

1

DARKNESS

1

Floating plain-song - "*Beatus servus in Christi dominus...*"

SMASH CUT:

2

EXT. RUTTED COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

2

A striking white dove perched on a bough. Lightening strikes and the dove appears to flash in reflected brilliance. A heavenly omen.

The second lightening flash reveals the BBC ONE LOGO and then the FIVE CLOAKED MEN trudging the unforgiving road. Heads bowed. Two riding the same thin horse - a mark of austerity. Remaining three carrying a heavy structure hidden beneath muddy sheets.

SUBTITLE: **Batheaston, Somerset - October 1307**

Between the hospice and the internet cafe.

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

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

The CLOAKED MEN shout in subtitled Occitan (Medieval French) - "We're under attack!" / "How can this be? Saracens!" "Impossible!" / "It's an ambush!"

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

TEMPLAR KNIGHTS!

Their leader - JAQUES de SAINT-OMAR - strong and righteous.

JAQUES DE SAINT-OMAR
(Occitan / subtitled)
In the name of Christ and the
Temple of Solomon, defend the
Relic.

The SARACENS charge.

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

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

JAQUES DE SAINT-OMAR (CONT'D)
 (Occitan/subtitled)
 Crush the heathen! For the love of
Calvary!

The KNIGHTS draw their swords and engage the rushing SARACENS. Lightening flashes plunge us into blazing light then darkness so that the battle is seen in staccato bursts. A KNIGHT hacks at a SARACEN and takes his head off.

De SAINT-OMAR wades in to battle. The butchery is raw and real and close-quarters. Hacking and panting.

Two of the TEMPLARS are run-through or cut down. They fall but don't die, lie squirming in agony in the mud.

A SARACEN charges. De SAINT-OMAR engages with him. Sword-metal upon sword-metal. The effort for the SARACEN to swing his blade is immense. De SAINT-OMAR'S sword feels so much lighter in his grasp. The Knight cuts the SARACEN down then plunges the blade full into the man's face.

JAQUES DE SAINT-OMAR (CONT'D)
 (Occitan / subtitled)
 Fall back! Protect the Relic!

The three remaining KNIGHTS protect the covered icon.

The SARACENS encircle them.

The KNIGHTS kiss their fingertips and gently touch the hidden cargo - a beam of wood is glimpsed.

JAQUES DE SAINT-OMAR (CONT'D)
 (Occitan / subtitled)
 For the love of Calvary.

The SARACENS fall upon them.

The final slaughter of the remaining KNIGHTS is watched through nearby bushes. The POV of someone unknown whose breath hitches with fear.

CUT: The bodies of the three fallen KNIGHTS sprawled together on the muddy ground. One of the men twitches and then is still. The rain and mud begin to smother them ...

MIX TO:

Tens of thousands of sun-rises and sunsets. Grass grows over mud. Trees spring up then wither and die then fresh trees take their place.

The lecture room door crashes open. The woman who enters is decked out in cargo pants, t-shirt and bomber jacket. Her hair is an excited tangle of Celtic curls. This is DR GILLIAN MAGWILDE.

GILLIAN

Okay, who wants to go on a dig?

A sea of hands fly in to the air.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

You. You. You and you. Let's go.

Clamour of books and folders packed.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

Leave those.

(to startled LECTURER)

Thank you Dr Veeseey. Sounding good.

On fire.

CUT TO:

7

INT. UNIVERSITY - CORRIDOR - DAY

7

STUDENTS trail in GILLIAN'S wake.

GILLIAN

Forget your trowels. I don't trust anyone else's trowels. I will provide the gear. No smoking on site. No drinking on site. No fellatio on site. No flash photography. No asking stupid questions. Yes, you are exempt from further lectures until I have released you from the dig. Fear ye a not, you will miss nothing in your education as the only lectures worth attending are mine anyway. Are we having fun yet?

The STUDENTS clap and whoop. GILLIAN grins.

CUT TO:

8

EXT. BATHEASTON - OPEN GROUND - DAY

8

The SUPERVISOR'S heart sinks as a big battered Jeep bounces towards him.

The SUPERVISOR is flanked by two archaeologists. All khakis and rain-hoods and North Face gear.

PROFESSOR GREGORY PARTON - the slightly florid look of a man for whom middle-age just makes him more interesting. Dirty twinkle in his eye.

DR BEN ERGHA - 30's, West African descent but London by birth and manner. A geezer with a PhD.

SUPERVISOR

I know you university bods have got your thesies to write an' all that but I am under contract to raise a sea of property ...

GREGORY

Oh God, you can see it in his eyes - job's worth. He'll be on our backs like a rutting grizzly. Still, on the up-side, there's a decent pub opposite. So that's lunch sorted.

SUPERVISOR

We're putting up homes for people. That matters more than some bit of old history.

BEN

You know what history is mate? It's layers upon layers. The Celts make a layer. The Romans make a layer. The Saxons. The Medievals. The Tudors. The Elizabethans. Georgians. Victorians. Edwardians. Your mum and my mum. Us. You want to put down your layer? That's fine. But you need your PPD 16. Because these days layers require forms that show you aren't building on previous layers. So we have to take a peek. At the layers. It's all about layers.

SUPERVISOR

And if there's nothing down there?

GILLIAN

There's always something down there.

She jumps out of the Jeep accompanied by the excited STUDENTS.

GILLIAN snatches the gold coin. Inspects it.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

Dirham. 14th century Middle-Eastern coin. And you were the first person to touch it in over 600 years.

The SUPERVISOR can't help but grin like a kid.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)
You're now a part of history.

SUPERVISOR
Really? Here Tony, look at that.

BEN smirks at GILLIAN - nicely played.

BEN
So, what do you want to do Gillian?

GILLIAN
Well they're paying ...
(contractors' smiles fade)
So we start digging.

She jabs the toe-cap of her boot into the soil.

TITLE SEQUENCE -

"BONE KICKERS" EPISODE 1 - "Soldiers Of Calvary"

CUT TO:

9

EXT. DIG SITE - DAY

9

VIVIENNE DAVIS pays her taxi driver and hurries eagerly towards the picket-fence cordon around the new dig site.

A university graduate, VIV is barely in her 20's - mixed race. Baseball cap, khaki shorts and work boots which look fetchingly large on her. Her rucksack jingles like a timpani.

The site now consists of a broad evaluation trench. STUDENTS scrape at the soil with trowels. VIV grins eagerly as she climbs over the fencing. Fragments of twisted bone and carbuncled metal are placed in seed trays. It's hard, muddy graft.

GILLIAN (O.S.)
I can't hear you digging scum.

She clicks on a filthy old ghetto-blaster. Queen - *"Don't stop me now! I'm having such a good time. Having a ball!"*

The STUDENTS chuckle wearily before resuming work.

VIV tries to get a proper look at GILLIAN - fascinated and nervous. But GILLIAN has her back to her.

BEN
Can you not do that?

VIV
What?

BEN

Either get in the trench or stand away but don't teeter on the edge; erodes the site-border. You one of the Year Twos?

VIV

I'm Vivienne Davis. I applied ..?

BEN

Gotcha. Ben Ergha. Please to meet you Vivianne.

VIV

Viv. Just Viv.

BEN

Let me get this for you.

He takes her pack helpfully. Throws it away.

BEN (CONT'D)

(breezily)

Come on.

VIV follows him towards the Ops Tent, casting curious glances at GILLIAN'S back.

GILLIAN (O.S.)

Which bright spark wants to go change the ammonia in the chemical toilet? And someone get me an apple. NOT the same person.

CUT TO:

10

INT. DIG SITE - OPS TENT - DAY

10

Trestles weighed down with computers, paperwork and sandwiches. A terrier with a neck-chief (ETHELRED) sits in his basket. GREGORY fiddles with a faulty computer. VIV notices he is swigging Guinness at 10am.

GREGORY

Map regression dating back to the 13th Century but nothing to suggest a battle was fought here ...

BEN

Faith is a virtue Gregory.

GREGORY

Faith is the gunpowder of humanity. Sack God, replace Him with the Tooth Fairy.

(clocks VIV)

Yummy.

BEN

Viv this is Professor Gregory Parton. Think of him as Google with a beer-gut.

GREGORY

Call me Dolly.

VIV

Well hello Dolly.

GREGORY

Nice smile. Inspirational chest. Post-grad?

VIV

Durham.

GREGORY

"I'm gonna leave old Durham town. I'm gonna leave old Durham town .."

BEN

Come have a look at this ...

GREGORY

(to himself)

"I'll head south because I have great legs and I like to have sex with older men .."

BEN hands her a dull, bent coin.

VIV

It's a dirham.

BEN

Assigned to the Sultan of Mamluk. The Mamluk Turks occupied Jerusalem after the Christians were driven out in 1291. When the Crusades went tits up.

VIV

What's it doing here?

GILLIAN

(enters)

Who's that trip-trapping over my bridge?

ETHELRED thumps his tail.

VIV

Uhh .. Viv. Vivienne Davis.

GILLIAN

Vivienne?

(arch look)

The witch of Arthurian legend.

She casts a look to BEN who sighs and shakes his head. GILLIAN ignores VIV and places a seed tray on the table. Removing pieces of bone and shards of metal.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

Damascene steel. Sword metal. And look at the way this radius bone has been cleaved.

BEN

A skirmish here? With .. Turks?

VIV

I expect you .. you want to see my references ..?

GILLIAN ignores, stomping back to the trench.

VIV (CONT'D)

Your head of Archaeology has formally accepted my internship.

GILLIAN

My head of Archaeology couldn't smell smoke if his arse was on fire.

VIV is non-plussed. Catches GREGORY staring at her bum.

GREGORY

I'm just .. I think you've got a mark on ... (coughs)

CUT TO:

11 **EXT. DIG SITE - DAY**

11

Various CLOSE-UPS: trowel tips scraping the soil. Little bent spoons used to clear the earth wedged between pieces of ancient metal. Delicate, loving, forensic work.

CUT TO:

12 **INT. DIG SITE - OPS TENT - DAY**

12

VIV is feeling like a spare part. BEN is hunched over a rolling, fizzing geo-phys monitor.

The bedsit is grey and damp and lit by a single bulb. JAMES (trembling) gets immediately to his knees in supplication. Another derelict, COLM, enters. He wears a long dusty trench coat.

COLM

James! You need more juice. I'll do a Tesco's run. Stay in bed until the temperature comes down...

JAMES

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

COLM kneels beside him, concerned.

COLM

That our founders were betrayed by those they had protected. That they were ... Why do we have to go over this?

JAMES

Our founders were turned over to the heathens. They were butchered like animals not knights! You know? By the enemies of Christ ...

COLM

(nods/heard it before)
Hundreds of years ago. Sssshhhh.
Come on, rest.

JAMES

And I've dreamt about it.

JAMES is on his feet. He is staring at the photographs on his dusty mantelpiece - pictures of earnest young boys at a monastic school, attended by monks.

JAMES (CONT'D)

We're over-run again, Colm.

Outside, a mullah calls to prayer.

COLM

Look, I came to tell you it's on.
He's out.

COLM switches on the only luxury in the room - a portable tv linked to a digital box.

TV - News 24. Courtroom steps. EDWARD LAYGASS is a smiling, personable man whom the camera likes. He happily greets the press as he leaves.

PRESS

Mr Laygass? / Will the BSA seek to close down your TV show?

LAYGASS

I go out on a niche Christian channel and my show represents the views of the guests on it.

PRESS

But not the Church. You've been denounced by the Archbishop of Canterbury .../
You said that this country is now at war for its Christian soul and that if we don't do something then the day is coming when ...

LAYGASS

Yes, the day is coming when St Paul's Cathedral will be the Grand Mosque of London. The show is designed to fuel debate.

PRESS

Do your supporters advocate violence against non-Christians?

LAYGASS

You're missing the use of simile in one of my favourite hymns; "Onward Christian soldiers, marching as to war. With the Cross of Jesus going on before."

He smiles at the camera then moves on to his car.

PRESS

Will you continue to lobby Parliament on behalf of the White Dove Organization? Mr Laygass?

JAMES pats COLM on the back - suddenly heartened.

JAMES

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

CUT TO:

VIV sits by the fizzing monitor. Glances at ETHELRED in his basket.

VIV
 You want to do this or would you be
 over-qualified?

She gives the monitor a thump. The picture clears. VIV stares
 at the data. Fuzzy black and white images.

CUT TO:

17

EXT. DIG SITE - DAY

17

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

GREGORY
 Grub's up my darlings.

BEN
 No vinegar.

GREGORY
 Salt and malt on all.

BEN
 Gregory! How many times ..?

VIV
 I've got the data! It's right
 there! It's there!

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

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

GILLIAN lifts her head from the trench.

GILLIAN
 STOP!!

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

VIV
 There!

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

CUT TO:

18 **EXT. DIG SITE - LATER - DAY**

18

A toothless digger ploughs up the earth. GILLIAN stands with the SUPERVISOR. She is beaming with excitement. The SUPERVISOR shakes his head in frustration and stomps off.

A small CROWD OF LOCALS watch from beyond the fence. A young hospice nurse named HELENA brings a couple of PATIENTS outside to watch the activity. The PATIENTS are in the last throws of cancer. HELENA is attentive and caring.

CUT TO:

19 **EXT. DIG SITE - TRENCH - DAY**

19

GILLIAN and VIV down into the fresh trench. She takes VIV'S hand and forces it into the mud.

GILLIAN

Remember your lectures? What did Julian Thomas call it? Your "archaeological imagination". Use it now. What can you feel?

VIV

I don't know.

GILLIAN

Who's buried here?

VIV

I don't know.

GILLIAN

(flat)
You don't know.

She inches into the soil with her trowel. A length of bone becomes visible. GILLIAN clears it. VIV is too nervous to assist and steps away. BEN jumps down to join GILLIAN. VIV is excluded as they surround the find.

CUT TO:

20 **EXT. DIG SITE - LATER - DAY**

20

GILLIAN steps back, filthy and knackered. An aerial imaging jeep has been brought in and positioned by the fresh trench. From its roof extends a 15 meter pole with a remote-control HD camera mounted on top.

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

BEN

Little bit more ...

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

GILLIAN

Come on. Everyone. Get over here.
Check this out.

STUDENTS gather behind BEN as the overhead image appears on the lap-top. They all gaze at the collection of human bones spread out along the trench floor. Vertebrae severed. Limbs clearly hacked in two.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

You beauties.

CUT TO:

21 **EXT. DIG SITE - DAY**

21

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

BEN

Amazing! They were hacked to death!
Bloody gorgeous man!

GREGORY

Medieval - that's a given. But
there's no recorded battle here
between the Roman occupation and
the Civil War.

VIV

So what can I do?

GILLIAN

What can you do sweetheart?

BEN

Gilly we have to go.
(she groans)
Cheap booze with the faculty won't
kill you. Will it?

VIV

Can you please give me something to
do Dr Magwilde. I can help.

GILLIAN

Vivienne, young pretty intern
person. When I'm impressed with you
I'll ask for your help.

(elbows BEN)

Still waiting on him. Ethelred up!

She climbs into the Jeep, the dog after her. BEN feels for VIV.

BEN

Tanya can show you how we catalogue. It's a variation on Pitt Rivers' Techniques of Classification? Everything in acid-free tissue okay .?

VIV

How am I going to impress her?

BEN

You'll think of something. We all had to.

VIV watches them go, feeling like a failure.

CUT TO:

22

INT. BEDSIT - DAY

22

TV - jaunty theme-tune with lots of optimistic synthesized trumpet music.

We TRACK OVER the mantelpiece - more photos. A young James singing in the choir and receiving his first communion. James and Colm posing with others in a university fencing team. Snap-shots of a life.

JAMES sits cross-legged before the TV.

TV - EDWARD LAYGASS takes his place in the "stained glass" studio to a smattering of applause. It must be said, LAYGASS strikes just the right pitch - concerned but never somber, warm but not gooey.

LAYGASS

Hello! And it's lovely to have you back. Now, with me here today is Lionel. Lionel has served a sentence at a Category A prison. When he came to Christ he was surprised to discover that wearing a crucifix was considered provocative. He was staggered to discover that his prison chapel was turned over on a weekly basis for Indian yoga classes, for Buddhist meditation and for Muslim prayer.

JAMES punches off the TV, can't take any more. Anger rises up in him. Again, he hears the call to Muslim prayer from outside his window.

JAMES

When the call comes, I'll be ready
Lord.

CUT TO:

23 **EXT. UNIVERSITY - DAY**

23

The modern complex with Bath dropping away beyond.

CUT TO:

24 **INT. UNIVERSITY - ATRIUM - DAY**

24

DIGNITARIES and FACULTY with drinks in their hands. The DEAN sits down and is replaced by the new Head Of Archaeology - DR DANIEL MASTIFF. Pseudo-suave "personality" historian. Think Simon Schama crossed with Jeffrey Archer.

DANIEL MASTIFF

As your new Head of Archaeology can
I balance an academic commitment
with being a media sensation?

(encourages laughter)

Let me tell you, when I wrote my
first book, "The Secret Perversions
Of Henry VIII" with a mooted series
tie-in, I was petrified. Could I
survive in both camps? Well, if I
may humbly quote, "*Veni, vidi,
vici.*"

(applause)

And there are benefits; two percent
of profits from my latest book will
be ploughed directly into this
department!

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

DANIEL MASTIFF

Soon to be a Channel Five series.

BEN and GREGORY stand amidst the applause in suits. They spot
GILLIAN. She looks stunning in a red dress with her hair tied
back. GREGORY growls like a hound. BEN drinks her in with a
half-smile.

GILLIAN clomps through the crowd like an army Sarg. She
snatches a champagne flute and only then notices that her
hands are caked in dirt.

CUT TO:

25

EXT. DIG SITE - DAY

25

Bones are wrapped in acid-free tissue and laid in boxes. A LOCAL REPORTER takes pictures whilst another chats to one of the ARCHAEOLOGISTS. Press interest is growing.

VIV picks up part of a flapping sandal which almost comes apart in her hands. The nurse HELENA loiters nearby.

HELENA

It's exciting. Patients can't stop talking about it.

VIV

Nothing much to tell the press, it's all still a mystery. Uhh, stand in the site or away from it but not on the edge like that. Sorry.

HELENA

Sorry. I'm Helena. I work at the hospice. Well until it closes. All these new homes. Anyway ...

She politely retreats.

VIV

Look at this.

(turns over the sandal)

Soldiers put nails in the soles to get a better grip in battle. See?

HELENA

Is that the other sandal there?

Something sticking out of the soil. VIV looks for help but everyone is busy. VIV isn't sure she is qualified but tries to prize the object free. HELENA comes in to help and together they slide the chunk of dense mottled wood loose of the earth. It comes away with a jolt, sending both girls over in the mud. Filthy. They giggle.

HELENA (CONT'D)

Is it anything interesting?

VIV

Look at your finger ...

HELENA'S finger is bleeding.

HELENA

It's just a splinter.

VIV turns the chunk of wood over in her hands.

CUT TO:

MASTIFF signs copies of his book. GILLIAN approaches.

DANIEL MASTIFF
Get yourself a manicure woman!

GILLIAN
Can't help it Daniel, I'm just a
grubby wee digger.

DANIEL MASTIFF
Press are agog; what have you
found?

GILLIAN
Medieval soldiers.

DANIEL MASTIFF
Tad sensationalist?

GILLIAN
That's rich. "Sex Rites Of The
Ancients"?

DANIEL MASTIFF
From Aztec nuptials to the virgin
molestations of Caligula.

GILLIAN
Antiquity with tittys and front-
bottoms. I read your last one,
"Napoleon Goes A-Bonking ..."

DANIEL MASTIFF
(patient/over her)
"Yes Tonight Josephine, The
Appetites Of An Emperor."

GILLIAN
Missed the film on Sky ...

DANIEL MASTIFF
I outline a common truth; that
history runs on the twin motors of
human behaviour; sex and greed.

GILLIAN
Don't forget religion.

DANIEL MASTIFF
You play the fame game too honey.

He steps closer - dangerously close. She matches his gaze.

DANIEL MASTIFF (CONT'D)
You're not shy in splashing
yourself about.

GILLIAN
I've always wanted to ask you
something Daniel ...

DANIEL MASTIFF
Hmmm?

GILLIAN
How much does a first from
Cambridge actually cost?

DANIEL MASTIFF
Oh listen to us. Your mother would
never have exchanged such cheap
barbs. Too sure of her brilliance.

GILLIAN feels the sting. Steps back.

DANIEL MASTIFF (CONT'D)
How is she? Any change?

GILLIAN marches out, passing GREGORY and BEN.

GILLIAN
We've got work to do.

GREGORY
But girls and shampoo and cheese
things ...

GREGORY snatches a bottle to take with him and BEN a handful
of nibbles.

CUT TO:

27

INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - NIGHT

27

VIV moves through the Dry Room with its racks of gear hanging
from pegs into the lab proper.

The room is large and modern and lab-like. A bisected window
offers a view at pavement height - students' feet passing to
and fro. The lab is effectively in a "trench". Examination
table, fume cupboard, portable CAT-scanner. VIV feels
privileged to be here.

GILLIAN slips a lab coat over her cocktail dress, joining BEN
at the examination table. A partly assembled skeleton. Each
bone has been labelled. GILLIAN places the skull at the top
of the vertebrae. BEN turns over the warped hilt of a sword.

BEN
Look at the pommel; French.

She drags over the angle-poise magnifier and inspects the
jagged break in the bone.

GILLIAN

Twelve inch laceration across the ribs. Broad sword couldn't administer that wound, wouldn't get enough edge on it.

BEN

Yeah, I printed up a list of possibilities.

(hands her a photo)

Middle Eastern scimitar.

GILLIAN

In the English bloody countryside?!

VIV turns over her discovered chunk of wood. Is about to interrupt when GREGORY breezes through.

GREGORY

Hold the front page. I have the carbon-14 dating on the bone collagen. Between 1300 and 1320.

He drags a bottle of claret from the drawer.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

Well it's gone six.

GILLIAN

It's half past five Dolly.

GREGORY

Well it's gone six somewhere.
Athens!

GILLIAN carefully unwraps the rusted chain-mail fragment. Inside she finds a strip of decomposing fabric.

GILLIAN

The ionization from the chain-mail preserved it. Looks like your classic Z-spun Medieval cotton folks.

VIV is drawn forward - thrilled.

BEN

We're going to have to clean this at the micro-level. Takes time.

VIV

UV light.

They all look across at her. She blanches.

VIV (CONT'D)

It's what we're taught these days.
UV.

GILLIAN
Thank you, I know.

CUT TO:

28

INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - LATER - NIGHT

28

GILLIAN and BEN take a hold of the strip which has been floating in water. Both are wearing skin-tight forensic gloves. There is tension in the air.

BEN
One ...

GILLIAN
Two .. Three.

They lift quickly and assuredly and in one fluid motion transfer the cotton to a sheet of clear perspex. GILLIAN sandwiches it with another sheet of perspex.

They position the perspex block upright against the UV light. The cotton fragment looks simply grey and unremarkable. BEN switches off the main lights as the UV glow fills the room.

BEN
Shit.

They can all see a part of the red Medieval cross in the weave.

VIV
What?

GILLIAN
Gregory?

GREGORY is fumbling through some clear projection sheets. He jams one under the overhead projector with shaking hands. Another image is thrown onto the wall - a bright red Crusader's cross.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)
The symbol of the Knights Templar.

VIV
The Knights Templar?

GILLIAN
The Poor Fellow Soldiers of Christ.
The warrior monks charged with
guarding pilgrims to Jerusalem.

GREGORY
They were a monastic order, founded
hospitals and schools.
(MORE)

GREGORY (CONT'D)

They were also the Church's SAS troops. The soldiering elite of the Crusades.

GILLIAN

Not to mention the mass-slaughterers of countless Muslims.

CUT TO:

29

INT. BEDSIT - NIGHT

29

JAMES drags COLM into the room and throws down a newspaper.

JAMES

I prayed. My prayers are answered. There's a dig happening in the West Country. Soldiers. Medieval. The location is on the secret road from the coast.

COLM snatches the paper, studies it.

JAMES (CONT'D)

We have to be prepared Colm. Get the word out to the others. We monitor this and be prepared.

COLM

But for what James?

JAMES

For war.

CUT TO:

30

INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - NIGHT

30

Empty. We hear singing. Beautiful, crystal-clear singing. Some lilting Medieval love ballad. VIV carries the hunk of wood she finds absent-mindedly through the lab. She sings softly to herself. She Travels through the door at the far side into gloom ...

CUT TO:

31

INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - ARCHIVE - NIGHT

31

A whole different feel. Dark rows of books and pots and jars containing scrolls and skulls. VIV pauses, song snagged in her throat - something written on a cardboard box catches her eye - CHILD REMAINS, TUDOR, BUS-SHELTER DIG.

At the back of this Dickensian treasure-trove she finds a cluster of Chesterfield sofas and dusty Renaissance chairs plus various computers. The others are standing over GREGORY. GREGORY is isolating computer images of the Crusades - Knights Templar in their red and white fighting with Muslim warriors.

GREGORY

Here they are capturing Jerusalem during the Crusades. They were well-funded.

GILLIAN

But poor themselves.

She calls up another image - the seal of the Templars - two knights riding the same horse.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

Two knights on the same horse. Poverty as a badge of honour.

VIV

Coffees.

BEN

Cheers.

GREGORY

Splendiferous.

VIV

Our knights have been dated to the early 1300's. That's when the Church turned against them, right?

GREGORY

The young lady with the proceleusmatic bosom is quite right; the Templars were deemed too radical. Too powerful. King Phillip of France outlawed them in 1307. I believe the arrests began on Friday 13th. Hence that date is unlucky.

(to VIV)

Write it down. Impress your friends at parties.

BEN

Remind me not to come to one of your parties.

GILLIAN

So our knights escape France and come to England. But they're ambushed.

VIV

I think they had a wooden cart or something with them. I found this.

She shows them the hunk of wood.

GILLIAN

No, they were sworn to poverty. Even carts were a luxury. What sort of wood is this?

GREGORY

I'll tell you what it's not; it's not oak. Or beech. Or ash. Or sycamore.

GILLIAN

Get me dendochronolgy on it.

Phone rings. GILLIAN answers.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

Dr Magwilde.

The voice on the other end is relaxed and even.

LAYGASS (PHONE)

Ah. Yes. Just the person. Have you found the Templar Knights?

GILLIAN

Who is this please?

LAYGASS (PHONE)

I've been looking for them too. A long time.

GILLIAN

Identify yourself creepy caller.

LAYGASS (PHONE)

And what about their precious cargo? Where would that be? Any ideas yet?

GILLIAN

I don't know what you're talking about.

LAYGASS (PHONE)

Do you pray Dr Magwilde?

GILLIAN

Funnily enough I'm praying now. That you would bog off.

(MORE)

GILLIAN (CONT'D)
 (line goes dead)
 Hallelujah, it worked.

CUT TO:

32 **INT. LAYGASS'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

32

The room is dominated by two things. The first a symbol for The White Dove Organization. The second is Antonello's grotesquely beautiful Crucifixion. Music begins to fill the room from the CD player - Gregorian plain-song.

Against the lamp-light we see the shadow of a man against the wall. We presume this is LAYGASS. His head is bowed as he contemplates.

Christ gazes down - hanging from the Cross.

CUT TO:

33 **INT. HOSPICE - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT**

33

HELENA keeps vigil over a dying CANCER PATIENT. The man is sallow and close to passing. She strokes his face and mutters prayers.

HELENA
 Hang on until your family get here
 Jack. So brave. Jesus, please be
 with Jack at this time of his
 passing from the world. Lay your
 hand on him Lord ...

She winces - the splinter in her finger. PATIENT gasps. HELENA forgets her own petty discomfort and returns to stroking his cheek with her injured finger.

CUT TO:

34 **INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - NIGHT**

34

MONTAGE. BEN drills a bore hole in the chunk of wood.

- Removes a corkscrew sample.
- Sample under a modified microscope.
- POV: rings in the wood brought into muddy focus.
- BEN compares his charts. Double-takes.

CUT TO:

35 **EXT. UNIVERSITY - DAY**

35

Establisher.

CUT TO:

36 **INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - DAY**

36

GILLIAN extracts a distinctive crucifix from a tray of silt. She cleans it off using a needle-thin water jet. GREGORY hunches over her.

GILLIAN

This belonged to the Grandmontine monks. The chroniclers of the Templar.

She turns over the crucifix - etched on the back is a snake and a sword. She has no idea what they mean.

GREGORY

Look at the way this chain is snapped. Like it was yanked from his neck.

GILLIAN

So the knights flee France. A Grandmontine monk goes with them. They're attacked by Saracens .. or people pretending to be Saracens.

(beat)

What if these knights brought something precious with them from France? "Precious cargo".

VIV brings in teas.

VIV

Glad I've got a degree.

GREGORY

Bickies?

VIV

Rich Tea or Bourbons?

GREGORY

No Hob Nobs? Dear God, this is like working in a Madagascan ruby mine. Bring on the whips!

GILLIAN

All these centuries of blood-shed in the name of religion.

VIV

Well it's not always like that.

GILLIAN

What?

VIV

Well .. Just that the nastier stuff tends to leave a bigger impact on history. But that's not how God works.

GILLIAN

You were presumably brainwashed by God-bothering parents ...

VIV

No.

(softening)

But holy wars .. Crusades .. It's the big stuff. I always thought that God was found in the quiet corners. In the little things.

BEN

The little things. I like that.

He was watching from the sidelines. VIV blushes.

BEN (CONT'D)

Anyway, we all have to have something to believe in, don't we Gillian.

A pointed remark which she chooses to ignore.

BEN (CONT'D)

Right, you ready for this? First off, wood type is cedar.

GILLIAN

Cedar?!

BEN

That takes it out of Europe. Dendochronology puts it at 32AD. 2000 years ago.

He shows them a microscope picture - furry particles.

BEN (CONT'D)

Pollen. I j-pegged this to an old mate. Adducum spores.

Silence in the room as BEN waits for a reaction.

GILLIAN

Notice how none of us are nodding?

BEN

Found in Syria, Jordan, Israel. The Holy Land anyone?

GREGORY

Two thousand year old wood from the Holy Land.

BEN

Carried by the knights Templar who we know were entrusted with Christian relics from Jerusalem.

(beat)

But that's not the best bit. There's organic residue in the wood. Soaked in. Like blood. Mixed with metal traces ..?

GILLIAN is already hunting through paperwork.

GREGORY

Okay. Now .. hold your horses. Let's not start getting carried away.

BEN

Who's getting carried away Dolly? I'm just telling you what I found. Evidence that 2000 years ago someone may have been lacerated with a metal nail and bled into the wood.

GILLIAN slaps down a picture - Templars carrying the True Cross through the English countryside. They all cluster round, staring transfixed at the image of the Cross. Then one by one they turn to look at that mottled hunk of cedar sitting on the table.

GREGORY

Maybe we should keep this to ourselves for now.

CUT TO:

37

INT. UNIVERSITY - MASTIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

37

A shrine to one man's vanity. Doctorate on the wall. Signed copies of his own books. Framed photo of MASTIFF with his arm round Tony Robinson. MASTIFF himself is at his desk whilst on the phone. He is at once irritated and intrigued by the caller.

DANIEL MASTIFF

Yes, I know who you are but I'm not in the business of Really?

(MORE)

DANIEL MASTIFF (CONT'D)
Well, that's a thought ... We're
always looking for donations ...

He taps his pen against his teeth thoughtfully. Glances
across at the

DANIEL MASTIFF (CONT'D)
All right. I can tell you they
unearthed a piece of cedar wood ...
About 2000 years old ...

CUT TO:

38 **INT. BEDSIT - DAY**

38

COLM enters. He finds a stronger, fitter JAMES standing in
the room. He like COLM wears the long grey trenchcoat.

JAMES
It's happening. Now. Are you ready
for it Colm?

COLM
How do you know ...?

JAMES tips over his own bed. Underneath is a long leather
bag. He drags it out and reaches inside. Removes a sword.

COLM (CONT'D)
James ...

JAMES
Don't doubt. Not for a second. Did
you doubt God when we were saved
from the streets? When we were
raised by the Brothers? Did you
doubt our education? Our training?
Nurturing? This is what our lives
have been built for! The Knights
awake.

He tosses the sword. COLM catches it instinctively.

CUT TO:

39 **EXT. MUSLIM CENTRE - DAY**

39

Sign reads "City Of Birmingham - Muslim Cultural Centre."

Several progressive MUSLIM STUDENTS dash out of the building,
led by their un-appointed group leader HISHAM (earnest and
bookish). They stare in shock at the wooden cross burning
before them.

CUT TO:

HISHAM and his friends hurry inside to find JAMES and COLM waiting for them. Both men wear white t-shirts under their flowing coats.

JAMES

We've seen you on TV. Suggesting Edward Laygass incites violence against you.

HISHAM

Not just against us. The Sikh Temple. The meeting house of Hare Krishna ... The White Dove Organization is an evil ...

JAMES

Puts non-denominational Christianity at the head of daily life.

HISHAM

Look mate, the man's books and his speeches .. they encourage violence.

JAMES

You've invaded a Christian country.

HISHAM

I was born in Dudley you idiot!

JAMES

It is the aim of every Muslim to convert or kill the infidel.

HISHAM

Islam is a peaceful religion. What, you think you speak for a nation of church-goers?

JAMES

Soon we will. A fire is going to be lit. And everyone will come to it. They will flock to it.

HISHAM

So, you work for Edward Laygass.

JAMES

We are the Poor Fellow Soldiers Of Christ. We work for Him.

He opens his coat - a blood red Templar cross on his shirt. Both he and COLM draw swords.

TWO NURSES hovering in the doorway share a stunned look. One takes out her mobile.

CUT TO:

43 **INT. UNIVERSITY - ARCHIVE - DAY**

43

BEN grabs GILLIAN'S elbow.

BEN

You should see this.

They are all watching TV - HELENA is being interviewed.

HELENA (TV)

Yes, it was just an ordinary piece of wood sticking out of the ground. And I touched it. I know they're saying it's 2000 years old but I don't know. I just don't know.

GILLIAN

Oh shit ...

BEN

Look ..

He flicks channels - News 24 item showing the smouldering crucifix outside the Muslim Centre.

BEN (CONT'D)

Muslim leaders, church leaders .. they've all come out in disgust over it.

GREGORY

Our piece of wood Gilly. Our little piece of wood.

CUT TO:

44 **EXT. BEDSIT - DAY**

44

War drums. Driving soundtrack.

JAMES and COLM stride purposefully from the tenement. Onto JAMES'S moped - COLM pillion. Just as the Templars rode. They set off down the street, watched from a discreet distance by HISHAM.

CUT TO:

45 **INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - DAY**

45

BEN follows GILLIAN across the lab.

BEN

We could lie. Tell it's a fake.

GILLIAN

I can't do that.

BEN

No. You like your glory too much,
don't you.

GILLIAN

That's very unfair. This is an
amazing historical find ...

BEN

And it's causing one hell of a
storm.

He marches out angrily. GILLIAN notices VIV watching her.

GILLIAN

Mastiff said you asked to for a
placement here and nowhere else.

VIV

Well .. this is where it's all
happening isn't it.

GILLIAN

I saw your exam results. You have
the pick of the crop. Why here?

VIV

Pin in a map.

GILLIAN

Okay then, don't tell me. But I
hope you like getting into trouble.

VIV

Uhh yes. No? Which is the best
answer?

GILLIAN

You'd better decide coz Gregory's
right about religious faith;
gunpowder of humanity. If we do
find what we .. may have found then
every zealot, fanatic and crackpot
will be down on our dig site like a
ton of bricks.

CUT TO:

JAMES leans against the dank wall. Runs a sharpening stone along the length of his blade. Presses the cold steel to his forehead.

A noise.

JAMES moves quickly, sword flashing at his side. Along the alleyway. Right turn. Nothing. He waits. Patient.

HISHAM steps out of the shadows.

HISHAM

I've been learning about you. And the other orphans.

JAMES

I have a Father.

HISHAM

An entire monastic school, founded with money from Edward Laygass's family. What did he raise you all to believe?

JAMES

The Truth.

HISHAM

I've seen Muslims, good Muslims driven with that look that you have now. Mad with zeal and longing to make a difference. Don't make me go to the Police. Stand down from it.

JAMES nods to himself, walking forward. HISHAM sees a glimmer of hope.

JAMES swings his sword with a yell. HISHAM is decapitated in one stroke. His head bounces into the dustbins. His body crumples to the cobbles.

JAMES is at once aghast and exhilarated by what he has done. Tears pour down his face. He sinks to his knees.

JAMES

You have guided my hand. I entrust myself to Your will.

He leans against the wall and vomits.

But when he looks back up, his eyes burn with determination beneath his sweaty fringe.

War drums.

CUT TO:

47 **EXT. BIRMINGHAM CITY STREETS - DAY**

47

War drums - urgent. A clarion call.

A BEGGAR plays the recorder for disinterested shoppers. JAMES approaches him. The BEGGAR throws away his whistle and falls into step with JAMES.

A BEARDED MAN hands out Christian leaflets. JAMES and the BEGGAR approach. The BEARDED MAN discards his pamphlets to the wind.

JAMES, COLM and THREE FELLOW SOLDIERS walk with purpose, cutting through the crowds. Each wears a white t-shirt under a flowing trench coat. JAMES slings his sword bag over his shoulder.

JAMES
(plain song)
Beatus servus in Christi dominus.

FELLOW SOLDIERS
In Christo dominus!

CUT TO:

48 **TV - DAY**

48

BIG CLOSE-UP of LAYGASS'S TV show. A series of VOX POP INTERVIEWS with PEOPLE ON THE STREET. The White Dove Organization logo sits in the corner of the screen.

- *"Oh I believe in God, yes. I believe in a Higher Power. He watches what we do. And he's .. I see him surrounded by children. "Come unto me little children" wasn't it?*

- *"I think that when Jesus comes again there will be miracles. The sick will be healed and evil people will be punished. Pedophiles will burn. They'll just start burning where they stand. And homosexuals I shouldn't wonder. But it will be a wonderful time."*

- *"You know what's wrong? Why we can't beat Osama Bin Layden (sic) and all that mob; because we don't have faith. They have faith. They're wrong. They believe in utter rubbish. But at least they have it. Whereas we have the True Faith in Jesus but we don't stand up for it. And that's where they got us over a barrel."*

CUT to LAYGASS smiling at the camera with a tint of regret.

LAYGASS
What if Jesus could be proved? It would light a fire in all our hearts wouldn't it? Even in those who thought they had no faith. "
(MORE)

LAYGASS (CONT'D)

In my Father's house there are many mansions." So said Jesus. Wouldn't those mansions soon be filled with Christian souls? The Believers would drive out those who did not follow the Truth. Just as we did a long time ago. Wow! I mean Wow! Oh Wow!

CUT TO:

49

EXT. DIG SITE - DAY

49

GILLIAN and her TEAM push through a scrum of PRESS.

GILLIAN

Miracles? Gregory's been turning wine into water for years.

GREGORY

Amen.

GILLIAN

(grabs a team member)
Tanya, call the university. Any member of the rugger squad looking to earn cash in hand is to get down here onto this cordon.

JOURNALIST

Dr Magwilde, a few questions?

GILLIAN

Remove your stringy buttocks from my dig.

JOURNALIST

Have your team uncovered part of the True Cross? And is the rest of it still down there?

GILLIAN

Yeah. Last week we tripped over the Holy Grail and next week we're going after Atlantis.

JOURNALIST

But that's the reputation that ruined your mother wasn't it. Going after the exotic ...

BEN

We're very busy. Thanks. Cheers.

JOURNALIST

Broke her career. Broke her spirit.

BEN pushes the JOURNO away. He can see how deeply GILLIAN is cut. He reaches out to her but GILLIAN shrugs him off.

CUT TO:

50

EXT. HOSPICE - DAY

50

HELENA steps outside cautiously. VIV is there to meet her.

HELENA

I .. I didn't start this, honestly.

VIV

It doesn't matter who started it,
it's begun now.

HELENA puts her hands behind her back.

VIV (CONT'D)

You're a believer, aren't you.

HELENA

Jack was minutes away from dying.
I'm a Christian. I believe God
sometimes chooses to heal ...

HELENA holds out her hand. VIV sees the splinter in her fingertip. Her mind spins with crazy possibilities.

MOTHER

Excuse me.

She stands clutching the hand of her 8 year old SON.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

I saw you on the news. Touch him.

HELENA

Sorry ..?

MOTHER

He has leukemia. Could you touch
him please? What harm can it do?

HELENA

I'm not special.
(touches the boy with her
fingertips)
Bless you in Jesus's name.

MOTHER

Thank you.

Tears trickle down the MOTHER'S face. She leads her son away.

VIV

You should get that thing removed.

HELENA

They work themselves out.

She heads back inside. VIV turns and is immediately grabbed by GILLIAN who shoves a set of door keys into her hand.

GILLIAN

These are the keys to my flat. Take Ethelred, he hates crowds. Bring me my spare overalls, they're drying on the radiator. Touch nothing!

VIV

You've got company.

DANIEL MASTIFF picks his way over in pristine wellies.

GILLIAN

You'll find a crossbow; bring that too.

CUT TO:

51 INT. GILLIAN'S FLAT - DAY

51

Bay window with a wonderful view of the city. Tapestries on the wall. Bust from an Egyptian sarcophagus. VIV leads ETHELRED indoors. He whines.

VIV

Hey! It's not my job to feed you! I'm a graduate! With honours! You like Nobby's Nuts?

She sprinkles some into his food bowl. A photo catches her eye - young Gillian with unruly teenaged hair standing beside her mother in a field dig. Mother looks striking and confident. An emotional shadow passes over VIV.

She picks up a Chinese box. Opens the lid and peers in. Reacts with a start and drops it.

Notices the stacks of scribbled notes and sketches on the desk. Gillian has been drawing swords. Variations on the same idea. And star maps. Pinpointed constellations. VIV can not make sense of it. Writing beneath these constellations -

VIV (CONT'D)

"I found him in the shining of the stars .." Tennyson.

CUT TO:

52 INT. DIG SITE - OPS TENT - DAY

52

GILLIAN folds her arms defensively, squaring up to MASTIFF.

DANIEL MASTIFF

I thought Saint Helena found the True Cross in the 4th century and took it to Rome?

GILLIAN

There are lots of stories about the Cross Daniel. We're analyzing a portion of 2000 year old cedar wood.

DANIEL MASTIFF

But you appreciate with your mother's well publicized obsessions .. The silly sword thingie business ... We can't be made a joke of Gillian.

She is angry and embarrassed but she also knows he is right.

DANIEL MASTIFF (CONT'D)

There are people out there who think a dying man has just been miraculously healed from liver cancer.

GILLIAN

Let me do my job.

DANIEL MASTIFF

Can I let you do that? Thing is, I've had a phone call.

GILLIAN looks back at him.

CUT TO:

53

INT. GILLIAN'S FLAT - DAY

53

VIV finds a press cutting taped to some of Gillian's notes - "Eminent Archaeologist In Suicide Attempt." A photo of Gillian's mother looking dishevelled in dark glasses.

ETHELRED starts to growl.

She steps softly towards the front door. Floorboard creaks outside. Shadow under the door. VIV is stock still. ETHELRED growls deeper.

The wood of the door begins to squeak. The architrave cracks. VIV picks up ETHELRED and backs away.

Silence. She begins to relax.

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

58 **EXT. GILLIAN'S FLAT - BACK GARDEN - DAY**

58

She clambers down the makeshift rope and drops into the garden.

VIV

Shift your arse Toto.

ETHELRED follows her out of the garden.

CUT TO:

59 **INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - DAY**

59

GILLIAN slams down the phone angrily. GREGORY and BEN wait.

GILLIAN

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

GREGORY

What do you expect? The Cross. Everyone wants a bit of it.

GILLIAN

What about the tissue residue in the wood?

BEN

They may be able to recover DNA but it'll take months.

GILLIAN

The DNA of Christ?

GREGORY

Ah.

(shrugs)

The DNA of a crucified man. It doesn't matter if he's Jesus or Fred Cohen, he will become the most powerful and dangerous dead man on Earth.

GILLIAN

No chance of God hiding "in the quiet places and the little things" then.

BEN

Look it's a bit mad right now, granted. But things'll settle down.

VIV charges through.

VIV

Errmm .. I'm not being funny or anything but some men with Medieval swords broke into your flat.

CUT TO:

60

INT. GILLIAN'S FLAT - DAY

60

GILLIAN stands in the centre of her ransacked living room. BEN joins her.

GILLIAN

They were looking for the wood.

She gently rights the smashed photo of her mother. He holds her. He takes great comfort being this close to her and for a minute she enjoys it too. Then suddenly she steps back, pulling herself together as her mobile rings.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

Yes?

GREGORY (PHONE)

It's Gregory. I know who's taken over the site.

CUT TO:

61

INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - EVENING

61

GILLIAN has the team assembled. GREGORY scrolls through internet articles on Laygass.

GREGORY

Edward Laygass. Hugely rich. Philanthropic right-wing Christian. His father founded a Christian outreach organization using impressionable young boys from the orphanage. Has long held a belief that the country needs to restore the values and principles of the Knights Templar.

BEN

Without the burning and the wholesale murder of Muslims I assume.

GREGORY

Well ... Hmmm.

GILLIAN

White Dove; publishing, television ..

(MORE)

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

Now he has plans to lobby
parliament to abolish non-Christian
religions in the UK.

GREGORY

This is a video stream from their
website.

VIDEO - images of street violence and mortar attacks on the
streets of Jerusalem. Crying children hunkered beside dead
parents. Arabs and Israelis slaughtering one another. And all
of this to one solitary choir boy singing "Jerusalem".

*"And did those feet in ancient time, walk upon England's
mountains green? And was the Holy Lamb of God in England's
pleasant pastures seen ..?"*

The images intensify, the cutting growing rapid. The hymn
swells.

"And was Jerusalem builded here?"

Picture freeze.

LAYGASS (V.O.)

A question for you; do you want
their Jerusalem or Christ's
Jerusalem?

White Dove logo spins into frame.

VIV

Impressive alto voice.

GILLIAN pulls the plug on it. Mobile rings.

GILLIAN

Yes?

CUT TO:

62

EXT. DIG SITE - NIGHT

62

GILLIAN jumps out of the Jeep with BEN - truly they can not
believe what they are seeing. A CROWD OF PEOPLE standing
dutifully behind the cordon in the gloaming, facing the site
as though at an altar. Some praying. Many looking sick or
wheeling in sick relatives. And men in trench coats (not
JAMES or COLM) are handing out white doves. The people take
the doves and clasp them tightly. GILLIAN realizes suddenly
that the moment is being taped. The camera has a White Dove
logo.

DANIEL MASTIFF

Gillian?

He steps up beside her.

GILLIAN

Please tell me Daniel .. Tell me
the man who bought this site isn't
...

EDWARD LAYGASS moves through the crowd, a concerned hand on the shoulder here, a cupping of a child's face there. When he looks over at them, there are tears in his eyes.

CUT TO:

63

INT. DIG SITE - OPS TENT - NIGHT

63

GILLIAN blazes back and forth in the tent. LAYGASS remains patient. MASTIFF looks nervous.

LAYGASS

I've been waiting for this half my
life. The knights you have
uncovered brought the Cross to
England. It's here.

DANIEL MASTIFF

Actually geo-phys has yet to find a
trace of it ...

LAYGASS

It's in this country.
We are at war Doctor Magwilde. And
our enemy is winning. God has
forsaken us because we lack faith.
We're a nation of hypocrites. We go
to church to get married but we
don't believe. We baptize our kids
and renounce "the Devil and all his
ways." But we're just counting the
seconds until we can get to the
pub.

GILLIAN

I don't need a sermon from you ...

LAYGASS

The Templars had faith. The
thousands who risked death
travelling from here to the Holy
Land on pilgrimage had faith. My
favourite Bible quote - John 14
verse 2, "In my Father's house are
many mansions .." The most
wonderful thing for me would be to
see the rooms of Heaven filled.

GILLIAN

You're turning a scientific find
into a three-ringed circus!

LAYGASS

No. This site may be our Lourdes.
When we find the Cross itself, the
Christian world will rally to it.

GILLIAN

Get rid of him.

DANIEL MASTIFF

You know I can't do that. He owns
this land now.

GILLIAN

You broke into my home you bastard.

LAYGASS smiles sadly and steps out.

DANIEL MASTIFF

Gillian ...

GILLIAN

You toad! What are you getting out
of this? Book deal? Film rights?

DANIEL MASTIFF

Don't be crazy ...

GILLIAN

What's the title?

DANIEL MASTIFF

Out.

GILLIAN

The title?

DANIEL MASTIFF

What?

GILLIAN

Don't be shy. What are you calling
your inevitable book?

DANIEL MASTIFF

Don't be pathetic. I haven't .. I'm
not even ... This is stupid! I .. I
.. I .. "Onward Christian Soldiers:
The Rescue Of The Cross." Random
House are in the bag, Channel Four
are sniffing. And THAT Doctor is
money in the bank for your
department!

CUT TO:

64 **EXT. DIG SITE - NIGHT**

64

GILLIAN and BEN watch as LAYGASS moves amongst the people.

GILLIAN
He's going to twist this into some
kind of modern day Crusade.

BEN
What d'you wanna do?

GILLIAN
Let him have the site.

BEN
Eh?

GILLIAN
Maybe he's right. We're going after
the Cross.

CUT TO:

65 **INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - ARCHIVE - NIGHT**

65

GILLIAN pours through an internet archive on the Templars. A hundred images flicker across the screen as she "leafs" through the pages of a cyber-book.

GILLIAN
A Grandmontine monk was with the
knights when they were ambushed. We
found his crucifix. We know he was
there.

BEN
And killed along with the knights.

GILLIAN
Wrong. His name was Stephen. And
this morning, I found him.

She points to a references to -

CUT TO:

66 **EXT. RUTTED ROAD - 14TH CENTURY - NIGHT**

66

The KNIGHTS trudge with their precious relic under a plain cloth. Their heads are bent. They are humble and tired. Walking with them is a young, earnest monk STEPHEN.

GILLIAN (V.O.)

"Chronicle of Stephen, holy brother of the Grandmontine." He followed them to England, escaping the persecutions. His records are vague and I only found them by chance. I don't think he was considered to be very reliable.

CUT TO:

67

INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - ARCHIVE - NIGHT

67

GILLIAN

His full writings aren't available on here. In fact the records he kept are privately owned. Any ideas by whom?

BEN

Edward Laygass.

GILLIAN

Bing! Right answer.

BEN

Right. Okay. But he was still butchered along with ...

GILLIAN

No. His writings are in past tense. Brother Stephen must have escaped the attack.

CUT TO:

68

EXT. RUTTED ROAD - 14TH CENTURY - NIGHT

68

The lightning rampages across the sky. The SARACENS tear into the TEMPLARS. BROTHER STEPHEN crouches behind a tree, watching wide-eyed and petrified.

A SARACEN appears before him, sword raised. A TEMPLAR runs him through from behind. As the SARACEN sinks to his knees, he reaches out, clawing at BROTHER STEPHEN and yanking the crucifix from around his neck.

CUT TO:

69

INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - ARCHIVE - EVENING

69

GILLIAN

He was the soul survivor of that attack.

(MORE)

LAYGASS
James. My lovely boy.

He embraces JAMES with heartfelt affection.

CUT TO:

73

EXT. DIG SITE - NIGHT

73

LAYGASS watches as several large boards are erected to block the site from the PEOPLE in the street. MASTIFF picks his way over.

LAYGASS
Pay special attention to any new find relating to a monastic order such as the Grandmontines.

DANIEL MASTIFF
Or I might just bring you Cross of Calvary.

LAYGASS
The Cross is not a business opportunity Daniel. Is it?

DANIEL MASTIFF
No. Not at all. No. But we uhh .. We need to sort out a time for an interview. I'm collating your thoughts and theories. For the book.

(off silence)
If you're worried about site security ..?

LAYGASS
I'm not worried.

DANIEL MASTIFF
I meant Magwilde's team. Their noses are put out of joint ..

LAYGASS
I'm not worried about them either. This site is secure.

He walks away leaving MASTIFF non-plussed.

CUT TO:

74

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

74

GREGORY saunters down the road, burbling something from "The Marriage Of Figaro" to himself.

Footsteps behind him. GREGORY glances over his shoulder and a shadowy form moves out of sight.

GREGORY quickens both his pace and the tempo of his aria. Approaches the discreet Ecclesiastical library which is nothing more than a doorway.

CUT TO:

75

INT. ECCLESIASTICAL LIBRARY - NIGHT

75

Small but labyrinthine with rows of dusty books. GREGORY lets his fingers skip across the spines, still humming "Figaro". The stern female LIBRARIAN sssshes him.

GREGORY
Apologies madam.

He locates a heading on "Obscure Monastic Writings.".

GREGORY (CONT'D)
Ah. Now then, where art thou
Brother Stephen?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A pair of bloodshot eyes blaze back at him.

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

Through the books we glimpse a flash of silver - a sword drawn from its sheath.

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

The tinkle of the door bell.

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

Noticing the LIBRARIAN'S terrified stare, COLM re-sheaths his sword and musters up what he hopes is a friendly smile.

CUT TO:

76

INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - ARCHIVE - NIGHT

76

GREGORY debriefs the others using digital photos now downloaded onto computer.

GREGORY

It seems Brother Stephen did travel with our knights as recounted in his *Chroniculi minori*. They were led by a great Templar; Jaques de Saint-Omar.

GILLIAN

That sword ...

She is fascinated by a picture of Saint-Omar carrying a distinctive narrow sword.

GREGORY

It's not in keeping with the Templar's traditional hand-and-a-half sword ...

GILLIAN

Ben. Look at it.

BEN

Can we stick to the business at hand?

GILLIAN

You can see it. I know you can see it.

VIV

See what?

BEN

Nothing. A flight of fancy. Forget about it.

GILLIAN

Give that picture to me.

Before GREGORY can say anything, GILLIAN swipes the picture and stuffs it into her pocket.

GREGORY

(coughs for attention)
 If I may resume ... The knights
 were attacked. He is vague about
 the location which is why this
 hasn't come to light before.

VIV

By Saracens?

GREGORY

They dressed as Saracens but
 Brother Stephen knew differently.

CUT TO:

77 **EXT. RUTTED COUNTRY ROAD - 14TH CENTURY - NIGHT** 77

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

CUT TO:

78 **INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - ARCHIVE - NIGHT** 78

GREGORY

English Mercenaries. Stephen's
 careful here. He says they stole a
 "most magnificent relic." These
 thieves were in the pay of the
 Grandmontines themselves.

VIV

The jammy sods!

GREGORY

He describes it as falling into
 their "miraculous care" but he's
 being sarcastic, the naughty monk.

GILLIAN

The Templars were being wiped out,
 the monks needed to guard the relic
 themselves. Where'd they take it?

GREGORY

There's their monastery at
 Cresswell but it's been heavily
 excavated.

GILLIAN

They hid it! And Laygass has the
 secret writings of Brother Stephen.

BEN

If the answer was in that book then Laygass would be lynching heathens and parading the Cross up Pall Mall by now.

GILLIAN

He's missing something. He can only read the top-soil, we know how to dig.

(checks her watch)

Motorway to Birmingham'll be clear. Fancy a drive Gregory?

He waggles a hip flask.

GREGORY

I'll just put the kettle on.

CUT TO:

79 **EXT. DIG SITE - NIGHT**

79

TWO THIEVES have broken onto the site. Jump down into one of the trenches.

THIEF 1

Naw. You're looking in all the wrong places buddy. They dig it up then they stack it all in these tents and shit. So, sooner we get in there, sooner we get on the old e-bay bollocks, yeah?

They look up suddenly. JAMES and COLM stand over them with swords in their hands. COLM looks uncertain but there is only righteous certainty in JAMES'S eyes.

JAMES

This is holy ground.

CUT TO:

80 **INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - ARCHIVE - NIGHT**

80

VIV spins through endless depictions of the Crucifixion. Jesus hanging, flanked by two thieves. She yawns - exhausted. BEN leans over, making her jump.

VIV

Ah! Shit!

BEN

Shit! Sorry!

They break into tired laughter. He switches off the screen.

BEN (CONT'D)

Go home.

VIV

Ben. Is it out there? The Cross?

BEN

Question is, should it be found at all?

CUT TO:

81 **INT. WHITE DOVE ORGANIZATION - RECEPTION - NIGHT**

81

The DESK MAN looks up levelly as a very efficient GILLIAN and a very pompous GREGORY flash their university cards.

GILLIAN

Dr Magwilde, Professor Parton,
University Archaeology Department.
You know why we're in Birmingham.

The DESK MAN frowns.

GREGORY

We're collecting Mr Laygass's notes
on the Brother Stephen writings. I
thought you'd been notified.

GILLIAN

I'll phone Mr Laygass. Wake him up.
He'll hit the roof. Nothing is ever
simple is it.

CUT TO:

82 **INT. LAYGASS OFFICES - NIGHT**

82

GILLIAN and GREGORY step through.

GILLIAN

Apparently it is.

GREGORY is impressed by the Antonello. GILLIAN is appalled by the xenophobic, hate-filled flyers on the walls. "Make This OUR Holy War." "Islam - The Hate-fuelled Religion." Etc.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

Here's the book.

It's behind a thick glass case.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

It's wired.

She looks at all those tiny rosewood drawers.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)
Do you know your New Testament
Gregory? Chapter and verse.

GREGORY
Book of John. Chapter 14 ...

GILLIAN
Verse 2.

She runs along to 14 and then down to row 2. Pulls the
drawer. Nothing. Presses it in.

Every drawer in the cabinet slips open.

Each drawer contains a different key.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)
A man with a lot of secrets.

There is only one electronic disabler key though. She uses it
to unlock the glass case and remove the writings of Brother
Stephen.

CUT TO:

85 **EXT. COUNTRY LANE - MORNING** 85

Jeep bouncing over rough lanes in deep countryside.

CUT TO:

86 **I/E. JEEP - MORNING** 86

GREGORY drives. GILLIAN on the far side and VIV wedged
between them. BEN in the back.

GILLIAN
Viv, you don't have to sit in the
Floozzy Seat.

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

GREGORY
I was changing down!

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

BEN

What are those symbols?

A snake and a sword.

GREGORY

These are the symbols of Garway. A Templar church in Herefordshire. The Templars were destroyed when this book was written so it's a reference to the fact that their churches have been decimated ...

GILLIAN

Hang about, I've seen these signs before. On the back of Stephen's crucifix. Looked like he carved them himself.

GREGORY

But Stephen was a Grandmontine. Why would he desecrate his own crucifix with a snake and a sword?

GILLIAN

Because Garway was special?
(beat)
Where is that crucifix?

BEN

We packed everything. Viv, you were clearing out the office, did you see it?

GILLIAN looks across sharply at VIV.

VIV

I packed it. I'm sure. I think. Look, we were in a rush!

GILLIAN glares at her.

GREGORY gropes her thigh. She swats him.

GREGORY

I was changing up!

BEN

Come on, Garway's only 60 miles.

CUT TO:

87 **INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - DAY**

87

JAMES stands amidst the cleared out lab. He is about to leave when his boot nudges something on the floor - Brother Stephen's crucifix. He turns it over in his hands. Clocks the symbols etched upon the back.

JAMES

Garway.

CUT TO:

88 **EXT. DIG SITE - DAY**

88

DANIEL MASTIFF stands in front of the boards that block the site from view. A few clusters of PEOPLE keep vigil. They wait patiently, some praying.

But on the other side of the board PARAMEDICS are removing the TWO CRUCIFIED THIEVES who have been nailed up there alive.

The men groan and weep as they are brought down. LAYGASS watches impassive.

LAYGASS

"And they crucified two thieves with Him."

DANIEL MASTIFF

Who would do this?

JAMES stands to one side and catches his boss's eye - they must go. LAYGASS walks off to join JAMES who he embraces.

DANIEL MASTIFF (CONT'D)

(whisper)

Don't find it Gillian. Please don't find it.

CUT TO:

89 **EXT. GARWAY - LANE - DAY**

89

GILLIAN jumps out of the Jeep which has reached a stone wall dead-end.

BEN

(from Jeep)

Waste of time! No one comes up here Gilly.

Over the wall, an ELDERLY MAN tends his allotment. He grins GILLIAN who lerans on the wall casually with a coy smile.

ELDERLY MAN

Lost eh?

GILLIAN

We're looking for the church?

ELDERLY MAN

Church? Closed.

GILLIAN

We can open it. We're allowed.

ELDERLY MAN

For drainage works. Got the
flagstones up an' all sorts.

GILLIAN

They've got the flagstones up. And
there's nothing under there?

ELDERLY MAN

Like what?

GILLIAN

Ohh. Dunno. Errr ... Secret
chambers? Anything like that?

The MAN gives her a sideways look. GILLIAN realizes she has
reached a genuine dead-end. Turns to go.

ELDERLY MAN

If you wanna sightsee you can have
a look at the dove-cote.

GILLIAN looks back.

GILLIAN

Dove-cote?

ELDERLY MAN

Built with the church. It's in me
garden. Hop over.

CUT TO:

90

EXT. GARWAY - ALLOTMENT - DOVE-COTE - DAY

90

They pick their way through freshly dug soil, past watering
cans and wheel-barrows. And there it is - the circular stone
dove-cote sitting on his lawn beside some garden gnomes.

GREGORY

14th century for certain. If not
older. Best one I've seen.

BEN

Yeah the Knights must've owned all this land around here.

ELDERLY MAN

They did. You're right.

GILLIAN runs her fingers over the symbols on the stone - a snake and a sword.

GILLIAN

Doves ... Very important to the knights.

ELDERLY MAN

Holy ain't they, doves. Symbol of peace.

GILLIAN

And when the Templars were destroyed and their church abandoned, who would worry about an innocent little dove-cote?

CUT TO:

91 **INT. DOVE-COTE - DAY**

91

They push open the rickety door and step into a totally circular structure lined with hundreds of stone coops. Pigeons flap about.

GILLIAN

Gregory? The floor?

A huge stone rests in the centre of the cote.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

Gregory?

GREGORY is counting.

BEN

How many?

GREGORY

Twelve rows high and I count fifty-five coops in one row running all around. Six hundred and sixty-six.

VIV

The number of the Beast?

GREGORY

666 doves to counter the power of Satan. Funny how folk tick isn't it.

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

CUT TO:

96

INT. DOVE-COTE - UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - DAY

96

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

The room is filled with decaying wooden crosses. Some with their cross-beams missing. Some fallen. At least two dozen.

They reach the floor.

GILLIAN

These are Roman crosses. The Templars didn't know which was Christ's so they brought them all.

VIV

And the piece we found ...?

GILLIAN

From one of these.

VIV unclicks her harness.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

Be careful.

VIV walks amongst the crosses. She cautiously touches one.

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

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

Ben? What are you doing?

CUT TO:

97

INT. DOVE-COTE - DAY

97

BEN and GREGORY stand stock-still. COLM holds them at bay with his sword whilst JAMES hoists in the harness. LAYGASS ducks into the cote. He grimaces at the startled pigeons.

LAYGASS

Once full of pure white doves. Now teeming with sullied grey scavengers from abroad.

CUT TO:

GILLIAN

Ben? Gregory?

She shakes her faulty head-light.

LAYGASS descends. VIV moves deeper into the chamber, hiding amongst the crosses.

LAYGASS reaches the floor. He stares in rapture.

LAYGASS

How do we know which one?

GILLIAN

Maybe we shouldn't know. It's about faith isn't it?

LAYGASS

You're right. We'll take one. That will stand as the True Cross. It'll be a beacon of hope!

GILLIAN

It'll be a lie!

Her light goes out.

LAYGASS

Get it working!

A burst of red light as GILLIAN lights a flare.

VIV falls against one of the crosses which collapses into dust.

LAYGASS pulls out a knife. He unclips himself from the harness.

LAYGASS (CONT'D)

Come here. Please. Come here. Come on. Come HERE!!

GILLIAN

What are you doing?

LAYGASS

You're going to help me secure a cross. You will help me or I swear to God this child will die!

GILLIAN tosses the flare. The crosses begin to smoke.

LAYGASS (CONT'D)

What are you ...?

The crosses burst into flames.

LAYGASS (CONT'D)
 YOU BITCH! NO!!

CUT TO:

99 INT. DOVE-COTE - DAY

99

The others can see smoke rising and flickering firelight.

GREGORY
 (deeply worried)
 Ben ...

BEN instinctively steps forward. JAMES jabs him with the sword, cutting his shoulder with a flesh-wound.

BEN
 What?! Gonna let them burn? That
 what Jesus would do?

JAMES
 What do you know?!

BEN
 We know about the Templars. We know
 Laygass brainwashed some innocent
 children to grow up believing they
 were holy warriors.

GREGORY
 Your knights, do you know why they
 kept doves? To tax the farmers.

JAMES
 Liar! The doves are a symbol of
 purity.

GREGORY
 The doves took the peasants' grain.
 However much they took, the
 Templars would take the same.

JAMES
 They are holy birds!

GREGORY
 Sorry son, you see them as a symbol
 of purity. In fact they were a
 symbol of taxation. Things are not
 always as he hope.

GILLIAN shouting from below in panic.

COLM
 James! We can't leave them to burn
 down there!

JAMES

Why not? They'll burn anyway. One day.

COLM

I don't have your .. your strength.

BEN

Why? Because he's killed? You're brave enough to kill for the Cross aren't you James. Now show us you're brave enough to save.

CUT TO:

100 **INT. DOVE-COTE - UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - DAY** 100

VIV dodges LAYGASS. Makes a dash for GILLIAN. GILLIAN reaches for her. But suddenly she is dragged off the ground.

She is suspended. The second empty harness is whipped past her.

VIV is trapped amongst the burning crosses with LAYGASS hunting her.

JAMES descends on the second harness. He draws level with GILLIAN.

LAYGASS

Kill her! Do it!

JAMES swings in his harness, sword in hand. GILLIAN is forced to do the same. He swings by her and slashes with his sword. Now GILLIAN is locked in a deadly game of pendulum.

CUT TO:

101 **INT. DOVE-COTE - DAY** 101

BEN can see that COLM is faltering.

BEN

It's never been about faith Colm.
It's been about power. Come on ...

He holds out his hand - give me the sword.

CUT TO:

102 **INT. DOVE-COTE - UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - DAY** 102

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

A sword cuts his harness from above. JAMES falls to the chamber floor.

COLM peers down at GILLIAN and begins to haul her in.

GILLIAN
No, I'm going down!

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

And VIV starts to sing.

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

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

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

It is the fraction of a beat that is needed.

GILLIAN swings in on her harness and collides with LAYGASS.
He topples over backwards, splayed across a burning cross in
crucifixion pose. He screams as his body ignites.

VIV sits up. GILLIAN is swinging in for a second pass.

VIV lifts up her hand - hope beyond hope.

GILLIAN snatches it.

BEN
Now!

He and COLM pull in the harness. GILLIAN rises away from the fire, VIV dangling from her grip.

VIV
Don't let go!

GILLIAN
I've got you honey.

On the chamber floor, JAMES opens his eyes. JAQUES de SAINT-OMAR, the captain of the Templars, stands over him. JAMES lifts out his hand but the Knight does not try to help him. JAMES is enveloped in smoke.

CUT TO:

103

EXT. GARWAY - ALLOTMENT - DOVE-COTE - DAY

103

The TEAM stagger into fresh air. Black smoke drifts from the cote. Siren sounds from far away. The ELDERLY MAN is running back from his house.

ELDERLY MAN

I called the Police!

GILLIAN helps the sagging VIV to get her breath back.

GILLIAN

You sang to him?

VIV

I just thought it might buy me some time.

GILLIAN

You know what? I'm impressed.

VIV glows as though given benediction. BEN gives GILLIAN a big hug.

COLM

It's over. The Cross, it's gone.

GREGORY

Suppose to be in here old chap.
(taps his chest)
Read that in a book somewhere.

Approaching police car. COLM bows his head and weeps.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

Now please, please please, for the love of Jehovah, may we go to the pub?

CUT TO:

104

INT. DOVE-COTE - UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - DAY

104

The chamber is raging inferno. The crosses are collapsing in ashes.

Save one.

One cross rests in the middle of the conflagration but it does not burn. Then suddenly it ignites in a flame that roars brighter than all the rest.

CUT TO:

105 INT. GILLIAN'S FLAT - DAY

105

GILLIAN smooths out her picture of Jaques De Saint-Omar. She circles his sword with a marker pen and adds the picture to her notes and sketches of swords. We see now that her sketches are identical to the sword Omar was holding.

GILLIAN glances at the photo of her and her mother.

CUT TO:

106 INT. PUB - DAY

106

DANIEL MASTIFF finds the TEAM sitting around a table near the fire all with pints of real ale.

GILLIAN
Hello Daniel, pork scratching?

DANIEL MASTIFF
No Cross.

GILLIAN
Apparently not.

BEN
Might be for the best Daniel. It's a pretty inflammatory relic.

DANIEL MASTIFF
Yes, yes .. Would you like another pint of Smug?

He turns and stomps out. GILLIAN goes after him.

GILLIAN
You were hoodwinked by a fanatic Daniel.

DANIEL MASTIFF
When vocation becomes passion anyone can become a fanatic. If I recall, it runs in your family.

He leaves her feeling troubled. She returns to the pub table. They watch her. GILLIAN produces the hunk of 2000 year old cedar.

GILLIAN
They can't reclaim the DNA. Blood's too polluted.
(hefts the wood)
If you can't build from it, all wood is good for is burning. Any carpenter knows that.

She tosses the chunk onto the fire. It roars up at once. They watch it burn. They've done the right thing.

CUT TO:

107 **INT. CARE HOME - ROOM - DAY**

107

GILLIAN stands before the WOMAN in her late 50's with the mass of unruly black-grey hair. The WOMAN will not look at GILLIAN. She just keeps drawing - patterns and symbols.

GILLIAN

I was really close. Maybe some things are best left hidden. You know that better than anyone.

The WOMAN ignores her, continues to scribble. Dots. Lots of dots that she begins to join as though they are constellations.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

I'm not trying to boast. I just wanted you to know.

She kisses the WOMAN on the top of her head.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

Take care mum. I love you.

She pauses at the door. Her MOTHER doesn't even break from her writing. GILLIAN leaves sadly.

Alone, her MOTHER pauses in her "work".

CUT TO:

108 **EXT. HOSPICE - DAY**

108

VIV goes to meet HELENA. The dig-site is open once more.

VIV

How's your miracle patient?

HELENA

The remission hasn't lasted. But he got to speak to his family one last time; that's God's gift to him.

VIV

Don't lose your faith Helena.

HELENA smiles. Then looks at her finger.

HELENA

It's working loose. I think I can get it.

VIV

Let me.

CUT TO:

109

INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - ARCHIVE - DAY

109

GILLIAN drops the splinter into a glass vial which she then puts on the shelf with her numerous antiquities.

VIV

God is in the quiet places and the little things.

GILLIAN

Viv? There's something I want to ask you.

VIV

What?

GILLIAN

Are you going talk like a fortune cookie or are you going to get out there and start digging?

VIV grins. Follows GILLIAN. We are left with the tiny dark splinter in its glass vial.

FADE OUT

END OF EPISODE ONE