



TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. LONDON - NIGHT

A flyover of England's capital city. A sightseeing tour. Lights twinkle. INTERCUT shots of the London Eye, Big Ben, 10 Downing Street, Nelson's Column, The Tower of London.

EXT. ASTROTURF COURT - NIGHT

THREE URBAN YOUTHS kick a football about under the floodlights. Deep in the suburbs. Brick buildings surround, but no windows look over the scene.

One boy flicks the ball up for another to smash home a volley into the top corner. High fives all round.

NEW ANGLE: The ball rolls across the artificial turf until it stops under a size thirteen boot.

BASEBALL CAP YOUTH

'Ere, mate.

CHELSEA SHIRT YOUTH

Kick it then you plum.

The unknown figure leans down and picks up the ball.

HOODY YOUTH

Chuck it over.

We ARC AROUND the figure. He's mid-40s, gangly, somewhat refined in a waistcoat, trousers and shirt. He cocks his head as he studies the football.

The youths move closer.

CHELSEA SHIRT YOUTH

What's up with this nonce?

BASEBALL CAP YOUTH

You a kiddy fiddler mate? Bit old for you, aren't we?

THE FIGURE

Can I show you a trick?

The youths all look to each other and burst out laughing.

HOODY YOUTH

(soft)

We just want our ball back.

BASEBALL CAP YOUTH

Nah, nah, I wanna see this. Go on mate, show us your skills.

He holds the ball out at arm length, resting on his palm.

It ever-so-slowly rotates on its own.

The youths edge in closer. Eyebrows raised, impressed.

And then: the ball floats into the air.

CHELSEA SHIRT YOUTH

That's actually well good.

BASEBALL CAP YOUTH

He don't mess about, does he? You like Dynamo or something?

They move in closer...

Closer...

And now the youths are stuck on the spot. They stare at the ball's unnatural movements, completely transfixed.

The Figure takes his hand away, and the ball continues to float and rotate on its own.

He steps to the side. Places a finger on the hooded youth's forehead. Presses it. The boy rocks back on his heels.

THE FIGURE

That will do.

He pops the buttons on his waistcoat and pulls it open to reveal a set of inner pockets housing a variety of surgical implements -- scalpels, tongs, and the like.

THE FIGURE (CONT'D)

Apologies, they aren't sterilised.

(beat)

But I suppose that's the least of your worries.

The Figure moves around the hooded youth. He places one hand on the youth's shaven head. Brings a scalpel up with the other hand.

The youths continue to stare wide-eyed at the floating ball, unable to look away, unable to move. Beads of sweat drop down their foreheads.

THE FIGURE (CONT'D)

I hope you boys aren't squeamish, because this is going to get a little bit dark.

The Figure presses the scalpel against the side of the hooded youth's head, drawing blood.

CLOSE ON the youth's eyes, which snap open wider, pupils almost wobbling in place, trying to move.

ANGLE ON THE GROUND, as blood drops onto the astroturf.

ANGLE ON THE BALL, spinning on its axis.

ANGLE ON A FLOODLIGHT, as it BUZZES and FLICKERS.

CLOSE ON the face of the Chelsea shirt youth, who has the best angle of the impromptu surgery, a look of pure terror etched onto his features.

ANGLE ON the scalpel, as The Figure wipes the blood off with a handkerchief.

NEW ANGLE: Watching from behind as The Figure casually strolls out of the court, continuing along the pavement and into the dark of the night.

THE FIGURE (CONT'D)

Thank you, boys.

AERIAL SHOT: The ball drops out of the air, and the hooded youth drops with it.

The two other youths snap out of the trance and rush to the side of their fallen friend, a pool of blood formed around his crumpled frame.

SMASH TO TITLES:

**EMO UNICORN
PRODUCTIONS
PRESENTS...**

**CULT HERO
SIEGE OF THE VOICE**

Part One
"The Man Comes Around"

Written by
JT Vaughn

Thanks to
Adam Scott & Pete D. Gaskell

CULT HERO - SIEGE OF THE VOICE - PART ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. CLAPHAM AUDITORIUM - DAY

A modest facility in the heart of town. A sign outside advertises today as the "FIFTH ANNUAL CAT OF THE TOWN AWARDS", which is as glamorous as it sounds.

INT. CLAPHAM AUDITORIUM - DAY

It's Crazy Cat Lady central in here.

Hundreds of moggies: attached to leashes, carried in cages, standing atop plinths being groomed, HISSING at other cats.

JUDGES wander the hall, inspecting the felines' glossy coats.

Amidst the cat chaos we find MICHELLE BANKS, expensive-looking camera in her hands, taking shots of the show.

Her flowing brunette hair tied back into a bun. Easily the most beautiful girl in the place, but she's more happy in her shabby jeans and leather jacket than a ball gown.

A voice booms out over the public address system:

EXCITED ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Up on stage three we have Missy, a gorgeous chocolate-coloured Maine Coone with a glint in her eye! Missy spends her time napping on her owner's lap and nibbling tasty treats. Who doesn't!

Michelle rolls her eyes at the terribleness of it all.

She checks her watch. Puffs out her cheeks. Yep, that's enough. She packs her camera away into a bag and slings it over her shoulder.

As she heads out, she removes the press pass from around her neck and chucks it into a bin.

EXT. CHESTERFIELD MAYFAIR - DAY

A high-end hotel in the heart of the city. A four-star joint, with all the trimmings.

WHIP PAN around from the front of the hotel to a small bar across the street, THE ISLAND, lodged beneath crappy one-bedroom apartments, the decor crumbled and stained.

INT. THE ISLAND - DAY

It looks like someone transported the South Pacific right into a London drinkery.

The WAITER wears a Hawaiian shirt, there's pineapples and other exotic fruits everywhere, hammocks hang from the ceiling -- stuffed with various ornaments and old pieces of boats, and pictures of island scenery adorn the walls.

There's a smattering of CUSTOMERS dotted about: a couple of OLD BOOZERS in the corner, a handful of TEEN GIRLS at a large table, a SUITED BUSINESSMAN at the bar watching a television set mounted to the wall.

As we PUSH THROUGH, we find SAM DYLAN behind the bar, mixing cocktails. He tosses a tumbler into the air, does a spin, and catches it behind his back with consummate ease.

He gives it a shake and pours a green liquid out into a glass stuffed with straws and miniature parasols.

A DITSY BLONDE giggles as he hands the drink over. She turns and moves over to her friends.

SAM
 (grinning inanely)
 Hey, do you wanna, maybe...
 (beat; dejected)
 And she's gone.

Michelle trudges over and slumps herself down on a bar stool.

Sam's expression hardens. He grabs Michelle by the shoulders and shakes her dramatically.

SAM (CONT'D)
 We have to get off the island!

She shoves him off.

MICHELLE
 Alright, Sam. Calm yourself. It's not that bad.

SAM
 It's horrible. You try staring at pineapples for eight hours a day.

MICHELLE
 Less snore, more pour.

Sam grabs a bottle of Bacardi and pours a shot. Michelle knocks it back quicker than you can say Ukelele.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
 I don't think this is what my parents wanted for me.

SAM
 (nodding)
 More into their hard liquors.

MICHELLE
 No, not this. This. Life.

SAM
 Join the club. If I have to unclog
 a toilet filled with vomit and
 beaded necklaces one more time, I
 swear to Wogan, I'm going to go
 proper mental.

MICHELLE
 I just spent the day taking
 pictures of cats. I got three
 scratches, stepped in two puddles
 of piss, and proposed to by an
 overweight, middle-aged bloke
 wearing a bum bag.

SAM
 Don't knock the humble bum bag.
 Good for keeping your keys in.

Michelle rests her forehead on the bar.

MICHELLE
 I don't even know who won the damn
 thing. How sad is that? I'm
actually curious.

SAM
 Chin up. We're all winners around
 here.

In the background: the vile sound of vomit being expelled.

DRUNK VOICE (O.S.)
 Oh God, there's teeth in there.

SAM
 Cocktail?

Michelle sits back up.

MICHELLE
 God yes.

Sam grabs a handful of bottles and starts mixing. Michelle's gaze is caught by the small, wall-mounted television set at the far end of the bar.

ON THE TV: A news report, sound muted. Distant shots of SCENE OF THE CRIME INVESTIGATORS swarming the astroturf court.

A ticker runs along the bottom of the screen:

-- Boy, 17, slain in gruesome crime --
Witnesses describe perpetrator

A sketch of The Figure appears on half the screen. It's a dead-on recreation.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Turn this up.

Sam grabs a remote and jabs it, the volume bar increasing.

REPORTER (V.O.)
--at around 11pm last night. Police
have named the victim as Hackney
resident Joshua Meyer, 17.

SAM
No way...

MICHELLE
What?

The other half of the screen is filled with a picture of the shaven-headed hooded youth, JOSHUA MEYER.

SAM
I know that kid. I went to school
with his big brother.

PUSH IN on the television, The Figure's face filling the screen, the dead-eyed stare of the sketch just as creepy as the real thing.

EXT. MEYER HOUSEHOLD - DAY

A pleasant semi-detached home. A POLICEMAN stands watch at the end of the drive.

INT. MEYER HOUSEHOLD - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Michelle and Sam sit opposite VICTORIA MEYER (40s, frumpy, teary, not taking this well). Michelle cradles a cup of tea.

VICTORIA
(sniffs)
I really appreciate you coming,
Sam. He needs his friends.

SAM
How is Paul?
(quickly)
Stupid question, I'm sorry.

VICTORIA

No, it's fine. He's taking it hard.
He-- he saw it all. Saw it happen.

MICHELLE

No parent should outlive their
children.

VICTORIA

(nods)
He was a good boy. They both are.
(beat)
I've lost two boys.

SAM

Should I go up?

VICTORIA

You can try. After the police
dropped him off I haven't been able
to get a word out of him.

Sam nods. He stands, placing a comforting hand on Victoria's
shoulder as he passes on the way to the stairs.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Help yourself to a biscuit, dear.

MICHELLE

Oh, thanks.

She grabs a Custard Cream and dutifully nibbles. A cat hops
up on the sofa and rubs up against her arm.

VICTORIA

She likes you.

Michelle smiles politely, fighting a grimace.

INT. MEYER HOUSEHOLD - LANDING - SAME

Sam approaches a door with a "PAUL" plaque nailed on. A "Do
Not Disturb" sign hangs from the door handle.

He creeps over. Raps gently against the door.

SAM

Paul, mate? It's Sam. Sam Dylan.

No answer.

SAM (CONT'D)

I'm coming in, okay? So... put some
trousers on, yeah.

INT. MEYER HOUSEHOLD - PAUL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door cracks open. Sam pokes his head around.

Sitting hunched over the desk we find PAUL -- the Chelsea shirt-wearing youth.

SAM
Alright, mate?

Sam furrows his brow at himself.

SAM (CONT'D)
Just thought I'd pop round. See if there's anything I can do. I work in a bar, so if you need to get pissed or anything...

Paul doesn't turn. Just stays hunched over the desk, his arm frantically moving back and forth.

SAM (CONT'D)
What you up to?

Sam edges forward. He moves behind Paul and peers over his shoulder: the desk is filled with drawings of The Figure, but with black recesses where his eyes should be.

SAM (CONT'D)
Art project?

Paul finishes his latest sketch. He rips the page off the pad, spins around, and holds it up to Sam's face.

PAUL
What is he?

SAM
Um...

PAUL
People think I'm crazy.

SAM
(raised eyebrow)
Well you don't seem crazy.

PAUL
I saw it all with my own two eyes.

SAM
That's good. We're on the same page concerning the amount of eyes. Good start.

PAUL

The ball floated. It just floated.
I couldn't move, couldn't breathe,
couldn't blink.

Paul stands. Paces the room. Sam's eyes follow him, noticing more of the drawings littering the floor.

SAM

You went through a really shitty
thing, mate. I can sympathise,
truly, I can. I've seen some mental
things, you wouldn't believe, but--

PAUL

He was older than all of us.

SAM

I've seen the sketches.

PAUL

No. Older.

SAM

I think we should get you to the
hospital. Maybe have the docs give
your head a once over, yeah?

Paul freezes. Stares through Sam, at something unseen. Sam turns -- nothing behind him. Sam's face falls. He sighs. He knows something has broken his former friend.

PAUL

You don't understand. He-- he
hypnotised us. The ball just
floated, and we-- we couldn't look
away. He just-- he just cut right
into him, right into Josh. Like he
was a roast turkey. Carved right
through him. It wasn't natural. He
wasn't natural.

Sam raises a curious eyebrow. He's seen enough insanity to have his interest piqued. He kneels down and snatches one of the drawings.

ANGLE ON the sketch of The Figure and the empty black holes where his eyes should be.

EXT. MEYER HOUSEHOLD - DAY

Victoria blows her nose with a tissue while waving with her other hand, as Sam and Michelle walk up the driveway.

Sam looks back to see Paul standing in the window, staring out at them.

MICHELLE

Well that was awkward.

Sam waves back to Victoria as they reach the pavement and start down the street.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Free biscuits, though.

SAM

Going to be hard to recover from this.

MICHELLE

Puts the cats in perspective.

Sam stops, tugging at Michelle's arm. He looks back at the house, now far enough away that they can't be seen.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

What is it?

SAM

It's back.

MICHELLE

What's back?

SAM

D-e-m-o-s.

MICHELLE

Demos?

SAM

Demons. I forgot the 'n'.

Michelle 'pffts' out loud, disapproving.

MICHELLE

We haven't had that crap for months. All quiet on the monster front, remember? Moving on with our lives, and so forth.

Sam rummages in his jean pocket for the drawing. He unfurls it and holds it up for Michelle, pointing emphatically at the soulless black eyes.

SAM

He said his football floated, and they were all paralysed, and this bloke started cutting into Joshua's brain. Tell me this doesn't have supernatural nonsense written all over it.

MICHELLE

You're just seeing what you want to see.

SAM

This? I want to see this?

MICHELLE

After everything we've seen, it's easier to believe something evil is from another world. It's scarier for you to accept that there are monsters out there who are human, born and bred.

Michelle snatches the drawing. Studies it.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

It's obvious your friend is having trouble dealing with what he saw. It's a metaphor. He wishes he couldn't see.

SAM

Alright, Freud. You took one psychology A-Level.

MICHELLE

I'm telling you. It's just regular, mundane, down-to-earth evil. Some psycho escaped from the nut house.

Sam sighs. He takes back the drawing and folds it up, tucking it back into his pocket.

SAM

You're probably right, cat lady.

They continue walking.

MICHELLE

They need support. Therapy. Love. Not us bursting in with flame throwers and magic spells.

(beat)

And don't call me that.

SAM

Sorry. Cat-atonina.

MICHELLE

Rubbish.

SAM

Kerry Cat-ona.

MICHELLE

Worse.

Beat.

SAM
Moggie-ret Thatcher.

MICHELLE
Now you're reaching.

As they head off into the distance, we PAN AROUND to see Paul standing on the pavement outside his house, staring in the direction of Sam and Michelle.

EXT. SOHO - NIGHT

Neon lights everywhere. The sexiest street in the city. GIGGLING GIRLS on a drunken night out. A DRY-HEAVING BLOKE doubled-over by a rubbish bin. A SEEDY GUY carrying a shopping bag from "Madame Junét's House of Pain".

EXT. THE BOUNCE - NIGHT

DANCE MUSIC thud-thud-thuds from inside the property. We DRIFT ALONG the queue of SCANTILY-CLAD GIRLS and BRONZED GUYS until we reach the entrance, where we find KEIKA RADEBE.

He fills the frame of the doorway, dressed like one of the *Men In Black*. Mike Tyson in a tux. He steps aside to let a couple of the girls in, then blocks the path of two DRUNK MORONS in t-shirts and white trainers.

KEIKA
No trainers.

MORON #1
Come on, mate! It's not nineteen sixty-eight anymore, loosen up.

KEIKA
Rules.

MORON #1
(stern Batman voice)
Oh, rules. It's rules mate.

MORON #2
(words slurring)
Look at this prick, in his Tesco suit and his army haircut. Well done pal, you make twenty quid a night standing by a door. Know how much I make a year? Go on, guess.

KEIKA
No trainers. Step aside.

MORON #2

Fifty grand a year! I could buy you
if I wanted.

Moron Number 1 laughs his head off. Behind them, the queue is getting impatient.

Moron Number 1 puts his hand on Keika's shoulder.

MORON #1

Look, mate--

Keika whips into action, jerking the moron's arm off his shoulder and off at a painful angle. CRACK! Moron Number 1 HOWLS in agony.

MORON #1 (CONT'D)

He's broken my arm!

Keika tightens his grip, forcing Moron Number 1 down to one knee, his face a picture of torment.

Moron Number 2 swings a right hook at Keika's jaw, but he glides out of the way like Muhammad Ali in his prime.

Moron 2 flies forward, landing face first in the gutter.

TWO BURLY BOUNCERS come rushing out of the club. Seven foot tall and seven foot wide.

KEIKA

(nods)
Trainers.

BOUNCER #1

Jesus Christ, Keika. What is it
with you and trainers?

Keika allows himself a smile. Michelle approaches, casually dressed, definitely not here for a party. She watches as the bouncers drag the morons away towards a cab rank.

MICHELLE

Enjoying yourself?

KEIKA

Very much so.

Michelle embraces Keika in a hug. He reciprocates.

INT. MCDONALDS - NIGHT

Michelle and Keika nurse coffees in a quiet corner of the restaurant, as an EMPLOYEE mops the floors.

MICHELLE

What if he's right? And, believe me, I don't like the idea.

KEIKA

It has been quiet.

MICHELLE

I know.

KEIKA

Too quiet.

MICHELLE

You are a troubled individual, Keika, you know that?

Keika takes a sip of his coffee.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Am I worrying for nothing?

KEIKA

It sounds bad. Unlike anything I have heard of before.

MICHELLE

Which usually means we're on the funky end of the spectrum.

KEIKA

Let me see it.

Michelle pulls out the folded up drawing. Slides it over. Keika unfurls it and takes a peek.

KEIKA (CONT'D)

It's not enough to call him.

MICHELLE

I don't want to call him. Do you want to call him? I don't.

(beat)

Should we call him? No.

(beat)

Maybe?

KEIKA

There is a difference between should and need.

MICHELLE

So you're saying... call him?

A beat.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

I'm going to call him.

KEIKA

He does not wish to be called.

Michelle slumps back. Sighs. Keika stands.

KEIKA (CONT'D)

He wanted us to move on.

(beat)

I owe him that.

He chucks the coffee cup into a nearby rubbish bin.

KEIKA (CONT'D)

It was good to see you again.

He strides off, exiting through the door and into the night.

Michelle watches him go. A conflicted look on her face. She scrunches up her mouth, unsure.

INT. NEWSAGENTS - NIGHT

The SHOPKEEPER (50s, Asian, bored) sits behind the counter, head buried in a newspaper.

ANGLE ON the bell above the door as it TINKLES.

The shopkeeper peers over his paper to see The Figure stroll inside, heading toward the magazine rack. He idly thumbs through some publications.

The shopkeeper goes back to his paper. After a beat, he peers over the top to look at The Figure once more.

Something is piquing his interest.

He flips to the front page to see the police sketch -- which exactly matches the guy in his store right now.

He drops the paper onto the counter. Looks up at the security mirror, to see The Figure wandering up the aisle.

INT. POLICE STATION - MAIN OFFICE - NIGHT

A few empty desks are scattered throughout the room.

CUT TO: Detective Inspector RAYMOND BANNER, feet up on his desk. He's black, early-30s but could pass for early-20s, soft features. Friendly. He plays Solitaire on the computer.

His phone RINGS, almost causing him to fall off his chair. He spins his legs off the desk and grasps at the receiver.

BANNER

(into phone)

Banner. Yeah, put it through.

(MORE)

BANNER (CONT'D)

(beat)

This is DI Banner, you wanted to speak to someone regarding the sighting of a suspect?

(muttering)

Jesus...

He wedges the receiver between ear and shoulder, then rifles through his desk until he finds a pen and a pad.

BANNER (CONT'D)

Yep, yep. Got it. How long ago was this?

(beat)

Now? Alright, um, just hang in there, sir. Put the phone down, go back to what you were doing, don't arouse his suspicion. We'll be right there.

Banner slaps the phone down, rips the paper off the pad, and scurries through the deserted office. He fishes out a mobile, dialing frantically.

BANNER (CONT'D)

Shit shit shit shit...

(into mobile)

Dave, it's Banner. We've got a cocking code red here. Put me through to the team leader.

He bursts his way through the double-doors leading out.

INT. NEWSAGENTS - NIGHT

The nervous-looking shopkeeper busies himself by the confectionary, organising Mars Bars.

He glances up at the mirror. The Figure is still wandering at the far end of the store, palming through greeting cards.

SIRENS blare in the distance. The Figure doesn't seem perturbed by the commotion.

Red and blue lights flash through the window. The shopkeeper hurries out, arms raised.

EXT. NEWSAGENTS - NIGHT

An ARMED RESPONSE TEAM surrounds the front of the building. Heavy-duty gear, tactical weapons.

DI Banner stands by his car, parked across the street. The shopkeeper is ushered over by one of the armed officers.

BANNER

You're the bloke who called?

SHOPKEEPER

Yes, yes. I can't believe you leave me in there with him!

BANNER

Well, sir, it might've spooked him had you rushed out of your store in mysterious circumstances.

SHOPKEEPER

I will sue the city.

BANNER

Best of luck with that.

Banner barges past, bringing up a loud speaker to his mouth.

BANNER (CONT'D)

We have the building surrounded.
Place your hands atop your head and
link your fingers, then exit
slowly.

The armed officers keep their weapons raised.

There's a slow, agonising beat while we wait to see just how
The Figure will respond...

...until he finally appears in the doorway, doing exactly as
ordered. A smile on his face.

Two of the officers move in, pulling The Figure to the
pavement and restraining his hands behind his back, before
picking him up and leading him to a nearby van.

DI Banner watches as they escort him away, the creepy smile
still etched on his face.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

DI Banner sits opposite The Figure, who just stares blankly
ahead. His waistcoat has been removed. A small recording
device rests on the table between them, along with a thin,
brown file folder.

BANNER

We don't get many people refuse a
solicitor. You must be very
confident, mister...

THE FIGURE

Union. My name is Union.

BANNER

Mr Union. That's an interesting name you've got there.

Union's eyes shoot across to a FLY buzzing around a light.

BANNER (CONT'D)

You need to help me here, Mr Union, because we've got two witnesses to your crime, and another half-dozen who can put you within two streets of the crime at that exact moment. We found the murder weapon on your person, and the victim's blood on both the weapon and the inside of your coat. It's what we in the profession call a slum dunk. The only way it gets easier for me is if the victim himself rises from the earth and pins it on you.

UNION

Then he wouldn't be dead. And I wouldn't be here. And that wouldn't be right.

Banner raises his eyebrows. Takes a breath. He opens the file and flips through the pages.

BANNER

You've got me there.

(beat)

What are we going to find when we run your prints? Have you done something like this before? If you tell us now, it might make things go a little bit easier. Co-operation goes a long way.

Union raises his arms -- handcuffed together -- and glances down at his wristwatch.

UNION

I haven't been here long enough for there to be any record.

BANNER

Interesting. That's interesting. So you're a quick learner then. You arrive in the city and you dive right into a bit of brain surgery.

(beat)

Tell you what I think we'll find. Probably a medical student. Real smart. Too smart. You get bored easily. You have to challenge yourself.

(MORE)

BANNER (CONT'D)
 Started out with animals, then
 moved your way up to human corpses.
 But that wasn't any fun. They were
 already dead. Where's the sport in
 that?

Banner slaps the file down on the table. Union doesn't blink.

BANNER (CONT'D)
 So you thought you'd cut open a
seventeen year old boy.

Banner sits back. Leaves that hanging in the air.

BANNER (CONT'D)
 I'm not too fond of the death
 penalty, but there are always
 exceptions.

Union isn't interested. Banner gathers up the file and the
 voice recorder.

BANNER (CONT'D)
 Interview terminated at eleven
 twenty-two.

Union glances at his watch once more.

BANNER (CONT'D)
 Somewhere to be?

UNION
 On the contrary.

The door bursts open, and A UNIFORMED OFFICER pokes through.

UNIFORM
 You've gotta come and see this.

BANNER
 Reggie got his arm stuck in the
 coke machine again?

UNIFORM
 Just come on.

Banner scurries out, shutting the door behind him. The lock
 CLICKS after him.

EXT. POLICE STATION - ROOF - NIGHT

An eerie BLUE GLOW covers the scene, as if someone had placed
 a filter camera. A gaggle of UNIFORMED CONSTABLES and
 SERGEANTS have gathered on the rooftop, all looking up at the
 sky and pointing.

Banner exits the doorway and joins them. As his head tilts up, we follow it up to see:

-- a huge BLUE GLOBE hanging high in the sky! It must be half the width of the city, giving off an odd shimmer.

BANNER

What the fu--

CONSTABLE

What is that thing?

BANNER

Christ. Get onto the airports, tell them to divert everything.

CONSTABLE

But--

BANNER

Everything. Get onto the Superintendent if you need authorisation. Jesus, get the bloody Chief Superintendent. Get everyone.

The uniformed constable scurries off down the stairwell. Banner continues to look into the sky at that unusual event.

EXT. LONDON - NIGHT

A female NEWS REPORTER looks into the camera.

REPORTER

We've still had no word from any official sources. Talking to the people on the street, everyone is completely baffled as to the nature of the phenomenon.

The camera TILTS UP to get a shot of the blue globe.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Shaky mobile phone camera footage of the globe.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Bloody hell, what is that?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Is it coming at us?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

(laughs)

No, it's not coming at us. It's just hanging there.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
 Maybe it's a weather balloon.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
 The size of Wales?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
 Well I don't know.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A MIDDLE-AGED MAN in his pyjamas kneels down in his son's bedroom, looking through a telescope pointed out the window.

His YOUNG SON, also in pyjamas, claws at his arm.

SON
 Daaaad! I want to look!

FATHER
 My God... I've never...

MOTHER (O.S.)
 (shouts)
 The office is on the phone. They want you to come down to the observatory.

SON
 Daaaaaad!

FATHER
 This is incredible.

The son huffs. Crosses his arms.

INT. MICHELLE'S FLAT - NIGHT

Michelle leans on the windowsill, the blue glow on her face.

INT. SAM'S FLAT - NIGHT

Sam is reclined in an armchair, light from the television illuminating his features, a Playstation 2 controller gripped firmly in his hands.

SAM
 Die, you son of a bitch. Die!
 (beat)
 No! Oh, cocks and cocks.

He raises an eyebrow. Something in his peripheral. He turns his head to see the blue glow coming through his blinds.

He stands. Walks over to the window. Pulls the blinds open to see the sphere dominating the night sky. His mouth gapes.

INT. KEIKA'S FLAT - NIGHT

Keika hangs upside down from a gravity bar.

KEIKA'S POV: in a full length mirror we can see the blue globe through an opposite window, albeit upside down.

INT. MICHELLE'S FLAT - NIGHT

Michelle, in a *Back to the Future* t-shirt and pyjama bottoms, hurries across the room. She reaches into her satchel and pulls out her mobile.

She scrolls her finger down the screen.

INSERT: a list of names flashes by on the "contacts" screen.

She keeps scrolling until reaching a name. She stops.

MICHELLE

Bollocks.

She hovers a finger over the call button.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

A quaint little shack in the middle of the woods. In the background, a dock juts out into a lake. Tranquil. Calm.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

A stereo system. A finger pushes a button, causing a BUZZ of static from the speakers.

A bottle of Jack Daniels on a table.

A huge widescreen television. The screen is black except for a single word: PAUSED.

A hip flask is brought up to a mouth, which resides below an unkempt moustache.

A microphone is snatched up.

The screen is unpaused, and now displays a cartoon avatar standing on a stage. Middle-aged guy. Moustache.

A song kicks in, booming from the surround sound:

"TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE HEART" by Bonnie Tyler.

WIDE ANGLE to find none other than JAKE WALKER, wearing only a pair of Y-fronts and sunglasses, who dances in sync with the avatar on the screen. Middle-aged guy. Moustache. Yep.

Not cool, Jake. Not cool.

JAKE
(slurred singing)
Turn around, every now and then I
get a little bit lonely and you're
never coming round.

As he spins, he trips over a rug and goes plummeting out of shot. He darts up, sunglasses at an odd angle.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Turn around, every now and then I
get a little bit tired of listening
to the sound of my tears!

A phone RINGS. Jake raises an eyebrow. He vaults over the sofa and moves to the breakfast counter, rocking and swaying as he goes.

He grabs the phone and presses it against his ear.

Upside down.

JAKE (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hello? Yes, this is dog.
(beat)
Oh.
(spins it)
Hello?

MICHELLE (V.O.)
(filtered)
Jake? Jake, it's-- it's Michelle.

JAKE
I can't talk, I'm at a Stones
concert!

MICHELLE (V.O.)
You're singing to Bonnie Tyler
again, I can hear it.

JAKE
(singing; dramatic)
Every now and then I fall apart!

MICHELLE (V.O.)
Mostly now.

JAKE
And I need you more than ever!

Jake drops the phone on the counter. He vaults back over the sofa, landing with a THUD off screen. Again he pops back up into shot, armed with the remote. He pauses the song.

Back at the counter, Jake appears and retrieves the phone.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I'd like to order a schwarma, if possible. What's your special?

MICHELLE (V.O.)

No, Jake, it's Michelle.

JAKE

I didn't call you.

MICHELLE (V.O.)

No, I called you. Jesus, how pissed are you?

JAKE

I threw a party for ten... for one.

MICHELLE (V.O.)

This is serious, Jake. You need to sober up, and pronto.

INT. MICHELLE'S FLAT - NIGHT

Michelle leans out of the third-floor window as a fire engine and an ambulance come roaring past below.

MICHELLE

(into phone)

We've got some serious "Power Hour" crap going on here. It's like a science-fiction film.

There's a CLUNK at the end of the line.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Jake? You still there?

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The phone is on the counter. In the background, Jake is neck-deep in the fridge. He appears with a cold slice of pizza, then stumbles back over to the phone. He picks up:

JAKE

It's alright, I found some! Bloody marvellous.

MICHELLE (V.O.)

(filtered)

Jake, we need you.

JAKE

No, no no no, I'm not involved. I'm the opposite of involved. I'm devolved. You play your games, I play mine. That's what we agreed.

MICHELLE (V.O.)

You're pissed off your face on cheap booze, spending your days playing computer games and floating in a rubber ring on a lake.

JAKE

And that's just how I like it. No more blood, no more demons, no more bastards. That's my motto. No more bastards.

MICHELLE (V.O.)

Just one.

JAKE

Leave me alone!

MICHELLE (V.O.)

You're a real asshole, you know that?

JAKE

Nice knowing you too.

MICHELLE (V.O.)

I put my faith in you. I thought you were a hero.

JAKE

I-- I'm not a hero, alright! I just played one on TV.

(beat)

Don't ever call me again!

He swivels on his stool and tosses the phone across the room. It SMASHES against the wall, dropping in a thousand pieces.

INT. MICHELLE'S FLAT - NIGHT

Michelle looks down at the phone's screen.

INSERT SCREEN: Call ended.

She tosses it aside. Sighs. Looks back out at the sky.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Jake slumps down on the sofa. Takes a hit from the hip flask.

A pained expression on his face -- guilt.

EXT. LONDON - MORNING

The effect of the blue glow from the sphere hanging in the sky is lessened during the day, as the sun fights its way around the circumference.

A flock of pigeons fly in front of it.

INT. CAFE - MORNING

Michelle is sat in a corner booth, newspaper spread out on the table, cup of coffee nearby.

Sam and Keika enter, Sam in a Hawaiian t-shirt and cargo shorts, Keika suited but with his jacket slung over his shoulder. They walk over and sit opposite, Keika placing his jacket over the back of the seat.

SAM

Well, isn't this cosy.

MICHELLE

You two look ridiculous together.

She holds up the newspaper. The front page is dominated by a story about the mysterious blue globe.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

I'm definitely coming around to your "everything has gone weird again" theory.

SAM

Yeah, I don't think we can send that globe to therapy.

KEIKA

What is it?

MICHELLE

No clue. I'm not exactly The Power Hour's number one fan, but I'm pretty sure that wasn't in any episode.

SAM

I e-mailed some fella who was selling the complete boxset on eBay. Big fan of the show, apparently. No gigantic blue balls. In the show, anyway. Don't know about WalkerFan81.

MICHELLE

I called Jake.

SAM

Jesus. I bet that was a bundle of
Whiskey-stenched laughs.

MICHELLE

He wasn't... receptive.

KEIKA

I told you so.

Sam jerks a thumb at Keika.

SAM

He really knows how to gloat, huh?

KEIKA

Maybe the killer and the phenomenon
are unrelated. Maybe they both have
mundane explanations that do not
require our expertise.

MICHELLE

Yeah. Maybe.

SAM

I blame NASA. Or maybe the
Russians.

(beat; triumphant)

Or the North Koreans! That cheeky
fella probably thought he was
letting off a firework for his dead-
eyed slave people and accidentally
nuked the sky.

MICHELLE

Doesn't matter. Jake's made up his
mind, and that's that.

(beat)

It's all down to us.

They ponder that sentiment for a beat, as we slowly PULL BACK
from the scene.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM - MORNING

DI Banner, looking a little worse for wear with bloodshot
eyes and a five o'clock shadow, enters.

He moves around Union and sits opposite. He places a cup of
coffee and the voice recorder on the table.

UNION

Good morning.

BANNER

Just a case of crossing the i's and dotting the t's now, my friend.

He presses a button on the recorder.

BANNER (CONT'D)

Interview commenced at... 10am,
Friday 15th July 2010.

(beat)

Mr Union, if you could--

Banner grimaces. He pinches the bridge of his nose. Grabs the coffee and takes a swig.

UNION

How are you?

BANNER

Walk me through the night of the
13th, Mr Union.

UNION

Just "Union". No Mr.

BANNER

You can be Shirley Temple for all I
care, mate.

Banner closes his eyes. Takes a deep breath. Exhales.

BANNER (CONT'D)

The 13th. You went to the astroturf
court on Marsh Street at around
11pm, where Paul Meyer, Joshua
Meyer, and--

Banner's eyes dart across the room. His stare is transfixed on something -- but there's nothing there.

He closes his eyes again. Rubs his eyelids with his thumb and forefinger. Left hand gripped to the table.

UNION

You're special.

(beat)

You're the first.

BANNER

(shouting across room)

Shut up! I'm trying to do an
interview!

Union smiles. The impromptu freak-out isn't bothering him one tiny iota.

BANNER (CONT'D)
Just... stop talking, alright? Stop
talking. You're not there.

Union peers over his shoulder, following Banner's gaze. He
cocks his head. Then turns back.

BANNER (CONT'D)
I already told you to shut up!

Banner clasps his hands over his ears and leans his head down
between his knees.

BANNER (CONT'D)
Stop it! No! No!

Banner lets out a guttural GROWL. Annoyed. Frustrated. Trying
to drown out the sound.

Union stands. He walks around behind the distracted Banner,
kneels beside him, and unclips the keys from his belt.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Union exits out the front door. The mix of yellow and blue
light hits his face. He throws his head back and opens his
arms wide, accepting them. He takes a deep breath, and then
jauntily skips down the steps.

EXT. LONDON - DAY

The blue globe hangs imposingly in the sky.

MALE REPORTER (V.O.)
Senior Whitehall officials still
refuse to make any official
statement on whether the phenomenon
is a danger, but astronomers from
Hampstead Observatory have assured
us that it causes no imminent risk.

ASTRONOMER (V.O.)
All of our readings and
calculations suggest the object is
completely benign. The only
disruptions we can foresee are to
air travel.

INT. GATWICK AIRPORT - DAY

Thousands of PASSENGERS jam-packed into the terminal, queues
snaking back as far as the eye can see. Angry people wave
their tickets at the bemused ATTENDANTS behind desks.

MALE REPORTER (V.O.)

It's still unclear when the lockdown of airspace over London will be lifted, but it's like that while we still know so little about the object, our city will be a no-fly zone for the foreseeable future.

INT. THE ISLAND - NIGHT

A dead-quiet evening shift, just Sam behind the bar, a TATTOOED DRUNK (30s) in a wife-beater at a nearby table, and a tracksuit-wearing CHAV TEEN curled up at a corner booth.

Sam cleans glasses as his eyes stay fixed on the television set, news reports continuing to give up-to-the-minute reports on the strange object in the sky.

A ticker running along the bottom says:

-- Hospitals struggling to cope with influx of patients --

Sam's attention is drawn to a rowdy group of RUGBY PLAYERS entering the bar, still wearing their muddied shirts, shouting bawdy jokes and giving each other dead arms.

Most of the group find a couple of tables, while one in shirt number ten moves over to the bar.

RUGBY BLOKE #10

Probably need about five pitchers, mate.

SAM

None of my business, but wouldn't you lads be better off at a sports bar or something?

RUGBY BLOKE #10

And miss this atmosphere? We're booked in across the street, but they won't let us use their bar dressed like this.

SAM

Fair enough. Six pitchers it is. Extra one's on the house.

RUGBY BLOKE #10

Good lad.

TATTOOED DRUNK (O.S.)

Don't talk to me. Don't bloody talk to me!

Sam and the Rugby Bloke look over to the Tattooed Drunk. His eyes are bloodshot. He looks like shit.

RUGBY BLOKE #10
Sorry, mate?

TATTOOED DRUNK
Just shut up! Shut up, you wanker!

He's shouting in the Rugby Bloke's direction, but doesn't seem to be talking to him.

RUGBY BLOKE #10
I don't think you want to pick a fight here, lad.

The rest of the rugby team turn. A couple stand.

SAM
I think you should leave, buddy.
You're vastly outnumbered and outgunned here.

The Tattooed Drunk grabs an empty pint glass and launches it towards the Rugby Bloke!

It missed by a foot, but Sam has to duck behind the bar to avoid getting hit.

The glass EXPLODES on impact, sending shards raining over Sam's head.

RUGBY BLOKE #2
Oi, you tosser!

RUGBY BLOKE #6
Get that twat out of here, before he takes someone's eye out.

TATTOOED DRUNK
I can't stand it! I just can't stand it!

The Chav Teen in the corner bolts upright. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a SWITCHBLADE, then hops up and charges towards the Tattooed Drunk --

And JAMS the knife into his chest!

CHAV TEEN
You're not real! None of you are real!

Tattooed Drunk tumbles backwards like a chopped tree. SMASHES through a table.

The Chav Teen reaches down. Pulls out the switchblade.

He spins. Points it at the rugby team.

CHAV TEEN (CONT'D)
Stop talking to me! Just stop it!

CRACK! A chair EXPLODES over Chav Teen's head. Splinters into a dozen fragments.

The Chav falls out of shot. REVEAL Keika in his place. A couple of chair legs left in his hands.

Sam peeks up over the bar.

SAM
(to Rugby team)
Um... we're closed.

Keika drops the chair legs to the floor and heads out.

Sam vaults over the bar and scurries after him.

INT. MICHELLE'S FLAT - NIGHT

Sam leans on the windowsill, looking out at the sky. The blue glow seems stronger than the first night, enough to illuminate the apartment.

Keika stands by the door, a duffel bag in hand.

Michelle paces the apartment.

SAM
Whatever's happening, it's spreading. People seem to be going nutso. And not in a British way, like "oh bother, the bus is five minutes late again". Seriously, crazy.

KEIKA
He is correct. Things are... mental.

SAM
See. Even Keika said "mental". We need to get out of the city.

MICHELLE
So, what, we just hop in your van and go to Scotland?

SAM
Sounds good. Love tartan.

MICHELLE
We still have no idea what's going on, Sam.

(MORE)

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

You're basing this off a couple of drunks in your bar. Wouldn't be the first fight you've seen.

KEIKA

It is not just the bar.

SAM

He's right. Haven't you seen the news lately? Hospitals are getting swamped with people coming in complaining of hallucinations, headaches, migraines, ringing in their ears, all sorts.

MICHELLE

You two go. There's this guy, a copper, he's a contact we use at the paper...

SAM

How nice for you. Come on!

MICHELLE

I'm going to talk to him. I don't have his number...

Sam moves across the apartment to face her.

SAM

This is crazy, crazy, crazy stuff here, 'chelle. Further away we are, the better.

MICHELLE

I'll be right behind you, I promise. But we need all the information we can get.

Sam exhales. It's like arguing with a brick wall.

SAM

You're so damn stubborn.

MICHELLE

And you love me for it.

KEIKA

Come on, Sam.

MICHELLE

Where are you headed?

SAM

I know a nice little place outside of the city.

Michelle's eyes widen, understanding.

MICHELLE

Oh. I guess you need the good luck wishes, then.

Keika opens the door and heads out. Sam lingers. He smiles and nods. Michelle nods back, before Sam exits.

INT. SERGEANT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Detective Chief Superintendent ROLAND GREER prowls behind his desk. He's mid-60s, stocky, could punch holes through steel. Side-parted hair greying from years of this sort of screw-up.

GREER

Jesus Christ, Banner. You're made a right bollocks of this. This just isn't acceptable. What the hell were you thinking? You didn't even have a guy on the door!

REVERSE ANGLE to find Banner slumped in a chair, looking like death warmed up. He'd be hungover by now, if he was actually drunk in the first place.

BANNER

I can't-- I don't know what--

GREER

Look at yourself, you're a mess. This is the last thing we needed, what with the goddamn airports locked down and the hospitals bursting at the seams. Now we've got a brutal killer on the loose.

BANNER

I-- I'm--

GREER

Take a week off, son. Get yourself well.

Banner clammers to his feet, using the desk for support.

GREER (CONT'D)

There'll be a full investigation. It doesn't look good for you.

Banner sneers to his side.

BANNER

(under his breath)
Shut up. Stop talking.

GREER

Excuse me?

BANNER

Th-- thank you, sir. Thank you.

Banner stumbles around the chair, and heads out the door. Greer regards him with a look of disgust, not contemplating just what is behind Banner's change.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Sam's white van pulls up outside the cabin, the blue hue of London replaced with a more natural white moonlight now they've reached the outskirts.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The wooden door creaks as Sam and Keika enter, to find a scene of destruction inside:

Whiskey bottles and beer cans strewn about, pizza boxes piled up, a deflated rubber ring in the middle of the room, a stack of books sitting beside the fireplace, the burnt remains of some still there.

SAM

You sure this is the place? Looks more like the seventh circle.

Keika grunts under his breath. He ploughs through the destruction, headed towards a room on the far side.

Sam steps over a puddle of beer, heading to another door.

INT. CABIN - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sam swings the door open to find Jake, half-naked, facedown in the middle of the bathroom, wrapped in the shower curtain.

SAM

(shouts)
Found him!

KEIKA (O.S.)

Alive?

SAM

Just!

Keika appears at the door. He peers over Sam.

KEIKA

Coffee.

SAM

Black. Very black.

Keika nods, then makes his exit.

Sam moves over and untangles Jake from the shower curtain, which causes Jake to GROAN like a distressed bear.

INT. CABIN - LATER

Jake nurses a mug of coffee, now in a tattered David Bowie t-shirt and short shorts.

Keika busies himself in the background, tidying the place up.

Sam sits down opposite. He hands Jake a fresh cup.

SAM

Get it down you, big guy.

JAKE

Urgh. I feel like a pig shat in my head.

SAM

Shake it off. You're not the first self-destructive alcoholic, and you wont be the last.

JAKE

Bloody hell, where'd you learn pep talks? Full Metal Jacket?

SAM

Look, if I'm going to hide out in your den of filth and depravity, I'm going to need you to be less of an ogre. So drink up.

Jake huffs.

JAKE

You're an ogre.

SAM

Good, yes, drink.

Jake reluctantly swaps mugs to the fresh batch and takes another long glug.

KEIKA

I would not be so leisurely. A whole city is in trouble, and they may depend on us.

SAM

(to Jake)

He hardly says anything, that bloke, then when he does it's usually terrible.

JAKE

Keika, there's sod all we can do as far as I can see. It's not something I know from The Power Hour, so what good am I?

KEIKA

That never stopped you before.

Jake can't help but smirk at that. Sam turns and gives Keika the "not bad" face.

INT. BANNER'S FLAT - NIGHT

DI Banner bursts through the front door, barely able to stand. Sweat beading on his forehead. Eyes bloodshot.

BANNER'S POV: The room swirls and blurs. The floor seems to be twenty feet away. A high-pitched RINGING can be heard.

He slams the door shut and lurches forward, stabilising himself against the fridge in the open-plan kitchenette.

BANNER

I don't want to hear it. Piss off. Don't talk to me. Don't talk. Stop it!

He grabs a vase off the top of the fridge and THROWS it across the flat, causing it to SMASH against a wall.

BANNER (CONT'D)

Why won't you just leave me alone?

We ARC AROUND Banner to see just who he is shouting at:

Himself.

A healthy-looking replica of himself.

BANNER CLONE

You really are a useless shit, aren't you? Look at yourself. Now you've been fired. You'll probably go to jail for letting a murderer free. It doesn't look good for you, does it?

Banner clasps his hands to his ears.

BANNER

Stop!

BANNER CLONE

I can't stop. I'm in your head.

BANNER'S POV: Even with his ears blocked, the sound of his double is crystal clear, coupled with the incessant ringing and a faint buzz, it's a nightmarish blend.

Banner stumbles away, trying to escape his clone.

BANNER

Shut up shut up shut up shut up!

A KNOCK at the door breaks the noise. Banner snaps around -- his clone stands in the far corner of the room, his features obscured by shadow. Banner can't take his eyes off him as he lurches across to the front door.

He swings it open to reveal Michelle on the other side.

BANNER (CONT'D)

What-- what are you doing here?

MICHELLE

Christ, you look like an actual arse.

She's playful, but Banner is in no mood for jokes. He almost collapses to the floor right there. Michelle wraps his arm around her shoulder and leads him across to the sofa, dumping him down on top.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

What happened to you, Ray?

BANNER

I need help. I need help!

MICHELLE

Are you sick?

BANNER

It's Union. He did this.

MICHELLE

Union? Who's Union?

BANNER

He's behind it all. He did it. He created it. He killed the boy. We caught him, bu-- but he got away.

MICHELLE

Okay, you're making no sense. Here--

She retrieves a pack of tablets from her messenger bag. She pops a couple out onto her palm.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Extra strong. Should help.

(beat; pops two more)

Maybe four for you.

Banner grabs her by the shoulders, gripped tight.

BANNER

Thank you.

MICHELLE

Okay... they're just pills, not
magic pills.

Banner snatches the pills in his fist, and stumbles across the flat towards the bathroom. He SLAMS the door shut.

Michelle fishes out her mobile. As she dials, we hear more SIRENS from outside. A whole bunch of 'em.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Sam sits at the breakfast bar, phone to his ear. He watches as Keika continues round the cabin like a cleaning whirlwind.

SAM

(into phone)
Union? Really?

MICHELLE (V.O.)

(filtered)
That's what he said.

SAM

He sounds ominous.

MICHELLE (V.O.)

No kidding. But if Ray is right,
he's the one behind all of this.

SAM

It's a lead.

MICHELLE (V.O.)

I'll text you his address.

Jake swaggers into the room, now fully dressed, hair coffered, and beard sort-of trimmed.

He flicks open his sunglasses and slides them on.

JAKE

We doing this then?

SAM

(into phone)
I've got to go, The Fonz is here.

He hangs up and pockets the mobile.

KEIKA

Are we leaving?

SAM

Michelle's contact gave us a lead.
Some guy calling himself Union.

JAKE

Sounds like a gold-plated tosser.

SAM

I'd feel a whole lot better if she
was up here instead of us lot
moseying down there.

JAKE

City's gone to arse, Samuel. If
there's some bloke behind it, then
we have to track him down and sort
it, right?

SAM

I hate it when you get all Clint
Eastwood on me.

KEIKA

He is right.

SAM

Are you feeling alright, Keika?

KEIKA

This is what we do.

Keika grabs his duffel bag and heads out. Sam reluctantly
hops off the stool and follows.

SAM

I suppose it bloody is.

Jake is half-way out the door when he remembers something. He
steps back and grabs a hip flask from the floor. He smirks as
he pockets it and heads out.

EXT. LONDON - NIGHT

Another shot of the blue sphere hanging in the London sky.

FEMALE REPORTER (V.O.)

The Highways agency has issued an
emergency statement tonight
regarding the phenomena current
affecting London, warning motorists
to stay off the roads at night as
the city is rocked by a spate of
severe accidents, believed to have
been caused by distracted drivers.

INT. MEGANE [STOPPED] - NIGHT

The male DRIVER (30s, overweight, balding, tie and shirt) sits behind the wheel, hands firmly gripped, beads of sweat on his forehead and teeth clenched.

OVERWEIGHT DRIVER

I don't want to hear it. Stop
talking to me. Stop it, wont you!
For goodness sake, leave me alone!

He stomps his foot on the gas and heads right out into the middle of a junction.

EXT. JUNCTION - SAME

SMASH! A red Ford Fiesta ploughs into the side of the errant Renault Megane.

The Megane spins into the path of a truck...

INT. MEGANE - SAME

The driver, a trickle of blood falling from his scalp, groggily turns to see the truck baring down on his side of the car.

He holds his arms up in front of his face, and just as the truck makes contact we CUT TO:

INT. MAUDSLEY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The sign behind the desk announces this as "Maudsley Psychiatric Hospital -- Part of South London and Maudsley NHS Foundation Trust".

At the reception desk a handful of NURSES deal with a queue of DOZENS of patients.

RANDOM PATIENT

You gotta put me in there! Fill me
up with drugs. Lock me up. Put me
in a padded cell.

ANOTHER PATIENT

I can't take the voices anymore!

NURSE

Sir, I'm going to need you to calm
down. Please, everyone...

A frantic patient leans over the desk and grips one of the nurses by the bicep.

FRANTIC PATIENT
Please, help me, help me, you've
got to help me!

An ORDERLY moves in and drags the frantic patient away, which causes him to calm substantially.

The nurses share a strained glare, unable to comprehend what the hell is going on.

INT. BANNER'S FLAT - NIGHT

Michelle lays on the sofa in the dark, illuminated by the television and the eerie blue glow coming through the blinds.

In the background, we can make out the shape of Banner, asleep on his bed through the doorway in the bedroom.

FOOTSTEPS. Outside the flat.

A SHADOW forms under the door.

The handle turns, but the door wont budge.

Michelle bolts upright. Stares at the door, transfixed.

The lock CLICKS.

Michelle shuts off the TV and hops over the sofa, wedged between it and the wall, shrouded in darkness.

The door swings open to reveal Union on the other side.

He steps over the threshold. Peers around the flat.

All seems to be quiet.

He walks over toward the bedroom.

Michelle peeks around the sofa. Union with his back to her.

He spins around -- but she's not visible.

Union turns back. Walks into the bedroom.

INT. BANNER'S FLAT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Union walks around the bed. Stands over Banner, who is wide awake. His eyes widen at the sight of Union, but he doesn't move or make a sound.

Union holds a hand above Banner's head.

He makes a fist, which causes Banner to close his eyes.

He opens his fist, and Banner's eyes open too.

UNION

Good.

Union unbuttons his waistcoat to reveal another set of surgical instruments.

INT. BANNER'S FLAT - SAME

From behind the sofa, we find Michelle, lips clenched firmly shut as she tries to keep quiet.

She peers around to see Union pull out a scalpel and stab it into the side of Banner's skull.

She clasps a hand to her mouth to stop from screaming.

Union's head snaps around.

Michelle darts back behind cover.

She puffs out her cheeks...

Deep breaths...

Then leaps to her feet...

Sprints across the flat...

And out through the open door.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Michelle runs so fast that she skids across the linoleum floor, shoulder barging the opposite wall to stop herself.

She takes off down the corridor. Glances over her shoulder -- no sign of Union at the doorway.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Michelle bursts through the door and flies down the stairs at speed. She slips down the last couple, supporting herself with the wall and bannister.

EXT. FLATS - NIGHT

Michelle pushes through the outer door and THUDS into the large chest of --

Jake!

She backs away. Shaken by the surprise appearance.

She looks over to see Keika a few feet back, dressed-down in cargo trousers and a bomber jacket.

JAKE

Whoa, there. Where's the fire?

Michelle immediately leaps into a bear hug, squeezing Jake tight. Which is unusual. He awkwardly pats her on the back.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Good to see you too, love.

MICHELLE

(pushing away; out of
breathe)

He's here... he's here...

JAKE

Who's here?

MICHELLE

Union. I think. He killed him. He
killed Ray!

Jake sneers. Whips off his sunglasses and pockets them.

JAKE

I've always hated unions.

Sam's white van pulls around and parks by the pavement. He pokes his head out of the window.

SAM

Couldn't find any parking. If I get
a ticket, you're paying.

Michelle moves around to the passenger side and jumps in, still trying to catch her breath.

SAM (CONT'D)

What's going on?

JAKE

We're going to have a word with the
bastard.

Keika needs no words, he just marches into the building.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Yep, you go first.

Jake runs after him.

SAM

Be careful!

JAKE
(not turning back)
Don't worry!

Keika and Jake disappear into the building.

INT. FLATS - MOMENTS LATER

Keika and Jake appear out of the stairwell, keeping their backs against the wall as they shimmy along.

Keika reaches under his jacket and pulls out an imposing looking .44 Magnum Colt Anaconda. The barrel is almost as long as his arm.

Jake raises an eyebrow.

JAKE
Don't suppose you've got a spare?

Keika leans down, pulls up his trouser leg, and removes a much smaller gun from an ankle holster. A dainty-looking Smith & Wesson double-action .45 ACP compact pistol.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Wonderful.

They continue to shimmy towards the open door leading into Banner's flat.

INT. BANNER'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS

Keika swivels around the door frame. Colt pointed ahead. He aims around the flat -- but it's all quiet.

As he steps inside, Jake sheepishly follows. Jake points his pistol ahead.

It's almost pitch black -- just the eerie blue glow coming through the blinds.

Shadows seem to dance in the corners of the room.

JAKE
(whispered)
Something is rotten in the state of
Denmark...

Every movement causes Keika to aims his gun.

They move through the flat. Keika turns to see the dead body of Ray, laying on the bed, moonlight glistening off a pool of blood on the floor.

KEIKA
(hushed)
Wait here.

JAKE
Don't give me orders.

Keika glares.

JAKE (CONT'D)
No, okay, you can give me orders.

Keika walks across and moves into the bedroom.

INT. BANNER'S FLAT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Keika moves inside, weapon aimed. He looks around --
-- seems to be all clear.

He places two fingers on Banner's neck. From his stoic look we can tell it's not good news.

The bedroom door CREAKS as it slowly swings shut --

To reveal UNION standing behind it!

Keika senses a disturbance in the force.

He spins towards the door --

But Union is already atop him.

Knocks the Colt clean from Keika's hand.

Grabs a chunk of Keika's jacket in his fist --

THROWS him across the room.

Keika SLAMS against the wall. Falls atop a set of drawers, which toppled over and deposit Keika to the floor.

INT. BANNER'S FLAT - SAME

Jake's head darts to the source of the noise -- the now closed bedroom door.

JAKE
Keika? Shit!

Over Jake's shoulder -- the clone of Banner steps out of the shadows, appearing in the corner of the room.

INT. SAM'S WHITE VAN - SAME

Sam drums his hands on the steering wheel along to the song on the radio. Michelle glares at him.

SAM
Can't help it. I'm a nervous drummer.

He pulls open the glove compartment and retrieves a packet of chocolate digestives.

Off her look:

SAM (CONT'D)
Nervous eater.

He shoves a couple of biscuits into his mouth whole.

INT. BANNER'S FLAT - SAME

Jake takes a step forward -- CREAK -- he spins at the noise made behind him, to see the Banner clone.

Jake visibly deflates, relieved.

JAKE
Where were you hiding? I thought you were--

The Banner clone wraps a hand around Jake's throat.

Jake's eyes widen.

JAKE (CONT'D)
(through chokes)
What... are you... doing...

He brings up a fist and -- THUD -- gives him the full Jake Walker treatment, right around the chops.

But it doesn't make a dent.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Ugh... Keika!

INT. BANNER'S FLAT - BEDROOM - SAME

Keika groans. Union stand over him.

UNION
Such a curious little race.

Keika crawls across the room, heading toward the bed.

UNION (CONT'D)

It's fun to study you. Cut you open
and see how your brain's tick.

He reaches down and grabs Keika by the ankle. Drags him back.

Keika turns and CLOCKS Union around the jaw.

He shakes it off. Puts a hand to his face.

UNION (CONT'D)

Compliments to you. But I'm not at
my strongest.

Keika turns onto his side and retrieves a pair of nail
scissors which had tumbled from a drawer.

And JAMS them into Union's thigh!

Union reaches down and grips the scissors. He yanks them out,
a small trickle of blood falling to the floor.

UNION (CONT'D)

Fascinating.

Keika scrambles across the room on his hands and knees. He
dives under the bed.

UNION (CONT'D)

Are you really trying to hide from
me?

Union moves over and grips Keika by both feet. He pulls him
out. Keika turns --

-- and aims his Colt right at Union's chest.

KEIKA

Let us see how you tick.

BLAM! BLAM! He unloads the full six-round cylinder into
Union's chest. Union sprawls back.

He clutches his chest. Blood pours from the holes.

Keika reaches into one of the lower pockets in his cargo
trousers, and pulls out another box of bullets. He tips them
out onto the floor. Loads them into the Colt.

Union stumbles forward, picking up momentum --

-- and then JUMPS THROUGH THE WINDOW. SMASH!

Keika spins. Aims his gun. BLAM! But Union is gone.

EXT. FLATS - NIGHT

Through the van window, we can see Michelle has commandeered the biscuits, while Sam continues to drum the steering wheel and sing-along to the song.

THUD! Union lands on the bonnet.

Bounces off onto the tarmac, leaving an almighty dent.

Shards of glass rain down.

SCREECH! A black van speeds around the corner and pulls up by Union. A couple of BALACLAVA-WEARING THUGS in camouflage cargo trousers and hooded sweatshirts leap out the back.

They pick Union up by his feet and armpits. Dump him into the back of the van. Jump in after him and slam the doors shut.

The tyres squeal as the van pulls away at speed.

INT. SAM'S WHITE VAN - SAME

On Sam and Michelle, whose faces are a picture of shock and confusion. Eyes wide, jaws dropped.

SAM

Did that just... happen?

Michelle slowly nods.

INT. BANNER'S FLAT - SAME

Keika exits the bedroom, holding his arm close to his body, as if broken.

He finds Jake, standing over the very dead body of the Banner clone, his chest riddled with holes. Blood sprayed all over Jake's chest and face.

JAKE

You alright?

KEIKA

I will live. What happened to him?

Jake uses his sleeve to wipe the blood from his face.

JAKE

Beats me. One minute the guy's got my neck in a vice grip, next I hear you shooting and this guy's chest explodes into a million holes. Makes no bloody sense.

(beat)

What happened to you?

Keika doesn't answer. Just stares, eyebrow raised.

EXT. WALKER MANSION - NIGHT

Establishing shot. An AERIAL VIEW of the infamous Walker mansion. More "*Fresh Prince of Bel Air*" than *Buckingham Palace*, but it'll do.

The three tennis courts sit silently, bathed in an odd blue hue from above.

NEW ANGLE: Drifting up the gravel driveway towards the front of the house. The plants have become a little overgrown, some creeping up the walls.

INT. WALKER MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jake is in a t-shirt and jeans, a towel wrapped around his shoulders, hair wet from a recent shower. He slumps down on one of the plush sofas.

Michelle is reclined in a sofa opposite, eyes shut.

Keika sits at the main living room table across the room, cleaning out his favourite Colt.

Sam exits from the adjoining kitchen, the sound of a kettle boiling coming from inside.

He stands for a beat, looking at the group one by one.

SAM

So... I'll ask. What in the name of Daniel Craig is going on?

KEIKA

He was strong. But he said he was going to be stronger.

JAKE

Anyone that can throw Keika clear across a room, take a half-dozen bullets to the chest, then have the strength to leap out of a bloody window and still live to tell the tale is pretty strong in my book.

MICHELLE

Maybe he's dead. Maybe we won.

SAM

And yet--

Sam points at the blue glow coming through the patio doors across the room.

SAM (CONT'D)

--hello new moon.

JAKE

We can hurt him. We proved that.
Just need a few more guns.

MICHELLE

(sitting forward)

Unless he does get stronger. How
can you stop something that can't
be killed?

KEIKA

Everything dies.

SAM

Barry Chuckles over there is right.
Just takes the right weapon.

(beat; thinks)

Rocket launcher might come in
handy...

KEIKA

I have one of those.

Jake stands. Whips his towel across the room.

JAKE

Alright, before we launch World War
3 in central London... there's the
small matter of our blue friend in
the sky, and what it seems to be
doing to the good folk of our
nation's capital.

SAM

News said people are flocking to
psych hospitals, asking to be
committed.

MICHELLE

Look at Sam's friend... and Ray...
they're losing their minds.

SAM

We should haul arse again. I hear
Barbados is nice this time of year.

KEIKA

No.

Keika spins the Colt's cylinder and then clicks it into
place. Looks down the barrel.

KEIKA (CONT'D)

This is our fight.

JAKE

We need to go to the authorities.
Evacuate the city.

MICHELLE

You think they'd even listen to us?

JAKE

They'd listen to me.

SAM

Ego aside, he's right. He saved the
country once before. They'd take
notice.

JAKE

More than once, actually.

SAM

Yeah, but... that whole zombie
outbreak thing you stopped...
that's gotta count for something.

Sam shrugs. Turns and disappears into the kitchen.

MICHELLE

Okay, say they did listen. How long
would that take? Our government's
not exactly world-renowned for
shifting their arses into gear.

KEIKA

This is a new threat. They will
have learned.

(beat)

This country is great.

JAKE

Really? You seen the state of
Saturday night television?

Sam enters, carrying a tray of teas. He plops it down on the
table. Jake and Michelle walk over.

MICHELLE

There's more to this. More than
just one psycho, supernatural
bastard with a plan.

JAKE

He's got friends.

MICHELLE

They looked domestic. Union has
been visible. He's never hid his
face. But these guys had
balaclavas.

SAM

Pretty sure one had a tattoo on his
wrist. Demons and thugs working
hand in hand?

JAKE

What the hell do these bastards
want?

They ponder all of this for a beat. Each taking a sip of
their delightful tea.

Then:

KEIKA

An army.

They turn to Keika.

KEIKA (CONT'D)

They want to make an army.

Jake, Sam and Michelle share a look. What's he on about?

Keika doesn't expand on this. Just looks down at his Colt and
starts to polish it with an old rag.

INT. ABANDONED GARAGE - NIGHT

What was once a place of car repair is now a dusty, dirty,
vast, empty space. Old tyres and gas cans litter the
perimeter. Chains hang from the high ceiling.

A balcony runs around the second level, looking over the main
floor. Offices dotted around.

The main shutter opens, and the BLACK VAN backs in.

The balaclava-wearing thugs hop out. Open the back door.
Carry Union out and place him gently on the ground.

They stand around for a beat. Hands behind their backs.
Almost respectfully. An odd hush.

FOOTSTEPS.

On the walkway above.

CLANG CLANG CLANG as a FIGURE in a full-length coat descends
the stairs. From the outfit he looks very Mafia boss.

The group stand to attention.

RANDOM THUG

Mr Trotsky.

NEW ANGLE, on the man they call TROTSKY. He's late 60s, diminutive in size but imposing in stature. Thick-rimmed glasses and grey hair tumbling back. Sharply-dressed. His shoes cost more than your house.

Trotsky talks with a thick East End accent. Born within the sound of Bow bells.

TROTSKY

Take those off you sippy tarts. You look like the bleedin' IRA.

The four thugs comply, whipping the balaclavas off. They're all mid-30s, bald or with crew cuts, all with the Roman numeral III tattooed on their necks. Hard bastards.

They part, allowing Trotsky a look at the body of Union.

TROTSKY (CONT'D)

Well this isn't ideal. Explain it to me, Gregory.

The biggest, meanest of the group, GREGORY, steps forward. Notable for a scar running across his forehead.

GREGORY

He said he needed to rest.

TROTSKY

Middle of a mission and he's taking a bleedin' nap.

(beat)

What happened?

GREGORY

We met resistance.

TROTSKY

From whom, Gregory?

GREGORY

We don't know.

TROTSKY

(laughs)

You don't know? Well you better know sharpish, or your head will be swimming in shark-infested waters before you've had a chance to say "please, sir, I don't ruddy like sharks".

Gregory rushes around to the driver's side of the van, the rest of the goons jumping into the back. The van speeds off out of the garage. The shutter descends behind them.

Trotsky kneels down beside Union. He takes a hold of Union's hand, then kisses the ring on his other hand.

He mutters a few words under his breath -- inaudible, but they definitely don't sound English.

TROTSKY (CONT'D)

(softly)

Heal well, my friend. Your master commands you.

And off this, we CUT TO:

INT. WALKER MANSION - JAKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jake sits on his king size bed. He flips through a photo album. A hint of a smile on his face.

After a beat, he looks up to see Michelle leaning in the doorway, cup of tea in hand.

MICHELLE

Happy memories?

JAKE

Some. Power Hour stuff. Behind the scenes shots. Just me and the crew mugging for the camera. Better times. Better pay.

He removes one of the pictures from the sheath and frisbees it across the bed. Michelle steps in and picks it up.

MICHELLE

You look young.

JAKE

Unburdened.

MICHELLE

Your words, not mine.

He flips another page.

JAKE

I've been trying to think--
(before she can respond)
--shut up.

(she holds her hands up)

What happened to me? My memory is a little foggy.

MICHELLE

Eight-thousand gallons of whiskey will do that to you.

JAKE

I'm not sure if I spiralled because I didn't want the attention, or because I finally got what I wanted -- hero status.

MICHELLE

You wouldn't be the first person to self-sabotage.

JAKE

I've never had people look to me before. Let alone a whole nation.

MICHELLE

Well, saddle up. They need you again.

JAKE

I'm realising that.

Michelle's eyes dart past Jake. He looks back -- nothing there. She looks to him. Smiles.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You alright there?

MICHELLE

Fine. Nothing. Thought I saw something out the window.

Jake shrugs. Looks back to his photo album.

Michelle's eyes move across to the corner of the room...

...where we see a MICHELLE CLONE.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - ROOM - NIGHT

The frantic patient from earlier leans against the padded wall, banging his head against it repeatedly -- THUD -- THUD -- THUD -- THUD.

Sitting cross-legged in the corner is his CLONE. The clone sits. Silent. Watching.

INT. POLICE STATION - MAIN OFFICE - NIGHT

The constable that notified Banner of the blue globe sits at his desk. He looks terrible. Bloodshot eyes. Beads of sweat. Hair a mess. Shirt collar open. Cuts on his neck.

He reaches into a drawer and pulls out a gun.

Another UNIFORMED CONSTABLE spots this. He looks panicked.

WORRIED CONSTABLE
 Hey, Ian! Ian, where'd you get that
 thing? Ian!

The uniformed constable, IAN, raises the gun to his temple.

IAN
 (defeated)
 I can't take it anymore.

WORRIED CONSTABLE
 (screams)
No!

INT. POLICE STATION - CORRIDOR - SAME

The lone gunshot punctures the silence.

More constables rush through the doors into the main office.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

An unconscious TEN YEAR OLD GIRL lays by her bed. Eyelids fluttering constantly.

PAN AROUND to find her clone sitting on the bed, playing idly with her dolls.

INT. ABANDONED GARAGE - NIGHT

Union's eyes open. Trotsky is still kneeled beside him.

UNION
 My strength grows. They awaken.
 Soon they will become flesh.
 (beat)
 An army.

TROTSKY
 Some muppets took the easy way out.
 News at six mentioned suicides.

UNION
 There are always casualties. Don't
 worry. My number will be strong.

Union unbuttons his waistcoat, then pulls open the shirt beneath -- to reveal all of the bullet holes have healed.

INT. WALKER MANSION - JAKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jake and Michelle are startled by a CRASH from downstairs.

INT. WALKER MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jake and Michelle rush in to find Keika, stood behind Sam, with his muscular arms wrapped around Sam's frame.

Sam is going mental: kicking, screaming, howling.

JAKE

What's up with him?!

KEIKA

Something startled him.

SAM

It's here! It's in here with us! It-
- it looks like me. But it's not!
It's not me! It's not me!

MICHELLE

He's infected.

Michelle's glance moves across to her double, who stands in the corner of the room, watching.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

We all are.

And off those words, we:

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE