



BLACK SCREEN

Newcastle, England

FADE IN:

EXT. NEWCASTLE BACK STREETS -- NIGHT

A limousine drives through a working class area at a slow and steady pace.

The sound of a CORK POPPING is audible.

INT. LIMOUSINE -- NIGHT

Huge laughs as JONATHAN COLBY pops a bottle of champagne and foam goes everywhere. He's in his twenties, roguishly handsome and he knows it (we recognise him as the rider of the motorcycle from the previous episode).

His girlfriend, JODIE (early twenties, stunning and wearing a dress that could pass for a belt) can't stop giggling as he pours champagne sloppily into two flutes.

JODIE

You're not a Formula One driver,
you know, that stuff's not cheap.

Jonathan grins. And we'll henceforth know him as the nickname everyone calls him by: FLAME.

FLAME

Not to some.

He hands her a glass.

FLAME (CONT'D)

Besides ... a certain somebody's
single has just gone straight in
at number one, so I think a little
celebrating is in order.

JODIE

Like you need an excuse to crack
open the bubbly.

FLAME

True. An excuse is nice, though.

She laughs. They clink glasses and drink. Flame watches Jodie carefully. Sees her smile reflected in the contents of her champagne flute.

He turns away, bangs upwards onto the window connecting them with the driver. The divider lowers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIMO DRIVER (O.S.)
Can I help, Master Colby?

FLAME
Keep driving slow.
(eyes on Jodie)
We're in no rush, now are we?

LIMO DRIVER (O.S.)
Indeed not, sir.

The divider goes back up. Flame turns to Jodie.

JODIE
That sounds like a promise.

FLAME
How would you like some inspiration
regarding your next song?

She flashes a gorgeous smile as he leans in to kiss her.

EXT. TREMORS -- NIGHT

The flashing neon sign casts a flickering light down onto a queue stretched around a corner. Skimpy clothing for the ladies, plain t-shirt for the fellas, and plentiful amounts of exhaled smoke.

Welcome to the hippest nightclub in Newcastle.

The limo draws up and Flame and Jodie emerge, both getting amazed looks from the queue of punters. A fair bit of pointing and whispering ("is that him?"/"isn't that her, the singer?") follows them. Flame ignores it and Jodie looks like she's loving it.

JODIE
They're all staring.

FLAME
They're looking at you. It's you
causing the sensation in the video.

JODIE
(nodding)
The ginger twins are definitely
staring at you.

FLAME
(not looking)
Yes they are.

Jodie laughs again. They head for the door, Flame casually bumping past a MAN in a SUIT to get to the front first.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUITED MAN

Oy!

He lunges forward. Flame holds an arm out to hold him back.

FLAME

Keep walking, son. Don't want trouble now, do we?

The man FUMES, but the bouncers are casting evil looks in his direction. He walks away. Flame turns, greets the bouncer with a grin.

FLAME (CONT'D)

Evening Winston.

WINSTON (40s, heavysset) nods in greeting.

WINSTON

Mr Colby. Got the VIP lounge all set up for you.

Flame laughs.

FLAME

Good job, sir.

He hands Winston a few crisp notes as the latter opens up the rope, lets Flame and Jodie past.

Flame's aware of the crowd of punters still pointing and whispering. He turns and waves, looking arrogant - the royalty regarding the peasants with fake love.

INT. TREMORS - DANCE FLOOR -- NIGHT

Flame and Jodie step over a white line - led along by TWO LARGE BOUNCERS - and stride across a dance floor with tiles the flash a multitude of colours under the flickering ceiling lights. Jodie grins at Flame.

JODIE

You walk like you own the place.

FLAME

Only the freehold.

She rolls her eyes: *I might have known*. They move past the sweaty gyrations of the drunken congregation, and head up three steps to:

INT. TREMORS - VIP LOUNGE -- NIGHT

Replete with green lights, a beautiful couch and a glass wall behind them revealing an empty room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Flame slumps into the couch, hands a wedge of cash to Jodie.

FLAME
Get us some drinks, luv.

She grins and walks over to the bouncer to whisper an order into his ear.

Flame's eye drifts out across the dancefloor.

INT. TREMORS - DANCE FLOOR -- NIGHT

Flame and Jodie are at the centre of the dancefloor. They dance close together, her back to his front. Their movements leaving little to the imagination.

A few patrons watch in amusement. Most of the watchers either look envious of him or her, though.

Off to one side, the SUITED MAN from earlier sips a whiskey. Watching them. A moment. Then he takes a deep drink for courage and gets up, crossing straight to Flame and Jodie.

Flame spots him first, pulls away from Jodie. He spots the bouncers moving in and raises a hand, getting them to stay where they are.

FLAME
(to Jodie)
How about you get us some more drinks, eh?

He hands her more money and she heads off. Flame downs the last of his drink before looking the suited man in the eye.

FLAME (CONT'D)
Take it from someone who knows, mate: If you're after an autograph she doesn't sign them.
(beat)
Neither do I. Now piss off.

He claps the man on the shoulder, condescending. The suited man nods a little turns to the side - and then PUNCHES Flame in the face!

Flame reels from the blow, staggering back. He spits blood, then dabs his mouth with a handkerchief. He again motions for the bouncers to stay where they are.

Then he looks the man in the face. Makes eye contact.

FLAME (CONT'D)
Tell me, son.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLAME (CONT'D)

(beat)

Do you like fire?

The suited man stares at Flame with disdain.

SUITED MAN

(slurring)

You people ... you think you're
so big ... you're nothing but a
poser with a ... with a ... with
a crap haircut!

Flame wipes the blood from his mouth. Looks the man in the eye. And clicks his fingers.

P.O.V. SUITED MAN

as he looks down at his hands ... just as FLAMES begin flickering all over them, catching his arms. The man looks on in horror as the fire covers his body--

FLAME (O.S.)

(distorted)

Piss off.

The man staggers back and SCREAMS, flames covering his entire body! He falls to the ground, writhing in unimaginable agony--

FLAME

watches coldly, as do a lot of the other patrons. The man writhes on the ground - but he's not on fire. Everyone's wondering what the hell's going on.

Flame grins slightly. Turns back to see Jodie approaching with drinks. She looks at the man with a slight grin. Flame shrugs.

FLAME (CONT'D)

Hammered, what can I say?

Jodie giggles as she hands Flame her drink. They turn and head off back to the VIP area.

RACK FOCUS to reveal two familiar figures watching from the bar: ALEC WALKER and JACKSON BYERS.

They're dressed smartly, neither of them drinking, eyes on Flame and Jodie. They could pass for bouncers.

JACKSON

Him?

ALEC

Yep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACKSON
(exasperated)
This is the guy with all the
answers?

ALEC
Time will tell.

They continue to watch. The RING-RING of a phone takes us to:

INT. PHONE BOOTH -- NIGHT

BETH MCGINNIS is on the phone, waiting for an answer with a seriously worried expression and bloodshot eyes. She's 23, Irish, petite. Is wearing baggy clothes.

Finally:

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
(on phone)
You're late.

BETH
Please, Dominic, let them go. I
can help you. You know I can.

DOMINIC (O.S.)
It's too late.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

We focus on DOMINIC REESE. He's a tall mn, dressed in raggy looking clothes. His eyes are bloodshot. What we can see of the living room is presentable but nothing distinctive, this could be anywhere in the country.

DOMINIC
(into phone)
I am what I am. Nobody can change
that.

Pause. Then, with a note of regret:

DOMINIC (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Not even you,

INT. PHONE BOOTH -- NIGHT

Tears stream down Beth's face. Her expression showing growing horror. Like she knows what's going to happen next.

BETH
(quiet)
Don't hurt them.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

QUICK SHOTS of a family (HUSBAND, WIFE, TWO CHILDREN) tied up on the ground. Too quick to really make out what's going on. They're scared. Bleeding. Silent, as though trying not to draw attention.

Dominic looks down on them. FANGS PROTRUDE from his mouth. They drip with small traces of blood.

DOMINIC

(into phone)

We'll try this again later.

(beat)

Til next time, Beth.

He hangs up. Dominic lowers the phone back onto the cradle.

Then he LEAPS to the side like an animal, towards the family. We hear a CHILLING SCREAM.

BLACK OUT:

JONATHAN RHYNS MEYERS

MIRANDA RAISON

LEONARD ROBERTS

AND PHILIP GLENISTER

WALKER

“FLAME”
BY IAN AUSTIN

with

RUPERT PENRY-JONES

ALLISON DOODY

GUEST STARRING

JAMES MCAVOY

KEVIN WHATLEY

MARC WARREN

KATIE MCGRATH

PETER MULLAN

FADE IN:

EXT. NEWCASTLE -- MORNING

As the sun rises behind the Angel of the North. To establish.

INT. THE CORE -- MORNING

A pair of lift doors open. Alec and Jackson get off. They are greeted by:

EVE
You're late.

EVE CARNAHAN flashes them a disapproving little smile. She walks. They follow.

ALEC
Busy night. They mistook me for a bouncer. Had to cut a tense situation short.

EVE
(to Jackson)
And you?

JACKSON
The bartender mistook me for someone else. I got a few free drinks out of it.

Eve grins slightly again.

ALEC
Do you have the information for us on our esteemed Mr Colby?

EVE
Hence the reason I've been here since 6am.

The three of them make their way down the steps into the main body of the structure.

EVE (CONT'D)
Most of it's a matter of public record. He's the son of--

JACKSON
Noah Colby. Head of Colby Industries. We knew that.

EVE
Then as I'm sure you've seen, he's got a reputation as a playboy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEC

We had noticed, yes.

EVE

Supermodel girlfriends. Permanent tabloid stories. Bruce Wayne meets Pete Doherty.

ALEC

Should be on a T-shirt.

EVE

(grins at that)

He's trouble.

They stop in front of a whiteboard. In this case it's full of information about Flame: newspaper articles, his official background records, photographs. Scenes from his life.

EVE (CONT'D)

Flame's had the best education money can buy. Makes him one of the social elite, in with all the right sorts, but it appears he's rebelling against that. Fighting against who he really is.

She taps a newspaper article just as JOHN HENRY BOONE moves up to join them.

BOONE

Morning all.

EVE

When he was fifteen he got violently drunk in Oxford. Wound up getting his stomach pumped. His father sued the paper who reported the story. That was just the beginning. There's other stories about him, from the plausible to the downright ridiculous, including one in which he stole chemicals from a school lab, whipped up a batch of napalm and used it to burn down the science block.

BOONE

Sounds like a real charmer.

EVE

Apparently that was the origin of the 'Flame' nickname, but it seems he wears that like a badge of honour these days.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOONE

Like I said, charmer.

ALEC

What's he doing in Newcastle?

Eve taps another article. The headline reads: The heir arrives in Newcastle.

EVE

Noah Colby sent him here six months ago. Put him in charge of Colby Industries' North-East division, offices right here in town with a mandate to shake things up and start them turning a profit.

JACKSON

Let me guess. Colby Senior hoped his son would man up?

EVE

If that was the intention it didn't happen. He's been continuing with his hell-raising activities, causing trouble, getting reckless--

BOONE

And dating the singer from The Living Dolls.

(off their looks)

There's a copy of OK in the break room.

Alec laughs slightly at this.

JACKSON

Alright, so what's the catch?

(off Alec's look)

You didn't decide to investigate this cat for the fun of it, what's the catch?

A moment. Then:

ALEC

He can help us stop Edward.

As they all react to this:

BOONE

That's quite a leap.

JACKSON

Where did that come from?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEC

Mr Jones.

Which silences everyone. Jackson gives him a look.

ALEC (CONT'D)

The night Chloe was ... well, the night it happened he showed up right here. Gave me a talking to. Said there was a wider picture going on, something I was ignoring. He led me to Flame. Said he was the key to understanding this whole mess and stopping it.

BOONE

And you believe him?

ALEC

(shrugs)

He was right about the Siren.

JACKSON

Yeah, but Al--

ALEC

Flame snaps his fingers and a grown man falls down screaming that he's on fire for no good reason. Colby doesn't so much as bat an eyelid. There's something more to him than all this--

(re: whiteboard)

--would suggest. He's involved somehow, I'm certain.

Jackson and Boone exchange a look. Jackson sighs. Knows when Alec's made his mind up.

JACKSON

Okay.

BOONE

So what do you want to do about it?

Alec turns to Eve.

ALEC

Do we know of any connection between Colby Industries and Edward? Or Edward and Flame specifically?

EVE

Off the top of my head, no, but I can get on it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEC
Please do. And see if London can
throw anything our way.

Eve nods, and is about to move off until:

ALEC (CONT'D)
How's Chloe?

That gets Eve's attention. She turns to Alec. Is about
to answer when:

INT. THE CORE - INFIRMARY -- MORNING

CHLOE PARKER hastily packs a sports bag - clothes, gear,
bits and pieces. She's dressed in jeans and a scruffy
hooded top, and her face looks lined and shrunken, like
she hasn't slept for a good few days.

There's a clean surgical dressing covering the wound in
her neck.

Alec enters behind her. It takes a moment for her to
become aware of his presence. She stops packing. There's
an awkward beat. Neither wants to speak first.

CHLOE
Going to stand there all day?

ALEC
Wanted to see how you are.

Another long pause. Then:

ALEC (CONT'D)
Going somewhere?

CHLOE
(after a pause,
with feeling)
Home.

Alec approaches. She turns to face him, her expression
resolute.

ALEC
Do you think that's really the
best thing for you to do?

CHLOE
Right now? Yes.
(beat)
I can't be here, Alec, not after...
(beat)
I need a few days. Okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alec doesn't press. Chloe looks back at the sports bag, not wanting to look Alec in the eye.

ALEC
When will you be back?

A pointed silence. Chloe looks uncertain.

ALEC (CONT'D)
(gentle)
We can help you.

She turns back, looks him in the eye.

CHLOE
I don't need your help.

ALEC
Times like this you can't be on
your own--

CHLOE
Which is why I'm going. I need
to ... to think a few things
through.

ALEC
Chloe--

CHLOE
I don't need your help!

She looks like she regrets the snap instantly but doesn't say anything. She looks away.

ALEC
Hey, I understand...

CHLOE
No you don't. You can't.
(beat)
It happened to me. Not you.

Alec looks down, now looking guilty.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
I see him. When I shut my eyes.
(beat)
I just want to go back home, and
forget about all this nonsense
for a while. Okay?

Alec nods. Understands. She turns away, unsure of what more to say. Finally she picks up the bag.

ALEC
When will you be back?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The question Chloe was dreading. A moment to steel herself. Then she turns back to Alec.

CHLOE

I don't know.

And she starts to leave, moving past him and heading for the door.

ALEC

You don't have to do this.

She stops, but doesn't look back. Alec gives her a look that's almost pleading.

ALEC (CONT'D)

Running away won't solve anything.

CHLOE

Please, Alec, leave me alone.
I'll call you when ... when I'm
ready.

And with that she goes. We linger on Alec. His expression masking his hopelessness.

INT. THE CORE -- DAY

Later. Alec's stood up against a wall. He's deep in thought. Footsteps foreshadow the appearance of Jackson.

JACKSON

You okay?

It takes Alec a moment to notice Jackson's there. He looks up, immediately back to business as usual.

ALEC

We need to find Colby. Any
objection to trying the direct
approach?

JACKSON

(grins)

I was hopin' you'd say that.

The two of them turn and head for the exit.

INT. NEWCASTLE TRAIN STATION -- DAY

Bustling with passengers and commuters.

Chloe makes her way through the crowds and gets onto a train.

RACK FOCUS to reveal someone stood on an access bridge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Boone.

Watching her intently.

EXT. COLBY INDUSTRIES -- DAY

CLOSE on a sign by the door revealing the legend: COLBY INDUSTRIES.

PULL BACK and TILT UP to reveal the huge office complex, towering over the others. The size sends an important message.

DRAKE (prelap)
I'm not sure you understand, Mr
Colby. What we're asking for...

INT. COLBY INDUSTRIES - BOARDROOM -- DAY

Flame is sitting back on his swivel chair, tilted back almost horizontally, staring at the ceiling. Throws a tennis ball into the air. Catches it. Repeats. And shows no interest in the board meeting whatsoever.

DRAKE
Mr Colby?

FLAME
You know there are three basic
tensions that go through the mind
of someone attending a board
meeting?

SEVEN MEN sit around a table. Sharp suits, clean, and not at all amused by Flame. Opposite Flame at the other end of the table is DRAKE -- every humourless businessman ever rolled into one, and looks every inch of his fifty five years.

FLAME (CONT'D)
*Tension one is: "I wonder when
that pretty secretary in the short
skirt's going to drop her pencil
and pick it up again."*

The SECRETARY blushes, getting embarrassed glances from everyone present. Flame grins and she suddenly looks flattered.

DRAKE
Mr Colby--

FLAME
*Tension two is: "I should never
have had the organic curry for
dinner last night, I'm getting
(MORE)*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLAME (CONT'D)
*some worrying messages from my
 lower intestine."*

One corpulent-looking board member suddenly glances around shiftily. Flame ignores him completely.

FLAME (CONT'D)
 Tension three is: *"If Charlie
 paid for the lunch last week, Sid
 the week before and Ted the week
 before that, then that makes it
 my turn. Shit."*

That actually gets a few big laughs. Flame looks at Drake and grins.

FLAME (CONT'D)
 Isn't that right, Mr Drake?

DRAKE
 (angry)
 You're a joke.

Flame suddenly bolts forward, leaning over the desk and dropping the tennis ball down with a THUMP that makes a few people jump.

FLAME
 What sort? A pun? A play on
 words?

DRAKE
 Mr Colby--

FLAME
 A knock-knock joke? Any of these
 ringing a bell?

DRAKE
 How about someone who was put in
 charge as a figurehead, to smile
 and nod for the cameras and look
 pretty on television while those
 of us who actually know what we're
 doing actually run the company.
 What sort of joke would you call
 that?

FLAME
 You're angry because you run thins,
 yet I take all the credit.
 Perfectly understandable. Slight
 snag though: without my name,
 none of you would be in this
 fortunate position.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He stands up. Begins bouncing the ball off the ground.

FLAME (CONT'D)

My name means something. Nobody out there knows who you people are. So you should be thanking me.

Flame bows. The look on Drake's face says it all. He's had enough of this.

DRAKE

It's not your name. It's your father's.

Which stops Flame short. He catches the ball, doesn't bounce it again. Drake grins in triumph.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

Now listen to me--

FLAME

No. You listen to me. I might be a figurehead, to smile and nod for the cameras and look pretty on television. I might be a...

(grins)

A poser with a crap haircut.

(beat)

But just remember something. If I snap my fingers, you're all done from your jobs. Got it?

He bows again.

FLAME (CONT'D)

And now. I'll leave you gentlemen to your business.

He turns and walks out, bouncing the ball as he goes. Ignoring the eyes of death on his back.

EXT. ADJACENT ROOFTOP -- DAY

A TELESCOPE has been set up. A few corrections are made to the trajectory. Though the telescope we can see:

INT. COLBY INDUSTRIES - CORRIDOR -- DAY

Flame walks through the corridor. He bounces his tennis ball as he goes.

EXT. ADJACENT ROOFTOP -- DAY

The telescope tracks Flame every step of the way.

INT. COLBY INDUSTRIES - CORRIDOR -- DAY

Flame stands by a lift door. It opens. He quickly enters. Cuts a WOMAN short of entering.

EXT. ADJACENT ROOFTOP -- DAY

A small METAL STAND is set up.

INT. COLBY INDUSTRIES - LIFT -- DAY

Flame bounces the ball off the door as it slowly descends.

EXT. COLBY INDUSTRIES -- DAY

Alec and Jackson arrive outside the building. The former shoots the latter a look. This is the place.

EXT. ADJACENT ROOFTOP -- DAY

A SNIPER RIFLE is connected to the small metal stand.

INT. COLBY INDUSTRIES - LOBBY -- DAY

The lift dings. Flame steps off. Still bouncing his ball he strides along the marble tiles.

EXT. COLBY INDUSTRIES -- DAY

Flame steps out through the main entrance. Alec and Jackson cross to intercept him.

ALEC
Jonathan Colby?

FLAME
That's the name. Reporter? Cop?
Confused alcoholic?

Jackson nudges a confused Alec to the side. He speaks quietly, with authority.

JACKSON
We know what you are. What say
you come with us? No need to
make this into a scene.

Flame stares at Jackson. A portrait of bemusement.

EXT. ADJACENT ROOFTOP -- DAY

The sniper rifle is tilted down.

Through the lens, we can see Flame stood by Jackson.

EXT. COLBY INDUSTRIES -- DAY

Flame bounces the ball on the floor once.

FLAME
 Sorry boss. I don't deal with
 fans before lunch.

EXT. ADJACENT ROOFTOP -- DAY

The image comes into clarity through the lens.

EXT. COLBY INDUSTRIES -- DAY

Where Jackson looks like he'd happily punch Flame.

JACKSON
Fans?! We ain't no--

Alec turns his head sharply. Jackson notices.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
 Problem?

EXT. ADJACENT ROOFTOP -- DAY

An itchy finger nears the trigger.

EXT. COLBY INDUSTRIES -- DAY

Flame bounces the ball again just as Alec shoves him forward. They don't hit the floor, just move out of the way--

-- just as the ball bounces back up --

-- and EXPLODES as a BULLET slams into glass!

FLAME
 What the hell just--?!

Jackson grabs Flame, bundles him off down the street without a word.

We focus on Alec. He stares up at the rooftop.

EXT. ADJACENT ROOFTOP -- DAY

We catch a glimpse of the shooter. Fifties, tall, greying. British Clint Eastwood. Wears a sharp suit. And he FIRES TWICE MORE--

EXT. COLBY INDUSTRIES -- DAY

Alec brings up his hand and his eyes FLASH WHITE. He wipes his hand away, and the bullets change course and slam harmlessly into the road.

EXT. ADJACENT ROOFTOP -- DAY

The shooter (henceforth known as THE PROFESSOR) stands. Leaves the sniper rifle. He reaches into a suit pocket. Pulls out a small pistol. Runs for the stairwell.

EXT. SIDE STREET -- DAY

Round the corner from the Colby building. Flame is shoved towards a black car. He turns, wrests his way out of the grip and gets in Jackson's face.

FLAME

What the hell are you doing?

Jackson slams Flame against the car.

JACKSON

Get in. Don't ask any stupid questions.

Flame sees the look in Jackson's eyes. He gets in. Jackson looks up to see Alec running up. Without a word he gets into the driver's seat.

INT. BLACK CAR -- DAY

Jackson guns the engine as Alec gets into the passenger seat.

JACKSON

What we got?

ALEC

Trouble. Drive.

He does. Flame's eyes are on Alec.

INT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK -- DAY

The Professor runs over to a red car. Moves quick for a fifty-year-old. Gets in.

INT. RED CAR -- DAY

There's an electronic device. It's connected to a small keypad. We see a photograph on the dashboard. It shows Alec and Jackson's vehicle, replete with license plate.

The Professor enters it into the electronic device. A small map opens up. He puts a mobile phone to his ear.

THE PROFESSOR

I have them.

(beat)

They won't get far. It'll look like your average car crash.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He hangs up. Puts pedal to metal.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

The red car speeds out of the underground car park. It skilfully moves through traffic.

INT. BLACK CAR -- DAY

Flame reacts with confusion.

FLAME

If this is a kidnapping you've made a big mistake--

JACKSON

Shut up.

(to Alec)

We're being tracked. Four cars behind. Red. Probably the shooter.

Alec looks toward the rear window. The red car is drawing nearer to them.

He turns to Flame.

ALEC

Offhand, I'd say someone wants you dead.

Flame can't process this. He rubs his head. Not the best time for a hangover to kick in.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

The red car closes in.

We see the black car turn the corner. The red car follows. Has barely got round the corner when:

BANG! BANG!

TWO BULLETS SLAM into the windscreen. They don't go through, just get lodged in the glass.

INT. RED CAR -- DAY

The Professor assesses the damage. The bullets have cracked the screen but he can still see.

EXT. NEWCASTLE STREETS -- DAY

A few PEDESTRIANS back up, frightened by the shots. The two cars TEAR THROUGH FRAME.

INT. BLACK CAR -- DAY

Jackson drives. Alec, pistol in hand, turns to Flame.

ALEC
Who wants you dead?

FLAME
This can't be--

ALEC
Who wants you dead?

FLAME
My face is in the tabloids ever
day, I'm rich and I piss people
off. Could be just about anyone.

ALEC
Now that's helpful.

He leans out the window, squeezes off two more shots.
The sound of SWERVING TYRES is audible.

EXT. STREETS -- DAY

The cars whizz along.

INT. BLACK CAR -- DAY

Jackson glances in his wing mirror. Sees the red car
coming up behind them.

JACKSON
Alec.

ALEC
Only so much I can do.

JACKSON
Might be time to get all extra-
curricular on his ass.

ALEC
I'm firing a weapon in public.
Much as I'd like to do something
fantastical, it's not the time.

Flame looks interested. Alec clocks it.

ALEC (CONT'D)
Especially with him here.

FLAME
(bemused)
What the hell are you two chaps
cluttering about?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They ignore him.

INT. RED CAR -- DAY

There are five bullet holes embedded in the windscreen. The Professor can barely see through it. Luckily he's an amazing driver.

INT. BLACK CAR -- DAY

Jackson looks again. The red car's getting closer.

JACKSON
Better think of something.

ALEC
Why's that?

JACKSON
This guy's a good driver. I'm not gonna shake him easily.

ALEC
Improvise.

He leans out of the window again. Fires. The sound of cracking glass becomes audible.

INT. RED CAR -- DAY

There are now six bullets in the windscreen. The Professor pulls the car to the side of the road.

EXT. SECOND STREET -- DAY

He exits the car. Sees the black car turn the water. For a second, the Professor thinks. Then he climbs back into his car and shuts the door.

INT. RED CAR -- DAY

The Professor leans back, forcing his chair backwards. He pulls his knees up to his chest.

He throws his legs forward. They smash into the windscreen. The bullet holes and his momentum shatter the glass, spraying it onto the bonnet.

The Professor rights himself. Kicks in the ignition.

EXT. THIRD STREET -- DAY

The black car continues along.

INT. BLACK CAR -- DAY

Alec and Jackson drive in silence; Flame looks apprehensive from the back seat.

FLAME
Did we lose him?

Alec looks in the wing mirror. After a moment he sees the red car appear again.

ALEC
No such luck.

He holsters his pistol and turns to Jackson.

ALEC (CONT'D)
Whatever you do, keep a steady course.

JACKSON
He'll tag you.

ALEC
Not if you go fast enough.

Jackson's suddenly got an idea of what Alec's going to do.

JACKSON
Al, don't even think about it--

Alec ignores him and winds the window down. Takes a deep breath. Then forces his way out.

EXT. THIRD STREET -- DAY

Alec climbs on top of the black car. Turns and sees the red car approaching. Alec pulls out his pistol and aims.

INT. RED CAR -- DAY

The Professor sees him. Speeds up.

EXT. THE CORE -- DAY

Alec stares down the barrel. Doesn't fire. Waits for the red car to draw closer.

ON THE RED CAR

as it gets closer.

ON ALEC

as he waits. The red car is feet away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And just as the red car's at point blank range, Alec LEAPS off the car, THROWING the pistol forward!

INT. RED CAR -- DAY

The pistol CRACKS the Professor in the face. On the right. He spits out a tooth, just as--

Alec ENTERS FRAME. KICKS the Professor in the face. On the left. He spits out another tooth, and some bloody too for good measure.

The car swerves violently.

EXT. THIRD STREET -- DAY

Seconds before the red car hits a lamp post, Alec LEAPS off, hitting the pavement, rolling and coming up in a fighting crouch.

CRUNCH! The red car impacts with the lamp post. Smoke and debris. PEDESTRIANS look on in horror. They turn to look -- but Alec is nowhere to be seen.

INT. BLACK CAR -- DAY

Parked at the side of the street. Flame looks up in amazement as Alec gets into the passenger seat. Jackson drives off without a word.

FLAME

What the hell was that?

ALEC

Improvisation.

He loads a fresh mag into the pistol.

ALEC (CONT'D)

Okay. Can we get back to why someone's trying to kill you?

FLAME

I'm the kind to kidnap. Hold to ransom. Not the type who gets a bullet in the head.

JACKSON

Depends who you pissed off lately.

ALEC

That's why we're here.

FLAME

(confused)
To kidnap me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alec gives Flame a glare. Jackson lets out a little chuckle.

JACKSON

Please. If we were kidnapping you, you'd be unconscious.

FLAME

That makes me feel better.

INT. EDWARD'S STUDY -- DAY

EDWARD MAITLAND sits in his leather armchair. Holds an old-school phone to his ear. Listens intently.

EDWARD

Who interfered?

THE PROFESSOR (O.S.)

Alec Walker. Took everything I had to get away from the scene.

EDWARD

I'll send a team.

THE PROFESSOR (O.S.)

What do you want me to do? I'm a half mile from the safe house.

EDWARD

I'll meet you there.

He hangs up. Looks contemplative.

EXT. SUBURBAN CUL-DE-SAC -- DAY

Somewhere nice in the suburbs. Detached houses, nice cars. KIDS ride bikes round the bottom of the street.

CHLOE

appears at the top of the street. Spots bag slung over her shoulder. She looks around. Smiles wistfully. It's been a while.

She makes her way towards

A BLACK CAB

parked outside one of the houses. A man - TREVOR (50s, amiable) - sloshes water from a bucket over it, washing away the lather.

CHLOE (O.S.)

You missed a bit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Trevor turns. Sees Chloe approaching. A huge smile splits his face.

TREVOR
Chloe!

CHLOE
Hey dad.

And Trevor Parker rushes forward to embrace his daughter. They hold for several long moments.

TREVOR
It's good to see you.

CHLOE
(with feeling)
It's good to be home.

Still in the embrace, Trevor's expression alters just slightly. He knows something's wrong.

INT. SAFE HOUSE -- DAY

Bare bones room. One chair. Round table. The Professor sits by ut, rubs his battered face. Bandages his wounds. Bloody rags everywhere.

The door opens. Edward enters. Sees the Professor.

EDWARD
He did a number on you.

The Professor tries to ignore that. Edward closes the door. Sits down opposite the Professor.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Did he see you?

THE PROFESSOR
He leapt into my car. Hit me twice in the face.

EDWARD
That complicates things.
(beat)
Did Colby see you?

THE PROFESSOR
No. They bundled him into the car too quickly.

EDWARD
They?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE PROFESSOR
Alec Walker. His American
associate was driving.

He rubs his jaw. Ponders the turn of events.

EDWARD
We could have done without this.
Would you be able to track Colby
down again?

THE PROFESSOR
(blank)
Yes.

EDWARD
Good. I'd get started if I were
you.

INT. PARKER HOUSE - KITCHEN -- DAY

A kettle finishes boiling. Trevor pours. We see Chloe
sat at the table. She's taking in the breakfast bar ...
the fridge ... the garden ... sights she hasn't seen in a
long while.

Trevor puts a mug of tea in front of her.

CHLOE
Thanks.

She takes a sip. Smiles. Homemade bliss.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
How's the job?

TREVOR
Steady. Running a small business
ain't great right now, but even
in a credit crunch people need
public transport.

CHLOE
Still getting the rude ones?

TREVOR
(smiles)
Occupational hazard. Can't say I
blame them. Riding in a taxi
isn't exactly like riding in a
limo.

CHLOE
Gets the job done.

Trevor smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR
True. Very true.

He sips his drink. Realises.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Ooh, wait.

He opens a cupboard, produces a Kit-Kat. Throws it to her. She half laughs, starts opening it.

CHLOE
I'm not twelve, dad.

TREVOR
Then don't eat it. Shame, like.
I buy some every week.

CHLOE
Why?

TREVOR
In case you ever drop by. Didn't
want you to think things had
changed too much.

Chloe smiles, touched. Takes a bite.

CHLOE
Any word from Liam?

TREVOR
In Scotland last I heard. Dropping
off an envelope.

CHLOE
The glamour and fame of an
international courier.

TREVOR
Well, he enjoys it. Your brother
was never one to let the grass
grow.

CHLOE
Good for him.

She sips her tea silently for a long moment.

TREVOR
So what's wrong?

Chloe stiffens. Doesn't look up.

CHLOE
What makes you think there's
something wrong?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Trevor gives her a kindly look.

TREVOR
I know my daughter.

Chloe looks up. Her face betraying, just for a second, how hurt and raw she is. Trevor smiles again, reassuring.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
It's okay. I know you're probably
not allowed to tell me whatever
it is anyway.

The support's there, but unsaid. Chloe smiles, grateful. Knows her dad won't push it.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
How long are you staying?

CHLOE
(shrugs)
A few days.

TREVOR
You don't sound sure.

CHLOE
I'm not.

Pause.

TREVOR
Well, I never did get round to
letting your room out. And you're
welcome as long as you like. You
know that.

Chloe nods. Smiles. Grateful.

CHLOE
Thanks dad.
(beat)
I'm going to grab a shower.

TREVOR
Boost the water first.

CHLOE
I hadn't forgotten.

She smiles and rises, leaving. Trevor watching her go. His expression showing he knows something very wrong is going on here.

EXT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE -- DAY

A run-down looking yet otherwise totally unremarkable building in the middle of a dodgy area. Over this,
CAPTION:

MI-16 Safe House, Stanley

INT. MI-16 SAFE HOUSE -- DAY

Flame sits in a chair, gripping the arm rests, staring straight ahead. We see Alec and Jackson talking in the corner.

ALEC

Give him a chance. He's in shock.

JACKSON

He's got information we need. Or so you think. Means we need to get him to--

FLAME

I can hear you.

They turn to look at him.

FLAME (CONT'D)

I'm not deaf. And you're not whispering.

JACKSON

We just saved your life. Show some gratitude.

FLAME

You. Weren't. Whispering.

That tears it. Jackson storms forward. He's cut off by Alec.

ALEC

Relax.

Jackson calms down with what looks like an effort.

ALEC (CONT'D)

Think that guy following us can still find us?

JACKSON

Yes.

ALEC

Okay. Ten minutes, tops, then we're out of here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He turns to Flame. Is about to speak when:

FLAME
You're a Knight.

Which stops Alec in his tracks.

ALEC
Yes I am.

JACKSON
At least make the guy guess a little.

ALEC
He said Knight immediately - not much leeway there. It's not like I'm wearing a suit of armour.

FLAME
I'm not as dumb or ignorant as the media makes me out to be.

ALEC
No. There's more to you than meets the eye, isn't there Jonathan.

FLAME
Flame.

JACKSON
Whatever.

ALEC
At the club, you snapped your fingers and a man fell down screaming. Thinking he was on fire. You didn't blink. You made him see what wasn't here.

Flame returns the look evenly.

ALEC (CONT'D)
And you know what I am. But you didn't just recognise me, you felt it. The minute you saw me.

Flame smiles.

FLAME
Keep going, you've almost got it.

JACKSON
(getting it)
Shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEC

You're a Seer. A male one.

(beat)

Which may not be the best of all possibilities.

FLAME

Cheers.

ALEC

Someone wants you dead. You know how rare male Seers are. I'd say that gives them a motive. What's your connection to Edward Maitland?

For the first time Flame seems completely taken aback.

FLAME

What? Nothing.

JACKSON

Really?

FLAME

He bought some stuff from me, that's it? That's what all this is about?

ALEC

What kind of stuff?

FLAME

Two supercomputers and some assorted medical gear, why?

JACKSON

Medical gear?

He and Alec share a look.

ALEC

This gets better and better.

FLAME

What's going on?

JACKSON

You're the Seer, you tell us.

Flame gets up from his chair, angry.

FLAME

Do you know who my father is?

JACKSON

Noah Colby. What of it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLAME

Does the name Ezekiel mean anything to you?

From the shocked looks fired between Alec and Jackson we can tell it does. Flame grins.

FLAME (CONT'D)

Gotcha.

ALEC

Are you saying--?

They're cut off as Flame's phone rings. He answers, annoyed.

FLAME

(into phone)

Shop's closed, wear the pair you've got.

BETH (O.S.)

Mr Colby, my name's Beth McGinnis. I'm sorry to have to contact you but--

FLAME

You get this number from the glad rags?

BETH (O.S.)

No. From your father.

That gets Flame's attention.

BETH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

It's imperative that we meet. He said to come to you if I had any trouble.

Flame looks intrigued. He glances up at Alec and Jackson.

FLAME

Well now. Things might have just got interesting.

INT. CORRIDOR -- DAY

The floor is caked in small pitter-patter stains of blood. Front door is ajar. Walls are lined with craters.

Whimpering is audible.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

A TV has been turned over. Shards of glass line the area nearby, dug into soft carpet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Curtains are drawn.

Whimpering continues.

We see a brief image - a family tied up. Hair is straggly, binds are tight. Fear is etched on their faces.

Footsteps draw near.

They stop. Hold the moment. A shadow in the doorway looms over the family.

DOMINIC (O.S.)

Did you move?

He gets no reply.

INT. CORRIDOR -- DAY

Dominic steps from the doorway. He starts down the corridor. His face and clothes are caked in blood.

He licks his lips, savouring the fresh taste.

Dominic stops. Smirks. Waits a moment. Then:

DOMINIC

I'll know if you bleed.

He keeps walking. Kicks the door to the kitchen open. Enters. Lets the door swing shut behind him.

EXT. SERVICE STATION -- EVENING

Day is beginning to turn to night.

Beth sits on the bonnet of her car. She rubs her eyes. Next to her is a small briefcase. Her eyes dart down to it a few times.

A familiar black car pulls up beside her. Flame gets out, accompanied by Alec and Jackson.

FLAME

Beth McGinnis?

Beth eyes Alec and Jackson suspiciously.

FLAME (CONT'D)

This is--

BETH

Alec Walker and Jackson Byers. I know.

(off their looks)

Ezekiel warned me you two might have got involved by now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A look between Alec and Jackson: wha--?

INT. SERVICE STATION CAFE -- EVENING

Alec, Flame, Jackson and Beth sit around a grubby table. Chipped mugs with tar-like tea in front of them. The place is near deserted, a couple of TRUCKERS in the far corner being the only other customers.

FLAME

You're working for my father?

BETH

Yes. About five months ago he gave me a mission.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE

All in black-and-white.

INT. CAR -- DAY

Beth sits in a car. The passenger side opens and someone gets in. The impression of a powerfully built man. This is EZEKIEL, though we don't see him.

BETH (V.O.)

Something he said was of the utmost importance.

Ezekiel hands a file over. Beth takes it. Opens it to reveal a photo of Dominic.

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

I was sent to Dorset to pick up a man. A man named Dominic Reese.

EXT. MOTORWAY -- DAY

As Beth's car makes it's way down the road.

INT. CAR -- DAY

Beth drives. Apprehensive.

BETH (V.O.)

I didn't know what to expect. Ezekiel simply warned me it might be difficult.

EXT. BACK ALLEY -- DAY

Starting on a wide view of a BEACH before PULLING BACK to reveal we're looking at it from down an alley.

CAPTION: Weymouth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TILT DOWN to reveal Dominic. Hunched against a wall. Shivering. Like a junkie needing a fix.

BETH (V.O.)
When I met him he was in a bad way.

A figure enters. Beth. Dominic looks up. Utter incomprehension in his face.

BETH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He'd lost his memory. Beyond his name he didn't have a clue about who he was.

CUT TO:

INT. SERVICE STATION CAFE -- EVENING

As before. Beth looks down at her tea.

BETH
 My cover was that I was a backpacker, here on a trip. I got him a bed at the youth hostel I was staying at. It was there that we learned the truth.

INSERT: Close on Dominic's face. Fangs extended. Blood around his mouth. Feral rage in his eyes.

BETH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Dominic was a vampire.

BACK TO SCENE

BETH (CONT'D)
 Only recently turned. He couldn't handle it. He was slowly losing his mind.

ALEC
 How? Who'd turned him?

BETH
 All we knew was that it had happened to him while he was at the Project. They did it to him.

FLAME
 What project?

Beth gives them all a hard look.

BETH
 Spartacus.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Huge looks of amazement from Alec and Jackson.

JACKSON
Spartacus? That's what Spartacus
is, some sort of vampire
recruitment drive?

BETH
You sound surprised.

JACKSON
No, I just thought it'd be more
... I dunno, sinister than that.

BETH
It is.
(off their looks)
Dominic's not your normal vampire.
He's different.

ALEC
Different how.

BETH
More dangerous. I've dealt with
vampires before, they all have
problems dealing with bloodlust,
but Dominic ... it was as if every
sense in his body had been turned
up to eleven. When the thirst
gets on him, he can't control it.
(beat)
That's what Spartacus is. They're
not just creating vampires -
they're de-evolving them, bringing
back their more base instincts.
Dominic's a killing machine, with
the perfect killer's body and no
way to control it.

Nasty silence. Alec and Jackson exchange looks,
contemplating this. Flame looks seriously freaked out.

FLAME
So I'm guessing this story doesn't
have a happy ending?

BETH
About a week ago, he found out
that we hadn't met by chance.
That I'd been sent looking for
him. He thought I was from the
project. He flipped out. Ran
for it. I've been after him ever
since.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETH (CONT'D)
 (looks to Alec and
 Jackson)
 That's why I need your help.

ALEC
 Where is he?

BETH
 Leeds. He's taken a family
 hostage. Wants to negotiate,
 would you believe. But he can't
 control himself. I doubt he could
 keep from killing them even if he
 wanted to, and right now--

ALEC
 We need to stop him.

He glances at Flame. Flame realises. Recoils.

FLAME
 Me? Why do I have to get involved?

ALEC
 Because you sold Edward Maitland
 the gear that probably created
 this man. That makes him your
 responsibility.

FLAME
 Bollocks to responsibility, this
 isn't my fight--

BETH
 (quiet)
 Your father says it's everyone's
 fight.

FLAME
 Yeah, but my dad's ... well,
 mental.

ALEC
 Maybe, but that doesn't stop him
 being right.

Flame looks from Alec to Jackson to Beth and back again.

FLAME
 ...shit...

ALEC
 Then it's settled.

JACKSON
 How do you want to play it?

INT. CAR -- EVENING

Parked in the car park of the service station. The Professor sits in the driver's seat. Headphones over his ears, connected to an old school radio.

ALEC (O.S.)
 (via headphones)
 Take this Dominic down quickly.
 Don't let up on him.

The Professor jots notes down on a pad.

CUT TO:

INT. SAME -- LATER

The car makes it's way up the motorway. The Professor speaks into a mobile phone, held with one hand while driving. Shows a remarkable precision at all times.

THE PROFESSOR
 What do you think?

EDWARD (O.S.)
 It's risky. Have you figured out everything to a T?

THE PROFESSOR
 In as far as I can. Do you want Reese back or...?

He lets it hang in the air.

EDWARD (O.S.)
 I need an assurance that things won't escalate.

THE PROFESSOR
 They won't.

EDWARD (O.S.)
 Kill Colby. Make it look like Reese did it. Then bring Reese in.

THE PROFESSOR
 Copied.

EDWARD (O.S.)
 Just make sure it looks right.

INT. EDWARD'S STUDY -- EVENING

Edward stands by the window, talking on the phone. A look approaching apprehension on his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDWARD

Neither of us wants to make an enemy of Ezekiel. If he finds out we're behind this it's a whole world of trouble. Consider it carefully.

He hangs up.

EVE (prelap)

So who's Ezekiel?

CUT TO:

INT. THE CORE -- NIGHT

Where Eve stands by a computer, phone to her ear.

EVE

You're saying it like I should recognise it.

ALEC (O.S.)

I'm surprised you don't. He's a legend.

INTERCUT:

EXT. SERVICE STATION -- NIGHT

Alec standing by the black car, alone. He glances around to make sure nobody's listening before continuing.

ALEC

Most Seers are women, male Seers are rare to the point of almost not happening. Those that do happen generally turn insane.

(beat)

Ezekiel's the exception. He's a presence, someone we've been hearing rumours about forever. He's supposedly the single strongest Seer in the world. And it looks like Flame's his son.

(beat)

Which would mean that Noah Colby is actually moonlighting.

EVE

And you just believe that?

ALEC

Yes. It makes sense. So we need to investigate. Are there any Sixteen assets in Leeds?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVE
I can arrange something.

ALEC
Good. Let me know.
(beat)
Have we heard from Chloe?

Eve looks like she was anticipating this.

EVE
Nothing yet. Alec, we need to--

ALEC
Let me know when the assets are
in position.

He hangs up. A worried look on his face.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

Dominic is slumped against the door. A mobile phone RINGS.
He lets it ring for a beat. Answers.

DOMINIC
Ready to be frank, Beth?

INTERCUT:

INT. BLACK CAR -- NIGHT

Beth is sat in the back, with Flame beside her. Alec and
Jackson up front.

BETH
It's not a good idea to play games
with me. Not if you want the
answers.

Dominic tenses up. Finally:

DOMINIC
What am I?

BETH
Not over the phone. I'm bringing
the answers to you. But you're
going to need to do something for
me in return.

DOMINIC
Let me guess.

He stands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOMINIC (CONT'D)
You want me to let them go.

BETH
Yes.

DOMINIC
They're the only insurance policy
I've got left, Beth.

BETH
But you want to know, don't you?
What you are?

The temptation on Dominic's face is obvious.

DOMINIC
I'm a monster.

BETH
Don't ever think that.

Which catches Dominic by surprise.

BETH (CONT'D)
I can give you the answers, but
if you hurt an innocent person
then I won't be able to protect
you.

His face says it all. A period of final contemplation
follows. Finally:

DOMINIC
Alright. Tomorrow.

He hangs up.

INT. PARKER HOUSE - CHLOE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Moonlight peeks in through half-drawn blinds.

Chloe lies in bed, peacefully asleep. She's surrounded
by mementos from her childhood and adolescence.

Then - she starts to turn. Slowly at first. Convulsions
start. Wild fighting against her nightmares as we CUT
TO:

MONTAGE SEQUENCE

We see the following in quick, blurry images that loop:

*1. Blood pours from her neck as Edward bites her. She
tries to push him away but it's no use.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

2. *Chloe lies on the floor. Bleeds profusely from her neck.*

3. *She's lying on an operating table. DOCTORS and NURSES stand around, trying frantically to stabilise her.*

4. *Chloe lying in her bed in the infirmary. Staring out of the window. Sad introspection.*

CUT BACK TO:

INT. PARKER HOUSE - CHLOE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Chloe wakes up sharply. She remains lying down but breathes hard. Trying to get her adrenaline down.

INT. PARKER HOUSE - KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Chloe pours herself a glass of water. Drinks deep.

Footsteps behind her. She turns to see Trevor entering, wearing a dressing gown.

TREVOR
 Couldn't sleep?

CHLOE
 I'm sorry.

TREVOR
 Don't be.
 (beat)
 You're pale as a ghost.

Chloe doesn't respond.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
 Chloe ... you know you can tell me anything...

Chloe looks away. Her expression clearly saying she can't.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
 Alright, fine. Forget I said anything. But if you want to talk to me ... well, I'm a good listener.

She finally looks at him.

CHLOE
 I can't.

TREVOR
 That's okay. But the point remains. You shouldn't be looking this pale.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR (CONT'D)

(beat)

Are you sure ... you're in the
right place.

Chloe waits an eternity. It's as if she's trying to come
to that realisation herself. Finally:

CHLOE

I don't know.

Trevor looks like he was anticipating that answer.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PRIVATE AIRFIELD -- MORNING

The sun is just beginning to rise. The black car pulls
up, disgorging Alec and Jackson. They make their way
over to where Flame and Beth are stood. Flame talks to
the pilot. He looks up as they approach.

FLAME

We ride in style.

They shoot him deadpan looks.

FLAME (CONT'D)

I know it's not subtle, but whoever
said subtle was the way to go?

He boards. The others follow. Alec catches Beth's arm.

ALEC

We all set for the meet?

BETH

(nods)

You still have no idea what he's
capable of. I should have gone
alone.

ALEC

(shakes his head.)

Saying that makes me doubt you
know what he's capable of.

They trade pointed looks.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE -- DAY

As the helicopter sweeps over the rolling landscape,
heading west.

INT. HELICOPTER -- DAY

Flame and Alec sit by the window, mid conversation (talking through headset radios to overcome the propeller noise.)

FLAME

...sure wasn't easy.

ALEC

I can imagine. Having that sort of power.

FLAME

(laughs)

Kids used to tease me. Say I was a witch. I never showed them what I was fully capable of, but ... you know. Tricks here and there.

(sighs)

You'd think they'd understand it, wouldn't ya?

(solemn)

They didn't.

He rubs his neck.

FLAME (CONT'D)

Not something you could relate to your dad. He told me to control it. That we were meant for a higher purpose, that our power meant more than scamming prep schoolers out of their lunch money.

Flame looks at Alec, hoping for a response.

ALEC

I wish it weren't that way.

FLAME

Then again, it's hardly a curse, now is it? I mean look at you. The power of a god at your command.

(smirk)

Fits like a glove.

ALEC

Coming from a privileged background doesn't mean you get to choose to ignore it.

FLAME

Ignore what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEC

The fact that your father was right. Those of us that are different, we do have a responsibility.

FLAME

Even you? The son of Lord Walker?

Alec gives him a look. Finally:

ALEC

Especially me.

FLAME

You wouldn't understand--

ALEC

Wouldn't I? Did I have a perfect life? No. Having money doesn't equate to happiness. But at some point you have to grow up. Take responsibility. And stop acting like a spoilt little rich kid who the world owes something to.

FLAME

Don't you--

ALEC

Shut up.

(beat)

You can act like you're not involved in this, you can use what you have to show off or whatever, but you are what you are?

FLAME

(sly grin)

A poser with a crap haircut?

ALEC

(ignoring that)

Someone who is involved in this thing up to his neck. This man we're going to meet in Leeds, if I'm right then he was probably created using the same technology you sold to Edward Maitland. That makes him your responsibility. Your fault. You are involved, whether you like it or not.

Flame recoils. Cowed by Alec's words. So are the nearby Jackson and Beth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEC (CONT'D)

You know, you're right actually,
me and you aren't that different.
We have these powers for a reason.
To use them. Responsibly. Which
it not what you've been doing.

He turns and glares out of the window. Flame doesn't respond. He can't, can't even look at Alec. The words have clearly struck a chord.

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN

Leeds, England

FADE IN:

EXT. TERRACED STREET -- DAY

Beth, Jackson, Alec and Flame stand on the curb. Across the street, the house is surrounded. POLICE CARS and AMBULANCES line the pavement. We see FORENSIC TEAMS going about their business.

There's a morbid feel to the scene.

A small crowd has gathered. They watch as the UNDERTAKER'S MEN bring out four boxes. COFFINS. Beth shakes her head.

BETH

(sadly)

He couldn't control himself.

Flame steps forward. Both Beth and Jackson go to follow. Alec cuts them off. Gives them a stern look. They back off.

Flame stands at the edge of the crowd. Watches as the bodies are loaded into a van.

TIGHT on his eyes as we CUT TO:

NIGHTMARISH IMAGES

Flame sees:

1. *The MOTHER being pushed down. She bangs her head on the floor. A nasty wound.*
2. *KIDS being tied up.*
3. *Dominic picking up some glass. It's covered in blood. He licks some off the blood from the shard.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

4. *CLOSE UP on Dominic. A deafening SCREAM.*

CUT TO:

EXT. TERRACED STREET -- DAY

Flame backs up, hands reflexively moving in front of his face. He's pale, haunted by what he's just seen.

ALEC (O.S.)

Flame?

Flame looks round. Sees Alec, Jackson and Beth stood there.

ALEC (CONT'D)

What did you see?

FLAME

He killed them.

(long beat)

But he took hours. Revelled in it.

He glances at Beth. She looks visibly shaken.

JACKSON

We'll get him.

That doesn't comfort her.

HOLD on Flame. His expression rattled. All confidence gone. For the first time he looks completely rattled.

He looks at Alec. A look is exchanged. It's really got to Flame.

EXT. PARKER HOUSE - DRIVEWAY -- DAY

Chloe is hosing down one of the black cabs. She's smiling. Actually looking like she's enjoying it. She wipes some sweat from her brow.

A SHADOWY FIGURE appears up the driveway.

She turns. Sees who it is. Chloe puts the hose down. Turns it off.

Boone approaches.

BOONE

Hey.

CHLOE

Hey yourself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He steps forward. She backs up a step. The movement looks involuntary.

BOONE

I know I once joked about this,
and it might be considered bad
form under the circumstances, but
I don't bite.

CHLOE

I'm fine.

BOONE

No. You're not.

The look on Chloe's face says it all.

TREVOR (O.S.)

Chloe?

Chloe looks up. Sees her dad approaching.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Is something wrong?

He looks at Boone. Then back to Chloe. She looks like it's a hard decision. Finally:

CHLOE

No. He's okay.

Boone's expression doesn't change.

EXT. PARK -- DAY

Large empty fields. A few kids messing about on the swings in the background. Chloe and Boone walk slowly on the path that orbits the park.

BOONE

Running away won't change anything.

CHLOE

I'm not running away.

BOONE

Really?

CHLOE

You wouldn't understand.

BOONE

Wouldn't I?

The tone catches Chloe by surprise. She looks him in the face. Sees the impassive look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE

You couldn't.

BOONE

Because of what I am?

And this is almost too much for Chloe. She rounds on him.

CHLOE

And what exactly are you, John Henry Boone? A simple man doing God's work? No, I don't think so. I've seen what you're really like. The danger, the aggression, the darkness. I've seen what you really are.

BOONE

(quiet)

No, you haven't.

CHLOE

And how do you deal with it? How many?

Boone knows where this is going.

BOONE

(impassive)

How many what?

CHLOE

How many have there been? How many have you attacked, how many have you done what ... what Edward did to...

She breaks off, emotion flooding her face. She can't look at Boone. She sits down on a nearby park bench. Looks down at her shoes. Seems to be doing everything she can to avoid breaking down.

A moment. Then Boone sits down beside her. Silence for a long beat. Then, quietly:

BOONE

I wasn't born a vampire, you know. I was attacked. I was Turned.

This seems to get through to Chloe.

BOONE (CONT'D)

It's different, though.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOONE (CONT'D)

The one who attacked me was a monster, looking for a feed, it's the way of the world. What Edward did to you, that was true violence, nothing to do with nature. It was about aggression, dominance. It's akin to being a rape victim, because someone's taken something from you and exerted control in a violent way.

CHLOE

(quiet)
Shut up.

BOONE

What I went through was bad enough. But you went through worse.

CHLOE

Boone--

BOONE

The only difference is that you're stronger than me.

That genuinely takes Chloe by surprise. She looks up at him. Boone is staring out across the field, not looking at her. Dark emotions visible on his face.

BOONE (CONT'D)

I gave in. I didn't think I could fight back, so I gave in. Let him do his work. I surrendered to it. That's what made me what I am today. I was a coward.

He turns. Looks her in the eye.

BOONE (CONT'D)

You weren't. You fought back. You fought to stay you, to not let him win, and you stayed human. You were stronger than me. You beat it.

(beat)

And for that, I'll always envy you.

Chloe doesn't know how to take that. She looks at Boone as if seeing him for the first time.

BOONE (CONT'D)

We need you, Chloe. We need that strength.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOONE (CONT'D)

Otherwise, Edward's won. Doesn't matter what happens from here -- if you give in to this and become a victim, he's won.

(beat)

Come back. Help us nail the bastard to the wall.

On Chloe - indecision. What the hell does she do now?

EXT. TERRACED STREET -- DAY

Back in Leeds. The police are still swarming all over the house.

Alec, Jackson and Flame are deep in hushed conversation off to one side. Beth stands alone. Watching the house. Her mobile rings. She answers immediately.

BETH

Dominic.

DOMINIC (O.S.)

Meet me.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE ROSE SHOPPING CENTRE -- DAY

A massive, two-story shopping centre on the outskirts of Leeds, near Morley. To establish.

INT. WHITE ROSE SHOPPING CENTRE -- DAY

On the ground floor. Shoppers in all directions. Alec, Jackson, Beth and Flame make their way through the crowds. Nothing for several moments. Then Beth spots something.

BETH

There.

They all look to see

DOMINIC

stood in the middle of the centre, facing them. His face is clean but we can still see traces of blood on his shirt. He's getting funny looks from some of the passers-by, but he ignores them. His eyes are fixed on Beth.

JACKSON

(sotto, to Alec)

We can't take him here, man, it's too crowded.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLAME
Agreed. We need to get him
outside.

BETH
Let me.

FLAME
Why you?

Beth gives him a sharp look.

BETH
Because he's been lied to by enough
people. It's time someone told
him something true.

FLAME
Something true like what?

But Beth has already moved off, walking fearlessly toward
Dominic.

FLAME (CONT'D)
Nuts.

ALEC
Get ready.
(off Jackson's
look)
This is going to get bad.

Jackson looks seriously worried.

CUT TO BETH as she approaches Dominic. Dominic's eyes go
to the three men behind her.

DOMINIC
You brought them. I said come
alone.

BETH
They won't move unless I ask them
to. They think I need protecting.

DOMINIC
Do you?

BETH
You tell me.

That hits Dominic. He looks down.

BETH (CONT'D)
Come back with us. Let me help
you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOMINIC
So you can lie to me again?

BETH
I should have been honest with you from the beginning. That was my mistake. I should have trusted you. Don't make more innocent people pay for my mistake.

Dominic looks her in the eyes. With a hint of pleading:

DOMINIC
I'm a monster, Beth.

BETH
You don't have to be. You're a good man. I saw it in the time we spent together in Weymouth. You're a good man, Dominic. And I fell in love with a good man. Not with a monster.

It takes a moment for what Beth said to permeate. Dominic looks at her in outright amazement.

DOMINIC
You ... love me?

BETH
Come back with us. We can stop what's happened to you from being done to anyone else.

There's a moment. Dominic considers. Is on the point of agreeing when--

PHUT! Something hits him in the shoulder - a SILENCED GUNSHOT! Dominic hits the ground, hissing in pain. SCREAMS from all around as the pedestrians realise what's happened and run for it in panic.

ON THE UPPER BALCONY

the Professor lowers his sniper rifle.

ALEC

looks up, sees the Professor.

ALEC
Jack--

JACKSON
On it.
(grabs Flame)
Come on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He grabs Flame and they run off. Alec rushes forward to where Dominic has fallen. Beth is approaching Dominic--

ALEC
(using the Voice)
Get back!

Beth automatically obeys, just as Dominic gets up. His eyes FUSED RED with bloodlust. His vampire teeth extend.

ALEC (CONT'D)
Bollocks.

Dominic ROARS and CHARGES. Alec raises his hand - WHITE LIGHT FLASHES and Dominic is HURLED BACK and SMASHED into the wall.

JACKSON AND FLAME

reach the upper balcony. They look around. No sign of the Professor.

JACKSON
God damn--

FLAME
Wait.

He approaches the spot where the Professor was stood. Holds out a hand.

JACKSON
The hell you--?

FLAME
Shut up!

Jackson does. Flame closes his eyes and:

INSERT: The Professor. Fast shots, showing him folding up his sniper rifle and running off. Vanishing through an access door.

Flame opens his eyes. Sees the nearby door.

FLAME (CONT'D)
This way.

He charges off. Jackson follows.

ALEC

advances on Dominic. He's sprawled on the ground, barely conscious. Beth approaches - Alec holds out a hand to keep her back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETH

He won't--

ALEC

Don't you believe it.

She pushes past him.

BETH

Dominic? Dominic, can you--

Dominic's eyes SNAP OPEN.

He moves incredibly fast.

He's on his feet, grabbed Beth and whipped her around, keeping her between him and Alec like a human shield. His fangs inches from her throat.

Alec hesitates. Dominic grins, evilly.

EXT. ROOF OF WHITE ROSE SHOPPING CENTRE -- DAY

Jackson and Flame burst out onto the rooftop. Their eyes scan the area--

JACKSON

There!

Flame looks. The Professor has a zip-line set up, is about to abseil off the edge. They charge forward, Jackson drawing his pistol. The Professor brings up his hand. A REMOTE DETONATOR in hand.

THE PROFESSOR

That's close enough.

Jackson and Flame skid to a halt. Look down. There's an EXPLOSIVE CHARGE on the ground in front of them.

INT. WHITE ROSE SHOPPING CENTRE -- DAY

Alec holds his hand up towards Dominic.

DOMINIC

Don't move!

ALEC

Easy, I'm not going to do anything. But you don't want to do this.

DOMINIC

And why the hell not?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETH
 (struggling)
 Because ... you're a ... good
 man...

This stops Dominic. He stays frozen, stock still. Looks Alec in the eye. Then back down to Beth.

A long moment.

Then Dominic lets go. She stumbles forward. He staggers to the ground, sitting down on the floor. Buries his head into his hands.

DOMINIC
 ...what have I done?

Beth approaches. Gently reaches out, puts her arm around him. Holds him close for comfort. Alec watches, impassive. Mind whirling.

EXT. ROOF OF WHITE ROSE SHOPPING CENTRE -- DAY

Jackson and Flame stand facing the Professor. Deadlock. The Professor holds the detonator, hand steady.

JACKSON
 You hit that, we all die.

THE PROFESSOR
 Sometimes you have to lose to win.

JACKSON
 That don't even make sense.

FLAME
 You really want to blow yourself up? Tell me...

He looks the Professor in the eye.

FLAME (CONT'D)
 ...do you like fire?

And he looks down. Snaps his fingers.

THE PROFESSOR'S P.O.V.

as, just as in the teaser, little licks of fire appear all over his body, consuming his body in an inferno.

BACK TO SCENE

as the professor SCREAMS in pain and panic, dropping the detonator. He falls over backward. Catches his foot on the ledge--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACKSON

No!

He and Flame charge forward - but it's too late. The Professor falls over backwards and out of frame. Flame and Jackson react to the sound of the Professor hitting concrete.

Pause.

Then:

JACKSON (CONT'D)

You did good, kid.

Flame looks like he'll believe that later. Promptly turns. Throws up onto the rooftop.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEWCASTLE -- DAY

Sweeping over the city. To establish.

INT. CELL -- DAY

We see Dominic sat on a bed. Beth sits next to him, gently rubbing his shoulder. He stares at the wall.

Jackson watches them from the doorway.

INT. THE CORE -- DAY

The lift opens and Chloe emerges, Boone beside her. She pauses for a moment.

Boone puts a hand on her shoulder. She doesn't wince. Lets out a wistful little sigh. Boone smiles.

Chloe looks down onto the floor. Sees Alec.

A moment as they make eye contact. Pause. He smiles.

She smiles back.

And she and Boone descend the steps, back into the madness.

ALEC

smiles slightly as he watches her descend. His phone rings. He pulls it out of his pocket, answers.

ALEC

Hello?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Is this Alec Walker?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEC
Speaking.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
My name is Ezekiel.

And the name stops Alec dead in his tracks. He glances across the room, to where Flame stands talking with Jackson.

EZEKIEL (O.S.)
I know you've heard of me.

ALEC
I have.

EZEKIEL (O.S.)
Good. I wanted to thank you for saving the life of my son.

ALEC
Something you could have done yourself, I'm sure.

EZEKIEL (O.S.)
I am not as all-powerful as some would have me believe. Like with the Knights, its a useful illusion.

ALEC
Go on.

EZEKIEL (O.S.)
You have done me a great service, Alec Walker. I am in your debt. And one day, I will repay you in kind. I am a man of my word. That's all I had to say. Until we meet in person.

The line cuts dead. Alec looks from the phone to Flame and back again. Confusion - and perhaps a hint of worry - in his face.

INT. THE CORE - INFIRMARY -- DAY

Flame taps his hands on the desk. He's in mid-discussion with Alec. Looks troubled.

FLAME
I didn't know I helped build this.

ALEC
You didn't know 'this' existed. And when all's said and done, you're not the first person to be taken in by Edward Maitland.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEC (CONT'D)

(beat)

But now you know...

FLAME

I'll feel guilty about Dominic
for the rest of my life.

(looks up at Alec)

Maybe I can put this right.
Somehow.

Alec smiles.

ALEC

Maybe you can.

Alec extends a hand. They shake.

BLACK OUT:

WALKER

CREATED BY
ADAM SCOTT

DEVELOPED BY
ADAM SCOTT & A.J. BLACK

CO-PRODUCER
CHRIS HAIGH

CO-PRODUCER
IAN AUSTIN

PRODUCED BY
LEE A. CHRIMES

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER
A.J. BLACK

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER
ADAM SCOTT

BACK ROOM
PRODUCTIONS

