

1

1

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

SMASH CUT:

2

2

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

SUBTITLE:

JAQUES DE SAINT-OMAR (CONT' D)
Crush the heathen! For the love of
God!

*

The KNIGHTS draw their swords and engage the rushing SARACENS. Lightning flashes plunge us into blazing light then darkness so that the battle is seen in staccato bursts.

De SAINT-OMAR wades in to battle. The butchery is raw and real and close-quarters. Hacking and panting. Blood splashing into the ground.

Two of the TEMPLARS are cut down. They fall but don't die, lie squirming in agony in the mud with a dying SARACEN.

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

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

The three remaining KNIGHTS protect the covered icon.

The SARACENS encircle them.

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

JAQUES DE SAINT-OMAR (CONT' D)
(Medieval French /
subtitled)
For the love of God.

*

The SARACENS fall upon them.

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

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

We CRANE UP as mist fleetingly covers frame ...

MIX TO:

The Georgian city. Blanket of bright stone nestled in the
cleft of an English valley.

SUBTITLE:

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

Leave those.

(to startled LECTURER)

Thank you Dr Veeseey. Sounding good.
You're the man.

CUT TO:

6

6

7

7

A BUILDING CONTRACTOR refers to a sheet of planned housing with his SUPERVISOR. The development sign is erected behind them. The SUPERVISOR'S heart sinks as two archaeologists trudge towards him. All khakis and rain-hoods and North Face gear.

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

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

GREGORY

(as they approach the
Supervisor)

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

As they reach the SUPERVISOR, a battered mud-flecked Land Rover is drawing up.

SUPERVISOR

This is what I found.

He hands BEN a dull battered coin. BEN whistles his amazement.

SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)

Be reasonable gents, we're putting
up homes for people. Here. Now. You
know? Matters more than some bit of
old history.

BEN

You know what history is mate?
Layers. The Celts make a layer. The
Romans make a layer. The Saxons.
The Medievals. The Tudors. The
Elizabethans. Georgians.
Victorians. Edwardians. Your mum.
(MORE)

The site now consists of a broad evaluation trench. STUDENTS scrape at the soil with trowels. VIV grins eagerly as she climbs over the fencing. Fragments of twisted bone and carbuncl ed metal are placed in seed trays. It's hard, muddy graft. GILLIAN'S hand reaches out and finds a filthy old ghetto-blast er. Queen - "Don't stop me now! I'm having such a good time. Having a ball!"

The STUDENTS chuckle wearily before resuming work.

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

BEN

Can you not do that?

VIV

What?

BEN

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

VIV

I'm Vivienne Davi s. I applied ..?

BEN

Gotcha.

GREGORY

Map regression dates back to the
13th Century and there is nothing
to suggest a battle was fought here
...

BEN

Well I live in hope. Faith is a
virtue.

GREGORY

Faith is the gunpowder of humani ty.
Sack God, replace Him with the
Tooth Fairy.
(clocks VIV)
Yummy.

BEN

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

Vf h Tj 1 0 0 1 1684.8 15.28 Tm -0.2 Tc (GMaml uk) Tj 1 0

GREGORY

Call me Doll y.

VIV

Well hello Doll y.

GREGORY

Nice smil Tm erppiraton al chst

BEN
(grins)
We have no idea. But the answer
lies under that ground.

GILLIAN
(enters)
Who's that trip-trapping over my
bridge?

VIV
Uhh . . . Vi v. Vi vi enne Davi s.

GILLIAN
Vi vi enne?
(arch look)
The witch of Arthuri an Legend.

GILLIAN places a seed tray on the table. Removing pieces of
bone and shards of metal .

GILLIAN (CONT'D)
Damascene steel . Sword metal . Found
beside Saracen coinage?

BEN
But they couldn't have been
fighting Saracens here! That's
nuts!

VIV
I expect you . . . you

GILLIAN'S internal radar is beeping. She casts an intuitive eye over the fresh green grass to her left.

CUT TO:

11

11

12

12

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

JAMES
And I've dreamt about it.

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

Outside, a mullah calls to prayer.

COLM
I've just been down the court
house. He's been acquitted.

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

TV - News 24. Courtroom steps. We see a sign saying 'Birmingham Central Court'. EDWARD LAYGASS is a smiling, personable man whom the camera likes. He happily greets the press as he leaves.

PRESS
Mr Laygass? / Will Ofcom seek to
close down your TV show?

LAYGASS
I go out on a niche Christian
channel ...

PRESS
You've been denounced by the
Archbishop of Canterbury ... /
You said that this country is now
at war for its Christian soul ...

LAYGASS
Well I said the day is coming when
St Paul's Cathedral will be the
Grand Mosque of London.

PRESS
Do your supporters advocate
violence against non-Christians?

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

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

PRESS
Will you continue to lobby
Parliament on behalf of the White
Wings Alliance? Mr Laygass?

JAMES pats COLM on the back - suddenly heartened.

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

CUT TO:

15

15

VIV, alone, bored and disheartened. Gives the monitor a thump. The picture clears. VIV stares at the data. Fuzzy black and white images.

CUT TO:

16

16

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

GREGORY
Grub's up my darlings.

VIV
I've got the data! It's right
there! They're people! People!

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

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

GILLIAN lifts her head from the trench.

GILLIAN
STOP!!

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

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

CUT TO:

17

17

A fresh trench has been opened by the team. A small CROWD OF LOCALS watch from beyond the fence. A young hospice nurse named HELENA brings a couple of PATIENTS outside to watch the activity. The PATIENTS are in the last throes of cancer. HELENA is attentive and caring.

GILLIAN inches into the soil with her trowel. A length of bone becomes visible. GILLIAN clears it.

CUT TO:

18

18

19

19

An hour later. An aerial imaging Land Rover has been brought in and positioned by the fresh trench. From its roof extends a 15 meter pole with a remote-control HD camera mounted on top.

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

BEN
Little bit more ...

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

GILLIAN
Everyone. Here. Check this out.

STUDENTS gather behind BEN as the overhead image appears on the lap-top. They all gaze at the collection of human bones spread out along the trench floor.

BEN
Oh my God ...

GILLIAN
You beauties.

CUT TO:

20

20

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

BEN
Hacked to death! They were hacked to death! Bloody gorgeous!

VIV
So who were they?

GILLIAN
Use your archaeological
imagination...

She looks to VIV as if waiting for an answer. VIV just shrugs. GILLIAN sighs.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

This wasn't a couple of peasants
scrapping over a bit of skirt.

BEN

It appears to be a skirmish between
professional soldiers and Turks!
Right in the heart of jolly old
England don'tcha know ..

GILLIAN

Two thousand miles away from the
Crusades.

GREGORY

There's no recorded battle here
between the Roman occupation and
Cromwell.

BEN

He's right. This is re-writing the
books stuff.

(checks his watch - shit)

Gilly, we have to show our faces at
the faculty thing ...

GILLIAN

Pull a sickie.

BEN

I'll have the finds packed up. We
can get straight back in the lab..

VIV

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

GILLIAN

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

(elbows BEN)

Still waiting on him.

She climbs into the car. BEN feels for VIV.

BEN

Tanya can show you how we
catalogue. It's a variation on Pitt
Rivers' Techniques of
Classification ...

VIV

... and typology.

BEN

You got it. Everything packed in acid-free tissue okay .?

VIV

How am I going to impress her?

BEN

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

GREGORY leaves her with some chips. VIV watches them go, feeling like a failure.

CUT TO:

22

22

The modern complex with Bath dropping away beyond.

CUT TO:

23

23

FACULTY mingle with drinks as DANIEL MASTIFF takes the floor. He is a media-loving historian. The DNA of Simon Schama with the ego of a movie producer. He stands beside something large and bulky covered in a cloth.

DANIEL MASTIFF

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

(encourages laughter)

All right, now, let me tell you, when I wrote my first book, "The Secret Perversions Of Henry VIII" , I was petrified. Academia. Media. Could I survive in both camps?

Well, if I may humbly quote, "Veni, vidi, vici."

(applause)

Because we live in an exciting age of Acamedia

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

HELENA
It's exciting. Patients can't stop talking about it. Are they really soldiers ..?

VIV
Uhh, stand in the site or away from it but not on the edge. Sorry.

HELENA
Sorry. I'm Helena. I work at the hospice. Anyway .. Sorry ...

She politely retreats.

VIV
Look at this.
(turns over the sandal)
They put nails in the soles to get a better grip in battle. See?

HELENA
Is that the other sandal there?

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

VIV
Look at your finger ...

HELENA'S finger is bleeding.

HELENA
It's just a splinter.

VIV turns the chunk of wood over in her hands.

CUT TO:

25

25

MASTIFF signs copies of his book for a couple of faculty bods. GILLIAN approaches.

DANIEL MASTIFF
Get yourself a manicure lady ...

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

DANIEL MASTIFF
What have you found that's got
local hacks buzzing?

GILLIAN
Medieval soldiers. Slain in combat?

DANIEL MASTIFF
In England? Probably got drunk and
fought each other. Bloody grunts.

GILLIAN
Something about these finds that's
different ...

DANIEL MASTIFF
With military finds best to start
with weapon identification. Analyze
your sword sections.

GILLIAN
With your permission, I'm on it
now.

DANIEL MASTIFF
Well take a copy of the book.

GILLIAN
"Sex Rites Of The Ancients"? Hmm.

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

GILLIAN
Antiquity with tittys

GILLIAN
But not for money Daniel. There's a name for someone who does that; and it's not an "acamedian."

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

GILLIAN feels the sting. Steps back.

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

GILLIAN marches out, passing GREGORY and BEN.

BEN
What? He's got to you already? Is that a record? So can we go now?

GILLIAN
Yes.

BEN
Good.

GREGORY
But girls and shampoo and cheese things ...

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

CUT TO:

26

26

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

The room is large and modern and lab-like. A sense that the whole thing is partially sunk underground. Like a trench. Examination table, fume cupboard. VIV feels privileged to be here.

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

BEN
Mastiff was right, look at the pommel; French. French soldiers?!

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

GILLIAN

Broad sword coul dn' t admi ni ster
that wound.

BEN

Yeah, I printed up a list of
possi bi li ti es.

(hands her a photo)

Mi ddl e Eastern sci mi tar.

GILLIAN

In the Engl i sh bl oody countrysi de?!

VIV turns over her di scovered chunk of wood. Is about to

GREGORY
Little children should be seen and
not heard.

*
*
*

GILLIAN grins too - the team having fun.

*

And then gradually their grins turn to amazement as they
realize what the UV has revealed.

*
*

GILLIAN
Guess we've found the identity of
our guys. Knights Templar.

GILLIAN is grinning from ear to ear. BEN gives her hug.
GREGORY gives a low whistle of astonishment. And VIV? She
just can't believe her luck, that she is here with these
people doing this!

CUT TO:

28

28

A whole different feel. Dark and almost gothic with a sense
of exciting and gruesome treasures lurking in the gloom.

At the back of this room, a cluster of Chesterfield sofas and
dusty Renaissance chairs plus various computers.

GREGORY is fumbling excitedly with his 70's slide Carousel.
An image is thrown onto the wall - a bright red Crusader's
cross.

VIV
Are we talking about the Knights
Templar?

GILLIAN
(still buzzing and full of
good humour)
We're talking about the ones from
Weston-Super-Mare who own a chain
of Launderettes. Which ones are you
talking about?

*
*
*
*
*
*

BEN
(nudging her quiet)
Yes! The Poor Fellow Soldiers of
Christ. The warrior monks charged
with guarding pilgrims to
Jerusalem.

*
*

GREGORY
They were a monastic order, founded
hospitals and schools. The -0.048ehe -0.048ehe fm -0 0.059

29

29

JAMES drags COLM into the room and throws down a sheet of paper, a printed page from the White Wings Alliance website.

*
*

JAMES

Picked this up from the website.
There's a dig happening in the West
Country. Soldiers. Medieval. Colm,
the location; the secret road from
the coast.

*

COLM snatches the piece of paper, studies it.

*

JAMES (CONT'D)

We have to get the word out to the
others. Be prepared.

COLM
For what?

JAMES
For war.

CUT TO:

30

30

Empty. We hear singing. Beautiful, crystal-clear singing.
It's "Greensleaves". VIV carries the hunk of wood she found
absent-mindedly through the lab. She sings softly to herself.
She travels through the door at the far side into gloom ...

*

CUT TO:

31

31

Dark rows of books and jars containing scrolls and skulls 132.96 629.2

Write it down. Impress your friends at parties.

BEN

Remind me not to come to one of your parties.

GILLIAN

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

BEN

By Saracens? The coin suggests that. But that's patently crazy.

VIV

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

She shows them the hunk of wood.

GILLIAN

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

BEN

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

GILLIAN

Let's do dendrochronology on it.

Phone rings. GILLIAN answers. During the conversation, she wanders in front of the Carousel images so that warring knights play over her.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

Dr Magwilde.

The voice on the other end is relaxed and even.

LAYGASS (PHONE)

Have you found the Templar Knights?

GILLIAN

Who is this please?

LAYGASS (PHONE)

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

GILLIAN

LAYGASS (PHONE)
And what about their precious cargo? Where would that be?

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

LAYGASS (PHONE)
Do you pray Dr Magwilde?

GILLIAN
Funny enough I'm praying now.
That you would bog off.
(Line goes dead)
Hallelujah, it worked.

CUT TO:

32

32

The plain room is dominated by two things. A symbol for The White Wings Alliance and Antonello's grotesquely beautiful Crucifixion. Beside the painting hangs a modest printed card of illuminated writing in a frame - "In My Father's House There Are Many Mansions". Music begins to fill the room from the CD player - Gregorian plain-song.

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

Christ gazes down - hanging from the Cross.

CUT TO:

33

33

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

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

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

CUT TO:

34

34

HELENA (V.O.)
You who died for our sins have
mercy on this man. Be along-side
him. Comfort him in his pain for
you know pain Lord, you who hung on
a hill and bled for the sake of the
world.

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

- Removes an 8mm dowel sample.
- Sample under a modified microscope.
- POV: rings in the wood brought into muddy focus.
- BEN compares his charts. Incredible.

CUT TO:

34A

34A

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

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

COLM
James ...

JAMES
We must test our resolve. Don't
doubt. Not for a second. The
Knights awake.

He tosses the sword. COLM catches it instinctively.

CUT TO:

34B

34B

A blood-red light fills the room. Those powerful, crimson winter sunrises.

HISHAM is an earnest modern Muslim student. He and his STUDENT FRIENDS arrive with their arms full of books. JAMES and COLM are waiting for them - white t-shirts under their flowing coats.

HISHAM
Excuse me, can we help you? This is
a place for Muslim study ..

JAMES
You're opponents of Edward Laygass.

HI SHAM
Laygass? He incites violence. The Sikh Temple. The meeting house of Hare Krishna ... The White Wings Alliance is an evil ...

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

HI SHAM
Look mate, the man's books and his speeches .. they encourage hatred.

JAMES
You've invaded a Christian country.

HI SHAM
I was born in Dudley!

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

HI SHAM
What, you think you speak for a nation of church-goers? In this country?

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

HI SHAM
So, you work for Laygass.

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

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

JAMES (CONT'D)

HI SHAM (CONT' D)
Please don't!

JAMES raises his blade but can not find it within him to strike.

HI SHAM (CONT' D)
Where's this going to end?

JAMES
With Britain Christian. So RUN!

The MUSLIMS retreat, run for the door.

JAMES (CONT' D)
RUN! AND DON'T STOP AT DUDLEY!

He throws his sword away and drops to his knees in prayer.

JAMES (CONT' D)
I'm sorry I wasn't strong enough
Lord. I'm sorry ... sorry ...

COLM lays a comforting hand on his friend's back but JAMES throws him off.

CUT TO:

35

35

36

36

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

GREGORY
Ah yes, one of the pert little
third years pulled this out. It
definitely belonged to a
Grandmontine.

GILLIAN
Well the Grandmontine monks were
the chroniclers of the Templars.
It's a good bet one was travelling
with them when they were attacked.

She turns over the crucifix - etched on the back is a snake and a sword.

GILLIAN (CONT' D)
Why has he carved this on the back?

GREGORY

Don't know. Look at the way this chain is snapped. As though it was yanked from his neck. By force.

GILLIAN

So Europe turns against the Templars and a small band flee France. Wind up here. Head north looking for a Templar church as refuge. A Grandmontine monk is with them. They're attacked by Saracens
...

GREGORY

Which is patently absurd.

GILLIAN

All right, people pretending to be Saracens. Leaving the dirhams lying about to throw the curious off the scent.

(beat)

What if these knights brought something precious with them from France? "Precious cargo". They're killed for this cargo by thieves in disguise.

GREGORY

The only thing precious to the Knights Templar were spiritual relics from the Holy Land.

GILLIAN

I've got pictures here .. All sorts of Christian baubles ...

VIV brings in teas.

VIV

Tea's up.

GREGORY

Bickies?

VIV

I'm so glad I've got a degree.

(GREGORY waits)

Rich Tea or Bourbons?

GREGORY

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

GILLIAN

Never ceases to amaze me .. all these centuries of blood-shed in the name of religion.

VIV

Well it's not always like that.

(off her look)

Well it isn't. The nastier stuff always leaves a bigger impact on history. But that's not how God works.

GILLIAN

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

VIV

No. I didn't know my parents.

(softening)

But holy wars .. Crusades .. It's the big stuff. I always thought

BEN (CONT' D)
Found in Syria, Jordan, Israel. The Holy Land anyone?

GREGORY
Two thousand year old wood from the Holy Land

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

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

GILLIAN is already hunting through paperwork.

GREGORY
Okay. Gently gently. Let's not start getting carried away. (BE2i luonmOUNTS not et u2. 9e' m j

BEN
Who's getting carried away Dolmn"N

DANIEL MASTIFF
Cedar wood ... but you don't know
if this is part of a cross-beam for
a Roman-built crucifix ...

GILLIAN
We're walking geo-phys across that
site looking for the rest.

DANIEL MASTIFF
There's another factor. Another
potential buyer for the site.
Someone who won't build on it and
has a historical interest in
preserving it.

GILLIAN
Who?

DANIEL MASTIFF
I'm not at liberty to say.

Sighing, she turns to go.

DANIEL MASTIFF (CONT'D)
Do you believe in all seriousness
that you've uncovered part of the
Cross of Jesus Christ?

GILLIAN
I'm not at liberty to say.

He nods - now it's his turn to walk away from her.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)
Daniel, please, let us walk the
site out, sink another trench ..
Hold the developers and whoever
else at bay. For now. Please.

He shoves his hands in his pockets and gives her a level
stare. Inscrutable.

CUT TO:

A shrine to one man's ego. Diplomas jostle for wall-space
with signed photographs of Mastiff on a "Time Team" dig with
Tony Robinson or standing in some dig-site staring at the
horizon enigmatically.

A stunned NURSE hovering in the doorway takes out her mobile.

CUT TO:

41

41

42

42

BEN grabs GILLIAN'S elbow.

BEN
You should see this.

They are all watching TV - HELENA is being interviewed.

HELENA (TV)
All I know is that I've been in
palliative care for three years and
I've never seen a patient recover
when so close to death ...

REPORTER (O.S.)
And is it true that you came into
contact with a piece of ancient
wood found on the field beside us?

HELENA (TV)
Yes, I told my colleagues that I
helped a student archaeologist pull
it out of the ground.

GILLIAN casts a look at VIV.

REPORTER (O.S.)
And is it true this wood is
Biblical? Perhaps 2000 years old?

HELENA (TV)
I don't know ..

REPORTER (O.S.)
Would you describe what you saw
today as a miracle?

GILLIAN punches off the TV.

GREGORY
How the hell did the hacks get on
to this?

VIV
I didn't say anything!

GILLIAN
You let a layman help you on a dig site?

VIV
I ... I ... I'm sorry ...

CUT TO:

43

43

War drums. Driving soundtrack.

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

CUT TO:

44

44

BEN follows GILLIAN across the lab.

GILLIAN
Look, whether it's the cross of Christ or not it's still an amazing historical find. Maybe the press attention'll be good for us.

BEN
Well you've always liked to be the talking point.

GILLIAN notices VIV watching her.

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

VIV
Well ... this is where it's all happening.

GILLIAN
You had the pick of the crop. Why here?

VIV
Pin in a map.

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

VIV

Uhh yes. No? Which is the best answer?

GILLIAN

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

CUT TO:

45

45

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

A noise.

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

HISHAM steps out of the shadows.

HISHAM

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

JAMES

I have a Father.

HISHAM

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

JAMES

The Truth.

HISHAM

I've seen Muslims, good Muslims driven with that look that you have now. Mad with zeal and longing to make a difference. There is another way. If you follow it you'll be closer to God. Don't make me go to the Police. Come on mate, stand down from this.

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

HI SHAM (CONT'D)
You know I once thought ...

JAMES swings his sword and HI SHAM is decapitated in mid sentence. His body collapses.

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

JAMES
You have guided my hand and given
me my resolve. I entrust myself to
Your will.

He leans against the wall and vomits.

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

War drums.

CUT TO:

46

46

War drums - urgent. A clarion call.

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

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

JAMES, COLM and EIGHT FELLOW SOLDIERS walk with purpose, cutting through the crowds. Each wears a white t-shirt under a flowing trench coat. Swords beneath their coats.

CUT TO:

47

47

BIG CLOSE-UP of LAYGASS'S TV show. The White Wings Alliance

LAYGASS closes the letter and allows his sad smile to morph into one of hope and anticipation.

LAYGASS (CONT'D)

What if Jesus could be proved? It would light a fire in all our hearts. Even in those who had no faith. "In my Father's house there are many mansions." So said Jesus. Wouldn't those mansions soon be filled with Christian souls? The Believers would drive out those who did not follow the Truth. Just as we did a long time ago. Wow!

CUT TO:

48

48

GILLIAN and her TEAM push through a scrum of PRESS.

GILLIAN

(grabs a team member)

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

JOURNALIST

Dr Magwilde, a few questions?

GILLIAN

Remove your stringy buttocks from my dig.

JOURNALIST

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

GILLIAN

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

JOURNALIST

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

BEN

We're very busy. Thanks. Cheers.

JOURNALIST

Broke her career. Broke her spirit.

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

CUT TO:

49

49

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

HELENA

I .. I didn't start this, honestly.
I didn't even know the word we

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

GILLIAN

These are the keys to my flat.

The wood of the door begins to squeak. The architrave cracks.
Silence. She begins to relax.

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

VIV backs into the living room. Sounds of the door splintering, groaning, cracking. What the hell should she do?

CUT TO:

51

51

52

52

53

53

54

54

GILLIAN blazes at DANIEL who tries to keep her placated.

DANIEL MASTIFF

Now. The other interested party ..
He's bought the site at three times
its premium. It's his site now.

GILLIAN

Why?

DANIEL MASTIFF

To declare this holy ground.

GILLIAN

This site and these finds are under
my jurisdiction Daniel. Who the
hell are we talking about?!

CUT TO:

54A

54A

VIV tries the sash window. Stuck.

VIV

"Why did you come here Viv?" Good
bloody question

CUT TO:

54B

54B

Blade rams through. Hinges giving.

CUT TO:

54C

54C

VIV has nowhere to run to. She backs against the far wall, looking for something to defend herself with. She leans against the back wall. And the wall gives! VIV can not believe her luck - a secret door. She pushes open the door and slips through.

CUT TO:

54D

54D

VIV pinwheels into the small room. Despite her urgency she is momentarily thrown by what she sees around her. Although we don't see what she sees, it clearly has an effect on Viv.

VIV hurries on through the room as back in the flat come sounds of a break-in.

CUT TO:

55

55

56

56

GREGORY

Ah.

(shrugs)

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

GILLIAN

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

BEN

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

VIV charges through.

VIV

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

BEN

You okay?

VIV

Yeah, I found a way out.

GILLIAN

How?

VIV doesn't like the way GILLIAN is staring at her.

VIV

I .. Through a window.

GILLIAN continues to stare - fully convinced?

GILLIAN

Yes?

GREGORY (PHONE)

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

CUT TO:

59

59

GILLIAN has the team assembled. GREGORY lays out a spread of magazine articles on Laygass.

GREGORY

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

BEN

Without the burning and the

Picture freeze.

LAYGASS (V.O.)
A question for you; do you want
their Jerusalem or Christ's
Jerusalem?

CUT TO:

60

60

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

EDWARD LAYGASS moves through the crowd, a concerned hand on the shoulder here, a cupping of a child's face there.

CUT TO:

61

61

GILLIAN blazes. BEN tries to calm her down but she shrugs him off. LAYGASS remains patient. MASTIFF looks nervous.

LAYGASS
I believe the Knights Templar
brought the Cross of Christ to
England. If they were butchered
then maybe the Cross is still here.

BEN
Geo-phys hasn't uncovered anything
else. And anyway, wouldn't their
attackers take it?

LAYGASS
Not necessarily. The Knights had
become outcasts. Maybe they were
killed simply for that reason.

GILLIAN
Then why not let us find it? Why
turn a scientific enquiry into a
Cecil B de Mille film?

LAYGASS
We are at war Doctor Magwilde. And
our enemy is winning. God has
forsaken us because we're a nation
of hypocrites.
(MORE)

We go to church to get married but we don't believe. We baptize our kids and renounce "the Devil and all his ways." But we're just counting the seconds until we can wet the baby's head.

GILLIAN

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

LAYGASS

The Templars had faith.
My favourite Bible quote - John 14 verse 2, "In my Father's house are many mansions . . ." The most wonderful thing for me would be to see the rooms of Heaven filled.
When we find the Cross itself, the Christian world will rally to it.

BEN

You got that nurse onto TV didn't you. You want to turn this place into your own version of Lourdes.

GILLIAN

Did you break into my home you bastard?

LAYGASS smiles sadly and steps out.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

And what are you getting out of this Daniel?

BEN

BEN
Laygass is going to twist this into
some kind of modern day crusade.
What do you want to do? Gilly?

GILLIAN
Let him have the site. You said
yourself, geo-phys uncovered
nothing new. Which means whoever
killed the knights, took the Cross.
All we have to do is find out
where.

BEN
What have you found?

GILLIAN smiles.

CUT TO:

62

62

GILLIAN pours through an internet archive, 'UK Auction
Archive'. She focuses on extracts from some monastic
writings.

GILLIAN
A Grandmontine monk was with the
knights when they were ambushed. We
found his crucifix. The cross he
carved the symbol into.

*

BEN
He was killed along with the
knights.

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

*

She points to a references to -

CUT TO:

63

63

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

GILLIAN (V.O.)
"Chronicle of Stephen, holy brother
of the Grandmontine." He followed
them to England, escaping the
persecutions.
(MORE)

GILLIAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
His manuscript is vague and I only found it by chance on the auctioneer's site. I don't think Stephen was considered very reliable. The rest of the order went out of their way to discredit him.

CUT TO:

64

64

GILLIAN
His full writings have been broken up. Some are in the Ecclesiastical Library. One manuscript appears to be privately owned. Any ideas by whom?

BEN
Edward Laygass.

GILLIAN
Stephen's writings are in past tense. He must have escaped the attack.

CUT TO:

65

65

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

A SARACEN appears before him, sword raised. JACQUES DE SAINT-OMAR cuts him down from behind. As the SARACEN sinks to his knees, he reaches out, clawing at BROTHER STEPHEN and yanking the crucifix from around his neck.

CUT TO:

66

66

GILLIAN
He was the soul survivor of that attack. He knew what the knights were carrying. He knew what became of the relic.

CUT TO:

During the mayhem, a SARACEN lunges at a TEMPLAR who dodges. The SARACENS scimitar hacks through a small chunk of exposed wood from under the cloth. A hunk of wood drops onto the road.

Thunder explodes in the sky as if in rebuke.

CUT TO:

BEN

Look if Laygass has the book then he has all the answers anyway. He'd know where the Cross was.

GILLIAN

He has some writings, not all of them. He's obviously missing a vital clue.

She stands.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

You are impressed.

BEN

(trying to make light)
I am. You're very clever.

BEN takes her arm.

GILLIAN

What is it?

BEN

If .. and I say only if Laygass has an army of modern day crusaders on

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

LAYGASS embraces JAMES with heartfelt affection.

LAYGASS
We'll see what the site uncovers.
And watch Dr Magwilde's team. Watch
them closely.

CUT TO:

70

70

71

71

72

72

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

GREGORY
Apologies madam.

He locates a heading on "Obscure Monastic Writings."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A pair of bloodshot eyes blaze back at him.

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

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

The tinkle of the door bell.

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

CUT TO:

73

73

GREGORY debriefs the others using print outs from his digital camera.

GREGORY
Brother Stephen travelled with our knights as recounted in his Chroni culi minori. They were led by a great Templar; Jaques de Saint-Omar.

GILLIAN
That sword ...

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

VIV
Why do you like that sword?

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

GILLIAN
Ben. Look at it.

BEN
Yeah, can we stick to what we're doing mate?

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

VIV
See what? What is it about this sword?

BEN
Nothing.

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

V I V
By Saracens?

GREGORY
They dressed as Saracens, left
Saracen coins but Brother Stephen
knew differently.

CUT TO:

74

74

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

CUT TO:

75

75

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

BEN
The jammy sods! Why?

GILLIAN
The Templars were being wiped out.
The monks couldn't trust them with
the Cross. They made it look as
though Saracens had killed them and
taken the Cross back to the Holy
Land. In fact they would have taken
it to their own monastery in
Cresswell.

GREGORY
Cresswell's been heavily excavated.
Nothing doing.

GILLIAN
They hid it somewhere!

BEN
If the answer was in that book then
Laygass would be lynching heathens
and parading the Cross up Pall Mall
by now. He's missing something.

GREGORY
Where else could the monks hide it?

GILLIAN
Well Laygass can only read the top-
soil, we know how to dig.
(checks her watch)
Motorway to Birmingham' I'll be clear.
Fancy a drive Gregory?

He waggles a hip flask.

GREGORY
I'll just put the kettle on.

CUT TO:

76

76

The car hammers up the M5.

CUT TO:

77

77

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

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

The DESK MAN frowns.

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

GREGORY gives what he hopes is his most innocent smile.

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

CUT TO:

78

78

GILLIAN and GREGORY step through.

GILLIAN
Apparently it is.

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

GREGORY

My Lady.

CUT TO:

81

81

Land Rover bouncing over rough lanes in deep countryside.

CUT TO:

82

82

GREGORY drives. GILLIAN on the far side and VIV wedged between them. BEN in the back. They listen to radio news.

RADIO NEWS

The beheaded body of a young muslim student in the south of the city has sparked an outcry of anger and disgust from religious leaders across the country. As the Bishop of Birmingham meets with Muslim clerics today to discuss how best to tackle the growing fury amongst all religious factions of the city

...

GILLIAN switches it off.

BEN

Sounds Laygass's war is about to begin.

GILLIAN

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

GREGORY
Pictograms. They reference
different churches and monasteries.
Like a short-hand ..

GREGORY gropes VIV'S thigh. She swats him.

GREGORY (CONT'D)
I was changing up!

GILLIAN
Stop!

GREGORY brakes.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)
Stephen carved this symbol onto the
back of his crucifix. Why would he
desecrate his own holy cross like
that?

BEN
Because it referred to a place that
was extra special? Extra holy?

GILLIAN
Where's that crucifix?

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

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

GILLIAN
He carved this symbol because it
was the place they were taking the
Cross to.

GREGORY
The snake and the sword.

Taking the book, GREGORY scans with an academic eye.

GREGORY (CONT'D)
The Templar church at Garway,
Herefordshire.

BEN
Yeah but the knights were ambushed.
So where did it go instead?

GILLIAN

Don't you get it? Stephen didn't survive the ambush, they let him live. He was a Grandmontine. And he knew the plan all along even if he didn't agree with it. Everyone might have thought the Cross was going back to the Holy Land but it was still going to Garway.

GREGORY

That's madness. It's a Templar site ... Oh no, I see! I see! The Templars are all dead. Their churches suddenly abandoned ... Garway then.

BEN

Garway.

GILLIAN

Garway.

CUT TO:

83

83

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

JAMES

Garway.

He bolts from the room.

CUT TO:

84

84

GILLIAN jumps out of the Land Rover which has reached a stone wall dead-end. Over the wall, an ELDERLY MAN tends his garden. He grins at GILLIAN who leans on the wall casually with a coy smile.

ELDERLY MAN

Lost eh?

GILLIAN

We're looking for the church?

ELDERLY MAN

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

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

ELDERLY MAN
Like what?

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

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

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

GILLIAN looks back.

GILLIAN
Dove-cote?

ELDERLY MAN
Built with the church. It's in me garden. Come on through.

CUT TO:

85

85

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

86

86

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

A huge stone rests in the centre of the cote.

GILLIAN
Gregory?

GREGORY is counting.

BEN
How many?

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

VIV
The number of the Beast?

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

GILLIAN
Looks like they blocked up a well-mouth.

CUT TO:

87

87

BEN throws open the back of the Land Rover. Packed with gear. He pulls out pry bars, head-torches and harnesses. He checks a head-torch. Bulb winks. He gives it a smack.

CUT TO:

88

88

BEN, GREGORY and VIV heave at the pry bars. The lid comes off. Ancient air howls up out of the darkness.

GILLIAN is already strapping on her harness.

BEN
You sure?

She just grins - thrilled and buzzing.

CUT TO:

89

89

GILLIAN is lowered. She struggles with her head-lamp.

GILLIAN
Stop. Hang on ...

She waggles the light to fix it. Now she can see. And her face registers tearful, emotional awe.

CUT TO:

90

90

GREGORY is tying off a rope. BEN secures his own harness. He notices VIV watching him enviously. He passes it to her.

BEN

Know how to put this on?

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

CUT TO:

91

91

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

FX: The large chamber is filled with hundreds of decaying wooden crosses. Some with their cross-beams missing. Some fallen.

They reach the floor.

GILLIAN

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

VIV

And the piece we found ...?

GILLIAN

From one of these.

VIV unclicks her harness.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

Be careful.

VIV walks amongst the crosses. She cautiously touches one.

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

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

Ben? What are you doing?

CUT TO:

92

92

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

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

CUT TO:

93

93

GILLIAN
Ben? Gregory?

She shakes her faulty head-light. It winks out. GILLIAN thinks fast, pulls the metal walking stick that is strapped to her back. Wraps her scarf around it and lights it, holding it aloft like a Medieval torch.

The light reveals LAYGASS descending. VIV moves deeper into the chamber, hiding amongst the crosses.

LAYGASS reaches the floor. He stares in rapture.

FX: The chamber. Laygass stares at dozens of crosses.

LAYGASS
How do we know which one?

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

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

VIV falls against one of the crosses which tumbles over.

LAYGASS glimpses Viv dart behind a cross and pulls out his sword. He unclips himself from the harness.

LAYGASS (CONT'D)
Come here. Please. Come here. Come
on. Come HERE!!

GILLIAN
What are you doing?

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

GILLIAN tosses her flaming torch. A cross begins to smoke.

LAYGASS (CONT'D)
What are you ...?

More crosses burst into flames.

LAYGASS (CONT'D)
YOU BITCH!

CUT TO:

94

94

The others can see smoke rising and flickering firelight. BEN instinctively steps forward. JAMES threatens him with his sword.

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

JAMES
What do you know?!

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

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

JAMES
Liar! The doves are a symbol of
purity.

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

JAMES
They are holy birds!

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

GILLIAN shouting from below in panic.

GILLIAN
Ben, help us.

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

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

COLM
I don't have your .. your strength.

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

CUT TO:

95

95

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

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

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

FX: A large part of the chamber is now on fire.

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

LAYGASS
Kill her! Do it!

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

CUT TO:

96

96

BEN can see that COLM is faltering.

BEN

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

He holds out his hand - give me the sword.

CUT TO:

97

97

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

A sword cuts his harness from above. JAMES falls to the chamber floor, leg broken and helpless.

CUT TO:

97A

97A

COLM pulls back with his sword. Gregory and Ben start to haul Gillian up.

CUT TO:

97B

97B

GILLIAN is being hauled up.

GILLIAN

No, I'm going down!

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

And VIV starts to sing.

VIV

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

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

LAYGASS

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

It is the fraction of a beat that is needed.

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

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

VIV lifts her hand - hope beyond hope.

GILLIAN snatches it.

BEN

Now!

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

VIV

Don't let go!

GILLIAN

I've got you honey.

On the chamber floor, JAMES opens his eyes. JAQUES de SAINT-
OMAR, the captain of the Templars, stands over him. JAMES
lifts out his hand but the Knight does not try to help him. A
burning cross falls across JAMES and he is gone.

CUT TO:

98

98

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

ELDERLY MAN

I called the Police! Anyone hurt?
Should I make some tea?

GILLIAN helps the sagging VIV to get her breath back.

GILLIAN

You sang to him?

VIV

I just thought it might buy me some
time.

GILLIAN

You .. sang to him?

VIV shrugs, embarrassed.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

You know what? I'm impressed.

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

COLM

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

BEN

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

Approaching police car. COLM bows his head and weeps.

GREGORY

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

CUT TO:

99

99

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

Save one.

One cross rests in the middle of the conflagration but it

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

He turns to leave. GILLIAN goes after him.

GILLIAN
Daniel. You were hoodwinked by a
fanatic.

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

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

BEN
They can't reclaim the DNA. Blood's
too polluted.

GREGORY
Our poor bleeding stranger remains
a mystery. Good. For the best.

GILLIAN
(hefts the wood)
If you can't build with it, all
wood is good for is burning. Any
carpenter knows that.

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

CUT TO:

102

102

103

103

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

VIV
How's your miracle patient?

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

VIV
Don't lose your faith Helena.

HELENA smiles. Then looks at her finger.

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

VIV
Let me.

CUT TO:

104

104

GILLIAN has put the splinter into two glass plates which she then puts on the shelf with her numerous antiques.

VIV
God is in the quiet places and the
little things.

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

VIV
What?

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

VIV grins at her.

*

GILLIAN (CONT'D)
What's with the Cheshire Cat thing?

*

*

VIV
I'm just .. Thank you. I'm glad to
be here. It's been a dream and ..
thank you.

*

*

*

*

GILLIAN
You're very welcome Viv.

VIV
(turns to go)
Uhh .. you coming, Boss?

*

GILLIAN
Not right now. There's something I
have to do.

CUT TO:

105

105

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

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

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

GILLIAN (CONT'D)
I'm not trying to boast. I just
wanted you to know.

She kisses the WOMAN on the top of her head.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)
Take care mum. I love you.

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

Alone, her MOTHER pauses in her "work".

In the doorway, GILLIAN unfolds a crumpled picture - Jaques
De Saint-Omar holding aloft a sword.

CUT TO:

106

106

GILLIAN smooths out her picture of Jaques De Saint-Omar. She
circles his sword with a marker pen and adds the picture to
the wall. We pull back to reveal a myriad of maps, pictures,
designs that wallpaper the room. Swords. Images of swords.
Designs of swords. The place is like an altar to the sword
throughout history.

We hear an electrical hum that skitters around the room like
a naughty phantom. GILLIAN clocks it. Frowns. The hum dies
away.

FADE OUT.