



TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. 10 DOWNING STREET - DAY

The familiar view of the most famous front door in the world.

INT. 10 DOWNING STREET - DAY

A FEMALE CLERK (50s, fussy) and a JUNIOR INTERN (20s, baby-faced) stand in front of a locked door.

CLERK

He should've arrived in Lagos last night.

INTERN

Well... that's not my fault.

CLERK

Calm down, nobody's saying it is.

INTERN

Your tone suggests it. Your tone very clearly suggests I kidnapped the Prime Minister and forced him to miss his flight.

CLERK

Don't get hysterical. It's probably a mix-up.

INTERN

We've lost the bloody Prime Minister!

A BURLY BODYGUARD (40s, crew cut, suit) appears.

BODYGUARD

Problem?

INTERN

We've lost him! We've sodding lost him! The squirrel has fled the nest!

CLERK

We haven't lost him. He just... didn't arrive in Lagos.

BODYGUARD

The flight landed?

CLERK

Yes.

BODYGUARD
And he wasn't on it?

CLERK
No.

BODYGUARD
So you've lost him.

INTERN
Oh God. They're going to chop off
our bloody heads. In a market.

CLERK
Calm down, would you? Let's not
turn this into something it's not.

BODYGUARD
Have you checked inside?

CLERK
It's locked. From the inside.

INTERN
We didn't want to disturb him...
you know... if he's having a... PM
moment.

BODYGUARD
Firstly, I don't want to know
what's going through your mind
right now. Secondly, this is a
matter of national security. If the
Prime Minister has gone AWOL,
you're free to knock on his door.

The bodyguard steps past and slams the door with a fist.

BODYGUARD (CONT'D)
Sir, are you in there? The staff
are worried you've gone missing.

No answer.

INTERN
(head in hands)
Oh God, we've lost the Prime
Minister. They're going to hang us
from Big Ben. Me from the minute
hand, you from the hour hand.

CLERK
Bang it again.

The bodyguard gives it a few more thumps. Nothing.

BODYGUARD
I'm breaking it down.

CLERK
You can do that?

BODYGUARD
There's a whole course on it.
Passed intermediate door breaking
with flying colours.

CLERK
Really?

BODYGUARD
(dry)
No. Move.

The clerk and the intern step aside. The bodyguard takes a few paces back, then CHARGES at the door shoulder first.

THUD. The frame splinters a little, but the door is in tact.

He takes a few paces back once more. Charges.

CRASH!

And goes flying through it...

INT. PRIME MINISTER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...and we TILT UP from the flattened door to the shocked face of PRIME MINISTER MICHAEL BARR as he exits the adjoining bathroom. He's late 60s, a flustered and bumbling look about him -- sort of an elderly Boris Johnson.

BODYGUARD
Sir...

The clerk and the intern poke their heads around the door frame to see the PM, who adjusts his tie.

CLERK
Sir, you're here?

PRIME MINISTER BARR
Just getting ready...
(looks at the door)
You'll be paying for that.

BODYGUARD
Sorry, sir. You didn't answer.

INTERN
You missed your flight, sir. You've had us all in a bit of a tizzy.

The Prime Minister adjusts his cufflinks as he moves past the trio, heading through the empty doorway.

The intern notices a SMASHED VASE on the floor by a table. He raises a curious eyebrow, then follows the PM out.

As their voices fade into the distance, we DRIFT THROUGH the bedroom, until our gaze falls upon a large antique wardrobe.

We PUSH THROUGH the wardrobe doors, until we find an EXACT doppelgänger of the Prime Minister, curled up in the corner of the wardrobe under a blanket and mostly obscured by the clothes hanging within.

PUSH IN on his face, his eyelids fluttering incessantly.

SMASH TO TITLES:

**EMO UNICORN
PRODUCTIONS
PRESENTS...**

**CULT HERO
SIEGE OF THE VOICE**

Part Two
"The Great Union"

Written by
JT Vaughn

Thanks to
Adam Scott & Pete D. Gaskell

CULT HERO - SIEGE OF THE VOICE - PART TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. WALKER MANSION - MORNING

Just to establish. The mansion is still bathed in an eerie blue hue.

INT. WALKER MANSION - KITCHEN - MORNING

JAKE buzzes around a coffee machine, working it like a pro.

KEIKA sits at the breakfast bar which runs down the centre of the space, reading a newspaper and drinking a tea.

MICHELLE paces on the other side of the bar.

MICHELLE

You heard him, we're all infected. Only a matter of time before we go nutso like Sam did last night.

JAKE

You need to take a page from Keika's book. Look at him. Dead to the world. Calm as a fawn. Like a big, chocolate, Easter egg fawn.

KEIKA

Hmm.

JAKE

Point is, there's no use getting yourself in a state. We've drugged Sam up to his eyeballs and now he's sleeping it off, so we've got that on our side.

MICHELLE

Right, great, so when I go crazy my options are drop-kicking a stranger, putting a spike through my own eye, or going into a coma forever. Brilliant!

JAKE

Where are you getting those options from, love?

MICHELLE

Worst case scenarios.

JAKE

Your worst case scenario is drop-kicking a stranger?

MICHELLE

I'm in panic mode here, Jake!

Jake reaches into his inner jacket pocket and pulls out a flask. He makes his coffee Irish.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

And now you're drinking at 8am.
Perfect.

JAKE

(shrugs)
It helps me focus, love.
(off her eye roll)
Alright, look. Our only lead is
those thugs that rescued Union. You
get a license on their van?

MICHELLE

It happened so fast...

JAKE

Alright...

Jake takes a sip of his coffee. Ponders things. Then:

JAKE (CONT'D)

I've got a bloke.

MICHELLE

Well I'm glad you've found love.

JAKE

He used to work on The Power Hour.
Did a few guest spots. Now he works
at a CCTV monitoring place.

MICHELLE

Career went as well as yours, then?

JAKE

Shut up.

Keika folds up the paper and slaps it down on the counter.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Enjoy your reading time, mid-
crisis?

KEIKA

Taking stock.

JAKE

And?

KEIKA

The news is bad.

MICHELLE

Hark at W.B. Yeats here. A proper poet.

KEIKA

I have a contact. I was in the same regiment as him once. Works at the Ministry of Defence.

JAKE

You think he can help?

KEIKA

Knowledge is power.

Keika nods, as if he's just solved everything, then heads out. Jake and Michelle's eyes follow him as he departs.

JAKE

I love that guy. Imagine what goes on in his brain. Probably just a constant loop of military drills set to the theme from "Bridge on the River Kwai".

MICHELLE

I'll keep an eye on Sam.

JAKE

Fair enough.

MICHELLE

Let me know if this friend of yours can help.

Jake nods. Exits. Michelle nibbles at her fingernails.

EXT. LONDON SKY - MORNING

The eerie blue ball hovers in the sky, casting a hue over --

EXT. ABANDONED GARAGE - MORNING

The graffiti-covered wreck of a building, buried deep in alleyways and hidden corners of London's city centre.

INT. ABANDONED GARAGE - SECOND FLOOR OFFICE - MORNING

TROTSKY sits behind an old wooden desk in the upstairs office, the room empty apart from a couple of unused filing cabinets and cork boards.

He shuffles through some pages, torn from the books which sit nearby. They look old -- worn and dirty, singed at the edges. He studies them with some reverence.

Then: his head SNAPS UP.

As we WIDEN, we see UNION standing opposite.

TROTSKY
Stone the bleedin' crows.
(beat)
I didn't call for you.

UNION
I'm ready to begin.

TROTSKY
Good.

Trotsky shuffles the pages and slides them inside his coat, then stands.

TROTSKY (CONT'D)
You look well.

UNION
My strength grows by the moment.

TROTSKY
You know what you have to do?

UNION
I do.

Trotsky stares at him. Union is unmoved.

TROTSKY
Was there something else?

UNION
Your species is fascinating to me.
I... didn't expect to enjoy myself.

TROTSKY
You're not bloody here to "enjoy
yourself".

UNION
Of course. I am still acclimatising
to your language. I apologise.

TROTSKY
You're doing just fine, sunshine.
Now...

Trotsky moves around the desk and places his left hand on Union's left shoulder.

TROTSKY (CONT'D)
Let's get to work.

Union closes his eyes and bows his head, almost showing Trotsky the same reverence Trotsky showed the pages.

EXT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

A two-storey white brick building, flanked on both sides by car parks filled with police cars and regular vehicles.

A LARGE CROWD has formed outside, with queues spilling out of the main entrance. Lots of MURMURED ANGER and occasional shouts of "when are gonna sort it out!" and "whole place is falling apart!"

The CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT (60s, bushy eyebrows, tall and slender) pushes his way out of the entrance, flanked by a couple of UNIFORMED CONSTABLES.

He climbs up onto a small step to get a perch over the crowd.

CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT

Everybody, everybody... we want to thank you for your patience in what is a very stressful and unusual time. We're doing our best, folks. We want to appeal for further calm. We're trying to get to the bottom of this, and--

ANGRY GUY

Not trying hard enough!

DISTRESSED WOMAN

My son committed suicide!

OLD WOMAN

And my Larry!

ANGRY GUY

A car crashed through my bloody window. The bloke was off his head. It's mayhem!

The voices of the Chief Superintendent and the crowd become a low HUM as we focus on one member of the crowd -- a dead-eyed, EMOTIONLESS MAN in his 30s.

No expression at all. A blank slate.

TILT DOWN to see a BRICK gripped in his hand.

WIDE ANGLE

The voices return to full volume, as the crowd's anger grows.

The Chief Superintendent holds his hands up, appealing for calm. Not getting any.

CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT
 Please, please, I know you're all
 scared, but I can assure you my
 constables are on top of this--

The Emotionless Man steps forward through the crowd until he
 finds a space -- and we now see he's in a police uniform.

He hefts the brick up. THROWS IT.

SCREAMS ring out.

The brick soars past the head of the Chief Superintendent,
 narrowly missing him, but then SMASHES through a window.

The Angry Guy SHOVES the Emotionless Man.

ANGRY GUY
 What the hell are you doing?!

The Distressed Woman, tears in her eyes, SLAPS the Angry Guy.

DISTRESSED WOMAN
 Don't you dare touch him! He's an
 officer of the law!

ANGRY GUY
 I'll do what I bloody well like!

The crowd's voices raise, more SHOUTS and SCREAMS as little
 pockets of pushing and shoving break out.

Another SMASH punctuates the noise. People turn to see a
 RIOTING YOUTH using a pipe on a police car window.

The Angry Guy leans down and plucks out a loose brick from
 the same wall the Chief Superintendent is stood upon, and
 launches it through another window. SMASH!

The murmur of the crowd becomes a ROAR, as the pockets of
 shoving turn outward, kicking vehicle lights until they
 SMASH, others freeing more bricks to hurl.

UNIFORMED CONSTABLE #1
 Sir, we need to get you out of
 here.

CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT
 (shouting)
 This is not acceptable!

UNIFORMED CONSTABLE #1
 Sir!

The Angry Guy and a handful of THUGS bare down on the Chief
 Superintendent, their faces overcome with rage.

As they grow ever closer, we CUT TO:

INT. JAKE'S CAR [MOVING] - MORNING

Jake drives. The sound of HELICOPTERS can be heard overhead. He leans forward to peer through the windshield -- spotting two choppers soaring through the sky.

EXT. CCTV MONITORING CENTRE - MORNING

Jake's car pulls up outside of a nondescript brick building in the centre of the city.

He hops out and walks over to a guy leaning against a wall outside having a cigarette. He's early 40s, short curly hair, tall and lean, wearing smart-casual attire. His wrists are covered in a collection of charity bracelets.

This is CRAIG DANZIG.

CRAIG

Nice motor. Who'd you blow to get that one then?

JAKE

"Power Hour" money went a long way.

CRAIG

You're the only one I'd do this for, Walker.

JAKE

Good to know somebody can penetrate your cold German heritage.

Craig grins. He stubs the cig out on the wall and flicks it away, then leads Jake through the propped-open fire door.

INT. CCTV MONITORING CENTRE - CORRIDOR - MORNING

Craig leads Jake down a long, dimly lit corridor, past a large series of windows which look into the main control centre, which is filled with monitors displaying CCTV feeds from throughout London.

A handful of TECHNICIANS keep their eyes on the screens.

Jake can't take his eyes off the control centre as they pass by -- various screens displaying some of the chaos happening in the city at this very moment.

Fires. Destruction. Riots. It's all kicking off.

INT. WALKER MANSION - BEDROOM - MORNING

Michelle sits in a chair beside the bed, where SAM sleeps. She has her head in her hands.

MICHELLE

I'm not validating you by responding. It's not happening. You can talk all you want.

And then ANOTHER MICHELLE steps around the bed and takes up a position right behind her.

ANOTHER MICHELLE

What's the matter, got something better to be doing than chatting to me? Maybe another explosive front page story about cats that needs your attention?

Michelle puts her hands over her ears.

ANOTHER MICHELLE (CONT'D)

It's all gone wrong for you, Michelle. You might as well give in. End it all. Your parents would be disgusted. If they weren't dead.

MICHELLE

La la la la, you're not real, you're not real.

ANOTHER MICHELLE

Didn't you have a dream once? Oh yeah, write for the Guardian. Or maybe the Telegraph. It didn't matter, did it? You just wanted to see your name on a big story. Now what? You'd be lucky if they even let you write about the opening of a lift.

MICHELLE

(singing)

Just in your head, just in your head, all of this is just in your head.

Sam stirs. His eyes flutter open.

SAM

(weak)

Wh-- who are you talking to?

MICHELLE

Sam!

SAM

Is someone else there?

MICHELLE

I was just singing. Trying to soothe you.

SAM
Well... don't.

Sam sits up. Bleary eyed. He pinches the bridge of his nose.

SAM (CONT'D)
I feel like I've been asleep for a
decade, what--

As his eyes open he catches a familiar sight -- ANOTHER SAM
standing across the room. He freezes.

ANOTHER SAM
Morning, princess.

MICHELLE
What is it?

SAM
(not looking away)
I need more pills.

ANOTHER SAM
Can't get rid of me that easily. Or
are you really that thick?

MICHELLE
You seeing him again?

SAM
(clenched teeth)
Yeah.
(beat)
What about you?

MICHELLE
I'm fine.

SAM
(turns to her; stern)
Michelle...

MICHELLE
(sighs)
Yes. Incessantly.

Michelle looks across the room, where her doppelgänger is
sitting atop a chest of drawers.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
I'm not sure how much more I can
take of this.

Sam grabs the glass of water sitting on the bedside table and
HURLS it across the room. It SMASHES against the wall, right
where Another Sam was previously standing...

...but now Another Sam is standing right behind Michelle. Grinning inanely. Taunting him.

INT. MINISTRY OF DEFENCE - LOBBY - MORNING

High arches and marble floors. SUITED OFFICIALS walk around the spacious lobby space, their footsteps CLOPPING.

Keika moves into the lobby and approaches a SUITED MAN sat in a small seating area. The man stands and walks over to meet with Keika.

The suited man is late 50s, "carrying a bit of timber", stern, hardened -- looks like he'd happily stab someone with an ice pick for spilling his pint. This is FRANK MCKINNON.

Keika nods pleasantly as they shake hands.

KEIKA

Frank.

FRANK

Good to see you again, Keika.

Keika nods. Never giving anything away.

FRANK (CONT'D)

It's bloody chaos out there, mate. Nobody can get a grip on what's going on.

Frank cracks his knuckles. A nervous tic.

FRANK (CONT'D)

We're already down fifty percent of our workforce. At this rate it'll just be me left running the whole bloody unit. We've got no plans in place. No redundancies.

KEIKA

Even after the... event.

FRANK

Yeah. Bollocking zombies. You'd think that'd kick the bastards up the backside. But no, we got no support. Nothing we proposed got through their thick heads. Absolute tossers. Our unit has no funding, no support.

KEIKA

I came to you for information.

FRANK

Fat chance there, pal. We're blind.

KEIKA

Then why meet?

Frank pulls out a manilla folder from inside his suit and hands it to Keika.

KEIKA (CONT'D)

What's this?

FRANK

It's a contract. We're in need of a few good men, Keika.

KEIKA

But, I--

FRANK

We need you, mate.

Keika looks down at the folder. Flips it open. Lots of documents with official Government stamps.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You can take a momen--

KEIKA

I need a pen.

Frank smiles as he hands over a pen. Keika rushes to sign each page. Frank's grin widens, knowing he was right to call.

INT. CCTV MONITORING CENTRE - BOOTH - MORNING

The booth is a cramped, four by four room. A window looking into the adjacent control room is obscured by venetian blinds, and the window in the door behind them is also covered by blinds.

Jake stands behind Craig, who uses a mouse and a joystick to click through various CCTV feeds, winding to different timestamps at a speed Jake can't comprehend.

JAKE

Bit good, this.

CRAIG

Some of us have actual skills, mate. Not just looking good on camera.

JAKE

That's a skill.

CRAIG

Here.

The monitor displays footage of Sam's van sitting outside of Banner's flat. Union comes flying through the air and slams onto the van's bonnet, then rolls off.

Another van pulls up, and Trotsky's goons pile out.

JAKE
Freeze it there.

Jake leans in to take a closer look at the van. The license plate is blurry.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Can't you make it clearer?

CRAIG
Another flipping CSI viewer. Jake, read my lips here -- you cannot create pixels that don't exist. What's in the picture is all that's in the picture.

JAKE
Fat lot of good you are.

CRAIG
Oh, my friend, you have a lot to learn. Let the master work.

Craig keys something into the computer via a keyboard, causing a square box to appear around the van, then starts to wind forward the footage. The screen jumps between different cameras, each one picking up the van as it drives.

JAKE
I will never doubt a geek and his tools.

THROUGH THE BLINDS

we can just about peek all of the control centre monitors going to STATIC.

BEHIND JAKE

through the blinds hanging over the door's window we see the fire exit door EXPLODE OPEN at the end of the corridor.

Jake's head snaps around. A couple of Trotsky's ARMED THUGS surge through the smoke left from the explosion.

INT. CCTV MONITORING CENTRE - CORRIDOR - SAME

A pair of expensive shoes step over the rubble into the corridor. We MOVE UP the man's frame until we come upon Trotsky, his thick-rimmed glasses perched on his nose.

TROTSKY

Destroy the control room. Kill everyone. Not a single soul left alive. I want this city dark, alright? If you don't comprehend my words, sod off back to your mother's warm embrace.

(beat)

Move!

The thugs raise their guns and head up the corridor, past the windows, towards the control centre doors.

INT. CCTV MONITORING CENTRE - BOOTH - SAME

Jake locks the booth door and pulls the blinds shut.

CRAIG

What the hell is going on out there?

JAKE

Keep working!

CRAIG

But--

JAKE

Do it!

Craig furrows his brow, then reluctantly turns back to the computer screen.

INT. MINISTRY OF DEFENCE - LOBBY - SAME

Keika ducks into a quiet corner, phone pressed to his ear.

KEIKA

(into phone)

He is there?

JAKE (V.O.)

(filtered)

Plus a couple of his finest hired goons.

GUNFIRE rings out in the background of the call.

Keika snaps his fingers, beckoning Frank over.

KEIKA

(into phone)

Keep your head down.

(to Frank)

Mobilise the troops.

Frank nods. Pulls out his phone.

INT. CCTV MONITORING CENTRE - BOOTH - SAME

Jake is huddled below the door's window, back against it.

Craig leans over and peers through the blinds into the control room, as his screen continues to show the software tracking the van through London.

CRAIG

Jesus Christ, they're all dead!

JAKE

We're next if you don't keep your voice down.

CRAIG

What the hell is going on?!

JAKE

You've seen it. Chaos. Fire. Explosions. Maniacs. City is going to hell, and I'm the last line of defence.

CRAIG

God help us.

JAKE

Keep working. I need to get a weapon.

CRAIG

What the flip are you on about? This isn't a TV show, Jake. You can't go all Jack Bauer on them.

JAKE

No, it's alright. I had a good tutor. I can do this.

(deep breath)

I can do this.

He's convincing himself as much as he is Craig. He cracks the door open and leans around to peek out.

JAKE'S POV

One of the armed thugs exits the control centre and turns to head towards the booth.

Jake quietly pushes the door shut.

CRAIG

Change of heart?

JAKE
Change of plan.

Jake stands. Looks around the room. Not much to improvise with, except...

INT. CCTV MONITORING CENTRE - CORRIDOR - SAME

The armed thug approaches the booth door. Gun raised.

He uses the muzzle to nudge the door open. Craig is still sat at the workstation, back to the thug.

The thug raises his gun. Looks down the sight.

WHOOMPF!

An umbrella opens up in the thug's face, as Jake steps out from around the door.

The thug's gun is forced up towards the ceiling --

BLAM!

A bullet pierces the ceiling tile.

A shower of dust rains down.

Jake forces the umbrella in the thug's face. Blinds him.

He levels a right forearm into the thug's stomach.

Brings his right hand up to hold the thug's wrist.

Knees the thug in the groin. The thug doubles over.

Jake tosses the umbrella aside.

He knees thug in the face. The thug tumbles.

Jake grabs the fallen weapon. Aims it at the thug.

He spins the weapon. Jams the butt into the thug's face --

CRACK!

The thug's out cold.

Jake turns to see Craig sat at the workstation, watching his every move. Mouth gaped open. Eyes agog.

Jake just smiles.

JAKE
Like I said. Tutor.

CRAIG
 (shakes it off)
 Right... so, I've got the final
 location of the van.

JAKE
 Print off the address. We need to
 get out of here.

The printer whirrs and chirps as a sheet of paper is spewed out. Craig snatches it and leaps up, stepping over the thug's body to follow Jake as he moves through the door.

INT. CCTV MONITORING CENTRE - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Jake and Craig creep along the corridor, hunched over as they keep their heads below the line of windows.

INSIDE THE CONTROL ROOM

We can see Trotsky's men destroying equipment, as Trotsky paces the room, stepping over dead bodies as he goes.

EXT. CCTV MONITORING CENTRE - CONTINUOUS

Jake and Craig burst out of the fire exit, to find a DOZEN SOLDIERS, armed to the teeth, aiming guns in their direction.

Jake flings his weapon to the ground.

JAKE
 Don't shoot! Good guys!

Frank pushes his way past his men, flanked by Keika.

FRANK
 Clear the building, lads. I want
 this bastard alive.

The soldiers move around Jake and head inside.

JAKE
 Good to see you, mate.

Keika nods.

FRANK
 We got here as fast as we could.

JAKE
 Who the hell is this guy?

FRANK
 Frank McKinnon. Head of
 Unidentified Threats for the M.O.D.

JAKE
Unidentified Threats?

FRANK
Demons.

JAKE
Those stuffy bastards actually put something together?

FRANK
What you see is what you get. We've got less funding than a school fair.

KEIKA
Frank is an old friend.

Jake offers Frank his hand. Frank accepts.

JAKE
Well, any friend of Keika's.

A shell-shocked Craig pokes his head in.

CRAIG
Can someone please tell me what the flipping hell is going on here?

Frank clicks his fingers. One of the remaining soldiers leads Craig away.

FRANK
Go with this gentleman. You'll be taken care of.

Craig can't get a word in edgeways as he's led into an awaiting truck.

JAKE
We got him, Keika. We got him.

KEIKA
It is not over.

A soldier leads Trotsky out of the building, hands bound behind his back, explosions of crimson up his previously crisp suit.

The other soldiers follow them out -- no prisoners.

KEIKA (CONT'D)
(muttered)
Trotsky.

Jake turns to Keika.

JAKE
You know this arse?

A beat, then:

KEIKA
I used to work for him.

Off Jake's look of surprise, we CUT TO:

INT. WALKER MANSION - BATHROOM - DAY

Sam dunks his head into a basin filled with water. He holds that position for an agonisingly long time...

...until he finally rips himself out, water splashing everywhere. Sam rubs his eyes. Opens them to see --

Another Sam, standing behind him, reflected in the mirror.

SAM
Stop it! Stop that sound!

ANOTHER SAM
Look at you. So pathetic. You really thought putting your head in there would make it all go away? You're stupider than I thought. I'm disgusted to look like you. What do you even offer the team? Expert popcorn maker? Biggest mouth?

SAM'S POV

The bathroom is awash with colours, all attacking his senses.

A constant BUZZ fills the background.

His vision swirls nauseatingly.

CLICKS and TONES punctuate everything Another Sam says.

Sam rifles through the drawers, tossing aside useless lotions and potions, cotton balls and combs.

ANOTHER SAM (CONT'D)
What are you hoping to find? Your dignity? Probably wont be in there.

Sam grabs a pair of nail scissors.

ANOTHER SAM (CONT'D)
Go on. Swallow them. I dare you.

Sam holds the scissors up by his ear, clasped in his fist, shaking violently -- as if a battle of wills is taking place.

ANOTHER SAM (CONT'D)
 Oh, even better. Bleed to death all
 over this mug's marble floors.
 They'd love you for that. You'd
 even be a nuisance when you're
 dead.

Sam stares into the mirror, piercing through his own gaze.

Fist shaking, scissors agonisingly close to his ear.

CRASH! From the other room.

The noise shakes Sam out of it. He slams the scissors down on
 the counter and runs out.

INT. WALKER MANSION - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sam runs in to find Michelle unconscious on the floor, her
 eyelids fluttering uncontrollably.

His head snaps across the room, where ANOTHER MICHELLE
 casually strolls out.

SAM
 Jesus... I can see her... I--

Sam puts his hands on Michelle's shoulders.

SAM (CONT'D)
 Michelle? Michelle?!

Another Sam appears behind Sam.

ANOTHER SAM
 Brilliant, you couldn't even save
 her. Absolutely useless.

SAM
 (to Michelle)
 I'll fix this. I'll come back for
 you.

But Sam is focused. Able to ignore the hallucination. He
 leaps up and sprints out of the room.

EXT. LONDON - DAY

We INTERCUT between various scenes of RIOTING and VIOLENCE
 throughout the city as a cavalcade of news reports play over
 the top of everything:

MALE REPORTER (V.O.)
 We've never seen rioting on this
 scale in London before.
 (MORE)

MALE REPORTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Pockets of looting have grown into whole boroughs of mob rule.

A GANG OF YOUTHS push shopping carts filled with televisions along a street.

FEMALE REPORTER (V.O.)

With just two years to go until the London 2012 games, this city has a lot to answer for.

FOOTBALL HOOLIGANS storm out of a shopping centre carrying bundles of clothing.

RADIO PRESENTER (V.O.)

I've never seen anything like this. We've seen suicides on a mass scale, violence breaking out in previously peaceful neighbourhoods, all under the blue hue of the mysterious orb in the London sky. Social disorder, brought about through lack of structure and guidance. Those that need help aren't getting it, and those that demand it can only make their feelings heard through destruction. The criminal element is taking advantage of the chaos. Ordinary people have changed overnight.

A COLLECTION OF STUDENTS in their late teens use baseball bats, cricket bats, lead pipes -- anything they can wield as a weapon -- to SMASH storefronts and vehicles.

INT. JAKE'S CAR [MOVING] - DAY

Jake drives, Keika in the passenger seat. Frank sits beside Trotsky in the back. Through the window behind them, we see a convoy of black Land Rovers tracking them.

KEIKA

I never met him. He was just a name.

JAKE

The boss, huh.

Jake peers up at the rear view. Trotsky's face fills it.

KEIKA

Campfire stories.

Frank sneers at Trotsky.

FRANK

Doesn't look so tough to me. Come on. Entertain us with one of these stories.

TROTSKY

Shut your mouth, you grimy little toad. You're nothing to me. Worthless. And when I have my time in power, the first thing I'll do is have you and your men sent to the dirtiest, smelliest little hole in the ground I can find.

JAKE

Well he's bloody charming.

TROTSKY

This country has been led too long by people who can't even claim to call themselves men. It's time for a change. And I'm just the right sort of bastard to do it.

JAKE

What's he on about?

Trotsky just sneers, and turns to look out of the window.

EXT. TUNNEL - DAY

The convoy turns a corner and heads into a long tunnel. As they get about halfway through, a CROWD OF PEOPLE spill out from around the edges of the far end, filling the exit.

The convoy grinds to a halt.

INT. JAKE'S CAR [STOPPED] - SAME

Jake and Keika peer through the windshield, baffled by the sudden mass of bodies in their path.

JAKE

What is this?

KEIKA

Trouble.

Frank turns to see another ARMY filling the other end of the tunnel. They're trapped.

EXT. TUNNEL - SAME

CLOSE ON the crowd. All dead-eyed shells. Emotionless.

And then they PART -- allowing Union to walk through.
He takes his place about ten yards in front of them.

INT. JAKE'S CAR [STOPPED] - SAME

Jake pounds his fist on the steering wheel.

JAKE
That's the wanker. Union.

Keika pulls a gun from under his jacket. Checks the magazine.

TROTSKY
I'd holster that, if I were you.

FRANK
Shut up.

Frank PUNCHES Trotsky around the face, knocking his glasses clean off. Trotsky sneers. Spits out some blood.

TROTSKY
You'll regret that.

JAKE
(to Keika)
What do we do?

TROTSKY
You better let me go, sunshine, or things are going to get very nasty.

Frank pulls a radio from his belt and holds it to his mouth.

FRANK
(into radio)
This is McKinnon. Disperse the crowd, whatever it takes.

Jake looks over his shoulder.

JAKE
Are you sure that's wise?

FRANK
We don't negotiate.

Jake turns back. Shoots a glance at Keika, whose stony exterior shows hints of cracking.

EXT. TUNNEL - SAME

Frank's soldiers spill out of their Land Rovers, aiming their weapons at the crowd ahead.

SQUARE-JAWED SOLDIER
 We're ordering you to clear a path,
 or we will open fire.

The crowd stays in place. Arms down by their sides. Their hands all turn in unison, palms facing the soldiers.

SQUARE-JAWED SOLDIER (CONT'D)
 We have the authority to shoot.
 Move out of the goddamn way.

A BEAD OF SWEAT drops from the forehead of one of the younger soldiers. A few of the men share glances -- are they really about to open fire on a group of innocents?

Then: the crowd's palms all start to fill with a WHITE GLOW.

SQUARE-JAWED SOLDIER (CONT'D)
 You've got ten seconds!

White particle streams seem to flow between the crowds palms, then INTO Union.

YOUNG SOLDIER
 Jesus Christ...

FEMALE SOLDIER
 What do we do?

YOUNG SOLDIER
 Bollocks!

Young Soldier's finger twitches on his trigger.

Union waves a hand in the Young Soldier's direction --

-- and sends him SOARING across the tunnel!

He THUDS into the wall. Drops to the cement with a crunch.

Out cold.

The Female Soldier instinctively fires -- BLAM!

CLOSE ON UNION

The bullet STOPS right in front of his face.

It hovers for a beat, then:

It MELTS and drips to the ground.

Union pushes a palm forward, which sends the Female Soldier FLYING into one of the vehicle's windshields -- SMASH!

Union holds his palm out flat, arm extended in front of him.

Square-jawed Soldier aims his rifle. Looks down the sight.

Union flashes his palm upwards, which sends the Square-jawed Soldier hurtling up towards the roof of the tunnel, where he stays pinned to the ceiling.

INT. JAKE'S CAR [STOPPED] - SAME

Jake, Keika, Frank and Trotsky watch as Union balls his hand into a fist -- which causes the Square-jawed Soldier to fall from the sky and land on the concrete with an agonising THUD.

FRANK
He's killing them!

JAKE
We can't stop him. He's getting stronger.

Frank pulls out a small pair of clippers from his belt.

FRANK
I've had enough of this.

He reaches behind Trotsky and cuts through the wrist bind.

TROTSKY
Good choice, sweetheart.

Trotsky leans down and retrieves his glasses. Slides them back on, then opens the door.

KEIKA
This is not over.

Trotsky completely blanks him. Steps out of the car.

Jake, Keika and Frank watch through the windshield, as Trotsky joins Union, then walks through the parted crowd.

The crowds disperse around the corners, vanishing from sight.

JAKE
Gun it, Keika. Let's follow them.

KEIKA
That may not be wise.

FRANK
I've got a better idea.

Frank gets on the radio once more.

FRANK (CONT'D)
(into radio)
Chopper seven, this is McKinnon.
What do you see?

EXT. LONDON - SAME

Flying high above the scene, a chopper cuts through the sky.

AERIAL SHOT

Hundreds of people pouring out in all directions like ants escaping a nest, Union and Trotsky lost in the crowds.

CHOPPER SEVEN (V.O.)
(filtered)
There's too many of them! Target
lost, target lost!

EXT. TUNNEL - SAME

Jake, Keika and Frank stand beside Jake's car, listening to the message coming through Frank's radio.

JAKE
Son of a bitch!

Jake SLAMS the car door shut -- which causes the window to SMASH, splintering into a million pieces.

Keika and Frank look at Jake. Frank raises an eyebrow.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Don't know my own strength...

Keika and Frank run over to check on the fallen soldiers, while Jake stares down at the glass.

He looks at his palms. A look of worry on his face as he clenches his fists, the veins seeming to pop more than usual.

INT. SAM'S WHITE VAN [MOVING] - DAY

Sam drives frantically, bags forming under his eyes. Hair a mess. Lips chapped. He looks like hell.

He steers with one hand while popping some pills from a blister pack with the other. He tosses the pills into his mouth, then swigs back some bottled water.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

We see an expensive-looking vintage car about thirty yards in front, all red and shiny.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

The vintage car pulls up on a dirt road adjacent to a vast piece of land -- all fields and crops -- with a large barn situated in the middle of it all.

"Another Michelle" steps out of the vintage car. She hurdles a fence and starts the walk over to the barn, joining about a HUNDRED OTHER PEOPLE making the trek.

We PULL BACK to see dozens of other cars are parked on the dirt road.

Sam's white van pulls up. He steps out. Looks around at the scene. He puffs his cheeks, then hurdles the fence and continues on.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Trekking across the field, Sam keeps his eyes focused on the back of Another Michelle's head.

The people on either side of him at dead-eyed, emotionless, blank slates. Sam spots their demeanour, and tries to replicate it. Blending in.

EXT. MINISTRY OF DEFENCE - DAY

An establishing shot of the imposing, white-bricked, 10-storey building. The London Eye is visible over the tree line to the far left hand side.

INT. MINISTRY OF DEFENCE - PLUSH OFFICE - DAY

Frank sits in front of a desk. Jake rifles through a mini fridge until he plucks out a bottle of alcohol. He cracks it open and drinks right from the bottle.

He paces over and slumps down in the tall leather chair behind the desk, taking the position of boss.

FRANK

I wouldn't sit there.

JAKE

I don't care. This is all your fault.

FRANK

How is this our fault?

JAKE

Fine. Your bosses' then. No foresight whatsoever. No plans, no knowledge, no clue. Unidentified Threats? Bollocks.

He knocks back another swig. Shudders at the strength.

FRANK

Maybe you should look in a mirror.
Where did you go after the
infection, huh? We wanted to
debrief you, but you vanished.

JAKE

This isn't my job.

FRANK

Well you certainly seemed to know
what you were doing.

Keika pokes his head through an adjacent doorway.

KEIKA

You need to see this.

Frank stands. Exit stage right. Jake takes another shot from
the bottle, then plonks it down on the desk. He wipes his
mouth with the sleeve of his jacket. Sighs.

INT. BARN - DAY

Union stands on a platform in the centre of the barn,
surrounded by hundreds of his flock. More of the white
particle streams flow through them and into Union.

INT. RECEPTION - DAY

Jake, Keika, Frank, and the handful of other employees all
watch a television screen mounted to the wall.

ON THE SCREEN

The Prime Minister appears. A special announcement. He stands
behind a podium in front of 10 Downing Street.

PRIME MINISTER BARR

Ladies and gentlemen of the press.
The people of London, and of the
United Kingdom. I will be taking no
questions. I have only one
announcement to make.

(beat)

As of this moment, I am handing
over power of Government to Mr
Trotsky.

Cameras FLASH. A murmur from the crowd gathered off screen.

The Prime Minister steps aside, and Trotsky takes his place
behind the podium. He adjusts the main microphone to his
height, then looks directly into the camera.

TROTSKY

This is what it has come to. Our country has degenerated. Our ideals have become a distant memory. Pain has replaced hope. For too long you've put your faith in so-called intelligent men and women. You are sheep, and you have been led to the slaughter by these grinning carcasses. Well no more.

INTERCUT with the faces watching: Jake, Keika, Frank.

TROTSKY (CONT'D)

You have been craving a new way, and I am going to give it to you. We will restore peace to the streets, however we can. Anyone that fights back will feel the full force of The Great Union.

INT. BARN - SAME

The flow of white light turns RED as it moves into Union.

EXT. BARN - SAME

Sam slinks out of a side door while everyone's attention is focused on Union. He whips out his mobile and makes a call as he runs across the field.

INT. RECEPTION - SAME

Jake answers, as the others stay fixated with the TV.

JAKE

(into phone)

Sam? Are you seeing the news?

INTERCUT between Jake and Sam.

SAM

(into phone)

More pressing matters here. Michelle's been cloned.

JAKE

What are you blabbering about?

SAM

She was hallucinating a copy of herself, just like I was. I found her unconscious, and the double was... there. Alive. Flesh.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

I followed it to some barn in the middle of nowhere. Jake, there's thousands of these things, and they're all feeding some kind of energy into that Union bloke. It's like some sort of creepy cult.

(thinks; then)

An army.

JAKE

You saw him? Union?

Sam hurdles the fence and clambers into his van. He peers through the window to see Union's followers all pouring out of the barn.

SAM

Yeah. But I don't think he'll be here for much longer. Just juicing up.

JAKE

We need to go back to the start. It's the only way to figure out how to stop this thing.

SAM

Back to the start?

Sam cranks the van into high gear and speeds off, the van kicking up dust as he goes.

JAKE

Your friend's brother. The first victim. What Union did to him... there must be a reason he experimented on him.

SAM

Now that you mention it, impromptu brain surgery is a bit weird.

JAKE

Go talk to the pathologist that did the autopsy. Maybe they found something important. I'll send Frank and some of his men to back you up. Make sure you're safe.

SAM

Who the hell is Frank?

JAKE

Right. He'll explain everything. I need to go.

SAM

Where are you going?

JAKE

To follow a lead from a friend.

ON THE SCREEN

Trotsky and the PM shake hands, then Barr leads Trotsky into 10 Downing Street with his arm around his shoulder.

EXT. LONDON - DAY

A gang of HOODIES exit a liquor store, baskets filled with as many bottles as they can carry.

They stop in their tracks, faced with a HOARD of Union's army, all dead-eyed and emotionless.

LEAD HOODY

Got a problem?

(beat)

Move, you twats!

One of the hoard steps forward. Waves a hand -- which sends the lead hoody hurtling through the air!

He SMASHES into a windshield, leaving a mangled carcass.

The hoodies drop the baskets and scurry off down the street in all directions.

We PUSH THROUGH the hoard until we find ANOTHER MICHELLE.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

CLANK! The entrance swings open to reveal Sam and Frank on the other side. Frank holds a crowbar in one hand and a padlock in the other.

SAM

I could get used to you.

FRANK

Let's find the case files.

Sam and Frank move around the office area, which is separated by a plastic curtain from the autopsy area.

They paw their way through filing cabinets and drawers.

Sam moves over to the computer. He clicks the mouse a few times, until:

SAM

Password protected.

He taps at the keyboard, brow furrowed.

SAM (CONT'D)
Well, it's not "password",
"password123", or "Diagnosis
Murder".

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)
(stern)
Can I help you?

Sam and Frank crane their necks to see a FEMALE PATHOLOGIST.
She's late 30s, Indian, soft features but a hardened stare.
This is DOCTOR MIRANDA MISHRA.

Frank moves over, hand extended. Miranda fumbles with her
clipboard so she can shake.

Frank leans in to read her security badge:

FRANK
Doctor Miranda Mishra. Nice to meet
you. My name's Frank McKinnon, I
work at the M.O.D.

SAM
My name's Sam Dylan. I work in a
Hawaiian-themed cocktail bar.

DR MISHRA
You're with the government?

FRANK
We're here on a matter of the
utmost urgency, Doctor.

DR MISHRA
You didn't have to break in, Mr
McKinnon.

SAM
I said we should ask nicely.

DR MISHRA
I really don't have the time or the
energy to argue with you. Is this
about the chaos out there?

SAM
Absolutely.

DR MISHRA
I've never seen anything quite like
it. Ever since that first one...

She moves over to the desk and drops the clipboard down.

SAM

Josh Meyer? I knew him. His brother was a mate in school. He's not taking it well. He saw it all.

FRANK

What do you mean you've never seen anything like it? Like what?

Dr Mishra fishes inside her lab coat pockets until she finds a cereal bar. She unwraps the top, takes a bite, then uses it as a pointing stick to gesture towards a nearby skeleton.

DR MISHRA

The brain releases certain chemicals called neurotransmitters, which control things such as mood. The chemical balance in your friend's brother's brain was way off normal levels.

SAM

Would the levels you're talking about... would they be enough to cause hallucinations?

DR MISHRA

That may be a side effect for some, yes. The levels have varied in the subjects I've tested.

FRANK

Suicides?

Dr Mishra nods solemnly.

SAM

Can we... fix it? Normalise them? Inject other chemicals in to get the balance right again?

The doctor squints. Considers this for a beat. Then:

DR MISHRA

It's possible, I suppose. Drugs such as Prozac are used to regulate serotonin levels.

SAM

So we just need to find the right drugs?

DR MISHRA

You can't just go around injecting people with random drugs, hoping for the best. It would require extensive testing, and--

SAM

I'll do it.

FRANK

Whoa whoa whoa, hold on there, kiddo. You're not suggesting the doc pumps you full of drugs and crosses her fingers, are you?

Sam's attention is taken by something across the room.

SAM'S POV

Another Sam, standing at the doorway, waving back.

SAM

(forceful)

Experiment on me.

Dr Mishra reaches into her desk drawer and pulls out a small plastic cup. She hands it to Sam.

DR MISHRA

The easy part.

Sam snatches the cup and darts into an adjacent toilet.

Frank moves over to Dr Mishra.

FRANK

You really think this could work?

DR MISHRA

I already have some idea on what could be used to regulate the levels. Luckily the drugs required are fairly common. We have a supply here.

FRANK

But will it work?

DR MISHRA

In any other instance I would suggest months of controlled testing.

FRANK

You're not answering me, Doctor.

DR MISHRA

I think that's all the answer you need, Mr McKinnon.

Dr Mishra gives Frank a weary smile, then heads out.

INT. ABANDONED GARAGE - DAY

Jake crouches to shimmy under the main garage door. He checks a crumpled piece of paper, looking around the property.

JAKE
Thank you, Craig.

He slides the paper back into his jeans pocket as he clammers up the metal staircase leading to the upper level balcony which runs around the perimeter, looking over the garage floor below.

INT. ABANDONED GARAGE - SECOND FLOOR OFFICE - DAY

Jake rifles through some filing cabinet drawers, plucking out random sheets of paper and then tossing them aside.

He moves over to the desk and flicks through old, antique books, some of them with charred edges. Their covers marked with odd symbols and ancient writing.

Jake's eyes widen as he reads through them.

JAKE
Son of a bitch.

THUG (O.C.)
Hey!

Jake looks up to see one of Trotsky's BURLY THUGS standing at the doorway. He's startled by Jake's presence, and can only fumble as he reaches for a gun holstered at his shoulder.

Jake tosses a book at the thug's head. He swats it away.

The thug draws his weapon --

BLAM!

We TRACK the bullet as it pierces through air in SLOW MOTION.

Jake sees the bullet coming.

LEANS to one side.

The bullet ZIPS PAST. Splits one of his hairs in two.

TIME RESUMES as Jake vaults over the desk with one hand.

He leaps up. Grabs the upper doorframe.

Swings forward. KICKS the thug with two boots to the chest.

The thug tumbles back. Over the railing.

He lets out a distressed cry as he falls, until:

THUD.

Jake breathes a sigh of relief. He cranes his neck to see the bullet hole in the wall behind.

He looks down at his hands. Clenches them into fists.

Shaking off the moment, he picks up the book he threw at the thug and quickly scampers down the stairs.

INT. TELEVISION SCREEN

Footage of the riots. A logo for "ABC News" in the corner.

AMERICAN ANCHOR (V.O.)
Chaos on the streets of London.
Unexplained phenomenon sends
England's capital into disarray.

INT. TELEVISION SCREEN

Footage of the Prime Minister and Trotsky outside 10 Downing Street. A logo for "France 24" in the corner.

FRENCH ANCHOR (V.O.)
(in French; subtitled)
Nobody is quite sure who this man
is, or whether the transfer of
power is in any way legally
binding, but the fact is the Prime
Minister of England is attempting a
staggering, unparalleled action.

INT. TELEVISION SCREEN

Amateur, shaky-cam footage of Union's dead-eyed clones attacking a group of looting youths. Logo for "Canal 24 Horas" in the corner.

SPANISH ANCHOR (V.O.)
(in Spanish; subtitled)
What we're seeing here has shocked
and baffled the world. Who are
these people, and how did they come
to receive such powers? If you're
just joining us, here's everything
we know so far...

INT. 10 DOWNING STREET - PRIME MINISTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Trotsky sits behind the huge oak desk in the opulent space, feet perched on top, smoking a Cuban cigar.

A government BUSY-BODY bursts into the office. Prim and proper, finest suit, briefcase in hand. He slams the briefcase down on the desk.

BUSY-BODY

You're out of control! You can't do this. You can't. We have a way of doing things here, with parliament and with government, not one-man-rules-the-world. I understand that the city is in chaos, and everybody is struggling to cope with it all, but whatever deal you've done with the Prime Minister does not stand. It's not legal. I won't let you sully the good name of 10 Downing Street.

TROTSKY

Have you quite finished?

BUSY-BODY

I'm not scared of you.

TROTSKY

Listen here, you irrelevant wash cloth of a man. I'm in charge now, and we're doing things differently.

BUSY-BODY

I won't let this--

TROTSKY

Sod off.

Trotsky pulls out a revolver from under the desk.

BUSY-BODY

No!

BLAM! The busy-body crumples to the floor.

One of the dead-eyed male clones enters from a side door.

TROTSKY

Listen here, right. I don't know if you've gone a bit mutton, but I said no more flunkies in my office.

The clone just stares ahead. No emotion.

TROTSKY (CONT'D)

Get him out of here, Doris.

The clone shuffles over, grabs the busy-body by the ankles, and drags him out.

Trotsky gets on the office phone. Dials.

TROTSKY (CONT'D)

(into phone)

I've had a few thoughts about the flag. I've never been a fan of the red, white and blue.

Trotsky grins as he puffs smoke rings from his cigar.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

Sam sits on a gurney, rubbing a bandage around his arm. Frank prowls nearby. He cracks his knuckles.

SAM

So what's your deal? How'd you know Keika?

FRANK

We served together for a spell. Back when Keika was all about king and country.

SAM

Guess I should thank you. Fighting for our freedom, and all that.

FRANK

If you pull this off, let's call it evens.

Sam rubs his bandage some more.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Don't do that.

SAM

It stings. I've been poked, prodded, scraped, investigated and inspected for the last two hours. How many more tests can she run?

Dr Mishra pushes her way through the plastic curtain. She reads from a clipboard.

DR MISHRA

It's as you suggested. Your results appear to perfectly match what I've been seeing from previous patients. You're an ideal candidate.

SAM

So...?

Dr Mishra reaches into her coat pocket and pulls out a syringe, currently with its protective cap on.

DR MISHRA

I've made you a little cocktail.
Nothing too harmful. Deramciclane,
a trace amount of Prozac, a few
other bits and bob--

SAM

The more I know, the worse I feel.
Just do it, doc.

She pops the safety cap off. Squirts a jet of liquid into the air. Flicks the tube. Sam offers her his other arm.

DR MISHRA

Clench your fist into a ball for
me.

Sam complies. She rubs the crevice of his arm with her thumb, then positions the syringe in place.

DR MISHRA (CONT'D)

I don't know if either of you are
religious, but--

SAM

Oh God.

Sam grimaces as the syringe pierces the flesh. He grips onto the gurney with his other hand, steadying himself.

DR MISHRA

How do you feel?

Sam's eyes flutter. His head wobbles.

SAM

Hmmm. That's... juicy.

He topples forward. Frank catches him, propping him upright.

FRANK

Whoa there...

SAM

Thank you, Susan.

SAM'S POV

The room spins, as if he were on a roundabout. Every so often we catch a glimpse of Another Sam standing across the room.

Then: Another Sam evaporates into a cloud of blue gas.

Dr Mishra pulls out a small torch and checks Sam's eyes.

DR MISHRA

Talk to me, Sam. How are you
feeling?

SAM
I'm going to need penguin of this.

DR MISHRA
Excuse me?

SAM
More. More of the pokey tube. More.
For others. For Michelle.

Dr Mishra smiles.

DR MISHRA
I'll create a larger batch.
(to Frank)
Start with smaller doses, then add
more if it has no effect.

FRANK
I hope this works.

SAM
I feel excellent. Excellent! No
more other me. All good. All
circus. Can we?

DR MISHRA
No heavy machinery.

FRANK
I'll keep an eye on him.

Frank nods. Dr Mishra heads out. Frank lays Sam down on the gurney, Sam's eyes flitting all over the place.

SAM
(singing)
Did you ever know that you're my
heroooo.

FRANK
Buy me drinks, then we'll talk.

Frank checks his watch. Cracks his knuckles. Paces.

INT. WALKER MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Keika kneels beside Michelle, who is out cold on the sofa. He pushes a strand of hair away from her eyes.

Frank bursts in, carrying Sam in his arms.

FRANK
He weighs the same as my little
girl.

SAM
(slurring)
You've got a pretty nose.

He dumps Sam down onto another sofa.

FRANK
How is she?

KEIKA
Still.

Jake runs in, out of breath. He holds the old book above his head, triumphantly.

JAKE
You should've seen me. I was
like... I was Alexis Power.

FRANK
Who?

JAKE
It was brilliant. I killed a guy.

SAM
Murder! Woo!

KEIKA
What happened, Jake?

Jake circles the room, adrenaline pumping, can't stand still.

JAKE
I tracked down where Trotsky's base
of operations are. And that's where
I found this.

He holds the book in two hands, presenting it to them.

JAKE (CONT'D)
I know where Trotsky got his plans
from.

Keika stands. Approaches Jake. His eyes widen.

KEIKA
Wesker's journal...

JAKE
That's right, friendo.

SAM
I'd love a Freddo, thanks.

FRANK
Wesker? Who is Wesker?

JAKE

Right. Before your time. Long story told quick... he was this bloke that could travel between universes on a whim. He kept a journal of all the weird stuff he encountered. Demons, magic, spells, languages... everything. One day, this prat called Niklas Cole got his hands on the book, and used the contents as inspiration to create The Power Hour. He had no idea these things were real. Niklas managed to create a rift between universes, and all these things started to spill through. More and more rifts opened, chaos ensued, and we end up with bollocks like zombies and blue globes floating in the sky.

FRANK

I see.

JAKE

Point is, Trotsky got his hands on the ruddy thing, and now he's channelling some dark mojo.

Michelle stirs. Grumbles under her breath.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Michelle!

MICHELLE

Do you all have to talk so bloody loud?

She rubs the crevice of her arm, which has reddened.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

What did you do?

KEIKA

Sam and Frank found a doctor. She created an antidote.

MICHELLE

An antidote?

FRANK

We've all injected ourselves. The symptoms have stopped.

Sam sits up, rubbing his forehead.

SAM

No more doubles.

FRANK

Jake, you should have one.

JAKE

I feel fine. I haven't seen any doubles or had any hallucinations or been on Mr. Toad's Wild Ride. Actually, I feel amazing. Super-strong. Super-fast.

Jake does a slow motion Baywatch run across the room, then leaps over the coffee table.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Look at me go!

SAM

I think he's been injecting something fruitier.

(beat)

Keika, what about you?

KEIKA

I've seen the other me. I just ignored him.

SAM

You are so ruddy stoic.

KEIKA

(nods)

Self-control.

Sam GROANS. Holds his head in his hands.

SAM

Oh God, here comes the migraine.

FRANK

I suggest everybody sits for a half hour. I'll get some water.

Frank moves into the adjacent kitchen. Michelle holds her head. Pinches the bridge of her nose.

MICHELLE

This is a nightmare.

JAKE

It's okay, love. Take it easy. You're gonna be okay. Maybe I could give you a Swedish massage?

MICHELLE

Oh bollocks, put me back into the coma.

Michelle stands. Takes a deep breath.

Jake flexes his muscles, admiring them.

Everyone shoots glances at each other, wondering what the hell is up with him.

EXT. LONDON - DAY

The Michelle clone walks down the middle of a street, BURNING CARS and WAILING SIRENS behind.

And then: POOF! She BURSTS into a CLOUD OF BLUE SMOKE, which filters up into the sky, merging with the blue globe.

EXT. CROSSROADS - DAY

Somewhere in the middle of the city, Union stands at the centre of an intersection. Eyes closed. Arms wide.

His eyes SNAP OPEN.

INT. WALKER MANSION - KITCHEN - DAY

Sam enters to find Jake frying a couple of steaks.

SAM

The drugs just hit Frank. He's currently fascinated by the Magic Roundabout and stuffing his face with Pringles. Should snap out of it in a few.

Jake plates his steaks, grinds some pepper, then starts eating them with his hands, caveman style.

SAM (CONT'D)

What's going on with you, Jake?

JAKE

(through mouthfuls)
I don't know. Lots of energy. Need nourishment.

SAM

Maybe we should address you Jean-Claude Van Damme-ing a guy off a balcony...

JAKE

Keika's training. I picked up tricks. Lots of tricks.

SAM

Super strength and bullet dodging amongst them?

JAKE

Cardio, weights, yoga. All good. I need eggs. And bacon. And eggs.

SAM

You said eggs.

Jake strides over and grips Sam by the shoulders, his greasy fingers wiping on his shirt.

JAKE

I'm stronger, Sam. I can feel it. I can kick arse.

SAM

Maybe we should give you one of the injections. Just in case.

Jake gives him a gentle slap around the face and jogs over to the fridge. He pulls out a gallon of milk, flips off the cap, then starts to chug. Sam raises an eyebrow.

INT. WALKER MANSION - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Frank sits in front of the television watching the Magic Roundabout, legs crossed.

Keika sits at the main table at the far end of the room, checking the magazines in a series of handguns.

Michelle flicks through the pages of Wesker's journal. A lot of the pages have been ripped out, and some are charred.

Sam and Jake enter.

SAM

Find anything?

MICHELLE

I don't know. Maybe. There's something here about harnessing a great power, and the word "union" pops up a couple of times, but it looks like all of the good stuff has been torn out.

KEIKA

Trotsky.

SAM

He must be keeping the juicy details close by.

KEIKA

He would not leave anything important to chance.

JAKE

We need to get those pages. It's the only way we can figure out how to send Union back to whatever parallel dimension he came from and stop this madness.

They all look to Jake.

SAM

And how do you propose we do that?

MICHELLE

Let me guess. He wants us to storm 10 Downing Street, fist-fight our way past all of Union's devoted subjects and Trotsky's armed thugs, and then just 'Oceans 11' the pages out of there, right?

A beat.

JAKE

Yes.

MICHELLE

Alright then. Just so we're clear.

INT. WALKER MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

"London Calling" by The Clash plays on the SOUNDTRACK.

The gang, including a now back-to-reality Frank, circle around a map of Whitehall and the surrounding area, including 10 Downing Street.

INT. WALKER MANSION - BEDROOM - DAY

Jake stands in front of a full length mirror, adjusting the tie on his finest suit.

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICES - DAY

Michelle sits at her messy desk. A prompt on the computer screen says there are 101 missed e-mails.

She pulls out an expensive CAMERA from a drawer and unhooks a PRESS PASS from a stand on the desk.

EXT. THE ISLAND - DAY

Sam wheels out a crate from the alleyway which runs alongside the building where the bar is located.

INT. SAM'S WHITE VAN [PARKED] - SAME

Keika straps on a double shoulder holster, guns perched in each one. He pulls on a jacket to cover them.

He spots Sam in the rear view mirror and hops out the van.

INT. MINISTRY OF DEFENCE - WAR ROOM - DAY

Frank stands at the end of a long table. A handful of SUITED MEN sit at the far end, listening intently, as Frank gestures wildly. The suited men nod.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Keika drives, now wearing sunglasses. Jake in the passenger seat. He removes a handkerchief from the suit pocket and dabs his forehead.

KEIKA

Nervous?

JAKE

No. Confident, actually. Just feels a little hot in here.

KEIKA

Ready for the spotlight?

JAKE

I am.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

we can see the gates of Downing Street. ARMED POLICE posted either side.

EXT. DOWNING STREET - DAY

Keika winds down the window. One of the policemen approaches - and now we get a closer look, we can see tattoos all over his neck. A scar runs up his cheek.

GUARD WITH SCAR

(opposite of friendly)

What do you want?

KEIKA

We want to see Trotsky.

The guard narrows his eyes. He pulls out a walkie-talkie and places it to his mouth.

GUARD WITH SCAR
 (into walkie-talkie)
 Front gate. Need confirmation.

We CIRCLE AROUND the van, move DOWN THE STREET, to find

SAM

at the front of a nearby building. He wears overalls. Leans on the crate he took from The Island.

A FUSSY WOMAN (50s, short blonde hair, glasses) looks him up and down as she reads a clipboard.

FUSSY WOMAN
 Can't let you in without I.D.

Sam unclips a security pass from his belt and shows her.

The fussy woman narrows her eyes... then reluctantly steps aside to allow Sam entrance into the large opening.

INT. DELIVERY BAY - CONTINUOUS

Sam wheels the crate inside, and the shutter falls behind him. The delivery bay is filled with stacks of other crates and boxes.

Sam places a finger to his ear.

SAM
 I'm in. Nice pass, Frank.

FRANK (V.O.)
 (filtered)
 Don't hang around.

SAM
 I feel like I'm in an episode of
 Hustle.
 (beat)
 Michelle, you in?

EXT. DOWNING STREET - DAY

Michelle is lead up the street by one of Trotsky's men. Her press pass and camera hang from her neck.

A gaggle of REPORTERS and CAMERAMEN wait across the road from 10 Downing Street.

Michelle takes up position amongst the press, blending in.

MICHELLE
 (finger to ear; quiet)
 In position, brown fox.

SAM (V.O.)
 (filtered)
 Which one of us is brown fox?

The limousine pulls up outside of 10 Downing Street. The cameras FLASH. Jake steps out. Waves at the cameras.

Keika moves around and shuts the car door, then escorts Jake into 10 Downing Street.

MICHELLE
 I can't believe that worked.

FRANK (V.O.)
 (filtered)
 Trotsky is curious. And he's on his own turf. That was the easy bit.

INT. 10 DOWNING STREET - LOBBY - DAY

Jake and Keika enter the opulent lobby. Plush carpets, paintings on every wall, and a black cat which PURRS as it strolls past.

JAKE
 Well at least someone is happy.

Jake and Keika follow one of Trotsky's men through the lobby, past a couple of dead-eyed clones standing guard either side.

INT. 10 DOWNING STREET - HALLWAY - DAY

Jake and Keika are lead through the hallway, past a KITCHEN, to an office door at the end.

Trotsky's goon pushes the door open, to reveal Trotsky sitting at the desk on the other side.

Jake and Keika walk through.

INT. 10 DOWNING STREET - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

This isn't the same suite Trotsky was in before. This is a slightly pokier affair.

TROTSKY
 Gentlemen.

JAKE
 Not as grand as I'd imagined.

TROTSKY
 I would've invited you to the PM's personal office, but some silly tosser made a right mess.

Trotsky gestures for Jake and Keika to sit.

TROTSKY (CONT'D)

How are you enjoying the change, boys? In the space of a few hours my army have brought peace back to the streets.

JAKE

I've seen your peace. Looked a lot like war to me.

Jake and Keika take their seats opposite.

TROTSKY

A little violence was required. We started the fires so that we could be seen to put them out.

JAKE

What's he doing to them? Your friend, Union.

TROTSKY

He's quite something, ain't he, boys? That thing in the sky... he calls it his "voice". Though I don't think the translation is quite as accurate as he'd like. It gets inside your head. Messes with all the chemicals inside, and all that smarty-pants science bollocks. Some people can't hack it, and they commit suicide. The rest... the voice envelops them. Infects them. Strips their soul from their body and makes it solid. Only, the thing is... they're his. They belong to him. He controls them. A union.

(beat)

And he belongs to me.

JAKE

This is madness.

TROTSKY

No, this is progress.

JAKE

You can't change the way our country works in a day. You just can't.

TROTSKY

Have you ever heard the story of the psychologist and the monkeys, Mr Walker?

Trotsky's eyes move between Jake and Keika, but they stay on Keika for longer each time. Keika stares back, unflinching.

TROTSKY (CONT'D)

A man put five monkeys into a large Perspex box. Inside the box -- a ladder which lead to a basket of bananas hanging from the roof. Whenever a monkey tried to climb that ladder, the rest would be sprayed with an acidic jet of water which singed their flesh. Pretty soon they learned that climbing the ladder was a bad idea.

JAKE

Is this going somewhere?

TROTSKY

One day, the psychologist removed one of the monkeys and placed a new one into the box. The new monkey's first instinct was to climb the ladder to retrieve the bananas. Straight away, the other four monkeys pulled him down and beat the shit out of him until he got the message: climbing the ladder is bad news. And they didn't even need the acidic spray.

Trotsky takes a puff from his cigar.

TROTSKY (CONT'D)

One by one, the psychologist changed the monkeys, until all five in the box had never experienced the spray. He placed another new monkey into the box, and all five pounced on him whenever he even dared go near the ladder.

JAKE

So?

TROTSKY

If those monkeys could talk, the new one would surely ask "why did you all attack me?" To which the others would reply, "that's just the way we do things around here".

Jake lets out a wry smile. Shakes his head. Trotsky grins.

TROTSKY (CONT'D)

We've become accustomed to this way, Mr Walker.

(MORE)

TROTSKY (CONT'D)

Nobody challenges the status quo.
It's time for a change.

JAKE

And if people resist?

TROTSKY

Pretty soon they'll all have
learned, and I won't need to use
the stick anymore. This is just the
first step. Union will spread.
Create more followers.

JAKE

Followers? Is that your idea of
free will? Brainwashing half the
country and hope the rest don't
fight back?

TROTSKY

It would be easier if everybody
fell in line, but that's the thing
about humans... they're all wired a
little different. So, for now,
we'll take control of the weak and
make them strong. Those that resist
will meet the force of my army.

JAKE

This isn't order, this is chaos.

TROTSKY

Maybe we could do with a little
chaos, Mr Walker. Just look at the
economy. Crime. Education.
Government is a lumbering dinosaur,
just waiting for its extinction
event.

(arms spread wide)

And here I am.

Jake stands. Keika does too.

JAKE

I'm not going to let that happen.

TROTSKY

You dozy prat. What are you going
to do? Act me to death?

Trotsky gestures, and a couple of the dead-eyed clones filter
in through the door.

TROTSKY (CONT'D)

Curiosity got the better of me, Mr
Walker. I wanted to see what you
had to say.

One of the clones puts his hand on Jake's shoulder.

TROTSKY (CONT'D)

More importantly, I wanted to see what Mr Radebe had to say. I'm disappointed. This was a waste of my time.

Keika just grins. Trotsky raises an eyebrow -- and then his eyes widen. He can sense something is about to happen.

Keika spins on the spot.

Clasps the nearest clone's arm and TWISTS.

Forces the clone down to one knee.

Keika pulls out a syringe.

Jams it into the clone's neck!

The clone tumbles to the floor. As it hits -- it dissipates into a BLUE CLOUD OF SMOKE.

TROTSKY (CONT'D)

Well don't just stand there, kill them!

Jake grabs the nearest clone by the wrist. Leans forward.

HURLS the clone through the office window -- SMASH!

KEIKA

Good.

JAKE

Cardio. Weights. Yoga.

They turn to see Trotsky remove a handful of pages from inside his suit pocket.

TROTSKY

Kasadu, ahu. Kasadu!

In a blast of white light, Union appears across the room.

Keika strides toward Trotsky.

Union waves a hand.

Keika hurtles across the room!

He THUDS into the wall.

Union turns to Jake. Jake turns to Union. Ten yard staring contest. Union pushes a palm forward --

but Jake doesn't budge.

Union waves his hand.

Jake stands in place.

JAKE

Looks like your ancient mojo
doesn't work on me, princess.

Union cocks his head.

Jake CHARGES!

He wraps his arms around Union's waste and rugby tackles him.

They hit the wall with an almighty CRASH.

Plywood and plasterboard splinters.

Bricks tumble.

Dust clouds explode.

Trotsky scampers out of the room, Wesker's pages clasped in his hand.

INT. 10 DOWNING STREET - KITCHEN - SAME

Sam wheels the crate through the empty kitchen. He grabs a crowbar and wedges it open, the side panel CRASHING to the floor, to reveal

FRANK

huddled inside, holding a tranquilliser rifle.

Frank climbs out. Cracks his back.

FRANK

That was a barrel of laughs.

SAM

Next time you push the bloody
crate. I had to go through about
eight-hundred corridors to get
here.

A COUPLE OF CLONES enter, responding to the noise.

Frank opens fire -- PFFT PFFT!

Darts thud into the clones' torsos.

The clones crumple to the floor, and as they hit their bodies EXPLODE into a cloud of blue smoke.

FRANK

That went better than expected. I thought the drug cocktail was meant to knock them out?

SAM

Don't look a gift horse, etcetera. Come on.

Sam scurries off. Frank follows.

INT. 10 DOWNING STREET - OFFICE - SAME

CLANK! Jake is sent soaring into a set of filing cabinets. He lands to the floor with a THUD.

He wipes a trickle of blood from his nose.

JAKE

(smirks)

Ready to give up yet.

Union stands across the room -- the previous tackle leaving a Union-shaped dent in the wall.

Union strides forward. Looms over the prone Jake.

Jake kicks out at Union's shin.

The bone CRACKS.

Union looks down. His ankle juts out at an angle.

He looks to Jake.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You should see someone about that, pal. Looks nasty.

Union leans down. Grabs Jake by the scruff of his neck.

INT. 10 DOWNING STREET - OFFICE - SAME

Jake comes CRASHING through the wall into the adjacent office, leaving a mess of bricks and plaster. He GROANS.

JAKE

Okay, that one hurt.

Union steps through the hole in the wall, over the rubble.

Jake shuffles back.

Union looms over.

Jake reaches out, scrambling to bring something -- anything -- to hand.

His head snaps to the side as his hand finds an object -- an old cricket bat which has fallen from a smashed display case.

Jake swings the bat at Union's broken ankle.

CRACK!

Union falls to one knee.

Jake kneels. Swings the bat at Union's head.

THWACK!

Union's head snaps back into place.

Looks into Jake's eyes.

Into his soul.

INT. 10 DOWNING STREET - SECOND FLOOR LANDING - SAME

Frank moves across the upstairs landing. Another clone exits from an adjacent room. PFFT! A dart impacts into his chest. He explodes into a blue cloud.

One of Trotsky's thugs runs down a nearby corridor.

BLAM! A bullet impacts the wall beside Frank.

He ducks around a corner.

The thug enters the landing to find Frank.

Frank steps out. SLAMS the butt of his rifle against the back of the thug's head.

He stumbles forward. Leans against the bannister.

Frank walks over. Grabs him by the belt.

FRANK

I've got a message for your boss.

Then HAULS him over the balcony!

INT. 10 DOWNING STREET - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Frank enters the room. Rifle raised. Eyes searching every corner, every hiding place. He's about to leave, when:

FRANK

Wait.

Frank spots the smashed vase across the room. And the wardrobe door slightly ajar.

He moves over. The door creaks as he opens it.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Jesus!

Frank whips off the blanket to find the unconscious Prime Minister hidden beneath.

Frank pops the cap off a syringe. He jams the syringe into the PM's neck.

INT. 10 DOWNING STREET - HALLWAY - SAME

Trotsky scampers down the hall.

A boot sticks out from the kitchen door. Trotsky TRIPS.

THUD!

Wesker's pages explode out of Trotsky's hand, fluttering through the air.

Sam exits the kitchen. He runs over and starts to collect the pages in his hands, stuffing them into his pockets.

Trotsky gets to his hands and knees. He spots the dead body of the thug that Frank threw over the balcony -- and his gun laying nearby.

Trotsky scuttles across the floor and grabs the weapon.

Sam freezes in place as Trotsky aims.

BLAM!

An explosion of crimson covers Sam.

Trotsky falls out of frame, to reveal

KEIKA

standing at the entrance to the office down the hall, a smoking gun in his hand.

Keika strides down the hall and stands over Trotsky's body.

BLAM!

He puts another bullet in the back of Trotsky's head.

KEIKA

For king and country.

INT. 10 DOWNING STREET - OFFICE - SAME

Union has Jake by the neck, gripped in his hand, pushed up against the wall, choking the life out of him.

In the background, Keika's gunshot: BLAM!

Union releases his grip.

Jake falls to the floor.

UNION
No. My summoner.

JAKE
Alright... I'll accept your
forfeit.

UNION
I must reclaim control of the union
for myself.

Union WAILS like a banshee, as his body turns into a stream of BLUE PARTICLES and dissipates THROUGH the ceiling.

Jake's eyes widen.

JAKE
I'll leave you to it then.

Jake clammers to his feet and hobbles out through the hole in the wall.

INT. 10 DOWNING STREET - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Frank carries a groggy Prime Minister Barr down the stairs into the corridor which joins the lobby.

Jake, Keika and Sam wait in the lobby area for them.

JAKE
You found him?

FRANK
I knew the real PM would never turn
over our country to that bastard.

SAM
We good to go?

KEIKA
Do you have the pages?

Sam pats the chest of his overalls.

PRIME MINISTER BARR

This is all very sexy. Who are you?
And you? Is this my surprise party?

JAKE

I think we better get him somewhere
safe until the drugs wear off.
There are still people from
Trotsky's army around here.

Frank holds a finger to his ear.

FRANK

Now, Michelle.

EXT. 10 DOWNING STREET - SAME

All of the assembled press watch in amazement as a blue cloud evaporates from the top of 10 Downing Street and into the sky, joining with the blue globe hovering above.

Michelle runs over to the limo and clambers into the passenger seat. She reaches into the glove compartment and pulls out a FLASH BANG GRENADE.

MICHELLE

Sorry, lads.

She tosses it out of the window, then rolls it up.

BANG!

An extreme blast of light and noise disorientates the crowds, including the nearby armed guards.

Jake, Sam, Keika, Frank, and Prime Minister Barr exit 10 Downing Street and sprint to the limo. They pile in.

One of the armed guards gets his bearings. Pulls a gun.

BLAM! BLAM! Bullet holes dent the limo's frame, as the car SCREECHES into life.

The limo speeds off down the street -- SMASHING through the iron gates at the far end.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

The limo pulls up in the quiet alley, away from prying eyes.

INT. LIMOUSINE - SAME

Frank helps the Prime Minister out of the car. The vile sound of VOMITING can be heard in the background.

Keika grips the steering wheel, looking right ahead. Sam, sitting behind him, clasps his hands on Keika's shoulder.

SAM

You did good, mate. He had to be put down.

Keika is unmoved.

Jake flips through the handful of pages, trying to match them up with Wesker's book.

JAKE

Why didn't Wesker put a bloody index on this thing.

Michelle pokes her head around the seat.

MICHELLE

There, there, go back.

Jake matches up one of the pages with the torn spine. The page has a picture of a cloaked figure, particle streams circling them as they hover above the ground. Jake reads the scrawl below the image.

JAKE

Looks like the key parts are in some variation of Sumerian.

SAM

What, you're a historian now?

JAKE

I don't bloody know. I can just... read it. Understand it.

MICHELLE

He doesn't know how to Sky+ Eastenders, but Sumerian? No problem.

SAM

Jake, what's happening to you?

JAKE

The Power Hour. It must be.

SAM

That sodding show. I've had it up to here--

JAKE

Something from Wesker's book. Something I said, a spell Niklas put into a script... something. It's affected me. Changed how my body reacts to Union's globe.

(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)

Instead of taking from me, it's putting something back. Some power.

MICHELLE

Can you stop it?

SAM

Does he want to stop it?

MICHELLE

Last time I checked, that blue thing is still up there. I don't think Union is finished... he's just lost his master.

SAM

Great, so he's gone independent now. Just what we need.

Jake runs his fingers over the text. They seem to SHIMMER as he does.

JAKE

Wussuru ina ilu. Wussuru.

SAM

Er, Jakey boy. Maybe you wanna stop reading the ancient language now...

JAKE

Wussuru ina ilu. Wussuru. Ina etuti asbu. Wussuru. Semu! Obey!

Jake's eyes go PURE WHITE.

SAM

Keika, say something.

KEIKA

He knows what he is doing.

JAKE

Wussuru ina ilu. Wussuru!

The floor RUMBLES beneath them.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Release the God! Release!

EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sam, Michelle and Keika step out. Brace themselves against the limo. Frank stands by Prime Minister Barr, who is still doubled over. They lean against the wall.

FRANK

What the hell is going on?

SAM
Just vanquishing ancient evils, the
usual.

We TILT UP to look at the blue globe in the sky, which starts
to CRACK and SPLINTER.

MICHELLE
It's working!

With a FLASH of light, Union appears beside the car!

He RIPS a door off its hinges and tosses it across the alley
with ease.

Keika reaches under his jacket with both hands and pulls out
his twin Sig Sauer P230 compact handguns.

He steps forward, unloading a barrage of bullets into Union.

Click click click... Keika squeezes the triggers, but they're
both empty.

He tosses the guns aside. Levels a right hook square around
Union's jaw.

Union's head snaps back. He grabs Keika by the shirt.

THROWS him across the alley.

Sam appears behind Union. Hefts a pipe like a baseball bat.

CLANG!

Smacks Union around the head.

Union falls to his knees.

Sam raises his arms triumphantly.

SAM
Michelle, did you see! I totally
levelled the bastard!

BEHIND SAM

Union rises.

MICHELLE
Sam!

INT. LIMOUSINE - SAME

Jake's hair has turned GREY. His voice turns to a GROWL:

JAKE
Wussuru ina ilu. Wussuru! Semu!
Obey! Release the God!

And the journal BURSTS INTO FLAMES.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - SAME

Union reaches for Sam's neck --

Then WALLS IN AGONY. He tumbles to the floor. Body convulsing. Hands clasped to his head.

Keika climbs to his feet.

KEIKA
He did it. Jake.

Union's body EXPLODES into a cloud of blue dust, then filters up into the sky.

Everybody looks up:

where the blue globe EXPLODES apart into a gas, dissipating into the sky, allowing the sun to break through.

The Prime Minister smiles as the rays bathe his face.

PRIME MINISTER BARR
I'm feeling much better now, many thanks.
(beat)
Now may somebody please explain what the bollocks is going on?

FRANK
All in good time, sir. My name is Frank McKinnon, and I'm with the government...

Sam leans into the limousine.

SAM
You did it, Jake. Whatever the hell that was, you did it.

No response. Sam leans in further.

SAM (CONT'D)
Jake? Oh shit.

Michelle rushes around to the other side. Clammers inside.

MICHELLE (O.S.)
Jake! Wake up, Jake! No!

The rest of the group surround the limousine, as we PULL BACK, floating up INTO THE SKY, viewing them from above, their voices fading into the distance.

FADE TO:

EXT. LONDON - DAY

A clear sky. Birds soar.

MALE REPORTER (V.O.)

A thorough investigation has been called following the dramatic events earlier this week.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

A couple of uniformed constables sweep up outside, aided by some plain-clothed bystanders. Everyone working together.

MALE REPORTER (V.O.)

Senior figures from several government institutions have been called in to help pull together information regarding the mysterious blue sphere that has since vanished, and the man known as Trotsky who is believed to be at the centre of everything.

INT. MINISTRY OF DEFENCE - LOBBY - DAY

Mounted to a wall, a list of the various departments sits, each one on a horizontal sheet of gold plating.

MALE REPORTER (V.O.)

The investigation is being lead by Frank McKinnon, an experienced combat veteran who had previously lead a small, inconsequential M.O.D. unit which has now found new funding.

A new sheet is slid into place:

DEPARTMENT OF UNIDENTIFIED THREATS

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

It's a beautiful day. Not a cloud or a globe in the sky.

A large collection of MOURNERS are gathered around a coffin.

A handful of SOLDIERS line up nearby.

CLOSE ON MICHELLE

Tears in her eyes. A tissue held to her nose.

PAN to Sam. His eyes red. Tired.

PAN TO Frank, chin held high.

PAN TO Keika, as stoic as ever.

And then finally...

PAN TO Jake, his hair still greyed, including his trademark beard and moustache. A cigarette hangs from his mouth.

CUT TO a large photo perched on a stand of a younger Detective Inspector Raymond Banner, his arm around the shoulder of a younger Michelle.

IN THE BACKGROUND

Another funeral is just ending. We notice Victoria and Paul Meyer leaving the scene. Paul nods and gives a little wave to Sam as they depart. Sam nods.

INT. WAKE - DAY

Jake, Sam, Michelle and Keika sit at a table, each with plastic plates piled high with sandwiches, pork pies and cocktail sausages.

In the background, the rest of the mourners mingle and chat.

JAKE

Just wish I could've seen that
arsehole Trotsky get his
comeuppance.

SAM

You were having fistycuffs with an
ancient evil. Pretty cool thing to
put on your CV.

JAKE

It was pretty cool.

KEIKA

I trained you well.

JAKE

Alright, don't take all the credit.

MICHELLE

I'm still not sure what that Union
guy got out of the deal. Being
controlled by some East End thug.

SAM
I think "being controlled" is the
key part, 'Chelle.

MICHELLE
I suppose.

JAKE
If I understood the book correctly--

SAM
He said that once about Harry
Potter.

JAKE
--Union gets his jollies from
studying people.

MICHELLE
Guess that's why he... you know.

Michelle bows her head. A solemn mood overcomes them.

JAKE
It was a good service, love.

MICHELLE
We've buried too many people.

SAM
Occupational hazard.

Keika stuffs a pork pie into his mouth whole.

SAM (CONT'D)
You enjoying that, mate?

Keika mutters through mouthfuls.

JAKE
It shouldn't be our occupation,
though. That's the point. It's my
fault for dragging you into this.

SAM
Yeah. It is.

Michelle digs Sam in the arm.

MICHELLE
Don't listen to him. I'd much
rather be doing this than taking
pictures of fancy cats for a
living. I mean... I'd love to have
told my dad that we saved the Prime
Minister's life. Know what he'd
say?

SAM

"What were you thinking, the man's an idiot"?

A COUGH from behind Sam. They all turn to see Prime Minister Barr standing right behind Sam.

SAM (CONT'D)

Sir! Mr Sir. Have you tried the egg and cress sandwiches? They're divine.

PRIME MINISTER BARR

I just wanted to thank you all again for your efforts.

MICHELLE

Oh, it was our pleasure, sir.

KEIKA

It was my honour.

PRIME MINISTER BARR

I'm... not quite sure what that was all about, but it's clear we're not prepared for whatever is coming.

Jake stands. Slips on his shades and stands beside the PM. He puts a hand on Barr's shoulder.

JAKE

That's what you've got me for, pal.

Jake heads over to the buffet.

PRIME MINISTER BARR

He's an odd duck, that one.

SAM

You don't know the half of it.

We switch angle to the other side of the room, as Jake strides towards us.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. MINISTRY OF DEFENCE - LOBBY - DAY

Jake continues to stride, this time along the expansive lobby, marble glistening beneath his feet.

He reaches a door at the far end marked PRIVATE.

He pulls out a security card and swipes it through a reader beside the door. The light flashes green.

INT. MINISTRY OF DEFENCE - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Jake paces the long, carpeted corridor, paintings of famous figures hanging on either side.

He swipes his security card through another reader.

INT. MINISTRY OF DEFENCE - STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

Jake skips down the spiral staircase. He reaches another door, which displays a name on the plaque:

Department of Unidentified Threats (D.o.U.T)

INT. D.O.U.T - CONTROL CENTRE - MOMENTS LATER

Jake stands on the balcony overlooking the control centre.

Dozens of monitors fill the far wall, with CCTV feeds displayed on each one.

The main area is covered in desks and workstations, each manned by WORKER BEES going about their tasks.

Jake waves as he spots CRAIG DANZIG giving orders to one of the drones. Craig waves back, loving his new job.

INT. D.O.U.T - WAR ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sam, Keika, Michelle, and Frank sit at one end of the long, stately table. Everything is mahogany. The walls are adorned with framed paintings of famous British figures. Churchill. Cromwell. Wilberforce. Atlee.

Jake enters. He sits at the far end. Head of the table.

Everyone stares at him.

Jake stares back.

He taps his fingers on the table.

Sam whistles.

Michelle checks her phone.

Frank cracks his knuckles.

Keika continues to stare.

Jake slams his palms down on the table. Everyone jumps.

Jake shrugs.

Nobody has anything to say.

After a long, long beat:

JAKE

Well, whose bloody idea was this?

SMASH TO TITLES:

CULT HERO: SIEGE OF THE VOICE

THE END