastly over-crowded, corrupted by crime, fuelled by drugs, and haunted by the underprivileged of this future society.

A light flashing atop the nearest MATRIX sign accompanied by a calm female voice warns that the CURFEW will come into effect in 1 MINUTE.

The street soon empties as we

CUT TO:

17 **INT - APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT**

17

Looking down from a high window, we see two FSA PATROL CARS cruising the neighbourhood, searchlight sweeping back and both.

TRACKING to the left we reveal a figure standing with his back to the WINDOW, hidden just out of the sight of the PATROL CARS. He's holding a PUMP ACTION SHOTGUN. The spotlight sweeps across the window, but he doesn't flinch, he knows he can't be seen.

The PATROL CARS finish their sweep below and move off. As they go, the MAN moves away from the WINDOW and we follow him, into the sickly FLUORESCENT glow of a tenement building corridor. At one end is a stairwell and ELEVATOR, but he goes the other way, entering a sprawling apartment.

CUT TO:

18 **INT - DRUG DEN - NIGHT**

18

Inside several THUGS are gathered on tattered couches watching a holographic TV projection of some ultra violent movie. SHOTGUN MAN walks through the projected image then onward into the kitchen area. Music with a heavy bass beat pounds constantly throughout the apartment.

This is a retrofitted slum, as hints of the old mix with gadgets of the new age.

The SHOTGUN MAN enters the kitchen where several KILO's of packaged drugs are stacked on the table, ready for delivery. Inside is a scruffy, greasy looking man in a PIN STRIPE suit. He's an angry, nasty piece of work.

PIN STRIPE

Well?

SHOTGUN

All clear.

(CONTINUED)

PIN STRIPE

Good. I want this shipment on the streets and in the bloodstream by tomorrow night.

SHOTGUN

It's not a problem. We've got everything covered.

PIN STRIPE

I hope so, 'cos this stuff is the dogs proverbial bollocks, and we don't the FSA getting their thieving fucking paws on it! Do we?

SHOTGUN

I told you. It's sorted!

PIN STRIPE

Alright mate, calm down and put the kettle on, I could do with a brew.

CUT TO:

19 INT - TENEMENT CORRIDOR - NIGHT

19

A WHITE SPHERICAL object bounces into sight at the end of the corridor, coming from the stairs and bouncing back and forth of the corridor walls towards us. WE TRACK toward it as it comes to rest, and we see it is a HUMAN EYEBALL, staring straight at us!

CUT TO:

20 EYEBALL POV

20

WIDE ANGLE, GROUND LEVEL view of the corridor. It's clear.

CUT TO:

21 INT - TENEMENT CORRIDOR - NIGHT

21

A woman, dressed in well worn leather jacket and tight black jeans, emerges round the corner at the stop of the STAIRWELL. She looks intensely athletic and tough, her hair cropped to the shoulder and a PUMP ACTION SHOTGUN in a holster across her back. As she emerges all the way, we see she's wearing an eye patch over her left eye!

This is **EDEN SINCLAIR** (32), and she's armed and very dangerous.

Her partner, an older man, MAJOR JOHN **MICHAELSON**, moves past her and onto the far side of the corridor. Together they begin to move along the corridor toward the DRUG DEN, PISTOLS drawn, ready for anything.

Along the way, MICHAELSON picks up the EYEBALL and tosses it to SINCLAIR, who puts it in her pocket.

(CONTINUED)

Just then another apartment door opens to the side of them! A woman steps out, only to meet with SINCLAIR's gun in his face. She gasps and freezes, SINCLAIR puts a finger to her lips, gesturing her to get back inside and stay put. She does so willingly.

Finally they reach the DRUG DEN door, and take up positions on either side of it.

We can hear the incessant music pounding through the door, when it suddenly opens and a THUG strolls out, high on drugs and oblivious of their presence on both flanks. He just walks away down the corridor and SINCLAIR and MICHAELSON can't do anything until the door slowly swings shut behind him.

Finally, the door shuts, just as the man reaches the elevator and pushes the button. MICHAELSON signals SINCLAIR to take him out. She tosses her PISTOL to MICHAELSON and sprints down the corridor as the man slowly turns around toward her!

SINCLAIR slides on the floor, feet first, kicking the man's legs out from under him, then using her elbow to break his nose! It's short, sharp and effective. The man is dazed and bleeding as SINCLAIR hauls him to his feet.

Just then the door opens again. Only this time its SHOTGUN MAN. He sees SINCLAIR, and she sees him. He raises his SHOTGUN and she uses her captive as a human shield. He fires blowing out the chest of her prisoner and knocking them both backwards to the floor!

SHOTGUN MAN quickly slams the door as MICHAELSON opens fire through it with BOTH PISTOLS, then checks on SINCLAIR. She rolls out from under the dead THUG and MICHAELSON slides her pistol along the corridor floor toward her!

As he bends down to do this, a SHOTGUN blast rings out, blowing a hole through the wall where he was just standing! MICHAELSON dives to the floor, covering his head!

SINCLAIR pulls the PUMP ACTION from her back and runs back along the corridor!

MICHAELSON pulls a FLASH GRENADE from his belt and tosses it through the HOLE!

Still running, SINCLAIR blows the door off it's hinges and throws her weight against it, smashing it down and landing on her belly on the floor!

CUT TO:

22 **INT - DRUG DEN - NIGHT**

22

24 2 of the THUGS are stunned by the GRENADE and she quickly takes them out, 2 rounds a piece to the chest!

MICHAELSON soon joins her and together they sweep the apartment, expecting attack from any side!

(CONTINUED)

Then it comes. The last THUG opens up with an ASSAULT RIFLE! Bullets rip the apartment to shreds as SINCLAIR and MICHAELSON return fire through the HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTION of a movie shoot-out! In the chaos, noise and confusion, COPS and THUGS alike shot at characters on the screen by mistake!

MICHAELSON hits the THUG in the neck and he goes down, spraying the walls with blood!

Then SHOTGUN MAN opens fire! Bullets blaze back and forth until MICHAELSON and SINCLAIR dive for cover, firing back as best they can as they scramble out of harms way!

On the KITCHEN COUNTER, the KETTLE, slowly boiling, begins to hiss....

SINCLAIR signals MICHAELSON to make his way around to the right while she takes her EYEBALL from her pocket and throws it ahead of her, into the kitchen area...

CUT TO:

23 **EYEBALL POV**

23

The view shows her what is going on behind the kitchen counter. SHOTGUN MAN is waiting, getting ready to fire!

CUT TO:

24 **INT - DRUG DEN - DEN**

24

SHOTGUN MAN rises up and fires, MICHAELSON returns fire! SINCLAIR waits for her moment! The KETTLE boils and clicks off!

SHOTGUN MAN drops back down to reload and she rises up from behind her cover and shoots at the KETTLE!

The KETTLE explodes, showering SHOTGUN MAN with boiling water! He stands up, screaming as the scalding water steams off his flesh!

SINCLAIR dives forward, rolling and comes up around the side of the COUNTER, aiming and firing at SHOTGUN MAN, putting him out of his misery!

Suddenly PIN STRIPE, holding a KITCHEN KNIFE, runs screaming at her from behind!

SINCLAIR reacts by flat kicking him in the chest, knocking the wind out of his lungs and sending him flying backwards against the wall!

MICHAELSON joins her, checking out the drugs on the table.

MICHAELSON
Leave some for the rest of us Sinclair.

(CONTINUED)

SINCLAIR
(breathing hard, angry)
Force of habit.

MICHAELSON
Whatever. Cuff him and take him downstairs.

SINCLAIR
Why take the chance? With a half decent lawyer he'll get off, plead insanity or some other bullshit and be back on the streets in a week. The system doesn't work, it's a joke.

MICHAELSON
Do you see me laughing? We have a job to do Sinclair, and we're going to do it right!

SINCLAIR
Only trying to save the tax payers a few bob. You're a soft touch, sir.

MICHAELSON gives her a stern glare, but lets it go. SINCLAIR reaches down and hauls PIN STRIPE to his feet.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)
And you can wipe that stupid smile off your face for a start!

PIN STRIPE just stares arrogantly back at SINCLAIR, knowing he's going to live. Holding him by the lapels, SINCLAIR head butts him, pummelling his nose!

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)
Still smiling? Didn't think so.

MICHAELSON
Alright, Sinclair, that's enough! I'll take him downstairs myself.

SINCLAIR pauses only to turn off the HOLOGRAPHIC TV and light up a cigarette as MICHAELSON leads his prisoner out of the apartment.

CUT TO:

25 **INT - TENEMENT CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

25

MICHAELSON carts him off down the corridor toward the ELEVATOR. SINCLAIR follows, a few paces behind, taking her EYEBALL out of her pocket...

MICHAELSON presses the call button for the ELEVATOR.

SINCLAIR puts her REMOTE EYEBALL back into its socket with a audible succulent pop as the ELEVATOR arrives...

(CONTINUED)

MICHAELSON

Do you HAVE to do that, Sinclair? It really bugs me...!

SINCLAIR ignores him, as the ELEVATOR doors slides open and MICHAELSON turns back to face them...

A THUG steps into view in the elevator, aiming a DOUBLE BARREL SAWN-OFF SHOTGUN directly at MICHAELSON's head! He fires.

MICHAELSON's head explodes like a ripe melon, spraying his brains across SINCLAIR's face! In reaction SINCLAIR falls backward to the floor, temporarily blinded but opens fire at the assailant!

As the THUG goes down in a flurry of crimson, PIN STRIPE ducks into the ELEVATOR and the doors slide shut!

SINCLAIR opens fire at the ELEVATOR doors, putting a line of dents in the metal doors as they close!

MICHAELSON is dead. There's nothing she can do for him now.

SINCLAIR gets to her feet and charges down the stairwell, racing the ELEVATOR to the ground floor!

CUT TO:

26 INT - TENEMENT STAIRWELL - NIGHT

26

She jumps the railing and skips the last flight of stairs, dropping and rolling as she lands, as fleet as a cat.

Breathless she rushes around the corner as the ELEVATOR bell sounds!

CUT TO:

27 INT - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

27

The doors open and SINCLAIR is waiting, pistol aimed!

PINSTRIPE cowers at the back of the ELEVATOR, his hands raised, trembling with fear.

PIN STRIPE

Please.....?!

SINCLAIR considers the moment, briefly, then pulls the trigger.

Lowering the gun, her blank, emotionless face sprayed with the blood of her partner, we can see she's undergone a change, a cathartic experience. Nothing will ever be the same again.

DISSOLVE TO:

28 **EXT - TENEMENT BLOCK - NIGHT**

28

Looking down from the roof of the building, we now see the entrance way is blocked with FSA PATROL VEHICLES and AMBULANCES, lights blazing.

Another FSA PATROL CAR drives up and stops and we

CUT TO:

29 **EXT - FSA PATROL CAR - NIGHT**

29

A man in his late 50's steps out of the car. He is **COMMANDER WILLIAM 'BILL' NELSON**, SINCLAIR's superior; an old-school, brow-beaten cynic and relic of the MET, as was. **LIEUTENANT BRYANT** is there to meet him.

BRYANT

Commander....

He looks as MICHAELSON's body is wheeled past in front of him in a body bag.

NELSON

Who is it?

BRYANT

Major Michaelson. Double barrel shotgun, close range.

NELSON

Well Bryant, this has been a proper fuckin balls up hasn't it? 'Fine way to start the morning.

BRYANT

Yes sir.

NELSON

Where is she?

BRYANT

(gestures to the roof)

Up there.

NELSON

How's she taking it?

BRYANT

Always difficult to tell with Major Sinclair.

NELSON

I'd better go and have a word. 'Make sure she doesn't jump of the fuckin roof and put me off my breakfast.

(CONTINUED)

NELSON heads off toward the building and we

CUT TO:

30 **EXT - TENEMENT BLOCK - NIGHT**

30

Looking down from the rooftop as NELSON enters the building, we pull back to see SINCLAIR sitting on the edge as dawn washes over the skyline, throwing the cityscape into sharp relief.

NELSON (O.S.)

Not thinking about doing something daft,
are you?

SINCLAIR

'Just thinking. 'Don't get to see much of
this from the streets.

(BEATS)

Have you got a cigarette on you?

NELSON

For crying out loud Sinclair, when are you
going to get some of your own?

He digs a pack from his pocket....

NELSON (CONT'D)

'You have any idea how much these things
cost?!

He lights her and joins her in a smoke.

SINCLAIR

That's why I smoke yours.

NELSON

I tell you Sinclair, we're like two fuckin
relics from a bygone era. We've got to
watch out for each other. With Michaelson
gone, that makes you Major.

She says nothing. NELSON steps up beside her, tentatively looking
down over the edge.

NELSON (CONT'D)

Woh.....

(he steps back)

Bryant showed me your report. ...You
didn't put a foot wrong.

SINCLAIR

Tell that to Michaelson. ...He thought I
could beat the system. Bring him in alive.

NELSON

But you can't beat the system. The system
always wins. House rules.

(pause)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NELSON (CONT'D)

Question is, are you going to fold or play on?

SINCLAIR

What else am I going to do? Get a day job? Work behind a bar, cracking skulls? Who'd have me? I'm a genuine product of the system. It taught me everything I know. Made me who I am. If in doubt, take them out.

NELSON

You can't blame the system for everything.

SINCLAIR

Can't I?

NELSON

Why don't you take some time off, Sinclair?

SINCLAIR

I don't need time off.

NELSON

Sinclair. It's not a request.

She stands up and looks at him, finally nodding her consent and wandering off.

SINCLAIR

Thanks for the cigarette.

We stay on NELSON, watching her go then turning back to look at her **FSA BADGE** lying on the wall where she was sitting.

FADE TO BLACK.

CUT TO:

Doors burst open and a gurney is wheeled inside, carrying a young VAGRANT GIRL surrounded by medical staff, hurrying her to the emergency room! Convulsing and sweating, the GIRL is a sickening shade of cold grey, she looks in bad shape!

As she's wheeled down the corridor he reaches out and grabs a passing MAN by the hand!

VAGRANT GIRL

Help me.....!

The MAN (whom we'll refer to as 'X') flinches and pulls his hand away, then the moment passes. The GIRL is wheeled away staring back at X, X looks back at her before carrying on walking...

DOCTOR

What have we got?

(CONTINUED)

PARAMEDIC

She was picked up after curfew, wandering the streets.

DOCTOR

Any I.D.?

PARAMEDIC

Name: Elizabeth Dane. Age 23. Address:
Apartment 13B, North Side Block 41.

The PARAMEDIC hands over an ID CARD (everyone is required by law to carry one). The DOCTOR quickly scans it into the computer and brings up her entire medical history.

DOCTOR

..And today's lucky patient has....a history of mental illness, solvent abuse, heroin dependency and, not 1, not 2, but 3 terminated pregnancies. She's a model citizen....alright plug her in.

The PARAMEDIC, looking a little rough, leaves them now as SHE'S quickly taken to a bay and hooked up to all the equipment. Her pulse is racing. Her blood pressure is set to burst. They inject her with various fluids and serums but cannot stabilise her. Blood begins to run from her nose, her ears and her eyes. Her heart gives out, she goes into cardiac arrest and flat lines. They pump her full of adrenaline and hit her with electric shocks. She comes back, just enough to spasm and cough up blood, hitting several of the people working on her! But her heart has liquified now, her lungs no longer function, she stares with pleading dead eyes at the Doctor, but it's over.

The medical staff, bemused and horrified, stand around her, unable to fathom what her condition was.

Suddenly the EMERGENCY ROOM doors swing open again, and another MAN is wheeled in. His nose and ears are bleeding!

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Who is this?!

ORDERLY

It's the Paramedic. The one that brought HER in. He just collapsed outside.

DOCTOR

What the hell is going here?

The DOCTOR and other medical staff stares at each other in terrified bemusement.

NURSE

Oh god.

(CONTINUED)

DOCTOR
(to nurse)

Contact the FSA, give them the dead girls details and tell them to get over to the north side and check out her address, then call the BMA and issue an emergency alert! Immediately!

CUT TO:

32 **EXT - HOSPITAL - DAY**

32

We TRACK ahead of **X** as he walks out of the HOSPITAL ENTRANCE, oblivious to the subtle growing chaos building around him. Something's is happening, something is developing.

X glances back as FSA PATROL CARS pull up outside and OFFICERS begin cordoning off the HOSPITAL PERIMETER, blocking people from entering or leaving.

X, along with several other people, just misses being cordoned in by mere seconds. **X** glances back as a crowd soon starts to gather. **He** pushes his way through and walks away into the city as we

CUT TO:

33 **EXT - NORTH SIDE BLOCK 41 - DUSK**

33

People mill around this area, standing around burning braziers - it's an old Victorian warehouse depot turned into rough housing for the homeless to keep them off the streets. Wire fencing surrounds the compound, like a prison camp. It's massively over crowded, too many people in too small a space. A perfect environment for disease, and disaster.

An FSA RIOT VEHICLE pulls up and 8 FSA ASSAULT TROOPS jump out of the back. Dressed in BLACK FATIGUES and wearing GAS MASKS, the team hurry up a flight of stairs.

CUT TO:

34 **INT - NORTH SIDE BLOCK 41 - DUSK**

34

People litter the place as the ASSAULT TEAM make their way through a sprawling maze of bunk beds, searching room to room. The air is rank in these appalling, squalid conditions.

The TEAM hurry along a corridor past numbered doors until they find the one they're looking for. **Apartment 13B.**

Two MEN with a battering ram step forward and smash the door in!

CUT TO:

35 INT - APARTMENT 13B - DUSK

35

The interior is pitch black, but the air is rank and dense.

Moving inside with TORCHES on their guns lit up, they come upon a terrible sight....

Bodies everywhere. Rotting and covered in flies and lice. There must be 40 festering corpses crammed into this tiny "apartment", all infected.

ASSAULT TROOPER
Christ on a fucken bike. Get out! GET OUT
NOW!

CUT TO:

36 INT - WHITEHALL - COMMAND CENTRE - NIGHT

36

The **PRIME MINISTER - JOHN HATCHER** - enters through double doors into the this elaborate hi-tech network of corridors and rooms from which he runs the country. The place is bustling with activity. The corridors of are lined with heavily armed SECURITY GUARDS, not FSA, more like SPECIAL FORCES - a modern equivalent of Rome's Pretorian Guard. They are the PRIME MINISTERS personal guard, and they are led by CAPTAIN HENDRIX who is busy talking to another man, **NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR, MICHAEL CANARIS**.

CANARIS
Prime Minister.

HATCHER
Canaris, how long?

CANARIS
2 hours ago.
(to Hendrix)
Thank you Captain, that'll be all.

HENDRIX leaves as CANARIS and HATCHER walk together.

HATCHER
Who was she?

CANARIS
A nobody. Picked up after curfew. They took her into casualty at St. Marks but she was too far gone. Then 20 minutes later the ambulance crew that brought her in were diagnosed as contagious.

HATCHER
Is the hospital locked down?

CANARIS
Yes, but this thing moves so fast it's impossible to keep up.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CANARIS (CONT'D)

The lab at the hospital have been working on it and they've come back with a result.

CANARIS hands HATCHER the LAB RESULTS and he stops walking.

HATCHER

Oh my god.....!

CANARIS

The Reaper Virus. It's back.

A look of grave recognition wipes across HATCHER'S face.

HATCHER

Are the press onto it yet?

CANARIS

They're sniffing. We've put out the standard cover story, but we have to presume that it won't hold for long.

HATCHER

Do we have an epidemic on our hands?

CANARIS

We have to prepare for the worst, Prime Minister. I believe we should take every possible precaution.

HATCHER

.....Who's running things down here?

CANARIS

Gold command is Chief Jane Harris, head of the Crisis Management Committee. She's got the FSA department heads working on a plan. And she's advised that the national alert status be stepped up to condition amber.

HATCHER

Do it.

(they start walking again)

How the fuck did this thing come back on us?! I thought it was supposed to be eradicated?

CANARIS

As far as we knew, it was.

HATCHER

Get your people on this. Leave no stone unturned. If this is a terrorist attack, I want to know who's behind it. If it's an act of God, I want answers from Him!

(beat)

Now, give me 10 minutes to get my head together then I want a full briefing.

(CONTINUED)

CANARIS
I'll start gathering the team.

CUT TO:

37 **EXT - WHITEHALL COMMAND CENTRE - NIGHT**

37

An FSA PATROL care pulls up in a hurry and BILL NELSON jumps out, hurrying toward another man waiting for him at the door. This man is GEORGE DUTTON - NELSON'S SUPERIOR and HEAD OF THE FSA.

NELSON
Bloody hell George, it's well past my bedtime, what's got your knickers in a twist?!

DUTTON
National emergency I'm afraid. Briefing for the P.M. upstairs in 5. I'll fill you in on the way up.

DUTTON hands him a tie and they head for the ELEVATOR, passing through SECURITY CHECKS along the way.

NELSON
What's this got to do with me?

DUTTON
The Prime Minister's Security advisor, Michael Canaris asked specifically for you to be there. I guess he thinks you know your way around the streets. So be a good chap and try not to make an arse of yourself in there.

They get into the ELEVATOR and the turn to face us, NELSON hurriedly putting on the tie as the doors slide shut.

CUT TO:

38 **INT - BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT**

38

On a SCREEN that fills the entire wall, a MAP GRAPHIC of LONDON is laid out before us. We pull out to reveal JANE HARRIS, head of the CRISIS MANAGEMENT AGENCY, standing before it.

At the head of the long table sits the PM, CANARIS is on his right, various other officials are gathered along each side, including DUTTON and NELSON. All are listening intently.

HARRIS
We've always known, sooner or later, this day would come again. And as such we've always had a emergency plan; we call it the DOOMSDAY contingency.

(beat)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HARRIS (CONT'D)

We put that contingency into effect during the epidemic of 2007. It was a brutal, painful solution, and a decision that the government at that time did not come to lightly, but....it successfully halted the spread of the REAPER VIRUS.

She turns to the GRAPHIC and triggers a COMPUTER SIMULATION.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Starting with Patient Zero, and based on current data, this is our worst case prediction 24 hours, 48 hours....

A single red dot in the map grows and spreads like the branches of a tree, to form new dots, which shoot out roots to new dots, and so on, growing exponentially until LONDON is consumed with RED.

.....52 hours, 78 hours.

(beat)

Our best chance of stopping this depends on putting a plan into action immediately and containing the virus before it's able to spread.

HATCHER

So what is this 'contingency' plan? What does it involve?

CANARIS nods to HARRIS and she triggers another GRAPHIC over the map of LONDON. This time a series of WATER WAYS/FLOOD CANALS that encircle the entire city are highlighted.

HARRIS

In 2023, when the rising tidal waters were threatening to flood London, we extended the THAMES FLOOD BARRIER. Like a castle moat, this system of canals now encircles the entire capital north of the Thames. Our plan is to flood the canals, then blockade all the bridges, destroying them if necessary, and effectively seal off the city.

HATCHER

You mean trapping the people inside and leaving them to die? Just like they did last time?

HARRIS

Left unchecked, this virus will be in every major city in this country within 24hrs. We can stop this thing in it's tracks, but only if we act NOW. ...The curfew ends in ...approximately four hours. That gives us a narrow window of opportunity...to implement martial law. Put every FSA officer and soldier on the streets. Keep everyone indoors while we secure the bridges and set up medical stations, then start filtering out the uninfected.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HARRIS (CONT'D)

I'm afraid there is no 'soft' option in this scenario.

HATCHER

There's no option at all! I have a duty to these people.

HATCHER turns to GEORGE DUTTON, head of the FSA.

HATCHER (CONT'D)

George, FSA is your department, you'd be running this operation on the ground. What's your take on this?

DUTTON

As I see it, the biggest problem is manpower. We've got maybe 1 FSA Officer to every 300 civilians. Doctors and other medical staff are in shorter supply. Fire and rescue, fewer still. Bill?

NELSON leans forward in his chair.....

NELSON

We've got 17 million people packed like sardines into this city. You throw a deadly virus into the mix and this town will go tits up in no short order.

(he glances nervously at Harris)

Pardon my language, but once we start piling bodies in the streets, we'll have mass panic on our hands. Rape, murder, looting. Hundreds of thousands are going to die and there will be fuck all we can do about it.

HATCHER

(standing and circling the table)

Well, I don't know about you people....but I didn't win a third term in government in order to kill all the voters! We could not, in all good conscience, continue to govern with so much blood on our hands. Look at what happened to the government following the epidemic of 2007. The Prime Minister blew his own brains out. His party was ousted from power for the next 21 years. This is unacceptable. There has to be another way.

HARRIS

Prime Minister, we've looked at this from every angle, and frankly, there is no choice.

CANARIS

....There is one possibility. It's a slight chance, but I believe it's worth investigating.

(CONTINUED)

CANARIS stands up and approaches the large VIDEO SCREEN filling an entire wall. He pushes a button and a man's face appears on the screen. The face of a man in a crowd, slightly distorted, vague, but recognisable as the DOCTOR from the opening scene, and NELSON recognises him.

CANARIS (CONT'D)

We need to get our hands on the work done by this man, DR. MARCUS KANE, a professor of virology, and the worlds foremost expert on the The Reaper Virus. ...Unfortunately, KANE died 32 years ago, but his work still exists, in the one place we can be sure it has been left untouched.

HATCHER

So where is it?

CANARIS

Scotland.

There are murmurs around the table.

HATCHER

Scotland? Nobody's been inside the hot-zone in 30 years.

CANARIS

And in all that time our scientists have pulled the reaper virus apart and put it back together again, and come up with nothing.

HATCHER

Scotland is a wasteland, it's cities nothing but ruins. What do you hope to find up there?

CANARIS

Something, anything that might lead us to a cure. I believe Dr. Kane came closer than anyone to breaking this thing.

HATCHER

You believe?!

CANARIS

Hear me out. When they gave the order to close the gates he fell in with a handful of army stragglers who'd got left behind. They dug in at St. Oswald's hospital in Glasgow and held out as long as they could while he continued his work.

HATCHER

How do you know all this?

(CONTINUED)

CANARIS

Before the power ran out, he radioed in reports on his progress. He was close....

HATCHER

But obviously he didn't succeed, or we would have heard from him by now.

CANARIS

If finding his work could just point us in the right direction.....!

HARRIS

Your chasing a ghost, Canaris. We don't have time for this.

CANARIS

Can you really afford to put all your eggs in the one basket? If there's even the slightest chance we'd be fools not to try. It could mean the difference between thousands dying, or millions. Just give me enough time to send in a small team. Low profile. Get to Glasgow. Find the lab. Recover his research. 48 hrs, that's all I'm asking.

HATCHER

You heard what Nelson said. We need everyone we've got, here, now.

CANARIS

Fine, put the soldiers on the streets. Slow the spread of the virus and evacuate as many as you can. Just don't abandon them completely. Not while there's a chance.

HATCHER

Sooner or later, I HAVE to draw the line.

CANARIS

48 hrs.

HATCHER

(looking at Canaris)

Jane. Start the ball rolling. Do what you have to do, just save as many as you can.

HARRIS and the others begin to leave.

HATCHER (CONT'D)

Bill, would you stay behind a moment?

DUTTON gives NELSON a look as he hangs back with HATCHER and CANARIS and the others leave.

HATCHER (CONT'D)

(to NELSON)

Well? What do YOU think?

(CONTINUED)

NELSON

Politics aren't really my cup of tea, but either way you can't win, so you've got fuck all to lose.

HATCHER

I think you've got politics sewn up.

(to Canaris)

You've got until 12 noon, 2 days from now. Then I give the order to close the city. Agreed?

CANARIS

Agreed.

HATCHER

Good. Now, who do you have in mind to lead this wild goose chase?

CUT TO:

39 **EXT - SINCLAIR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

39

NELSON's knuckles rap on the door. He then presses his thumb on a finger print scanner.

CUT TO:

40 **INT - SINCLAIR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

40

SINCLAIR, in more casual attire now, saunters up to the door, taking a gun from a side table and sticking in the back of her pants.

CUT TO:

41 **EXT - SINCLAIR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

41

The door opens a few inches and SINCLAIR's hand appears, holding her EYEBALL.

CUT TO:

42 **EYEBALL POV**

42

NELSON gives it the finger.

CUT TO:

43 **EXT - SINCLAIR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

43

Her hand withdraws and the door swings open, revealing SINCLAIR putting her EYE back in its socket. She looks at him deadpan.

(CONTINUED)

NELSON

Well, can I come in?

SINCLAIR

Be my guest, though I won't apologise for the mess.

NELSON follows her inside as she lays the gun on a table as she passes, he clocks it.

NELSON

Expecting company?

SINCLAIR

No....that's the point.

NELSON enters the living room of this Edwardian building, with high ceilings and tall windows, painted in dark, rich colours. The plaster is crumbling in places, the paint fading, the woodwork scratched and worn. The whole place is filled with clutter, piles of books, music and other junk. It looks incredibly lived in.

SINCLAIR picks up a remote control and turns down the music she's listening to, then with the push of another button turns the large windows from OPAQUE BLACK to TRANSPARENT, revealing a city skyline of brightly lit buildings outside. She makes her way into the kitchen area.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

You want coffee?

NELSON

Listen, Sinclair, I don't have time to piss around. There's a car waiting downstairs and I need an answer from you, YES or NO.

SINCLAIR

No coffee then.

NELSON

The Reaper Virus is back.

SINCLAIR immediately understands the significance of such a statement.

NELSON (CONT'D)

5 hours ago, 'outbreak in a central London hospital and North Side ghetto. They've kept a lid on it so far, calling it some kind of flu bug, but it won't last. The bodies are already piling up and starting to stink. So they've come up with a plan.

SINCLAIR

What kind of plan?

NELSON throws a FILE onto the counter in front of her.

(CONTINUED)

NELSON

They want you to take a team into Scotland.

She looks sharply at him. This means something to her. She breaks the SEAL and quickly glances through it. NELSON takes a stroll around the apartment, being nosy. He stands at the window, looking down at the street below.

NELSON (CONT'D)

You always wanted to stick two fingers up at the system, well this is your big chance to hold a gun to it's head.

(beat)

It all seems pretty normal out there. But in the next 24 hrs things are going to change, and not for the better. So if you won't do this thing, I recommend to pack your bags and get out of here tonight.

She sets it down next to the photograph of KANE.

SINCLAIR

....Who's this?

NELSON

Dr. Marcus Kane.

SINCLAIR

I know him from somewhere.

NELSON

48 That's entirely possible. He was there the night your parents died. 48

This brings a memory flooding back...

CUT TO:

44 **FLASHBACKS**

44

We images from the closing of the GATES. KANE. The family. The little girl saved. Her POV looking down at her mother as she's hauled to safety.....

CUT TO:

45 **INT - SINCLAIR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

45

NELSON

That day changed your life forever. Every part of yourself that you hold in contempt is a direct result of the decision made to close those gates.

SINCLAIR

That's me. All fucked up with nowhere to go.

(CONTINUED)

NELSON

Don't give me that 'Orphan of the wall' crap. I've known you for too long. You weren't the only one, Sinclair. Hundreds of families were torn apart that night.

(beat)

Well this is a chance, YOUR CHANCE, to set it right, and make fucking sure the same thing doesn't happen again.

SINCLAIR

What do you mean? Happen again?

NELSON

You work it out.

Realisation hits SINCLAIR like a train.

SINCLAIR

....You know Chief....there are bastards born and there are bastards bred, but YOU sir....are a self made man.

(beat)

Tell them to start the car.

CUT TO:

46 **INT - WHITEHALL COMMAND CENTRE - NIGHT**

46

The elevator doors open and SINCLAIR exits, striding alongside NELSON...

NELSON

...The rest of your team have gone ahead to the wall. You'll link up with them there, then proceed North in two armoured transports...

SINCLAIR

Since we're up against the clock, why not fly in?

NELSON

Canaris doesn't want to draw any unwanted attention. Scotland is still officially a no-fly zone. This way you go in under the radar, stay in the shadows, find KANE's work and come out clean.

SINCLAIR

Nothing's ever that easy.

NELSON

And this will be no exception. You'll be working in the dark. Strictly inter-personnel communications only. Nothing that can be jammed, traced or intercepted.

(CONTINUED)

SINCLAIR

You mean I can't call on you for backup?

NELSON

Not this time.

SINCLAIR

Good.

They reach an office door and go inside.

CANARIS is waiting inside.

CUT TO:

47 INT - CANARIS' OFFICE - NIGHT

47

CANARIS

Bill, give us a moment, would you?

NELSON nods and leaves them to it.

CANARIS (CONT'D)

Please, Major Sinclair, take a seat. I'll keep this brief, I know time is of the essence.

SINCLAIR sits down opposite him.

SINCLAIR

You must be Canaris?

CANARIS

That's correct.

SINCLAIR

Don't suppose you've got a cigarette?

CANARIS

I'm sorry I don't smoke.

SINCLAIR

Good for you.

CANARIS

....I've read your file. I know what you're capable of. I have no doubts as regards your ability to lead this mission. But there is an added element to this operation that I believe you should be made aware of.....but first I need to know that you can keep it under your hat. The fewer people who know about this the better, including the Prime Minister. You may wish to inform your team once you're on the road, but until then, this remains strictly classified information.

(CONTINUED)

SINCLAIR

I get the picture.

CANARIS

No Major, you don't.

CANARIS pulls a sealed envelope, marked top secret, from his case. He hands her the envelope... She cracks the seal and takes out a series of satellite images, marked with red circles.

SINCLAIR

What is this?

CANARIS

They're people, Major. Survivors.

(beat)

For the past three years I've had satellites taking photographs of Scotland as part of a national security exercise. Spying on the neighbours lawn, so to speak. 98% of the images turned up nothing at all, certainly no signs of human life. Those are the 2% that did.

SINCLAIR

But if there are survivors up there, surely that's good news? ...Isn't it?

CANARIS begins picking up the pictures and, then sets fire to them and dumps them in a waste paper bin.

CANARIS

The epidemic of 2007 is still fresh in a lot of peoples memories. Scotland and her dead have long since been laid to rest by friends and family. This is no time to re-open an old wound. We wouldn't want to give people false hope. We don't even know who they are. ...That's what you're going to find out.

SINCLAIR looks at him coolly...

CANARIS (CONT'D)

Good luck Major.

CUT

We pull back from a FLASHING RED WARNING LIGHT to reveal SINCLAIR and NELSON standing just outside the open door. The growing down draft from the rotor getting more intense and causing them to shout at each other...

NELSON
(checking his watch)
You've got 43 hours! Don't waste them! Good
luck!

SINCLAIR
....You too Chief!

They exchange a deep look of mutual understanding and respect before SINCLAIR climbs in and NELSON backs off, watching from the Tarmac as she lifts off, looking back down at him.

CUT TO:

49 **INT - HELICOPTER - NIGHT**

49

SINCLAIR turns from looking down at the city to her watch.

CUT TO:

50 **EXT - AERIAL - LONDON**

50

SINCLAIR'S helicopter flies away over the city as we

DISSOLVE TO:

51 **EXT - WALL - M6 BORDER STATION - NIGHT**

51

Wind and rain batter this isolated Northern outpost at the very edge of the HOT-ZONE. Not many people live too close to the wall. Fear of infection drove them back in the early days. They stayed away.

CAPTION:

M6 BORDER STATION - 3 HOURS LATER

FADE OUT.

SINCLAIR's helicopter swoops in low over the collection of MILITARY BUILDINGS hustling in the shadow of the WALL and comes in to land on the Tarmac of what used to be a MOTORWAY.

SINCLAIR climbs out of the chopper and looks at the WALL, about half a mile away, but still a mammoth symbol of a system she has little faith in; a system that betrayed her parents and left them to die. An FSA OFFICER runs out to meet her as the chopper takes off into the night sky.

SCHAEFFER
Major Sinclair?! The rest of the team are
waiting in the hanger! I'm Corporal
Schaeffer! I'm your 2nd in command!

SCHAEFFER is about the same age as SINCLAIR and cool as a cucumber. He knows his stuff.

(CONTINUED)

SINCLAIR

I reckon you'll do.

SINCLAIR strides past him.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

Did the equipment arrive?

SCHAEFFER

As requested Major.

SINCLAIR

I want to be on the road in 15 minutes!

CUT TO:

The HANGER is busy with people checking and loading gear.

SINCLAIR enters and slows to a stop, standing looking at the 2 massive, brutish ARMoured PERSONNEL CARRIERS before her. Another FSA man, this time an ENGINEER, clocks her and jumps down from one of the vehicles, approaching her with a swagger and a cocky grin.

CHANDLER

You have GOT to be Major Sinclair.

SINCLAIR

(taking it in her stride)

You're smarter than you look.

CHANDLER

Chandler, FSA Armoured Division. I'll be your driver for today.

She doesn't take her eyes off the APC's.

CHANDLER (CONT'D)

They may be big bastards but they'll get you out of bother quick smart. 'Each got two V20 Hornets under the bonnet.. Just the ticket for a wet Friday night in Soho.

SINCLAIR

Are they hot zone secure?

CHANDLER

(a little crest-fallen)

...They're designed to withstand anything from 30mm rounds to microscopic bacteria.... They'll do the job.

As SINCLAIR approaches the nearest vehicle, another mechanic slides out from under it, covered in oil, only this time, it's a woman.

(CONTINUED)

READ

'Mind if I don't get up sir? Just doing some last minute checks, but we'll be ready on time.

SINCLAIR

Carry on....

CHANDLER

Major Sinclair, Corporal Read. Normally she's a tank driver but this is her week off.

READ

Nelson asked for someone with combat experience, so I volunteered. Always wanted to see what was on the other side.

(gesturing to Chandler)

He tried it on yet?

SINCLAIR

He TRIED.

SINCLAIR moves away, leaving CHANDLER scowling at READ and pushing her back under the vehicle with his boot as we

CUT TO:

CORPORAL SCHAEFFER and two other FSA SOLDIERS are busy loading up military supply boxes.

SCHAEFFER

Watts...McBain, this is Major Sinclair.

WATTS/MCBAIN

Major.

SINCLAIR

What have we got here?

WATTS

Environment suites. Combat model. Top of the line. Fully insulated. High impact polymer. 24 hour protection!

SINCLAIR

Everything a girl needs.

She picks up what looks like a grenade.

MCBAIN

Rapid setting silicon foam grenade.

SINCLAIR

You kidding me, right?

MCBAIN

It's a prototype, but very handy in a tight spot.

(CONTINUED)

SINCLAIR
What's with all the new kit, Schaeffer?

SCHAEFFER
Present....from Canaris.

MCBAIN
Are we expecting trouble, Major?

SINCLAIR
I always expect trouble.

CUT TO:

At the rear of the HANGER three men in civilian clothing. **BEN STIRLING** and **MARTIN TALBOT** are gathered around a table checking and loading their own equipment in deep discussion....

TALBOT
If you ask me this entire operation is designed to make Hatcher feel better about himself. Why else put us under the command of the FSA?

STIRLING
FSA.....Fucking Stupid Arseholes.

The others are staring past him.

STIRLING (CONT'D)
She's behind me...isn't she.

He turns to face SINCLAIR, acutely embarrassed.

SINCLAIR
You must be the brains of this outfit.

STIRLING
I have my moments. Ben Stirling, Professor of Virology. This is Doctor Martin Talbot, biochemistry.

TALBOT
Welcome aboard, Major.

They shake hands.

SINCLAIR
Gentlemen. We're leaving in 10 minutes.

SINCLAIR walks away and STIRLING turns back to the others, pained at the idiot he just made of himself! SCHAEFFER hangs on his shoulder.....

SCHAEFFER
Nice work....

(CONTINUED)

TALBOT

Alright, could I have everybody's attention please?! This won't take long but it is important.

WATTS and McBAIN gather round...

SCHAEFFER

Chandler, Read, over here on the double!

Once everyone is there, TALBOT begins by removing a small PHIAL of blood from protective case. He holds it up.

TALBOT

This, is our enemy. The Reaper Virus. And before any of us enter the hot zone, it's vital you are all aware of the danger you are facing. If one infected cell from this sample got into any one of our blood streams, we would all be contagious within the hour, and dead within 24 hours.

(beat)

The virus is passed person to person, much like a strain of flu, via direct physical contact or very close proximity. The reason this virus is so effective is because it renders the human immune system defenceless. It absorbs anti-bodies along with anything else that gets in its path, eventually liquifying the lungs, the heart, all the internal organs.

(beat)

We don't know what the life span of this thing has. We don't know if it could have survived this long, out in the open without host organisms. In short, stay alert, be aware of your surroundings and keep a close eye on each other. Or this thing'll kill you quick.

CUT TO:

53 **EXT - HANGER - NIGHT**

53

Large double doors slide open to reveal the 2 giant APC's, headlights blazing, as they trundle forwards, out into the wind and rain, turning into single file as they head up the main road.

Ahead of them, workmen are busy drilling away the last of the CONCRETE that has blocked this GATE solidly for 30 years.

The APC's grind to a halt, engines rumbling, and turn on all of their lights to reveal the full extent of the vast WALL before them.

CUT TO:

54 INT - APC 1 - NIGHT

54

STIRLING sits just behind SINCLAIR and CHANDLER.

STIRLING

Jesus.....I had no idea it was so big.

SINCLAIR is lost to her own thoughts.

CUT TO:

55 INT - APC 2 - NIGHT

55

READ

'First time these gates have been opened in
30 years.

TALBOT

The old place will have gathered some
dust....

CUT TO:

56 EXT - GATE - NIGHT

56

As ENGINEERS pull away the last of the CONCRETE, they uncover and
skeletal arm buried in the rock like a ancient fossil.

Finally, the GATE is cleared, and the BUTTON is pushed to open the
doors. BEACONS FLASH and a KLAXON sounds, and then, with a sudden
lurch the GATES open, creaking loudly as they part.

CUT TO:

57 INT - APC 1 - NIGHT

57

SINCLAIR

Chandler, take us in.

CUT TO:

58 EXT - WALL - NIGHT

58

The two vehicles rev up and move off, passing through the GATE in
single file, their headlights cutting through the air.

Once through, the GATES creak slowly closed in their wake, until
they shut with a heavy steel clunk, and we

DISSOLVE TO:

59 **MONTAGE**

59

We see various shots of the APC's driving hell for leather through the night. In the darkness the vehicle headlights pick their way through a maze of abandoned, crashed and burned out vehicles. It's the remains of a traffic jam, 30 miles long.

Intercut with this we see SINCLAIR looking through the file on KANE, listening to the radio reports he sent in before the power ran out....

KANE sounds old and weary, not befitting the young man's face in the photo's. This is a man both mentally and physically drained of energy, strength, even hope.

The others can hear this too, and STIRLING is intrigued.

KANE (V.O.)

.....I don't think we can stay here much longer. Though I need to continue my work, time is running out. Any sense of morality has long since abandoned the people here. The killing is everywhere, doing the work of the virus. The dying resent the living. No one is safe. They know we're in here and they want us. Ammunition is low and the barricades won't hold out much longer....

DISSOLVE TO:

Another recording, his voice overlapping..... There is a change in his tone. Something more sinister.....

KANE (CONT'D)

....I have this demon in the palm of my hand now...but I lack the strength to crush it. I need more time...but I can hear them outside, calling for our blood. I would offer them salvation, but they no longer care...and I'm no longer certain they deserve to be saved.....

Slowing to make their way through a traffic jam, the APC's spotlights pick out human remains, still in some of the vehicles, or lying by the road. We are only seeing glimpses, but it doesn't take much to imagine the scale of this horror.

CUT TO:

60 **EXT - M6 - NIGHT**

60

The leading vehicles INFRA-RED search light picks out an old road sign partly covered in creeping ivy. It reads ...**GLASGOW 20m**

CUT TO:

61 INT - APC 1 - NIGHT

61

CHANDLER
At least we're heading in the right
direction.

CUT TO:

62 EXT - SCOTTISH MOORLAND - DAWN

62

The first rays of the sun tip over the horizon on this crisp,
bright morning. The two APC's, in stark silhouette against the
skyline as we

CUT TO:

63 EXT - MOTORWAY - DAWN

63

The first APC pulls abruptly to a halt and the second pulls up
beside it.

CUT TO:

64 INT - APC 1 - DAWN

64

BEN STIRLING leans forward for a better view as SINCLAIR and
CHANDLER stare at the spectacle lying ahead.

STIRLING
My god.....!

CUT TO:

65 INT - APC 2 - DAWN

65

READ, SCHAEFFER and TALBOT are also staring wide eyed at the view.
No words are needed.

CUT TO:

66 EXT - MOTORWAY - DAWN

66

The two APC's roar into life and rumble onward as WE CRANE up over
them revealing the expanse of GLASGOW laid out before them.

Most of the city is made up of burned out shells, stretching for
miles and miles, and all of the buildings have succumbed to
nature's onslaught. From fungus to ivy, to grass and weeds, nature
has reclaimed it's authority over this urban wasteland.

(CONTINUED)

A dark cloud gathers over the city as the two APC drive away and we

CUT TO:

67 **EXT - CITY STREET - GLASGOW - DAWN**

67

A RED DEER stands in the street ahead of the CONVOY. Startled by the sudden intrusion of man, it takes flight.

The APC's continue to weave their way through the carnage and debris on the streets of this city of ghosts.

A grey wash of rain on the concrete and stone canyons gives the place a heightened sense of dread.

So much pain and suffering happened here, but the city has not moved on. It is a vast mausoleum.

The CONVOY drives over a bridge, crossing the RIVER CLYDE, into the heart of the city.

CUT TO:

68 **EXT - ST. OSWALD'S HOSPITAL - DAWN**

68

The outside of the hospital is overgrown with creeping vines, but it is one of several buildings untouched by the fire.

The APC's pull to a halt, and we

CUT TO:

69 **EXT - REAR OF APC1 - DAWN**

69

With a hiss and a clunk, the rear doors open, revealing SINCLAIR, STIRLING and McBAIN in full bio-warfare COMBAT ARMOUR. SINCLAIR and McBAIN are also carrying the very latest in hi-tech weaponry. SINCLAIR has her eye patch on.

Exiting the vehicle, they are joined by SCHAEFFER, TALBOT and WATTS. The drivers stay with the vehicles.

CUT TO:

70 **EXT - ST. OSWALD'S HOSPITAL - DAWN**

70

The 7 figures look isolated and exposed walking alone in this desolate place. They make their way up the steps to the HOSPITAL's main door. The remains of a barricade, since overrun, make getting through difficult, but not impossible.

CUT TO:

71 **INT - ST. OSWALD'S HOSPITAL - DAWN**

71

On the other side, the bodies of several SOLDIERS lie, putrefied skeletons stripped of their flesh by rats long since dead. The team move into the building....

Breathing in the heavy equipment is difficult, seeing is even harder, especially in these darkened claustrophobic corridors. All we can hear the inhale and exhale of the bio-suits.

Using powerful torches, the team make their way deeper into this murky interior, the air thick with putrid decay. Bodies litter the corridors, overturned wheelchairs and gurneys cause obstructions.

POV - through the visor, moving through the corridors, checking the place out.

SINCLAIR

According to the read-outs, the LAB is on the 10TH floor.

SCHAEFFER

Stairs are this way.

CUT TO:

72 **INT - STAIRWELL - DAWN**

72

SCHAEFFER is in the lead, heading upstairs, when he hears a noise up above. It stops as suddenly as it started. Maybe he's hearing things.

They continue upwards....

Reaching the 10TH FLOOR, SCHAEFFER hears a noise close by and whips his gun around....to aim at a RAT, scuttling across the floor. False alarm.

SINCLAIR

What's wrong?

SCHAEFFER

Nothing... I just don't like rats.

He takes a deep breath before moving onwards.

CUT TO:

73 **INT - APC 2 - DAWN**

73

READ is scanning the area around them, looking for signs of trouble, listening in to SINCLAIR on the radio.

SINCLAIR

We're at the 10TH floor, going in.

(CONTINUED)

CHANDLER

Copy that. Everything quiet out here.

READ gets on the VIDEO LINK....

READ

Hey, Chandler, my scanners are dead, this place is a ghost town.

CHANDLER

Not much chance of getting laid in a town full of stiffes.

READ

I thought you'd screw anything with an aperture.

CHANDLER gives her the finger and we

CUT TO:

74 **INT - 10TH FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAWN**

74

SINCLAIR'S hand appears around a corner, holding her EYE, checking the way is clear. Seeing it is, she waves SCHAEFFER past and follows herself. The scientists are in the middle, while WATTS and McBAIN cover the rear.

This new area is much more hi-tech than the rest of the HOSPITAL. Glass partitions and air tight doors divide up the rooms keeping deadly VIRUS's in a secure work environment.

SINCLAIR

This is it....Stirling, you're up.

STIRLING

Take it slow and watch out for needles. Keep an eye on each other. The air in this place could kill you.

But even this area too has been rampaged through, looting and smashed. Most of the doors are open and damaged along with the glass partitions. The team spreads out, looking through every LAB, trying to find evidence of KANE's work.

There's plenty of evidence of other work, but so far, nothing that connects to KANE.

TALBOT

Nothing.....not a damn thing! This was a waste of time from the start! Whoever got inside trashed the place, and Kane's work with it!

SINCLAIR

Cool it Talbot.

(CONTINUED)

WATTS

Maybe he's right.

SCHAEFFER

Just keep looking.

CUT TO:

75 INT - APC 1 - DAWN

75

CHANDLER is listening to the chatter over the communications system with his back to the front windscreen. Something behind him is moving....

When the signal from inside begins to break up he moves over to the coms. system and begins tuning the radio and find a better signal.

When he returns to his seat we see a shambling, half starved young girl, dressed in rags, standing outside the window, staring blankly inward.

Suddenly she begins banging her hands against the glass and CHANDLER nearly wets himself!

CHANDLER

Holy shit! Oh my god.

(into radio mic)

Major, you are not going to fucking believe what I'm looking at.

SINCLAIR

What is it Chandler?

CHANDLER

We got a live one.

SINCLAIR

I didn't copy that. You what?

CHANDLER

There's a girl here, outside in the street!

CUT TO:

76 INT - 10TH FLOOR LABS - DAWN

76

SINCLAIR turns to STIRLING...

STIRLING

She could be infected.

TALBOT

She SHOULD be dead.

(CONTINUED)

SINCLAIR
Chandler. Stay where you are. Keep her in sight but DO NOT approach her. Repeat DO NOT APPROACH HER.

CUT TO:

77 INT - APC 1 - DAWN

77

CHANDLER....
READ (O.S.)

SINCLAIR's words are wasted.... CHANDLER is already suited up and heading outside. He never could resist a pretty girl, and this one, despite her dishevelled condition, is quite beautiful.

CUT TO:

78 INT - APC 2 - DAWN

78

READ is watching him....

READ
What are you doing? You heard the orders, get back inside, now!

CHANDLER
Relax Read! Look at her. She's helpless.

READ
Chandler.....!

She meets with static hiss.

CUT TO:

79 EXT - APC1 - DAWN

79

CHANDLER makes his way around to the front of the vehicle where the girl is standing. She looks frail as he approaches her, and when he's within reach she collapses in his arms.

CHANDLER
Everything's going to be okay. Your safe now.

SINCLAIR
Chandler?

CHANDLER
She's alive Major, but only just.

STIRLING
She has to be isolated and examined. She may be able to give us with some answers!

(CONTINUED)

SINCLAIR

Chandler, we need to bring her inside.

TALBOT

We better find somewhere we can work.

WATTS sees a LAB at the far end of the corridor that appears undamaged. Moving off alone, he approaches it cautiously, his torchlight sweeping the area before him. As he reaches the doorway, he has second thoughts... turning back to the others.

WATTS

Major....This lab looks intact.

SINCLAIR

Check it out, we're right behind you.

WATTS turns and walks through the doorway...only to receive a baseball bat, with nails through it, directly into his face mask! WATTS goes into spasms caused by the nails in his central lobe! He drops to the floor and his attacker pulls out the BASEBALL BAT, looking up at the others as SINCLAIR shines her torch in his face! He is a young man, covered in a kind of WAR PAINT, made of blood. He's dressed like a hybrid of punk and primitive tribesman. He screams with rage at them, his eyes wide and bloodshot, and SINCLAIR blows him away with a single shot to the brain!

SUDDENLY the TEAM are attacked from all sides! Using mostly HOME MADE WEAPONS, these primitive punks launch a savage assault! The TEAM out gun them, but the PUNKS outnumber them. Their body armour protects them, and they engage in brutal hand to hand combat. SINCLAIR and SCHAEFFER easily beating off their opponents and helping out the others! Then they hear something else...

30 or more of these PUNKS run, en masse, screaming down the corridor toward them. SINCLAIR and SCHAEFFER open fire, with McBAIN covering the rear.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

Fall back!

CUT TO:

80 **INT - APC 2 - DAWN**

80

SCHAEFFER

Read, lock it down, prepare for emergency
evac!

READ

I'm already on it! Chandler! Get back
in the fucking APC right now!

Hurriedly activating several buttons, armoured shutters, on all of the narrow windows, come down with a solid metallic ching.

(CONTINUED)

Then she stops....hearing something outside. It sounds like voices, hundreds of voices.

CUT TO:

81 **EXT - APC1 - DAWN**

81

CHANDLER can here the voices too. He picks up the girl and hurries back inside the APC as the noise grow louder! He quickly seals the HATCH before placing the GIRL in an INFLATABLE AIR TIGHT cocoon on a stretcher. Venting the AIR and taking off his HELMET, he jumps into the drivers seat as we

CUT TO:

82 **EXT - ST. OSWALD'S HOSPITAL - DAWN**

82

The rooftops and windows around the square are covered in PUNK MARAUDERS, all wailing a battle cry and waving spears and clubs. Several light up molotov cocktails and hurls them down at the APC's.

Most of the MOLOTOV's hit there targets bursting into flames across the tops and down the sides of the APC's.

CUT TO:

83 **INT - APC 1 - DAWN**

83

READ (O.S.)
Chandler, you're on fire!

CHANDLER
Don't I fucking know it!

READ (O.S.)
Major, we are under attack, repeat we are under attack!

CUT TO:

84 **INT - 10TH FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAWN**

84

SINCLAIR
(into mic)
Head for the basement car park, we'll rendezvous there!

She spots a PUNK lighting up a MOLOTOV ready to throw it! First she aims at him, then spots the PRESSURISED OXYGEN TANK beyond him. She fires a single shot, piercing the OXYGEN. The effect is instantaneous. The MOLOTOV ignites the entire room!

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)
Get down!!

(CONTINUED)

Her team hit the deck as the entire LAB explodes across the corridor, holding back the attacking mob long enough for them to retreat!

SCHAEFFER

The stairs! GO!

CUT TO:

85 **EXT - HOSPITAL - DAY**

85

The 2 APC's are on the move, charging around to the rear of the hospital under constant attack from the buildings and rooftops!

CUT TO:

86 **INT - APC 1 - DAWN**

86

What CHANDLER doesn't notice is the GIRL, lying behind him in the ISOLATION TENT. A sharp knife blade pierces the clear plastic shroud from within. She's cutting her way out!

CUT TO:

87 **EXT - APC 2 - DAWN**

87

As the APC's storm by, both partially on fire, a PUNK MARAUDER rushes out from behind a car, leaps onto an overturned BUS and runs along its length just on time to dive onto the back of APC 2 and begin trying to hack his way into the vehicle with a HATCHET!

CUT TO:

88 **INT - APC 2 - DAWN**

88

Read can hear the banging behind her!

READ

I've picked up a passenger!

She swerves left and right, trying to dislodge him.

READ (CONT'D)

I can't shake him!

CUT TO:

89 INT - APC 1 - DAWN

89

CHANDLER weaves his way through the densely packed debris on the road, picking up speed, when suddenly the GIRL grabs his head and pulls it back, slashing his throat wide open! His own arterial blood sprays across the VIEW SCREENS, blinding him!

CUT TO:

90 EXT - ST. OSWALD'S HOSPITAL - DAWN

90

APC 1 starts veering wildly, smashing into other vehicles, getting faster!

CUT TO:

91 INT - APC 2 - DAWN

91

READ
Chandler, what the fuck are you doing?!
What's wrong?!

CUT TO:

92 INT - APC 1 - DAWN

92

CHANDLER desperately tries to keep on course, collision alerts sounding all around him as he tries to reach something by his side but then the girl stabs him in the heart!

CUT TO:

93 EXT - ST. OSWALD'S HOSPITAL -DAWN

93

APC1 veers off to the right smashes headlong into a building! The impact bring the vehicle to a abrupt halt...

CUT TO:

94 INT - APC 1 -DAWN

94

CHANDLERS lifeless body is thrown forward against the bulkhead, while the girl is thrown backward onto the floor of the APC!

CUT TO:

95 INT - APC 2 - DAWN

95

Witnessing this first hand, READ winces at the collision, slamming on the brakes!

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

READ

Chandler.....!

CUT TO:

96 INT - APC 1 - DAWN

96

As gravity kicks in, CHANDLER's corpse now slumps back into its seat, his LEFT HAND releases something....A GRENADE, a real GRENADE, that rolls down toward the girl, coming to a halt between her legs. In the instant of recognition, it's all over.

CUT TO:

97 EXT - ST. OSWALD'S HOSPITAL - DAWN

97

APC1 explodes violently, showering the street with fire and debris!

CUT TO:

98 INT - APC 2 - DAWN

98

READ looks horrified at the burning wreck, when suddenly her 'passenger' renews his attack, this time at the HATCH ABOVE HER HEAD!

READ

Shit!!

She puts her foot down!

READ (CONT'D)

(into mic)

We lost Chandler! APC 1 is down!

CUT TO:

99 INT - ELEVATORS - 10TH FLOOR - DAWN

99

READ

(over radio)

Repeat, APC 1 is down!

SINCLAIR

Get to the elevators on Sub-Level 1!

SINCLAIR and the others are firing back at the enemy as they retreat hastily along the darkened corridor, only to have their escape blocked as they see more PUNK MARAUDERS up ahead.

SINCLAIR doesn't piss about. She spots one of the ELEVATORS is open next to them.

(CONTINUED)

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

In there, GO!

TALBOT

But it doesn't work! There's no power!

SCHAEFFER

Shut up slap-head and get in!

KANE casts him a sharp look as he piles into the cramped ELEVATOR with the others.

SINCLAIR

McBain, shotgun!

As the PUNK MARAUDERS rushes at them from both sides, SCHAEFFER tries to hold them back as best he can, firing left and right.

SINCLAIR takes MCBAIN's shotgun and blows the ACCESS HATCH out of the roof of the ELEVATOR!

SCHAEFFER

(cool under pressure)

Whatever your plan is, make it snappy!

The PUNK MARAUDERS are almost on them!

SINCLAIR

McBain, get out one of those grenades! It's time to test the new equipment!

MCBAIN

Not on US!

SINCLAIR selects 'EXPLOSIVE ROUND' on the SHOTGUN and aims at the cable above the ELEVATOR! Turning away and covering her face she pulls the trigger!

The PUNK MARAUDERS arrive just in time to see the ELEVATOR drop away!

CUT

100 INT - ELEVATOR SHAFT - DAWN

100

The ELEVATOR builds up speed as it drops past floor after floor....8.....7.....6....

CUT TO:

101 INT - ELEVATOR -DAWN

101

SINCLAIR

Pull the fucking pin!

(CONTINUED)

McBAIN pulls the pin from the grenade and drops it on the floor! A moment later, the entire ELEVATOR fills with RAPID HARDENING FOAM, locking SINCLAIR and the others firmly in its grasp.

CUT TO:

102 **EXT - BASEMENT CAR PARK - DAWN**

102

APC 2, still with rampaging maniac atop, skids into view at the top of the ramp and charges down!

The PUNK MARAUDER looks up just in time as the vehicle goes under the low entrance! The PUNK takes the concrete full in the face!

CUT TO:

103 **INT - BASEMENT CAR PARK - DAWN**

103

With all lights blazing, APC 2 smashes its way through parked vehicles toward the ELEVATOR doors and pulls a hand brake turn, skidding into position with it's REAR DOORS facing the ELEVATOR!

CUT TO:

104 **INT - ELEVATOR SHAFT - DAWN**

104

The ELEVATOR drops the last few floors!

CUT TO:

105 **INT - BASEMENT CAR PARK - DAWN**

105

The doors buckle open as the ELEVATOR impacts behind them, the pressure forcing them open and out. The FOAM shatters at the force of the landing, but it's enough to protect those encased within it.

Moments later, SINCLAIR's fist punches through it, and soon she's kicking her way clear, followed by the others!

CUT TO:

106 **INT - APC 2 - DAWN**

106

READ activates the rear doors then turns to look ahead. PUNK MARAUDERS are advancing out of the darkness toward her.

READ

Oh shit! ..Come on! Get in! We've got to go! NOW!

Behind her the others pile into the back of the APC, SCHAEFFER covering the others then ducking in at the last minute!

(CONTINUED)

Missiles and MOLOTOV COCKTAILS rain down around them as SINCLAIR pulls her helmet off and climbs into the co-drivers seat.

SINCLAIR

That's everyone. Step on it!

READ does exactly that.

CUT TO:

107 **EXT - BASEMENT CAR PARK - DAWN**

107

Burning rubber fills the area with smoke as APC 2 charges away, straight through the crowd, scattering them and heading toward the EXIT RAMP!

The PUNK that was on the roof, and knocked off is lying in the road, just recovering from his collision with the wall when he sees the APC bearing down on him!

He screams as the armoured truck crushes him beneath it's wheels! Then it's away up the ramp!

CUT TO:

108 **EXT - ST. OSWALD'S HOSPITAL - DAWN**

108

Hurtling up and out of the hospital car park, APC 2 turns sharply onto the road, weaving to avoid the fire raining down around it!

They are heading for the nearest exit and turn away from the HOSPITAL into another desolate street!

CUT TO:

109 **INT - APC 2 -DAWN**

109

SINCLAIR

Hope you're getting a picture of this shit,
Canaris!

A young boy, maybe 12 years old, runs out into the road directly ahead with a MOLOTOV COCKTAIL, ready to throw!

READ can't bring herself to mow down a child, her natural instinct kicks in and she veers around him!

CUT TO:

110 **EXT - CITY STREET -DAWN**

110

APC 2 hits a car at high speed and is flung high into the air, rolling over onto it's back in the air like a giant metal whale!

(CONTINUED)

It crashes down on it's side and skids, screeching along the road until finally it comes to a halt!

CUT TO:

111 INT - APC 2 - DAWN

111

SINCLAIR is alive, but READ is dead, her neck broken. SINCLAIR hauls herself out of her seat....

SINCLAIR

Talk to me!

SCHAEFFER

I'm alright.

SINCLAIR

Stirling, you still with us?

STIRLING

I'm alright, but Talbot's hurt.

SCHAEFFER

What about Read?

SINCLAIR

She's dead.

SCHAEFFER

Fuck it!

SINCLAIR

(calm and deliberate)

Hurry it up Schaeffer or they'll all over us!

CUT TO:

112 EXT - CITY STREET - DAWN

112

With the APC still on fire, they have to move quick. The TOP HATCH is kicked open and SCHAEFFER is the first out, checking the way is clear and covering the others' exit. Under a heavy assault from the roof tops, SCHAEFFER opens up on any movement he sees! McBAIN is next out, following SCHAEFFER's lead, covering their rear as the others pile out. They don't have time to put their protection helmets on, they have to take their chances breathing the air.

TALBOT is wounded, his leg is bleeding badly.

Finding themselves surrounded within an enclave of overturned vehicles, they form a perimeter and keep the enemy at bay as best they can. SINCLAIR has a pistol in each hand, but she doesn't blaze away indiscriminately wasting her ammo. She picks her targets, taking them out one by one. She notices the APC is burning close to the FUEL TANK.

(CONTINUED)

SINCLAIR
Somebody put the fire out.

Seeing what she means, STIRLING crawls back inside the APC and grabs a FIRE EXTINGUISHER, quickly turning it on the flames and put them out!

Now they are visible and exposed, they are targeted by a new missile - ARROWS.

SINCLAIR spots a man hole in the road.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)
Stirling, give me a hand here!?

The two of them manage to life it off. It's an escape route.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)
Schaeffer! On point. Get down there!

SCHAEFFER is the first down, followed by STIRLING, all the time the enemy are getting closer, some making suicidal charges against them!

The mob are closing in around them now, running at the guns like maniacs! One manages to get close enough to grab TALBOT by the collar and drag him away into the crowd. TALBOT flaps around in desperation and terror. McBAIN sees what's happening and takes aim at the PUNK dragging him away. He's just about to fire when two arrows, one after the other, skewer him in the chest!

SINCLAIR looks up as McBAIN is hit, and stands there, his rifle hanging by his side! One of the PUNKS, wielding a MACHETE, runs in and takes McBAIN's head off at the neck!

SINCLAIR, enraged, shoots the PUNK dead and turns back to the man hole only to find her escape route blocked. The PUNKS close in on her en masse until she runs out of ammo, then using her pistols as clubs, she fights them off hand to hand. She's doing well until one PUNK gets in close and knocks her out cold with a brutal blow.

SINCLAIR falls to the ground, out cold.

CUT TO:

SCHAEFFER and STIRLING stand at the bottom of the manhole looking up, but SINCLAIR isn't following.

SCHAEFFER
Come on.

STIRLING
We've got to wait for her!

SCHAEFFER
She's not coming. We've got to go, NOW!

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

SCHAEFFER grabs STIRLING and drags him along behind him, kicking their way through the waist deep water!

CUT TO:

114 EXT - CITY STREET - DAY

114

With the rain still pouring down, SINCLAIR and TALBOT are hoisted onto the PUNKS shoulders and carried away. Several PUNKS stay behind, some looking down the MAN HOLE, others begin siphoning the fuel from the APC!

CUT TO:

115 INT - SEWER - DAY

115

SCHAEFFER leads STIRLING through the darkness with water dripping down all around them! In time they are consumed by the pitch black and we

CUT TO:

116 EXT - THE WALL - NIGHT

116

In SLO MO we are looking down on a WOMAN, a pleading crying mother, reaching up toward us as she engulfed and swallowed by a sea of reaching, desperate arms and we

CUT TO:

117 INT - HOLDING PEN - DAY

117

SINCLAIR wakes with a start to find herself caged within the 'ROYAL BOX' in a grand old THEATRE. She's been stripped of her ENVIRONMENT SUITE and lies in vest top and black jeans. She is not alone.

Another man, in his late 20's early 30's, dressed in tattered shirt and ripped jeans, is standing beside the door, smoking a roll-up.

MALE PRISONER

...You are alive....just in case you were wondering. Sometimes it's not easy to tell in this place.

SINCLAIR

Where am I?

MALE PRISONER

...Captive. Like the rest of us.

Still a bit dazed, SINCLAIR hauls herself up into a sitting position, feeling the blood from the blow to her head.

(CONTINUED)

MALE PRISONER (CONT'D)
Hope you don't mind, I stitched your head
up as best I could.

SINCLAIR
I was with someone....

MALE PRISONER
Yeah, they have him too. He's next door.
But he doesn't look too good.

She glances over at TALBOT, lying, pale and quivering in the next
PEN. The MAN lights a roll-up.

SINCLAIR
Pity. ...You have another one of those?

MALE PRISONER
Take mine. My name's SOL.

Crouching in front of her, he gives her his cigarette and she
takes a puff, gagging on the foul smoke.

SINCLAIR
What is that shit?

SOL
I don't know. Round here we smoke whatever
burns.....(BEAT) So what brings you to
town? We don't get many visitors.

SINCLAIR
We had no idea there were this many
survivors.

SOL
Survivors?

SINCLAIR
Never mind. What you in here for?

SOL
Trying to get out. (BEAT) What happened to
the rest of your people?

SINCLAIR
We were ambushed. Some of my team were
killed, the others got away.

SOL
Where will they go now?

SINCLAIR
Without me I guess they'll try and complete
the mission.

SOL
You're on a mission? Want kind of mission?

(CONTINUED)

SINCLAIR

You ask a lot of questions Sol.

SOL

I know. I can't help it. It's my job.

SOL gets up and goes to the door. He swings it open. It's unlocked! Several PUNK MARAUDERS are waiting outside, one of them hands SOL a long leather coat which he puts on.

SOL (CONT'D)

Keep an eye on her.

(he sniffs the air)

I smell trouble.

SINCLAIR

That was almost a good move, Sol.
...Almost.

SOL

I had a good teacher. Same as you.

SINCLAIR

Oh yeah?

SOL

Sounds like Kane's been learning some new tricks.

SINCLAIR

Did you say Kane? Doctor Kane?

SOL

You know I can't tell if I'm beginning to like you, or loath you.

He walks past her and stares out past the bars of the cage...

SINCLAIR

Why are you here? I mean in the city?

SOL

....Kane gave us our lives, but he wanted our souls too. Once he realised I didn't want to play by his rules, he banished me to fend for myself But I wasn't the only one. Others followed. We came here, looking for freedom and a little fun in the big city. And that's what I offer. Absolute free will. No holds barred. Anything goes. I'm not surprised Kane sent you to spy on us. He's envious of what we've made for ourselves here. But you know that already....

The growing awareness that KANE is still alive washes over SINCLAIR. She barely listens to what else SOL has to say...

(CONTINUED)

SOL (CONT'D)

.....So you must be punished for your intrusion. Your dying friend will be shared amongst us, while your head will be sent back to Kane with a message. This is OUR world, and he'd be well advised to KEEP OUT!

With he slams the door behind him and storms off down the corridor with his retinue of henchmen in tow.

In the CAGE next door, TWO PUNKS drag TALBOT to his feet and carry him off!

SINCLAIR is helpless, locked up, out of reach, unable to prevent this!

CUT TO:

SCHAEFFER and STIRLING are wading through the water, shallower now, only up to their knees.

They hear a noise behind them. They stop, and can see a faint glimmer of firelight on the wall at the JUNCTION behind them. It's growing stronger...coming their way.

SCHAEFFER

Company.

CUT TO:

PUNK MARAUDERS, carrying flaming torches, are chasing them along the sewers, fearless, running through the water, eager to catch their prey.

CUT TO:

SCHAEFFER looks around and spots a ladder up to a MAN HOLE.

SCHAEFFER (CONT'D)

There! Go!

STIRLING leads the way, followed by KANE, covered by SCHAEFFER.

CUT TO:

THE PUNK MARAUDERS race past us, approaching the junction that will bring them into sight of SCHAEFFER.

CUT TO:

STIRLING reaches the top and tries to push open the MAN HOLE, but it doesn't budge. He pushes his shoulder against it.....nothing.

CUT TO:

119 EXT - CITY STREET - GLASGOW - DAY

119

A CAR WHEEL is parked directly on top of the MAN HOLE.

CUT TO:

120 INT - SEWER - DAY

120

Unaware that STIRLING can't get out, SCHAEFFER quickly climbs up the ladder and out of sight of the approaching MARAUDERS. He disappears just in time as

CUT TO:

AT THE JUNCTION the MARAUDERS halt, looking left and right, seeing no sign of their prey, they listen.

CUT TO:

SCHAEFFER climbs up and sees that STIRLING is stuck. They are trapped. They cannot go up OR down!

CUT TO:

AT THE JUNCTION, the MARAUDERS split up, 5 going to the left, 5 going to the right.

CUT TO:

SCHAEFFER and the others freeze, staying as quiet as possible. 20 feet below them the light of the flames grows stronger.

THE MARAUDERS are taking their time now, sweeping their torches back and forth in the darkness.

SCHAEFFER, very carefully and quietly, lowers his RIFLE so it is pointing down past his feet. His finger is poised on the trigger.

THE MARAUDERS reach the ladder and one of them looks upward, directly at SCHAEFFER. But the light of the flame isn't enough to pierce the darkness that far.

SCHAEFFER is ready to fire the moment the MARAUDER makes a move. They are literally staring at each other through the darkness, one unaware of the other.

Finally the MARAUDER is satisfied and moves on.

SCHAEFFER breathes a sigh of relief. STIRLING does the same, and as he relaxes his boot slips on the ladder! He quickly steadies himself, but not before a chunk of rock from the wall drops away into the water below!

Hearing the splash, the last MARAUDER spins around with his FLAMING TORCH....but all he sees is a RAT scuttling away along the SEWER TUNNEL. Disappointed, he turns back and follows the others.....

(CONTINUED)

SCHAEFFER gives STIRLING a hard glare then carefully begins to climb back down, gently lowering himself into the water, looking left and right.

CUT TO:

The DOORS at the back of the THEATRE are swung open and SOL, followed by his entourage of HENCHMEN enters, walking down the centre aisle!

SOL

LIGHTS!

At that the HOUSE LIGHTS come on, showing the THEATRE to be packed out with MARAUDERS! They rise up from their seats, jeering and chanting as SOL makes his way through the throng. He's treated like a rock star!

SINCLAIR, trapped behind the bars of the ROYAL BOX, stands looking down at this, taking it all in. As SOL passes below her, she spots a PUNK in the CROWD wearing her RADIO HEADSET!

SOL makes his way onto the stage.

SOL (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen!!!!

In time the noise dies down...but cheers go up at regular intervals!

SOL (CONT'D)

I have a special treat in store for you tonight! Kane thought he could spy on us. He sent in his best man. Only his best man is a WOMAN!

SOL gesture at SINCLAIR, and the crowd look up at her, jeering and leering! Several men are now moving down the AISLE handing out PAPER PLATES to the crowd!

SOL (CONT'D)

(to SINCLAIR)

Is that all you've got, Kane!? Is that all you've got!? You'll have to do better than that.....! 'Cos whatever you send here.....we're gonna CATCH'EM....we're gonna COOK'EM.....and we're gonna EAT'EM! So feast your eyes and fill your guts!

The CROWD goes nuts as SOL stands aside and the curtains open! There is a giant FLAME GRILL on the STAGE and TALBOT is suspended behind it, crucified on a cross made of scaffold. On SOL's signal TALBOT is lowered toward the FLAMES, writhing and screaming!

SINCLAIR can only watch in horror as he begins to burn over the flames! They mean what they say!

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

121

As TALBOT begins to COOK, SINCLAIR turns away, adamant that she must get out of this and quickly!

The CROWD surge toward the STAGE, waving the PAPER PLATES, as TALBOT screams in agony! SOL dives onto the CROWD and lies on his back, wallowing in glory, as he's carried on their hands like he's floating on air.

CUT TO:

122 INT - CITY STREET - DAY

122

A MAN HOLE COVER rises a few inches and we see SCHAEFFER's eye looking back and forth. Seeing it's clear he slides it open and climbs up.

CUT TO:

123 INT - SEWER - DAY

123

Seeing the light of the MARAUDERS approaching, STIRLING quickly heads up the ladder.

CUT TO:

124 EXT - CITY STREET - DAY

124

SCHAEFFER pulls him clear...

STIRLING
They're right behind us!

SCHAEFFER looks around for a solution....

SCHAEFFER
Get behind that car! Hurry!

He then takes a TIMER CHARGE from his belt and sets it for 6 SECONDS!

CUT TO:

125 INT - SEWER - DAY

125

The MARAUDERS charge up to the bottom of the LADDERS just as

CUT TO:

126 EXT - CITY STREET - DAY

126

SCHAEFFER drops the GRENADE.

CUT TO:

127 INT - SEWER - DAY

127

It drops into the water between the MARAUDERS!

CUT TO:

128 EXT - CITY STREET - DAY

128

SCHAEFFER

Push!

He slides the MAN HOLE COVER back in place as STIRLING pushes the CAR WHEEL on top of it!

CUT TO:

129 INT - SEWER - DAY

129

One of the MARAUDERS scrambles round in the water and finds the GRENADE, unsure of its purpose. The counter on it reads 2...1...

He looks upward....

CUT TO:

130 EXT - CITY STREET - DAY

130

The force of the blast lifts the MAN HOLE and the CAR into the air! SCHAEFFER and STIRLING dive for cover as smoke billows out and the CAR crunches down to the ground again.

Looking around, they are in the clear...

SCHAEFFER

We've got to get off the streets. Come on.

As one they hurry away from the scene and we

CUT TO:

131 INT - THEATRE - DAY

131

The air is rank with the smell of cooked human flesh. A COOK is busy cutting pieces off TALBOT and throwing them to the hungry crowd!

CUT TO:

132 INT - ROYAL BOX - DAY

132

SINCLAIR sets about her escape plan. Her GUARD stands with his back to the door. But the bar of her CELL are narrow enough for her to reach through..... She has a plan.

(CONTINUED)

Leaning beside the small window, she gets the GUARDS attention.

SINCLAIR

Hey....what does a girl have to do to get a
drink here?

The GUARD gives her a slimy toothless grin and moves closer....

GUARD

I could think of a few things....

SINCLAIR

Yeah...I bet you could.

She beckons him forward with her finger and he does so. Like lightening she reaches out, grabs him by the BEARD and pulls hard, smashing his face against the BARS and knocking him out cold! He slumps to the floor....

SINCLAIR turns back to the tattered mattress of her bed and begins ripping out one of the SPRINGS!

Straightening out the wire, she takes her eye out, places it on the ground so it can look under the door and begins feeding the wire through, trying to reach the KEYS hooked on the GUARDS belt!

After several failed attempts she snags them and pulls them through! Then she places her EYE on the ledge, looking down at the CROWD below, watching the MAN wearing her HEAD SET.

Opening the door she ducks out, dragging the GUARD back into her CELL.

Hearing a noise behind her, she waits at the DOOR.

IN THE CORRIDOR a young punk girl wanders into view, heading toward the cells.

At the last moment, SINCLAIR jumps out and plants a solid right hook on her jaw, knocking her out cold.

She strips the GIRL of her well worn LEATHER JACKET and SUNGLASSES and lays her unconscious body on top of the GUARD.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

You make a fine couple.

Closing the door behind her she puts on the JACKET and SUNGLASSES and heads off.

CUT TO:

133 INT - THEATRE - CIRCLE- DAY

133

The darkened interior is lit only by CANDLES on the walls as SINCLAIR cautiously makes her way along the corridor to the stairs. Seeing it's clear, she moves on down...

CUT TO:

134 INT - EYE POV - DAY

134

Looking down from the ROYAL BOX, SINCLAIR's false EYE watches as she walks down the CENTRE AISLE to where the MAN with the HEAD SET is sitting. Wearing the jacket and glasses she blends into the crowd...

CUT TO:

135 INT - THEATRE - STALLS - DAY

135

SINCLAIR slumps down into the seat next to her MAN. He's busy stuffing his face with some part of TALBOT and SINCLAIR does her best hiding how disgusted she is....

Putting her long slender leg up over the seat in front, the MAN takes notice.

SINCLAIR acts the part to perfection, shuddering, swallowing deep, pretending to be out of her head....

SINCLAIR

I'm so hungry.....

MAN

Is that right?

SINCLAIR

I'll make you a deal.....you give me some.....I'll give you some.

MAN

Oh yeah?.....You first.

SINCLAIR

I thought you might say that....

He hurls himself on her, groping and slavering, but she shoves him back, a little harshly....

MAN

What the fuck is wrong with you?!

SINCLAIR

Not here. Out back. Where we can get some privacy.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED:

MAN

Yeah....whatever.

He grabs her hand and leads her toward the back of the THEATRE and a FIRE EXIT.

CUT TO:

136 INT - FIRE EXIT CORRIDOR - DAY

136

Once inside, he turns to her....

MAN

Get on with it.

He drops his pants before her.....She looks down, taking off her SUNGLASSES, then looks back up at him, her empty eye socket hollow and black!

MAN (CONT'D)

What the fuck?!

SINCLAIR kicks him hard between the legs and he crumbles over forward. She follows it up by grabbing his head and kneeling him in the face "Glasgow Kiss" style! He goes down and out.

CUT TO:

137 INT - ROYAL BOX - DAY

137

SINCLAIR grabs her EYE and pops it back in. She's now wearing the HEADSET and RADIO herself.

CUT TO:

138 INT - CIRCLE CORRIDOR - DAY

138

SINCLAIR emerges from the CELL and looks left this time, toward an EXIT SIGN. She hurries toward it, when an arm reaches out of an adjacent CELL, grasping for her! It belongs to a young girl, in her early 20's. Her name is **CALLY**.

CALLY

Wait! Please!

SINCLAIR pauses briefly to listen....

CALLY (CONT'D)

You came through the wall didn't you?

SINCLAIR

Lucky guess.

SINCLAIR makes to move off....

(CONTINUED)

CALLY

No! Wait! I can help you find what you're looking for!

SINCLAIR stops in her tracks and turns back.

SINCLAIR

Who said I was looking for anything?

CALLY

If you're not one of us, and you're not one of them, then you must be from behind the wall. You've come looking for Kane.

SINCLAIR

So what if I am?

CALLY

I can take you to him...!

SINCLAIR

How do you know where he is?

CALLY

Because he's my father.

SINCLAIR

If you're taking the piss. You'll wish I'd left you here.

(she unlocks the door)

Follow me.... and keep your fucking voice down!

She quickly unlocks the door and releases CALLY! Together they hurry toward the EXIT and duck outside into the DAYLIGHT!

CUT TO:

139 INT - STORE - DAY

139

Hiding out with the others, SCHAEFFER picks up a signal....

SINCLAIR

Come in Schaeffer do you copy?....

SCHAEFFER

Sinclair? This is Schaeffer, where are you?

CUT TO:

140 EXT - CITY STREET - DAY

140

Following CALLY at the trot, talking as she runs SINCLAIR responds to SCHAEFFER...

(CONTINUED)

SINCLAIR

On the move. We have to go North. Get to the station on Queens Street, we'll rendezvous there.

CUT TO:

141 INT - THEATRE - STALLS

141

In the FRENZY of the crowd, SOL is handed a cup of TALBOT's blood! He begins drinking it and pours the rest over his face!

Above him, in the ROYAL BOX, the GUARD wakes up to find SINCLAIR gone! He lunges at the CAGE BARS, calling down to his leader!

GUARD

SOL! SHE'S GONE! SHE'S GONNNNNE!!!!

SOL turns to the sound, his face streaked with blood!

CUT TO:

142 INT - ROYAL BOX - DAY

142

SOL bursts into the CELL, the GUARD waits, clutches a bloody nose! Furious, SOL punches the GUARD repeatedly in his already broken nose, then turns to the CROWD below, grabbing the bars and shaking them violently!

SOL

FIND HER!!!!!!

The GANG below charge out of the THEATRE!

CUT TO:

143 EXT - RAILWAY STATION - DAY

143

CALLY and SINCLAIR hurry up the steps and into this grand old building...

SINCLAIR

Where are we going?

CALLY

Just follow me!

Once out onto the platforms, CALLY leads her along the length of a train, until, as they approach the engine, SINCLAIR slows and stops amazed by the sight before her. A **STEAM ENGINE**, puffing gently away.

SUDDENLY a MAN jumps down from the foot plate, aiming a BOW at SINCLAIR!

SINCLAIR freezes and CALLY turns back!

(CONTINUED)

CALLY (CONT'D)
Joshua! It's okay! She's with me!

JOSHUA relaxes a little. He's not dressed like a PUNK, his attire looks more mediaeval.

CALLY (CONT'D)
I found help.

JOSHUA
Are you sure? She looks dangerous.

CALLY
She is.

CUT TO:

144 **EXT - CITY STREET - DAY**

144

SCHAEFFER and STIRLING are in sight of the station when they are stopped in their tracks when they hear the sound of REVving ENGINES, growing louder, echoing through the streets.

From around a corner a hundred metres away, a BUS swings into view. Beaten up and covered in grafitti, the PUNKS hang out of the broken windows, waving club and bats! Seeing their prey the BUS speeds up, crashing through the debris on the street!

SUDDENLY two MOTORCYCLES roar into view jumping from a car wreck directly over the heads of SCHAEFFER and others!

SCHAEFFER drops and fires upward as they screech past, then they all turn and run for the STATION!

The MOTORBIKES land and skid to a halt, before revving up and tearing after the 3 MEN!

The BUS is hot on their heels, the PUNKS screaming and cursing them as they run!

SCHAEFFER reaches the steps first, closely followed by the other 2 men, bounding up them three at a time! The BUS skids to halt at the bottom of the steps and the PUNKS pour out of it, charging after them!

The MOTORBIKES don't slow down and just charge up the STEPS into the station!

CUT TO:

145 **EXT - PLATFORM - DAY**

145

SINCLAIR and the others hear the commotion coming from the main station concourse!

CALLY
Joshua, get moving!

(CONTINUED)

She hurries on board with JOSHUA as SINCLAIR turns to look down the PLATFORM and jumps up onto the FOOTPLATE behind him!

As JOSHUA shovels coal into the boiler, SINCLAIR pulls the WHISTLE CORD!

The TRAIN emits a loud harsh whistle!

CUT TO:

Hearing this, SCHAEFFER and the others head for the PLATFORM, vaulting the old TICKET BARRIER as the first of the MOTORBIKES catches up to them! Unable to brake in time, the BIKE smashes into the barrier, sending it's driver flying head over heels and crashing to the floor! Sliding on the marble floor he still manages to grab STIRLING'S foot and bring him down!

The MASSED GANG of PUNKS pour into the STATION now, screaming and yelling!

SINCLAIR jumps down off the foot plate, urging them on!

STIRLING kicks his way clear and keeps on running as the other MOTORBIKE takes the long way round onto the PLATFORM.

SINCLAIR

Hurry! Come ON!

SCHAEFFER reaches the TRAIN as it's ENGINE FIRES UP, belching out smoke.

STIRLING is getting close to SINCLAIR now as the MOTORBIKE rushes at him from behind, it's rider swinging a BASEBALL BAT at head height!

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

Get down!!

STIRLING ducks, just avoiding the powerful swing of the BAT! The MOTORBIKE speeds past him, toward SINCLAIR!

Waiting until the last moment she side steps, kicking the rider in the visor! The RIDER is knocked off and the BIKE falls and slides along the PLATFORM.

SCHAEFFER hangs out of the DOOR of the TRAIN as it begins to PULL AWAY! The ARMY of PUNKS is charging down the PLATFORM toward them and they have to get moving!

SCHAEFFER

Major, Come ON!!!

STIRLING reaches SINCLAIR and together they see they aren't Going to be able to catch the TRAIN! SINCLAIR grabs the MOTORBIKE - it's engine still running...

(CONTINUED)

SINCLAIR

Get on!

STIRLING jumps on the back and they pull away just before the PUNKS reach them! Hurtling after the TRAIN, they must reach it before they run out of PLATFORM!

They quickly pull up next to the open doorway STIRLING is pulled inside by SCHAEFFER!

The end of the PLATFORM is getting closer and closer as SINCLAIR grabs hold of STIRLING's hand and leaps for it!

She's pulled inside the TRAIN just as the PLATFORM ends. The BIKE goes crashing under the TRAIN WHEELS. Running to the end of the platform, the PUNKS, lead by SOL wave their clubs, hurling missiles and abuse!

CUT TO:

147 INT - TRAIN - DAY

147

SINCLAIR and the others slump down onto the seats, looking back at the CITY as they leave it, heading north.

CALLY gives SCHAEFFER a smile and he returns the gesture, his veneer of cool fading, just for a moment.

The suburbs of GLASGOW are empty, swallowed up by more and more foliage as they head deeper into the wilderness.

STIRLING approaches SINCLAIR...

SINCLAIR

If you're going to ask me what happened to Talbot.....don't. He's dead.

STIRLING

(angry, upset)

And so are a lot of other people! Maybe my first impressions weren't so wrong after all.....!

SINCLAIR responds by decking him with a hard right hook to the jaw.

STIRLING (CONT'D)

(rubbing his jaw)

Why didn't you tell us there were survivors, Major?! Don't you trust us?

SINCLAIR

I don't trust anyone. Kane is alive.

STIRLING

What? How is that possible?

(CONTINUED)

SINCLAIR

Same way these survivors are possible. He must have found the cure....

SINCLAIR eases off a bit and holds out her hand pulling him to his feet. As it all sinks in, he notices SINCLAIR's head wound.

STIRLING

Your head's bleeding. Let me take a look at that.

STIRLING breaks out a FIRST AID kit and attends to the wound on her head. SINCLAIR turns away from him, looking out of the window as he patches her up at the spectacular scenery...

CUT TO:

148 **EXT - THE HIGHLANDS - DAY**

148

We see a MONTAGE of shots of the TRAIN making it's way deeper and deeper into the mountains. Herds of wild RED DEER scatter across the heather as the TRAIN rushes by.

CUT TO:

149 **INT - PRIME MINISTERS OFFICE - COMMAND CENTRE - DAY**

149

There is a knock at the door and CANARIS enters....

HATCHER is standing at his window, looking down over the city below. Smoke drifts from a hundred different fires, emergency vehicles rush through the narrow streets, sirens wail in the distance. The chaos is building....

CANARIS

Prime Minister.

HATCHER

Michael....come in.

CANARIS joins him, looking down over the city....

HATCHER (CONT'D)

We're losing her....

CANARIS

She's survived worse than this.

HATCHER

I hope you're right.

HATCHER breaks off and returns to his desk...

CANARIS

You can't stay here much longer Prime Minister. The security risk is too great.

(CONTINUED)

HATCHER

Don't even try to talk me out of it, Michael. I'm staying, until the bitter end.

CANARIS

I know better than to try and talk you into something you don't want to do, but the time will come when you WILL have to leave. The country still needs its leader.....alive, preferably.

HATCHER

When that time comes, I'll go, kicking and screaming, but, I'll take your advice. I pay you an awful lot for it after all.....

CANARIS

And as such it's my responsibility to put forward every possible option....

HATCHER

Something specific on your mind?

CANARIS

Just for one moment, consider this. We are on the brink of a population overload. This country is no longer able to sustain its own people, and every year, every month, every day, the situation gets worse. As a government we are losing our grip on power. (beat) Perhaps this virus is nature's way of telling us to...slow down.

HATCHER

(dubious, curious)

That's an interesting thought. Where are you taking it?

CANARIS

Let's assume the mission is successful and we get our hands on a vaccine. Who ever controls the vaccine, controls the people.

HATCHER

Are you suggesting we ration it in some way?

CANARIS

No, of course not, but what I am suggesting is that we not be too hasty. We don't want to rush into a vaccination program without first considering its implications. If we were to save everyone we could, we'd wind up right where we left off. Too many people with no homes, no jobs, not enough food. What I'm suggesting is that we, hold off, a day, maybe two, and let nature run its course.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CANARIS (CONT'D)

Such a dramatic drop in numbers would leave the remaining population so much more....agreeable.

HATCHER

Stop. Please, just stop right there. What you're suggesting will never leave this room, and you know why?

(beat)

Because it blindly ignores our most basic principles. We have a responsibility to these people, each and every one of them, to do all we can to protect them. Not throw them to the fire! Nobody said it was supposed to be easy, but that's the job we signed up for.

CANARIS

.....Like I said, it would have been remiss of me not to have mentioned it.

HATCHER

Well, you've mentioned it, now I want to bury it.

CANARIS

Of course, Prime Minister.

HATCHER

Now, if you don't mind, I have work to do.

CANARIS gets up and exits the office.

As he closes the door behind him, he looks exchanges a look with CAPTAIN HENDRIX of the PRIME MINISTERS personal security guard.

CUT TO:

SCHAEFFER wakes up from a deep sleep...

SCHAEFFER

Where are we?

CALLY

It's not far now. Once we reach the station house, we walk.

STIRLING

Where are you taking us?

CALLY

Somewhere safe.

SINCLAIR

We don't have time to play it safe. I want to meet Kane.

(CONTINUED)

CALLY

You can't do that.

SCHAEFFER

Why not?

JOSHUA

If he knew you were here he'd kill us all.

STIRLING

Great. We're three men down. The APC's are smashed beyond repair, along with all the scientific equipment. We're currently heading into the middle of nowhere looking for a former corpse who probably wants to kill us.

SINCLAIR

(with a hard look)

I still want to meet him.

CALLY looks at her, understanding that she won't take no for an answer.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

What were you doing in the city?

CALLY

...My father always warned us to stay away from the wall. He told us there was nothing left on the other side, but I knew he was lying. We've always seen the arrows drawing lines across the sky. I new there were others like us, so I wanted to see for myself. I didn't know how to cross the wall, so I went to the city to get help from my brother.

SINCLAIR

Your brother? Sol, is your brother?

CALLY

Yes....but he's changed.

SINCLAIR

And not for the better.

STIRLING

Who's Sol?

SINCLAIR

You don't want to know.

SINCLAIR tries to take it all in, as CALLY turns to look outside...

(CONTINUED)

CALLY

We're here.

CUT TO:

151 **EXT - HIGHLAND TRAIN STATION - DAY**

151

The TRAIN slows to a halt beside this remote STATION HOUSE.

Once it's stopped the team disembark, stretching and checking out the place.

The STATION HOUSE looks long since deserted.... it's windows boarded up.

SCHAEFFER

Barricaded.

SINCLAIR

Yeah.....from the inside.

CUT TO:

152 **INT - STATION HOUSE - DAY**

152

The FRONT DOOR is kicked in by SINCLAIR.

SINCLAIR

(to the others)

Stay here.

She and SCHAEFFER enter, guns at the ready, just in case, searching the interior.

The place is covered in dust and cobwebs and littered with rubbish and empty food cans. An old shotgun leans up against the boarded windows.

There's no signs of occupant downstairs, so they head upstairs, taking it slow and easy.

CUT TO:

153 **INT - BEDROOM - DAY**

153

Sunlight streams through the planks covering the windows. SINCLAIR enters followed by SCHAEFFER and their attention is drawn to the bed. There, the remains of two people lie. One in the bed, the other sitting next to it. Their hands touching. Both long since dead.

STIRLING enters behind them....

STIRLING

What do you think happened here?

(CONTINUED)

SINCLAIR

Starved to death. Doing what they were told to do. "Stay In your homes. Help will come."

For all she knows, these could be here parents. She stares at them, considering their ordeal, and we

CUT TO:

154 **EXT - WILDERNESS - DAY**

154

JOSHUA leads the way, BOW across his back, followed by STIRLING and SINCLAIR and at the rear are SCHAEFFER and CALLY.

They are make there way across lush green country and head down into the Caledonian forest. All the time heading further WEST.

CUT TO:

155 **EXT - CALEDONIAN FOREST - DAY**

155

The group are now making their way through a deep forested gorge, with high rocks and cliffs on either side.

Sunlight streams down through the trees into the woodland haze. The air is crisp and pure. All that can be heard are the birds and the breeze. But all this changes in an instant....

Birds fly off. A herd of deer bound through the undergrowth toward and past their flank.

CALLY turns in panic...

CALLY

Something's coming!

JOSHUA

...Telamon! ...Hide! Quickly!

The others follow suite and seek hiding places amongst the rocks and ferns. All except SINCLAIR. She stands in the road, lighting up a cigarette she's had tucked behind her ear. Cradling her rifle. Waiting.

STIRLING waits the longest, urging her to come with them.

STIRLING

Sinclair, what are you doing? We've got to get out of here!

She ignores him. The pounding of a horses hooves can be heard, approaching along the trail, but no rider can be seen through the veil of mist.

STIRLING (CONT'D)

SINCLAIR!

(CONTINUED)

She again ignores him. In frustration he backs away, and takes covers behind a rock. SINCLAIR stands, rock-like, in the road, tough as nails, No fear.

CALLY and the others run for cover, retreating back down the gorge.

The soft low beating of the HORSES HOOVES upon the forest floor gets louder and louder. Now we can hear it's breath, harsh and rasping, getting closer.

SUDDENLY the mist parts and a spectacular vision emerges into the light. A KNIGHT in full armour and regalia, splendid upon his war horse, gallops toward her. This is **TELAMON**.

SINCLAIR

(to herself)

There's something you don't see every day.....

SINCLAIR doesn't raise her rifle. She stand bolt still, waiting as the giant WAR HORSE and its rider bear down on her, and tower over her!

Still she doesn't flinch, causing TELAMON to rein in and the HORSE to slide in the mud, rising up on its hind legs, only feet from SINCLAIR, dwarfing her! Then it comes crashing down again, bellowing out clouds of hot breath through flared nostrils!

CALLY and JOSHUA run straight into an ambush! JOSHUA is struck down by two arrows in the chest! Riders, armed with BOWS, SWORDS and LANCES gallop down the sides of the gorge to cut her off!

ARCHERS appear on the rocks above SCHAEFFER and STIRLING. They are outnumbered and surrounded.

SINCLAIR drops her cigarette and stubs it into the mud with her boot.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

I want to see Kane.

TELAMON says nothing, he just reins in his WAR HORSE and looks down at her.

DISSOLVE TO:

TELAMON leads the procession of HORSEMEN with their captives sitting behind the riders.

Silhouetted against the horizon, they pass by an old WIND FARM, it's giant WINDMILLS turning slowly and relentlessly on the high mountain breeze, no longer generating power for anything. Their true purpose lost to these strange mediaeval people.

CUT TO:

157 **EXT - HILLTOP - DAY**

157

The procession emerge over the brow of a hill to look down on an impressive sight. A mighty CASTLE, on the shores of a SEA LOCH, bustles with activity.

STIRLING
My god.....it's incredible.

DISSOLVE TO:

158 **EXT - CASTLE - DAY**

158

MEDIAEVAL PEASANT FOLK part the way, staring in amazement and curiosity as the procession heads into the CASTLE through its giant PORTCULLIS.

SCHAEFFER and the others look around in wide eyed astonishment. It's as if they've been transported back in time.

CUT TO:

159 **INT - COURTYARD - DAY**

159

Emerging through the gate into this dark, oppressive courtyard, surrounded on all sides by high wet stone walls. They dismount and look around, trying to take in this strange old world.

Down the main steps from the CASTLE, a man appears, dressed a little more resplendently than the other peasants. He is **CHANCELLOR FALCO**.

FALCO
Thank you Telamon, for delivering our
visitors safely into our arms! You are all
MOST welcome!

CALLY storms past FALCO up the stairs, but he grabs her arm as she passes. SCHAEFFER takes a protective step forward, but SINCLAIR subtly holds his arm, staying his advance.

SINCLAIR
(under her breath)
Whatever you're thinking. Save it.

FALCO
Your father wants a word with you... ..
I'm sorry about Joshua. He didn't deserve
to die so young.

CALLY
Then you shouldn't have killed him.

CALLY pulls away from FALCO and heads inside, as he turns back to the others.

(CONTINUED)

FALCO

So long as you remain within the walls of this fortress you may consider yourselves guests. But if you try to escape, we will hunt you down like dogs, and flay the skin from your bodies. These are the rules to which we all abide, and you WILL observe them.... (BEAT) But come! We are nothing if not hospitable!

He beckons them to follow him inside and they do, cautiously.

STIRLING

Well, this trip is full of surprises.

SINCLAIR pauses by FALCO in the doorway...

SINCLAIR

I want to meet KANE.

FALCO

And he wants to meet you too. But all in good time. First you must eat and drink. You've come a long time in a very short way.

She relents and moves on, FALCO turns back to look out of the door to TELAMON on his WAR HORSE, still in full armour with his visor down. TELAMON merely nods his head at FALCO, then FALCO follows them inside.

DISSOLVE TO:

160 **EXT - LONDON STREET - DUSK**

160

More and more FSA TROOPS are pouring into the streets, setting up road blocks, as FSA PATROL CARS cruise up and down, loud speakers blaring out a warning....

PA

....FOR YOUR OWN SAFETY....STAY IN YOUR HOMES.....THE CITY OF LONDON IS UNDER MARTIAL LAW.....A 24 HOUR CURFEW IS NOW IN PLACE.....ANYONE CAUGHT BREAKING THIS CURFEW WILL BE PLACED IN CUSTODY.....ANYONE CAUGHT LOOTING WILL BE SHOT.....FOR YOUR OWN SAFETY.....STAY IN YOUR HOMES.....

CUT TO:

161 **EXT - CASTLE - DUSK**

161

The SUN dips down over the horizon casting a purple haze of the LOCH and the CASTLE as we

CUT TO:

162 INT - CASTLE - DUSK

162

The dark interior is lit by BURNING TORCHES and raging open FIRE, casting a warm glow over the faces of SINCLAIR and the others as they eat. SINCLAIR, SCHAEFFER and STIRLING sit around the table. The food consists of a haunch of VENISON, BREAD and ALE. Dogs mill about the castle hoping for scraps.

SINCLAIR
(whispering to Schaeffer between bites)
Talk to the girl. See if you can find some way of getting us back to the WALL. Plane, train, anything....

SCHAEFFER
What about you?

SINCLAIR
'Talk to Kane, find out what the fuck is happening here.

STIRLING
If I could run some basic blood tests on these people, I might be able to come up with some answers of my own.

FALCO (O.S.)
.....Kane has all the equipment you need.

They are surprised by the interruption.

STIRLING
Well, that's.....most generous of him.

FALCO
Kane is a generous man. He gave life to us all. ...If you're ready, I'll take you there now.

STIRLING glances at SINCLAIR, wary.....

SINCLAIR
Go ahead. If I come up with any better ideas I'll let you know, but in the meantime, play along.

As they leave, SINCLAIR gives SCHAEFFER a nod that tells him to go off snooping. He rises and heads off out of another door. SINCLAIR now sits alone in the grand dining room. GUARDS armed with SPEARS stand beside each door but leave her be.

She doesn't have to wait long before a voice rings out from the gallery above...**It is the same voice as that of the opening narration.**

KANE
Sooner or later, I knew they'd send somebody.....

(CONTINUED)

SINCLAIR looks up sharply to see an old man, dressed in FURS and LEATHER, looking down at her.

KANE (CONT'D)

....looking for answers. ...Who am I? How did I survive? What journey led me to THIS?

SINCLAIR

Something along those lines, Dr.

KANE

Guards, leave us.

The SENTRIES leave them alone as KANE makes his way down the stairs at the opposite end of the room and begins to circle the table....

KANE (CONT'D)

The answer is simple. In the land of the blind, the one eyed man is KING.

SINCLAIR can't help but run a finger down past her FALSE EYE.

KANE (CONT'D)

My purpose is to watch over my people and our world and maintain it's....clarity. It's honesty.

(beat)

When the wall was closed the slate was wiped clean. There's was no more progress, no more future, only history and that's where I sort and found what I was looking for. In your world everything, including human life, is short term. But in history, things were built to last, even the truth! Just look around you! The truth was in the land and the stone, the trees and the sky, staring me in the face, and once I'd found it, I knew MY journey was complete.

He stands behind SINCLAIR.

KANE (CONT'D)

Where does your journey begin and end?

SINCLAIR

Here. With YOU.

CUT TO:

The door swings open to reveal FALCO and STIRLING. Laid out before them like FRANKENSTEIN'S basement is a laboratory, it's equipment covered in dust sheets. STIRLING begins pulling off the sheets, amazed at this find.

(CONTINUED)

STIRLING

It's all here....!

FALCO

This is everything he worked for.

He finds a rack of TEST TUBES. They contain blood infected with THE REAPER VIRUS, but one of them holds the ANTI-SERUM KANE struggled so long to isolate and incubate.

STIRLING holds up the phial....

STIRLING

This is it?

FALCO

See for yourself....

FALCO turns away and closes the door and we

CUT TO:

164 INT - GREAT HALL - CASTLE

164

SINCLAIR

This morning you were corpse. Now you're a king? What happened to the Doctor along the way?

KANE

The Doctor was an idealist, a fool to trust the system that betrayed him. His body was stacked amongst the countless dead and burned!

SINCLAIR

And the others that were there that day? What happened to them?

KANE

The lucky ones died first.

SINCLAIR

And the rest?

KANE

Is that really what you came for? Answers?

SINCLAIR

No. We came here for your help.

KANE

NO. You thought I was dead. You came here to steal my work!

CUT TO:

165 INT - CASTLE - NIGHT

165

SCHAEFFER is cautiously moving through the darkened interior of the CASTLE. Suddenly a hand reaches out and grabs him, pulling him into a doorway!

It's CALLY. Recognising her, SCHAEFFER lands a brief but intense kiss upon her lips.

SCHAEFFER

Can you show us a way out?

CALLY

I don't want you to go.

SCHAEFFER

...I can't stay. I came here to do a job. I have to finish it.

Looking deeply into his eyes, she knows he's a man of conviction. She takes him by the hand and leads him away.

After they are gone, another man, FALCO emerges into the light and follows them.

CUT TO:

166 INT - GREAT HALL - CASTLE - NIGHT

166

KANE

So the question is.....why now?

SINCLAIR

Because millions will die if you don't.

At his signal the GUARDS back away and return to their sentry posts.

KANE

Now we get to the truth of it. She's come back, hasn't she.

SINCLAIR

Yes.

KANE

How long?

SINCLAIR

24 hours, give or take.

KANE

Not long then.

SINCLAIR

Will you help us?

(CONTINUED)

KANE

.....No. I don't think so. Not this time.

SINCLAIR

Why not?!

KANE

Because I want them to KNOW! To feel the panic and the fear. To watch as the ash of burning bodies blackens their skin and fills their nostrils with the stench of rotten flesh! ...I say LET THEM DIE! Just as they left me to die.

SINCLAIR

This world of TRUTH you've built for yourself. It's nothing but a LIE! You've become everything that you despise! What makes you any different from THEM?!

KANE

Because I have the cure. They don't.

SINCLAIR looks at this demented madman as he storms out of the room. The GUARDS follow, leaving her totally alone.

DISSOLVE TO:

167 **EXT - AERIAL - LONDON - NIGHT**

167

Gliding over the darkened city, we can see CARS burning in the streets, BUILDINGS burning on the horizon. The apocalypse is here.

CUT TO:

168 **EXT - WHITEHALL - NIGHT**

168

A rioting crowd break climb the giant IRON GATES and lay siege to the PARLIAMENT BUILDING, hurling missiles at the glass as the FSA shoot TEAR GAS into the crowd to break them up!

CUT TO:

169 **INT - WHITEHALL COMMAND CENTRE - ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

169

On the other side of the glass, SECURITY GUARDS radio the situation to the COMMAND CENTRE.

CUT TO

170 **INT - COMMAND CENTRE - NIGHT**

170

On the giant screens of the control room, NEWS BULLETINS are flooding in. The hospitals are swamped.

(CONTINUED)

The plague is out of control. Troops are on the streets trying to keep the peace. Rioting has begun.

Before the screens stands HATCHER, along with several of his staff, including HARRIS and NELSON, watching their world fall apart, live on TV.

CANARIS steps up beside him, but says nothing.

HATCHER
How did I fail so badly?

CANARIS
You did everything you could.

The ALARM sounds throughout the building.

CUT TO:

171 INT - WHITEHALL COMMAND CENTRE - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

171

As the MOB outside give up their assault, chased off by the FSA.

The FSA GUARD on duty breathes a sigh of relief. But turns to find a man standing behind him holding a PICK AXE HANDLE, his face streaming with blood! It's 'X' the man from the hospital. He's infected and angry!

He pummels the GUARD to death before turning his attention to the ELEVATORS!

He needs a palm print to activate the ELEVATOR. He looks down at the GUARDS HAND, then at the FIRE AXE on the WALL.

CUT TO:

172 INT - COMMAND CENTRE - NIGHT

172

CANARIS is listening to the radio chatter....

CANARIS
It's too much of a security risk. It's time
to get you out of here.

CANARIS signals to the CAPTAIN HENDRIX (waiting with an ESCORT outside) to come in. CANARIS approaches him....

CANARIS (CONT'D)
(to HENDRIX)
Is the chopper here yet?

HENDRIX
It's on it's way, e.t.a. 15 minutes.

(CONTINUED)

CANARIS
We can't wait 15 minutes. We've have to do
it the old fashioned way. Take him out in
the hummer. Full armoured protection.

CUT TO:

173 INT - ELEVATOR - COMMAND CENTRE - NIGHT

173

'X' drops the GUARDS severed hand on the floor as the ELEVATOR
starts to move. He stands there, AXE in hand, bleeding badly.

CUT TO:

174 INT - COMMAND CENTRE - NIGHT

174

CANARIS returns to HATCHER....

CANARIS
Prime Minister... Time to go.

HATCHER
Any word from Scotland?

CANARIS
Nothing yet.

HATCHER
They've got 18 hours left. Don't give up on
them.

CANARIS
I won't.

HATCHER turns and leaves with the CAPTAIN HENDRIX.

NELSON
I'd like to ride shotgun, if you don't
mind. I may know a few short cuts.

As they turn away, the ELEVATOR DOORS at the far end of the glass
corridor open and 'X' bursts out, AXE raised high, screaming as he
runs straight at HATCHER!

HATCHER can only stand there is shock as SECURITY GUARDS open fire
on him!

As he's shot his blood sprays across the glass wall and the faces
of the GUARDS!

NESLON draws his own GUN and opens fire!

CANARIS hits the DOOR ACTIVATION BUTTON and screen doors slide
shut between HATCHER and his assailant!

(CONTINUED)

Riddled with bullet holes, 'X' slows to a stagger, before finally slumping against the glass door, looking at HATCHER on the other side, his blood spattered and smeared across the glass!

'X' slides down the glass, dead.

CANARIS

What are you waiting for, get him out of here!! NOW!

HENDRIX, NELSON and several other GUARDS usher the PRIME MINISTER at speed out of the COMMAND CENTRE and down a SECURE STAIRWELL!

CUT TO:

175 INT - PARLIAMENT TOWERS - BASEMENT CAR PARK - NIGHT

175

THREE ARMOURED HUMVIES are lined up, engines running, surrounded by SECURITY as HATCHER is bundled into the 2ND CAR, HENDRIX gets in the rear car, and NELSON rides shotgun in the lead car.

They are quickly underway...

CUT TO:

176 EXT - PARLIAMENT TOWERS - NIGHT

176

The CONVOY races up the ramp and out into the street! There is an angry growd outside PARLIAMENT TOWERS. They attack the lead car with bats, cracking the windows, but the GUNNERS atop the ARMOURED HUMVIES fire off a few rounds in the air to keep the crowd back as they make their escape.

CUT TO:

177 INT - HUMMER 1 - NIGHT

177

NELSON

Bloody hell! Straight on, then take a left!

CUT TO:

178 INT - GREAT HALL - CASTLE - NIGHT

178

SINCLAIR sits alone now, finishing her cigarette and staring at the fire, as we

CUT TO:

179 **EXT - CASTLE - NIGHT**

179

CALLY leads SCHAEFFER out of a small door in the castle wall, checking the way is clear before the 2 of them hurry off into the night.

Atop the battlements, KANE watches them go with a heavy heart, knowing his own daughter is betraying him.

CUT TO:

180 **INT - KANE' LAB - NIGHT**

180

STIRLING is busy analysing all the new blood samples at their disposal as we

CUT TO:

181 **EXT - BATTLEMENTS - CASTLE - NIGHT**

181

FALCO appears at KANE'S side...

FALCO

It is as we suspected sire.

KANE

Must I lose a daughter as well as a son?

FALCO

She is too great a threat to the stability created.

KANE

.....Do what must be done.

FALCO retreats back into the shadows, leaving KANE alone once more....

CUT TO:

182 **INT - KANE' LAB - NIGHT**

182

STIRLING hunches over a microscope as he add a drop of ANTIDOTE to an infected BLOOD SAMPLE.

CUT TO:

183 **INT - UNDERGROUND FACILITY - NIGHT**

183

Forcing open an rusted old metal door CALLY leads SCHAEFFER into a darkened interior. As he enters, SCHAEFFER wipes dirt from a sign of the door. It reads: GOVERNMENT PROPERTY - **KEEP OUT!** This is an old Ministry of Defence facility, built into the mountain!

(CONTINUED)

They go down steps emerging into a larger chamber, too big for the light of their torches to penetrate. This space is stacked high with wooden PACKING CRATES of all shapes and sizes.

SCHAEFFER is suitably amazed.

SCHAEFFER

What is this place?

CALLY

My father says it use to be a hydro-electric station, built into the mountain, but it was later turned into a storage facility, to "preserve the past in the event of a catastrophe".

SCHAEFFER

It's like a museum.

CALLY

I don't know what half of the stuff is.

SCHAEFFER picks out a few crates: there's furniture, paintings, computers, even CARS. And there's several hundred barrels of FUEL.

SCHAEFFER

We're going to need something fast.

CUT TO:

184 **EXT - LONDON STREETS - NIGHT**

184

A burning car explodes, showering burning fuel across the road and forcing the convoy of HUMVIES turn a sharp bend.

Almost immediately struck by missiles as they drive straight into a RIOTING CROWD! Bottles and stones are hurled at windscreens or smash off the vehicles armour plating.

The mob line each side of the street, some carrying weapons, all hurling abuse at HATCHER.

CUT TO:

185 **INT - HUMMER 1 - NIGHT**

185

NELSON

Fuck this! Go right! NOW!

CUT TO:

186 **INT - HUMMER 2 (HATCHER'S CAR) - NIGHT**

186

The CO-DRIVER flinches as a bottle smashes of the windscreen in front of him!

(CONTINUED)

WILSON
Keep your foot on the gas! Don't slow down
no matter what happens!

HATCHER looks shocked at the hate and anger raging against him.

WILSON (CONT'D)
(to the DRIVER)
If they get in your way, drive straight
through them!

In the back HATCHER looks out at the crowd through tinted bullet
proof glass.

All three cars swing hard right into a narrow ALLEY WAY!

CUT TO:

187 EXT - ALLEY - NIGHT

187

They emerge onto another street, and straight into a another
baying mob!

CUT TO:

188 INT - HUMMER 1 - NIGHT

188

DRIVER
Which way?!

NELSON
Take a left!

Swerving through the throng, the DRIVER spots potential trouble in
the crowd ahead.

DRIVER
Jackson! Fire in the crowd at 2 o'clock!

CUT TO:

189 EXT - HUMMER 1 - NIGHT

189

GUNNER - JACKSON
I see it!

188 Atop the first vehicle, JACKSON brings his 20mm MACHINEGUN to
bear as a man in the crowd rushes at them holding a MOLOTOV
COCKTAIL!

JACKSON opens fire as the man is just about to throw. The MAN is
ripped apart by gunfire but the MOLOTOV keeps going, falling short
and smashing off the road, setting fire to the front of the
vehicle!

(CONTINUED)

Unable to see, HUMMER 1 mows down several people, veers off the road and smashes into a building!

This just makes the crowd even more angry and hungry for blood!

NELSON opens fire as a few rioter try to get at him.

The rest SWARM around the remaining cars, bringing the CONVOY to a halt!

The MOB surge forward en masse, surrounding and overwhelming the two remaining HUMVIES! There's no way out! They start shaking the vehicles, trying to overturn them!

CUT TO:

190 **INT - HUMMER 3 - NIGHT**

190

Blind panic ensues!

HENDRIX

Reverse! Reverse! Get us out of here!

CUT TO:

191 **EXT - LONDON STREET - NIGHT**

191

HUMMER 3 reverses out of the MOB at speed. Knowing down several people as it goes, getting as far from the riot as possible!

HUMMER 2 - HATCHER'S CAR - is shaken off it's wheels and rolled onto it's side!

NELSON, bleeding, staggers out of the burning HUMMER 1. A couple of people, armed with bats, rush at him but he shoots them down!

CUT TO:

192 **INT - HATCHER'S CAR - NIGHT**

192

HATCHER looks terrified as the crowd rock the vehicle back and forth! Eventually rolling it onto it's roof, tossing the PRIME MINISTER around like dirty washing!

As the HUMVIE crashes down, the windows smash and the crowd reach inside!

The DRIVER and CO-DRIVER fire their weapons to keep the crowd back, but they no longer care and rush in! Dragging them out and tearing them apart!

HATCHER can hear their screams as more hands claw feverishly at him, pulling him this way and that! Eventually they find a purchase and he is dragged from the vehicle.

CUT TO:

193 **EXT - STREET - CROWD - NIGHT**

193

HATCHER is pulled out of the car, surrounded by the rabid crowd, kicked and beaten with clubs!

One man stands over his head with PICK AXE handle raised high to deliver the killing blow. Suddenly his chest is ripped apart by GUNFIRE!

The CROWD scatter as NELSON, armed with only his PISTOL, moves in, waving his gun back and forth, driving the CROWD back!

SIRENS can be heard approaching!

The CROWD flee as FSA RIOT VANS charge into view.

NELSON finds HATCHER, bloody, broken body and cradles his head...

HATCHER is barely alive as he tries to speak to NELSON....

HATCHER
....Don't...entrust...he lives of these
people...to Canaris....

Then his eyes close and his head slumps back....

NELSON
No..no..no..... HELP ME!!! Somebody help
me!!!!

We pull back from him, as FSA CARS pull up and officers rush to assist.

CUT TO:

194 **INT - KANE' LAB - NIGHT**

194

STIRLING watches through the microscope as the VACCINE attacks the VIRUS, it's healthy cells beginning to take over and out-number the infected cells as we

CUT TO:

195 **INT - MICROSCOPE POV - NIGHT**

195

The battle between the micro organisms continues, until the VACCINE seems to triumph....but then the VIRUS starts to fight back, overwhelming the VACCINE.

CUT TO:

196 **INT - KANE' LAB - NIGHT**

196

STIRLING looks at the results in dismay.

(CONTINUED)

STIRLING

It doesn't work....

KANE (O.S.)

It never did.

STIRLING looks up, surprised to find KANE standing behind him.

STIRLING

Kane? ...I don't understand.

KANE

I came so close, but in the end I failed.

(beat)

What you see here now is natural selection. We few were chosen to live, and by a far greater power than science, or government.

(beat)

Call it life, call it fate, call it whatever you want. I found the cure in the last place I thought to look. It was in my blood. And not just me. There were others too. So I brought them here and built them a new world, from scratch. ...And now the future resides in the blood of our children.

(beat)

You see in the natural order of things, WE are the plague that infects this world. The Reaper Virus is the cure. You can't fight truth like that. It's survival of the fittest. How will you do?

GUARDS file in behind KANE and STIRLING raises his hands in surrender.....

CUT TO:

197 **INT - UNDERGROUND FACILITY - NIGHT**

197

FALCO and several henchmen rush in surrounding CALLY and SCHAEFFER!

FALCO

Leaving us again so soon?

CALLY

Wait 'til my father hears of this!

FALCO

Enough!

FALCO back hands her across the face. SCHAEFFER attacks FALCO but is soon brought down by a club to the head!

CUT TO:

198 INT - COMMAND CENTRE - NIGHT

198

CANARIS and HARRIS are also watching a live TV NEWS broadcast of the PRIME MINISTERS body being zipped into a body bag and loaded into a ambulance.

HARRIS

(to Canaris)

Well, I guess that puts you in charge.

CANARIS says nothing, just keeps looking at the screen.

CUT TO:

199 INT - GREAT HALL - CASTLE - NIGHT

199

SINCLAIR looks up to see TELAMON standing before her, sword in hand.

She calmly stands up to face him without saying a word. He towers over her. She bows her head, then, like lightning, grabs his crotch and squeezes hard! TELAMON buckles over in agony just as SINCLAIR lifts her head up sharply, smashing his nose and causing him to stagger to the floor.

TELAMON doesn't look best pleased as she flicks her cigarette at him before being dragged away.

SINCLAIR calmly turns to face several ARCHERS surrounding her. Cool as a cucumber she holds her hands out in front of her, offering her surrender.

FADE TO BLACK.

CUT TO:

200 INT - TORTURE CHAMBER - CASTLE - NIGHT

200

CALLY is hanging by her wrists as she is flogged across her back! The flogging stops and KANE stands before them.....

KANE

Betrayal is something I know a great deal about. The stability of our society depends upon its purity, and you have contaminated it!

CALLY

Please! Listen to me!

KANE

NO! I will not allow you to corrupt my mind as yours has become corrupted! You should have gone to the city! 'Joined your brother in his world of flesh and blood!

(CONTINUED)

CALLY

Sol loved you! You drove him away! You drove them ALL away!

KANE

ENOUGH of your LIES! I cannot bear to look at you.....MY DAUGHTER!

FALCO

(aside to KANE)

It is not enough that she should be banished. An example must be made, that others are not tempted to follow her lead. She must die.....

KANE flinches at the suggestion, but is resigned that it must be so.

KANE

Your fate is no longer in my hands. Take her away!

CALLY is cut down and dragged away, pleading for mercy as TELAMON leans in close to KANE....

TELAMON

I demand account of the woman who leads the outsiders. I demand trial by combat.

KANE

Then, my friend, you can have her.

CUT TO:

201 **INT - CASTLE DUNGEON - NIGHT**

201

STIRLING is pacing back and forth as the others listen....

STIRLING

....There is no cure! It's in their blood! Some live, some die, it's totally random. Like Kane said, it's natural selection.

SINCLAIR

If we can get a sample of their blood, can it be isolated? Synthesized?

STIRLING

Yes, I think so.....

The door is opened and CALLY, beaten and bloody, is thrown inside. SCHAEFFER immediately rushes to her aid.

CALLY

He intends to kill us all.....!

CUT TO:

202 **EXT - CITY STREET - NIGHT**

202

Looking up at the sky as HELICOPTER after HELICOPTER flies overhead, all heading away from the city. Lying in the streets are people already infected and dying, there faces streaked with blood. Some stagger about like zombies, the last traces of life draining out of them. It's not safe to be on the streets any more.

The end is nigh. Time has run out.

CUT TO:

203 **EXT - MOTORWAY - NIGHT**

203

A helicopter flies overhead and we tilt down to see the MOTORWAY. One side of the road is jammed with traffic fleeing London, a sprawling, endless queue feeding slowly through a military checkpoint. The other side is empty, and above it a matrix sign ominously warns 'AVOID LONDON'.

CUT TO:

204 **EXT - HELIPAD - NIGHT**

204

NELSON jumps out of his FSA SQUAD CAR and hurries over to HARRIS, who's just about to get onto a HELICOPTER out of the city.

NELSON

The Prime Minister is dead.

HARRIS

I know. We saw it on television.

NELSON

So who's running the show now?

HARRIS

Canaris.

NELSON

Where is he?

210

HARRIS

210

He's gone to the wall. The rest of us are getting out. Moving to the new base of operations outside the perimeter. It's time to pull the plug. Are You coming?

NELSON

I don't think so.

HARRIS

Well, good luck!

She and her staff climb on board and the HELICOPTER takes off into the night sky.

(CONTINUED)

NELSON turns his attention to another HELICOPTER as we

DISSOLVE TO:

205 **EXT - LANDSCAPE - DAWN**

205

The castle is silhouetted against the dawn sky and we can hear the CHANTING of a crowd, crashing swords and bellowing the word "TELAMON" in a steady beat, as we

CUT TO:

206 **INT - CASTLE - DAWN**

206

ARMOUR is beaten, feet are stamped, and all through the castle the steady chant of the crowd echoes. The crowd are working themselves into and fervour!

CUT TO:

207 **INT - DUNGEONS - DAWN**

207

The first rays of sunlight are creeping through the unreachable, barred windows, as the faint sound of chanting can be heard down here too.

CUT TO:

208 **INT - HOLDING PEN - DAWN**

208

SINCLAIR is being lead through the throng getting louder and louder until she reaches the end of a narrow corridor and a heavy wooden door blocks their way. She is in some kind of holding PEN.

CUT TO:

209 **INT - DUNGEONS - DAWN**

209

Even down here, STIRLING can hear the chanting....

SCHAEFFER

What is that?

STIRLING

I don't know, but sounds like they're about to get mediaeval on somebodies' ass!

CUT TO:

210 **INT - HOLDING PEN - DAWN**

210

KANE appears outside the cage.... Sitting calmly down beside SINCLAIR like some kind of confessional.

(CONTINUED)

KANE

Do you still want to know what happened to the ones who weren't so lucky?

SINCLAIR doesn't say anything. She's too angry.

KANE (CONT'D)

I could tell you about the madness and starvation. About the anger and despair. About the squalor and filth. About human feeding upon human, body and soul. But I won't. I would spare you that pain.

(beat)

They died so that you might live.....
Such a pity. Such a waste.

The door is opened into the PIT, and SINCLAIR walks out...

TWO WARRIORS stand before her, armed to the teeth.

SINCLAIR, unarmed, is in no mood for caution.

She waits for their first move.

She doesn't have to wait long.

The 1ST WARRIOR thrusts at her with his SPEAR! She ducks aside, allowing the point of the SPEAR under her arm, which she then wraps around the shaft of the weapon and slides forward until she can punch the WARRIOR in the face, repeatedly, driving him backwards against the wall and smashing his helmeted head on the stone!

The 2ND WARRIOR now comes at her flank! Grabbing the SPEAR from the dazed WARRIOR, she uses it to deflect the 2ND WARRIORS point downward, into the dirt. Once there, she stands on the tip and runs up the length of the spear until she can kick the WARRIOR in the side of the head!!

Having regained his senses, the 1ST WARRIOR roars and runs at her! Spinning and dropping, she lands and hurls the spear she's carrying, knocking the 1ST WARRIOR off his feet and skewering him to the GATE!

The 2ND WARRIOR attempts to turn on her, but she brings her boot down on the SPEAR snapping it in two before grabbing his helmet and twisting it 180 degrees, cracking his neck!

After a moments silence, the CROWD goes wild! SINCLAIR looks up at where KANE is sitting and spits out her contempt for him.

KANE looks back coldly at her.... then leans in close to FALCO.

KANE (CONT'D)

Bring my daughter. Let's make this interesting.

FALCO shuffles off as SINCLAIR looks around at the baying crowd. GUARDS hurry into the PIT and drag away the CORPSES and WEAPONRY.

(CONTINUED)

210 CONTINUED: (2)

210

SINCLAIR has her eye on a member of the audience, holding an AXE and leaning a little bit to far over the edge.

CUT TO:

211 INT - DUNGEON - DAWN

211

The FALCO enters with two GUARDS, he points to CALLY.

FALCO

Your Father demands your presence.

SCHAEFFER steps between them.

FALCO (CONT'D)

Get out of my way!

FALCO attempts to shove his way past SCHAEFFER to get CALLY, but SCHAEFFER moves like lightning, getting him in a neck lock and pulling the DAGGER from FALCO's belt, holding it to his throat!

The two GUARDS move to rush him!

SCHAEFFER

That's close enough! Or he dies! Stirling, get the keys.

CUT TO:

212 INT - PIT - DAWN

212

KANE

(he addresses the crowd)

My people.....now we come...to the main event! ...You've seen her fight! You've seen her kill! But now she must face the champion of truth! TELAMON!

At that the CROWD goes nuts! The CHANT of 'TELAMON' strikes up all around the PIT, the noise is deafening!

Down in the PIT, SINCLAIR's attention is drawn to the opposite door, as it opens wide and the giant TELAMON must stoop to get through it. He's wearing full combat ARMOUR, carrying a SHIELD on one arm and MACE AND CHAIN in the other hand. At the moment his helmet has it's visor up!

SINCLAIR sizes up her opponent. This one could be tricky.

SINCLAIR

Oh shit.

Once standing in the PIT, TELAMON raises his arms, playing to the crowd, shaking his SHIELD and MACE, turning a full 360 degrees until he's facing SINCLAIR again.

(CONTINUED)

Only she lunges at him, driving a hard left jab into his face, smashing his nose and causing him to stagger backwards a few steps!

The shock of the blow causes his VISOR to drop, and KANE and the CROWD stand up, appalled by this sudden breach of the rules of single combat.

CUT TO:

STIRLING

(to SCHAEFFER)

No matter what happens. We have to get HER out of here. Her blood holds the answer we came looking for.

SCHAEFFER

Alright....But first we've got to get Major Sinclair. Cally, where's our equipment?

Leaving FALCO and his GUARDS locked in the DUNGEON, CALLY leads STIRLING and SCHAEFFER through the depths of the castle. Above them we can hear the crowd jeering!

CUT TO:

TELAMON rushes at her, swinging the MACE high and wide. SINCLAIR steps back, dodging the blow and taking up the stance of a KICK BOXER. Her tendons stretch and knuckles click as she clenches her fists tightly.

This is a surreal contest, A WOMAN fighting bare fist against a giant MEDIAEVAL KNIGHT!

Now TELAMON launches at her relentlessly, swinging the MACE above his head and bringing it down! He drives her backward with each successive blow. She tries to fight back but her blows are against ARMOUR and have little effect! Backed against the wall, TELAMON's hot breath steaming through his visor, SINCLAIR sees an opening and swings a hard right, only to collide with TELAMON's shield!

SINCLAIR flinches in pain and TELAMON swings the MACE round toward her. At the last moment she ducks and rolls, under the blows, grabs a hand full of dry dirt and throws it in his visor, momentarily blinding him! He lashes out wildly, and SINCLAIR takes a severe beating!

CUT TO:

215 INT - THE ARMOURY - DAWN

215

SCHAEFFER snaps the neck of an unsuspecting GUARD and CALLY grabs the keys.

Once inside, SCHAEFFER finds what's he's looking for. It's all their EQUIPMENT, seized when they were captured. Including a belt of TIMER CHARGES!

CUT TO:

216 INT - PIT - DAWN

216

TELAMON drives her downward with the first blow, catching her shoulder, opening up a deep gash and knocking her to the ground! From then on she must dive, scramble and roll to avoid every blow being rained down upon her!

But TELAMON steps in too close. SINCLAIR rolls to one side, lying on her back as the MACE smashes into the dirt beside her head, but then she strikes back, kicking up hard between his legs and scoring a bulls eye! TELAMON crumbles and SINCLAIR rolls clear of his bulk.

She spots the AUDIENCE MEMBER with the AXE and runs toward the wall, jumping up as far as she can and grabbing the man by his collar, pulling him back down into the PIT!

TELAMON rushes in, MACE held high, SINCLAIR grabs the AXE from the man and ducks clear! The man can only scream as TELAMON inadvertently pummels his brains with the MACE!

Now SINCLAIR has an AXE!

TELAMON lunges, furious now! SINCLAIR dodges his blow and swings the AXE into the back of his KNEE!

TELAMON crumbles onto the damaged knees, screaming out in agony, his head arched back!

SINCLAIR now swings the AXE into his throat! It embeds with a dull wet thud. Blood pours from TELAMON's mouth as he falls forward, dead!

KANE looks down at his fallen champion in shock and horror! It was not supposed to end like this.

KANE

Execute the prisoners! NOW!

Suddenly the castle shudders beneath their feet!

CUT TO:

217 **EXT - CASTLE - DAWN**

217

A vast section of the CASTLE WALL explodes outwards! A plume of dust and chunks of masonry fly high into the air before crashing into the loch!

CUT TO:

218 **INT - PIT - DAWN**

218

SINCLAIR manages to stay on her feet as dust and debris rain down around her.

KANE

We're under attack! Man the defences!!

KANE hurries out of the chamber, leaving SINCLAIR trapped in the depths of the PIT!

CUT TO:

219 **INT - CASTLE CORRIDOR - DAWN**

219

Another explosion rocks the castle sending a cloud of dust shooting along the corridor and engulfing anyone in its path!

After a moment, CALLY leads SCHAEFFER, STIRLING out of the dust toward the PIT!

CUT TO:

220 **EXT - CASTLE BATTLEMENTS - DAWN**

220

The ALARM BELL is rung as KANE emerges on the battlements to appraise the situation, checking the damage and looking out for attackers..... The castle is ablaze, but they aren't under attack!

KANE

Put out the fire! Find the prisoners!

CUT TO:

221 **INT - PIT - DAWN**

221

SINCLAIR is trapped. There's no way she can climb out of the PIT, but she's got to try.

She runs at the wall, leaping as high as she can and just managing to get her fingers onto the brim....but she's so tired from the fight she can't hold on. Her fingers slip...

Suddenly a hand reaches down and grabs her wrist. It's STIRLING! He pulls her up to join CALLY and SCHAEFFER.

(CONTINUED)

221 CONTINUED:

STIRLING

We decided not to play along any more.

SCHAEFFER

What's the plan Major?

SINCLAIR

Let's get out of this shit hole.

SINCLAIR hurries out of the room, with SCHAEFFER, STIRLING and CALLY!

CUT TO:

222 **EXT - CASTLE BATTLEMENTS - DAWN**

222

Most of the battlements are on fire now, the castle is beyond saving.

CUT TO:

223 **INT - CASTLE - DAWN**

223

Within this chaos, SINCLAIR leads the others to the courtyard. Once there, they hurry outside!

CUT TO:

224 **EXT - COURTYARD - DAWN**

224

Burning debris falls all around as several GUARDS try to prevent their escape, but SINCLAIR and SCHAEFFER cut through them like knives through butter, fighting their way through to several startled horses, tied up on the opposite side of the YARD.

SINCLAIR climbs up into the saddle of one of the horses as the others do the same.

She spurs her horse onwards toward the open GATES of the CASTLE!

GUARDS get in her way but she kicks them clear and charges out of the GATES!

Just then, KANE emerges from the castle in time to see them leaving, but his attention is focused on CALLY, his daughter!

KANE

Cally!

Cally, doesn't get on her horse. She looks back at him, coming across the YARD towards her!

SCHAEFFER notices the PORTCULLIS behind her is on fire and may give way at any time!

(CONTINUED)

KANE (CONT'D)

Don't leave me!

SCHAEFFER spurs his horse, racing toward CALLY, locked in a struggle with her own conscience. SCHAEFFER stoops down and sweeps her off her feet, onto his own horse. She stares back at her father, and he reaches out to her! They make it through the MAIN GATE just as the flaming PORTCULLIS crashes down behind them.

This sudden impact snaps KANE back into his world. He screams at his men to raise the PORTCULLIS as he mounts a horse and organises a pursuit force!

CUT TO:

225 **EXT - CASTLE - DAY**

225

Led by SCHAEFFER, and SINCLAIR and the others gallops away toward the UNDERGROUND FACILITY!

CUT TO:

226 **EXT - COURTYARD - DAY**

226

Already, KANE's men have hoisted the portcullis up enough for a group of twenty riders, led by KANE to get under and follow them!

CUT TO:

227 **EXT - M.O.D. FACILITY - DAY**

227

Dismounting, our heroes hurry down inside the facility. SCHAEFFER bolts the door behind them and CALLY leads them into the darkness!

STIRLING finds the light switch and throws it, lighting up the vast facility, stacked with row upon row of wooden CRATES.

STIRLING

Holy shit.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE - KANE and his men arrive and find the door locked.

KANE

Smash the door down!

CUT TO:

228 **INT - STORAGE FACILITY - DAY**

228

The front of the CRATE is levered open and falls off, revealing SINCLAIR and the others.

SCHAEFFER smiles to himself....

(CONTINUED)

SCHAEFFER
4000 lbs of prime British Beef.

SINCLAIR stands next to him and stares in awe at this relic from
and era long gone. Inside the crate is **ASTON MARTIN V8 VANTAGE**.
Pure muscle and power encased within a sleek body.

SINCLAIR
Nice colour. I'll take it.

There is a loud sound of metal banging, coming from the entrance!

CUT TO:

229 **EXT - M.O.D. FACILITY - DAY**

229

KANE's men are using a tree trunk to batter down the door, and
it's beginning to work!

CUT TO:

230 **INT - STORAGE FACILITY - DAY**

230

SINCLAIR
Stirling, help me fill her up.

SCHAEFFER
I'll get the doors.

SINCLAIR
(to Cally)
You.....stay there!

SCHAEFFER hurries over to the MAIN DOORS of the facility! He
pushes the button to activate the door and it shorts out,
showering sparks everywhere!

SCHAEFFER
Balls.

He yanks of the cover plate and begins trying to hotwire the
GATES!

CUT TO:

231 **EXT - M.O.D. FACILITY - DAY**

231

The door buckles inward under the impact of the tree, and finally
it gives way, coming off it's hinges and falling inward with a
loud clang!

CUT TO:

232 INT - STORAGE FACILITY - NIGHT

232

The clang echoes around the vast interior. SINCLAIR and STIRLING finish filling the car with petrol and look to the sound. They are coming!

SINCLAIR
Schaeffer! Hurry up!

She grabs CALLY and drags her toward the car.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)
Get in the back!

CUT TO:

233 EXT - M.O.D. FACILITY - DAY

233

KANE and his men, carrying flaming torches and bows hurry into the darkened tunnels!

CUT TO:

234 INT - STORAGE FACILITY - DAY

234

SINCLAIR starts the ASTON MARTIN, with STIRLING sitting beside her.

SCHAEFFER manages to hotwire the circuit and the giant 'BLAST DOORS' begin to slide open!

The ASTON MARTIN burst free of its cage and charges through the doors, skidding to a halt on the other side.

SCHAEFFER makes his dash for the car!

At the same instant, KANE and his men emerges into the STORAGE FACILITY and take aim at SCHAEFFER running!

The lead man shoots! SCHAEFFER is hit in the knee and goes down!

SINCLAIR
Schaeffer!

She draws he gun and shoots the archer down!

SCHAEFFER can't run and drags himself forward as the rest of KANE's men pour into the facility behind him!

CALLY looks out of the rear window of the ASTON MARTIN, helpless, crying out!

SCHAEFFER
Get here out of here!

He's hit again, this time in the back!

(CONTINUED)

SINCLAIR uses up her ammo. It's time to go!

SCHAEFFER cries out as he's hit in the back again!

SINCLAIR doesn't want to, but she has to go! She gets back in the car and throttles down!

ARROWS bounce off the slick bodywork as she floors the throttle!

CALLY can only look on as SCHAEFFER slumps down, dead.

KANE rushes forward, collapsing to his knees, screaming out, in agony and anger!

CUT TO:

235 **EXT - POWER STATION - DAY**

235

The ASTON MARTIN bursts out of a long road tunnel like a bullet from the barrel of a gun!

It easily crashes through the wire fences gates outside the facility and streaks away into the wilderness!

CUT TO:

236 **EXT - HIGHLAND ROAD - DAY**

236

SINCLAIR is driving hell for leather along these deserted Scottish roads and making good time!

DISSOLVE TO:

237 **EXT - AERIAL - HIGHLAND ROAD - DAY**

237

The ASTON MARTIN belts past beneath us doing close to 200 mph. With straight road and no traffic, there's no reason to slow down!

DISSOLVE TO:

238 **EXT - HIGHLAND ROAD - DAY**

238

The ASTON charges past, through a stunning landscape.

CUT TO:

239 **INT - ASTON MARTIN - DAY**

239

STIRLING

How are we doing?

SINCLAIR checks her watch.... 70 mins to go.

(CONTINUED)

SINCLAIR

Not good. How far?

STIRLING

(checking the map)

About 40 miles.

(trying to reassure her)

We'll make it..... We'll make it.

SINCLAIR

As long as we don't get done for speeding.

At that same instant, another CAR appears behind them, BLUE LIGHTS FLASHING. It's a POLICE CAR, and it turns on it's SIREN.

SINCLAIR looks in the mirror....

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

You have got be fucking kidding me.

STIRLING turns to looks behind them.

STIRLING

Shit!..Cops!..What?..Can't be!

SINCLAIR

You said it.

CUT TO:

240 **EXT - HIGHLAND ROAD - DAY**

240

The ASTON MARTIN is blazing along ahead of us when the POLICE CAR races past. It may be an old POLICE CAR, but it's now covered in GRAFFITI, and is being driven my a CANNIBAL MARAUDER!

CUT TO:

241 **INT - ASTON MARTIN - DAY**

241

With all their attention focused on the CAR behind they are taken by surprise, speeding around a corner, when a MOTORBIKE hurtles past in the opposite direction! It's rider smashing their windscreen in with a BASEBALL BAT as he screeches past!

Flinching from the shattered glass, SINCLAIR momentarily loses control! Another CAR is heading straight toward them!

CUT TO:

242 **EXT - ASTON MARTIN -DAY**

242

The ASTON MARTIN veers around the CAR but the sudden diversion hurls it into a 360 spin along the Tarmac

(CONTINUED)

Finally the car skids to a halt and they are left, sitting in the middle of the road, facing the exact same way they are heading!

CUT TO:

243 INT - ASTON MARTIN - DAY

243

They breath a sigh of relief together, but any sense of relief is soon shattered by the view ahead.

Then the POLICE car races around the CORNER, not expecting them to be stationary in the middle of the road!

STIRLING

Fuck!

It narrowly avoids the BIKE, which slides along the road, then veers of the edge, SIREN WAILING all the way, arching into the air and down into a deep chasm!

STIRLING (CONT'D)

That was too close!

SINCLAIR

You think so?

She is staring at something dead ahead, and he joins her.

CUT TO:

244 EXT - HIGHLAND ROAD - DAY

244

Over the brow of a hill about 400 metres ahead, a rag-tag army of VEHICLES is heading their way. It's the CANNIBAL PUNK MARAUDERS, and their leader, SOL is riding at the vanguard, standing in the passenger seat of a beaten up open top sports car!

The MARAUDERS vehicles are a motley shambles of battered repair jobs and mutilated classics, all with added barbs and blades welded onto the sides! One car appear to be something like a chariot, with its driver holding reins that are connected to the hands of a 'crucified' GIMP dressed in bondage gear, his out-stretched arms acting like handle bars on a bike as he sits atop a powerful motorbike engine!

SOL lets out a piercing war cry, and with horns blaring they charge toward our heroes.

CUT TO:

245 INT - ASTON MARTIN - DAY

245

SINCLAIR

There's only one thing for it. Buckle up.

SINCLAIR kicks out the last of the windscreen!

(CONTINUED)

245 CONTINUED:

STIRLING

Are you out of your fucking mi....!

But it's too late, SINCLAIR has already put her foot down and the car lurches forward!

CUT TO:

246 **EXT - HIGHLAND ROAD - DAY**

246

The ASTON MARTIN leaves a trail of smoke as it rockets forward heading straight for SOL and his ARMY!

The two vehicles are on a collision course, and SINCLAIR isn't flinching!

At the last moment SOL's car veers to the left and the rest of SOL's army steers clear as the ASTON charges straight through their middle!

A motorbike causes them to swerve and ricochet off the side of another car but they make it, free and clear!

But SOL hasn't given up yet!

Wheeling his ARMY about, they set off in feral pursuit of their prey!

CUT TO:

247 **INT - ASTON MARTIN - DAY**

247

SINCLAIR turns to CALLY, cowering in the back seat.

SINCLAIR

Keep your head down!

She glances behind....

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

Here they come!

CUT TO:

248 **EXT - AERIAL - HIGHLAND ROAD - DAY**

248

FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD'S 'TWO TRIBES' kicks in loudly as we fly over SOL's convoy and then the ASTON MARTIN.

SOL's powerful car is gaining on SINCLAIR's!

CUT TO:

249 **INT - ASTON MARTIN - DAY**

249

STIRLING looks deeply concerned as he can see SOL approaching fast!

STIRLING
Put your foot down!

SINCLAIR
I am! We're losing power!

STIRLING
We're what?!

CUT TO:

250 **EXT - UNDERSIDE ASTON MARTIN - DAY**

250

Fluid of some kind is leaking from the bottom of the engine, damage from the near collision!

CUT TO:

251 **INT - ASTON MARTIN - DAY**

251

SOL is almost on them!

STIRLING
Oh shit....!

He turns back to find another MARAUDER has pulled up alongside his own window and is about shoot a CROSSBOW at him!

SINCLAIR slams on the breaks. The car goes past and the CROSSBOW shoots way of the mark!

But now SOL is ahead of them too, and when SINCLAIR accelerates again, SOL sees his chance!

Pulling his own car directly into the path of SINCLAIR'S until they collide, SOL launches himself through the air, onto the bonnet of the ASTON and slides in through the open windscreen, grabbing SINCLAIR by the throat!

SINCLAIR reaches down and pulls the lever that releases the seat into RECLINE position, so she is lying with SOL on top of her!

CALLY instantly recognises her brother!

CALLY
Sol NO!!

But SOL doesn't care, he's out of his mind! He back-hands CALLY, knocking he unconscious!

(CONTINUED)

Meanwhile, SINCLAIRS feet are still touching the pedals but no-one is steering until STIRLING grabs the wheel!

Another MARAUDER pulls up along side and it's passenger attempts to dive through STIRLING's window, only he just gets halfway through, his feet dragging along the Tarmac

Trying to steer with one hand, STIRLING uses his elbow to beat back his attack! Gaining an advantage, he pulls the door release and kicks the MARAUDER away, but he clings on for dear life as the momentum of the car keeps propelling him back again!

Meanwhile, SINCLAIR is engaged in a fight of her own, grappling with SOL, he squeezes her throat, choking the life out of her, his face twisted with demented rage, spittle hanging from his lips!

SINCLAIR manages to grab him by the ears and pulls down hard, bringing her forehead up to smash his nose! Temporarily dazed, SOL releases his grip, just long enough for SINCLAIR to punch him in the gut! SOL retaliates violently, punching SINCLAIR across the face!

STIRLING manages to get rid of his attacker by kicking him in the face! He falls from the door and survives, only to be run down by one of the chasing vehicles, unwilling to stop!

Pulling the door shut and checking the wing mirrors STIRLING sees MARAUDERS advancing on both rear flanks! On his left is the GIMP, pulling up alongside! STIRLING give him a quizzical look as the GIMP turns his head and laughs insanely back at him!

STIRLING

You want to feel some pain!? Try this!

STIRLING jerks the steering wheel to the left and right trying to shake them off! Spotting a crash barrier ahead, he sees his chance and veers the car hard into the GIMP CHARIOT!

The GIMP screams as the CHARIOT is driven off the road directly toward the CRASH BARRIER! The vehicle impacts and smashes through the barrier plummeting down into a ravine!

CUT TO:

252 **EXT - HIGHLAND ROAD - ROAD**

252

The ASTON still has several CARS after it as it weaves along more winding mountain roads!

CUT TO:

253 **INT - ASTON MARTIN - DAY**

253

SOL is back at SINCLAIR, only now she has he hand on his throat and while he's using one hand to try and push his thumb into her LEFT EYE!

(CONTINUED)

The MARAUDERS are closing the distance!

CUT TO:

254 **EXT - HIGHLAND ROAD - DAY**

254

The PASSENGER of the leading vehicle climbs out and stands on the bonnet, preparing to jump the cap and rescue his leader!

All the time, the ASTON gets slower and the gap closes!

CUT TO:

255 **INT - ASTON MARTIN - DAY**

255

STIRLING sees the maniac on the car behind is just about to jump!

STIRLING

Clutch!

SINCLAIR manages to press the clutch and lifts her RIGHT leg off the accelerator and knees SOL in the bollocks as STIRLING drops a gear!

The man jumps! SINCLAIR puts her foot down, and with a burst of power the ASTON MARTIN lunches forward! The man misses and is dragged under his own car!

The ASTON MARTIN accelerates away from it's pursuers!

Taking the advantage of the sudden momentum, SINCLAIR manages to force SOL over her head and he goes head first through the rear window and screaming, falls out of sight!

SINCLAIR gets back up into her driving position and checks the mirror. The MARAUDERS are still on their tail.

Suddenly she sees SOL's face in the mirror, lunging toward the roof of the car!

She looks up at the sun roof just as SOL punches through it and grabs her, pressing his thumb into her FALSE EYE!

At the same time a MOTORBIKE closes in from the REAR, and STIRLING spots something ahead!

STIRLING (CONT'D)

Ah nuts!

CUT TO:

256 **EXT - HIGHLAND ROAD - DAY**

256

The MARAUDERS BUS is hurtling toward them! It skids sideways to a halt, blocking their escape! But it's too late to stop!

CUT TO:

257 **EXT - ASTON MARTIN - DAY**

257

SOL looks up in horror as SINCLAIR accelerates toward the BUS!

The MOTORBIKE is almost on them and is so focused on catching them it hasn't even noticed the BUS parked sideways across the road ahead!

CUT TO:

258 **INT - ASTON MARTIN - DAY**

258

STIRLING
SHIIIIIIIIITT!!!!

He sticks his head between his legs and prays!

CUT TO:

259 **EXT - HIGHLAND ROAD - DAY**

259

Looking along the side of the BUS, the MOTORBIKE slams into it and almost disintegrates, bursting into flames! An instant later the ASTON MARTIN slams into and through its side, crashing right through it!

The ASTON burst out of the other side of the BUS just as the MOTORBIKE fire hits the petrol tank and the whole thing blows apart!

The ASTON MARTIN lands heavily on the road, minus SOL, and the rest of SOL's gang skids to a halt, narrowly avoiding the BURNING BUS and each other!

DISSOLVE TO:

260 **INT - ASTON MARTIN - DAY**

260

Both STIRLING and SINCLAIR (now wearing her EYE PATCH) can feel the tension and she drives hard and fast, checking her watch... The seconds tick away. It's almost ZERO HOUR!

CUT TO:

261 INT - ASTON MARTIN - DAY

261

Shit!

SINCLAIR

She looks up to see the ROAD between her and the WALL is blocked, by a HELICOPTER GUNSHIP, hovering a few feet above the road!

CUT TO:

262 EXT - ROAD - DAY

262

SINCLAIR slams on the breaks and ASTON MARTIN grinds to a halt fifty feet from it!

CUT TO:

263 INT - ASTON MARTIN - DAY

263

STIRLING
This doesn't look so good.

CUT TO:

264 EXT - WALL - DAY

264

The HELICOPTER touches down and CANARIS, HENDRIX and several armed men jump out, approaching them.

SINCLAIR, STIRLING and a dazed CALLY get out of the car.

CANARIS
Well, did you find what you went looking for?

STIRLING
We found it.

CANARIS
Show me.

SINCLAIR
You're looking at her.

CANARIS
I don't understand.

SINCLAIR
You will.

STIRLING
Where's the medical team?

CANARIS
It's too late for that.

(CONTINUED)

SINCLAIR

TOO LATE?! What about the deadline?

STIRLING

Hatcher gave his word; 48 hours!

CANARIS

A lot's happened while you've been away. Hatcher's dead. I'm in charge now, and we're working to a new agenda. You've done a good job Major, but we'll take it from here.

SINCLAIR

I would have thought Doctor Stirling was the most qualified person to handle this?

CANARIS

(disappointed)

Let's not make this any more difficult than it need be. Just give me what I want....or I'll be forced to take it.

SINCLAIR, puts a cigarette in her mouth and lights up.

SINCLAIR

That's not very gracious. A lot of good people died to bring you this.

CANARIS

And a lot more people will die if you don't hand her over! This is WAR, Major. We must do what's in the best interests of the country.

STIRLING

By deliberately allowing it's people to die?!

CANARIS

Not all of them. We're just cutting away the fat, that's all. A necessary evil. In war there are always casualties. So I advise you not to push your luck.

(to Hendrix)

Captain, get the girl.

HENDRIX nods to one of his men who goes to grab CALLY, but SINCLAIR steps forward and kicks the man hard in the groin. He crumples to the deck! STIRLING pulls CALLY closer to him! HENDRIX and his men immediately draw their weapons and take aim, but SINCLAIR is quicker, putting her gun to CALLY's temple.

SINCLAIR

Any one of you so much as flexes a finger, she dies!

CANARIS

Have you gone totally insane?!

(CONTINUED)

SINCLAIR
That's entirely possible.

NELSON (O.S.)
Having a spot of bother Major?!

They look to find NELSON walking up from the GATE (opening behind him).

SINCLAIR
Nothing I can't handle, Chief!

STIRLING
What are you doing?

SINCLAIR
You think he's going to let us walk away
now he's spilled the beans. We need
insurance and she's it!
(to Cally)
I'm sorry, but that's the way it is.

CALLY looks terrified.....

CANARIS
You're bluffing. Captain, take her!

SINCLAIR
Just fucking try it!

CANARIS
Nelson, your her superior. Order her to
hand over the girl!

NELSON
Sinclair, this is a direct order. Whatever
you do, do NOT hand over the girl to this
man!

CANARIS
You fucking traitor! I'll take her myself!

CANARIS steps forward and grabs CALLY's other arm engaging
SINCLAIR in a tug of war abruptly and violently stopped when
SINCLAIR raises her gun and shoots CANARIS through the heart!

Everyone is momentarily stunned. Especially CANARIS, who looks at
his chest, then at her, before falling down dead.

HENDRIX turns to open fire on her, but finds NELSON holding his
gun to his head!

NELSON
Stand down Captain! That's an order!

Reluctantly HENDRIX lowers his gun, and his men follow.

(CONTINUED)

NELSON (CONT'D)
I'll handle this.

CUT TO:

265 EXT - ROAD - SOMETIME LATER - DAY

265

CANARIS is zipped into a BODY BAG and loaded onto the back of a truck by HENDRIX and his men, as they prepare to leave the scene.

STIRLING hands CALLY over to a specialist MEDICAL TEAM and returns to join NELSON and SINCLAIR beside the ASTON MARTIN.

NELSON
....You've put me in tricky situation
Major. You just killed the acting Prime
Minister in cold blood.

SINCLAIR
Guess that makes me public enemy number
one.

STIRLING
But that's crazy, we know what he was going
to do, he practically confessed!

NELSON
Practically isn't enough. You can't prove a
thing.
(he looks at Sinclair)
I can turn a...blind eye, but Canaris has
powerful friends and they might not be so
understanding.

SINCLAIR
I get the picture.

NELSON
I'll do what I can to clear your name, but
the next move is up to you.

Behind them, the TRUCK starts up, eager to pull away.... STIRLING
doesn't want to leave her, but must.

SINCLAIR
People are dying. You better go save them.

NELSON
Good luck.

NELSON turns away and STIRLING reluctantly follows.

SINCLAIR
....You'll know where to find me.

(CONTINUED)

STIRLING runs to jump up into the back of it as it head through the GATES. He looks back at SINCLAIR, sorry to leave her, but he must.

Once through, the GATES begin to slide closed.

CUT TO:

266 **EXT - LOOKING THROUGH THE GATES - DAY**

266

The TRUCK drives past us and we see SINCLAIR getting into the ASTON MARTIN, firing it up, pulling a 180, and burning off down the road toward the horizon.

Finally the GATES slam shut, blocking her from sight and we

CUT TO BLACK.

CREDITS ROLL

THE END