

# **ALL HALLOWS NIGHT**

written by

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EXT. STREET MARKET - DAY

*(Music: Modern pulsating techno and / or medieval choral.)*

A busy, London market street. The traders and shoppers reflect the diverse racial mix of the area.

DANNY is walking confidently along the footpath. He is the personification of middle class, casual, global culture. Good looking and conceited and concerned only with his appearance and the impression he makes on others, his dress and easy manner reflect his confidence and control of his surroundings.

He accidentally bumps against a trader.

TRADER

Hey ... watch where you're going.

DANNY

Sorry.

Taken aback by the aggression, he raises his hands in atonement and moves off unperturbed.

EXT. STREET MARKET - LATER

Danny comes to a shop front displaying a variety of Halloween artefacts.

He stops, amused at the ugly ensemble.

A boy approaches, leading a young woman by the arm who is awkwardly pushing a pram.

The boy eagerly points at a particularly gruesome mask.

BOY

There it is, mum.

Danny smiles in empathy with the woman's discomfort.

Charmed by his attention, she disciplines the child in a manner more subdued than her usual.

MOTHER

Halloween's over. It was last night.  
Remember?

Anyway, you've already got one.

BOY

No. It's different ...

MOTHER

Come along now.

She takes the protesting boy by the hand and pulls him aside glancing at Danny in a combination of apology and sexual interest.

MOTHER

Don't be getting in people's way.

Danny moves on.

He looks back at her and catches her backward glance at him.

Embarrassed, they both turn away.

EXT. STREET MARKET - LATER

Danny walks along through the busy street. (*His voice-over (VO) has a barely recognisable Irish accent.*)

DANNY (VO)

It was just another normal Saturday in north London, I suppose.

Everyone oppressed by their own numbers ... trying to extend their little bit of space.

He stops at some leather jackets hanging at a stall.

A rough looking female trader approaches him.

He ignores her and moves away.

She turns her attention to a more inquisitive shopper.

EXT. STREET MARKET - LATER

Danny approaches a street-wise, male trader selling silk ties from an open suitcase.

TRADER

Fifty quid. At least fifty quid in any of yer high street shops.

I'm not askin' for twenty five. No, sir ...

Ten quid. Ten quid gets ya any of these beauties.

On seeing Danny, the trader selects two ties and extends them towards him.

TRADER

Do yourself a favour, mate.

Go no further.

Danny smiles politely and continues walking.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - EARLY EVENING

Danny is casually walking along a quiet residential road and comes to an intersection.

A man passes and looks critically at him before continuing.

Danny stops, checks the street name, looks at his watch and continues walking.

A well-dressed middle-aged woman meets him, with a Labrador dog on a lead.

The dog barks and snarls ferociously at him.

The woman is as startled as Danny as she struggles to hold the dog steady.

WOMAN

Stop Selwyn. Stop, boy.

The dog continues to snarl as his embarrassed mistress leads him off.

WOMAN

I'm sorry.

I don't know what's got into him.

DANNY

It's cool.

They continue on their way with the dog still growling.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - EARLY EVENING

Danny enters a phone booth, dials a number and drums his fingers on the coin box.

DANNY

Hello, Mrs Ryan. It's Danny. Is Linda there?

No. I'm in London. Just for a few days ... till Tuesday.

No, it's cool. No message. Tell her I'll ring when I get back.

Thanks. Bye.

Disappointed, he hangs up and exits the booth.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - EARLY EVENING

Danny walks along a half-lit, quiet street with little traffic. The pavement borders a small tree-lined park.

He sits on a bench in the shade of an overhanging tree and looks at his watch.

DANNY (VO)

Tommy and Helen said they wouldn't be home till at least seven o'clock.

So ... I just had to wait a while.

He shivers in the chill air, holds his jacket close and puts up his collar.

He takes a cigarette packet from his pocket and lights one.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - LATER

Still sitting on the bench, Danny finishes his cigarette.

He throws the butt end to the pavement and crushes it with his shoe.

Underneath the bench is a rat.

The rat is eagerly looking across the street.

On the other side of the street, a twelve-year-old black girl turns the corner and walks along the pavement.

SARAH is energetic and pretty, dressed in dark sports wear and runners. She hides her natural shyness behind her dreadlocks.

A grey Transit van also turns the corner and is slowly kerb-crawling behind her.

It overtakes her directly opposite Danny. He pays it no attention.

A short scream cracks the tranquil evening and is quickly muffled.

Danny looks in its direction.

A man is bundling Sarah into the back of the van as another man holds the doors open. Both men are tall and robust, dressed in black with balaclavas on their heads.

The man has his hand held tightly on her mouth, as she resists desperately.

She is lifted into the van and the man climbs in with her.

DANNY (VO)

I thought it was some kind of domestic problem.

Still ... I had to do something.

Danny rises from his darkened seat and walks quickly across the street towards the van.

EXT. VAN - EVENING

The man holding the door is about to follow his colleague into the van when he sees Danny approach.

He calmly turns to him as he closes the doors.

Danny looks into the eye openings of the man's balaclava and struggles to remain calm.

DANNY

What's going on?

The man is motionless and silent.

Danny is unnerved but moves closer and points at the van.

DANNY

What are you doing with the girl?

The man remains rigid and silent.

INT. VAN, DRIVER'S SEAT - EVENING

The driver's hand opens the dashboard compartment, withdraws a balaclava and quickly puts it on.

He then takes a short metal bar, quietly opens his door and eases himself from the van.

EXT. VAN - EVENING

Staying close to the side the van, the driver stealthily approaches Danny with the bar raised.

To distract him, the man facing Danny attempts to speak.

MAN

Ahhh ...

DANNY

Look. It's just that I'd like to know what ...

The driver hits Danny violently on the head with the bar.

He falls into the arms of the man he had been addressing, who holds him in a standing position.

The driver aggressively opens the rear doors of the van.

DRIVER

Quick. Get him in.

MAN

Are we taking him?

DRIVER

Yes.

They bundle Danny inside and the man gets in also.

The driver shuts the doors and quickly scans the street.

He returns to his seat and the van takes off.



INT. VAN, DRIVER'S SEAT - EVENING

Furiously, the driver pulls off his balaclava and drives off.

DEAN has a cruel, pot-marked face and a superior manner that is self-taught. The product of a tough London housing estate, he has learned to be servile and pliable for those he perceives are his betters and contemptuous to those he perceives as beneath him. His aggressiveness is a result of his innate inferiority.

As he drives, he nervously glances in the rear view mirrors and at the intersecting streets.

Everything is quiet and there is no cause for alarm.

He shouts threateningly over his shoulder through a curtain that separates him from the rest of the van.

DEAN

That was a right fucking mess. So what  
do we do now?

(pause)

Well?

MAN'S VOICE

We ... we'll have to think of  
something.

DEAN

We'll have to think of something.

We'll think.

Fuck. Spare me your thoughts.

I'll think of something ... as usual.

He throws the metal bar and balaclava into the open dashboard compartment, bangs it shut and thumps his fist on the steering wheel.

DEAN

Fuck.

In his fury, he almost breaks a red light and slams his foot on the brakes.

EXT. STREET INTERSECTION - EVENING

Having crossed the stop line at a quiet intersection, the van screeches to a halt.

A passing car narrowly misses the front of the van.

INT. VAN, DRIVER'S SEAT - EVENING

When satisfied he has not aroused attention, Dean whispers to himself.

DEAN

That wasn't very bloody clever, Dean.

He breathes deeply and puts on a maroon jacket that had been lying on the passenger seat.

INT. VAN - EVENING

As the van begins to roll again, Danny's eyes slowly open.

He winces in pain as he regains consciousness.

He is lying face down on the floor of the van, his hands tied behind his back, his feet tied together and a man's neck-tie wrapped around his mouth.

Unable to see properly, he tries to turn his body.

A heavy shoe slams down on his shoulder to steady him.

His head bangs against the side of the van and he moans through his gag.

DANNY (VO)

What an awful awakening that was.

I didn't realise how lucky I was ...  
to be unconscious.

Careful not to arouse their anger, he squints up at his captors.

The two men have their balaclavas removed and are wearing maroon coloured jackets. Sitting on a long seat, they are staring at him with contempt.

They have a zombie, robotic manner with large, muscular frames, steely blue eyes and very blonde hair - almost albino.

They are shockingly identical, like two peas from a disgusting pod. Their gestures and mannerisms mirror each other perfectly.

DANNY (VO)

I thought I had a brain injury.

They were too old to be clones.

Danny's third observer could not be more different. Sitting between the blondes, Sarah's eyes bulge with fear and tears stream down her face.

Like Danny, she is roughly gagged with a man's neck-tie. Her feet and hands are tied and the blondes keep her squashed in a sitting position with their bodies.

The rear windows of the van have their curtains drawn.

The van comes to another stop at traffic lights.

Danny uses the opportunity to change position.

A blonde pushes his shoe into the side of his face.

Like his twin, he speaks in a threatening, stilted manner.

BLONDE 1

Don't move a muscle, you interfering  
bastard.

The van starts rolling again.

Danny is finding it difficult to breathe and succeeds in  
rolling on his side.

The other blonde rises, kicks him violently in the ribs and  
sits again.

BLONDE 2

I said don't move a fucking muscle.

It is clear to Danny that both blondes speak as one.

DANNY (VO)

I remember thinking ... at least they  
speak English.

It's funny how we grab at familiar  
straws when our world is falling  
apart.

The van comes to another temporary halt at traffic lights.

INT. VAN - LATER

The van is moving faster and the increasingly vibrating floor  
compounds Danny's discomfort.

DANNY (VO)

I realised we were leaving the city.

The stops at traffic lights became  
less frequent.

Sarah sobs audibly.

A blonde grabs her neck violently.

BLONDE

Shut up ... you little, black bitch.

When the blonde releases her, Danny tries to reassure her with his eyes but she is too distraught to be comforted.

The van slows to another stop.

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD - EVENING

The van stops by the footpath in an affluent tree-filled suburb with fallen leaves littering the ground.

The footpaths are empty.

Dean emerges from the van and opens the rear doors.

INT. VAN - EVENING

Dean leans into the van, partially closing the doors behind him to prevent prying eyes seeing inside.

DEAN

Right. We're not being followed but we'll take him along, anyway.

We can't take the chance of getting rid of him.

BLONDE

They won't like it.

DEAN

They'll like it even less if we don't show up at all ...

The blondes are surprised but do not object.

Dean ignores Sarah's pleading eyes and slams the door shut.

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD - EVENING

Dean returns to his seat, closes the door and drives off.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - EVENING

The van is moving along a narrow, winding country road.

Hedges and trees on either side and the fading light makes the road difficult to navigate.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

The van comes to a T-junction on a country road and slows at a GIVE WAY sign.

About thirty yards directly ahead are the imposing, closed gates of a large estate.

The van moves towards the gates and stops.

A plaque reads MENHAM HALL, STRICTLY PRIVATE.

INT. VAN, DRIVER'S SEAT - NIGHT

Dean withdraws a remote control from the dashboard compartment.

He points it at the gates and activates it.

As the gates open he shouts to the blondes.

DEAN

Right. We're here.

He drives the van through the open gates.

EXT. GATES - NIGHT

The van goes down a long avenue as the gates close.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

The blondes pull Danny and Sarah to a sitting position.

They put the balaclavas on their heads backwards with the eye openings at the rear, blindfolding them.

EXT. AVENUE - NIGHT

In the strengthening moonlight, the bushes and trees cast sinister shadows as the van progresses down the winding avenue.

EXT. AVENUE - LATER

The van rounds a bend and the great estate house of Menham Hall comes into view.

The house is a large, late eighteenth century mansion and, except for some lights in the ground floor rooms, it is dark and forbidding.

It has extensive lawns and flower gardens surrounded by woods which are, in turn, bounded by a high wall.

EXT. MENHAM HALL - NIGHT

As the van approaches Menham Hall, it passes a SHOOTING CLUB sign and stops at the steps of the front door.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Danny and Sarah are being held upright with their legs untied. The blondes hold their balaclavas at the back of their necks.

DANNY (VO)

It's hard to imagine now ... but,  
after that journey, I was glad we  
reached our destination.

Dean opens the rear doors of the van and addresses the captives in his usual rough manner.

DEAN

Right. Listen.

Don't make a sound and do as you're told. Right!

The blonde holding Danny gets out of the van, without losing his grip on the balaclava.

The other blonde physically pushes him out of the van.

EXT. MENHAM HALL - NIGHT

Because of his aching bones, Danny struggles to find his balance.

Sarah is lifted out of the van.

DEAN

There's steps ahead.

Pushed by the blondes, they find the steps and ascend.

EXT. MENHAM HALL, FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

The captives reach the front door and are stopped.

Above the large door is a heraldic coat of arms and, on either side, a gargoyle ferociously guards it.

Dean knocks. Silence.

He raises his fist to knock again but the door is opened by a man dressed in a burgundy-coloured monk's cassock.

His face is unseen as the cassock hood covers his stooped head.

Without speaking, he holds the door and everyone enters.



INT. MENHAM HALL, RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT

The monk closes the door as captives and captors stand in a large, ornate reception area.

The furnishings are the best quality and are coloured within the red and purple spectrums.

A short corridor leads to an elaborate, gothic doorway.

Dean addresses the monk.

DEAN

Where is she?

MONK

Jessica has retired. But I'm sure she'll have heard you coming.

Rapidly advancing footsteps are heard on a corridor.

MONK

She approaches.

Dean is clearly contemptuous of the monk's educated voice and servile manner.

From a corridor to the left of the gothic doorway, a woman enters the short corridor leading to the reception area.

JESSICA is dressed in indigo and orange silks. A purple sash is tied around her waist, the ends falling by her side.

She is in her mid fifties, smooth faced and maternal but with hard eyes. Tall and striking, her blonde hair is longer than appropriate for her years. Because of her ordinary background, she has allowed her physical and personality attributes to control the men that surround her and persists in doing this in order to stimulate her unfulfilled life and to fulfil her cravings for the respect she feels she deserves.

Two hooded men in monk's cassocks, follow her.

The captors bow their heads as she approaches.

She ignores them and glares at Danny, horrified.

Fearfully, the blondes approach her and attempt to explain.

She stops them with a dramatic wave of her hand and points at Danny.

JESSICA

What is ... that?

She expects Dean to answer but he looks accusingly at the blondes, clearly blaming them.

BLONDE 1

He ... he got in the way.

We had to take him.

JESSICA

Idiots.

She turns away in her characteristic dramatic manner.

Then returns her stare to a blonde and continues sarcastically.

JESSICA

And did anyone see you?

BLONDE 1 & 2

No.

She allows Dean to confirm this. He nods in agreement.

DEAN

We weren't followed.

She continues with a sweep of her arm that unsettles her garments.

JESSICA

You know what to do.

The blondes grab Danny and Sarah by their balaclavas and push them towards the gothic doorway, followed by Dean.

As they pass, she studies Danny.

JESSICA

Wait.

Did you search him?

DEAN

N ... No.

JESSICA

Then do it, idiot.

Obediently, Dean thrusts his hand into Danny's trouser pockets and takes out cash and house keys and lays them on a nearby table.

From his inside jacket pocket, he withdraws a contact lens case and an airline ticket.

Jessica interrupts with an outstretched hand.

JESSICA

Give me that.

Dean hands her the ticket and she examines it.

JESSICA

Hmmm ... Daniel McCormack ... Return flight ... on Tuesday.

From dear old Ireland.

Just visiting us, are you?

Dean lifts the balaclava from his mouth and removes the gag.

Danny emphasises his innocence with a shrug of his shoulders.

DANNY

Yes.

JESSICA

Then we'll have to make your short stay as enjoyable as possible ... won't we?

The captors enjoy a brief sarcastic laugh.

Dean takes a packet of cigarettes and lighter from Danny's jacket pocket and places them on the table.

JESSICA

Tch! Tch! Cigarettes. Filthy habit.

She walks off in the direction she came, followed by her two-monk entourage.

DEAN

Let's go.

Danny's balaclava is pulled down again and, led by Dean, the blondes push the captives along.

The corridors to the right and left of the gothic doorway lead to the east and west wings of the house. Jessica had gone left, Dean turns right.

INT. MENHAM HALL, GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Blindfolded with their hands tied behind their backs, Danny and Sarah are being harried by Dean and the blondes.

The corridor is dimly lit and decorated in various shades of reds and purples.

They reach an elbow in the corridor that turns left.

INT. MENHAM HALL, GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR - LATER

Having passed three closed doors, the captives reach a staircase and descend.

INT. MENHAM HALL, STAIRCASE - NIGHT

The captives are led through a doorway to a basement corridor at the bottom of the stairs.

INT. MENHAM HALL, BASEMENT CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The captives are being taken along a dimly lit and unpainted basement corridor.

They reach a heavy door with a lock, bolts and a small metal viewing grill.

DEAN

Stop.

The blondes hold the captives while Dean looks through the grill.

He releases the bolts and turns the lock with a key.

He opens the door and pushes Danny and Sarah inside.

DEAN

Shut up while you're here ... for your own good.

Dean pulls the door closed, secures the bolts and turns the lock.

The blondes follow his lead back along the corridor.

INT. MENHAM HALL, CELLAR - NIGHT

Danny and Sarah stand helpless in the dark cellar as they listen to the retreating footsteps of their captors.

The only light enters from a small barred window at ceiling height and the grilled opening on the door.

The room is empty of furniture, it is old and damp with some bare stone exposed where the plaster has peeled off.

Danny struggles to untie his hands and twists his head against his shoulders in an attempt to shake off the balaclava.

A girl's hand touches his shoulder and he recoils.

GIRL'S VOICE

It's all right.

The girl removes his balaclava.

SUTRA is a pretty, fifteen year old, Indian looking girl.

Her clothing is torn and dirty and her face, arms and legs are blotched from dirt and assault.

With tears in her spiritually charged eyes, she is graceful and calming and enigmatically mature for her years.

DANNY

Who are you?

SUTRA

My name is Sutra.

She points to a corner of the cellar.

SUTRA

And this is Barclay.

Danny focuses in the half-light and sees a fourteen year old, black boy huddled in the corner, sitting on a coat.

BARCLAY is frightened, crying and in shock. He is also blotched and dirty with scratch marks on his face and hands.

He rises and approaches the new arrivals.

BARCLAY

Hello.

DANNY

Hello.

Sutra removes Sarah's blindfold and gag.

SUTRA

Hello.

SARAH

Hello.

DANNY

Free our hands.

Barclay unties Sarah's hands and attempts to comfort her as Sutra unties Danny.

With Barclay's agitation and Sutra's serenity, Danny tries to make sense of the situation.

DANNY

Why are you here?

SUTRA

We don't know.

BARCLAY

They grabbed us and tied us in the van  
... and ...

DANNY

Do you know who they are?

SUTRA

No.

DANNY

Where is this place?

SUTRA

We don't know.

DANNY

Do you know each other ... I mean,  
previous?

SUTRA

No.

They picked me up in Lewis St. and  
they picked Barclay up in Pickford St.

DANNY

Do you know anything ... anything at  
all?

BARCLAY

No.

DANNY

Then what's going on?

The children look at each other for inspiration.

Danny tries to gain their co-operation.

DANNY

Find out if you all have something in  
common.

Where you live, your schools, your  
fathers, your mothers ... anything.

SUTRA

I've been talking to Barclay. We don't know anything about each other.

DANNY

Then try again ... (*indicating Sarah*) with her.

Try harder. I must think.

Danny examines the walls and the two light sources.

Sutra leads Sarah to the corner.

She indicates the coat lying on the floor.

Both girls sit on the coat and Barclay joins them.

Sutra puts her arms around them as they huddle together.

SUTRA

Tell us about your school.

With her tender mannerisms, Sutra draws Sarah as best she can from the terror that grips her.

DANNY (VO)

At first, I hoped it was ransom ... but that looked increasingly less likely.

Danny stands alone in the middle of the floor.

INT. MENHAM HALL, CELLAR - LATER

Danny peers through the grill on the door.

He grips it and silently attempts to shake it loose.

It is immovable.

Behind him, the three children remain huddled in the corner.

SUTRA

... And your name is Sarah Boyd.



Sutra stops abruptly, rises and approaches Danny but he is too absorbed to notice.

She taps him on the shoulder.

Startled, he spins around and she steps back in fright.

SUTRA

I'm sorry.

DANNY

It's Ok. What do you want?

SUTRA

What's your name?

DANNY

Danny McCormack. Why?

She hangs her head in a gesture of adult disappointment.

DANNY

What's wrong?

SUTRA

Well, my name is Sutra Bailey and ...  
her name is Sarah Boyd.

DANNY

Yes ... and what?

SUTRA

Well. Our names begin are S.B. and  
S.B. and I was wondering if yours was  
the same as Barclay's.

But it doesn't. His is B.R.

Seeing his strained reaction, she fearfully discontinues.

DANNY

Jesus. This is not a bloody game. Will  
you please get serious?

SUTRA

I am serious. I was just ...

Because a little reciprocal adult respect had not been given to her, she loses control and sobs.

She moves away from him and leans against the wall.

Realising his mistake, he approaches her and puts his hand on her shoulder.

DANNY

I'm sorry. I'm just trying to ... make sense of it all.

He attempts to hold her close but she recoils against his embrace.

DANNY

They gave you a rough time, didn't they?

SUTRA

Yes.

DANNY

Did they beat you?

SUTRA

That was not all.

DANNY

What happened?

Danny holds her head against his chest as she sobs.

SUTRA

Last night ... they came down here.

They were drunk ...

DANNY

The three men?

SUTRA

Yes. And there was more of them.

DANNY

Jesus.

SUTRA

We tried to fight them ... but they beat us and they ... they ...

DANNY

It's all right.

SUTRA

They made Barclay do things too.

She continues sobbing as he holds her, unsure of what to do.

Suddenly, distant dirge-like organ keyboard music is heard.

SUTRA

We heard that last night, as well.

She regains her composure and indicates to the younger ones in the corner, now more frightened by the music and the disquiet among the adults.

SUTRA

They need us to be strong.

She goes to the children, again sits between them and puts her arms around them.

INT. MENHAM HALL, CELLAR - LATER

The music continues to play as the three children are huddled in a corner and Danny sits alone in another corner, agitated.

All four are trying to fight the cold.

Sutra turns to a tearful Barclay.

SUTRA

Who's your favourite football team?

BARCLAY

Arsenal.

SUTRA

How do you think they'll do this season?

The sound of their conversation dissolves as Danny observes Sutra.

DANNY (VO)

What wonderful qualities she had ...  
far beyond her years.

It was spiritual ... or was it just  
natural ... her nature ... the way all  
our natures should be.

I could have talked about football ...  
or anything ... but I was still  
scrambling for an explanation ...

I wish I put that energy where it  
should have been, like she did.

Danny looks at his watch and exhales with a painful moan.

SUTRA

Are you all right?

DANNY

I wish I had a cigarette.

She makes no comment as he nibbles the tops of his fingers.

INT. MENHAM HALL, CELLAR - LATER

Danny is doing some exercises to stay warm and the three  
children are clearly disappointed with his leadership.

The music stops.

He looks at his watch. It is 23:50.

DANNY (VO)

Then ... after nearly four hours ...  
the waiting was over.

SUTRA

Shhh. Listen.

Footsteps approach.

Sutra comforts Barclay as he cringes in fear.

SUTRA

It's probably more prisoners.

The footsteps stop outside the cellar door and Dean's evil face peers through the grill.

He unlocks the door and enters with the two blondes.

He holds a .357 Smith and Wesson and the blondes have 9mm Browning Hi-Power handguns.

They are all dressed alike, in maroon coloured jackets, black trousers and shoes.

Dean approaches Danny and looks at his face for the first time.

DEAN

So that's what a hero looks like.

Danny makes no response.

Dean motions the blondes forward.

They are carrying a length of heavy chain with eight handcuffs attached to it, each about two feet apart.

He points to the floor.

DEAN

Lie down on the floor ... on your bellies ... in a line.

Dean points to each of the captives and their position on the floor, in turn.

DEAN

You ... there. You ... next to him.

Then you.

And then you.

The captives do as they are told, lying beside each other face down on the floor.

DEAN

Put your hands behind your backs.

They do so and the blondes lay the chain across their backs and fasten each captive's hand to a handcuff.

They are particularly rough with Sutra.

The blondes work simultaneously and finish together.

DEAN

Now ... stand up.

The captives struggle to their feet.

Sarah is lifted to a standing position, Dean pulling her arms up by the chain. She moans in pain.

DEAN

Shut up ... you dirty bitch.

He grins lustfully at her, runs his hand along her body, looks at his watch and addresses the blondes.

DEAN

Pity we don't have more time.

The captors smirk. Danny tries unsuccessfully to conceal his contempt for them.

DEAN

Wouldn't you like a nice, little,  
black pussy ... hero?

Dean grabs Danny by his testicles and squeezes hard. He shrieks in pain.

Dean releases him, laughing with the blondes.

They put their guns into shoulder holsters under their jackets.

Dean takes the end of the chain beside Danny and leads the procession out of the cellar, the blondes taking up the rear.

INT. MENHAM HALL, STAIRCASE - NIGHT

The bound captives shuffle through the open doorway and up the narrow flight of stairs to the ground floor corridor, harried by their captors.

INT. MENHAM HALL, GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Coming from the staircase, the procession enters the ground floor corridor.

Danny's frightened eyes scan the environment. His interest has slowed them.

DEAN

Keep moving.

Dean pulls the chain, clearly enjoying his role as leader.

INT. MENHAM HALL, DOORWAY - NIGHT

The procession reaches the gothic doorway. The captives are stunned, especially by the reception area to their left.

DANNY (VO)

My God ... the colours.

Dean stops, gains attention with an upturned finger and continues in a threatening, hushed tone.

DEAN

This is a solemn occasion. Don't make a sound.

Suddenly, the loud chimes of a distant clock reverberate through the corridors. It is midnight.

Dean pulls Danny's jacket and shirt off his left shoulder, ripping buttons as he does.

Similarly, the blondes partially strip the left torso of Barclay, Sarah and Sutra.

With their usual synchronicity, the blondes take lengths of red cloth from their jacket pockets and tie them tightly around the captives' mouths.

The clock chimes stop.

Dean knocks on the ornate door.

The door is opened and held ajar by a short, overweight, hooded man in a burgundy-coloured monk's cassock. His face is hidden.

DEAN

Beg permission to enter.

MONK

Have you brought your offering?

DEAN

Yes.

MONK

Permission granted.

The monk opens the door wide and Dean leads the procession inside.

INT. MENHAM HALL, GREAT HALL - NIGHT

The captives enter a huge room, horrified by what they see.

The room is an old banqueting hall with Gothic glass windows at the rear. It belongs to a bygone era, unmodernised except for electric lighting.

The walls and carpeting are, as throughout the house, coloured within the red spectrum.

There are seven hooded men in burgundy coloured monk's cassocks seated around a large table in the centre of the room. Their heads are bowed.

Plates, platters and goblets on the table indicate they have just finished a meal.

Between the table and the top of the room is a platform elevated by about a foot from floor level.

Jessica is sitting on an elaborate throne-like seat on the left of the platform. She is dressed as before but is now wearing a purple ceremonial robe, clasped at the neck.



On the right of the stage, the man dressed in a purple cassock is not hooded.

WILLARD, surprisingly refined and gently looking but with a genuinely superior manner, is in his early sixties and seems to be in control. He is a true aristocrat with a strong military tradition.

His 'satanic' background is derived from the English Hellfire Club tradition that was always a part of the history of the house. He was introduced to it by his father and accepted it as his birthright. He lacks the strength of mind to break away from his cosy straight-jacket and acquaintances.

He stands, reading silently from a large open book on a rostrum that has four rifles as supporting legs.

Between Jessica and Willard, occupying centre stage and overlooking the table, stands a ten feet tall, black effigy of a Rottweiler dog's head. The dog's eyes are green and its teeth are bared in a menacing snarl. A large black robe falls from the neck of the dog to the floor.

Suspended from the ceiling above the effigy is a painted portrait of Lucifer. He is dressed as an eighteenth century gentleman with dark hair and eyes and is presented as the angel of light.

On either side of the effigy stand two crucifixes made of solid wood, ten feet tall and positioned upside down.

Flags and crests are hung all around the walls. They represent various tyrannies and include a Roman crest, Mongolian crest, Crusaders crest, Huns crest, Ottoman, World War 2 Japanese, Union Jack, Khmer Rouge, old Ugandan, old South African, American, Southern States Confederation, Soviet Russian and Nazi Swastika.

Positioned between them are portraits representing various tyrants that have existed through recorded history. They include a Roman Centurion, Genghis Khan, Attila, Crusader Knight, Suleiman, Japanese Nippon soldier, John Bull, Pol Pot, Idi Amin, Afrikaner man, Uncle Sam, a Ku Klux Klan figure, Stalin and Hitler.

Everyone in the room is staring at the entrants.

Jessica barks an order to the monks.

JESSICA

Clear the table.

The monks empty the remaining contents of their plates, bowls, platters and goblets on the table, creating a mess.

They rise, take their chairs from the table and line them up a few feet away.

JESSICA

Bring them forth.

Dean leads the procession of captives close to the table.

As Dean and a blonde secure each end of the chain to two pillars, Willard speaks in a ceremonious monotone.

WILLARD

Powerful Angel. Tonight, on this great feast day, we ask you to accept our gifts in appreciation of all you have freely given us.

Willard turns to his open book and delivers an inaudible speech in Latin as if not understanding what he reads.

He finishes with great enthusiasm.

WILLARD

... Gloria tibi, Domine Lucifer, per omnia saecula, saeculorum.

MONKS

Amen.

Willard turns reverently to the portrait of Lucifer, outstretches his arms and delivers a dramatic oration.

WILLARD

Great master of the earth, you have given authority to those of us who share your mind ... so that we have dominion over the unworthy ones.

For we are the inheritors of the earth and we know you well ... and you know us. Long has it been so and long will it continue.

Your kingdom has no borders, your justifiable wrath has no limitations and your reign is from the beginning and to the end of time.

He finishes with a humble bow of his head.

MONKS

Amen.

Jessica outstretches her arms and the monks sit.

She then indicates to the blondes.

They unlock Barclay from his handcuffs and carry him by the arms and legs to the table, his terrified shouts muffled by the gag on his mouth.

Two monks help the blondes pull his clothing off.

They lay him on the table amid the remnants of the meal.

They tie his ankles and wrists to the legs of the table.

When he is tied spread-eagled, the blondes return to their positions.

Willard leaves his rostrum and approaches the table.

He stands beside the terrified boy and mutters an incantation in Latin, before continuing aloud.

WILLARD

All flesh is yours, great architect of  
the living earth.

He takes a ceremonial knife from under his cassock.

Willard holds him by the hair and cuts his throat. Barclay  
silently dies.

The monks take ornate goblets and collect the flowing blood  
as it dribbles from the table.

Incensed, Danny pulls at the chain attached to the pillar and  
shouts through his gag.

A blonde kicks Danny in the stomach and he falls to his  
knees.

The blonde grabs his hair and forces him to look at the  
table.

BLONDE

Show some respect at your master's  
table.

Muttering in Latin, Willard makes a deep incision down the  
middle of Barclay's chest.

He pushes his fingers into the wound and pulls the boy's ribs  
apart.

He cuts out his heart, raises it in the air with both hands  
and presents it to the effigy, muttering inaudibly in Latin.

He then places the heart on the table.

Danny's bulging eyes scan the room.

DANNY (VO)

This day was the feast of All Hallows,  
the feast of All Saints.

It was past midnight and we had now  
entered the feast of All Souls.

All the dead are to be united with God  
... or something.

There were thirteen of them ... a  
coven.

But the flags, the portraits ... the  
dog.

What was all this?

When Willard finishes, he returns to his rostrum and begins  
reading, inaudible Latin words that are meant only for  
himself.

The monks place the goblets on the floor and sit.

Another four monks untie Barclay's wrists and ankles and take  
hold of his body.

They carry him from the table to a door on the left and throw  
his body into the room.

They return to their seats and sit silently.

Jessica indicates to the blondes and they turn to Sutra.

They release her from her handcuffs.

Terrified, she looks at Danny.

Their eyes meet.

Hypnotised with fear, he lowers his head.

Her last remnant of hope evaporates.

The blondes take hold of her arms and legs and carry her to the table.

DANNY (VO)

All she had done ... and she got nothing in return.

That bright light, just beginning to shine, was about to be snuffed out.

And I was impotent.

At the table, the blondes and two monks rip her clothing off as her terrified moans are heard through the gag.

They sit her on the edge of the blood soaked table, lean her backward and tie her wrists to the table legs.

With her legs hanging over the end of the table, they tie her ankles to the two other table legs.

As the blondes and monks return to their positions, Willard comes from the rostrum and approaches the table.

Standing between her parted legs, he indicates to a monk.

The monk goes to the room located behind the effigy.

He emerges carrying a cage covered with a purple veil.

He hands Willard the cage and sits.

Willard unveils the cage.

Inside is a rat.

With the sudden flood of light, the rat scurries back and forth, squealing.

Sutra pulls at her bindings.

Willard presents the cage to the effigy, muttering.

He rotates in a full circle, displaying the rat to the assembled audience before resting the cage on the table beside Sutra's head.

Danny shouts through his gag as he tries to pull himself free.

A blonde holds him and the other blonde punches him.

Danny slumps to a kneeling position. His head is limp but a blonde forces him to face the table.

Willard removes his cassock, revealing a red silk kimono.

He loosens the belt on the kimono and lets it fall to the floor, leaving him naked.

Muttering in Latin, he begins to rape her.

INT. MENHAM HALL, GREAT HALL - LATER

Willard continues to rape Sutra while looking at the rat.

Sarah hangs her head, tears flowing from closed eyes.

A blonde continues to hold Danny by the hair, forcing him to witness.

DANNY (VO)

If I could get them mad enough, they  
might kill me ... by mistake.

He indicates to the blonde that he wants to communicate.

The blonde removes the gag from his mouth and moves nearer.

Instead of speaking, Danny head butts his face.

His twin also feels the pain of the head butt.

Enraged, the blonde kicks Danny viciously on the side of the head as Dean intervenes.

Jessica jumps from her throne and runs to the scene.

The kick only stuns him. She sees him wince in pain and is relieved.

JESSICA

Don't touch him, you idiot. It's what he wants.

She returns to her throne, as Danny opens his eyes.

DANNY (VO)

I didn't even pass out for a while.

The blonde holds Danny's head erect again.

INT. MENHAM HALL, GREAT HALL - LATER

Willard finishes and puts on his kimono and cassock.

He takes the ceremonial knife, grabs Sutra by the hair and cuts her throat.

She dies quickly.

Again, two monks take goblets and collect the blood as it drips from the table.

Willard hands the cage to a monk who puts the veil on it and returns it to the room.

As Willard puts the knife to her chest, Danny acquires a new strength.

He looks at Sutra's dead body and becomes supernaturally empowered by her.

The fear dissolves from his face and his breathing steadies.

He acquires her spiritual charge and his fear and frustration is replaced with a wild determination and invincibility.



DANNY (VO)

Suddenly, I felt her energy filling me  
and words came ... but I don't know  
from where.

His gag having been removed, he holds his head erect and  
shouts in a controlled voice.

DANNY

Almighty Father in Heaven, accept  
Sutra and Barclay into your care, this  
night.

Previously reprimanded, his blonde minder is reluctant to  
intervene.

The words are like lightning bolts that strike Jessica.

Enraged, she jumps from her throne, runs to Danny and punches  
his face with her fists.

JESSICA

You miserable little man.

She stops Dean and the blondes as they try to assist her.

JESSICA

Maybe he's got something more to say.

She quickly takes a goblet from the table and throws Sutra's  
blood in his face.

She stands in front of him, her legs dramatically parted.

JESSICA

I want to know who you really are?

He turns his blood-splashed face towards her and continues  
with chilling calm.

DANNY

I'm your enemy ... and I'm here to  
destroy you.

All are visibly unnerved by this.

DANNY

My parents were Jews. But I was brought up a Christian.

DANNY (VO)

Of course, that was rubbish. But I wanted them to hate me as much as I hated them.

Swinging her robes, Jessica turns to him, seething.

JESSICA

Well, my Jewish, Christian friend ...

*(to the blondes)* Prepare the crosses.

BLONDE

Both ... crosses?

JESSICA

There's two of them, aren't there?

Without completing his ceremony, Willard has to retreat to the rostrum.

The blondes go to the inverted crosses, lift them from their supports and lower them to the floor.

Danny observes the fear that is gripping Sarah.

DANNY (VO)

At least I wouldn't have to watch her die.

A monk emerges from the room behind the effigy with a hammer and large nails.

He places them on the floor beside the crosses.

DANNY (VO)

I wasn't afraid of dying any more. I just felt this ... hate.

Crystal clear hatred.

I had no idea how powerful it was.

The blondes, accompanied by two monks, go to the captives and release them from their handcuffs.

The blondes take a firm grip on Danny and the monks hold Sarah.

With Dean following, they are taken to the crosses where Jessica awaits them.

Dean removes Danny's jacket and throws it on the floor.

JESSICA

You will now be delivered to the Master  
in a way I'm sure is familiar to  
you ... Redeemer.

Danny is unconcerned by the laughter of his captors and the death which awaits him.

DANNY

Your master is careful to avoid me and  
he'll despise your delivery.

Of that, I can assure you.

She nervously laughs, takes one of the large nails from the floor and slowly runs it along his face.

She looks lustfully at his blood-covered body as he continues to stare at her, defiantly.

She runs her hand over his chest, neck and face, massaging him with Sutra's blood.

She then leans closer and whispers.

JESSICA

It becomes you. Do you realise that?

DANNY

What does?

She takes him by the hand and attempts to lead him off. The blondes tighten their grip on him.

JESSICA

Let him be.

They obediently release him.

She leads him a few paces away and speaks softly.

JESSICA

You have qualities which are ...  
interesting to me.

We need not necessarily be ... enemies  
... you know.

It was your choice of phrase, not  
mine.

Concerned about her actions, Willard steps from his rostrum  
but prudently keeps his distance.

WILLARD

Jessica.

He indicates to her to approach him.

She contemptuously ignores him and turns again to Danny.

JESSICA

Well?

DANNY

But I've come here to be your eternal  
jailer.

Shocked at his rejection, she waves the nail threateningly.

JESSICA

You are an unworthy little man and I  
will delight in watching you die.

With the nail, she points at the Lucifer portrait.

JESSICA

And you will serve him ... for all  
eternity.

DANNY

While you, I presume, will reign  
alongside him.

She slaps his face hard, trying to conceal her ecstasy.

Dramatically, she raises her arms and looks at the portrait.

JESSICA

It is not for you or I to debate what  
his decisions are to be.

Slowly, she lowers her arms, lost in her fantasy.

Danny acts fast. He grabs her hand, which is still holding the nail, and slams it into the middle of her chest.

DANNY

Reign with him.

Supporting her back with his arm, Danny pushes the nail deeper into her chest.

Her eyes open wide and her arms fall by her side.

She dies without uttering a sound.

The men are temporarily dumb struck, giving Danny the opportunity he needs.

Energised with wild determination, he hurls Jessica at the two approaching blondes.

Instinctively, they attend to her.

Willard charges.

Dean takes hold of Sarah as the two monks advance.

Danny pushes Willard against the two monks.

Dean releases his grip on Sarah and withdraws his gun from his shoulder holster.

Continuing his forward momentum, Danny reaches him before he can pull the trigger and punches him in the face.

Dean looses his grip on the gun and falls to the floor.

Danny grabs Sarah's arm and, pulling her along, goes towards a door on the right.

The seated monks are now on their feet and advancing.

One of the blondes draws his gun and, hindered by the advancing monks, fires at Danny.

His shot hits the wall.

Danny reaches the door. It opens into a corridor.

Pulling Sarah behind him, he enters the corridor as another bullet hits the doorframe beside him.

He slams the door shut.

INT. MENHAM HALL, GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

*(Music: Throughout the entire 'chase' sequences it should be throbbing technical or medieval - like Orff's O Fortuna.)*

In the partially lit corridor, Danny releases Sarah.

DANNY

Run.

She begins running down the short corridor.

DANNY (VO)

I had no idea where that door was going to lead to.

He grabs a nearby chair and jams it against the door handle.

His pursuers attempt to open the door from the other side.

He runs down the corridor as the men charge against the door.

As he runs, he pulls two chairs into the middle of the corridor to impede them.

He overtakes Sarah and grabs her by the hand.

Led by Dean and the blondes, the men burst through the door with guns drawn.

They stop and shoot at the fugitives.

Their shots miss.

The fugitives ignore a door facing them at the bottom of the corridor and continue round the elbow to the right.

DEAN

Let's go.

Dean attempts to jump over a chair but he stumbles and falls.

DEAN

Fuck.

A blonde assists him to his feet as the others run past.

Contemptuously, Dean pushes the helping hand aside.

INT. MENHAM HALL, GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR - LATER

Having rounded the elbow in the corridor, Danny and Sarah run past three doors.

Restraining her, he stops at the staircase that leads up to the next floor and down to the cellar.

He chooses neither direction. Holding her hand, he dashes into a room beside the staircase and closes the door.

The pursuers round the elbow of the corridor and slow to a stop.

DEAN

Easy.

There are twelve men in all. Eight wear monks' cassocks with their heads covered, Willard with his head uncovered, Dean and the blondes.

Willard carries a Colt Automatic, Dean and the blondes are armed as before and the monks carry a variety of handguns.

Dean breaks to the front of the group.

DEAN

Listen.

They strain for any sound that would betray the direction in which the fugitives went.

Dean, followed by the blondes, goes to the staircase, looking up and down.

DEAN

Take two men and go down.

A blonde indicates to two monks and all three carefully descend the stairs.

Dean turns to the second blonde and points at another two monks.

DEAN

Take these two and go up.

Cautiously, the blonde and monks ascends the stairs as Dean indicates the doors they have already passed to Willard.

DEAN

Take two men and check those rooms.

Devastated by the recent events, Willard's control has deserted him.



WILLARD

They ... they can't be far.

DEAN

It's OK. We'll get them ... just like  
the time before.

Willard leads two monks back to the first door after the corridor elbow as Dean and the remaining two monks go to the door farther along the corridor.

Primed for action, both groups of men open the doors and enter the rooms.

INT. MENHAM HALL, DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

Barely able to breathe, Danny and Sarah are in a lavish drawing room.

The room is in darkness but the drapes are open and enough moonlight enters for visibility.

He is at the door, listening.

She stands behind him and removes the gag from her mouth.

He indicates silence to her, picks up a nearby globe of the Earth and positions himself behind the door.

He raises the globe above his head, ready to strike.

INT. MENHAM HALL, GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Willard and one of his monks exit the adjacent room and go towards the drawing room door.

The other monk is meticulous, slower to leave the room.

Willard is careless, distracted with shock.

INT. MENHAM HALL, DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

The handle on the drawing room door turns and it slowly opens.

Danny's hand tightens on the globe as Willard enters, his gun at the ready.

Danny brings the globe down on his exposed head.

He falls to the floor and drops his gun.

Danny slams the door against the monk following behind and dives to the floor.

He grabs the gun and shoots Willard in the head.

The monk fires. Danny rolls and the shot hits the floor.

Danny returns fire and hits him in the chest.

The monk falls into the corridor, lying face down on his gun.

Danny jumps up and shoots him in the back.

INT. MENHAM HALL, GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The other monk that had been with Willard falls to the corridor floor with his gun pointing in a shaking hand at the drawing room door.

Dean and his two monks are running from the other direction.

Danny peers from the drawing room doorway and shoots in their direction.

They dive for cover by the sides of the corridor.

The monk on Danny's right shoots and hits the doorframe. A splinter of wood lodges in Danny's neck.

He recoils and slams the door shut.

Dean opens fire at the door, although the angle is too acute and is a danger only to the monk on the other side of the door.

MONK

Dean. No.

Dean stops shooting and thumps the floor with his fist.

DEAN

Fuck.

He glares at the monk and points at the drawing room door.

DEAN

You should be in there.

In the shadow of his hood, the man's face is frightened.

The other two groups return to the source of the shooting. Both blondes step boldly into the corridor from the staircase.

Still lying on the corridor floor, Dean points with his gun towards the drawing room door.

DEAN

Careful. He's in there.

The blondes pin themselves against the corridor wall on both sides of the drawing room door.

INT. MENHAM HALL, DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah has a hand at her mouth to stop herself crying as Danny removes the splinter of wood from his neck.

Holding Willard's Colt against his bleeding neck, he grabs her arm and they rush to the window.

He rests the gun on the sill. Quietly, he pulls the catch aside, opens the window, lifts her on to the sill and lowers her down outside.

Taking the gun, he quickly climbs out and jumps.

EXT. MENHAM HALL, EAST SIDE - NIGHT

Keeping low, he scans the moonlit surroundings.

About thirty yards away is the wood that surrounds the house.

Holding her hand, he runs crouched to the nearest trees.

INT. MENHAM HALL, GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Dean rises from the floor and enters the room adjacent to the drawing room, followed by his two monks.

INT. MENHAM HALL, SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Dean and the two monks enter a sitting room with the usual opulent furnishings and sombre paintings.

Dean goes to a window with its drapes open.

He sees the fugitives running towards the trees.

Frantically, he opens the window shouting to the men in the corridor.

DEAN

They're outside.

While his two colleagues open the other window, he takes aim and fires.

EXT. MENHAM HALL, EAST SIDE - NIGHT

As the fugitives run towards the trees, Dean's shot rips through Danny's trouser leg at the knee.

He stumbles, shouting to Sarah.

DANNY

Keep going.

He rolls on the ground, as Dean's next shot narrowly misses him, and returns fire.

INT. MENHAM HALL, SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Danny's bullet shatters the windowpane beside Dean.

He attempts to return fire but his gun is empty.

DEAN

Fuck.

The monks fire from the other window as Dean takes bullets from his pockets and reloads his gun.

INT. MENHAM HALL, DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

The two blondes fire at the fugitives from the drawing room window.

EXT. MENHAM HALL, EAST SIDE - NIGHT

Danny runs zigzag to the nearest large tree and falls to the ground behind it as bullets pepper the tree.

Sarah has already reached the sanctuary of a tree about ten feet distant from him.

EXT. TREES - NIGHT

From the protection of the tree, Danny returns fire and shatters the glass in the drawing room window.

He attempts to fire again but his gun is empty.

DANNY

Shit.

He drops his gun to the ground. There is no further fire from the house.

Except for a light breeze whistling in the leaves overhead, the silence is overpowering.

Both fugitives are wide-eyed and panting.

Keeping his gaze fixed on the house, he speaks to her.

DANNY

Are you all right?

SARAH

Yeah. Are you?

DANNY

Yes.

He runs his finger through the bullet hole in his trouser leg.

DANNY

It didn't hit me.

He smiles to reassure her, as best he can.

DANNY

You're a very brave girl, Sarah.

Do you know that?

His smile brings tears to her eyes and she begins to sob.

INT. MENHAM HALL, SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

All pursuers are in the sitting room and two monks look out the windows towards the trees.

Dean is furious as he stares into the fireplace with his back to the anxious men.

He turns to a monk by the window, the same small monk who was doorman at the Great Hall.

DEAN

Have they moved?

MONK

No.

DEAN

They have nowhere to go.

He turns towards the fireplace again, consumed in thought.

BLONDE

Somebody should've got to this window  
before he ran.

This accusation is clearly aimed at Dean. The other blonde straightens his posture defensively, in support.

DEAN

If you came round by the outside  
instead of back here ... that would  
have been helpful, would it?

Although incensed, he does not want to tangle with the blondes.

He turns to the grieving monks.

DEAN

Is Jessica ... ?

MONK

She has departed.

Dean looks at Willard lying in the doorway with a head wound.

DEAN

And Willard ...

ANOTHER MONK

Departed also.

Dean's eyes rest on the monk who was with Willard.

He points at him, threateningly.

DEAN

If you didn't trail behind ... Willard  
would still be with us.

Dean raises his gun and points it at the startled man.

MONK

But I was ...

Dean pulls the trigger, hitting the man in the chest. He  
falls dead.

EXT. TREES - NIGHT

The fugitives hear the shot from inside the house.

INT. MENHAM HALL, SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

The monks stare at their fallen comrade, shocked.

Dean puts his gun into his shoulder holster.

DEAN

Let that be an end to it.

(pause)

Right. Let's go hunting.

(to the blondes)

Turn on the power ... inside and out.

The blondes exit the room as Dean looks out the window.

He sees Danny's white shirt, visible in the moonlight.

EXT. TREES - NIGHT

Sarah watches Danny as he examines his surroundings.

The long avenue extends from the house with the lawns to the  
right.



To the left of the avenue, the thin line of trees and bushes growing alongside the high wall are too sparse for cover.

There are wires along the top of the wall.

They are on the periphery of the wood that surrounds the house.

He looks at Sarah, frightened and panting.

DANNY (VO)  
We couldn't outrun them.

He looks at the empty gun lying beside him.

DANNY (VO)  
And we couldn't outgun them.

He looks up at the moon and then to the wood behind him.

DANNY (VO)  
So the trees and the darkness were all  
we had.

The rest was up to me.

SARAH  
Let's try and climb the wall.

DANNY  
But the wires ... I think ...

The corridor lights go on inside the house and in the yard and stables at the rear.

Then they hear the surge of power rushing through the wires.

DANNY  
... they're electrified.

A shot hits the tree beside him. He recoils and she screams.

DANNY  
We must get out of here ... and we  
must be very quick.

Get ready.

She rises from the ground staying tight against the tree.

SARAH

Ready.

He picks up his empty gun and prepares himself.

DANNY

OK. Go.

As they run to the nearest bushes, shots narrowly miss them.

EXT. WOOD - NIGHT

The fugitives reach the thick bush that hides them from the house.

Danny stops, leans against a stout tree and holds her.

She collapses against him, sobbing and shaking.

Through the leaves he can see no sign of movement from the house.

DANNY

You're doing great.

He allows her time to find her breath, then indicates the distant wood on the west side of the house.

DANNY

We must get to the other side. There's more protection over there.

She looks at him with pleading eyes and points to the line of bushes along the avenue.

SARAH

Why not that way?

DANNY

We mustn't do what they want us to do.

SARAH

But we might be near a town. We could make it if we run real hard ...

DANNY

Trust me.

He releases her and takes off his shirt.

He hides the shirt and the gun at the base of a nearby bush.

Desperately, he digs his heel into the frosty earth and dislodges some clay.

He begins scraping up handfuls of clay and spitting on it repeatedly as he kneads it between his palms.

He gives some of the sticky clay to Sarah.

DANNY

Put it on my back.

As she rubs the sticky clay on his back, he covers his front and arms as best they can. His blood splashed face does not need much camouflage.

DANNY (VO)

My shirt just had to go.

Sarah's dark clothes and skin gave her enough camouflage.

I needed more disguise than my Turkish suntan gave me.

(pause)

Turkey ... warm sun ... and Linda ...  
it's funny the things that can enter  
your head at the strangest of times.

The sound of a car engine revving up sends both fugitives to the ground for cover.

A Jaguar car without lights moves slowly into view, coming from the rear of the house.

It passes close to them.

Dean is in the front passenger's seat with his gun pointing through the open window. Two monks are in the back, also with guns at the ready.

As the car continues down the avenue, Danny finishes his camouflage.

He leads Sarah towards the rear of the house, stooped low.

A path, relatively free of fallen leaves, enables them to move silently.

EXT. WOOD - LATER

Sarah and Danny move along the path.

He stops and massages his body, attempting to combat the cold.

The rear of the house is in view, lit by the electric light.

The avenue that continues around the east side of the house now forms a wider yard.

The yard is bounded by the house on the left, a row of stables on the right and a hedge connecting them.

The grey Transit van is parked beside a BMW car in the centre of the yard.

He considers the stables for a while and shakes his head.

DANNY (VO)

It was hard to accept, but we had another life threatening problem.

It was a very cold night for the beginning of November.

We wouldn't survive this night ... outside.

Suddenly, he crouches to the ground, taking Sarah with him.

Two men run from the shadows at the rear of the house. Bent low, they run to the most distant stable and out of sight.

He leads her forward again.

EXT. WOOD - LATER

Danny reaches a position where he can see the rear of the stables and stops, restraining Sarah.

The men are running from the stables to the wood.

He sees another three men running from the front of the house to the wood behind them.

Retreat and advance are now closed to him.

She holds her light clothing tightly, in defence against the cold.

His body temperature is falling fast and speaking is difficult.

DANNY

We must do something about the cold.  
But right now ... we must hide.

He holds her shoulders to emphasise his point.

DANNY

You must be silent, Sarah ... like  
you've never been silent before.

Follow me.

He moves from the path and goes towards the surrounding estate wall and she follows.

EXT. WOOD - LATER

Danny picks up a recently broken branch that still retains most of its leaves and looks about him.

He points to a nearby hollow in the ground made by the roots of a fallen tree.

DANNY

Lie down there.

She is confused and points to a nearby dense bush.

SARAH

What about there?

DANNY

They'll be searching the bushes.

She lies in the exposed hollow.

He lies beside her and covers them both with the branch.

It provides poor cover.

DANNY

Now ... quietly cover yourself with  
leaves.

They carefully cover themselves with the dead leaves that are within arms reach.

Hearing the movements of the approaching men, he holds her steady and puts his finger to his lips.

Danny's shivering rustles the leaves on his body.

He bites his lip to stop himself shaking.

EXT. WOOD - LATER

With guns at the ready, a blonde and a monk move slowly through the wood looking for the fugitives, particularly in the denser bushes.

The monk is searching the wood's periphery and the blonde searches close to the wall where the fugitives are hidden.

The shadows cast by the moonlight and electric lights in the yard makes their task more difficult.

The blonde approaches the fugitives.

DANNY (VO)  
I was sure we were finished ... but  
then a miracle happened.

As the blonde reaches the fallen tree, he hears a rustling sound further distant in the direction he is going.

He signals to the monk to advance towards it.

They go forward, their eyes straining in the direction of the sound.

The blonde's shoe passes inches from Danny's head.

EXT. WOOD - LATER

Danny and Sarah see their pursuers move up the gentle gradient of the wood and disappear over the other side.

DANNY (VO)  
But their mistake would soon be  
obvious.

He carefully slides the branch aside.

DANNY  
Easy now.

They stealthily rise from their position, make their way to the path and move forward, checking behind them as they go.

EXT. WOOD - LATER

The blonde moves towards the rustling sound.

To his intense rage, he encounters the two monks and the other blonde who is holding Danny's shirt in his hand.

BLONDE 1  
Holy shit. I thought I had them.

BLONDE 2  
Are they not back there?

BLONDE 1

Yeah, but we decided to sneak up on you instead.

BLONDE 2

Steady.

BLONDE 1

Why did you make so much damn noise?

The second blonde takes Willard's gun from his pocket and points backwards in the direction they had just come.

BLONDE 2

He's out of bullets. We found this back there.

The blondes shuffle uneasily. Their irritation with each other is as uncomfortable to them as it is to the monks.

The second blonde holds Danny's shirt in an outstretched hand towards his twin.

BLONDE 2

He left this behind as well. He's colder ... but he's harder to see.

BLONDE 1

Like I told Dean, they would've headed down by the wall ... to the gates.

BLONDE 2

I agree.

1st BLONDE

Where's Forbes and ...

... that other guy.

2nd BLONDE

Dean dropped them down to the gate ... just in case.

1st BLONDE

I say we hold everything till Dean gets back.

All five men spread out and make their way towards the avenue, searching as they go.



EXT. WOOD - LATER

Meticulously, Danny and Sarah continue to move crouched along the path.

Using a tree for cover, he looks back in the direction they have come, listening for any sound.

They are not being followed.

He takes her in his arms and holds her tightly. His voice is broken as he shakes with the cold.

DANNY

Sarah. Listen to me.

We have to get back ... back inside the house.

Her body jolts with the shock of this.

DANNY

The cold will get us out here. It's our only hope.

I have a chance of getting a gun ... and we have more places to hide.

I know it's not easy ... but we must do it.

SARAH

I've been praying to God ... all this time. And it's just getting worse and worse. He's not listening ...

He releases her and continues angrily.

DANNY

How do you think we made it out of there?

I never even held a gun before.

Do you think I was responsible for that?

Don't let me hear you say that again.

In apology, he dries her tears and holds her close.

DANNY (VO)

Without hope, you double your chances  
of failure.

It was important she hung on to the  
bit she had.

SARAH

I'm sorry.

He kisses her forehead and she acknowledges it.

Taking her hand, he leads her forward.

EXT. WOOD - LATER

Danny and Sarah reach the periphery of the wood that is in  
line with the corner of the stables and the hedge.

They can see the two rear windows of the Great Hall.

DANNY

Just follow me ... and do what I do.

SARAH

OK.

He checks in all directions and leads her crouched and  
running across the grass to the stables.

EXT. STABLES - NIGHT

The fugitives reach the corner of the end stable.

They stop and listen.

Hearing nothing, they move along the gable wall of the stable  
to the hedge.

EXT. HEDGE - NIGHT

From the corner of the stable, Danny peers into the yard. All is eerily quiet.

With Sarah in tow, he gets down on all fours and crawls on the ground, keeping the hedge between them and their pursuers.

EXT. MENHAM HALL, REAR - NIGHT

The fugitives reach the end of the hedge.

They crawl on to the pathway that surrounds the house and lie against the rear wall.

The shadow of the house keeps them in darkness.

There are windows at head height.

Danny is tempted but does not look inside.

DANNY (VO)

If I got inside here I'd have to make noise and probably get lost.

I had to get to the room I escaped from but I risked being seen.

I could only hope they left the window open.

Crawling beside the wall, they go to the east side corner of the house.

EXT. MENHAM HALL, EAST SIDE - NIGHT

Upon reaching the corner, Danny stops and peers around.

He can see his pursuers searching casually by the estate wall, moving slowly down the avenue.

Followed by Sarah, he crawls alongside the wall towards the window they exited from.

His attention is totally focused on the searchers.

Accidentally, his knee comes down on some broken glass and it cracks under his weight.

He freezes in shock.

The searchers did not hear.

DANNY (VO)  
I forgot about the damn glass.

He has reached his destination. He looks up at the shattered window above his head. It is open.

He slowly rises and looks inside.

The room is empty.

He carefully moves the larger pieces of broken glass on the sill to one side.

All his actions are now extremely difficult. He is within sight of his pursuers and his hands are numb.

He carefully lifts Sarah to the windowsill.

She grips the sash and climbs inside.

Holding the sill, he eases himself up.

His arms, weakened by the cold, do not take the strain and he slips to the ground.

EXT. ESTATE WALL - NIGHT

A blonde hears Danny's entry attempt and scans the surrounding area.

Danny again pulls himself up to the open window.

When the blonde's gaze reaches the house, Danny has managed to disappear inside.

INT. MENHAM HALL, DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah is sitting wide-eyed by the wall underneath the window of the drawing room with light coming through the open door from the corridor.

Shaking and panting, Danny sits beside her amid the broken glass and peers out at the searchers.

DANNY

Stay there.

He goes to the door, steps over Willard's body and looks into the corridor.

INT. MENHAM HALL, GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

From the drawing room, Danny's bloody and dirty face scans the brightly-lit corridor.

It is empty except for the body of the monk beside the door.

He rolls him over on his back. His gun is lying under his body on the floor where he dropped it.

Danny is relieved and puts the gun in his belt.

Quickly, he removes the monk's cassock and jacket and takes them into the drawing room.

INT. MENHAM HALL, DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

Danny puts on the dead man's jacket and cassock and puts the gun in his jacket pocket.

Something is already in the pocket. He withdraws car keys and alarm for a Volvo car.

He returns the car keys to his pocket.

He then goes to Willard and removes his purple cassock.

He takes a piece of glass from the floor and holds it with the end of his cassock.

He cuts off the bottom of Willard's cassock to shorten its length.

DANNY

Stay low ... come here ... and put  
this on.

Sarah crawls to him and he holds Willard's cassock open for her as she puts it on.

Danny covers his head with the hood, bends his knees against his chest and massages his body.

She imitates his behaviour as blood flows from her clenched, left fist.

He sees this and opens her hand, revealing a wound.

He sees the red cloth that Sarah discarded earlier, used as a gag on her mouth.

He wraps it around her hand and comforts her.

DANNY

You're very brave.

But we must get upstairs.

Gun in hand and followed by Sarah, he goes to the door, checks left and right and enters the corridor.

INT. MENHAM HALL, GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Before going upstairs, Danny looks through the open door of the nearby sitting room.

He sees the dead monk lying where Dean shot him.

INT. MENHAM HALL, SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Followed by Sarah, Danny enters the sitting room, goes to the dead monk and searches his pockets.

DANNY

Damn. No gun.

Holding Sarah's hand, he re-enters the corridor and goes to the staircase.

INT. MENHAM HALL, FIRST FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Nervously clutching his gun, Danny leads Sarah up the stairs to the first floor corridor.

It is carpeted and brightly lit with a statue in a wall alcove at either end.

He goes to the door directly above the sitting room.

He puts his ear to the door and listens before entering.

INT. MENHAM HALL, BEDROOM - NIGHT

The fugitives enter an imposing bedroom and close the door.

A large four-poster bed occupies a central position.

Pastoral paintings hang on the walls.

Danny goes to a window and peers out through the curtain.

Although the avenue and east side of the house are visible in the moonlight, the searchers cannot be seen.

He takes the quilt from the bed and they both sit by the window.

He puts the gun on the floor, wraps the quilt around them and puts his arm around Sarah.

Again they draw their knees close to their bodies and curl up to regain some body heat.

INT. MENHAM HALL, BEDROOM - LATER

Sarah is lying against Danny with her eyes closed. His eyes are wide and vigilant.

Although he clearly hates to do it, he wakens her from her slumber.

Painfully, she revives herself to the awful reality.

DANNY

Sarah.

You know ... if anything happens ...  
it's very important that they don't  
take us alive.

Do you understand that?

She does not reply and he does not demand it.

DANNY

OK. Watch this.

He takes the gun, activates the safety catch, points it at his head and demonstrates as he speaks.

DANNY

Hold the gun very tight.

Then squeeze the trigger gently.

Don't pull it ... or move the gun.

He removes the blood soaked cloth from her hand and drops it by the bed.

He wraps both her hands around the handle of the gun and allows her point it and feel its weight.

DANNY (VO)

I had to teach a child how to kill me  
and then herself.

Of course, I realised that, in all  
probability, it was me who would have  
to do it to her.



He explains and demonstrates and she, reluctantly, practices.

EXT. YARD - NIGHT

A blonde emerges from a stable.

With the cold irritating him, he shouts in all directions.

BLONDE

Hey, you ... We don't want you.

We just want the girl.

You can't leave here.

Talk to me.

When there is no response he walks towards the avenue, cursing to himself.

INT. MENHAM HALL, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Danny has heard the blonde's attempt at appeasing him.

Sarah appears concerned but he smiles reassuringly.

DANNY (VO)

On the plus side, we weren't seen entering the house ... we were warmer and we had a gun.

On the minus side, we were about to be killed any minute.

I needed a plan.

(pause)

But I didn't have time for that.

They hear the sound of a car and he looks out the window.

It's the Jaguar, returning.

DANNY (VO)

I thought it had to be the police or something.

Somebody was bound to have heard the shooting.

There had to be neighbours.

Somebody.

The blondes and a monk approach the car as it stops.

EXT. AVENUE - NIGHT

Frustrated, Dean gets out of the front passenger seat and opens the back door of the car.

Three large Dobermann pinscher dogs emerge from the leather upholstered car, Dean holding their leads.

The driver has his cassock removed and is wearing a padded jacket. MONTY is the short and overweight monk, about sixty years old. He relishes his servile position to obvious thugs.

Dean slams the door shut and Monty drives towards the yard.

Dean gives two leads to a blonde and points to a nearby bush.

DEAN

Tie them to that bush.

BLONDE

Are we not going to release them?

DEAN

I don't want them to get to him before I do.

The blonde ties two dogs to a bush as the other blonde presents Dean with Danny's shirt and Willard's gun.

BLONDE

He ran out of ammo ... and that's his shirt.

DEAN

Any sign of him?

BLONDE

*(shaking his head)* Nothing.

Dean contemptuously buttons his jacket in the cold air.

DEAN

Do you think he's still alive?

BLONDE

It's hard to imagine.

DEAN

Where's Neville and Page.

BLONDE

In the house. I told them to go in by the back and keep their eyes open.

Are Forbes and Weller still at the gate?

DEAN

Yeah.

Dean scans the surrounding wood and spits out his gum.

He presents the shirt to the dog who eagerly takes the scent.

DEAN

OK. Show me.

Following the blondes, Dean leads the furiously sniffing dog to the nearest trees.

The monk, a tall man in his late thirties takes up the rear.

INT. MENHAM HALL, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Danny gets to his feet, lifts Sarah to a standing position and takes his gun.

DANNY

We must get out of here.

He throws the quilt on the bed and goes to the door. She follows him.

He peers into the corridor and they depart the room.

INT. MENHAM HALL, STAIRCASE - NIGHT

The fugitives silently descend the stairs to the ground floor.

Danny is about to step into the corridor when he hears the footsteps and voices of two men.

He pins himself and Sarah against the wall.

INT. MENHAM HALL, GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Two monks are walking along the corridor en route to the Great Hall. Thinking the fugitives are outside, their guns are lowered and they talk freely.

Like the other monks, they speak with the natural arrogance of the ruling class.

MONK 1

Bloody Hell. What a life.

Napoleon's back, it's freezing and we've got to go out there again.

*(fake Scots accent)* We shud a said Hello! tae tha bottle a Scotch in yer bedroom.

MONK 2

Amen. Ah woodnay say Hoots! tae tha.

They snigger at their irreverence and poor Scots accents.

INT. MENHAM HALL, STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Danny covers his head with his cassock hood and indicates to Sarah to be still.

He casually descends the final step into the corridor.

INT. MENHAM HALL, GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

As Danny steps into the corridor before them, the startled monks freeze and raise their guns.

Danny waves in a friendly gesture and moves towards them, keeping his gun lowered and his head bowed to avoid detection.

MONK

Is that you, Ramsey?

DANNY

Yes.

Relieved, the monks lower their guns.

As they draw near, Danny realises the men approaching him can see that the dead man in the corridor now has his cassock and jacket removed.

Seeing their concern, he raises his head defiantly.

With surprise on his side, he shoots at both of them.

A shot hits a monk in the chest and he falls.

His other shot misses the second monk and he is able to return fire, unsuccessfully.

Danny's next shot hits the second monk in the stomach.

He falls, still holding his gun and trying to take aim.

Danny rushes at him and shoots him in the chest.

He drops his gun and writhes in agony, as the first monk painfully scrambles for his gun.

Now beside them, Danny shoots each of them in the head.

Seeing they are dead, he drops his gun, picks up both their guns, puts one in his jacket pocket and runs to the stairs.

INT. MENHAM HALL, STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Pinned against the wall at the foot of the stairs, Sarah's eyes are closed in dread. Danny grabs her by the hand.

DANNY

Come on.

She has no time to express her relief at seeing him alive as she runs with him to the elbow of the corridor.

He peers around and runs towards the Great Hall.

EXT. WOOD - NIGHT

Following the Dobermann, Dean, Monty, the blondes and a monk hear the gunshots.

Dean holds the dog steady, frantically looking around.

DEAN

Where did that come from?

BLONDE

From the house.

DEAN

Fuck. Let's go.

The dog is straining in the direction of Danny's scent.

Dean pulls him away aggressively and leads him towards the house. The others follow.

INT. MENHAM HALL, GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Danny and Sarah reach the broken door at the end of the corridor, the same door they exited from.

He peers into the Great Hall.

INT. MENHAM HALL, GREAT HALL - NIGHT

The fugitives enter the Great Hall.

It is empty, except for the dead bodies of Sutra on the table and Jessica on the floor.

Sarah is overcome and holds her hand over her mouth.

Danny sees his jacket lying on the floor.

EXT. MENHAM HALL, EAST SIDE - NIGHT

The dog leads the pursuers along the pathway on the east side of the house.

The dog has picked up Danny's scent when he was re-entering the house.

As they pass the drawing room window, the dog strains upward following the scent.

Not recognising its significance, Dean contemptuously pulls the dog along.

DEAN

I know. I know. He escaped from there.

They continue round the corner of the house towards the front door.

INT. MENHAM HALL, GREAT HALL - NIGHT

Danny holds Sarah's hand and leads her to the black effigy of the Rottweiler's head.

He goes behind it and lifts up the bottom of the velvet material that goes fully to the floor.

Inside is a wooden structure that supports the effigy.

The sound of the violently-barking Dobermann resonates throughout the house.

DANNY

We'll hide in here.

They enter the effigy, the cloth falling down behind them.

INT. MENHAM HALL, RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT

Dean, the blondes, Monty and the monk have entered the reception area with guns at the ready.

Excited by his surroundings and his irate handler, the dog barks wildly.

DEAN

Shut up, you bloody mongrel.

Dean holds the sniffing dog steady as they go towards the gothic entrance to the Great Hall.

Reaching it, the dog strains in the direction of the corridor to the right.

The men follow the dog's lead.



INT. MENHAM HALL, GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The dog leads the men around the corridor elbow.

The two dead monks, Neville and Page, lie on the floor.

Speechless, a blonde points to them.

DEAN

I can see.

They approach the two dead men checking the staircase, drawing room and sitting room as they go.

Indicating the dead monk with cassock and jacket removed, Dean addresses his men.

DEAN

Right. So the bastard looks like one of us now.

The dog eagerly strains towards the drawing room, the sitting room, further along the corridor and up and down the stairs. It is confused by the different directions that Danny took at that point, that night.

DEAN

I'll bet he's gone up.

A blonde nervously points further along the corridor, the most recent direction that Danny took.

BLONDE

The dog thinks he went that way.

DEAN

He didn't.

To clarify his point, Dean indicates the reverse direction.

DEAN

He came this way.

He's picking up the old scent.

They look at Monty, who owns the dog.

Afraid to commit himself, he looks away.

Dean takes this as an indication that Monty favours following the dog's lead.

DEAN

OK. OK. We'll follow the dog.

The dog leads them to the corridor elbow and turns in the direction of the Great Hall.

INT. MENHAM HALL, INSIDE EFFIGY - NIGHT

Crouched inside the effigy, Danny holds Sarah close, his gun at the ready.

They can hear the sound of approaching footsteps and the dog's excited barking.

Her terrified breathing is audible.

DANNY

Sarah. Close your eyes tight and take long, silent breaths.

Our lives depend on it.

She does as he says, as best she can.

He releases his hold on her and takes the other gun from his jacket pocket.

He can see the door through a chink in the material.

With both guns levelled, he gets ready.

INT. MENHAM HALL, GREAT HALL - NIGHT

The dog leads the pursuers into the Great Hall.

Primed for action, they scan the room, bowing to the effigy and the portrait of Lucifer.

The dog strains towards Danny's discarded jacket.

DEAN

I know. That's his jacket.

The dog is pulled violently away from the jacket and it goes towards the effigy, barking wildly.

The men approach apprehensively as the snarling Dobermann strains madly to get to their revered Rottweiler effigy.

They cannot see the fugitives hidden inside.

INT. MENHAM HALL, INSIDE EFFIGY - NIGHT

Wide-eyed, Danny's tightens his grip on the guns.

Sarah continues to breathe slowly with her eyes closed.

INT. MENHAM HALL, GREAT HALL - NIGHT

Dean is perplexed. His mouth twitches uncontrollably, as it appears the dog is trying to attack the effigy.

He violently pulls the dog aside.

DEAN

Bloody mongrel.

He turns to Monty and speaks through clenched teeth.

DEAN

I thought you said he was well  
trained.

Monty is too intimidated to reply. Dean's rage is mounting.

DEAN

I knew he was following the old  
scent ... and now he wants to attack  
the sacred ...

(pause)

Take your car and go to the gate.

Tell Forbes and Weller to get here.

And stay down there yourself.

Insulted, Monty hurries off as Dean addresses the blondes and  
the monk.

DEAN

Let's get upstairs.

Dean leads them back to the corridor. The dog is again  
following Danny's scent.

INT. MENHAM HALL, INSIDE EFFIGY - NIGHT

Exhausted with tension, Danny and Sarah hear their pursuers  
retreat back along the corridor.

DANNY

You did very well, Sarah.

(pause)

We'll wait here a while.

He puts a gun back in his jacket pocket and they both sit.

INT. MENHAM HALL, GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The dog leads the pursuers to the staircase, again confused  
by the different directions the scent takes.

The dog strains upstairs, as this scent is the most recent.

DEAN

Told you he went this way.

Cautiously, they ascend the stairs, guns at the ready.

INT. MENHAM HALL, FIRST FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The pursuers reach the first floor corridor.

The dog leads them to the nearby bedroom door where the fugitives had taken refuge.

They enter carefully.

INT. MENHAM HALL, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sniffing furiously, the dog goes to the window where the fugitives sat.

A blonde opens the wardrobe doors and the monk picks up the blood-soaked bandage discarded by the fugitives. It is Sarah's blood but Dean believes otherwise.

DEAN

He's hit.

Relieved at this, Dean pulls the dog away from the window and takes him into the corridor again.

INT. MENHAM HALL, FIRST FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Once in the corridor, to the pursuer's dismay, the dog leads them back to the staircase.

Dean is furious when the dog begins descending the stairs.

DEAN

Bloody stupid dog.

Without releasing the lead, he kicks the dog.

The blondes are shocked at this display of brutality.

The dog growls but continues down the staircase with the pursuers in tow.

INT. MENHAM HALL, GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

They return to the ground floor corridor where the dog is again confused by the direction of the scent.

Loosing his patience, Dean pulls the dog into the drawing room.

INT. MENHAM HALL, DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

With the dog sniffing furiously, Dean leads him to the open window, picks him up and throws him outside.

DEAN  
Fucking useless dog.

Although upset by this, the other pursuers remain silent.

Dean points to the blondes in turn.

DEAN  
You and me. We'll go to the floors  
above.  
  
You stay on this level with Forbes and  
Weller.

Dean and the monk exit.

The blondes turn to each other as if seeing each other for the first time. They are reluctant to separate, as though a great calamity has befallen them.

They hear the footsteps of men approaching the house.

BLONDE 1  
That'll be Forbes and Weller.

BLONDE 2

Be careful. Keep your eyes open.

BLONDE 1

You too.

The blondes close both fists and rub them together in clearly a familiar bonding ritual.

They exit the room. One goes upstairs with Dean and the other turns towards the reception area.

INT. MENHAM HALL, ENTRANCE TO GREAT HALL - NIGHT

Two hooded monks approach the entrance to the Great Hall, glad to be inside from the cold.

The blonde meets them, coming from the east corridor to their right.

MONK

Monty told us what happened.

The blonde indicates to them to speak quietly and points to the west.

BLONDE

You two go that way. Stay on this level.

MONK

We saw the dog running loose out there.

BLONDE

Yeah. Dean figured he was useless.

As the monks depart, the blonde mutters to himself.

BLONDE

But I'll bet my last shilling that dog was smarter than Dean.

The blonde briefly considers the doorway to the Great Hall, then goes back along the corridor to the east.

INT. MENHAM HALL, GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The blonde goes to the staircase and descends.

INT. MENHAM HALL, CELLAR STAIRCASE - NIGHT

At the bottom of the staircase, the blonde reaches the door leading to the cellar corridor and opens it carefully.

A short length of thread positioned against the closed door falls to the floor, indicating that the door had not been opened since it was placed there.

Satisfied, he repositions the thread against the jamb and returns upstairs.

INT. MENHAM HALL, GREAT HALL - NIGHT

Danny and Sarah cautiously emerge from the effigy.

They make their way to the main entrance of the Great Hall.

INT. MENHAM HALL, FIRST FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Dean, the blonde and the monk move stealthily along the first floor corridor with guns in hand, checking each room as they go.

INT. MENHAM HALL, GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The two monks check the rooms on the ground floor on the west side of the house, primed for action.

INT. MENHAM HALL, ENTRANCE TO GREAT HALL - NIGHT

The lone blonde has made his way silently along the corridor and stops at the heavy entrance door to the Great Hall.

He reaches for the door handle.



INT. MENHAM HALL, GREAT HALL - NIGHT

Inside the Great Hall, Danny and Sarah have reached the heavy entrance door.

He bends down and attempts to look through the keyhole.

At that moment, the door is opened by the blonde.

It hits Danny in the face and knocks him over. He drops his gun.

She gasps, immobile with fear.

The blonde jumps into the room and reacts quickly by kicking Danny's gun away from him.

In desperation, Danny withdraws the other gun from his jacket pocket but the blonde kicks it from his grasp.

The blonde pushes the barrel of his Browning against Danny's forehead.

BLONDE

Don't move a fucking muscle.

(to Sarah)

And that goes for you too.

Both of you ... lie flat.

Sarah and Danny lie on the floor. The blonde stands over his panting helpless victims, smirking with satisfaction.

Danny glances at the nearest gun, too distant to attempt getting to it.

BLONDE

Forget it.

DANNY

You're a real big man with that gun in your hand.

The blonde's pride is hurt.

He walks backward to Danny's guns and lays his own gun on the floor beside them.

Positioned between the fugitives and the guns, he taunts.

BLONDE

So, do you wanna head butt me again?

Come on, let's see you do it.

On your feet.

Danny jumps to his feet and adopts a fighter's stance as they approach each other, fists raised.

Unlike Danny, the blonde is a trained fighter. He weaves his powerful body, ready to strike.

He shrugs his left shoulder, pretending to throw a punch.

Danny recoils in anticipation, to the blonde's delight.

BLONDE

That's not it ... not yet.

Again the blonde pretends to throw a punch and again Danny recoils, his frustration mounting as the blonde's confidence grows.

Suddenly, Danny jabs with his right and it lands squarely on the blonde's face.

His head is jerked backward, allowing Danny smash a powerful left into the middle of his face.

More surprised by the southpaw action than hurt by it, the blonde falls to the floor.

Danny dashes to get to the guns but the blonde trips him.

He falls heavily on the floor and scrambles to get to the nearest gun.

The blonde grabs his leg and holds him.

Danny's determination takes him the extra few feet to the nearest gun. It is the blonde's Browning.

He grabs it, turns and shoots the blonde in the head.

The blonde dies, staring at Danny and holding his leg.

Danny stares back at him, panting.

INT. MENHAM HALL, SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Dean, the blonde and the monk stand beside a door in the second floor corridor.

The blonde slowly turns the door handle and is about to enter when they hear the gunshot.

Dean jumps back, unsure where the shot came from.

The blonde puts his hands to his head as if in great pain and releases a pitiful whining cry.

DEAN

What's going on?

MONK

It came from downstairs.

DEAN

Let's go

Dean and the monk begin running along the corridor.

Dean looks back to see the blonde staggering in despair and holding his head as if he has been mortally wounded.

DEAN

What's wrong with you?

The blonde is unable to reply.

DEAN

Come on.

Dean continues running and the blonde laboriously follows.

INT. MENHAM HALL, GREAT HALL - NIGHT

With the Browning still in hand, Danny puts another gun in his jacket pocket and goes to the open entrance door.

He hears the footsteps of the two monks on the ground floor corridor coming running from the west side.

INT. MENHAM HALL, GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Guns at the ready, the two monks approach the Great Hall.

INT. MENHAM HALL, GREAT HALL - NIGHT

Standing just inside the open entrance door with Sarah pressed against the wall behind him, Danny listens to the approaching footsteps.

He waits until they are close, grips the gun with both hands and steps into the monks' path.

INT. MENHAM HALL, ENTRANCE TO GREAT HALL - NIGHT

The shocked monks try to stop and steady themselves as Danny appears before them.

One shoots and hits the ceiling.

Danny shoots and hits one in the chest and he falls.

The other manages to return fire and hits Danny in the thigh.

He falls to the floor and fires in response, hitting the monk in the stomach.

Both monks are on the ground, in agony.

Danny struggles to his feet, shooting at them until the gun is empty and the men have stopped moving.

He stumbles into the Great Hall, struggling with his wounded thigh.

INT. MENHAM HALL, STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Dean and the monk descend the stairs until they reach the first floor corridor and continue downstairs.

INT. MENHAM HALL, GREAT HALL - NIGHT

Sarah stands inside the door with her hand in her mouth, panting.

In pain, Danny drops the Browning and picks up the other gun from the floor.

DANNY

Quick Sarah.

She is again overwhelmed to see him alive and again with no time to express it.

Looking out the door, he glances to the east and west corridors.

He takes her hand and shuffles across the reception area to the front door.

He opens the door, bundles her outside, and closes it gently behind him.

EXT. MENHAM HALL, FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

In the strong moonlight, Danny and Sarah descend the front steps.

She turns to her left, going towards the avenue, but he grasps her arm.

DANNY

The other way.

Stunned that the avenue is still not an option, she follows his lead.

Quietly, they move crouched towards the west corner of the house.

INT. MENHAM HALL, GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Dean and the monk reach the bottom of the stairs on the ground floor.

Carefully, they go toward the elbow in the corridor.

EXT. MENHAM HALL, FRONT CORNER OF WEST SIDE - NIGHT

Danny and Sarah reach the corner of the west side of the house.

The coast is clear.

They go towards the rear corner of the house.

INT. MENHAM HALL, GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Dean and the monk go towards the entrance to the Great Hall.

They are shocked to see their two fallen comrades.

Suddenly, from behind them, the blonde comes running along the corridor. He has abandoned all caution and is holding his Browning outstretched before him.

He runs past Dean and the monk.

DEAN

Watch out.

Trance-like, the blonde ignores him and continues running.

EXT. MENHAM HALL, REAR CORNER OF WEST SIDE - NIGHT

At the rear corner of the house, Danny and Sarah observe the quiet hedge, yard and stables.

DANNY

We must get to the stables.

He does not wait for her question. He leads her along the rear of the house to the stable.

INT. MENHAM HALL, ENTRANCE TO GREAT HALL - NIGHT

The blonde approaches the entrance to the Great Hall

Ignoring his own safety, he steps over the bodies of the two fallen monks.

He looks through the open doorway of the Great Hall.

He sees his twin lying motionless on the floor.

A high-pitched whine, like a dog, issues from him as Dean and the monk approach.

INT. MENHAM HALL, GREAT HALL - NIGHT

The blonde enters the Great Hall staring at his twin, unconcerned by any danger that may exist there.

He falls to the floor beside him.

Without checking for signs of life, he holds his head in his hands, puts his face against his and whines bitterly.

EXT. CORNER OF STABLES - NIGHT

The fugitives reach the corner of the stable.

With his hand pressed against his wounded thigh, Danny observes the yard.

The Transit van and the car are still parked as they were.

The old stables have been modernised, fitted with garage doors. The doors are open and all is quiet.

INT. MENHAM HALL, GREAT HALL - NIGHT

From the doorway, Dean and the monk look inside the Great Hall.

Intending the blonde to hear, Dean addresses the monk.

DEAN

We must keep moving.

The blonde jumps to his feet and approaches Dean, seething with rage.

BLONDE

I told you we shouldn't have taken him.

We should've killed him straight away.

DEAN

*(fearfully)* There's no use talking about that now. We must go on.

The blonde moves towards him.

The monk steps nervously between them.

MONK

Wait. We need to stick together.

DEAN

We ... we'll release the other dogs.

We have to get the bastard.

A tense hesitation.

The blonde turns again to look at his fallen twin.

Again he whines like a dog.

EXT. CORNER OF STABLES - NIGHT

Satisfied that the coast is clear, Danny turns to Sarah.

DANNY

OK. I must get a car.

I can't move fast and we need protection from the dogs.

Now ... be ready to run to me, OK.



Before she has time to speak, he takes the gun from his jacket pocket and gives it to her.

DANNY

If anything happens to me ... you know what to do.

She winces at this dreadful thought. He is forceful.

DANNY

Do you hear me?

SARAH

Yeah.

He goes to the nearest open stable door and enters.

INT. MENHAM HALL, ENTRANCE TO GREAT HALL - NIGHT

Dean and the monk are bristling with tension.

Behind them, the blonde emerges silent and stooped.

Unlike his colleagues, he holds his gun loosely by his side.

INT. STABLE - NIGHT

Danny is in the stable surrounded by the various artefacts for the upkeep of the gardens, lawns and woodland.

There are two pristine cars, a Rover and an Audi.

Disappointed, he takes the car keys from his jacket pocket and confirms that the key is for a Volvo.

DANNY

Shit.

He puts the keys in his pocket, checks the yard and exits.

INT. MENHAM HALL, ENTRANCE TO GREAT HALL - NIGHT

Dean and the monk check their guns for ammunition.

DEAN

Let's get the dogs.

As they go towards the reception area, the blonde glances back into the Great Hall, his grief overpowering him.

INT. YARD - NIGHT

As Danny is about to enter the next stable he hears the low growl of a dog, behind him.

He turns to see the Dobermann that had been on his scent, coming across the yard towards him ready to strike.

Raising the hood of his cassock over his head for disguise, he desperately tries to silence it.

DANNY

Shhhh. Easy boy. Easy.

Unconcerned, it advances growling and snarling.

Danny is forced to shoot. Mortally wounded, the dog falls whining as Danny dashes inside the stable.

INT. MENHAM HALL, RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT

Dean, the blonde and the monk hear the shot. The monk points towards the rear of the house.

MONK

It was back outside.

All three rush to the front door and exit.

INT. STABLE - NIGHT

With detection imminent, Danny frantically surveys the stable. Again, two cars are inside.

Both are Volvos, an S70 and an older 850.

He takes the car keys from his pocket and presses the alarm button at the S70.

Nothing happens. Panting with anxiety, he presses the alarm button at the 850.

It works. The indicators flash and the doors unlock.

He opens the car door, gets inside and turns the key in the ignition.

The engine roars into life.

He revs it, jumps out and goes to the stable door.

EXT. MENHAM HALL, FRONT DOOR STEPS - NIGHT

The three pursuers reach the bottom of the steps at the front door. The blonde runs to the east side corner.

Dean grabs the monk by the arm and points to the west side.

DEAN

Go that way.

Obediently, the monk runs towards the west side corner as Dean follows the blonde.

EXT. YARD - NIGHT

With the engine running, Danny pushes the stable door fully open and calls.

DANNY

Sarah. Quick!

Carrying her gun, she runs to the stable.

A shot narrowly misses him and he jumps inside.

Dean runs from the rear corner of the house to the nearest stable and falls to the ground.

Danny returns fire.

The blonde is about to run across the yard towards Danny.

DEAN

Stay there.

Dean's shout brings him to his senses.

He takes up position at the rear corner of the house.

Both men now guard both sides of the only exit from the yard.

INT. STABLE - NIGHT

Danny gets into the driver's seat. Sarah is about to get into the front passenger seat.

DANNY

Get in the back and lie on the floor.

She does as he says as he opens the driver's window.

He switches on the headlights to full beam and drives quickly out of the stable.

EXT. YARD - NIGHT

The Volvo emerges into the yard and comes to a screeching stop, with the parked Transit van and the BMW now positioned between him and the pursuers.

The blonde prepares to fire but Dean cautions him.

DEAN

There's no hurry. Wait till he's near.

Both men hold their fire and watch the car.

EXT. MENHAM HALL, REAR - NIGHT

The monk moves stealthily from the west side in the shadow of the rear of the house, closely watching the car also.

EXT. YARD - NIGHT

Suddenly, Danny takes off at speed.

Instead of going left towards Dean and the blonde, he goes right.

By mounting the pathway surrounding the house, there is just enough space for the car to pass between the hedge and the house.

Danny does this, scraping the car against the house and hedge.

Dean and the blonde rush into the yard and open fire, shattering the rear window of the car.

EXT. MENHAM HOUSE, REAR - NIGHT

The monk is caught in the full glare of the headlights with the Volvo bearing down on him.

Terrified, he fires, harmlessly hitting the car.

He manages to jump clear of the oncoming car but Danny shoots him in the chest as he passes him at close range.

As the monk falls, Danny drives at full rev along the rear of the house.

On reaching the corner, he continues into the lawn and around the west side.

EXT. YARD - NIGHT

As the Volvo disappears from view, Dean recovers his breath.

DEAN

Fuck.

Dean and the blonde run back along the east side.

EXT. FRONT LAWN - NIGHT

The Volvo is driving on the grass with the tyres digging up the topsoil.

It moves in a circular movement farther away from the house and heading towards the avenue.

EXT. MENHAM HALL, EAST SIDE FRONT CORNER - NIGHT

Dean and the blonde arrive at the front corner of the house.

They run into the lawn, take aim at the car and fire.

Tied to the nearby bush, the two dogs bark and howl.

INT. VOLVO - NIGHT

A shot pierces the car door and hits Sarah in the leg. She holds her hand across her mouth and remains silent.

Danny weaves the car to make it a more difficult target.

Another shot penetrates the windscreen, missing the occupants.

He struggles to control the car, swings it around to face the house and stops.

With the headlights illuminating Dean and the blonde, he leans his gun out the open window and shoots.

EXT. FRONT LAWN - NIGHT

As Dean and the blonde prepare to fire, Danny's shot strikes the ground beside them.

Realising his exposure, Dean runs to the safety of the corner of the house and shouts to the blonde.

DEAN

Get back.

The blonde ignores him. Standing rigid, and fires.

INT. VOLVO - NIGHT

The blonde's shot shatters the rear door window, the flying glass hitting the occupants.

Surrounded by broken glass, Sarah lies on the floor of the back seat silently clutching her injured leg.

Danny takes off rapidly.

EXT. FRONT LAWN - NIGHT

As the Volvo heads for the avenue, the blonde aims carefully but his shot misses its target.

Danny reaches the avenue, swings the car facing it away from the house and speeds off.

Frustrated, the blonde shoots again.

The bullet hits the car and it veers off the avenue.

The car rejoins the avenue again and continues onward.

The dogs continue to howl.

INT. VOLVO - NIGHT

Danny squints as the cold air blows in his face.

He glances over his shoulder.

DANNY

Are you all right?

Sarah lies on the floor holding her leg, blood oozing through her fingers, unnoticed by Danny.

SARAH

Yeah.

DANNY

Good. Stay down.

With fierce determination, he proceeds onward.

EXT. AVENUE - NIGHT

Coming from the yard in his BMW, Dean stops beside the blonde who still stands rigid, staring down the avenue.

DEAN

Quick. Get in.

The blonde gets into the front passenger seat and they take off in pursuit.

EXT. AVENUE - NIGHT

The Volvo speeds further along the avenue that is now closed on both sides by trees and bushes.

INT. BMW - NIGHT

The blonde takes ammunition from his jacket pocket and reloads his gun.



INT. VOLVO - NIGHT

About thirty yards in front of the large, closed gates and parked broadside on the avenue is Monty's Jaguar car.

It is blocking Danny.

Using the car for cover, Monty's head and an outstretched arm holding his gun can be seen on the bonnet.

DANNY

Shit. I forgot about this one.

Sarah does not dare witness the object of his frustration.

Danny stops about thirty yards distant from Monty and crouches down.

MONTY

Get out of the car with your hands up.

Because of the close proximity of the trees, it is impossible to drive around Monty's car.

He observes the dense wood beside him.

He reaches for his gun and goes to open his door.

Hearing the sound of Dean's car and seeing its headlights approaching from behind, he tells Sarah.

DANNY

Get ready. There's going to be a crash.

From his window, he fires at Monty who ducks for cover.

He grips the wheel tightly, drives at full rev at the Jaguar and lowers his head below the dashboard for cover.

EXT. AVENUE - NIGHT

Monty rises and fires at the rapidly approaching car.

INT. VOLVO - NIGHT

Monty's shot penetrates the front windscreen and hits the driver's seat above Danny's crouched head.

EXT. AVENUE - NIGHT

Danny rises from his crouched position in time for the crash.

Monty dives to his left as the Volvo smashes into his car.

The Jaguar is bounced against a tree which prevents Monty from getting crushed.

The Volvo collides against a tree on the other side of the avenue and stops.

INT. VOLVO - NIGHT

Danny sees Monty getting to his feet and using his car for cover.

The BMW arrives and screeches to a stop.

Danny desperately finds reverse gear.

EXT. AVENUE - NIGHT

Danny reverses the Volvo into the Jaguar, causing Monty to stumble again.

He takes off at full rev, driving at the closed gates.

The blonde jumps from the BMW and takes careful aim.

INT. VOLVO - NIGHT

Gripping the wheel tightly, Danny accelerates powerfully towards the gates.

DANNY  
Hold real tight.

The blonde fires.

The bullet enters the car through the rear windscreen, penetrates the driver's seat and hits Danny in the lower back.

He slumps forward without loosing control of the wheel.

EXT. GATES - NIGHT

The Volvo smashes into the gates.

The momentum of the car allows it to crash through.

EXT. OUTSIDE GATES - NIGHT

Badly damaged, the Volvo grinds over the gravelled area in front of the gates and comes to a stop with the right, front wheel in a shallow drain beside the narrow public road.

INT. VOLVO - NIGHT

Danny is slumped down amid the glass on his passenger seat.

Clutching his body, his breathing is very laboured.

Sarah looks at him through the divide between the two front seats.

SARAH  
Oh my God.

Struggling for life, he coughs up blood.

EXT. GATES - NIGHT

Running, Dean and the blonde reach the broken gates. Monty limps behind them.

BLONDE

I know I hit him.

Dean looks up and down the public road. Everything is quiet.

DEAN

We need to get that damned car back.

They step over the fallen gate and spread out. With Dean and the blonde on either side of Monty, they approach the Volvo.

INT. VOLVO - NIGHT

Barely conscious, Danny takes his gun and points it at Sarah's head.

She looks at him without protest.

DANNY

I'm hit bad, Sarah. I'm sorry.

She remains silent, closes her eyes and prepares to die.

He is unable to do it.

Struggling desperately, he pushes himself up and peers out through the shattered rear windscreen.

The pursuers are approaching, watching for signs of life from the car.

Danny rests his shaking hand on the top of his seat and prepares to shoot.

Seeing him, Dean and the blonde fall to the ground and fire, harmlessly hitting the rear of the car.

Because he is hurt, Monty is slower to react and Danny has time to shoot at him.

EXT. OUTSIDE GATES - NIGHT

Monty is hit in the chest and falls dead.

The blonde returns fire but misses.

Dean indicates to the blonde to stop shooting.

Silence.

Watching for their target to re-appear, they get to their feet and slowly approach the car.

INT. VOLVO - NIGHT

Getting weaker from loss of blood, Danny opens the driver's door.

EXT. OUTSIDE GATES - NIGHT

Danny slides from his seat into the drain by the side of the road.

Using his elbows, he crawls in agony to the rear of the car.

Dean and the blonde see him.

Now exposed on the open road, Dean crouches low but the blonde remains erect and defiant.

They quickly aim and fire.

Because of the cover that the drain provides, their shots narrowly miss.

Using the bank of the drain to steady his arms, Danny manages to shoot the rigid blonde in the chest.

He falls dead with a look of relief on his face.

Dean's next shot hits Danny on the left shoulder. He recoils, but retains his position.

Dean runs closer to get a better shot.

With Dean now at close range, Danny pulls his trigger.

The gun does not fire. He is out of ammunition.

Dean finally realises victory and walks to his victim.

DEAN

Die ... you fucking bastard.

Helpless, Danny's gun drops from his hand.

He closes his eyes and lets his head fall.

INT. VOLVO - NIGHT

Sarah is kneeling on the glass-strewn back seat of the car.

Her gun is pointing out the shattered rear windscreen at Dean.

He is standing beside the car but oblivious of her because of her dark skin and clothes and his focus on Danny.

She is using the top of the back seat as a support for her arms and holds the gun tightly in her small hands, now very slippery with blood.

Shaking violently, she squeezes the trigger.

The gun fires and she is thrown backward, loosing the gun as she does.

EXT. OUTSIDE GATES - NIGHT

Sarah's shot hits Dean.

He drops his gun and falls screaming, clutching his side.

INT. VOLVO - NIGHT

Frantically, Sarah regains her kneeling position and retrieves the gun.

She adopts the same firing position as before, but she cannot see her target as he is now lying on the road.

She pulls at the door handle, forces it open and jumps outside.

EXT. OUTSIDE GATES - NIGHT

Writhing in agony on the ground, Dean tries to retrieve his gun that is behind him and temporarily obscured from his view.

Still conscious, Danny outstretches his arm, indicating to Sarah to give him the gun.

She sees the state he is in and ignores this.

She moves closer to Dean, struggling to grip the handle of the gun in her wet, shaking hands.

Dean locates his gun and quickly turns to shoot her.

She manages to shoot first and hits him in the chest.

He drops his gun and falls backward, dead.

She rushes to Danny and cradles his head.

Unable to stay conscious, he speaks in a whisper.

DANNY  
Looks like ... you saved my life.

Danny closes his eyes and expires. Sarah's emotional dam bursts.

SARAH

Don't die. Please don't die.

Distraught, alone and helpless in the moonlight, she holds his head swaying back and forth.

The dogs tied to the bush at Menham Hall can be heard howling in the distance.

She looks along the public roads ...

Then up to the treetops ...

And further up into the star-filled sky ...

Crying bitterly for all of Heaven and Earth to hear.

EXT. OUTSIDE GATES - LATER

Sarah remains holding Danny's head in her lap beside the wrecked Volvo car. Emotionally drained, she sobs quietly.

Suddenly, she hears the sound of an approaching car.

She grabs her gun, holds her breath and points it at the broken gates.

The car does not come from that direction.

The blazing headlights of a Toyota Corolla appear over a nearby rise on the public road.

She does not slacken her grip on the gun.

The car slows to a halt beside her.

A young man emerges, staggered by the enormity of what confronts him.



He sees her gun and freezes.

When she drops her gun he approaches, carefully.

MAN

What ... what happened?

She is unable to reply.

He observes the gates and the bodies of the men on the road.

MAN

My God.

He extends a hand towards her but she just stares at him.

He looks at Danny.

MAN

Is he alive?

She lowers her head without replying.

Checking for a pulse, he holds Danny's wrist and neck.

Without comment, he quickly goes to Dean, the blonde and Monty, checking for signs of life.

He finds a mobile phone in his jacket pocket and dials.

MAN

Quickly. There's been a very bad accident. Send a few ambulances and the police.

Menham Hall. Yes, Menham Hall.

About five miles from Wroxley going towards Hillington ...

Yes. Quickly.

There's three dead and two alive.

On hearing this last comment, Sarah is aroused from her shocked state.

Anxiously, she grabs her gun and looks at Dean, the blonde and Monty.

The man opens his car boot, takes out a blanket and hurries to her.

He wraps the blanket around Danny and covers her also.

SARAH

Is ... is he alive?

Surprised that she can speak, he feels for Danny's pulse again and puts his cheek to his mouth.

He struggles for the right words.

MAN

Is ... is he your father?

SARAH

No.

MAN

He's alive ... but ... I don't know if  
he'll make it.

Clinging to this lifeline, she tightens her hold on Danny.

SARAH

Please ... don't die. Don't die.

The man tries to comfort her as he mutters consoling words.

DANNY (VO)

My spleen was hit. And they say it was  
the way she was holding me that  
stopped me bleeding to death.

The eerie silence is broken by Sarah's tragic whining which echo the distant howls of the dogs.

EXT. OUTSIDE GATES - LATER

Sarah holds Danny's head on her lap as the man comforts her.

Suddenly, the roar of vehicles and Sarah startles.

Two police cars arrive and screech to a halt beside them.

A male and female officer emerges from one car and two male officers emerge from the other. The man approaches them.

MAN

There's three dead.

POLICEMAN

What happened?

MAN

I was just driving past. I can't understand what she's saying. She's very upset.

The male and female officers go to Sarah and Danny and the two male officers go to the others.

An ambulance arrives from the same direction.

EXT. OUTSIDE GATES - LATER

Two medics are carrying Danny into an ambulance. He is unconscious, lying on a stretcher with a blood plasma drip in his arm, his wounds temporarily dressed and bandaged.

Sarah's leg is also bandaged and the policewoman is holding her close, trying to console and restrain her.

When Danny is inside Sarah breaks free and tries to get to the ambulance door.

SARAH

I must go with him.

The policewoman regains her hold on Sarah.

POLICEWOMAN

But you'll see him in hospital.

SARAH

*(despairing)* No ...

The policewoman looks to her male colleague who looks at the medic.

The medic shrugs his shoulders.

The policewoman releases Sarah and the medic helps her aboard.

The policewoman climbs aboard also.

The medic closes the door, rushes to the driver's seat and the ambulance takes off quickly.

The policeman gets into his car and follows the ambulance as medics from another ambulance stand with police over the bodies of Dean, Monty and the blonde.

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Inside the speeding ambulance, Danny lies on his back attached to a drip with a medic in close attendance.

Sarah is distraught, sitting beside Danny.

The policewoman sits opposite.

As the ambulance rounds a bend it shakes the occupants.

Danny regains consciousness and tries to open his eyes.

SARAH

He's alive.

Danny's breathing is tortuous as he struggles for survival.

The medic holds an inhaling mask to his face.

MEDIC

Easy, sir. You'll soon be in hospital.

The pain subsides a little.

The policewoman leans her plain-looking face towards him.

POLICEWOMAN

Just a few more minutes, sir. Please hold on.

Danny squints through hazy eyes at her.

DANNY (VO)  
I will always remember that face.

That beautiful, human face.

He closes his eyes again to the concern of all.

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The ambulance stops at a hospital entrance, followed by the police car.

Immediately, doctors, nurses and orderlies swarm around.

They open the rear doors and the policewoman helps Sarah out.

An orderly sits her in a wheelchair as a doctor and nurse enters the ambulance.

The doctor in charge turns to the policewoman.

DOCTOR  
Do you want to go with her?

POLICEWOMAN  
Yes. I need to talk to her.

The doctor nods his approval and enters the ambulance.

INT. HOSPITAL, INTENSIVE CARE WARD - MORNING

Danny opens his eyes.

He is lying in a bed in an intensive care ward, attached to drips and an ECG machine.

His breathing is steady and his pain is controlled.

He scans the ward with heavy eyes.

DANNY (VO)  
Everything was so ... so white.  
So clean and lovely.

A nurse hurriedly approaches, delighted to see him move.  
She addresses her colleagues.

NURSE  
He's awake.

A doctor and another nurse approach his bed in reverential awe of the man who is already a celebrity hero.

INT. HOSPITAL, INTENSIVE CARE WARD - LATER

Sarah is wrapped in a blanket and being pushed in a wheelchair by an orderly. A nurse leads her along the intensive care ward.

At the door, beside the policewoman, Sarah's parents watch her lovingly.

When they reach Danny's bed, the nurse has to restrain her enthusiasm.

NURSE  
Remember what we said. Just one word.

SARAH  
OK. I promise.

On hearing her voice, Danny opens his eyes, smiles and moves his arm out from under the bedclothes.

She squeezes his hand, unable to contain her tears.

SARAH  
Thanks.

He nods his head in recognition. She attempts to say something else but the nurse intervenes.

She tucks Danny's arm back under the bedclothes.

Sarah is wheeled off looking back at him.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - EVENING

*(The voice-overs (VO) to this point have been the answers given by Danny to the questions being asked by a television talk show host.)*

Danny is being interviewed in a television studio.

NIGEL is a serious, experienced presenter wearing a suitably shocked face and sober suit. He is leaning forward empathetically towards Danny.

Danny is casual in dress and manner.

The studio audience is overcome by what they have heard.

DANNY

And that was it, I suppose.

(pause)

I was transferred for more surgery and  
... I was OK.

Nigel leans back, stretches his arms and exhales as if physically exhausted.

NIGEL

And the monk ... that survived ... was  
able to help the police.

DANNY

Yeah. I'm glad they didn't have to  
take just our word for it.

But it's a pity he survived.

NIGEL

And they're finding more bodies there  
for the past few months ... mainly  
children.

DANNY

That's right.

In a fatherly way, Nigel attempts to reassure his audience.

NIGEL

It's hard to believe ... in this day and age ... so close to the capital.

And to think the house was not remarkable in any way ... before that. I mean, apart from their taste in colour.

People called it the Red House.

DANNY

So I'm told.

NIGEL

And Willard and Jessica were supposed to be just eccentric gentry ... nothing more.

Unlike Dean and the twins, who had a long association with the police.

In their last ... meeting ... some years ago, they were acquitted in a serious criminal case.

And the judge who acquitted them was identified as one of the dead men.

It looks like it was he who introduced them to the group ... to provide muscle.

And the monks were an assorted lot.

Some of them were employees of the house. And some held very prestigious positions indeed in society.

And they were able to prevent the previous reports about that place becoming known to the police.

DANNY

Yes. They were very well connected.

And, it appears, not all of them were there that night. They're still out there. Let's hope they're caught.



NIGEL

Yes, let's hope the police finds them.

And the sound of the gunfire. You were unlucky there also.

DANNY

Yes. I sure was.

On that night, I kept thinking that someone was bound to hear it and report it.

But ... they had a gun club there and owned most of the land around.

The few neighbours they had were used to the sound of gunfire coming from those woods, even at night.

Everything was nice and legal.

Nigel again leans dramatically forward towards Danny.

NIGEL

And ... after all that ... you went back.

DANNY

Yes. Three times.

Nigel is surprised, as if hearing it for the first time.

NIGEL

Three times? Tell us about the first time.

Danny braces himself, not relishing the memories.

EXT. MENHAM HALL, GATES - DAY

A VW car comes over the rise in the public road, pulls into the gravelled area in front of the gates to Menham Hall and slowly comes to a stop.

There are two cars already parked there.

Two women in their mid twenties stand together and are looking through the bars of the closed gates.

One is blonde, ostentatiously dressed and describing the events that happened there to her sombre companion.

A young man examines the surrounding area as if conducting an investigation.

Danny steps out of the car, holds the door for support and puts on an overcoat and cap.

He looks ill and his strength has not fully recovered.

DANNY (VO)

I didn't tell anyone I was going.

I just rented a car and drove up there.

He goes to the drain and looks at the place where he lay.

Laboriously, he bends down and moves some grass aside revealing an old bloodstain.

He makes his way to the gates.

The blonde woman continues with her story, dramatically reliving the inaccurate events to her companion.

WOMAN

Didn't you read the papers?

He had to crash through these gates with three cars chasing him. There was about six or seven men and he killed them all ... all around here.

He was shot when he jumped in front of the girl to protect her.

Danny holds the bars of the gates and stares up the avenue.

The original gates have been replaced.

Although there is a large padlock and chain securing both gates, he gently tries to push it open.

The blonde woman smiles invitingly at him.

WOMAN

It's closed.

He returns a smile with as much civility as he can summon.

In the distance, he sees the damage to the tree caused by Monty's car. The blonde woman continues.

WOMAN

He was so brave, wasn't he?

DANNY

Maybe he was just lucky.

Not impressed with his attitude, she addresses her companion intending him to overhear.

WOMAN

Sad, isn't it really? We never get to meet men like that.

With a contemptuous glance, she turns away from him.

WOMAN

Let's go.

He remains at the gates as the women return to their car.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

Nigel, stops chewing the top of his pen and looks searchingly at Danny.

NIGEL

You went there two more times. And you went inside.

DANNY

Yes. Once alone ... and once with Sarah.

NIGEL

Why did you go? Were you not ...  
frightened?

DANNY

Yes, I was frightened ... believe me,  
I was frightened.

But I had to ... you know, face it ...  
exorcise it ... from my head.

And also from Sarah's head.

NIGEL

Were you told this would be a good  
thing?

DANNY

No. But what do they know?

Where's the analyst who's an expert in  
this?

Nigel smiles sympathetically. It is clearly something he  
would not have done if roles were reversed.

EXT. MENHAM HALL - DAY

A police car parks in front of Menham Hall.

Two policemen get out, clearly ill at ease.

Danny emerges from the back seat wearing the same jacket as  
he wore on the night he was taken.

As he puts on his overcoat, he looks stronger but drained by  
his surroundings.

He can see the traces of the tyre tracks on the lawn.

DANNY

You're right. It certainly is  
different from the last time I was  
taken here.

The policemen smile nervously and adjust their clothing.

DANNY

I won't be long.

He walks to the east side corner of the house.

EXT. MENHAM HALL, EAST SIDE - DAY

Danny is looking at the drawing room window where he and Sarah escaped and re-entered the house. The glass has been replaced, as has the glass in the adjacent sitting room window.

EXT. WOOD - DAY

Danny arrives at the hollow in the ground beside the uprooted tree where he and Sarah hid from their pursuers.

Beside it is the branch he used for cover, now bare of all its leaves.

EXT. YARD - DAY

Danny is standing at the corner of the stables looking along the hedge towards the rear of the house.

He pushes through the hedge into the yard and walks to the open doors of the stables.

The cars have been removed but the other contents of the stables are as before.

EXT. MENHAM HALL, FRONT DOOR - DAY

The two policemen stand anxiously by the open front door of Menham Hall, one holding the keys of the house in his hand.

Danny comes from the west side of the house and moves energetically towards them.

He walks up the steps and looks defiantly at each of the two gargoyles guarding the doorway.

DANNY

I'm ready to go in now.

POLICEMAN 2

Do you feel all right?

DANNY

I feel fine.

The first policeman puts the keys of the house in his pocket and moves away from the doorway.

Danny steps inside.

DANNY

Remember. You promised you wouldn't follow me. I must do it alone.

POLICEMAN 1

And you promised not to touch anything. No damage ...

DANNY

I know.

Danny closes the door behind him. The policemen walk down the steps to their car.

INT. MENHAM HALL, RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Danny stands in the reception area.

DANNY (VO)

It looked almost normal. It's funny how daylight can change everything.

Bitting his lip and running his fingers through his hair, he goes forward to the Gothic entrance of the Great Hall.

Defensively, he wraps his coat about him, the echo of his footsteps adding to his unease.

INT. MENHAM HALL, ENTRANCE TO GREAT HALL - DAY

Danny approaches the Great Hall and looks along the corridors on his left and right. Silence.

The tiles have been cleaned of blood but there is bullet damage on the wall and ceiling.

He turns the handle on the door and enters.

INT. MENHAM HALL, GREAT HALL - DAY

With the door open behind him, Danny stands in the Great Hall, transfixed.

The room is as it was, the snarling dog effigy, crosses, the portraits and flags on the walls.

He looks at the place where he was chained and sees the hooks in the pillar used to hold the chain.

He approaches the sacrificial table. It has been cleaned and a candelabrum is positioned in the centre.

He trembles with rage and looks at the portrait of Lucifer.

DANNY

You cowardly scumbag.

His voice echoes around the room. Silence.

DANNY

Or was it you?

It wasn't you that killed the Armenians ... or the Jews ... or the Irish.

And it wasn't you that killed Barclay and Sutra.

But ... maybe you get the sick bastards of this world to do your bidding.

And we call it human nature.

Or is it ... your nature.

The people who fly your flag do very well in this world ... build empires, make lots of money, control the media.

And the people who don't fly your flag are ... removed.

Violence rules ... and it's becoming more and more fashionable.

These days, if you're not a thug, there's something wrong with you.

His anger escalating, he picks up the candelabrum and is about to throw it at the portrait.

Remembering his promise to the police, he replaces it on the table.

INT. MENHAM HALL, GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY

Danny walks along the ground floor corridor and comes to the elbow leading to the right.

He opens the door directly in front of him and goes inside.

INT. MENHAM HALL, CHAPEL - DAY

Danny enters a little dark chapel, a hideous veneration of Satan.

On either side of the simple altar covered in a black cloth, are two black candles and a traditional goat's head effigy as a centrepiece.

Pews face the altar and inverted crosses adorn the walls.

An organ is located in a corner with music sheets in place.



DANNY (VO)  
I was glad I didn't choose this  
door ... on that night.

He shivers visibly and quickly leaves.

INT. MENHAM HALL, GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY

Coming from the chapel, Danny goes along the corridor to the drawing room and enters.

INT. MENHAM HALL, DRAWING ROOM - DAY

Danny stands in the drawing room.

There are no bloodstains and everything appears normal.

DANNY (VO)  
I felt naked without a gun ... but I  
knew it would be useless against  
anything I might meet here.

He goes to the window and looks out to the nearby trees.

INT. MENHAM HALL, FIRST FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY

On reaching the first floor corridor, Danny goes to the bedroom he had hid in.

Something moves in the distance and catches his eye.

Passing the bedroom, he goes towards it.

Coming in his direction along the corridor is a rat.

When they draw close, the rat stops defiantly.

Danny shudders as they both stare at each other.

Unnerved, Danny tries to kick it.

The rat runs past him, along the corridor and down the stairs.

Breathless, Danny goes to the bedroom.

INT. MENHAM HALL, BEDROOM - DAY

Inside the large bedroom, Danny goes to the position by the window where they had previously hidden.

Sarah's discarded bandage is still lying there.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

Nigel arches his back and studies Danny.

NIGEL

How did you feel about it?

DANNY

I was glad when it was over.

NIGEL

And you went there with Sarah. Was she able for that?

DANNY

She had to do it.

The studio audience is clearly on Danny's side.

INT. MENHAM HALL, CELLAR - DAY

Danny is standing with Sarah in the cellar that held them in Menham Hall. He is dressed as before, she is wearing a warm padded jacket.

He looks at the small, barred window and the grill on the door.

She goes to the corner where she had sat with the others.

He kisses her forehead and they exit the cellar, hand in hand.

INT. MENHAM HALL, GREAT HALL - DAY

Danny reassures Sarah as they stand in the frightening surroundings of the Great Hall.

He leads her to the dog effigy, lifts the black cloth and they look inside at the wooden structure.

She appears satisfied and he leads her off.

INT. MENHAM HALL, GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY

Danny takes Sarah along the ground floor corridor.

DANNY (VO)

I took her everywhere she was on the  
night ...

He ignores the chapel door, turns right and goes toward the drawing room door.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

Nigel strokes his chin as if perplexed.

NIGEL

And how is she now?

Danny appears concerned and runs his fingers through his hair.

INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sarah and Danny are lying on two single beds in her small bedroom. A dim bedside light illuminates the room.

She is asleep and he is wide awake.

DANNY (VO)

She's fine.

Sometimes she has bad dreams ... and I  
come and stay a few nights.

Her father's not enough sometimes.

She needs me ... but I don't mind.

He takes a cigarette from a packet on the nearby bedside table, lights it and blows smoke at the small kites suspended from the ceiling.

The ashtray contains many discarded cigarette butts.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

Danny smiles confidently and nods his head reassuringly at Nigel.

DANNY

She's done surprisingly well.

NIGEL

I'm glad. And how are you coping?

DANNY

Well, I suppose I'm not the best judge  
of that ... but I feel fine.

NIGEL

No bad dreams?

DANNY

No. Maybe I drink and smoke too  
much ... but then, I always did that.

So ... no change. I'm just fine.

Danny is presenting himself as more unscathed than is actually reality.

INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

*(The preceding interview is a video recording being played on a TV set.)*

Danny is watching a video recording of the interview in his dimly lit sitting room. The television screen is reflected on the spectacles he is wearing.

He is smoking a cigarette with his feet up on a small coffee table and is holding a glass of vodka in his hand.

An almost empty vodka bottle is on the coffee table.

He is unshaven, dressed scruffy and drunk.

On video, Nigel energetically wraps up the interview.

NIGEL (on video)  
Well. I'm sure everyone in our audience and all you at home will join with me, Nigel Blake, in saying ...

'Danny McCormack, you're a lot more than ... just fine ... to all of us.

You're a genuine hero'.

The studio audience applauds enthusiastically. Danny bows his head in recognition.

DANNY (on video)  
Thank you. Thank you very much.

Danny lowers his glass heavily on the coffee table and mimics himself.

DANNY  
Thank you very much.

The credits roll and the theme music of the show plays.

Danny pushes the butt end of his cigarette into a full ashtray, rises from his seat and stretches with a yawn.

He turns off the television, looks at his watch and is surprised at the time.

He stumbles against the coffee table, picks up his phone, dials a number and drums his fingers while it rings.

DANNY

Yeah, I'm still alive. Sorry it's so late.

Yeah, I just watched the video.

I was all right, I suppose ... but I couldn't believe it was me.

I don't know. It should've been someone else.

But there was one thing I didn't make clear. All through that night I never thought I'd actually survive.

And when I went back there I told the Big Guy to his face that I was still alive and he never was.

*(laughs)* No, you're right, he didn't answer me.

So, Linda, how long will you be before you get here?

Within ten minutes! You're that close!

OK. See you. Bye.

He hangs up, removes the video disk from the player and puts it in its box.

He goes to the bookshelf by the wall and places the box on a high shelf.

Silently sitting on the shelf is a rat.

The rat is looking towards the street window and is unconcerned as Danny's hand places the box beside it.

Danny sits heavily and takes another drink.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

A deserted, suburban street, each house with a fenced, front garden and a gate on the entrance to the front door.

Danny comes to the window of his sitting room.

He yawns and stretches before closing the drapes.

A grey Transit van comes quietly along the street.

It mounts the kerb outside his house and stops, blocking the entrance to his front door.

A young woman, Linda, is walking energetically on the kerb, and comes to his house.

As she tries to get around the van all its doors suddenly open.

A man's arm, wearing a maroon-coloured jacket, reaches for her and his hand covers her mouth before she is able to scream.

THE END