

PREINCARNATION

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FADE IN:

**EXT. ROMAN TEMPLE OF APOLLO, 154 AD - DAY**

Clouds scud across a grey sky. A path twists over a bleak landscape of stiff, thorny scrub shaking in the wind.

SUPER:

**Thorney Island, River Thames. 154 A.D.**

The shadow of something large creeps across the scrub.

SUPER:

**The 11th-Century monk Sulcardus wrote the first history of West Minster Abbey.**

**He records that in 154 A.D. a temple to the Roman god Apollo, on the land where the Abbey was later built, was destroyed. By an earthquake.**

The path opens into a clearing with a cluster of buildings, at the center of which is a small stone TEMPLE.

Now we see a portion of what cast that shadow.

It's a GIGANTIC, BLUE-BLACK, THROBBING MASS, part cancerous, crystalline tumor, part hundred-foot amoeba, its surface alive with a filigree web of blue energy.

This is an adult **JOTH**.

A powerful BEAM of blue ENERGY lances from it and stabs into the temple, pulverizing it.

From the ruins, hundreds of small mirror-red spheres fly up. The Joth fires at them but they are too numerous. They SWARM around the Joth, attaching themselves to its surface.

They establish their own web of crackling red energy around the Joth. They glow brighter. And brighter...

... and a flash, brighter than the brightest star.

SUPER:

**Sulcardus does not record what caused the "earthquake".**

**Or what remained.**

**Waiting...**

**INT. PRISON CORRIDOR, 2015 - DAY**

The many-times-painted VIEWPORT COVER of a prison cell door.  
Metallic sounds of a prison corridor. Footsteps echoing.

PRISON WARDER #1 (O.S.)  
Next cell's Melissa Pine. Just in.

PRISON WARDER #2 (O.S.)  
The Melissa Pine? How long--?

PRISON WARDER #1 (O.S.)  
Twenty-six years. Since she  
murdered her husband.

VIEWPORT COVER SLIDES OPEN ONTO:

**INT. PRISON CELL, 2015 - DAY**

Framed by the viewport, seen from behind, a woman stands in  
this sparsely-furnished holding cell. She turns.

SUPER:

**Pentonville Remand Center, London. 2015.**

MELISSA PINE is 60-ish, slight but tough; she could take on  
anyone, whether with a look or a hook.

PRISON WARDER #2 (O.S.)  
Nice retirement gift for Burroughs.

PRISON WARDER #1 (O.S.)  
He'll have to wait a bit longer.  
She'll only talk to her son.  
Teaches in Canada. History.

Melissa wears a spherical AMULET, a bit bigger than a golf  
ball, on a chain round her neck. She reaches up to hold it.

VIEWPORT COVER SLIDES CLOSED

PRISON WARDER #2 (O.S.)  
History? That's a waste of time.

PRISON WARDER #1 (O.S.)  
Whatya mean?

PRISON WARDER #2  
Well, it's not like a historian's  
going to save the world, is it?

INT. VANCOUVER UNIVERSITY LECTURE THEATRE, 2015 - DAY

About one-third full. Some students are packing up to leave.

SUPER:

**Vancouver, Canada. 2015.**

Up front, TOM PINE (33). On the surface, he's smart, self-assured, holding the audience. Look closer, and you see that he's holding a lot in, his confidence a practiced mask.

TOM

Wish I could say I'll miss you all  
but... at least, you know what the  
point is in studying History now.

Tom looks in turn at several of the students. A girl student, SANDY, keener than most, has raised her hand.

SANDY

You often use Hiroshima as an  
example. Those who fail to learn  
the lessons of history--

TOM

-- are doomed to repeat them. We  
dropped a bomb with a TNT yield of  
about twelve thousand tons. Pretty  
much the total body mass of all the  
victims. In the first minute,  
sixty thousand people died. One  
thousand souls per second. The  
highest kill rate in human history.  
Never again. That's some lesson.

Tom's emotional reaction to his own monologue is clear.

Near Sandy, CHUCK is laid-back, good-natured.

CHUCK

Too late for the people who died,  
though. You can't change the past.  
As you keep telling us.

Further back, RONALD (cynical, not a fan) is unimpressed.

RONALD

Obsessively... and here it comes...

TOM

The future's up for grabs. Anyone  
can change the future. But no-one  
can change the past.

(theatrical beat)

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

You can lie about it. Bury it.  
But you can't change it.

RONALD

You can invent it. Like your Dad  
did. The "great" Peter Pine.

A gut-punch to Tom. On the defensive.

TOM

Everything my father wrote has been  
confirmed since his death.

RONALD

Yeah, sure, by his fan-boys.

CHUCK

I would have given your course a  
higher score if you'd talked more  
about the Medieval period in  
England. Your Dad's period.

Ronald looks around, daring the other students to disagree.

RONALD

They only took the class because--

TOM

-- because you're fans of his  
"Tales of Gregory" stories and the  
TV shows they've made from them,  
sure, why be different from any  
other random bunch of bored  
students? I'm sorry I'm not my  
Dad, right? "The Devil's Breath"  
and the missing plague pit. It was  
just a bedtime story.

Sandy's upset.

SANDY

His books are so detailed.

RONALD

Like, made-up detailed. The only  
way he could know that stuff is if  
he had actually been there. Which  
is impossible, obviously.

SMASH CUT TO:

**EXT. BARREN FIELD, PILE OF CORPSES, 1349 - DAY**

Crows circle on high. In the middle distance, West Minster Abbey towers above trees and the occasional cottage.

SUPER:

**West Minster, near London, May 1349**

In the center of the field, a wide, shallow PIT. It is full of CORPSES, many blackened with decay. YOUTHS mill around, fighting with broken branches, throwing stones at the pit, raising jets of febrile BLUE-BLACK SMOKE from the corpses.

PETER PINE, 40s, stands by a rutted path, leaning on a large SWORD, watching an OLD WOMAN trudge past, corpse on a cart. Peter is a MULTIPLE, living two lives "at once". On this timeline people know him as GREGORY. He has a BEARD and sports a rugged 14th-Century mercenary look.

Smoke streams from the corpse's nostrils, swirling above it.

OLD WOMAN  
(clutching crucifix)  
The Devil's Breath!

PETER  
Yes. But what the Hell is it?

The smoke gathers itself, organized and purposeful, shoots high into the air, and vectors towards the Abbey.

Peter/Gregory breaks into a jog towards the Abbey, boots raising puffs of dust from the dark, scuffed, barren ground.

**EXT. SQUARE IN FRONT OF WEST MINSTER ABBEY, 1349 - DAY**

This square, in front of West Minster Abbey, is full of stalls that service both locals and pilgrims. It's bustling.

Peter's eyes dart to and fro. He's looking for something or someone specific. Finally, through the crowd--

-- MARTINEAU (50), bald, tough, charismatic in velvet cloak, eyes closed. Wisps of the BLUE-BLACK SMOKE swirl around him. He opens his eyes and looks down at his BRACELET - three turns of sinuous glowing BLUE, patterns writhing within.

He turns. His eyes lock on to Peter.

MARTINEAU  
Gregory. I know what you are.

Peter doesn't wait, he turns and runs off, dodging, moving through the crowd with ease.

A WOMAN carrying a baby stumbles, swaying into his path.

Peter adapts, heads towards some people gathered round a CORPSE that's laid out on a cart, face sickly green, more of the blue-black smoke swirling around it. Peter glances at it.

PETER

Another one going to the pit. How does Martineau know about me?

He reaches down, grasps and draws his sword - and collides with a tonsured MONK (face unseen), sending the monk toppling towards the corpse, but Peter doesn't stop, he--

**EXT. ALLEY NEAR WEST MINSTER ABBEY, 1349 - DAY**

-- darts round the side of a wall into an alley, hiding--

PETER

And how could such a huge pit leave no trace in the 20th Century?

-- and a thin arm, somehow camouflaged against the wall, materializes, twists him round and holds him--

-- it's a young NUN, pale, barely 20, eyes GLOWING RED. A RED GLOW radiates from her hand as she pushes his chest--

-- and Peter is PARALYZED. Sword dangling, useless.

NUN

A beast will rise from the Devil's Breath. It must not take you.

She's wearing an AMULET. It glows with geometrical details that shift around its surface. *This is not human technology.*

She squeezes her fingers round the Amulet's circumference.

It elongates and swells like a dividing cell - and SPLITS into two, one piece falling onto her palm.

PETER

(croaking)

What is... the Devil's Breath?

The new piece is studded with pores that emit bright pink light. This is a DISCONNECTOR.

The nun holds it close to Peter's face.

NUN

It brings the end of your world.  
You must be disconnected. Now.  
Mother Beatrice commands it.

She pushes the Disconnector towards Peter's mouth--

-- and her hand jerks away. Her head snaps back, a hairy arm tight around her neck, bracelet throbbing angry blue--

-- a hand knocks the glowing Disconnector from the nun's grasp, then reaches in with a short blade, sparking blue as it CUTS through the chain around the nun's neck, the Amulet falling to the ground, red glow fading from her eyes--

-- the hand drives the blade into and across the nun's neck, severing windpipe and artery, blood squirting out over Peter.

**Martineau** releases the nun. Her body falls to the ground.

No longer paralyzed, Peter pulls away. Raises his sword--

--and wisps of the smoke swirl around Martineau as he pushes Peter back to the wall, iron grip halting Peter's sword hand.

Seen through the crowd, a nun - Mother BEATRICE, 40-ish, sharp eyes, face almost concealed in a cowl, begins to push her way forward. Reaches for the AMULET round her neck...

Peter grits his teeth--

*(NOTE: the custom transition 'TIMEJUMP CUT TO:' is used throughout for a cut through a suitable effect signifying the disorientation of the "jump" between a multiple's timelines)*

TIMEJUMP CUT TO:

**INT. HALLWAY, 1989 - NIGHT**

-- and freezes for a moment as he 'returns'. He's leaning against the hallway wall. In this 1989 life he looks academic, Bohemian, love-not-war, a beardless wonder.

SUPER:

**Oxfordshire, 1989.**

He pockets a small voice recorder, peels himself from the wall, opens a nearby door and enters:



INT. LIBRARY / DRAWING ROOM, 1989 - NIGHT

This 20th-Century room has tall bookcases and a big desk: it's the room of a prolific reader and writer. Peter slams the door shut behind him. Takes a deep breath.

MELISSA PINE, here mid-30s, wiry and focused, lifts her hand from a telephone and watches him. She doesn't flinch as Peter thumps the back of a chair, angry.

PETER

I just got attacked by a crazy nun.  
Then the Necromancer, Martineau,  
killed her. How do they know about  
me, that I jump there and back?  
What's going on, Melissa?

MELISSA

You're... You can still connect?

Peter nods. Wipes his hand over his face, where the nun's blood would be. Looks at his fingers.

PETER

It was you suggested I go there,  
Mel. Martineau's filling that  
plague pit for a reason. What's  
going on?

Melissa guides him into the chair.

MELISSA

It's OK. Have a rest.

We can tell from her face that it's not really OK. She leans in to kiss him.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Have you presented all this as a  
Gregory storyline to Aldritch yet?

Peter glances over to a photo frame, a PICTURE showing him, Melissa and a smiling 30-ish man (ALDRITCH CHARTERIS) wearing clerical suit and collar.

PETER

Yes. He's always probing me about  
how I get these - wait, does he--

YOUNG TOM

(from outside the room)  
Daddy? I can't sleep.

(MORE)

YOUNG TOM (CONT'D)  
 Can you tell me more about The  
 Devil's Breath? I like that story.

They both turn to the door just as YOUNG TOM PINE (6) walks  
 through, sleepy and tousled in an old-style dressing-gown.

Peter brightens. He's happy to see his son.

PETER  
 Hey, Tom-Tom. I might have some  
 more of that story for you soon.

YOUNG TOM  
 Can you tell me now, Daddy?

PETER  
 Well, it's a mystery all right, Tom-  
 Tom. I wish Gregory had someone  
 like you to help him.

The sound of a front door slamming shut.

MELISSA  
 You should go back to bed, Tom-Tom.  
 (to Peter)  
 I have to deal with my mother.

PETER  
 What's she got to do with this?

Melissa's face and body sheds the resolute-heroine look,  
 replacing it with little-girl-lost, just as the library door  
 creaks open.

Her mother, HELENA, strides in. 70s, big hair, fierce smile.  
 A lioness that has outwitted her prey.

HELENA  
 How convenient. Two birds.  
 (to Young Tom)  
 Hello, Thomas. Just stay there  
 like a good boy...

**INT. DR. HARPER'S OFFICE, VANCOUVER, 2015 - DAY**

That old photograph of Charteris, now dog-eared, is at the  
 top of a sheaf of photos that Tom's holding - clinging - to.

SUPER:

**Vancouver, Canada. 2015.**

This is a quiet, non-threatening therapist's room. Tasteful décor, diplomas on wall, comfortable couch, solar-powered plant dancing a hypnotic beat on the window-sill.

Tom sits forward on the couch, rocking, eyes shut.

Opposite Tom in solo armchair is Dr. KELLY HARPER. Bottle-blonde, matriarchal, the skin round her eyes wrinkled from years of fake smiles.

HARPER

Tom?

Tom blinks back to attention. Looks at the photo.

TOM

I remember going downstairs, then... nothing. No recollection of what happened. They found me standing by the bodies with a big gun at my feet.

HARPER

Your care record does rather start with a bang at age six.

Tom gives her a pained look.

HARPER (CONT'D)

Canon Charteris raised you for a while. You still get on?

Tom sniffs. Looks down at the photo.

TOM

He wangled me a scholarship to the school where he taught History and Religious Studies. Haven't seen him since I came to Canada.

HARPER

Ran away to Canada.

Tom grunts.

TOM

He wires money from Dad's estate every month, tells me how important I am, he doesn't know what he'd do if anything happened to me... Harmless, I suppose. He's keen that I go back to help with the next season of 'Tales of Gregory'.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

But the main thing is they just caught my mother after all this time.

HARPER

You're on top of... everything?  
How do you feel about going back.  
Sounds like there's a lot of past waiting for you there.

Tom looks over at the window, shifting in his seat.

TOM

I handed in my notice. The students only ever want to hear stories about Dad. Twenty-six years since Mum killed him, and his work still looms over me.

HARPER

Do you feel that your... issues have meant that you've been living in your father's shadow, rather than following in his footsteps?

Tom looks at his hand. The palm is crossed with a large, poorly-healed scar. He pulls a breath. Shuts his eyes. He looks tired. Drained.

TOM

(prickly)

You mean, compared to my dad, my hero, am I just a nobody doomed to live inside his head?

TIMEJUMP CUT TO:

**INT. STUDY, JAPANESE SCHOOLHOUSE, 1945 - DAY**

The same tired adult Tom face, different life. Tom's a multiple too. On this timeline, Tom's hair is short, ginger, and he has a MUSTACHE. Here, he's known as DOUGLAS SAKAI.

He flinches, as if from a brief strong electric shock that he's become used to.

He's resting against a wall, sitting on a *futon* that's placed on top of an old but clean *tatami* mat. As rooms in Japanese houses go, this one is quite large and solid.

He turns to a heavy wooden chair next to the *futon*. The side arm nearest him has been removed. Next to the chair, a primitive-looking WHEELCHAIR.

Tom leans over and pulls himself towards the chair with his arms. His movements show that he has little, perhaps no, strength in his legs.

He grabs the far side arm, pulling up and twisting round, an action that looks difficult and uncomfortable.

Stops. Rests, his breathing already labored.

He turns the wheelchair at an angle, a practiced movement, then pushes and twists his body towards it--

-- it skitters away from him, but he grabs one edge and stops it flying. He transfers himself into the wheelchair.

On the other side of the room is a small desk with a few papers, mostly in Japanese characters. On one corner is a calendar, in English format as well as Japanese.

INSERT: CALENDAR PAGE

**Johinmei International Girls School, Hiroshima.  
Japanese & English Education for girls of 6 to 18.  
Proprietors: Hajime & Yuko Sakai.  
Superintendent: Kenji Hamasaki.  
Established 1912.**

RETURN TO SCENE

According to the calendar it is **August 1945**. Digits up to five have been crossed out. Tom picks up a stick of charcoal. Crosses out the six. Draws a ring around it.

Tom's hand jerks at a clanking noise from outside. He turns and rolls towards the door.

**INT. SCHOOLROOM, JAPANESE SCHOOLHOUSE, 1945 - DAY**

The door slides open. Tom rolls out into an open space.

A short Japanese CLEANING LADY picks up a metal pail. She shuffles across the large room, mop in hand. Desks are stacked up at each side. Drawings and banners with Japanese lettering are pinned up all around.

CLEANING LADY  
(in Japanese, with  
subtitles)

The girls may be away in the  
mountains but we must still look  
after the school, no, Douglas-chan?

Cleaning Lady shuffles over, pokes Tom with her mop.

CLEANING LADY (CONT'D)

If the Americans land here when the war is over, they must know that we are a civilized and clean people.

TOM

The Americans don't want to land here, Izumi-chan. Not today.

CLEANING LADY

We cannot win this war, Douglas-chan. The Emperor must surrender. Many people will not accept that, I know, but it must happen.

She carries on mopping, muttering to herself.

Air raid SIRENS sound in the distance.

MIHO (O.S.)

Douglas-chan, are you in there?

Tight-lipped, Tom--

TIMEJUMP CUT TO:

**INT. DR. HARPER'S OFFICE, VANCOUVER, 2015 - DAY**

-- flinches. Rubs his face. Gazes at the window.

HARPER

Four years.

TOM

What's that?

HARPER

Since that "life inside your head" started. You were convinced that you're the reincarnation of a Japanese boy during World War Two.

TOM

Douglas Sakai. English, paralyzed polio baby. Adopted by Christian Japanese teachers. But reincarnation is bollocks, right? Just an historian's overactive imagination, compensating for abandonment, my need for someone to love me. I see that now, Doc.

Tom waves the sheaf of photographs.

TOM (CONT'D)  
My inner life doesn't hurt anyone.  
And it has helped me write.

HARPER  
It took a while for you to come to  
terms with it.

TOM  
You convinced me that I had simply  
fixated on that one photo during a  
school trip to Hiroshima.

Harper does not look convinced.

HARPER  
Fixated, yes.

Tom looks at his scar...

BRIEF FLASHBACK (TO 1999)

Tom's (unscarred) hand beating on the glass of a museum  
display case until it shatters...

Tom's bloody hand pulling out a photograph of a beautiful  
young Japanese girl (MIHO), standing next to an older boy in  
a wheelchair - fuzzy, but it's **Douglas...**

RETURN TO SCENE

Tom flips to that photo, now old and creased. Stares at it.

TOM  
So the 19-year old me fell in love  
with the photo of a girl who died  
at Hiroshima, in 1945, and I  
recreate that world inside my head  
because my life sucks here. I get  
it. But sometimes...

Tom stops.

HARPER  
Go on.

TOM  
... I don't know which life I  
really want. Tom Pine, or...

Tom strokes the photo with his scarred hand.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 ... Douglas. Here now, or  
 Hiroshima then. A life of misery  
 and failure in the 21st Century, or  
 a last half-hour of joy in 1945.

Off Harper's questioning look, Tom glances at his watch.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 It's a quarter to eight there now.  
 On that morning. In my head.

Tom looks again at the old picture of the Japanese girl--

TIMEJUMP CUT TO:

**INT. SCHOOLROOM, JAPANESE SCHOOLHOUSE, 1945 - DAY**

-- and flinches as he 'arrives' in 1945.

TOM  
 (to himself)  
 And this is just as real to me,  
 Doc. Somehow. And it's where I'd  
 rather be. If you could see her,  
 you'd understand.

He turns to the door just as MIHO HAMASAKI walks in. 18,  
 petite, porcelain complexion, the girl in 1999 Tom's photo.

They gaze at each other. It is obvious that they are in  
 love, despite the age difference.

Miho walks up to him, cups his face as if it is the most  
 precious thing in the world, and kisses him.

They are both trying not to show something. She notices.

MIHO  
 What's the matter, Douglas-chan?

She cocks her head as the air raid sirens stop.

MIHO (CONT'D)  
 See? A false alarm. Just another  
 American reconnaissance flight.  
 Let's get you some fresh air. I  
 need to... tell you something.

She pushes him through the outer door onto:



**EXT. JAPANESE SCHOOLHOUSE, HIROSHIMA, 1945 - DAY**

A wide, dusty street. No; two streets separated by a row of demolished houses: a deliberate wartime firebreak.

HAMASAKI (O.S.)  
Miho-chan!

Miho turns towards an adjoining, smaller house.

MIHO  
(irritated)  
What does my father want now?  
Douglas-chan, stay here and enjoy  
the sun. You don't get out enough.

TOM  
I love you so much, Miho.  
(quietly)  
I wish I could change what happens  
today. Wish we could be together  
always. I can't bear to lose you.

Tom reaches out and squeezes a puzzled Miho's arm--

TIMEJUMP CUT TO:

**INT. DR. HARPER'S OFFICE, VANCOUVER, 2015 - DAY**

-- Tom's arm jerks, a reflex.

Harper looks just a tiny bit worried.

TOM  
And I'm the last person to argue  
with history, right?

Another glance at his watch.

TOM (CONT'D)  
I must go. Flight to catch.

Harper's smile fades. She stands.

HARPER  
What do you really want from this,  
Tom? Going back to the UK?

Tom gets up from the couch.

TOM  
When I was six, my Mum killed my  
Dad, and abandoned me.

He shoulders his bag.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 What's left for me, apart from  
 finding out why?

**INT. VANCOUVER AIRPORT TERMINAL BUILDING, 2015 - DAY**

People converging on a departure gate. Tom heads for a seat between two women; one's the MOTHER to an active BOY (6) who's in some active play world of his own.

Tom sets his bag down - and the boy collides with it, sending it flying. Tom's stack of photos spills out.

TOM  
 Hey, kid! Careful.

The boy turns to his mother, who whispers to him. She moves over; he takes the seat next to Tom, jiggling his leg.

Tom retrieves his bag, gathers up the photos--

-- and the boy SNEEZES in his direction.

Tom turns to the mother.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 You're not taking him on the plane,  
 are you? Who knows what he's  
 hiding in his nasal passages.

The mother is offended, but it's the boy who defends himself.

BOY  
 It's just a cold, mister.

Tom turns to the boy. Lecture mode engaged:

TOM  
 It's July 1348. A French sailor  
 boards a ship bound for Dorset, in  
 England. It's hot, but he's  
 shivering. Aaa-sneezing. Ewwww.  
 (in a bad French accent)  
 "Eez just a cold."

The boy's eyes follow Tom's as he tracks a four-stripe pilot.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 The captain allows the sailor to  
 stay on the ship, and off they go  
 to England. And one year later...

Tom leans in further.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 (in a low register)  
 A million people are dead. Because  
 it wasn't "just a cold". It was...  
 (ominously)  
 The Black... Death.

The boy is transfixed. A little terrified.

On Tom's other side, CELINE HAMASAKI lowers a scientific paper she's red-lining. In her 30s, straight black hair hints at some Asian ancestry. Can't help jumping in.

CELINE  
 (sarcastic)  
 Wow. Nicely done.

TOM  
 Thanks.

CELINE  
 You've turned a well-adjusted young  
 kid into a quivering germophobe.

TOM  
 If they'd had more germophobes in  
 the 14th Century, the Plague  
 wouldn't have spread so fast.

Celine is unimpressed.

CELINE  
 I don't think that's strictly true.

Tom turns to her.

TOM  
 Hey. I'm not an epidemiologist,  
 just an historian...

Tom stares at Celine's cleavage; around her neck there's a small carved wooden figure of a fat man - a *NETSUKE*. He flinches --

TIMEJUMP CUT TO:

**EXT. JAPANESE SCHOOLHOUSE, HIROSHIMA, 1945 - DAY**

-- and does a double-take as he looks at Miho.

She's puzzled. A little stressed.

MIHO  
I'm yours for ever, Douglas.  
Especially now--

HAMASAKI (O.S.)  
Miho-chan!

MIHO  
I'll only be a moment, sweetness.  
Are you really OK? Do you have  
your papers? With your European  
face... you must be careful.

Tom nods. Pulls up a leather cord round his neck, showing a  
pouch tucked behind his shirt, held shut with that *netsuke*.

He watches as Miho goes into her house, shivers--

TIMEJUMP CUT TO:

**INT. VANCOUVER AIRPORT TERMINAL BUILDING, 2015 - DAY**

-- and it's Celine's cleavage, the *netsuke* nestled within.

Tom looks up, jaw slack. Their eyes meet.

CELINE  
You have seen breasts before, I  
take it? You're not super-creepy,  
as well as super-mean?

Tom tries to compose himself. Rubs his eyes.

TOM  
Your *netsuke*. Just looked...  
familiar.

Celine's a little surprised that Tom knows what it is.

CELINE  
You spent time in Japan?

TOM  
Something like that.

This puzzles Celine, she's about to press when...

GATE ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
 (over PA; loud)  
 We'll begin boarding Air Canada  
 flight AC854 to London Heathrow by  
 inviting those traveling with young  
 children, and those who need a  
 little more time, to board now at  
 gate twenty-two.

The mother and boy get up. The boy looks warily at Tom.  
 Clings closer to his mother.

Tom turns to Celine.

TOM  
 (chat-up)  
 Doing anything nice in London?

Celine hesitates. Something has thrown her.

CELINE  
 Conference. And meeting up with my  
 grandmother. She's been planning  
 this trip for years. Her first  
 time outside Japan.

TOM  
 (surprised)  
 You don't look very Japanese.

CELINE  
 One-quarter. She's my father's  
 mother. She--

GATE ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
 We'll continue boarding by now  
 inviting first class passengers to  
 gate twenty-two. Please have your  
 passports open to the picture page.

Tom stands. Hefts his bag.

TOM  
 Uh. That's me. Sorry.

CELINE  
 Wow. You turn left, eh? History  
 pays better than Physics.

TOM  
 Book royalties. Maybe we'll bump  
 into each other in London?

CELINE

One chance in about eight million.  
Less, if my boyfriend has anything  
to say about it.

She gives Tom a pointed look.

TOM

Well. Nice to meet you anyway.  
Tom, by the way. Tom Pine.

The mood has evaporated. Celine gathers her papers as other  
first class passengers begin to pass around them.

TOM (CONT'D)

Hope your grandma enjoys her big  
trip to London.

CELINE

Thanks. Another time, maybe.  
Doctor Celine Hamasaki, by the way.

TOM

Hamasaki, huh...

Something clicks in Celine's eyes.

CELINE

A common enough name in Japan.

TOM

Sure. Just a coincidence.

**INT. LECTURE HALL, CONFERENCE CENTER, 2015 - DAY**

This big, dull lecture space is almost empty, a depressing  
experience for the speaker: 'EJ' FENTIMAN, mid-30s, on the  
'cuddly' side, old scarf, wardrobe a low priority.

Still, he's elaborating on his PowerPoint slides, their long  
words and equations stark on the large silver screen, above  
which is a vinyl banner:

INSERT: BANNER

**Connecting With Our Past: Time Travel and  
Reincarnation Research in the 21st Century  
Queen Elizabeth Conference Center, June 5, 2015  
Sponsored by The Bulinga Foundation**

RETURN TO SCENE

EJ

Coincidence: the occurrence of apparently related events that experience says cannot be causally connected.

EJ scans the audience. No-one is paying attention.

EJ (CONT'D)

But my latest theory on spacetime, touching as it does on the areas we're covering here at this conference, has consequences... for coincidence.

A graphic appears on screen, combining several representations of advanced theoretical physics.

EJ (CONT'D)

As this figure indicates.

No response from the audience. One WOMAN is knitting.

EJ (CONT'D)

In the presence of a high-order spacetime gradient tensor, events you'd think of as coincidences tend to cluster together. The cross-correlation between event sequences becomes non-zero. As we can see...

Another equation appears on the screen.

EJ (CONT'D)

... from this equation. Note that in the hard-copies there's a misprint, so don't go trying to build a time machine from that version! Danger, Will Robinson!

EJ scans for a reaction to this. Nada. Deflated.

EJ (CONT'D)

Anyway. When coincidences start piling up, it may be a sign of a local disturbance in spacetime. And I will cover some of the consequences of that in tomorrow's presentation. Thank you very much.

Woman puts down knitting. Applauds. Picks up knitting.

EJ pulls a BOX the size of a small book from his pocket. It's festooned with controls. Lights throb.

EJ (CONT'D)  
Well, something's happening, EJ.  
Disturbance is putting it mildly.

**EXT. WESTMINSTER POLICE STATION SECURITY GATE, 2015 - DAY**

A sturdy black-windowed prisoner transport van pulls through the steel gate, which grinds shut behind it.

The van stops by a solid steel door. The door opens.

Two uniformed officers emerge and stand by the van's rear doors as they swing open.

A slight, handcuffed figure steps down. It is **Melissa Pine**.

Flanked and followed by officers, she walks through the door.

**INT. WESTMINSTER POLICE STATION CONTROL ROOM, 2015 - DAY**

No natural light. Racks of equipment are illuminated by the shifting glow from numerous computer and CCTV monitors.

Viewed on a sequence of screens, from elevated camera angles, the party managing Melissa Pine moves through the Police Station's corridors.

OPERATOR #1, 50s, watches as the procession ends up in...

**INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, 2015 (ON SCREEN, M.O.S.) - DAY**

... a sparse interview room. An officer removes Melissa's handcuffs. Gesticulates for her to be seated.

**INT. WESTMINSTER POLICE STATION CONTROL ROOM, 2015 - DAY**

OPERATOR #2 (30s) joins Operator #1. They watch Melissa.

OPERATOR #2  
You wouldn't think twice if you  
stood behind her in the queue at  
Tesco, would you.

OPERATOR #1  
You can't spot a murderer.

OPERATOR #2  
Who's that new DCI interviewing  
her? Don't know the name.



OPERATOR #1  
 Burroughs. Not new; old. Thames  
 Valley. Obsessed with the Pine  
 case for twenty-six years. He was  
 the first detective on the scene  
 after they found the--

One of the screens changes to show a "Blue Screen of Death".

OPERATOR #2  
 Oh, shit. That's not good...

Another screen goes blue.

OPERATOR #1  
 I thought each screen was on its  
 own encrypted processor card.

Operator #2 stands at an equipment rack with a built-in  
 keyboard, typing commands. Red and green lights flash.

Another gone. Now the only working monitor shows Melissa.

OPERATOR #2  
 This isn't possible.

Expressionless on the monitor, Melissa looks straight at the  
 camera. She has her hand at her neck. Clutching her Amulet.

The last monitor screen goes blue...

**EXT. SMALL HOTEL, WESTMINSTER, 2015 - DAY**

Tom walks out onto the cobbled side street. The area is busy  
 with office workers and tourists.

Across the road, majestic and timeless, Westminster Abbey's  
 Hawksmoor towers stretch towards Heaven.

Buses and taxis thrum in the traffic. Familiar. Comforting.

Tom's reverie is dented by a noise from his phone:

SUPER: APPOINTMENT REMINDER BUBBLE

**Wminster police stn w Charts [1 hour]**

TOM  
 (sighs to himself)  
 Hello, lovely London. Oof--

-- as a PASSER-BY bumps into him, then heads off towards a large building - signage says it's a Conference Center.

There's a slightly-sagging vinyl banner hanging on the side of the building. Tom's eyes open wider as he reads it:

INSERT: BANNER ON BUILDING

**Connecting With Our Past: Time Travel and  
Reincarnation Research in the 21st Century  
Queen Elizabeth Conference Center, June 5, 2015  
Sponsored by The Bulinga Foundation**

RETURN TO SCENE

Tom looks over to the front of the Conference Center. Catches sight of **Celine** just as she walks into the main door of the building.

TOM (CONT'D)  
What the...

He checks his watch.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Heck. Why not, Tom.

**INT. WESTMINSTER POLICE STATION CONTROL ROOM, 2015 - DAY**

The Operators have got the technology under control.

All the monitors show normal images again.

On the INTERVIEW ROOM monitor, we see an EMPTY room.

Detective Sergeant RYDER (late 30s, chain-store suit, joke-gift tie) takes notes while Operator #2 unloads his frustrations into a telephone handset.

OPERATOR #2  
(into phone)  
No, we don't have video of those three minutes! Every camera in the building went down. At. Once.  
(beat, listening)  
No. That door is not even on the computer system, there's no way the failure could have opened it. You must have forgotten to lock...

Operator #2 looks at the handset. Bangs it back into the phone cradle.

OPERATOR #2 (CONT'D)  
 Fuckwit. Prisoner-at-large  
 protocol my arse. She's gone.

RYDER  
 So she just walked out of the  
 building, past all of you?  
 Burroughs will go ballistic.

They turn to a monitor showing a view of the main gate just  
 as a vintage motorbike turns in and pulls to a halt.

OPERATOR #1  
 Shit. Incoming.

The rider, dark jeans and leather jacket, dismounts. Pulls  
 off his helmet, revealing an unruly shock of thick, pale hair  
 atop a lined, close-to-retirement face - DCI Jim BURROUGHS.

**INT. CONFERENCE CENTER HALLWAY, WESTMINSTER, 2015 - DAY**

Typical low-rent conference exhibits: posters of papers that  
 weren't accepted; velvet-covered tables with scattered  
 leaflets; desperate academics; bottom-feeders.

People milling about. Tom weaves through them, peering  
 through gaps in the crowd--

-- a middle-aged UNKEMPT WOMAN, short, with thick hair and  
 faux-scary eyes, milky-white contact lenses obvious--

UNKEMPT WOMAN  
 You're a soldier. In Napoleon's  
 army. Marching towards Waterloo.  
 I see your past life clearly!

Tom swings round her, turning as he passes.

TOM  
 Another time, thanks.

UNKEMPT WOMAN (O.S.)  
 And we met in the palace of Pharaoh  
 Rameses the Third, where I was a  
 slave.  
 (fading with distance)  
 You seduced me!

TOM  
 You should be so lucky.

A bored-looking student flops a copy of "Reincarnation  
 Gazette - Special Conference Issue" into Tom's hand.

He glances at it, then drops it on the next table, on top of several copies already there--

-- EJ is wandering towards Tom, head down, holding his box, upon whose displays he is concentrating--

-- wary, Tom adjusts his trajectory--

-- EJ changes direction and continues towards Tom--

TOM (CONT'D)  
Whoa. Nutjob alert.

-- Tom makes an exaggerated move. EJ turns the box in Tom's direction, and accelerates--

-- Tom stands his ground - EJ collides with him, box-first.

They stare at each other for a long beat.

EJ  
It's... Tom? Pining Pine?

TOM  
EJ. Fenti-Mad.

EJ  
My goodness, Tom. Must be...

TOM  
Ninety-nine. The school trip.

EJ nods.

EJ  
Hiroshima. Golly. You had that breakdown thing in the museum there and never came back to School. We all freaked out. Broken glass, broken heart, we used to say.

Tom swallows. Looks at the scar on his hand.

TOM  
Yeah. Strange time. What about you, what are you doing here?  
What's with the creeping around?

EJ indicates over his shoulder.

EJ  
Um. Fancy a coffee?

Tom looks back at the Unkempt Woman, who's still haranguing attendees, then follows as EJ scuttles off.

TOM  
 This is more Crazy-Lady than Mad-  
 Scientist territory.  
 (beat; louder)  
 You are still the Mad Scientist?

**INT. CONFERENCE CENTER COFFEE STAND, WESTMINSTER, 2015 - DAY**

Tom sips his coffee. Disgust face.

TOM  
 You were saying.

EJ seems rather embarrassed.

EJ  
 I've done good work, Tom. Not many  
 people take it seriously, oh...

EJ stands straighter. Tummy in. Man pose. Or trying...

Tom turns. **Celine** is next to them at the coffee stand.

TOM  
 Well, hello again.

CELINE  
 Whoa. Impressive stalking.

EJ  
 My old friend Tom.

Tom pulls a card from his pocket.

TOM  
 I didn't give you my number.

CELINE  
 Thanks.  
 (to EJ)  
 Hey, EJ, honey.

She pecks EJ on the cheek.

TOM  
 You... wait, he's, oh.

CELINE  
We physicists stick together.  
(to EJ)  
Strong force, eh?

Celine gives Tom a wink, then turns to the coffee seller.

CELINE (CONT'D)  
Large drip, please... Yes, coffee.

She turns to Tom.

CELINE (CONT'D)  
EJ writes deep papers on temporal  
physics. I'm his peer reviewer.

EJ  
(shrugs)  
I write it. She peers at it.

Celine gives EJ a knowing smile.

Tom turns to look down the hallway.

Unseen by Tom, EJ tries to catch Celine's eye, then mimes  
holding his box of tricks.

Celine mouths "Wh...?" - blanks it as Tom turns back.

EJ (CONT'D)  
Uh, is your grandma around today?

Celine shakes her head, no, and drop it.

CELINE  
Tomorrow, for sure, though. Look,  
can't stay long, I'm meeting her  
for lunch. But how come you two  
know each other?

EJ  
We were at Westminster School  
together. Just across the road.

TOM  
Mad'n'Sad. Mad Scientist and Sad  
Historian.

CELINE  
Strange place for a reunion.

TOM  
Saw you outside. Followed you in.

CELINE  
You are a stalker. Sheesh.

EJ  
Just a... coincidence...

Tom grunts.

TOM  
Is this serious? I mean, time  
travel? Reincarnation? Come on.

EJ  
I always thought it would be fun to  
look for signs of time-travelers.

CELINE  
Me too. Distortions caused by  
people fiddling with spacetime.

EJ  
Conventional Hollywood time travel,  
killing your father before you're  
conceived, or fine-tuning your love  
life...

EJ gives Celine a quick smile.

EJ (CONT'D)  
... that's not possible. Time's  
not like a tape recording. You  
can't re-record, it's replay-only.

CELINE  
Have to get it right first time.

EJ  
But an effect that looks like  
reincarnation is possible.

CELINE  
Some who claim experiences of the  
past are really tunneling to an  
older self through a puncture that  
formed between folds of spacetime  
when both selves were born.

Tom stops drinking mid-swallow.

TOM  
And you can travel through that?

EJ makes a small hole in the crook of his finger.

EJ

Oh, no. It's much smaller than an atom. But information can pass. Brain patterns, for example. You could live two lives that way.

TOM

But you said time travel...

EJ

Not time travel, Tom. It's being there, experiencing what actually happened. No paradox. You're not changing history. You'd be...

Tom gets it - and it's making sense.

TOM

... being there as actual history is being created. Huh.

Tom shuts his eyes, lips pressed together--

TIMEJUMP CUT TO:

**EXT. JAPANESE SCHOOLHOUSE, HIROSHIMA, 1945 - DAY**

-- and shivers. Looks up and down the street.

TOM

But does having a scientific explanation really make any difference? Especially today.

He scans the sky. Looks down at his watch.

TOM (CONT'D)

For us.

KEMPEITAI #1 (O.S.)

Hey, you! What are you doing?

Two *kempeitai* - Japanese military policemen - approach.

No, not men exactly, neither are older than 20. KEMPEITAI #1 is scrawny, in a jacket several sizes too big. KEMPEITAI #2 is stacked, swarthy, more like a *yakuza* gangster in uniform.

The *kempeitai* stop in front of Tom, one on either side.

KEMPEITAI #2

What have we got here? A foreigner, by the look of him.



KEMPEITAI #1  
 Explain yourself, *gaijin*.

Tom sighs. Distracted rather than threatened.

TOM  
 My name is Douglas Sakai.

Kempeitai #1 turns to Kempeitai #2, laughing.

KEMPEITAI #1  
 He doesn't look like a Sakai to me.

TOM  
 I was adopted from England.

KEMPEITAI #2  
 So you admit that you are English.

KEMPEITAI #1  
 Which means you might be a spy.  
 So, again, explain yourself!

Kempeitai #1 draws a beaten-up *Nambu* service pistol.

Tom rolls his eyes in frustration.

TOM  
 Ah, hell. Not like this.

TIMEJUMP CUT TO:

**INT. CONFERENCE CENTER COFFEE STAND, WESTMINSTER, 2015 - DAY**

Tom winces as he comes back into focus here, just as his phone makes a noise:

SUPER: MESSAGE BUBBLE

**Change of plan, come to my office at the Abbey - C**

Tom sighs.

TOM  
 Fascinating, EJ, but I need to go.  
 They caught my mother. She wants  
 to see me. God help me, I'm  
 actually going to go.

EJ  
 G... golly. But just let me show  
 you something.

He pulls his box of tricks out of a pocket.

CELINE

That's EJ's Riemann-ometer.

EJ holds it up, with pride.

EJ

It measures the local value of pi,  
three point one four one et cetera.  
It tracks contours of spacetime  
distortion. I call them 'isonons'.

Impatient, Tom watches as EJ waves the Riemann-ometer.

EJ (CONT'D)

As in non-Riemannian geometry...  
Don't worry, not important.

CELINE

It can find people who have that  
spacetime puncture. A 'fissure',  
we call it.

EJ

(beat)  
And it found you, Tom.

EJ glances over to Unkempt Woman, rooted to her patch of  
tired conference-center carpet.

EJ (CONT'D)

I'll bet you've had... visions you  
can't explain, that sort of thing.  
I can show you why, at my lab.

Tom follows EJ's gaze. Looks back at EJ and Celine.

TOM

(getting angry)  
Oh, I get it now. Would that be to  
the Battle of Waterloo, or perhaps  
to Rameses' Palace?

EJ works some controls on the Riemann-ometer. Celine looks  
on; she seems nervous.

EJ

So, it's... wait, that's not what  
we... Spatial gradient very low, so  
it was near here. It's...

He glances at Celine, uncertain.

EJ (CONT'D)  
 ... 1349. Late May. London.

Tom shakes his head.

TOM  
 That was a cheap shot, EJ. You knew that was my Dad's period of history. I have my problems from when I was a kid, but hallucinating London back in the 14th Century isn't one of them.

Tom shifts his messenger bag on his shoulder.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 You've become just like the rest of the cranks here. Shame on you, EJ.  
 (to Celine)  
 Doctor Hamasaki, nice stalking with you. Enjoy London.

Tom turns to go - EJ holds out his card, upset.

EJ  
 At least take my number, Tom.

Tight-lipped, Tom pockets the card and strides off.

EJ looks at Celine, then back in Tom's direction. Then at the Riemann-ometer. Eyebrows almost leave his forehead.

EJ (CONT'D)  
 Tom! Also 1945! Japan. Tom!

But Tom's gone. EJ turns to the open-mouthed Celine.

EJ (CONT'D)  
 Two fissures. That's not possible.

CELINE  
 But 1945, EJ. It must be him...

**INT. WESTMINSTER ABBEY OFFICE CORRIDOR, 2015 - DAY**

Tom leans against the wall next to an open office door. He checks his watch.

A SECRETARY emerges from the office.

SECRETARY  
 Canon Charteris will see you now,  
 Mr. Pine. Second door down.

Tom nods. Straightens. Smooths his hair. Walks down to Charteris's door, a little nervous. Knocks.

CHARTERIS (O.S.)

Come.

**INT. CHARTERIS'S OFFICE, 2015 - DAY**

Silver-haired CANON ALDRITCH CHARTERIS (late 60s) sits at an old desk in a space almost untouched by the modern world. Clerical suit, dog collar, solid-looking cross on a chain.

CHARTERIS

(beaming)

The wanderer returneth.

TOM

Sorry if I'm late, Sir.

CHARTERIS

You're not at School now. 'Uncle' will do perfectly well.

TOM

Speaking of School, guess who I just met? EJ, the Mad Scientist.

Charteris freezes, just for a moment. He nods.

CHARTERIS

So. Are you well?

TOM

(unconvincing)

I'm fine, uncle.

Charteris rises, holds arms out. They hug. It's awkward.

TOM (CONT'D)

So why aren't we going to see my mother at the police station?

BURROUGHS (O.S.)

Because she's not there.

Burroughs and Ryder walk in. Tom breaks off, embarrassed.

CHARTERIS

Chief Inspector. This is my ward, Thomas Pine.

Tom offers his hand. Burroughs hesitates, then shakes it.

BURROUGHS

DCI Jim Burroughs. Thought I recognized you. We met when you were... at the house, after...

TOM

Oh. You took the gun. I do remember that part.

BURROUGHS

Right. This is my Sergeant.

RYDER

DS Ryder.

Tom nods and shakes with Ryder.

TOM

I don't mind going up to Pentonville to see her. It's not like I have any other plans.

BURROUGHS

She's not there either.

CHARTERIS

So where is she?

Burroughs' lips tighten.

BURROUGHS

As of this moment, we don't know. At 10 a.m. this morning, she was secured in Westminster Police Station. At 10.03 she was gone.

CHARTERIS

(told-you-so)

So she has slipped through your fingers yet again.

TOM

She... escaped? How?

RYDER

You can both account for your whereabouts in the last two hours?

CHARTERIS

I hope you don't think that either of us had anything to do with it. She's dangerous and resourceful. She wouldn't need help from anyone.

BURROUGHS

She seemed sure that you'd come back to the UK, Mr. Pine. Have you had contact with her?

TOM

You are joking. Her abandonment has been complete and absolute. Twenty-six years of confirmation that she doesn't give a fuck.

CHARTERIS

Language, Thomas. Your parents didn't leave me to raise you to be a foul-mouthed yob.

BURROUGHS

(to Tom)

You sound angry.

TOM

And you sound like my therapist.

RYDER

Were you close to your father? Would she have reason to fear that you'd cause her some harm when you saw her, because of what she did? Has she perhaps been hiding from you all this time?

TOM

No! I mean, yes, I was close to Dad but... that's nonsense. And you all said she asked for me, not vice versa.

Charteris thumps his desk. Jabs a finger towards Tom.

CHARTERIS

You're missing the point. If something hadn't scared her off that day in 1989, well... She wants to get her hands on him now. There's no telling what she'll do.

TOM

That's going too far!

CHARTERIS

Don't butt in, Thomas, you have no idea what your mother is. Of the threat she represents--

Tom straightens up. Faces up to Charteris.

TOM

Excuse me, uncle. She's had twenty-six years to kill me, or whatever it is you think she wants to do. If she's so resourceful, she would have succeeded by now. No? I've not exactly been in hiding myself.

BURROUGHS

Canon, your vague warnings and obtuse conspiracy theories about Mrs. Pine have been of little use in the last twenty-six years.

The tension between Burroughs and Charteris is clear.

Charteris appears rattled, but pulls his horns in.

CHARTERIS

I don't need this distraction. I have vital works to attend to in the Abbey.

BURROUGHS

Mr. Pine, you'll be staying in the area for a while, I take it?

TOM

Am I a suspect?

RYDER

Just let us know if she makes contact with you.

Tom feels in his pocket. Pulls out cards. Sees EJ's card and puts it back. Hands his own card to Ryder.

TOM

Likewise.

CHARTERIS

Aren't you going to provide any protection for him at all?

TOM

She doesn't want to hurt me, any more than you do. She's my mother.  
(slow exhale)  
Can we talk about the new Tales of Gregory stuff, so this trip is not a complete effing waste of time?

INT./EXT. JUICE BAR, 2015 - DAY

Burroughs and Ryder sit in the window, watching the ebb and flow of the busy London street outside. Burroughs sucks at something green through a thick straw; Ryder from a coffee.

RYDER

You want me to watch Pine?

Burroughs shakes his head, straw in mouth.

BURROUGHS

Charteris. Leave Pine to me.

RYDER

You don't like the Canon, do you.

BURROUGHS

I don't trust him. Never have.

Burroughs sucks his green smoothie again.

BURROUGHS (CONT'D)

He was on his way to the Pine house that day in '86. Said he was sure something terrible was going to happen.

RYDER

You think Charteris did it?

Burroughs shakes his head.

BURROUGHS

No. But he was involved somehow. It was always too much of a coincidence that he just happened to be "racing to the rescue".

Ryder looks into his paper coffee cup.

BURROUGHS (CONT'D)

He said he was forced off the road by persons unknown, a couple of miles from the house. His car was almost sliced in two, yet he didn't have a scratch on him. He persuaded the attending officers to drive him to the house.

RYDER

Man of the cloth? Miracles happen.

Burroughs just grunts.



RYDER (CONT'D)  
(probing a bit)  
You got to the Pine house at about  
the same time, didn't you.

BURROUGHS  
I was nearby when the call came  
through. Just a coincidence.

RYDER  
You think he knows more than he  
lets on about Melissa Pine, though.

Burroughs slurps down the rest of his smoothie.

BURROUGHS  
Why, is what I'm asking myself.

RYDER  
Why did she escape?

Burroughs shakes his head. Gets up, stretching.

BURROUGHS  
Wrong question. We don't know how  
she was able to escape so easily.  
(off Ryder's confusion)  
If she had such abilities, such  
resourcefulness, wouldn't she have  
been able to avoid the arrest?  
She's evaded me easily enough for  
twenty-six years. Toyed with me.

Ryder stands, mental cogs turning.

RYDER  
She... let herself be arrested?

BURROUGHS  
Bingo. Now you can ask 'why'. And  
'why now'.  
(under his voice)  
And 'why me' too.

Ryder follows Burroughs from the juice bar.

RYDER  
You didn't tell Pine what we found  
in her house.

BURROUGHS  
I'm working up to that.

INT. WESTMINSTER BAR, 2015 - DAY

A luxury hotel bar. A BARMAN is busy crafting cocktails.

Tom sits at the counter, browsing through his photos, glass in front of him empty. Not his first.

TOM  
When you get a chance.

BARMAN  
(American accent)  
Be right with you.

Tom watches the Barman finish making several cocktails.

TOM  
Someone's thirsty.

A waiter takes the tray of cocktails away.

BARMAN  
Back home, champagne was the  
lunchtime room service drink de  
*rigueur*. London is so much more...

The Barman affects a mocking, lispy campiness:

BARMAN (CONT'D)  
... sophisticated.  
(clearing Tom's glass)  
But now you have my full attention.

TOM  
Another Manhattan, and the bill.

The Barman gathers bottles as he muses.

BARMAN  
Never be another Manhattan...

He begins to assemble the cocktail.

BARMAN (CONT'D)  
Did you know that the land upon  
which Manhattan sits was returned  
to the English in 1674 at the end  
of the third Anglo-Dutch war,  
following the signing of the Treaty  
of Westminster. So we have this  
very part of London to thank for  
our Big Apple.

TOM  
Another historian. Kill me now.

BARMAN  
Hey, history is why I'm here. Post-  
doc studies. No better place.

Tom tries to make an effort. The drink is helping.

TOM  
What got you into it?

The Barman places a fresh Manhattan. Tom takes a sip.

BARMAN  
TV show. "Tales of Gregory".

Tom almost spits out his mouthful of cocktail.

TOM  
Jesus. Can I not get away from  
bloody Gregory?

The Barman's a little shocked. He takes Tom's credit card.

TOM (CONT'D)  
My Dad wrote the Gregory books.

The Barman looks at the card.

BARMAN  
Thomas Pine! Peter Pine's son!  
Why have I never seen you posting  
on his website?

TOM  
My dead pre-internet Dad has a  
website?

BARMAN  
Tales of Gregory dot com. We spend  
lots of time discussing the books,  
your Dad's life. Like...

TOM  
Like what?

BARMAN  
Well, what really happened to him,  
and why. Where's your Mum now...

TOM  
Huh. Who knows?

BARMAN

You should register! Check it out.  
Who better to tell whether the  
stuff on there is actually genuine.

Tom stares at a big digital clock display over the bar. It's showing 13:49. The Barman pushes over the credit card slip.

BARMAN (CONT'D)

1349. Now there's a coincidence.  
This place, Westminster, was so  
messed up with the Plague then, the  
King forbade the entire court from  
visiting. Most of the monks in the  
Abbey died. But you know all this.

TOM

(nods)

The rate of new cases plummeted  
after Pentecost, end of May, 1349.  
My Dad... his bedtime story on the  
day he... he said he was working on  
finding out why, and where all the  
bodies are. Whether someone was  
hiding something... I don't know.

BARMAN

That's a conspiracy theory right  
there! Who wanted to stop him  
finding out? Oh, man, I have to  
start a thread on this. Please,  
please back me up on the site.  
This is awesome.

Tom looks at the picture of his Mum and Dad.

BARMAN (CONT'D)

We'll never find out what really  
happened in 1349 though. Not  
without a time machine, right?

Tom pauses. Chugs his drink. Signs the receipt and gathers  
up his photos. Fumbles in his pocket. Pulls out EJ's card.

TOM

(slurring slightly)

Late May. Hold that thought.

**INT./EXT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE EJ'S LAB, WESTMINSTER, 2015 - DAY**

Sunlight streams into this small space as a door opens  
inwards, revealing Tom standing in a side street.

EJ holds the flaky-painted door open for Tom.

EJ  
Thanks for coming. Careful.

EJ closes the door and flicks a light switch. Edges past Tom towards a flight of stairs.

EJ (CONT'D)  
Down here. Mind your--

Thud.

EJ (CONT'D)  
(as Tom groans O.S.)  
-- head.

**INT. EJ'S BASEMENT LAB, WESTMINSTER, 2015 - DAY**

Racks of equipment. Benches covered with arcane, sculpted components. Mad Scientist Lab, check.

Frosted glass block windows in the end wall at ceiling height show the pavement level outside.

TOM  
(rubbing head)  
Your university must fund you well.

EJ gives a sheepish half-smile.

EJ  
I'm not actually... No a local historical group, the Bulinga Foundation, pays for everything.

Tom studies the pieces of equipment.

TOM  
You designed all this?

EJ  
Some. Then there's some weird old stuff I'm repairing for the Foundation. They're doing scanning in the Abbey while it's closed for repairs.

Tom raises his eyebrows in surprise.

EJ (CONT'D)  
I used to dream machines like this at School. Mad Scientist.

(MORE)

EJ (CONT'D)

You know. You and Mr. Charteris were the only ones who understood.

TOM

Charteris. I... never mind.

EJ

You were a bit harsh, earlier.

TOM

I want you to do something.

EJ

You do believe me, though?

TOM

If you had said 1945, I wouldn't have blown you off.

EJ

So you do have a connection to 1945 then?

Tom laughs out loud.

TOM

Been living it for four years.

EJ is thrown by this.

EJ

We... I mean, what is that like? Having two lives?

Tom looks at the scar on his hand for a beat.

TOM

(abrupt)

EJ, you said 1349. Prove it.

EJ scratches his head. Gathers tools and equipment. He's fully in the Mad Scientist Zone.

EJ

I'm not sure your 1349 fissure can be opened while 1945 is active. I think we need to disable that first.

TOM

What, then I won't be able to get back to 1945? I don't know...

Tom slumps against a bench, lost in thought. He takes a sudden breath; looks to the ceiling, eyes moist.

EJ

My theory doesn't cover this.  
You're a walking impossibility in  
spacetime, Tom. Fantastic.

Tom's eyes bore into EJ. Something snaps.

TOM

Can you do it or not, EJ?

EJ fugues out for a moment.

EJ

If I decohere the flux through the  
1945 fissure. Scramble it. That  
should stop the preincarnation.  
It'll allow me to open up 1349.

TOM

Stop the what?

EJ

Old souls in new bodies is wrong.  
Two compatible bodies with souls  
that have fused into one through  
the fissure, is more accurate.  
Living both lives in both times.  
The later self dominates because of  
temporal entropy. Reincarnation  
backwards. Preincarnation.

EJ pulls out a contraption that looks like a vacuum cleaner that has sucked up a big bag of plumbing components.

EJ (CONT'D)

Flux Concentrator. I'll run it in  
reverse, to increase the chaos  
level of your fissure's attractor.

EJ mutters to himself as he makes adjustments.

EJ (CONT'D)

There. Step into the light.

The Flux Concentrator projects a soft, silvery glow.

TOM

Got to trust the Mad Scientist, eh?

EJ

Energize.

EJ adjusts his old scarf. He looks nervous.

Tom's distracted by the blurry form of a GINGER CAT walking outside past the glass block windows, flicking its tail.

There's a slight SHIMMER. The view of the room ripples, as if reflected in a pool that someone threw something into.

EJ (CONT'D)  
Energize.

TOM  
That's funny, didn't you just...

EJ adjusts his scarf. The cat flicks its tail.

EJ  
Energize.

EJ adjusts his scarf. The cat flicks its tail.

TOM  
Hey... EJ! What's...

EJ  
Energize.

EJ adjusts his scarf. The cat flicks its tail--

-- and with a loud BANG, a panel on the Flux Concentrator blows out, followed by some bright blobs of molten metal.

EJ (CONT'D)  
(surprised)  
Whoa. Are you... OK?

TOM  
I was stuck in a loop. The same few seconds of right-here. How...?

EJ looks at the Flux Concentrator.

EJ  
Temporal feedback! Why didn't I think of that? It's a sampled system, it's not stable when it's run backwards! It caused a resonant enhancement in your fissure's entanglement halo.

TOM  
Is that good?



EJ

It's amazing, Tom! Transient closed loops of local spacetime around the fissure. I'll need to work out how to control them. Think, EJ, think... Forward compensation for the attractor, that should help. One minus zed to the minus one... hmmm...

EJ makes more adjustments.

EJ (CONT'D)

It might help if you, you know, go back to 1945 so that the fissure flux is active.

Tom clenches his fist...

TIMEJUMP CUT TO:

**EXT. JAPANESE SCHOOLHOUSE, HIROSHIMA, 1945 - DAY**

-- Kempeitai #1 levels the pistol at Tom's head. Its muzzle quivers in the *kempeitai's* nervous hand.

Kempeitai #2 just stands there watching, amused.

TOM

What the hell. Go ahead. If you're going to shoot, shoot. Maybe this is how it was meant to end here anyway. Shit.

KEMPEITAI #2

(sardonic)

Tough guy.

-- and Kempeitai #1 pistol-whips Tom across the face--

-- as Miho comes running back out of the house--

MIHO

(panicking)

Douglas is the adopted son of the couple who own this school. They brought him back from England--

-- Kempeitai #2 grabs her, pulls her to a stop.

KEMPEITAI #2

Well look. I think there's a better way of getting our spy friend to talk.

Kempeitai #2 puts one hand round Miho's rear and pulls her to him. His other hand creeps across her stomach.

KEMPEITAI #1

What are you...

KEMPEITAI #2

We need answers. So I need to... to interrogate her. No-one is going to stop a *kempeitai* from carrying out his orders.

He pulls open the front of her blouse. Miho screams.

Kempeitai #2 pushes his hand under her blouse.

TOM

(groggy)

Get your filthy hands off her!

Tom tries in vain to rise from his wheelchair.

Kempeitai #1 presses the pistol hard into Tom's forehead--

-- CLICK - he pulls the *Nambu* pistol's rear cocking knob--

-- and then everything IMPLODES to a point.

TIMEJUMP CUT TO:

**INT. EJ'S BASEMENT LAB, WESTMINSTER, 2015 - DAY**

Tom's eyes jerk open. Shocked. Scared. Desperate.

TOM

No! Miho!

Tom closes his eyes. Nothing. Beat. Still nothing. He drags his fingers through his hair.

TOM (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Open it back up, EJ. I have to help her, I can't leave yet.

EJ  
 (panicking)  
 Oh shit. Tom, you said do it.  
 It's... it's not reversible.

Tom bends over. Clutches his knees. Cries out in despair.

EJ (CONT'D)  
 Not without a trigger mass to  
 resynchronize the attractor. It  
 has to be something that was right  
 there at the time.

But Tom isn't taking it in. He's distraught.

TOM  
 (to himself)  
 Christ. Why did I leave you, Miho.  
 I'm such a fucking coward.

Tom crouches in the silver glow, winded by sadness - then  
 jerks back.

EJ edges back to his equipment.

EJ  
 At least now I can stabilize 1349.

TOM  
 Uh, I don't think you need...

TIMEJUMP CUT TO:

**EXT. SQUARE IN FRONT OF WEST MINSTER ABBEY, 1349 - DAY**

Dark, then--

-- a greenish-black FACE rushing up--

TOM  
 ... to do anything, Christ...

-- pushed [by Gregory, as seen earlier], Tom's falling onto  
 the CORPSE of the FAT MONK on the cart, quite DEAD for sure--

-- Tom's wearing a dark grey wool habit. He's got hair round  
 the edge of his head but bald on top: a MONK'S TONSURE.

He jerks back from the cart. People in the small crowd of  
 onlookers back off--

-- and the corpse's eyes OPEN, a black, lifeless stare--

-- then the corpse shudders. SNEEZES--

-- and VOMITS out a writhing plume of the blue-black smoke, which forms a thick RING above the face. The ring orients itself at Tom. Like an eye, staring straight at him.

It shoots towards him--

-- then stops and hovers, almost touching Tom's face--

-- Tom staggers back - into someone--

-- a tanned hand thrusts past, holding a STAFF tipped with a blue stone--

-- the smoke ring shivers, reluctant to move at first--

-- then unwinds and shoots back up the corpse's nose.

WILLIAM (stocky, 60s), rough jerkin and pants, steps up.

(NOTE: Old English dialog is subtitled by the English text.)

WILLIAM

(early 1300s Old English)  
Herbs and potions couldn't help  
Brother Ignatius here against the  
Devil's Breath. Only the  
Necromancer's staff protects us.

Tom squints, concentrating.

TOM

(in modern English)  
Pre-Chaucerian Old English.

William inspects Tom's face.

WILLIAM

(early 1300s Old English)  
I do not know you, Brother. You  
look unwell. I tire of hauling  
dead monks to the pit.

William turns to VERNON, a scrawny youth (18) wearing a tunic that he has rather outgrown.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

(early 1300s Old English)  
Vernon, stop dreaming and help.

VERNON hurries over. He gestures to Tom.

VERNON

(early 1300s Old English)  
This is Brother Timothy. I saw him  
at the Abbey yesterday. Will, I do  
not think it was the staff that  
held the Devil's Breath back...

WILLIAM

(early 1300s Old English)  
Nonsense. What else could it be?

Tom coughs - a bad-sounding cough. He holds his hand to his  
mouth, then looks at it. The mucus is streaked bright red.

TOM

(in modern English)  
Wait. I have the--

-- and everything implodes to a point.

Nothing. Dark--

TIMEJUMP CUT TO:

**INT. EJ'S BASEMENT LAB, WESTMINSTER, 2015 - DAY**

-- then the lab comes back into focus.

TOM

-- Plague? Unnnh...

Tom grabs his head.

EJ is rocking, looking even more anxious.

EJ

You OK? Did it work?

Tom blinks. Concentrates.

TOM

Damn, EJ, you were right.  
(beat)  
But I can't control it. And my Old  
English is not good enough. But it  
felt... I mean, I was there.

EJ

I knew it. I knew I could do it.

Tom rests against a bench, processing what's happened.

EJ (CONT'D)  
Did I do the right thing, Tom? Is  
this what you wanted?

TOM  
I don't know what I wanted, EJ. I  
don't know what I wanted and I  
don't know what I've done. Did.

Tom turns to EJ.

TOM (CONT'D)  
But that's not your fault.

EJ  
Mr. Charteris is the most un-  
sciency teacher you could imagine,  
right? All Paul and Plato, logic  
is evil. But he's been really  
supportive. Everyone else said my  
theories were nonsense, my designs  
were rubbish. I wanted to prove  
them wrong, Tom. He understands.  
He's... my liaison with the Bulinga  
Foundation.

TOM  
He didn't say anything when I told  
him I'd met you. Huh.

EJ seems unsure, embarrassed.

EJ  
Uh, Tom, I've got some... more work  
to do on the Foundation's equipment  
now. They need it for tomorrow. I  
should, you know...

Looking weary, Tom prises himself from the bench.

TOM  
I've got a lot to digest here.

He claps EJ on the shoulder. Squeezes.

EJ  
I asked Mr. Charteris once why he  
was so interested in my work.

TOM  
And?

EJ

He said: "One day, Fentiman, it's going to save the world."

Tom's face brightens a little. Pinches EJ's cheek.

TOM

Of course. That's what the Mad Scientist always does, right?

**INT. HOTEL ROOM, 2015 - NIGHT**

Room service and a jug of coffee keep Tom company as he surfs on his laptop. The TV is showing London local news:

PRESENTER

Westminster Abbey will be closed to the public for a week as important repair and refurbishment work is carried out. Services in St. Margaret's Church will carry on as usual. An Abbey spokesperson said that archeologists will also be carrying out deep scanning of...

-- Tom mutes the TV with a jab to the remote control. Concentrates on his laptop. He--

-- types www.talesofgregory.com into the search bar.

...the landing page of the Gregory fan site comes up.

-- clicks 'register'

...a field for "username (your email address)" appears.

-- types tpine@mail.ubc.ca

... the message reads "username already exists", offers a password entry field. Below it, "forgot password?"

TOM

What do you mean, already exists?

-- clicks "forgot password?"

... "a new password has been sent to your registered email address!"

Ping.

-- tabs over to an email window.

... an email from no-reply@talesofgregory.com, "your temporary password is Wghr!t646g"

-- copies the password, clicks back to the fan site, pastes it in the password entry field.

... "Welcome back Tom! Your access level is Platinum and content curated for your particular needs has been unlocked".

TOM (CONT'D)  
Welcome back Tom?

There's a lot on the page - script downloads, location shots, actor resumes, a biography of Peter Pine.

-- Tom hovers over the biography link, then cursors over to "Premium Platinum content". Clicks.

... "Congratulations! As one of our very few trusted Platinum members, you have exclusive access to original materials from Peter Pine's research and writing process. Download book drafts and rare audio files."

-- scanning down the list of links, Tom stops at:

"The Devil's Breath - Peter Pine's dictated research notes"

TOM (CONT'D)  
Why have I not seen this before?

-- Tom clicks. A media browser window opens. Downloading...

PETER (V.O.)  
(from laptop speakers)  
It's April back in 1349. Mel was right. There's something going on here that never made it into the written records. Most of the monks are dead from Plague, and hundreds of locals too. They are carting the bodies to a pit outside the Abbey. This Norman necromancer, Martineau, seems to be project-managing the whole thing.

TOM  
You had this fissure thing too, didn't you, Dad.

Tom slides the play position control--

PETER (V.O.)  
... the Devil's Breath is a real phenomenon. It's visible.  
(MORE)



PETER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 It seems alive, however stupid that  
 sounds. The pit's in a field that  
 one local called "Temple Field".  
 I'm going to take a look. I think  
 this goes way back. Must go down  
 to the British Library and check  
 the Sulcardus cartulary. But Mel's  
 jumpy. Something's not right.

TOM  
 Mum? Did you post this stuff?

Tom sits back. Shuts his eyes. Brows furrowed--

TIMEJUMP CUT TO:

**EXT. SQUARE IN FRONT OF WEST MINSTER ABBEY, 1349 - DAY**

-- Dark. Then the scene bursts out of nothingness--

-- William thrusts his hands into Tom's armpits, then  
 withdraws them. He's tight-lipped--

-- Tom shudders. Something's happening within him--

WILLIAM  
 (early 1300s Old English)  
 I am sorry, Brother.  
 (in English, no subtitles)  
 Be thankful you only suffer the  
 Pestilence, and not--  
 (early 1300s Old English)  
 --the Devil's Breath.  
 (in English, no subtitles)  
 God has looked kindly on you.

-- and Tom understands what's said. Which astonishes him.

(NOTE: All dialog in this period from now on in English, no  
 subtitles.)

VERNON  
 (awkwardly)  
 My mother says the Devil's Breath  
 was brought upon us by Martineau.  
 Not by God.

WILLIAM  
 Beatrice. They will burn her for  
 the heretic she is. Now, we must  
 deliver Brother Ignatius to the  
 pit. Martineau commands it.

Tom shakes his head as if to clear it.

TOM  
(to himself)  
So here I'm Brother Timothy.

Vernon is studying Tom.

TOM (CONT'D)  
That smoke was the Devil's Breath,  
wasn't it. Hashtag what the fuck?

The cart has straps. William tightens them over the corpse.

WILLIAM  
Rest, Brother Timothy. You already  
have the fever. Your words do not  
make any sense.

Tom looks at the corpse, then at William.

TOM  
I'd really like to see that pit.

WILLIAM  
That is not a good idea.

VERNON  
William, let him come. Please?

William shoots Vernon a look. Turns to Tom.

WILLIAM  
Very well. Push the cart.

**EXT. ROUGH PATH OUTSIDE ABBEY, 1349 - DAY**

Tom pushes the cart. William and Vernon walk alongside.

TOM  
It stinks. More than I imagined.

Tom coughs several times. William hands him a water skin.

WILLIAM  
No-one left to clean the latrines.

Vernon stares at Tom. Shy yet gripped with inner certainty.

VERNON  
Martineau is going to raise a  
powerful demon from its ashes.  
That's what my mother says.

TOM

Martineau. The Necromancer in  
Dad's notes.

WILLIAM

Beatrice speaks too freely, Vernon.  
Martineau has spies everywhere.  
That soldier, for instance.

VERNON

The soldier is not a spy. He is  
strange, like Brother Timothy here.  
I saw my mother looking at him as  
Martineau chased him. He is lucky  
to be alive. Something happened.  
Martineau fell into a rage.

Vernon moves closer to Tom. Leans in.

VERNON (CONT'D)

(conspiratorial)

Martineau inhales the Devil's  
Breath every day, to commune with  
the demon.

They roll the cart over a wooden bridge that spans a river.  
The path passes an orchard; turns a corner by a vineyard.

Crows still circle high above the barren field. At the foul  
ditch that delineates the field, Tom almost gags as they  
guide the cart over another, flimsier bridge.

VERNON (CONT'D)

Suck in the sweet air now, Brother.  
It gets worse by the yard.

**EXT. BARREN FIELD, PILE OF CORPSES, 1349 - DAY**

The corpses in the pit are thick with flies.

Tom rolls the cart up the rutted path to the pile.

TOM

How are you going to cover--

-- and he has a coughing fit. He's very unwell.

WILLIAM

Martineau just told us to fill it.

VERNON

Nothing has ever grown in this  
field. People say it is cursed.

(MORE)

VERNON (CONT'D)  
Martineau pays people to bring  
their dead here.

WILLIAM  
The dead are his constituency.

Near the pit's edge, youths throw stones at the corpses.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)  
The young grow bolder as the old  
die.

The youths circle, sticks and rocks in their hands. STEVEN  
(15, cocky) seems to be the leader.

STEVEN  
You got a fresh one, cart man?

William signals to Tom and Vernon: stay calm, keep quiet.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Brought a live monk too, to give  
him a requiem? That'll do no good.

Steven saunters up to Ignatius's body.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
My father said, there's nothing any  
man of God can do to stop this.  
Now he's at the bottom of this  
pile. We got a penny for his  
stinking body.

Steven spits on Ignatius's corpse.

VERNON  
Have respect for the dead.

STEVEN  
Respect? This one doesn't care.

He beckons the youths to close in.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
We'll do what we like here.

The youths step forward, feral glints in their eyes. They  
surround the three. One darts forward, grabs William's stone-  
tipped staff, flings it away.

Steven springs up onto the cart, lands on the corpse with a  
thump. The youths cheer--

-- and a ring of blue-black smoke hisses from the corpse's mouth. It LUNGES at Steven. Surrounds his head. Tendrils of smoke jab into his eyes, nose and mouth. His raspy gurgle merges with the screams of the other youths as they run off.

Face now green, Steven topples sideways off the corpse onto the edge of the pile. Still and quiet.

Then Steven's body shudders. And MOVES. Limbs of corpses reach out. With a cadaverous peristalsis, Steven's body is DRAGGED onto and up the pile by rotting hands - then SUCKED under, until only his head shows.

Astonished, Tom steps over to the pile, crouches at the edge--

WILLIAM

That is not a good idea, Brother, I  
do not have the staff to protect--

-- Steven's already-swollen green face SNEEZES--

-- a rotten hand SHOOTS from the pile, grabs Tom's sleeve--

-- spinning rings of the smoke emerge from Steven's mouth and nose. Orient towards Tom. They pulse, looking impatient--

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

By our Lady, Brother, step back.

-- then coalesce into a thin ribbon. It darts at Tom--

-- and stops inches from his face, piling up on itself--

-- Tom jerks back, the hand lets go--

-- as with a loud hiss, the ribbon of smoke shoots into the air. Streams down back into the pile of corpses. Silence.

William walks over to collect his staff, then heads back towards Tom and Vernon.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Vernon. Do not mention this to  
anyone. Especially to that  
soldier, Gregory, if he lives.  
Swear it!

Vernon's shaking.

VERNON

I sw... swear it, Will.

TOM

Wait - Gregory?

Tom tries to get to his feet, cough getting worse--

TIMEJUMP CUT TO:

**INT. HOTEL ROOM, 2015 - NIGHT**

-- and he has to steady himself on the desk.

TOM

Damn. Dad. I'll find you.

**INT. BRITISH LIBRARY MANUSCRIPTS READING ROOM, 2015 - DAY**

Rows of desks in a modern space. Tom sits at one of the desks as a LIBRARIAN (late 60s) approaches, carrying a manuscript box, which he places in front of Tom.

The librarian hands Tom some thin white cotton gloves.

LIBRARIAN

Your father was a regular visitor.  
In the old days, sir.

Tom nods as he puts on the gloves.

TOM

He took me to the old building a  
few times, in the school holidays.

LIBRARIAN

Don't have many requests for the  
Cotton Collection. So little  
curiosity these days.

TOM

Dad was working on something. He  
made a note to consult Sulcardus.

The librarian lifts an old book from the box.

LIBRARIAN

Sulcardus's history of Westminster  
Abbey, written circa 1080. This is  
the earliest surviving copy. Sir  
Robert Cotton acquired it in 1622.

Tom opens the book, awestruck by its antiquity.

LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)

How's your Latin?

TOM  
*Semper dubitandum est.*

[Subtitle: You never can tell.]

BURROUGHS (O.S.)  
*Forsitan possum adiuvere?*

[Subtitle: Perhaps I can help?]

Tom turns, surprised.

BURROUGHS (CONT'D)  
 Greats at Oxford. My Greek and  
 Latin are still passable.

TOM  
 Tailing me, Chief Inspector, or do  
 you have a raging thirst for  
 historical enlightenment?

Burroughs looks over Tom's shoulder at the manuscript.

BURROUGHS  
 How about both.

He reaches over - already gloved - and turns a few pages.

BURROUGHS (CONT'D)  
 I assume you're looking for the  
 part where Sulcardus writes about  
 the Temple of Apollo.

TOM  
 I don't know what to say.

BURROUGHS  
 In my line of work, a simple "yes"  
 saves a lot of time.

TOM  
 Yes.

BURROUGHS  
 We won't find it in this copy. Or  
 so I read, a few days ago.  
 (to the librarian)  
 Could we have some privacy?

The Librarian starts to speak, changes his mind, walks off.

TOM

This is a canonical historical reference. Many later texts mention the story.

Burroughs nods.

BURROUGHS

That a Temple of Apollo was built on Thorney Island, close to where the Abbey now stands, after Diocletian's purge of Christianity. That it was demolished by an earthquake in 154 AD.

TOM

Unlikely though that sounds. The Romans built temples like... well, solid, like stone shit-houses. We would have found remains by now.

Burroughs takes a seat next to Tom.

BURROUGHS

I read that new copies were made, under the direction of the Church, with the Temple of Apollo reference removed. Then they started the rumor that the Abbey - the Church of Saint Peter - was just trying to go one better than Saint Paul's, which some claimed was built on the site of a temple of Diana.

TOM

Chief Inspector, you are wasted as a policeman. Come over to the Dark Side. Join the Historians.

BURROUGHS

A Police investigation isn't so different from a historical enquiry, Mr. Pine. Though the boundaries have become somewhat blurred with this case.

TOM

Rather a coincidence, you and I digging in the same hole at the same time. Who got you interested?

BURROUGHS

The very same person who led you here, of that I'm sure.

(MORE)



BURROUGHS (CONT'D)  
 (off Tom's puzzlement)  
 I want to show you something.

**INT. MELISSA'S HIDEOUT, 2015 - DAY**

Varnish dark and crackled, a door swings open. Burroughs steps through, followed by Tom and Ryder.

When Burroughs clicks the light on, the walls of this dingy room are revealed in all their conspiracy-theory glory.

BURROUGHS  
 She refused to talk about this.

One wall is covered with cuttings and photographs, ranging from 1989 to the present day. Tom features in most of them.

RYDER  
 There's always a secret hideout,  
 cuttings, maps, photographs...

The adjacent wall is more arcane. Images of book pages and manuscripts, illustrations of Westminster Abbey. Photographs, engravings and paintings of ecclesiastical figures back to the Middle Ages, linked by string and pins.

RYDER (CONT'D)  
 Mean anything to you, Mr. Pine?

TOM  
 She was clearly just as obsessed  
 with medieval history as Dad was.

Burroughs rests a hand on a thick ring binder.

BURROUGHS  
 She left a detailed dossier. She claims that a long-established clandestine group embedded within the Church has been doing the groundwork for some kind of Apocalypse-level event. This group has included some of the key figures in the Abbey's history, stretching from the present day all the way back to, well...

RYDER  
 Christianity, season one, episode one.

TOM  
 And by "present day", she means...

BURROUGHS

... the Canon.

TOM

That's hard to believe. He's a crabby pedant, not an evil mastermind.

BURROUGHS

Some might dismiss your mother as entirely crazy, but... I thought you might be able to help. She has contacted you?

Tom shrugs.

TOM

I got into a 'premium' section of the fan website. It contained content that could only have come from her.

Burroughs awaits the simple answer.

TOM (CONT'D)

Yes. Must have been her.

RYDER

Could it be fake?

TOM

I have my reasons for trusting it.

Ryder points to a bronze box, the size of a large cigar box, its surface engraved with fine detail.

RYDER

We haven't been able to open this.

TOM

Mum used to have that in her bedroom. I thought she kept jewelry in it. She said only special people could open it.

RYDER

Do you know how?

Tom shakes his head. Steps over to the box and picks it up--

TOM

I never saw...

-- a bright red line appears round the perimeter of the box. With a slight puff of air, the box opens.

BURROUGHS

Your mother thinks you are special.

Inside, a note with "Jim" written on it, and a rough cloth package tied up with a ribbon. Burroughs opens the note. Reads it out loud.

BURROUGHS (CONT'D)

"Jim. Thank you for bringing Tom here. The fragment will explain. It contains a recording and a warning message. I'll be in the Abbey on the 6th of June. Bring the fragment, please. And Tom, of course. Yours, Melissa."

RYDER

Tomorrow. Bright side, at least now we know where we can pick her up. I'll get a team round to the Abbey to do a sweep first thing.

Burroughs pulls at the ribbon on the package.

RYDER (CONT'D)

Do you think that's wise, sir?

In the package, a FRAGMENT of mirror-shiny red metal.

Burroughs picks out the fragment--

BURROUGHS

Do you have any idea what she--

-- and the metal glows red--

-- Burroughs goes rigid--

-- Tom and Ryder both reach out, grab Burroughs' arms--

-- and they are immersed in the fragment's WARNING MESSAGE--

**EXT. ROMAN TEMPLE OF APOLLO, 154 AD - DAY (PROJECTION)**

That bleak landscape of stiff, thorny scrub shakes in the wind as we head towards and into the small stone TEMPLE:

INT. ROMAN TEMPLE OF APOLLO, 154 AD - DAY (PROJECTION)

A mix of Roman statuary and early Christian iconography fill the interior.

A small figure pulls down a hood to reveal she's a PRIESTESS. She holds up her AMULET. Squeezes it to split off a Disconnecter. Turns to:

A ROMAN MAN in a bloody toga, bound to a rough wooden table, struggling. Trying to yell through a cloth gag.

The Priestess pulls the gag off Roman Man's mouth.

(NOTE: All dialog in Latin, subtitled by the English text.)

ROMAN MAN

Let me go! You don't know what  
you're doing. He is our only hope.

She is reaching for Roman Man's chin when a myriad tiny red highlights dance over her and Roman Man.

A strange HAND touches the Priestess's arm. Shimmering and metallic, a cluster of red, mirror bubbles. It belongs to--

-- a RED HUMANOID, made from the sinuous, shifting bubbles. A face forms on its head.

RED HUMANOID

You were drawn here by a Joth, the  
last of its kind. It is an  
abomination of spacetime built from  
the death it spreads. It attracts  
organisms with spacetime flaws such  
as yours.

ROMAN MAN

He showed me! We need him! You  
don't know what a mess the Earth  
will be in by my time! We have  
nearly finished his machine!

RED HUMANOID

The Joth will travel to your time  
through your fissure. It will  
convert the entire planet's  
resources and humans into more  
Joth. We must prevent that. Or  
your world, perhaps our Universe,  
is doomed. Observe.

**EXT. APOCALYPTIC ALIEN LANDSCAPE (PROJECTION)**

As far as the eye can see, huge machines rip at a ravaged, infected landscape. Countless humanoid creatures toil.

Huge containers of raw material and manufactured assemblies are driven skyward by blue pressor beams. The sky is dark with throbbing, cancerous Joth, feeding on the stream - and on the creatures below.

It is clear that this benighted planet we're seeing is being raped and consumed by the cancer that is the Joth--

-- and the warning message winks out.

**INT. ROMAN TEMPLE OF APOLLO, 154 AD - DAY (PROJECTION)**

Red Humanoid nods to the Priestess. The Disconnector's inscribed markings glow.

RED HUMANOID

Your species should be thankful that we intercepted you. Now, we sever your connection between this time and your future.

ROMAN MAN

Are you going to kill me?

RED HUMANOID

A Joth can access the fissure in time for days after a normal death. Killing you is not sufficient.

(beat)

But it is necessary.

Roman Man clamps his mouth shut, rocking his head. The Priestess yanks Roman Man's jaw down. Forces the Disconnector into Roman Man's mouth.

The Disconnector EXPANDS. BRILLIANT pink light bursts forth.

Shining spikes BURST through Roman Man's skull--

-- Red Humanoid turns as if sensing something--

-- and a wide BLUE BEAM of glowing energy stabs through the ceiling. Disintegrates the Priestess--

-- Red Humanoid raises its hand; a translucent red spherical protective shield forms around it--

-- more blue beams stab at the shield, causing intermittent black patches to appear on its surface--

-- An explosion. Debris flies past Red Humanoid's shield, not just stone but also shattered alien technology.

The temple has been reduced to rubble. The blue beams now stab non-stop at Red Humanoid's shield, which is weakening--

-- Red Humanoid SEPARATES into hundreds of RED BUBBLES. They surge outwards through its shield as it fails at last--

**EXT. ROMAN TEMPLE OF APOLLO, 154 AD - DAY (PROJECTION)**

-- and the bubbles head for the GIGANTIC, BLUE-BLACK, THROBBING MASS that is the Joth, part cancerous tumor, part hundred-foot amoeba, moving with purpose--

-- a filigree web of blue lightning crackles over it as it part-floats, part-stomps over the ruins with pulsating pseudopods--

-- the mirror-red bubbles race towards the Joth--

-- it fires on them but they are far too numerous to target--

-- the bubbles adhere to the surface of the Joth. They link together with fine threads of red energy. The Joth vibrates as if to shake them off--

-- the bubbles begin to shine brighter and brighter. Pull towards each other. A glowing net squeezing the Joth--

-- a FLASH, BRIGHTER than the Sun--

-- and when the flash fades, a rain of flaky blue-black ash and crystals drifts down upon the devastated landscape.

Faint blue discharges crackle across some of the blue debris of the Joth as they settle onto the marshy soil, together with some red metal fragments from the bubbles...

**INT. MELISSA'S HIDEOUT, 2015 - DAY**

Burroughs is shaking. Tom grabs the fragment--

-- which SHRIEKS, glows brighter, Tom can't shake it off--

-- Ryder grabs the box, pulls the fragment off Tom's hand--

-- Tom screams in pain as he REMEMBERS that day in 1989--

**INT. LIBRARY / DRAWING ROOM, 1989 - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

The sound of a front door slamming shut.

MELISSA

You should go back to bed, Tom-Tom.

(to Peter)

I have to deal with my mother.

PETER

What's she got to do with this?

Melissa's face and body sheds the resolute-heroine look, replacing it with little-girl-lost, just as the library door creaks open.

Her mother, HELENA, strides in. 70s, big hair, fierce smile. A lioness that has outwitted her prey.

HELENA

How convenient. Two birds.

(to Young Tom)

Hello, Thomas. Just stay there like a good boy.

Helena wears an AMULET on a chain. She touches it. Her eyes GLOW RED. A red glow washes over Peter, Young Tom and Melissa, paralyzing them all.

She turns to Melissa; the smile evaporates.

HELENA (CONT'D)

1349. You knew. I have no idea how you were able to conceal Peter's connection to 1349 from me before you gave your Amulet back and left the Sisters. That true love, he's-the-one story. All this time you were betraying us. And using Peter.

MELISSA

(barely able to speak)

Mother... I can explain...

Helena turns to Peter. Lifts the chain from around her neck.

HELENA

You bore his child. What kind of monster might Thomas be? The child of a multiple and a Sister of Apollo? Unthinkable.

She holds up the Amulet. It begins to glow red.

Young Tom's agog. Struggles to move, but can't.

HELENA (CONT'D)

We Sisters of Apollo keep the Earth free from multiples. This is our sole purpose. The portals within multiples are weaknesses in the fabric of time that the Joth can exploit. This is why the Joth were almost completely annihilated, eons ago. To protect evolving worlds like the Earth.

MELISSA

Except for one, I... I have studied our records well.

HELENA

And when that last Joth was reanimated by the Necromancer Martineau, it escaped, did it not? Through a multiple's portal. One of two that were drawn to 1349 by the Joth's temporal wake. Does Peter have any idea what the Joth will do to the Earth? Did you show him the fragment's warning message?

PETER

(almost inaudible)  
What... message? Melissa...?

MELISSA

Mother, don't, it... is not Peter.

Face now a cold, menacing mask, Helena squeezes the Amulet.

HELENA

You cannot know that. Our records are incomplete. We must be sure.

The Amulet splits in two, leaving a Disconnecter in her hand. Pink spots glow on its surface.

PETER

Nun had... same thing... tried to use it on... me.

HELENA

Peter's portal back to 1349 risks all life on Earth. The Joth could arrive at any moment. Peter must be disconnected. Now.



MELISSA

Please, no. It will kill him.

YOUNG TOM

Daddy!

Helena pulls Peter's chin down. Forces the Disconnecter into his mouth. His fear shows as his eyes flick to Young Tom.

PETER

(croaking)

Love you always, Tom-Tom...

MELISSA

I'm sorry, Peter. I did love you.

HELENA

Goodbye, Peter.

-- the Disconnecter EXPANDS with a cracking noise, to fill Peter's mouth, a sparkling internal mechanism now visible--

-- brilliant pink light bursts from the Disconnecter, illuminating Peter's entire head from within; a whine--

-- and Peter CONVULSES as shining metal SPIKES burst through his glowing skull, coated with smoking gore.

HELENA (CONT'D)

Peter will not live in 1349.  
Martineau will kill him when he  
realizes the portal has closed.

Blood flows from the mouth of Peter's corpse as the spikes of the Disconnecter crumble into red ash.

Tears stream from Young Tom's eyes.

Helena pulls out a pistol. Releases Melissa's paralysis with a casual wave.

HELENA (CONT'D)

The Disconnecter is not from this  
world. We must mask its effect.

Helena thrusts the gun into Melissa's hand.

MELISSA

Not in front of Tom!

HELENA

I command it. It is penance for  
your betrayal.

Melissa shuffles over to Peter's body. Arm outstretched, she holds the gun to his mouth. Takes a deep breath. Fires. Gore sprays over the bookcase behind.

HELENA (CONT'D)  
You are still one of us, then.

The Amulet still glows on Helena's palm.

Melissa stands, arm swaying with the weight of the pistol.

HELENA (CONT'D)  
We must conclude this before the priest Charteris arrives. I could only slow him down on the road here, but he will have survived.

Helena glances over at the picture showing Charteris--

-- and, wiry-quick, Melissa SNATCHES the Amulet with her other hand, faster than Helena's fingers can prevent her.

HELENA (CONT'D)  
So, daughter, you would like to feel an Amulet's power again? Return to the Sisters, and I will give your own Amulet back.

Melissa's eyes glow red. The patterns on the Amulet are changing. She seems to be absorbing something from it.

Helena glances at Young Tom, who is still paralyzed.

HELENA (CONT'D)  
Thomas's portal has not yet matured. You must kill him, so the Earth will be saved. Shoot him.  
(off nothing from Melissa)  
This is your doing, Melissa. Let it not be the Earth's undoing.

Melissa looks down at the gun. Then up at Helena.

MELISSA  
Would you have killed me as a child, if I had been a multiple? Killed your own flesh and blood?

HELENA  
It is the burden of the Sisters.

Little-girl-lost falls away from Melissa's face. She raises the gun. Points it at Young Tom, who is petrified.

MELISSA

The Earth needed something more radical than your thousand-year-old thinking. I made a choice. I will not do this.

Fear dawns on Helena's face. Melissa nods. Turns to Helena--  
-- and SHOOTs her. Without the protective power of the Amulet, Helena collapses. Dead.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

That's for Peter.

She looks around the room. At Peter's corpse. At the telephone. She reaches for the photo frame showing Aldritch Charteris. Hands it to Young Tom.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Some people will be here soon, Tom-Tom. Uncle Charteris will look after you now.

Melissa kisses Young Tom's forehead. Looks at the Amulet.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

I hope I did the right thing.

She casts a pained glance at the open window. Inclines her head to the sound of an approaching CAR. Waves her hand across Young Tom's face.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

I do love you, Tom-Tom. Now, you must forget.

She releases Young Tom, tears and resolve mixing in her eyes. Places the gun on the floor.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Your move, Aldritch.

Curtains billow as she climbs through the window...

**INT. MELISSA'S HIDEOUT, 2015 - DAY**

-- Ryder throws the fragment in the box, shuts the lid--  
-- a bright red bead forms around the box's perimeter--  
-- and dies away, the box tight shut.

RYDER

Sir? Sir! Are you OK?

Burroughs sucks in a sharp breath.

BURROUGHS

You saw that? That explosion was Sulcardus's "earthquake", I bet.

RYDER

Can't speak Latin, Sir. But that last bit was different. Is that a warning about what will happen?

Tom is dazed.

TOM

I... Mum didn't kill Dad. Grandma did. That thing showed me.

Tom rubs his face. Looks across the room at a picture of Peter and Melissa.

TOM (CONT'D)

Dad was a multiple, like the red thing talked about. Grandma thought he could be the Joth's path to present day. So she... "disconnected" him. And Mum killed her for doing that. Mum was like the priestess too, but... well, it looked like she might have changed sides. But...

BURROUGHS

But what? Something's going to happen at the Abbey tomorrow, that much is obvious.

TOM

If she wanted to save us, she'd...

RYDER

But your Dad's dead. Doesn't that mean that this Joth thing can't get here now? Panic over?

Burroughs turns to Tom, who has just figured it out.

BURROUGHS

But your father wasn't the only multiple. Your Grandma knew.

**EXT. WESTMINSTER ABBEY, SANCTUARY, 2015 - DAY**

The Sanctuary is blocked by orange barrier blocks. Police guard the access gaps. A large van is parked up. Workmen take tools, scaffolding and equipment in through the West Entrance of the Abbey.

Tom stands by the barrier, checking his watch.

A uniformed officer approaches.

BURROUGHS (O.S.)  
He's with us, Constable.

The officer turns. Burroughs shows his warrant card. Ryder adjusts the shoulder-bag he's carrying.

TOM  
Chief Inspector.

BURROUGHS  
Charteris called. He said he'll meet us in the "Muniments Room".

TOM  
It's this way.

Tom indicates the entrance to Dean's Yard.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Do the Police have a protocol for interrogating someone about the plans they are hatching to bring about the End of the World?

**INT. ABBEY MUNIMENTS READING ROOM, 2015 - DAY**

Tom, Burroughs and Ryder emerge from the stone staircase into this ancient space. High vaulted ceiling, whitewashed walls, rows of old carved wooden shelves.

Charteris stands at a table, waiting.

CHARTERIS  
Gentlemen.

BURROUGHS  
Canon. I hope our men weren't too much of an inconvenience for you.

CHARTERIS

Not at all. It's in my interest to have the Abbey secure, especially today. I had a feeling you'd have more... questions.

BURROUGHS

Our enquiries have led us down a rather unusual path. Melissa Pine's house contained some interesting material.

Charteris raises his eyebrows.

CHARTERIS

I have a surfeit of interesting materials right here, Chief Inspector. Be more specific.

RYDER

We have reason to believe Mrs. Pine will try to enter the Abbey today.

BURROUGHS

She believes you intend to bring about an Apocalypse of some kind. Involving something called a "Joth".

Charteris scoffs.

CHARTERIS

You fool, Chief Inspector. She's sucked you in, all these years. She's playing you. And you accuse me of "obtuse conspiracy theories".

He stares Burroughs down for a beat.

CHARTERIS (CONT'D)

Still, I have not been entirely straight with you. I have a confession to make.

TOM

That's an ironic role reversal.

CHARTERIS

Very droll, Thomas. We still have a little time for me to explain.

RYDER

A little time? Until what?

CHARTERIS

Until I have to stop her.

Tom, Burroughs and Ryder all show surprise.

CHARTERIS (CONT'D)

It's not me who plans to bring about this so-called Apocalypse. It's her. Peter Pine was a friend of mine. He was investigating. Melissa has betrayed us all. If we don't stop her, she'll bring about the end of our world.

(beat)

You knew her back then, Chief Inspector. Is that why you're taking her side in this?

This angers Burroughs.

BURROUGHS

That's got nothing to do with it. Anyway, why close off the Abbey?

CHARTERIS

A covert group within the Church has indeed long been preparing for this day. Building countermeasures against the Joth. For six hundred and sixty-six years, in fact.

TOM

1349. You're the Bulinga Foundation.

CHARTERIS

Very good, Thomas. And I sense you've started to look around back then too. Checking out the Devil's Breath - the first manifestation of the Joth.

TOM

How did you...

CHARTERIS

I've always known what you are, Thomas. Our group is well aware of multiple-lifers like you.

BURROUGHS

And what is the Devil's Breath?

TOM

It seems to be some kind of virulent airborne plague. Seems almost... sentient.

CHARTERIS

I trust I can count on you to help me stop her, Chief Inspector. Can you put your... feelings aside and do the right thing?

Burroughs frowns.

BURROUGHS

All I have is "she said, he said" so far, Canon. You're going to have to do better than that. Show me how you plan to stop her.

CHARTERIS

Very well. It's time. We must go.

Charteris heads for the stairs.

RYDER

Is that it? A disease? Doesn't sound like the end of the world.

CHARTERIS

That's just the breath, Sergeant. You do not want to meet the Devil that exhales it.

**EXT. WESTMINSTER ABBEY, DEAN'S YARD, 2015 - DAY**

As they all turn to walk down the cloisters, Tom glances at the entrance and notices someone in the distance.

TOM

You two go ahead, I'll catch up.

BURROUGHS

Sergeant, keep an eye. I'll go with the Canon.

Tom jogs out into Dean's Yard, Ryder following.

Tom catches up with **EJ**, who's pushing an equipment trolley towards the Sanctuary archway.

On the trolley, a curvy, sinuous machine that resembles an enormous pastry made from molten aero engine parts (we'll soon find out that this is the ENTANGLEMENT RECORDER).



TOM  
Hey. EJ.

Tom falls in side-by-side with EJ, Ryder at a distance.

EJ  
Oh, hello. Have you come to help  
Mr. Charteris?

TOM  
What are you doing here?

EJ  
Taking the Foundation's equipment  
into the Abbey, of course. For the  
scanning session.

EJ leans over, lowers his voice.

EJ (CONT'D)  
Plus some kit of my own. I figured  
this might get interesting.

They pass one of the Policemen, who recognizes Tom. EJ shows  
a pass on a lanyard. They walk out back onto:

**EXT. WESTMINSTER ABBEY, SANCTUARY, 2015 - DAY**

Tom gestures that EJ should elaborate.

TOM  
The Foundation's equipment. What  
exactly does it do?

EJ  
Some of it is just basic scanning,  
though at strange wavelengths. But  
one of the subassemblies...

TOM  
What?

EJ is trying to walk and chew intellectual gum at the same  
time and his movements are rather awkward.

EJ  
Well, they probably thought I  
wouldn't work it out, but I did.

EJ points at the curvy machine on the trolley.

EJ (CONT'D)

It's an Entanglement Recoder. A shame I didn't know sooner. We could have tried it on you, wait, no, bad idea, it would have trapped you in your other life until someone with the decode key came along. Forget that.

Tom frowns at the Entanglement Recoder.

**INT. WESTMINSTER ABBEY WEST ENTRANCE, 2015 - DAY**

Tom glances at the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior as they pass.

TOM

EJ, did you ever ask yourself who in the Foundation could build such a thing in the first place, and why? It seems even more Mad Scientist than you.

EJ stops pushing for a moment.

EJ

Tom, how long have you known me? I'm the guy who works out how. I don't do why. That's for people like you. And Celine.

EJ looks around.

EJ (CONT'D)

She's here too, she and her Grandma are helping bring my other stuff in. They were most specific about being here today. Most specific.

**INT. WESTMINSTER ABBEY, CHOIR/ALTAR, 2015 - DAY**

The High Altar and Cosmati Pavement spread out before Tom and EJ. They take in the majesty of the vast vaulted space.

The entire area is already lit by many bright LED work lights, each anchored in place by a big battery pack.

Pushing a trolley, Celine walks up, together with a small, white-haired Japanese woman in her late 80s.

EJ's Flux Concentrator is one of the items on the trolley.

CELINE

This is all a bit awesome, isn't it? Morning.

TOM

Morning.

CELINE

Tom. I'd, uh, like you to meet my grandmother.

The white-haired woman stares wide-eyed at Tom. A beautiful smile dawns on her finely-lined face.

TOM

*Hajimemashite.*

[subtitles: It's nice to meet you for the first time.]

CELINE'S GRANDMA

*Hajimete o-me ni arimasen ga,  
Douglas-chan?*

[subtitles: It's not the first time we meet, though, is it, Douglas dear?]

If you can see someone's world stop dead, that's what we see in Tom. ***Because this is Miho - his love from Hiroshima.***

He and Celine's Grandma / OLD MIHO stare into each other's eyes for a long beat. Confusion. Realization. Recognition.

TOM

(small, choked voice)  
*Miho-chan...?*

Old Miho reaches round her neck and lifts off a small, stained leather pouch. Pulls out a folded, yellowing piece of paper, offers it to Tom.

OLD MIHO

*So desu yo.*

[subtitles: Uh-huh.]

Tom reaches for it, looking at his scarred hand.

He unfolds the paper. The front is all in printed Japanese. Flips it over. Handwritten Japanese on the back.

TOM (V.O.)

"Meet me in Westminster Abbey on  
June 6 2015.

(MORE)

TOM (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
For who you are, and what you've  
done, I love you more than life  
itself."

Tom stares at the note, dumbfounded. He reaches for Old  
Miho. Pulls her into a tight embrace.

TOM  
You survived.

OLD MIHO  
You saved me. Douglas saved me.

Celine rests her hand on EJ's arm. Job done.

TOM  
What you must have been through...

OLD MIHO  
Knowing I would see you again gave  
me strength. Strength to look  
after my family. Our family.

Old Miho looks at Celine. Tom's eyes follow. Celine nods.

TOM  
Good Lord... good Lord. I'm...

CELINE  
That would be creepy. No, Douglas.  
Douglas was my grandfather. Back  
at the airport... I think I knew.

TOM  
But how... the coincidence...

EJ  
That's your fissure, messing with  
the spacetime continuum.

Tom turns back to Old Miho. Hugs her close again. Kisses  
her on the forehead.

Ruining the mood, Charteris joins the group, distracted.

CHARTERIS  
Is everything OK, Thomas?

TOM  
An old friend. Um. Unexpected.

Charteris gives him a steely, distrustful look.

CHARTERIS

I'm getting some unusual readings.

He holds his arm forward, orienting it first to Old Miho, and then to Celine. Both look puzzled at the action.

CHARTERIS (CONT'D)

It's not from these two, though.

Jogging up, Ryder rejoins the group.

RYDER

Just checked in with security, Sir.  
All the workmen are leaving.

Burroughs turns to Charteris.

BURROUGHS

Given the workmen the rest of the  
day off?

CHARTERIS

We have all we need right here.

Tom squeezes Old Miho's waist in silent agreement.

Charteris indicates the lofty space around them.

CHARTERIS (CONT'D)

First, some privacy.

Ryder turns and heads back for the entrance.

RYDER

OK, I'll check again...

BURROUGHS

Chuck us that bag first, Sergeant.

Ryder removes his shoulder-bag. Lobs it at Burroughs--

-- Charteris rolls up his sleeve. REVEALS that he's wearing the **bracelet**. He directs it at the Entanglement Recoder--

**INT. ABBEY WITH FORCE FIELD, 2015 - DAY**

-- and with a tiny click, an utterly black force-field carves out a huge part-spherical void that surrounds them. It extends from half-way down the Choir to well past the High Altar. It cuts into the stone floor.

Ryder was on the far side, and has vanished from view.

Burroughs catches the bag, its arc unaffected.

TOM

Hey!

EJ

Oh. Didn't know it could do that.

Celine clasps her hand to her mouth. Reaches for Old Miho.

CHARTERIS

A zero-order causality barrier.  
Our own bubble of spacetime.  
Nothing outside can influence what  
happens here. No time will have  
passed outside, once we're done.

EJ

Now that is clever.

BURROUGHS

This is to stop Mrs. Pine?

Cheshire-cat-satisfied, Charteris shakes his head.

CHARTERIS

Oh, Chief Inspector, do I really  
have to spell it out? No, it's to  
stop her from stopping me, of  
course. Enjoy being right this  
once. And the ringside seat.

TOM

To the end of the world.

CHARTERIS

To the beginning of a new one! All  
thanks to what's within you.

A deep hum. The Recoder emits a faint Aurora-like glow.

Tom turns to Old Miho. Draws her close.

TOM

Miho-chan, I'm so sorry to have  
dragged you into this.

Old Miho points to the ID papers Tom's still holding.

OLD MIHO

But perhaps you intended to drag me  
into this for a reason, *desu ka?*

Charteris frowns at his bracelet.

CHARTERIS

Strange. Still something odd nearby.

He turns to Burroughs.

CHARTERIS (CONT'D)

Chief Inspector, did you bring something with you? A gift from Mrs. Pine, perhaps? Since the two of you were quite close. Back in the day?

Tom gives Burroughs a puzzled look.

TOM

You didn't mention that.

Charteris turns to Tom and raises his arm.

Burroughs pulls the bronze box from Ryder's bag.

CHARTERIS

Whatever you have up your sleeves, it's too late. It's time, Thomas. Fulfil your destiny in 1349.

TOM

I won't be a part of this. I can control which life I live, uncle. I've had a lot of practice.

Tom places his hand on the bronze box--

BURROUGHS

Melissa wanted this here for a reason.

Charteris touches his bracelet.

CHARTERIS

Safe travels, Thomas.

-- the box springs open--

-- the mirror-red fragment inside makes a SHRIEKING noise--

TIMEJUMP CUT TO:

**EXT. BARREN FIELD, PILE OF CORPSES, 1349 - DAY**

-- Tom grasps his head, falls to his knees.

VERNON  
 Brother Timothy? What's wrong?

Tom squeezes his eyes shut several times.

TOM  
 I'm being held here. I can't shift  
 back to my own time. Not that  
 that'll mean anything to you.

He staggers to his feet.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 Is Gregory still alive?

William walks on past Tom and Vernon, towards the pit.

VERNON  
 I do not know. My mother attended  
 him after Martineau cut his throat.

WILLIAM (O.S.)  
 There is work for our handcart.

Vernon gasps in alarm as he looks past Tom, over to William.

VERNON  
 In your nose, Will! It's the  
 Devil's Breath!

WILLIAM (O.S.)  
 Martineau will see Brother Timothy.

Tom shuts his eyes. Nothing. Still here.

TOM  
 Whatever happens, it's what ahead--

-- Thud.

**INT. DUNGEON, WEST MINSTER, 1349 - NIGHT**

A stone cell with a heavy door. Torches sputter.

Tom is MANACLED to a wall.

MARTINEAU (O.S.)  
 You are strong.

Tom looks left, as if that's where the voice is coming from.



MARTINEAU (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 My master felt you as soon as your  
 spirit entered Brother Timothy.

Tom turns to the right; nothing there either, then--  
 -- the shaven head, the burning eyes; it's Martineau.

He examines Tom's face in the flickering torchlight. Grabs  
 Tom's chin. Yanks it to and fro.

MARTINEAU (CONT'D)  
 This body has the Pestilence. But  
 that is of no concern now.

Martineau's eyes bore into Tom's, catching the torchlight.

MARTINEAU (CONT'D)  
 I am Martineau. Soon, my master  
 shall make his journey.

He rolls up his sleeve. The bracelet glows bright.

MARTINEAU (CONT'D)  
 Through the portal within you.

TOM  
 Charteris has that bracelet too.  
 Shit. Talk about a conspiracy.

Martineau releases Tom's chin. Slaps Tom's cheek.

MARTINEAU  
 Through this bracelet flows the  
 power of my master. Soon he shall  
 be free. Free to grow strong. To  
 exterminate his enemies.

The dungeon door creaks open. Martineau sweeps through it.

Tom screws up his face. Nothing. Still held here.

**INT. DUNGEON, WEST MINSTER, 1349 - NIGHT (LATER)**

Tom coughs himself awake. He looks awful. Bloody mucus  
 drips from his mouth.

Someone walks in, cowled habit concealing the face.

TOM  
 (barely audible)  
 Get me down.

The figure pulls down his cowl. It's Gregory - or rather, **Peter**. Tom's father. Alive. Martineau's blade left a huge scar, almost from ear to ear.

Tom's eyes widen in recognition.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 Gregory. You were Gregory.  
 (off nothing)  
 Dad. It's Tom. Tom-Tom.

Shock crackles across Peter's face.

PETER  
 No. It can't be.

Tom coughs up more bloody phlegm.

TOM  
 Dad, get me down. Talk to me.

Peter starts fumbling with the manacles.

PETER  
 Tom-Tom? But.. look at you.

Peter releases one manacle, then the next. Tom collapses into his arms. Peter holds him for a drawn-out beat. Rests him on a low bench, grabs a goblet, gives him a drink.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 Can you shift back? Which year?

TOM  
 2015. No, Dad. Charteris's machine has trapped me here. He has Martineau's bracelet.

PETER  
 Aldritch. Christ. My closest friend.

Realization of Charteris's treachery blossoms on Peter's face. He stares into the distance - time as well as space.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 What happened to Mum?

TOM  
 She killed Grandma and went on the run. Charteris brought me up.

Peter's jaw drops.

PETER

Mel... What were you doing?

He moves closer to Tom.

PETER (CONT'D)

Martineau killed me when your  
Grandma disconnected me back home.  
Beatrice... brought me back.

Peter indicates his scar.

PETER (CONT'D)

She sent me to get you out, take  
you to her. If the thing  
Martineau's reviving from its ashes  
gets hold of you--

TOM

The Joth. Been here since 154.  
Remember Sulcardus? The  
earthquake?

PETER

I knew it! Near the Roman Temple,  
on Thorney Island. That's where  
the pit is.

Peter looks like an enthusiastic schoolboy just for a moment.

TOM

Dad, if we can't stop this thing,  
it will jump through me and create  
billions more Joth from Earth's  
resources and population. What's  
left of the Earth will be  
uninhabitable. It's the end of  
Mankind, Dad!

Peter nods. Starts to lift Tom from the bench.

PETER

Beatrice will disconnect your  
portal. It's the only way, son.

TOM

Dad, no! I don't... I've got to  
believe that Mum planned this for  
the best, and that I'm part of it.  
We have to stop the Joth.

Peter rubs the pommel of his sword.

PETER

Look at me, Tom. Melissa screwed up, forget her. This is the only way we can save your future. It's only Brother Timothy's body--

-- Vernon rushes into the dungeon. He's panicking.

VERNON

Martineau is coming! He finished his meal early! We will not get Brother Timothy away in time!

PETER

He'll kill me again. Beatrice can't revive me if I'm down here.

Tom spits blood over the floor as Vernon grabs him.

VERNON

If I can get you into the passage, perhaps Martineau will not come in.

PETER

Martineau will be suspicious if you two just walk out, all friendly.

TOM

You better make it realistic, then.

Peter clenches his fist--

PETER

Timothy, not Tom-Tom.

-- and punches Tom knockout-hard in the face.

**INT. PASSAGE TO DUNGEONS, WEST MINSTER, 1349 - DAY**

Vernon drags the barely-conscious Tom out into the passage, just as Martineau turns the corner and almost bumps into him.

MARTINEAU

Boy! What are you doing?

Vernon looks petrified.

VERNON

I thought... you would want Brother Timothy prepared with... a ball and chain, master. He... tried to escape. I had to...

Martineau looks past Vernon at the open dungeon door, then back at Tom, who is covered with blood from nose and mouth.

MARTINEAU  
You thought correctly, boy.

Tom opens one eye.

TOM  
Get this over with, Martineau.

Martineau glowers at Tom. Turns to Vernon.

MARTINEAU  
Attach a ball and chain to Brother Timothy. Then ready a horse. You will accompany us to the pit.  
(to Tom)  
Where you shall meet my master.  
And find your true purpose.

Martineau looks one more time at the dungeon door. The faintest moment of suspicion. Then he turns.

Wisps of blue-black smoke circle around him as he sweeps away down the passage with a triumphant grin.

**EXT. ROUGH PATH OUTSIDE ABBEY, 1349 - DAY**

Filthy, sick and exhausted, Tom pushes a cart. It holds the ball, and the chain keeps catching. Vernon walks beside.

Martineau rides in front, horse picking its way over the rutted path. His velvet cloak flaps in the fetid breeze.

**EXT. BARREN FIELD, PILE OF CORPSES, 1349 - DAY**

A vile sight. The pit overflows with decomposing corpses.

MARTINEAU  
Boy!

Vernon takes the reins. Martineau dismounts and strides towards the pit. He stands, legs planted apart.

MARTINEAU (CONT'D)  
Approach.

TOM  
Wouldn't miss this for the world.

With difficulty, Tom struggles up to Martineau. Martineau raises his arms. His bracelet is glowing.

MARTINEAU

Behold.

For a moment, nothing. Then--

-- an area of the pile of corpses throbs and ripples--

-- an entire corpse - it's STEVEN's body - ERUPTS out of the pile. Tendrils of blue-black smoke circle around it.

STEVEN

(a sickening gurgle)

You have brought us the human multiple with the time portal.

MARTINEAU

As you commanded, Master.

-- Steven's body collapses back into the pile--

-- and corpse after corpse form a Mexican wave THRUSTING in turn out of the pile, which vibrates, swirls, and boils--

-- huge clouds of blue-black smoke spin around the pile--

-- bones, flesh and other body parts THRASH as they erupt--

-- and are woven into a house-sized MONSTER, resembling the Joth seen earlier but clearly assembled from rotting corpses--

-- seven groups of human heads, their tattered flesh and gaping eye sockets ringing the domed top, seven pulsating pseudopod-legs each tipped with scores of human forearms--

-- and huge blue electrical discharges crackle over--

-- the hideous, reanimated form of the last JOTH in the Universe.

One group of heads swivels towards Martineau. Voices boom.

JOTH

We will inspect the portal now.

TOM

This would be a good time for whatever plan you had for me to work, Mum.

He clenches his teeth, concentrates.

Nothing happens. He opens his eyes, fear and pain--

TIMEJUMP CUT TO:

**INT. ABBEY WITH FORCE FIELD, 2015 - DAY**

-- and as Tom takes a huge, racking breath, there's a CRACK as the fragment shoots from the box and embeds itself in the Entanglement Recoder, producing a huge shower of red sparks.

CHARTERIS

Now that is annoying, Chief  
Inspector. You are interfering in  
matters way beyond your pay grade.

TOM

I'm not going to let you and your  
bracelet buddy Martineau do this--

-- and MELISSA steps out from behind the high altar--

TOM (CONT'D)

BURROUGHS

Mum?

Melissa?

-- Charteris turns to her, raises his arm. A bolt of blue energy from the bracelet strikes her, the impact point radiating concentric blue and red rings.

The force makes Melissa stagger, but she stays standing, her AMULET glowing red.

MELISSA

Lovely to see you too, Aldritch.  
Things not going as you expected?

She turns to Burroughs.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Jim. Been a long time.

BURROUGHS

Melissa.

CHARTERIS

What's your boy's sad little catch-  
phrase? "You can't change the  
past." Well, he can't. And your  
antique artefacts are no match for  
the power of Joth's bracelet.

He launches a blue beam at the fragment. It disintegrates.

CHARTERIS (CONT'D)

This bracelet was there. It showed me the past. A past that Thomas can't change, right? The Joth will join us shortly.

TOM

Seriously? A pile of talking corpses will destroy the Earth?

CHARTERIS

Dead flesh is just the first stage. The Joth will reinforce itself. After a day it will be indestructible. Then all I have to do is manage the planet while it... reproduces.

TOM

I'll make sure the Joth never gets here. You've failed. Sir.

Burroughs draws a gun. Points it at Charteris.

BURROUGHS

Stand down, Canon. It's over.

Charteris shrugs. Shows his palms, unworried.

CHARTERIS

Really? Go ahead, Chief Inspector. Take your best shot.

MELISSA

True. It's pointless, Jim.

Burroughs is distracted for a moment - and Tom grabs the gun.

He fires at Charteris. It has no effect.

TOM

He's protected by the power of that bracelet. He's bulletproof.

Tom turns the gun to point at himself.

TOM (CONT'D)

But I'm not. Am I. Sir.

MELISSA

Tom, don't!

Charteris's condescension grows.



CHARTERIS

Be my guest, Thomas. Your fissure won't be disconnected. For my purposes, it will work perfectly well for several days after your bodily death.

TOM

If that's true, kill me anyway. You must be pretty annoyed with me by now. So go ahead, Sir. Take your best shot.

CHARTERIS

If it's not true, your mother could save the world by just killing you.

Charteris turns to Melissa.

CHARTERIS (CONT'D)

But you can't, can you. You weren't able to kill him back then, and you can't do it now.

MELISSA

Tom-Tom. I'm so sorry.

Burroughs extends his hand. Tom gives back the gun.

CHARTERIS

Fentiman. Repair the equipment.

EJ looks doubtful. He shakes his head.

EJ

No. I don't want to.

Charteris waves a finger at Celine. Blue sparks crackle around her - she stiffens, paralyzed.

CHARTERIS

I think your friend here might prefer you to be more helpful.

EJ

You vile fraud. I hate you.

CHARTERIS

And Tom, your friend here, too.

Charteris points towards Old Miho.

Burroughs points the gun at EJ.

CHARTERIS (CONT'D)

Oh no you don't.

Charteris flicks a bolt of energy at Burroughs. The gun goes flying. Burroughs spins round and down. Doesn't move.

MELISSA

Jim!

TOM

Charteris, if you hurt Miho...

CHARTERIS

If I hurt her, what? What have you got left, Thomas? You're just as useless as your parents.

-- Melissa SCREAMS with rage, raises her arm--

-- Charteris is struck by her red bolts of energy--

-- Charteris swings round and fires blue bolts at Melissa--

-- one bolt careens off Melissa's shield, strikes Old Miho--

-- who's blown backwards off her feet into a pillar.

Tom rushes over to her.

TOM

Miho-chan! Aaagh.

The Entanglement Recoder comes on, hum deeper than before. Tom's face screws up in pain as he kneels by Old Miho.

TOM (CONT'D)

I lived for so long thinking I lost you to the Bomb... I'm so sorry...

Tom looks up at Charteris, something dawning.

EJ

I've done as you asked, Charteris. Set Celine free now.

CHARTERIS

As in, free from this cruel world? Why not indeed, Fentiman.

Charteris fires a bolt of blue straight through Celine. As EJ cries out, she collapses to the ground, mortally wounded.

CHARTERIS (CONT'D)

Too many pieces in play.

EJ turns to the equipment, reaches out - and is knocked off his feet by a blue bolt.

Melissa runs at Charteris, hands together. They grapple, *mano a mano*, energy flying everywhere--

CHARTERIS (CONT'D)

You can not stop this.

-- then Melissa stops. Holds Charteris with what could be affection. He's so surprised, he stops fighting too.

MELISSA

We shouldn't be fighting, Aldritch.  
Imagine how powerful we could be  
together, now. Ruling the world  
while the Joth breeds.

Charteris's look is half sneer, half leer.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

We should kiss and make up. You  
always wanted me, didn't you.

She passes her hand in front of her face, then pushes in for a full-on mouth to mouth kiss--

-- Charteris's eyes close - then open wide in shock--

-- brilliant pink light streams from his mouth and head--

-- gore-streaked metal spikes ERUPT through his skull--

-- Melissa is flung back, Charteris's gore splashed over her.

Dazed, she points at the Entanglement Recoder. EJ staggers to his feet.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Disable that machine. Charteris is  
not protecting it any more.

EJ

I'll try...

TOM

Too late. I can't hold--

TIMEJUMP CUT TO:

**EXT. BARREN FIELD, PILE OF CORPSES, 1349 - DAY**

-- and rats and flies scatter as Joth squats down on four rear legs, the front three raised. A rotten human hand reaches out. From it, a silvery glow bathes Tom.

TOM  
Fuck. Not yet!

He vomits, a bloody eruption, as a group of Joth's heads turns to Martineau.

JOTH  
You have done well. This human has a strong portal connection. Pass on our instructions. Your successors will control the humans while we rebuild. It is time.

TOM  
EJ, do something!

Tom concentrates... nothing happens. He screams out--

TIMEJUMP CUT TO:

**INT. ABBEY WITH FORCE FIELD, 2015 - DAY**

-- as EJ rips a panel from the Entanglement Recoder.

Tom reels back. Looks over at EJ.

TOM  
Nice one, EJ.

EJ rushes over to Celine, who's motionless on the ground, face deathly pale. He strokes her cheek.

EJ  
Celine. Oh God. What...

Something distracts him. He rummages in his pocket. Pulls out his Riemann-ometer. His eyes widen.

EJ (CONT'D)  
Tom! Problem.

TOM  
What now?

EJ  
 Uh, your fissure is expanding.  
 Something is feeding it from the  
 other side. I think that the end-  
 of-the-world thing will be able to.  
 Um. Get here. Pretty soon.

Melissa lets out a sigh of deep pain and sorrow.

Tom turns to Old Miho.

TOM  
 Miho-chan. Oh no, my love...

Old Miho still lies on the ground, breathing very shallow.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 (to EJ)  
 I need you to reopen 1945.

EJ  
 Tom, I scrambled it up really well.

He pulls his calculator out.

EJ (CONT'D)  
 We need something that was there,  
 back in 1945, as a trigger mass to  
 power the attractor realignment.

TOM  
 Celine's *netsuke*! It was mine, I  
 mean Douglas's, back in 1945.

EJ kneels down at Celine's motionless body. Shakes his head.  
 Eases the *netsuke*'s cord off her neck.

He stretches back up, hands the *netsuke* to Tom.

EJ  
 Take it and step into the light.

At his trolley, EJ presses some buttons; the silvery glow  
 forms near the Flux Concentrator.

Tom steps up to the glow. Into it.

The *netsuke* glows and sparkles. And disappears.

EJ is punching keys on his calculator.

TOM  
 I'm not getting anything, EJ.

EJ

It's not massive enough. There's not enough conversion entropy. We need something that weighs at least... twenty kilograms.

TOM

We've got nothing that heavy--

OLD MIHO (O.S.)

(weakly)

Tom... Douglas-chan...

Old Miho is standing, unsteady. She limps over to Tom.

TOM

*Miho-chan, iie!*

[subtitled: Miho darling, no!]

OLD MIHO

*Daijobu desu, Douglas-chan.  
Wakarimashita. Benri desu.*

[subtitled: It's all right, Douglas darling. I understood. It's convenient.]

She shuffles into the silvery field. Tom grasps her, hugs her close, eyes moist. He realizes what she's doing--

-- a myriad sparkling points of light form over Old Miho--

-- she gazes at Tom's face--

OLD MIHO (CONT'D)

(faintly, in English)

"For who you are, and what you've done, I love you more than life itself."

-- the sparkling points swirl inwards on themselves--

-- and Old Miho DISAPPEARS.

Tom's eyes widen as the silver glow brightens--

TIMEJUMP CUT TO:

**EXT. JAPANESE SCHOOLHOUSE, HIROSHIMA, 1945 - DAY**

-- First, the sound: the delicate singing of a blade--

-- the edge of a beautiful, rippled steel *samurai* sword makes kissing contact with Kempeitai #2's neck--

Tom turns in his wheelchair, fearful yet overjoyed.

TOM

Miho-chan! You did it!

HAMASAKI (O.S.)

Let my daughter step away now, or you will see the ground strike your severed head before you die.

Kenji HAMASAKI, 60s, embodiment of authority, wearing a row of military service medals, holds the sword.

We see the look on Hamasaki's face. He will do it.

Kempeitai #2 loosens his grip, stands very still. Miho breaks free, backing away.

HAMASAKI (CONT'D)

(to Kempeitai #1)

You, little boy. Point your pistol away from Sakai-san.

Kempeitai #1 is trembling, his pistol waving around, but he manages to holster it. Both *kempeitai* are petrified of Hamasaki.

HAMASAKI (CONT'D)

We do not tolerate such behavior here. I shall inform your commanding officer. He shall decide on your punishment. Douglas Sakai loves this country as much as you do. Go. Take your prejudice with you.

Kempeitai #2 inches away from Hamasaki's sword. He takes one look at the anger in Hamasaki's eyes. And runs.

Kempeitai #1 follows, without looking back.

Hamasaki lowers his sword.

Tom's shaking too. He turns towards Miho as she runs to him.

Hamasaki watches them, formal but not unfriendly.

HAMASAKI (CONT'D)

The Tokyo *kempeitai* squads are trained to see treachery in every *gaijin*.

(MORE)

HAMASAKI (CONT'D)

They are suspicious of Christian families too. Be careful, Douglas-chan. Show them your papers and don't argue.

(to Miho)

Daughter, are you all right?

Miho nods, rearranging her blouse to provide some cover.

MIHO

Thank you, father.

HAMASAKI

It is not wise to stay out here. Come inside. Prepare my breakfast.

MIHO

Yes, father.

Hamasaki marches back into his house.

MIHO (CONT'D)

Douglas...

Tom looks up from his useless legs.

TOM

Miho, my love. You've already done more than you can possibly know. But I need your help here too.

Miho nods, though her confusion is evident.

Tom reaches for the cord around his neck. Releases the *netsuke* that holds the pouch closed. Pulls out a folded official document and a small pencil.

TOM (CONT'D)

I know what you wanted to tell me.

MIHO

(nervously)

What do you mean, Douglas-chan?

Tom rolls closer. Pats her midriff.

TOM

You're pregnant. It's mine.

Miho looks blank for a moment, then bursts into tears.

MIHO

How could you know? I only missed my period yesterday.



Tom reaches up, holds Miho's arm and pulls her down to him. He kisses her, still shaking.

TOM  
I wish we could have had more  
time...

We can see Tom struggling to not be overwhelmed.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Look, we need to get to the Aioi  
bridge. Quickly.

MIHO  
I don't understand, Douglas-chan.  
We can't have the... I'm a disgrace  
to our family.

She turns to face her house. Cries again.

MIHO (CONT'D)  
Oh, Douglas-chan...

TOM  
Please, Miho, I'll explain on the  
way. I love you, more than you can  
know. And let's keep away from  
those *kempeitai*.

Tom begins to write, in *kanji*, on the back of his ID papers.

Miho sniffs. Grabs the handles of Tom's wheelchair and pushes off.

Down the road, the *kempeitai* are following them...

**EXT. NEAR BANK OF JAPAN BUILDING, HIROSHIMA, 1945 - DAY**

A river nearby, flowing under the three-way Aioi bridge. People mill about. Tom searches the sky.

TOM  
This will have to do.

He turns to Miho and nods to the Bank of Japan building.

TOM (CONT'D)  
The Bank has a deep cellar. You'll  
be safe there, Miho-chan.

Tom hugs himself, gazing round. Miho seems conflicted.

MIHO  
And everyone else will die? My  
father? All our friends?

TOM  
Hundreds of thousands of people. I  
can't change that. But not you.

Tom shields his eyes from the sun.

TOM (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
You're up there somewhere, aren't  
you, Enola Gay. Now--

KEMPEITAI #1 (O.S.)  
You again! What are you looking at  
up there? You are a spy! ALARM!!

-- Kempeitai #1 fumbles with his holster, whips out his  
pistol. Runs towards Tom. Fires twice--

-- both rounds hit Tom in the stomach. Bad. Miho screams--

-- Kempeitai #2 runs towards them, eyeing Miho. Cracks a  
malevolent smile--

TOM  
Shit...that... hurts.

-- Tom concentrates. Gropes for the *netsuke* on his neck.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Back one more time... please...

TIMEJUMP CUT TO:

**INT. ABBEY WITH FORCE FIELD, 2015 - DAY**

Tom gasps. EJ stares at him.

TOM  
I have to leave this timeline. Or  
we're all finished.

EJ  
This is my fault. I'm an idiot.

Melissa sobs. Pounds the floor.

MELISSA  
All this death, and I've still  
failed.

Tom points to the Amulet around Melissa's neck.

TOM

You need to disconnect me. Now.

Her eyes plead with him.

MELISSA

But how can it help? Charteris was right. The Joth disappeared from 1349. It must have used your portal. I was wrong. I've failed.

Tom grasps Melissa by the shoulders. Glances at the Amulet.

TOM

Mum! Don't give up now! That thing disconnects me from my fissure, so the Joth can't get here. Right?

MELISSA

And it kills you.

TOM

Kills me here, I get it. If that's what it takes...  
(beat)  
I've made my choice.

Burroughs has regained consciousness. He rises, groggy.

BURROUGHS

You're prepared to die? To save the world? You've got more guts than I gave you credit for, son.

TOM

Destiny, eh? It's a pain, Chief Inspector.

EJ turns from his equipment.

EJ

No, Tom, it's a waste, that's what it is. I'm going to try something. Remember, back in the lab? I know how. And now I know why.

Tom glances back over at Celine's body. His lips tighten.

TOM

We've got to do it now, EJ.

EJ flicks some switches on the Flux Concentrator.

EJ  
I'll give "three, two, one", then  
do whatever it is you need to do.

TOM  
Mum.

MELISSA  
You would do this?

TOM  
I'm not just going to stand by and  
let Joth get here and nor would  
you. You must do it. It's the  
only way.

Melissa's shaking. Weeping.

MELISSA  
I wanted never to have to see this.  
I thought I had a way... How can a  
mother kill her own son, even to  
save the world?

Melissa grasps the Amulet; it buds off a Disconnector.

Burroughs looks astonished. EJ shakes his head, frantic.  
Holds a finger over a button.

EJ  
Three, two, one, now!

A slight shimmer; we've seen that shimmer before...

TOM  
Mum. If you love me, do it.

Tom grasps Melissa's hand. Tears in their four eyes.

Tom pulls her hand, with the Disconnector, to his lips--

-- the Disconnector expands in Tom's mouth--

-- Tom's head glows brilliant pink--

-- blooded spikes BURST through his skull, KILLING him--

TIMEJUMP CUT TO:

**EXT. BARREN FIELD, PILE OF CORPSES, 1349 - DAY**

-- and Tom tries to steady himself. Looks very unwell now.

JOTH

Now we will take what we need.

Tom and Martineau both turn towards the sound of a horse pulling to a halt--

-- Beatrice leaping down, running headlong towards them. Peter following behind, drawing his sword--

-- Vernon hiding behind Martineau's horse, watching--

-- Beatrice rips off her Amulet and makes it begin to split--

-- she charges at Tom--

BEATRICE

This cannot be allowed.

MARTINEAU

My master gives me strength. You are too weak to stop this.

-- Beatrice is fast - but Martineau reacts faster--

-- a burst of blue fire erupts from Martineau's hand. Strikes Beatrice in the leg--

-- her leg disintegrates, she topples over--

-- Peter running towards Martineau, sword raised--

BEATRICE

Gregory!

-- Beatrice throws the Amulet to Peter--

-- he catches it, the chain flailing in the rushing air--

-- Peter's sword beginning to glow red--

-- Martineau turns, raises his bracelet, points at Peter--

MARTINEAU

Gregory, you fool, you cannot--

-- and Peter SWINGS his sword with all his might, the blade streaking the air red as it collides with Martineau's wrist--

-- Martineau roars with rage and pain--

-- dense red fire coruscates from the contact point--  
 -- the Amulet glows blinding red--  
 -- Peter cries out as the Amulet's power flows through him--  
 -- and Martineau's wrist FLIES off his arm as the blade cuts through, bracelet still attached, blue fires raging within--  
 -- Martineau stares at the stump of his arm--  
 -- and Peter takes off Martineau's head with his next swing. Martineau's head and body fall to the ground.  
 Peter folds, drops to his knees.

JOTH  
 You cannot stop us.

Tom moves towards Beatrice, tugging the ball and chain--  
 -- fading, Beatrice tries to move--

TOM  
 Give me the Disconnecter.

BEATRICE  
 You... you would...

-- Tom almost falls on top of her, grabs the Disconnecter--  
 -- and throws it back down in pain.

TOM  
 Dad! I could do with some help here. I know what to do now.

Peter lurches over to Tom, collides with him--  
 -- Joth's front legs sway, impatient.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 Stand behind me and hold the Disconnecter in front of my mouth. Wait until I say, then... do it.

PETER  
 I don't understand...

BEATRICE  
 Do as he asks, Gregory.

Peter picks up the Disconnecter.

TOM

I have to block its path back here.  
 (to Joth, shouting)  
 I've given up everything to be  
 here, Joth. Now I'm ready for you.

JOTH

Do not doubt Joth's powers.

TOM

Show us your power, then. Or my  
 Dad will disconnect me. And then  
 you're fucked.

Peter holds the Disconnecter close to Tom's mouth.

Joth points a rotting leg at a house near the edge of the  
 field. A bolt of brilliant blue erupts from the tip. The  
 house is obliterated. Then the one next to it.

TOM (CONT'D)

OK. I get it. You are powerful.  
 Shit. Do it, Dad. Now!

Peter hugs Tom from behind.

PETER

Love you always, Tom-Tom.

He pushes the Disconnecter into Tom's mouth. It presses  
 Tom's jaws apart. Tom's head shines brilliant pink--

-- from Joth's leg, a corpse's finger points at Tom. A  
 brilliant silvery beam bores into Tom's forehead--

-- Peter staggers back, falls over--

-- the Disconnecter deploys, the glowing spikes ripping  
 through Tom's skull with a bloody crunch--

JOTH

You are too late, human! We are  
 already aligned with the portal!

-- a silver glow forms around Tom's shattered head as his  
 body falls to the ground--

-- Joth is SUCKED into that glow, bone by bone, corpse by  
 corpse. Rotting flesh swirls; a brilliant blue flash--

TIMEJUMP CUT TO:

**EXT. NEAR BANK OF JAPAN BUILDING, HIROSHIMA, 1945 - DAY**

-- Kempeitai #1 running towards Tom, still firing his pistol--

-- a silvery beam pours from Tom's head--

-- Kempeitai #2 is only yards from Miho--

KEMPEITAI #1

What have you brought down, spy?

-- and bystanders scream and run as Joth reassembles from the beam, into the huge, throbbing MOUNTAIN OF CORPSES--

-- Kempeitai #1 turns. Fires at Joth, screaming--

-- a giant 'leg' swings down. CRUSHES Kempeitai #2--

-- Kempeitai #1 wails in terror and runs off--

-- Miho grabs Tom's arm, eyes wide--

MIHO

(shouting)

Douglas-chan! I can't leave you!

I love you!

-- gasping with pain, Tom pulls off the pouch and *netsuke*--

TOM

You must, my love. Take these.

-- Tom pulls Miho to him. Kisses her, eyes squeezed shut--

TOM (CONT'D)

The Bank. Go.

-- and Miho flees towards the Bank of Japan building--

-- swaying in his wheelchair, Tom turns back to Joth--

-- whose heads swivel, scanning, taking everything in.

JOTH

This is not as we expected. But it is... sufficient. Chemistry. Metallurgy. Electromagnetism... An armed nuclear fission weapon?

Joth jerks round to face Tom.

JOTH (CONT'D)

You attempt to ambush a Joth?



Joth's monstrous legs tap on the ground, raising dust. Its heads are still swiveling around.

JOTH (CONT'D)  
Your species is truly a dangerous one. But we will consume it completely as we multiply.

Joth's heads swivel up to the sky.

JOTH (CONT'D)  
Your primitive weapon technology cannot resist our powers, even in this fragile form. Observe!

Joth lifts up two legs to the sky; blue beams leap out from them. But they are weak, and dissipate near the ground.

Joth tries again. The beams do nothing.

JOTH (CONT'D)  
(bellowing)  
What have you done, human? You do not have the knowledge to interfere with Joth energies!

TOM  
You cannot disable that bomb.

Joth SCUTTLES closer to Tom. It crouches, as if to pounce.

JOTH  
Why not, human?

TOM  
We are in my past. And in my past, that bomb detonated.

With a huge effort, Tom rolls himself towards Joth.

TOM (CONT'D)  
And you cannot change the past.

Joth shakes violently; pieces of corpse fly off.

JOTH  
You have a triple portal! This is the wrong time! You deceived us! We will move to the correct time.

A weak silver beam fizzles from Joth's leg.

TOM  
I'm disconnected, Joth. You are  
stranded right here. Right now.

Tom stretches out his arms, as if to hug Joth.

TOM (CONT'D)  
It's just you, me and Little Boy.

Joth emits a deafening bellow. Jumps at Tom--

-- and two trillion trillion nervous uranium nuclei bow to  
the inevitability of history. A whiteout flash...

**INT. ABBEY WITH FORCE FIELD, 2015 - DAY**

... there's that slight shimmer again...

TOM  
Mum. If you love me, do it.

Tom grasps Melissa's hand. Tears in their four eyes.

Tom pulls her hand, with the Disconnecter, to his lips - and  
his eyes widen in recognition - this has happened before.

Tom PUSHES the Disconnecter away, wincing at the touch. It  
rolls across the floor.

Melissa struggles. But she's weak.

The Disconnecter opens. Spikes thrust into the stonework.

TOM (CONT'D)  
The Joth is... terminated.

Tom releases Melissa's hand. She's confused.

MELISSA  
But I disconnected you. I remember  
doing it. How is this possible?

EJ waves the Riemann-ometer at Tom.

EJ  
Three point one four one... It's  
gone. You're... single.

Tom holds Melissa's face. She's crying.

TOM  
I led the Joth to Hiroshima, to  
Douglas's life.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

I had to make sure it couldn't get here. That's why you had to disconnect me.

EJ

Before you disconnected Tom, I ran the Flux Concentrator in reverse, creating a loop of spacetime.

TOM

(to Melissa)

I figured I'd die in Hiroshima with the Joth. But EJ's time loop...

BURROUGHS

Got you back here, before she... disconnected you. And then you stopped her from doing it.

Melissa sobs with relief.

MELISSA

You did it. You saved us all.

TOM

With the Mad Scientist's help.

But EJ, sniffing, is back at Celine's body, which lies in a pool of blood. Very, very still.

MELISSA

Tom. Jim. Help me over to her. I haven't got long left.

Tom turns to Melissa, puzzled.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

She's... not completely dead.

Tom and Burroughs help Melissa crawl over to Celine.

Melissa slaps the Amulet onto Celine's chest. It glows.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Her, or me. I've made my choice.

EJ leans over Celine's face. He's astonished.

EJ

She's breathing. She's breathing!

Melissa rolls into Tom's arms. A weight seems to lift from her. She gives Tom a peaceful smile.

MELISSA

The Sisters of Apollo never tried to understand the Amulet. I spent years studying mine. Years. Saw... something. I wore it when you were conceived. I gambled everything on the child of an Amulet and a Multiple being special. And you are. My special Tom-Tom. Love you... always...

Tom pulls her close. His chin rests in her hair.

TOM

Love you always, Mum.  
(beat)  
Mum...?

Tom sobs, clutching Melissa's still, dead body.

Burroughs grasps Tom's shoulder.

BURROUGHS

Son. You should be proud.

For a man who just saved the world, Tom looks despondent.

EJ

You're a hero, Tom.

Tom glances at the soft pulsing of the Flux Concentrator.

TOM

Where did she go? Miho?

EJ

Her mass was converted to energy, to polarize the strings around your fissure. Her temporal signature resynchronized it to August 1945.

TOM

But where did she go?

EJ

Not to our own past, that's not possible. A parallel timeline, perhaps. Just different enough. Maybe guided by her... her...

EJ stops himself.

TOM

Her what?

EJ  
Her... soul, I guess. Thoughts,  
hopes, memories, essence, karma...

Tom's stare drills into EJ.

EJ (CONT'D)  
Oh, Tom, you can't be serious.

TOM  
There's still nothing for me here.  
Set it to do the same to me, EJ.

EJ  
But, Tom, you saw what happened...

Tom lowers Melissa to the floor. Rests his hand on her hair  
for a moment. Stands, and turns to Burroughs.

TOM  
Thanks for your help, Chief  
Inspector. I hope this enables you  
to close Mum's case. In every way.

BURROUGHS  
I'm not sure what I'm going to  
write in my final report.

TOM  
Just make sure she's the hero of  
the story. Plus EJ, of course.

Tom turns and pats EJ on the arm.

EJ points to a stone tile that begins to light up with the  
silvery glow. Tom walks to it.

EJ  
(emotional)  
Step into the light, my friend.

TOM  
Make sure you get that Nobel Prize.  
Oh, shit, I hope you can get out of  
this force field thing.

EJ  
That? I found the switch ages ago.  
(off Tom's eyebrows)  
What? Mad Scientists like a bit of  
quiet while helping save the world.

TOM

And you're the maddest of them all,  
EJ. Thank you. For everything.

EJ sniffs as he adjusts the Flux Concentrator.

TOM (CONT'D)

One thing. What does EJ stand for?

EJ grins.

EJ

J is for Joe. And my parents were  
Trekkies, so the E is for...

He reaches for a control, watching Tom.

EJ (CONT'D)

... Energized.

Physics beyond comprehension dismantles Tom into a myriad  
sparkling points of energy--

-- and Tom DISAPPEARS.

EJ (CONT'D)

Safe travels, Sad Historian.

EJ scowls at the Entanglement Recoder for a moment. Pushes a  
symbol. The interior of the Abbey REAPPEARS.

**INT. WESTMINSTER ABBEY, CHOIR/ALTAR, 2015 - DAY**

A gurgling cough.

EJ turns, rushes over to Celine, who's trying to sit up,  
slipping in her own blood, clutching the Amulet. He kneels  
down, hugs her as she's trying to process it all.

Burroughs rises from Melissa's body. Looks to Ryder, whose  
arm is still raised in follow-through from throwing the bag.

At first, Ryder's oblivious, then shocked by what he sees.

All take in the carnage as the real, saved modern world  
floods in, and we slowly...

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. STUDY, JAPANESE SCHOOLHOUSE, 1945 - DAY (EPILOGUE)

-- Tom's 'Douglas' face, short ginger hair and mustache.

Tom opens his eyes. Wide. Wider.

We know this room. He's resting against the wall, sitting on the *futon* on top of the old but clean *tatami* mat. He turns--

TOM

What the...

There's nothing near the *futon*. No chair. No wheelchair.

Tom stares at his legs - and moves his feet.

He stands up. Without difficulty.

TOM (CONT'D)

Oh, Lord.

On the other side of the room, the desk. The calendar. Tom walks over to it, rubbing his thighs.

According to the calendar it is **August 1945**. Digits up to five have been crossed out. Tom picks up the stick of charcoal. After a moment, he crosses out the six.

The distant clank of a pail. Tom heads to the door.

INT. SCHOOLROOM, JAPANESE SCHOOLHOUSE, 1945 - DAY

Tom/Douglas slides the door open.

Cleaning Lady picks up her pail and shuffles across the room.

CLEANING LADY

The girls may be away in the mountains but we must still look after the school, no, Douglas-chan?

She tries to poke Tom with her mop. He steps aside.

TOM

Good morning, Izumi-chan.

CLEANING LADY

When the Americans come, they must see that we are a civilized and clean people.

Tom sighs. A little disappointed to be back?

TOM

The Americans don't want to land here, Izumi-chan. Not today.

Cleaning Lady gives him a scolding look.

CLEANING LADY

You should get up earlier, Douglas-chan. The Americans will be here next week. The Emperor signed the Surrender last night. The news came from Tokyo this morning. We could not win this war, Douglas-chan. Many people will not accept the surrender, but it is done.

She carries on mopping, muttering to herself.

MIHO (O.S.)

Douglas-chan, are you in there?

-- and young Miho walks in. They gaze at each other.

Miho cups his face. Kisses him.

MIHO (CONT'D)

Let's... get some fresh air. I need to...

TOM

I love you so much, Miho. I always have. And I've found you.

Miho steps back. Something overwhelms her for a moment. She opens her eyes wide, stares at Tom. A remembering...

She looks towards the door. At Tom's feet. At her hands. Tom nods, eyes glistening.

MIHO

T... Tom? How did you... This...

A sob racks through her. They grasp hands. Step out into:

**EXT. JAPANESE SCHOOLHOUSE, HIROSHIMA, 1945 - DAY**

The wide, dusty street. No words needed.

HAMASAKI (O.S.)

Miho-chan!

Miho turns towards the adjoining small house--



-- and Tom reaches round and strokes Miho's midriff.

Their eyes lock.

TOM

I'd better tell him.

With his finger, Tom mimes the cutting of his throat with  
Hamasaki's *samurai* sword.

TOM (CONT'D)

He'll let me live, I think. As  
long as I marry you.

They stand, hand in hand, as life in this un-bombed, post-war  
Hiroshima begins its slow climb towards a new future.

THE END