

SHADOW WORLD

by  
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FADE IN:

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - DAY

The view is filled by a circle of metal.

The surface ripples like flesh, then forms the shape of a pair of human lips.

VAN VEEN (O.S.)  
Ready to report.

The lips move like liquid metal, revealing dry metallic teeth and tongue.

FIRST PREFECT  
Proceed.

VAN VEEN (O.S.)  
Dust levels in the southwest have exceeded safe limits. Food and textile crops are being damaged.

FIRST PREFECT  
What is your recommendation?

VAN VEEN (O.S.)  
Light wind from the north to clear it.

FIRST PREFECT  
Agreed. We will arrange this within the hour.

VAN VEEN (O.S.)  
Next item. Water reserves in the north are down to sixty percent.

FIRST PREFECT  
We will schedule heavy rain. Tomorrow, fourteen hundred, for forty minutes.

VAN VEEN (O.S.)  
Last item. There are some enemy attacks indicated -- a fire in a chemical plant in sector forty-eight, and an explosion in an office building in sector sixteen.

FIRST PREFECT

You are authorized to take whatever steps are necessary. Have procurators in place to monitor.

VAN VEEN

Yes, Sir.

FIRST PREFECT

You are dismissed.

INT. MALLORY ENGINEERING - AFTERNOON

Shiny steel pistons and polished copper pipes.

RADIO NEWS ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

According to figures announced this morning, ninety-four enemy infiltrators were captured by the City Guard last month compared to eighty-six in the same period last year. Prime Minister Ironbridge praised the City Guard, stating that the figures show their increased vigilance is paying off.

A pair of callused hands snap another pipe into place, slide a hexagonal nut up to the thread at the end of the pipe.

The hands move off to one side then return with a wrench to tighten the nut. On the left wrist is a leather bracelet with a circular metal talisman, marked with letters and numbers, embedded in it.

DERRICK LONDON, 30, is building a steam engine. Years of manual work have left him muscular but lean. He is in a factory workshop, one of about a dozen men on the shop floor. All the men are working on various pieces -- one man is welding, another turning steel on a lathe.

RADIO NEWS ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

A fire at a battery plant in sector forty-eight claimed twelve lives this morning. A police spokesman said that the circumstances of the fire were suspicious and that anyone who may have seen any unusual activity in the area should come forward.

All the equipment is powered by belts running from a steam driven turbine. Steam pipes run overhead.

The place is hot so most of the men, including London, are working without shirts. The workshop is lit by gaslights. There are radio speakers mounted on the metal beams in the roof.

RADIO NEWS ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
 Today's weather, and the Office of  
 the Procurators reports that the  
 prefects have scheduled rain in  
 northern sectors fifteen to  
 eighteen and twenty-five to twenty-  
 eight. The rain will begin at  
 fourteen hundred and continue for  
 forty minutes.

To one side of the workshop is an office, and from there comes WARREN MALLORY, the owner of the factory and London's boss.

He walks up to London. London doesn't see or hear him coming.

MALLORY  
 (taps London on the  
 shoulder, points at the  
 steam engine)  
 Superb work as usual, Derrick.  
 Almost finished?

LONDON  
 (wipes his hands on a  
 cloth)  
 Almost, Mister Mallory -- another  
 hour or two, that's all.

Mallory nods and walks off.

#### EXT. MALLORY ENGINEERING - EVENING

The street is lit by gaslights. The street is wet, as if it was raining earlier. The buildings nearby are all factories, all steam powered and all have chimneys belching steam. It looks like the Industrial Revolution in a northern England town.

There are a lot of people on the street as the factories are emptying. The style of clothes is also reminiscent of late nineteenth century England.

Steam powered vehicles of various kinds are on the street, some moving slowly, others pulled over as their drivers pick up workers from the factories.

A sign on the nearest factory gate reads MALLORY ENGINEERING. A steam tractor pulling a passenger car is rolling past the gate.

London runs through the gate, catches up with the already crowded car and jumps aboard.

The steam bus continues slowly down the street. In the distance, the sky is made of rock; this city is in a huge underground cave. The rock walls go up and over the city, the roof at a vast height.

Rising from the exact center of the city is a tower like a needle, almost touching the roof of the cave: the Prefects' Tower, lit up as if there are thousands of bright windows up as far as can be seen.

At the top, just below the roof, the tower widens to a platform with a huge floodlit building like a cathedral perched on it.

#### INT. LONDON'S HOME - EVENING

London lives in a three-storey terraced house. The house, like its neighbors, is built of stone bricks. The front door is reached by a flight of stone steps.

The steam bus, now much less crowded, rolls slowly along the street.

As it passes his building London jumps off and walks up the stairs and into the building.

#### INT. LONDON'S HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

All is dark until the door opens and a little light creeps in. London reaches inside the door and operates a gas fitting mounted on the wall just inside, casting light.

London's rooms are on the middle floor of the three in the building. From the front door there is a short hallway with a living room, kitchen, bathroom and bedroom off this.

#### INT. LONDON'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

London walks in and lights the gas. The room is very sparse -- just an armchair and a small table. There are shelves on one wall with a few small items.

London takes off his work jacket and throws it over the back of the chair.

INT. LONDON'S BATHROOM - EVENING

He turns on a gaslight. There is a stone tub with a metal faucet supplied by pipes coming up through the floor, and more pipes against the wall give the bathroom a heated towel rail. There is a mirror and cabinet mounted on the wall.

London opens the faucet and steaming hot water pours into the tub. He begins to get undressed.

EXT. LONDON'S HOME - EVENING

London, bathed and with a change of clothes, leaves the building and looks up and down the street.

Another steam bus is on its way down the street, a plate on the front reading CITY CENTER. London hops on as it passes.

EXT. CITY STREET - EVENING

A metal fence ten feet high guards the end of the street. A gate in the fence is manned by two policemen armed with batons, checking to make sure nobody gets through without a talisman.

London is in line to go through the gate, behind a woman holding the hand of a small girl and carrying a baby in her arms.

One of the policemen checks the woman's talisman and then the little girl's. Then he opens the blanket around the baby; the baby is also wearing a talisman.

The policeman lets the three through.

London pulls back his sleeve to let the policeman see his talisman. Satisfied, the policeman lets him pass.

The street is wide and paved for pedestrians; there are no vehicles here. There are stores with clothes, shoes, food and other items on display. The stores sell utilitarian items; there are few if any luxury items to be seen. Here and there are restaurants and cafes. At intervals along the middle of the street are stone statues. The street is busy with people shopping or just out for the evening.

London ambles along the street, taking the air, looking in windows here and there. He stops for a moment to look in a store window.

As he turns to carry on he bumps into an attractive YOUNG WOMAN a few years younger than himself, causing her to drop a bag. He stoops to pick up the bag and hands it to her.

The woman smiles at him, interested. London's eyes drop, embarrassed.

LONDON  
(mumbles)  
Sorry.

YOUNG WOMAN  
My fault -- not looking where I'm  
going. Could I buy you a drink, to  
say sorry?

London doesn't know how to react; he's unsure of himself with women.

LONDON  
(lying)  
Thanks, but I... I have to get  
going.

The woman walks off. London watches her for a moment, wondering if he should try to talk to her again.

Instead he turns and walks the other direction.

Nearby is a cafe with outside tables under a fabric canopy. London sits at a table and orders from passing waiter.

#### EXT. THE CASTLE - NIGHT

The Castle is London's local pub. It's in a semi-industrial area of smaller factories interspersed with houses. Most of the streetlights are out; the city simulates day and night by turning the lighting up during the day and down at night.

London shows his talisman at a checkpoint at the end of the street then walks to the pub and inside.

#### INT. THE CASTLE - CONTINUOUS

The bar counter is marble, the tables are metal. Other than that the place looks like a nineteenth century British pub.

Like most buildings there are gaslights on the walls. There is a radio speaker mounted on one wall playing music.

London goes up to the bar counter. The BARMAN is waiting for him.

BARMAN  
Evening, Derrick. Beer?

LONDON  
Please.

The barman starts drawing a beer from a pump. While he does this London looks around the bar.

At a corner table, with a glass of beer in front of him, sits GUS FINNEGAN, 45, London's friend. He's wearing a plain shirt and trousers.

BARMAN  
(places filled glass on  
the counter)  
Talisman please, Derrick.

London pulls back his left sleeve to reveal his talisman bracelet. The barman looks at it and makes a note on a slate.

London takes his drink to Finnegan's table and sits down.

LONDON  
I hear the enemy burned down a  
battery factory today. Wait and  
see, Gus, by this time tomorrow  
they'll have doubled the price.

FINNEGAN  
(chuckles)  
I doubt it, Derrick. There's no  
shortage of battery factories.

LONDON  
They should just seal up the mine  
tunnels. That'd stop them getting  
any more spies into the city.

FINNEGAN  
Yes... then we'd have no coal, or  
oil, or gas either.

LONDON  
Well, you'd think the prefects  
could do something about it.



FINNEGAN

There are too many tunnels. They've been mining for hundreds of years -- the tunnels run for miles. Nobody knows where they all go any more.

LONDON

I suppose you're right. You always are.

Finnegan sees that London seems a little down.

FINNEGAN

What's up with you tonight?

LONDON

Nothing.

Finnegan looks at him curiously.

LONDON

Alright. There was this girl in town, and I could have said something but I lost my nerve.

FINNEGAN

I never understood why you're so scared of women, Derrick. I mean, look at you and Amy. You liked her, she liked you. You were perfect for each other...

LONDON

(interrupting)

I don't want to talk about Amy.

FINNEGAN

... she was just waiting for you to make your move but you never did.

LONDON

ENOUGH, Gus. Amy found someone else. I don't want to talk about it.

FINNEGAN

Alright. But if you ever need advice...

LONDON

I know.

## INT. MALLORY ENGINEERING - DAY

London has completed the steam engine. He is busy polishing it. Mallory comes out of his office and walks over to talk to London.

MALLORY

I've got an announcement to make to everyone. Come to my office before you leave today.

LONDON

Yes, Mister Mallory.

Mallory walks off in the direction of another worker. London watches for a moment, curious, then goes back to work.

## INT. THE CASTLE - EVENING

London is sitting at Finnegan's table as before. Finnegan is wearing a military uniform that looks like something from World War I.

London takes a pull from his beer. He doesn't look very happy.

LONDON

Mallory's promoting Lewis to floor manager. Hell, Gus, Lewis has only been there a year and now he's a manager. I've been working for Mallory, what, ten years now? How come I keep missing out on the promotions?

FINNEGAN

Scum rises to the top, Derrick. Promotions are overrated anyway. I've been a guard over twenty years and a corporal for fifteen. A promotion now would mean more duty hours for not much more pay.

LONDON

That's different...

FINNEGAN

Is it? If you get promoted you'd end up managing instead of doing what you're good at. You'd be an awful manager and Mallory knows it.

(MORE)

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

It's the same thing as me; a promotion would put you into a place you'd hate.

Finnegan looks at a clock on the wall.

FINNEGAN

Talking of duty hours, I have to get to it. I'm on patrol.

He gets up.

LONDON

Have your lot ever caught any spies, Gus?

FINNEGAN

No, but we only patrol the north tunnels. From what I hear, it's the guys over on the east side who always catch the spies. See you tomorrow.

EXT. SPINKS OFFICE BUILDING - EVENING

London is walking along an alleyway with a wire fence on one side and a stone wall on the other. Fifty feet away on the other side of the fence is an office building. There are no lights inside.

The building explodes. London is thrown against the alley wall.

London, dazed by the impact and his ears ringing from the blast, is lying on his side facing the burning building. He has some small cuts on his face from flying glass and the impact with the wall. He hasn't noticed.

As he begins to regain his senses he notices a man, HOWARD VAN VEEN, 50, average height but overweight, standing about a hundred feet away and watching the fire. Van Veen is wearing a hat and an expensive suit and appears to be talking to the talisman on his wrist.

Glancing back at the burning building, London sees a large, winged animal inside.

The air around the creature shimmers and then it's gone. Thinking he's hallucinating, London shakes his head in an effort to clear it.

He gets to his feet slowly, using the wall for support. Resting against the wall he looks at the building again.

There is nothing he can do here. Still slightly unsteady on his feet, he continues on his way home.

Catching the movement in the corner of his eye, Van Veen sees London wobbling along the alleyway. Watching London, he moves his talisman toward his mouth.

EXT. LONDON'S HOME - EVENING

London goes up the entrance stairs and inside, shakily.

INT. LONDON'S BATHROOM - EVENING

London examines his face in the mirror. There is a bad bruise on the side of his face and a number of small cuts.

He takes off his shirt to reveal a bad bruise on his ribs.

He opens a cabinet and takes out medical supplies.

INT. LONDON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is as sparse as the rest of the house -- a bed, a side table with a radio, shelves where he keeps his clothes, little else.

London has treated his wounds. Exhausted, he flops into bed and is asleep instantly.

INT. LONDON'S BEDROOM - MORNING

London wakes, gets out of bed and heads to the bathroom, yawning and turning the radio on as he goes.

RADIO NEWS ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Thirty people died last night when  
an explosion and fire destroyed an  
office building in sector sixteen.

London hurries back into the bedroom, intent on the radio.

RADIO NEWS ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Police believe that enemy agents  
are responsible and are searching  
for a man in his late twenties who  
was seen near the building just  
before the explosion.

London frowns and goes back into the bathroom.

EXT. LONDON'S HOME - MORNING

Two uniformed POLICEMEN are on their way up the entrance stairs as London is coming out. There's a steam powered police vehicle parked on the street.

London stops, and so do the policemen. Both of the policemen have their hands on their batons, ready. Passersby are curious but continue on their way.

Unnoticed by London, Van Veen is watching from the other side of the street.

POLITE POLICEMAN

Are you Derrick London?

LONDON

Yes... what can I do for you?

POLITE POLICEMAN

Just routine, Sir. We believe you may be a witness to a crime and we'd like to ask you some questions. Would you come with us, please?

LONDON

Look, I'm on my way to work. Can I come to the station later?

SARCASTIC POLICEMAN

It'll go better for you if you just come with us, Sir. This won't take long.

LONDON

Well, is it alright if I...  
(the policemen grab him,  
one to each arm)  
Hey! What's the...

POLITE POLICEMAN

(pressuring London toward  
the police van)  
Just a few questions, Sir.

SARCASTIC POLICEMAN

Won't take long.

With that they bundle London into the back of the police van and lock him in.

Van Veen watches, smiling slightly, as the police drive away.

INT. POLICE STATION INTERVIEW ROOM - AFTERNOON

The room has one table, two chairs and no windows. London is slumped in one of the chairs. He has been waiting there for some time.

The door bangs open, startling London upright in the chair.

Detective ROSE POWDERHILL, 35, comes into the room carrying a slate and stylus.

She sits in the other chair.

POWDERHILL

I am Detective Powderhill, Mister London. I'd like you to tell me what you were doing at the Spinks building last night.

LONDON

I already told...

POWDERHILL

(interrupting)

Constable Trent, yes, but now I'd like you to tell me.

LONDON

I was on my way home, that's all.

POWDERHILL

On your way home from where? Work?

LONDON

No; I was at the Castle for a while. It's a pub in sector sixteen. They know me there; you can ask them.

POWDERHILL

I will, Mister London. First, I want you to tell me exactly what you did yesterday evening.

Powderhill places the slate on the table and takes notes as London talks.

LONDON

Well, as I told Constable Trent, I went downtown, had dinner at a cafe. Stopped off at the Castle for a pint on the way home. Talked to a friend there for a bit...

POWDERHILL

(interrupting)

What's your friend's name?

LONDON

Finnegan. Gus Finnegan. Anyway, he was on his way to work...

POWDERHILL

(interrupting)

TO work? At that time of the day?

LONDON

Finnegan's a City Guard Corporal. He was on night patrol.

POWDERHILL

I see. Go on.

LONDON

So. Finnegan went to work, I left just after. I usually walk from the pub because it's not far from home.

POWDERHILL

How much did you have to drink?

LONDON

Just one. Anyway, I was walking along the alley at the back of that office building, and I was right next to it when it blew up.

POWDERHILL

What did you do next?

LONDON

I was a bit fuzzy...

(rubs the wound on his head)

I hit my head against the wall, I think. There was another man who saw it but the building was empty and there was nothing I could do, so I just went on home.

POWDERHILL

What other man?

LONDON

Just a man. I don't know if he saw me.

POWDERHILL

Describe him.

LONDON

Around fifty I suppose. Average height but overweight, I'd say.

POWDERHILL

What color was his hair?

LONDON

I don't know; he was wearing a hat and anyway it was dark. Actually he had the whole rig, a hat and an expensive suit. He looked like he was on his way to the opera or something.

POWDERHILL

Alright. What did you do next?

LONDON

I went home, cleaned up and went to bed.

POWDERHILL

You didn't think about calling the police?

LONDON

Look, as far I could see the place was empty so nobody was hurt unless you count me. I'd hit the wall so hard I was seeing things -- I could swear I saw a dragon inside the building -- so I may have not been thinking straight but no, I didn't think about anything but getting home.

POWDERHILL

How do you know the building was empty?



LONDON

There were no lights on and nobody around. It looked empty to me.

Powderhill looks as if she's about to say something but changes her mind and pauses for a moment.

She looks down at the notes on her slate.

POWDERHILL

Did you say you saw a dragon?

LONDON

No, I said I whacked my head so hard I THOUGHT I saw a dragon. Inside the building. When I looked again it was gone. I just imagined it.

Powderhill looks at London for a moment longer but lets it go.

POWDERHILL

Alright...

A knock at the door interrupts her. She looks up as the door opens and an officer outside beckons.

Powderhill leaves the room. London slides down in the chair a little and rubs his eyes.

He straightens up again as Powderhill comes back into the room, closing the door behind her.

POWDERHILL

If you'd like to change your story, now would be the time to do it.

LONDON

I'm sorry? Look, I've told you exactly what I saw. Ask at the Castle, they'll back me up. Find that other man -- he must have seen it all too. I've told you everything I know. Can I please leave now?

POWDERHILL

Mister London, can you tell me about ten pounds of mining explosives and detonators that my men just found in your kitchen?

London's mouth drops open.

POWDERHILL

No? In that case, no, you can't  
leave now. I'm arresting you on a  
charge of suspicion of murder.

INT. POLICE CELL - AFTERNOON

London is in a cell. A police officer shuts and locks the  
door.

The cell has a cot in the corner. London sits on it, very  
dejected.

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - AFTERNOON

The view is filled by a circle of metal.

The surface ripples like flesh, then forms the shape of a  
pair of human lips.

VAN VEEN (O.S.)

Ready to report.

The lips move, revealing dry metallic teeth and tongue.

FIRST PREFECT

Did you deal with the witness?

VAN VEEN (O.S.)

Yes, Sir. The police took him this  
morning and charged him with  
murder.

There is a long pause.

FIRST PREFECT

We need to discuss this in person.  
Come to our chamber immediately.

INT. POLICE STATION INTERVIEW ROOM - AFTERNOON

London is sitting at the table, waiting. There's an empty  
chair opposite.

The door opens and a policeman escorts Finnegan in. Finnegan  
sits in the empty chair while the policeman stands at one  
side of the room, watching.

LONDON

Man, it's good to see you, Gus.

FINNEGAN

I came as quick as I could. What happened?

LONDON

There was an explosion. They think I caused it, Gus. Somebody planted explosives in my house and now they think I did it.

FINNEGAN

Don't panic, Derrick. We'll sort this out.

LONDON

I don't see how. Somebody framed me and I don't...

FINNEGAN

(interrupting)

Calm down, Derrick. Panicking solves nothing. Relax.

London sits back in his chair, trying to relax.

FINNEGAN

That's better. Now, I know a man who does legal work for the City Guard. He might be able to help. I'm going to see him in the morning.

LONDON

Alright... do you think he can get me out?

FINNEGAN

To be honest, I doubt it. You'll probably have to stay here until the trial.

LONDON

I'll lose my job. Mallory won't hold it open if I have to stay here more than a day or two.

FINNEGAN

I'll go and talk to Mallory myself right now. Mallory's okay; he'll understand.

Finnegan gets up to leave.

FINNEGAN  
I'll come back and see you  
tomorrow. Don't worry, Derrick. We  
can fix this.

EXT. SPINKS OFFICE BUILDING - AFTERNOON

The building has been almost completely reduced to rubble.  
Smoke still rises here and there.

CONSTABLE TRENT is leaning against a police vehicle parked on  
the street in front of the ruined building.

Powderhill is wandering over the site, looking around.

Occasionally she lifts a piece of debris to look underneath.

On the remains of a wall a few feet away she notices two  
deep, parallel gouges in the stone, a foot long and eight  
inches apart.

INT. PREFECTS' CHAMBER - AFTERNOON

Van Veen and the seven PREFECTS sit at an octagonal table.  
The prefect opposite Van Veen is the FIRST PREFECT, dressed  
in a white robe. The other prefects have robes of other  
colors -- red, yellow, green, cyan, blue, magenta.

The First Prefect is looking at Van Veen. The others are all  
staring ahead blankly, unmoving, their postures identical.

FIRST PREFECT  
You should have left things alone,  
Van Veen.

VAN VEEN  
London saw me. He was sure to  
suspect something.

FIRST PREFECT  
Suspect what? He probably doesn't  
know you, in which case he took you  
for another passerby.

VAN VEEN  
But if he does know who I am...

FIRST PREFECT

(interrupting, annoyed)

You are a Chief Procurator! You could have said you were acting on information from us. You could have said anything you liked.

VAN VEEN

There was a rupture. A griffin came through from the spectral dimension. I saw it so he must have, too.

FIRST PREFECT

And if he did? Who would believe him?

VAN VEEN

The police have him, and they have solid evidence to convict him. They'll execute him and this will all be over.

FIRST PREFECT

We're not so sure, Van Veen. By involving the police you have placed us...

THE PREFECTS

(in unison)

... all in danger.

FIRST PREFECT

You must make sure this goes no further.

VAN VEEN

I don't know exactly where the police are holding him.

The First considers for a moment.

FIRST PREFECT

Give me your talisman.

Van Veen removes the talisman from his wrist and slides it across the table to the first prefect.

The prefect picks it up and clasps it between his hands. He closes his eyes.

A moment later the other prefects move in unison, duplicating the First Prefect's posture, clasping their hands as if each is holding an invisible talisman.

Van Veen watches, perplexed.

A few seconds later the First Prefect opens his eyes. The other prefects resume their original posture.

The First Prefect slides Van Veen's talisman back across the table.

FIRST PREFECT

Your talisman is now tuned to his.  
You will be able to locate him as  
long as his talisman is close to  
him.

Van Veen looks at his talisman, curious; he didn't know the prefects could do this. He nods and gets up to leave.

INT. POLICE CELL - AFTERNOON

London is lying on the cot, his eyes closed.

The cell suddenly brightens then dims again. London opens his eyes, sits up and looks around.

EXT. SPINKS OFFICE BUILDING - AFTERNOON

Powderhill is in the alleyway where London was the night before, working her way along the back wall and examining it closely.

She finds a bloodstain on the wall at head height.

INT. POLICE CELL - AFTERNOON

London looks out through the cell bars. The police guard is sitting at the guard desk, working.

London turns and looks up at a small barred window at ceiling level on the opposite wall.

He steps toward it and as he does the cell fills with light again. This time he can see that the light is coming from his talisman.

It fades again as quickly as before.

INT. POLICE CAR - AFTERNOON

The car is still parked in front of the Spinks office. Trent is in the driver's seat, Powderhill in the passenger seat.

POWDERHILL

The procurators called this in. Why would any citizen call the procurators first and not the police?

TRENT

I don't know, Ma'am.

POWDERHILL

Nobody would, Trent, and that means that the procurators were the first to know about the explosion.

She pauses for a moment.

POWDERHILL

Take us to sector sixteen, Trent. I want to talk to London's pub friends.

INT. POLICE CELL - AFTERNOON

The air in the centre of the cell shimmers like heat haze. It begins to glow, then becomes a bubble of lightning and fire.

The police officer at the guard desk sees this, gets up and moves toward the cell.

The bubble pops and there, where it was, is a winged, fanged creature.

The frightened policeman backs up to the desk. London backs up into a corner of the cell, terrified.

The creature screeches and lashes out with a taloned foot. London dives to one side, just in time. The creature's blow hits the wall, bowing it outward.

The creature turns and tries to hit London as he lies on the floor. London springs upright and back, and the creature's talons hit the floor where he was.

London sees the wall where creature hit before. The creature's last move left it facing away from him.

He puts his back against the damaged part of the wall and gets ready to make his move. He is scared as hell; if he times this wrong, he will probably die.

The creature turns and lashes out. London dodges again. The creature's blow lands on the damaged wall, smashing the stone blocks apart.

With adrenaline speed, London grabs the cot frame and throws it at the creature.

The creature deflects it but not before London has already dived through the hole in the wall.

EXT. POLICE CELL - CONTINUOUS

London lands on his back in an alleyway at the back of the police station and scrambles to his feet.

The hole is too small for the creature to get through yet but it screeches again and attacks the brickwork trying to get out. London runs down the alley.

Van Veen steps out of the shadows and watches London escape. He is not happy.

INT. POLICE CELL - CONTINUOUS

The policeman is backed up hard against the wall, terrified, looking at the creature in the cell.

It turns and sees him. It screeches, and attacks the cell bars.

The the air around the creature shimmers and a moment later the cell is empty and quiet.

The policeman runs for the door.

INT. POLICE CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Powderhill's radio squawks. She picks up the handset.

POWDERHILL  
Powderhill here.

POLICE DISPATCHER (V.O.)  
Detective Powderhill? You need to  
get back the station right away.



Powderhill looks at Trent. He nods and turns the car around.

POWDERHILL  
Why? What's going on?

EXT. COURTYARD - EVENING

The courtyard is surrounded by six-foot walls and beyond those the backs of apartment houses four and five storeys tall. Scattered around the yard are metal boxes and barrels. There are two alleyways leading into the yard from opposite sides.

A pair of hands reaches over from the far side of a wall. London hoists himself up and over the wall and into the courtyard.

He lands heavily, out of breath from running. He looks all around. There's no sign of pursuit.

He hunkers down behind a box to regain his breath.

INT. POLICE CELL - EVENING

Powderhill walks into the smashed cell and looks around.

She walks to the hole in the wall and pokes her head out, looking up and down the alleyway outside.

As she turns back into the cell, she sees two deep, parallel gouges in the floor, about eight inches apart.

EXT. COURTYARD - EVENING

The gaslights are fading. London peeks over the box to make sure there's nobody around.

All clear. He stands up. As he does so his talisman flares with light again, briefly. Seeing this, he drops down behind the box again.

He hears footsteps approaching. They stop.

Ten seconds pass.

Fifteen. London is scared but trying to stay quiet.

The sound of footsteps, walking away.

Slowly, carefully, London peeks around the side of the box. There is no sign of anyone around.

London stands up and scans the courtyard again.

He checks the nearest alleyway to make sure it's clear. Then he walks, fast, out of the courtyard.

Out of the shadows in front of him, two men -- MULLER and BECKLEY -- appear. They are dressed a little like Van Veen, but these men are younger.

London stops and turns around. Van Veen is there with another man, FOY.

VAN VEEN  
Mister London, come with us  
quietly, please. We can protect  
you.

London looks behind him. The two men there are just a couple of feet away.

London sees the glint of a knife blade in Beckley's hand, and decides.

He runs directly at Van Veen.

Van Veen, surprised, hesitates. London shoulders him in the chest and he goes down hard.

Foy jabs a foot out and trips London.

London stumbles. Muller, Beckley and Foy jump on him. They fight. London is stronger and faster, but there are three of them and one has a knife.

London is able to disarm Beckley but not before getting cut on one arm and side.

With the knife now in London's hand the tables are turned. The other men don't want to get sliced and they surround him but without getting too close.

Van Veen, recovered, gets up.

London runs at Foy, waving the knife wildly. Foy jumps to the side to avoid the blade and London runs on past as fast as he can, to the far wall of the courtyard.

The other three men run after him.

London drops the blade as he jumps, catches the top of the wall with his hands and vaults over.

The three men stop, looking at each other and unsure what to do.

VAN VEEN

After him, you incompetent  
bastards!

Spurred into action, the men jump up the wall and look over. London is nowhere to be seen.

INT. THE CASTLE - NIGHT

Finnegan watches as Powderhill walks into the pub and up to the bar.

Everyone in the room turns to look; they're not used to seeing a police uniform in here.

Finnegan sees Powderhill ask the barman something. The barman looks in Finnegan's direction and says something to Powderhill, who looks over at him then walks to his table.

She sits.

POWDERHILL

My name is Powderhill, Mister  
Finnegan. Detective Powderhill. I  
understand you're a friend of  
Derrick London.

FINNEGAN

You can call me Gus, and yes, I  
know Derrick.

POWDERHILL

Mister Finnegan -- Gus -- your  
friend is in a great deal of  
trouble.

FINNEGAN

I know, Detective. I saw him at the  
station earlier.

POWDERHILL

Do you know where he was last  
night?

FINNEGAN

He was here, for a while at least.  
He was still here when I left, so  
after that I can't help you. You  
might ask the barman.

POWDERHILL

Do you know if he has any friends  
or family that he might try to  
contact if he was in trouble?

Finnegan's eyes go wide.

FINNEGAN

(in a low voice)  
He's escaped, hasn't he?

Powderhill hesitates.

POWDERHILL

He got out, yes, but I think  
someone may have been trying to  
kill him.

Finnegan takes a pull from his beer. He looks a little  
shocked.

FINNEGAN

To answer your question, I'm  
probably the best friend he has. I  
don't think he'd be so stupid as to  
try to come here -- he'll expect  
you to be watching the place. But I  
don't know where else he might go.

POWDERHILL

If he contacts you...

FINNEGAN

As I said, I won't betray him. If I  
think it's in his best interests,  
I'll tell him to come to you.

POWDERHILL

Thank you, Mister Finnegan -- Gus.  
(pauses)  
One other thing. The procurators  
are involved somehow. Don't trust  
them.

Finnegan nods. Powderhill moves to get up.

FINNEGAN

Before you go, Detective...

Powderhill sits again.

FINNEGAN

As a Detective, I imagine you have to be a good judge of character. What's your impression of Derrick?

POWDERHILL

He seems intelligent, if a little immature. He doesn't strike me as the type that would be an enemy spy, if that's what you're asking. But then, they never do.

FINNEGAN

I don't think I'm a good judge of character, but I've known Derrick a very long time. His parents were killed by an enemy bomb. My troop was on duty nearby and we were called in to help, and that's when I met Derrick. We've been friends since.

POWDERHILL

The enemy killed his parents?

FINNEGAN

Exactly, Detective, and he loved his parents very much. He will never forgive the enemy for taking them from him, and he would never help them. You've got the wrong man, Detective.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Van Veen and his men are following London using Van Veen's talisman to guide them.

Suddenly Van Veen stops and looks closely at his talisman.

VAN VEEN

I've lost him.

Van Veen's talisman makes a small sound. The writing on it fades out, leaving a circle of blank metal.

The surface ripples like flesh, then forms the shape of a pair of human lips.

The lips move.

FIRST PREFECT (V.O.)  
What are you doing, Van Veen?

VAN VEEN  
We're still after him, Sir. He's not far away.

FIRST PREFECT (V.O.)  
We've lost track of his talisman.  
We thought perhaps you'd killed him.

Van Veen looks at the other three, menacingly.

VAN VEEN  
He got away from us. If you lost his talisman then either he's dead, or...

FIRST PREFECT (V.O.)  
Or, his talisman has been removed. Take no chances, Van Veen. The police are getting suspicious. Find him. We need to know what he's told them before we decide what to do with him.

VAN VEEN  
Yes, Sir.

FIRST PREFECT (V.O.)  
And Van Veen? No more mistakes, or things will not go well for you. Do you understand?

VAN VEEN  
Yes, Sir.

Van Veen's talisman returns to normal. He turns to the other three.

VAN VEEN  
We stick to the plan. Find him. Whether he's alive or not, it'll have to look like it WASN'T an accident.

EXT. THE CASTLE - NIGHT

Powderhill's police car is parked next to the pub with Trent waiting in the driver's seat.

Powderhill comes out of the pub and climbs into the car.

The car moves off and out of sight.

Moments later Finnegan hurries out of the pub and walks away along the street, in the same direction that the police went.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Van Veen signals the others to stop.

VAN VEEN  
This is where he was. Spread out  
and look for him.

MULLER  
What if he's dead?

VAN VEEN  
I hope he is. It'll make things  
easier.

The other three look at each other for a second then split up to begin the search.

EXT. FINNEGAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Finnegan's house is similar to London's but a little larger and in a slightly nicer area.

Finnegan walks up the street toward the house. As he does so he's watching -- surreptitiously, so as not to look suspicious -- for any sign of police.

He walks quickly up the front steps and deliberately fumbles with the front door.

FINNEGAN  
(loud whisper)  
Derrick?

For a moment, silence.

Then from the shadows below the steps he hears someone tap twice on the stonework.

Finnegan smiles as he opens the door.

FINNEGAN  
(whispering)  
Stay out of sight -- come round the  
back.

INT. FINNEGAN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Finnegan lights the kitchen then goes to the window and  
slides it open. Outside is blackness.

FINNEGAN  
Come in, Detective.

Powderhill steps into the light from the window.

POWDERHILL  
How did you know?

She climbs in through the window.

FINNEGAN  
Derrick would have answered. Or  
come running up the stairs. He  
wouldn't have tapped.

POWDERHILL  
You could have let me in the front  
door.

FINNEGAN  
(grinning)  
I could have. Would you like some  
tea?

INT. FINNEGAN'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Finnegan's living room is far more homely than Derrick's.  
There are two comfortable armchairs in front of a glowing  
coal fire. Between them is a low table. Powderhill is in one  
chair.

Finnegan comes in carrying a china tea service.

He places it on the table and sits in the other chair, then  
starts setting up cups and pouring tea.

FINNEGAN  
Detective...



POWDERHILL  
(interrupting)  
Rose, please.

FINNEGAN  
Rose. You said you thought someone  
may have tried to kill Derrick.

POWDERHILL  
Derrick saw something at the office  
building right after the explosion.  
He said he saw a dragon. He thought  
he was hallucinating.

Finnegan is watching her intently.

POWDERHILL  
Derrick's cell was smashed open by  
something the guard described as a  
dragon. I've asked Constable Trent  
to look for any reports that  
mention dragons or anything  
similar. Maybe we'll learn  
something.

FINNEGAN  
Are you suggesting that there  
really was a dragon?

POWDERHILL  
The guard seemed to think so and I  
believe him. And I saw some strange  
marks in the wall at the Spinks  
building, and the same marks in the  
floor of the cell.

FINNEGAN  
But why would somebody want to kill  
Derrick? That doesn't make sense.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Van Veen is waiting. Muller walks up to him.

VAN VEEN  
Well?

MULLER  
Nothing.

VAN VEEN  
What about the others?

Muller looks around and whistles.

A few moments later Beckley appears, followed by Foy.

MULLER  
Anything?

BECKLEY  
No.

FOY  
Not a thing.

Van Veen glances at his talisman, then does a double take. He holds his talisman in the light where he can see it better.

VAN VEEN  
His talisman is back.

MULLER  
He must have taken it off for a while. Where is he?

Van Veen manipulates the talisman.

He points back in the direction they came from.

VAN VEEN  
This way.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Van Veen and the others are standing in a circle around a sewer grate. Van Veen moves his arm around from side to side, watching the talisman.

VAN VEEN  
(whispering)  
He's right under us, hiding in the sewer. Muller, Foy -- lift the grate, quick and quiet. I'll go first then Beckley, you next. Does one of you have a light?

Muller reaches into a pocket and pulls out a battery powered light. He hands it to Van Veen.

VAN VEEN  
(whispering)  
Do it.

The others nod. Muller and Foy crouch and get a grip on the grate.

MULLER  
(whispering)  
On three. One, two, three.

Muller and Foy lift the grate with hardly a sound and swing it to one side. Van Veen jumps into the hole.

Beckley follows.

INT. FINNEGAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

POWDERHILL  
Derrick said he saw another man  
near the explosion.

FINNEGAN  
Did he know him?

POWDERHILL  
No. Just a fat man in an expensive  
suit.

FINNEGAN  
Humph. That describes half the  
government.

POWDERHILL  
What if he was an enemy spy, and he  
caused the explosion. Then he saw  
Derrick and thinks he may have seen  
the whole thing.

FINNEGAN  
Then he might look for Derrick and  
try to shut him up. But where does  
the dragon fit in?

POWDERHILL  
I don't know, and that means we  
don't have all the pieces.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Muller and Foy are crouched by the sewer entrance. A light  
shows from below.

VAN VEEN  
(angry)  
Pull me up!

Muller reaches down and helps Van Veen climb out of the sewer.

Foy pinches his nose; Van Veen stinks like a cesspool. He's covered in... cess.

Muller and Foy drag Beckley out of the hole. He's dirty too, but not as bad as Van Veen.

Beckley flings a piece of metal clattering to the ground. It's London's talisman.

BECKLEY  
He must have lost it climbing down there. There were rats all over it. That's what made it work again.

VAN VEEN  
(still angry)  
Mister London is going to suffer for this. He will wish he had never been born.

MULLER  
Where do you think he's gone?

INT. FINNEGAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

POWDERHILL  
(shaking her head)  
It doesn't fit.

FINNEGAN  
Why not?

POWDERHILL  
The explosion was reported by the procurators, They must been the first to know about it.

They sip tea without talking for a moment.

Finnegan hears a noise.

He holds a finger to his lips, stands up quietly and goes to the door.

He reaches out slowly to open it.

Before his hand reaches the door, it opens. Derrick is standing in the doorway.

Finnegan steps forward and so does Derrick. They hug like father and son.

As Derrick pulls away he sees Powderhill in her armchair.

LONDON

Oh, no, Gus, you told...

FINNEGAN

(interrupting)

Quiet, Derrick. She's not going to arrest you...

Finnegan looks at Powderhill.

FINNEGAN

... are you, Rose?

She seems unsure for an instant, then makes a decision.

POWDERHILL

(shakes her head)

No, Derrick.

FINNEGAN

Come and sit down. Have some tea.  
We've got a lot to talk about.

LONDON

I'd rather have a beer.

Powderhill points at the knife wound on London's arm.

POWDERHILL

We'd better take care of that first.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

VAN VEEN

Muller, Foy -- go back to his house and wait. If he shows up, hold him until I get there. Beckley, get cleaned up then meet the others.

MULLER

What are you going to do?

VAN VEEN  
I'm going to get cleaned up myself,  
then I'm going to find out where  
Mister London might be.

INT. FINNEGAN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Powderhill is dressing London's wounds. While she's working, London is watching her appreciatively.

At one point she looks up and sees him looking at her. She gives him a little friendly smile and carries on working.

She notices that the talisman is missing from the leather bracelet on his arm.

POWDERHILL  
Where's your talisman?

LONDON  
Down a drain.

Powderhill looks at him, curious.

LONDON  
I'll tell you both later.

INT. FINNEGAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Powderhill has given up her chair for London and is sitting on the floor by the fire.

A loud squawk sounds from the hallway. Powderhill stands up.

POWDERHILL  
That's my radio.

INT. FINNEGAN'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Powderhill digs in the pocket of her coat, hanging in the hallway, and pulls out her radio.

POWDERHILL  
(to radio)  
Powderhill.

TRENT (V.O.)  
Detective? I found something that  
might be useful.

INT. FINNEGAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Powderhill comes in and sits back down.

POWDERHILL  
What happened in the cell?

LONDON  
You're not going to believe me...

POWDERHILL  
Try me.

LONDON  
Alright. There was this... bubble,  
of fire. Then this great big thing  
was there. In the cell. Like a huge  
bat with claws. Now, are you going  
to take me back to the cells, or  
off to the mental asylum?

FINNEGAN  
A dragon?

LONDON  
Whatever it was it was weird and  
pissed off. It tried to kill me but  
it missed. It smashed the wall and  
I got out.

POWDERHILL  
Then what?

LONDON  
I ran like hell. Then these men  
were after me.

POWDERHILL  
Men? What men?

LONDON  
Four of them. That guy I saw after  
the explosion was one of them. He  
seemed to be the leader.

FINNEGAN  
(looking at Powderhill)  
If there's more than one, then...

Powderhill holds a hand up to Finnegan. London looks at  
Finnegan, curious.

POWDERHILL

We'll come to that. Go on, Derrick.

LONDON

Well, these guys almost got me. One of them had a knife -- I think they were trying to kill me -- but I jumped over a wall and got away. Then I came here.

FINNEGAN

I was hoping you would.

LONDON

Look, there's something else. Just before that... dragon, appeared, my talisman lit up. I've never seen that before. Then later it did it again, and these guys showed up right after.

POWDERHILL

What are you saying?

LONDON

I think those men were using my talisman to follow me. Don't ask me how.

FINNEGAN

So maybe the talismans are not just for identification. Maybe they're also some kind of homing device.

LONDON

Exactly. So I threw mine down a drain.

FINNEGAN

Smart lad.

POWDERHILL

Alright. That was Trent on the radio. He found a few reports of people seeing large, winged animals. Some people described them as dragons.

FINNEGAN

I suppose they weren't believed.



POWDERHILL

Who would believe them? They were followed up but nothing was ever found. It was assumed that they were just hallucinations.

FINNEGAN

I just know there's more to this.

POWDERHILL

Yes. Trent found that most of the reports coincided with heavy weather -- heavy rain, strong wind, lightning storms. People thought they saw dragons flying around.

LONDON

But the prefects make the weather using spectral energy, right?

POWDERHILL

Yes. Maybe these dragons come from the spectral dimension.

LONDON

That's stupid. Nothing can live in there.

Finnegan shrugs.

FINNEGAN

We don't know that. Only the prefects would know for sure.

London looks puzzled.

FINNEGAN

The spectral dimension is a shadow world that exists next to ours. It has more energy than this world. If you make a connection between the two, energy jumps from there to here. Spectral energy.

LONDON

Like shorting a battery?

FINNEGAN

Exactly. The prefects control it; their minds are linked together in the spectral dimension.

(MORE)

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

They use it to create water and fresh air, heat to keep the city warm, electricity, a whole lot more.

LONDON

So what you're suggesting is that the dragons live in the spectral dimension, and sometimes get dragged into this world when the prefects trigger a release of energy.

FINNEGAN

Maybe, yes.

POWDERHILL

Here's the really interesting part. Dragons are also mentioned in some eyewitness reports of enemy explosions.

LONDON

Like the one I saw.

POWDERHILL

Exactly.

LONDON

Are you saying that some of these explosions are actually spectral energy releases? Spectral energy can be used as a weapon?

FINNEGAN

Spectral energy IS a weapon. It always was.

London and Powderhill look at each other, then at Finnegan.

LONDON

How come you know so much about it?

FINNEGAN

We have a few ex-procurators in the Guard, and word gets around. Rumors. Hearsay. Whispers in the dark.

POWDERHILL

Well, go on. I'm curious.

## FINNEGAN

The Quantum War was fought with spectral energy. We used it against the enemy, they used it against us. At the end, when the enemy knew they couldn't win they unleashed a storm. Seas boiled. Entire mountain ranges were vaporized and that poisoned the air. Billions died. And the survivors from both sides came down here.

## LONDON

They taught us in school that the enemy destroyed the surface, but they never said how.

## FINNEGAN

It seems the prefects don't want it to be common knowledge that the same thing that keeps the city alive is what forced us down here in the first place.

## LONDON

Do any of these ex-procurators know where the enemy city is?

## FINNEGAN

(shakes his head)

Nobody knows. I can't be too far away, but none of the expeditions ever sent out to find it ever did.

All are quiet for a moment.

## POWDERHILL

I hear rumors, too. They say there's a place in the procurators' building -- a doorway to the spectral dimension.

## FINNEGAN

That makes sense. Even the prefects don't live forever, and when one dies a procurator is promoted to the position. But to become a prefect you have to touch your mind to the spectral dimension. That doorway would be how.

## LONDON

We're getting off the subject.

FINNEGAN

Yes. Where were we?

LONDON

The enemy used spectral energy to blow up the Spinks building.

FINNEGAN

Right.

POWDERHILL

No. That doesn't make sense.

FINNEGAN

Why not?

POWDERHILL

If they could attack us that way, they wouldn't need to send spies here to plant bombs.

LONDON

But if the enemy can't do that, it would mean that our own prefects are causing the explosions.

POWDERHILL

That can't be right.

FINNEGAN

There's no other explanation. Derrick must be right.

LONDON

What was that man doing at the explosion site?

FINNEGAN

There are no landmarks in the spectral dimension, so the prefects need someone in this world to guide them.

POWDERHILL

That's what the procurators do, Derrick. That's why the man you saw was there. He must be a procurator.

LONDON

Oh, shit. No wonder they want me dead.

POWDERHILL

But why? In the other cases that Trent found, the witnesses weren't believed -- about the dragons, I mean -- and that was the end of it.

FINNEGAN

So if they'd just left things alone this would all be over now.

LONDON

So why did they frame me, then try to kill me?

POWDERHILL

And why did they invent victims?

FINNEGAN

Victims?

POWDERHILL

The procurators told us there were thirty bodies and that they'd taken care of the cleanup. But when I was at the site I saw no evidence. No clothing fragments, no blood, nothing.

LONDON

I told you the place was empty.

FINNEGAN

So the procurators invented the victims to make sure it got treated as mass murder. To make sure that Derrick got executed for it.

LONDON

And they planted explosives in my house to make sure I got the blame.

POWDERHILL

Yes, and for the moment we're going to have to continue to let everyone think you did it.

LONDON

Why?

POWDERHILL

Because we don't know who to trust.

INT. FINNEGAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The only light in the room is from the fire. Finnegan has gone to bed. London is in his armchair, eyes closed.

Powderhill comes in quietly carrying blankets.

Gently, she puts a blanket over London. She pauses, watching him, wondering if she will be able to protect him.

He opens his eyes and looks at her. She jumps slightly; she thought he was asleep.

LONDON

Can I ask you a question?

POWDERHILL

Ask away.

LONDON

What made you want to be in the police?

POWDERHILL

(shrugs)

I made a mistake, a long time ago. A man I... knew, was an enemy spy. I didn't know, and when they told me I didn't believe it. I helped him escape.

She goes quiet.

LONDON

And...?

POWDERHILL

And then there was another killing, and they caught Carl and found him guilty. He'd lied to me all along. I didn't want to be lied to any more. I wanted to do what I could to fight the enemy. So I joined the police.

LONDON

Do you think I'm lying?

Powderhill looks into his eyes.

POWDERHILL

No, Derrick. I really don't.

She goes to the other chair and pulls a blanket over herself.

INT. FINNEGAN'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Finnegan and London are eating breakfast.

Powderhill walks in and joins them at the table. She looks tired.

FINNEGAN  
(to Powderhill)  
You look like you didn't sleep well.

POWDERHILL  
I didn't sleep at all. I wasn't able to stop thinking about why they might be trying to kill Derrick.

FINNEGAN  
Any ideas?

POWDERHILL  
Nothing that makes any sense. We're missing something important.

LONDON  
So. What do we do next?

FINNEGAN  
I'm on duty in an hour or so. I'll be missed if I don't show up.

POWDERHILL  
I have to check in at the station, or there'll be questions. I'll have to make it look like business as usual.

FINNEGAN  
Derrick, you'll have to stay here. If you're seen without a talisman you'll be arrested.

LONDON  
I don't think that's a good idea. Rose figured out that I'd come here. It's only a matter of time before the bad guys figure it out too.

Finnegan rubs his chin, thinking.

FINNEGAN

There's a building in the guards' station... it's being refurbished. You could hide out there for the day.

LONDON

Sounds perfect. But how can I get there without a talisman? I'd never get through the checkpoints.

FINNEGAN

Rose, how well do you trust Constable Trent?

POWDERHILL

He'll keep things dark if I tell him to. Why?

FINNEGAN

I have an idea.

EXT. FINNEGAN'S HOUSE - MORNING

Powderhill is waiting on the front steps.

A police car driven by Trent steams along to the house and parks. Powderhill meets it as it stops, and talks to Trent for a moment.

She goes back up the steps, taps on the door, then returns to the car and climbs in.

A moment later the front door opens and Finnegan and London appear, both in City Guard uniform. London is wearing Finnegan's spare uniform and it doesn't fit very well.

They get in the car, behind Powderhill and Trent. The car moves off.

INT. POLICE CAR - MORNING

POWDERHILL

Gus, where do you need to go?

FINNEGAN

The guard station in sector one twenty-nine.



POWDERHILL  
Let's go, Trent.

TRENT  
Yes, Ma'am.

LONDON  
(fidgeting)  
This uniform feels like it's made  
of wire.

FINNEGAN  
You get used to it after about  
thirty years.

LONDON  
You've only been a guard for  
twenty.

FINNEGAN  
Relax, Derrick. People don't ask  
for talismans when they see a Guard  
uniform.

TRENT  
(to Powderhill)  
Ma'am? Someone was looking for you  
at the station this morning. A  
Chief Procurator Van Veen.

POWDERHILL  
What did he want?

TRENT  
He wanted to know who was in charge  
of Mister London's case. The desk  
sergeant told him it was you, and  
he asked to see you -- but since  
you weren't there, they sent him to  
me.

POWDERHILL  
Trent... what -- did -- he -- want?

TRENT  
He wanted to know what we knew  
about Mister London -- family,  
friends, places he goes.

POWDERHILL  
Of course, you didn't tell him.

TRENT

No, Ma'am. I told him he'd have to talk to you about it. So then he asked to see your case notes.

POWDERHILL

What!?

TRENT

I told him he couldn't do that, Ma'am. Police confidentiality.

POWDERHILL

Good man, Trent.

TRENT

He was angry. Said he was a Chief Procurator and we can't treat him like that, throwing his weight around. Said he was going to see the Chief of Police.

FINNEGAN

Sounds to me like this Van Veen is involved.

POWDERHILL

Yep. They're trying to find Derrick and they must be getting desperate.

TRENT

Then he asked where he might find you, Ma'am.

POWDERHILL

What did you tell him?

TRENT

What you told me, Ma'am.

LONDON

What was that?

POWDERHILL

I came up with a story that you might be hiding out at the battery plant in sector forty-eight.

LONDON

The one that burned down?

POWDERHILL

Yes. It would look logical; since Derrick is suspected in one enemy attack, why couldn't he be linked to another?

FINNEGAN

Well, THEY know Derrick wasn't involved so they won't go there looking for him.

POWDERHILL

They might go there looking for me, though. Change of plan, everyone.

She looks up ahead of the car. There is a steam bus a couple of hundred feet in front of them.

POWDERHILL

Trent, get in front of that bus. Sorry, Gus, but we don't have much time -- you're going to have to take public transport the rest of the way.

FINNEGAN

No problem.

POWDERHILL

Derrick, we're going to the battery plant, and if these people are there I want to know if you recognize them. Let's see if we can find out a bit more about who we're dealing with...

LONDON

(sarcastic)

No problem. Right. No problem.

POWDERHILL

(smiling)

... and maybe apply a little misdirection.

Trent stops the car a few yards in front of the bus. Finnegan gets out. He leans into the car window.

FINNEGAN

Good luck... and Derrick, be careful.

LONDON

I will.

Finnegan and London clasp hands for a moment.

Finnegan looks at Powderhill.

FINNEGAN

Take care of him, Rose.

Before she can answer, Finnegan hops on the bus and is gone.

EXT. SECTOR 48 - MORNING

This is an industrial area. Both sides of a long, straight street are filled with factories -- textile works, food canneries, foundries etc. Steam billows from chimney stacks. There are a few pedestrians and large-haul vehicles around.

The police car turns in at the end of the street and drives along it.

INT. POLICE CAR - MORNING

The entrance to the battery plant is a couple of hundred yards ahead of the car.

POWDERHILL

This is close enough, Trent.

Trent pulls the car over.

POWDERHILL

Stay here and keep your eyes open.  
Derrick, stay out of sight. We  
can't let anyone recognize you.

LONDON

Hold on...

He searches the pockets of the uniform and finds a matching cap.

He puts it on, pulling the peak down low.

LONDON

How's this look?

POWDERHILL

Like you're up to no good -- but  
it's a help.

She gets out of the car and walks down the street toward the battery plant.

EXT. CHEMICAL PLANT - MORNING

Van Veen is waiting by a black car parked in the yard of the plant, just inside the gate.

The battery plant building is roped off, and signs attached to the rope read DANGER UNSAFE STRUCTURE and CRIME SCENE NO ENTRY. Beyond it, the building shell is intact but scorched by fire. The roof and windows are gone.

Beckley appears at a window near one end of the building and shouts to Van Veen.

BECKLEY  
Nothing down here!

VAN VEEN  
Keep looking anyway!

Beckley disappears inside the building.

Powderhill walks into the yard and across to Van Veen. Van Veen turns as he hears her footsteps.

POWDERHILL  
Are you Van Veen?

Van Veen is slightly annoyed that Powderhill didn't address him as Chief Procurator, and it shows. Powderhill was counting on it.

VAN VEEN  
You must be Powderhill.

Powderhill is grinning on the inside.

POWDERHILL  
I was told you were looking for me.  
How can I help you?

VAN VEEN  
I'm investigating the explosion at the Spinks building. I'm trying to find Derrick London. I need to ask him some questions.

POWDERHILL  
That case is a police matter, Van Veen.

VAN VEEN

The prefects have expressed an interest in the case.

POWDERHILL

Oh? Why would the prefects be interested?

VAN VEEN

I can't say. I just do what they tell me to, Powderhill.

POWDERHILL

Prefects' interest or not, this is still police business.

Van Veen is getting angry.

VAN VEEN

Do I have to take this to the Chief of Police?

POWDERHILL

The Chief will tell you the same thing. He will also want to know why there is a procurators' investigation without authority.

She looks toward the building.

POWDERHILL

Now if you please, I suggest you leave before I arrest you, and the man you have in the factory, for interfering with a police investigation and trespassing on the scene of a crime.

Van Veen gives Powderhill a look that would boil lead. Powderhill doesn't flinch.

Van Veen whistles, and Beckley appears at a window. Van Veen beckons him over.

POWDERHILL

One other thing, Van Veen. Were any of your people at the Spinks site at the time of the explosion?

Van Veen's eyes narrow for an instant.

VAN VEEN

Not that I'm aware of. Why do you ask?

POWDERHILL

Because the first report came from the Office of the Procurators. How could that be unless there was a procurator nearby?

VAN VEEN

I'm sure there's an explanation, Powderhill, but I don't know what it would be.

He gets in the car.

Powderhill doesn't move while Beckley runs over from the building and gets into the driver's seat.

Van Veen doesn't look at Powderhill as Beckley drives the car out of the yard.

The moment the car is out of sight, Powderhill relaxes and lets her breath out with a whoosh. She takes her radio out of her pocket as she walks out of the gate.

POWDERHILL

(urgent)

Trent?

TRENT (V.O.)

Yes, Ma'am?

POWDERHILL

(urgent)

Black car, headed your way. Don't let them see Derrick!

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

TRENT

Yes, Ma'am.

Trent hangs up the radio handset.

TRENT

Mister London?

LONDON

I see them.

Sure enough, Van Veen's car is fifty yards away and closing. London pulls his cap down a little further and slides down in the seat.

He watches the car from the corner of his eye as it passes. Seeing Van Veen and Beckley in the car, he tries not to react.

INT. VAN VEEN'S CAR - SAME

Van Veen sees Powderhill's police car parked.

He looks over his shoulder, through the rear window, wondering why Powderhill parked so far from the plant. He sees Powderhill.

He looks at Powderhill's car again. He glimpses a man in a Guard uniform sitting in the back. At that instant his talisman makes the same small sound as before.

VAN VEEN  
(under his breath)  
Not now, you...

As he looks at it, the surface ripples.

FIRST PREFECT (V.O.)  
Van Veen? What news?

VAN VEEN  
We're still trying to locate him.

FIRST PREFECT (V.O.)  
Are you any closer?

Van Veen pauses, not sure what to say.

VAN VEEN  
The police don't know where he is.

FIRST PREFECT (V.O.)  
Come to our chamber right away.

The talisman goes blank.

INT. POLICE CAR - MORNING

Powderhill gets in.



POWDERHILL

Trent, follow Van Veen but keep  
your distance. Stay out of sight,  
Derrick.

Trent gets the car rolling and turns it around.

Van Veen's car turns at the end of the street, going out of  
sight.

LONDON

Rose? The man in the back of that  
car. That was him -- the man at the  
office building. The other guy was  
the one with the knife, last night.

POWDERHILL

I thought it might be, but you have  
to be sure.

LONDON

I'm certain.

They reach the end of the street. There's no sign of Van  
Veen's car in the traffic.

TRENT

I lost him. Sorry, Ma'am.

POWDERHILL

Never mind.

TRENT

Where now, Ma'am?

Powderhill thinks for a moment.

POWDERHILL

Back to my office, Trent.

TRENT

Yes, Ma'am.

EXT. PREFECTS' TOWER - AFTERNOON

Van Veen's car rolls through a gate and into an open area a  
mile wide. To one side is a parking area with a VISITOR  
PARKING sign, to the other is a bus station with several  
platforms. Buses, cars and pedestrians are everywhere.

A signpost carries signs pointing in various directions: VISITOR CENTER, CONFERENCE HALL, MEETING ROOMS, THEATER, RESTAURANT, GUIDED TOURS, GIFT SHOP, INFORMATION, OFFICE OF THE PROCURATORS.

Van Veen's car continues toward the tower, through a gate marked OFFICIAL BUSINESS ONLY.

They are near a huge building, like a stepped pyramid with three seven-sided tiers. Rings of floodlights at ground level and on each tier light up the whole structure. From the center of the top tier the Prefects' Tower, a hundred feet wide, is a finger pointing at the distant roof.

Beckley parks the car in an small parking lot marked OFFICE OF THE PROCURATORS. Van Veen gets out.

VAN VEEN  
(to Beckley)  
Go and get the others, then wait  
for me here.

Van Veen looks up toward the top of the tower then walks off toward the building.

INT. POLICE CAR - AFTERNOON

Powderhill, London and Trent are still on their way to the police station. Powderhill is thinking hard.

POWDERHILL  
Change of plan. Trent, we're going  
to my house. Van Veen thinks we're  
still looking for Derrick so he'll  
be safe there.

LONDON  
I'm worried about Gus.

POWDERHILL  
So am I. Trent, after my house  
we're going to the station. I'll  
stay there a while so it looks like  
a normal day.

TRENT  
Yes, Ma'am.

POWDERHILL  
I want you to go to the City Guard  
post in sector one twenty-nine and  
wait for Corporal Finnegan.  
(MORE)

POWDERHILL (CONT'D)

Take him to my house. Be sure  
you're not followed. And tell him  
to lose his talisman.

LONDON

(to Powderhill)

You should take yours off, too. As  
far as Van Veen's concerned, you're  
still looking for me. He may try to  
follow you.

POWDERHILL

I'm counting on it.

INT. PREFECTS' CHAMBER - AFTERNOON

Van Veen and the prefects are sitting at the octagonal table.  
Van Veen throws London's talisman clattering onto the table.

VAN VEEN

We found the body just before I  
came here.

FIRST PREFECT

How did he die?

VAN VEEN

He was stabbed to death and  
stripped. He was hiding in an empty  
house, and it looks like a gang of  
criminals found him there.

FIRST PREFECT

Does anyone else know about this?

VAN VEEN

No, and I've had the body moved to  
a safe place.

FIRST PREFECT

What about the police? They will  
still be looking for him.

VAN VEEN

I'll see to it that the police find  
the body. That should be the end of  
it. Almost.

FIRST PREFECT

Almost?

VAN VEEN

We need to be sure the police investigation is closed. I don't want them having any remaining suspicions.

FIRST PREFECT

Who is in charge of the case?

VAN VEEN

A Detective, Powderhill.

FIRST PREFECT

Give me your talisman.

INT. POLICE CAR - AFTERNOON

The car is parked in a quiet side street. Powderhill and London are waiting.

Trent appears by the side of the car, opens the door and gets in.

TRENT

All clear, Ma'am. No sign that anyone's watching the house.

POWDERHILL

Good. Let's go.

Trent gets the car moving.

EXT. POWDERHILL'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

The car pulls up in front of the house. It looks something like Finnegan's house and is in a similar neighborhood.

Powderhill and London get out of the car, up the front steps and inside, quickly.

INT. POWDERHILL'S HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Powderhill closes the door behind her and London.

POWDERHILL

Make yourself at home but stay away from the windows and don't put any lights on.

She turns to the door.

LONDON  
Don't take any chances, Rose.

POWDERHILL  
I'll be okay, Derrick.

She leaves, locking the door behind her.

EXT. PREFECTS' TOWER - AFTERNOON

Beckley, Muller and Foy are waiting in Van Veen's car.

Van Veen appears at the door of the Office of the Procurators and walks to the car.

INT. VAN VEEN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Van Veen gets in.

MULLER  
What's going on?

Van Veen looks up at the tower.

VAN VEEN  
They fell for it. Stupid bastards.  
And they gave me exactly what I  
need.

He pulls his sleeve up to show his talisman.

VAN VEEN  
I didn't even have to ask. Stupid  
bastards.

He manipulates the talisman.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Powderhill and Trent are on their way to the station.  
Unnoticed by either, light shows from Powderhill's sleeve.  
Then it's gone.

INT. VAN VEEN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

VAN VEEN  
Let's go. East.

Beckley gets them moving. Van Veen leans over the seat.

VAN VEEN

This is still going to work, just not the way I intended originally and we'll have to be careful.

MULLER

How, Van Veen?

Van Veen holds up his talisman.

VAN VEEN

This is going to take us to Powderhill. Powderhill is going to take us to Mister London.

FOY

How can she take us to him if she don't know where he is?

VAN VEEN

She DOES know where he is.

BECKLEY

How do you know?

VAN VEEN

Because I keep my eyes open and I think. She went to the battery plant to look for London, right?

BECKLEY

Right.

VAN VEEN

Wrong. If she was looking for him she wouldn't have been alone, she wouldn't have parked her car half a mile away, and -- most important -- she wouldn't have left right after we did.

BECKLEY

She did?

VAN VEEN

She came out of the factory not ten seconds behind us. She wasn't looking for London, because she already knows where he is. She's protecting him.

MULLER

So she leads us to him. Then what?

VAN VEEN

Then Mister London is going to die  
in a rather spectacular way, and  
Detective Powderhill gets to watch.

INT. POWDERHILL'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Powderhill is at her desk, looking busy. RILEY, a gruff armorer, walks in carrying a bag. He closes the door behind him.

RILEY

I got the stuff you wanted,  
Powderhill.

POWDERHILL

Good. Show me.

Riley opens the bag and takes out a strange-looking handgun and ammunition clip. He places them in front of Powderhill.

RILEY

You know you're not supposed to  
have this, right? Armed Special  
Unit are the only guys supposed to  
have these.

POWDERHILL

I know, Riley. I appreciate this.

RILEY

Yeah, well. The only reason I'm  
doing this is Trent's a good pal of  
mine and he told me you wouldn't  
ask unless you was in a fix. Now,  
you know how to use this?

POWDERHILL

I had a training course.

RILEY

Yeah, right. Six shots at a target  
the size of a house ten feet in  
front of you. Some training course.

POWDERHILL

How many clips have you got?

RILEY

You're looking at it, and anyway  
it's only got three bullets left  
over from range practice.

(MORE)

RILEY (CONT'D)

I can't risk taking any more from stores; I'm sticking my neck out as it is.

POWDERHILL

It'll have to do. Anything else I should know?

RILEY

Yeah. Watch the recoil; this bastard'll break your scrawny wrists if you don't hold it right. And don't lose it, and don't give it back to anyone but me.

Riley leaves the room.

Powderhill puts the gun and the clip in her desk drawer and locks it.

Her talisman suddenly brightens for a moment then dims back to normal.

POWDERHILL

(under her breath)

Gotcha.

INT. POWDERHILL'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Powderhill's house is decorated in feminine style -- floral prints, frills. A small stack of case files is the only reminder that this is the house of a police detective.

The only light in the room comes from the gaslights on the street outside. London is asleep on a sofa, his shoes on the floor.

A noise from the hallway wakes him.

As quietly as he can, he slides down onto the floor so that he can't be seen from the door.

Crouching, he slinks over to the wall behind the door.

The door opens. London holds his breath.

FINNEGAN

Derrick?

London breathes again and steps out.



LONDON  
 You scared me. I thought it might  
 be them. Where's Rose?

EXT. POLICE STATION - EVENING

Van Veen and his men are in the car, watching the police station from fifty yards away.

INT. VAN VEEN'S CAR - EVENING

Van Veen checks his talisman.

VAN VEEN  
 She's moving.

BECKLEY  
 About time.

VAN VEEN  
 Shut up. Get ready.

They watch as a police car rolls up to the station door and stops.

A moment later a female figure comes out of the station and gets in the car.

VAN VEEN  
 There. Go, Beckley.

The police car drives off.

EXT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Van Veen's car takes off, a safe distance behind the police car.

A few seconds later, Powderhill steps out of the shadows by the side of the station building. She watches the retreating cars until they're out of sight.

She turns on her heel and walks down the street the other way.

INT. POWDERHILL'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

London and Finnegan are sitting in armchairs in the unlit room.

LONDON

The man I saw at the explosion --  
it was Van Veen.

FINNEGAN

Trent told me on the way here.

LONDON

So where does that put us?

POWDERHILL (O.S.)

We'll figure that out.

Finnegan and London turn. Powderhill comes into the room from the dark hallway.

She crosses the room and closes the shades on the window.

POWDERHILL

Get the light, one of you. And  
light the fire.

Finnegan puts on the room light.

POWDERHILL

Let's have some tea, shall we?

INT. VAN VEEN'S CAR - NIGHT

Van Veen and his men are still following the police car. They are in an agricultural area with no other traffic around.

MULLER

What the devil is all the way out  
here?

VAN VEEN

She must be hiding him in a farm or  
a barn, or something like that.  
Keep going.

Beckley stops the car suddenly.

VAN VEEN

(to Beckley)

What are you doing?

Beckley points a finger ahead.

The lights of the police car are in sight some distance ahead.

A moment later a shadow crosses the lights. Van Veen sees the car door open and the driver climb in.

The car moves off again.

BECKLEY

Looks like he stopped to take a leak.

VAN VEEN

Give them a minute, then get after them again. Don't get so close this time.

INT. POWDERHILL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Powderhill finishes making up a tea tray. She carries it out of the kitchen.

INT. POWDERHILL'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Finnegan is sitting in one of the armchairs. This time, London is sitting on the floor to leave a chair free for Powderhill.

Powderhill deposits the tea tray on a low table and sits. She starts pouring cups.

POWDERHILL

Now. Van Veen was the man Derrick saw. Things are beginning to become clearer.

LONDON

How do you mean?

POWDERHILL

Here's what I think was happening. First, the prefects, for whatever reason, decide to destroy the Spinks building and blame it on enemy action. To do that they need a procurator there to guide them when they blast the building.

LONDON

Which explains why Van Veen was there.

POWDERHILL

Right. So they blow up the building, then Van Veen sees you. Somehow -- probably using your talisman -- Van Veen or the prefects identify you.

LONDON

So it was just my bad luck that I was there.

POWDERHILL

I think so, yes. He saw you, found out who you were and had somebody call us. He threw in the story about the bodies to make sure we took it seriously.

LONDON

And planted explosives to be sure.

FINNEGAN

But why accuse Derrick of murder?

POWDERHILL

Hold on, I'm getting there. We bring Derrick in and charge him.

FINNEGAN

And with thirty victims and a pile of explosives, Derrick has no chance. He'd have been found guilty and executed.

LONDON

So why did they try to kill me in the cell? What was the hurry?

POWDERHILL

(shakes her head)

That's not the right question. It finally came to me. Not WHY, Derrick. HOW they tried to kill you is what's important.

London and Finnegan look at each other, then back at Powderhill.

LONDON

You've lost me.

FINNEGAN

Me too.

POWDERHILL

Van Veen could have had you killed in a dozen ways. An arrow through the cell window. Poison gas. They have access to explosives -- one stick would have done it.

FINNEGAN

So why did they go to all the trouble of dragging a dragon from the spectral dimension?

POWDERHILL

Exactly. They made a point of using spectral energy, right there in a police station.

FINNEGAN

But nobody connected the dragons with spectral energy until now.

POWDERHILL

Yes, but we DID make that connection. I think they counted on us doing it sooner or later.

LONDON

So, you think somebody wants us to know that the prefects were responsible, right?

POWDERHILL

Yes. And they're leading us by the nose to make sure.

FINNEGAN

And it's not just what happened at the police station. They're responsible for the Spinks explosion.

LONDON

Wait, though. Only the prefects can control spectral energy...

FINNEGAN

So the prefects did this to incriminate themselves? That's crazy. We must have it wrong.

POWDERHILL

We know that was spectral energy in the cell.

(MORE)

POWDERHILL (CONT'D)

It had to have been the prefects. I don't know why they wanted to make a public display but there must be a reason. We just don't know what it is.

LONDON

Van Veen is in the middle of this. He must know.

POWDERHILL

I don't know how we'd get him to tell us, though.

FINNEGAN

Where is Van Veen, anyway?

POWDERHILL

I gave my talisman to another officer. She's taking a long drive out to the farming zones, and Van Veen is still following.

INT. VAN VEEN'S CAR - NIGHT

The police car's lights become visible again, a long way ahead.

Van Veen checks his talisman again. As he does so he sees a flash of light from the police car.

Curious, he touches the talisman again. Ahead, light flashes again from the police car.

VAN VEEN

Oh, those fucking morons! Turn us around.

BECKLEY

What for?

VAN VEEN

Just do it, Beckley.

Beckley turns the car.

MULLER

Fucking morons? Who are you talking about?

VAN VEEN

The prefects. Every time I tag Powderhill's talisman the damn thing lights up like a beacon. Idiots. London isn't out here. Powderhill knows we're watching her and she's leading us the wrong way.

FOY

So what are we doing?

VAN VEEN

We're going to use our heads.

There's a side lane ahead. Van Veen points at it.

VAN VEEN

Take us up there, Beckley.

EXT. VAN VEEN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Beckley turns the car into the side lane.

The car stops fifty yards up.

INT. VAN VEEN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

VAN VEEN

Turn the lights out and wait here.

Beckley turns the lights off as Van Veen climbs out of the car.

EXT. VAN VEEN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Van Veen walks quickly back down the lane until he has a clear view of the road. He stops.

A few moments later, lights are visible on the road. The police car passes. Van Veen sees the occupants but they don't see him.

Van Veen goes back to the car and gets in.

INT. VAN VEEN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

VAN VEEN

We'll wait here ten minutes.

MULLER

I get it. Now she thinks we've given up, and she'll go to him.

VAN VEEN

It's not as simple as that. That wasn't her in the car. She gave her talisman to someone else.

MULLER

We should follow anyway. We might get lucky.

Van Veen thinks for a moment.

VAN VEEN

You're right. Beckley, let's go.

INT. POWDERHILL'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Powderhill, London and Finnegan are eating.

A loud squawk sounds from the hallway. London and Finnegan jerk upright.

Powderhill stands up.

POWDERHILL

Sorry. Radio.

She goes to the hallway.

A moment later she comes back with a police radio in her hand.

POWDERHILL

(to radio)

Powderhill.

POLICEWOMAN (V.O.)

Detective? They stopped following us.

POWDERHILL

Where are you?

POLICEWOMAN (V.O.)

Sector eighty-seven.



POWDERHILL

Okay. Get back to the station as fast as you can and leave my talisman in my office, then go home. Be careful; these people are dangerous.

POLICEWOMAN (V.O.)

Yes, Ma'am.

Powderhill fiddles with the controls on the radio.

POWDERHILL

Trent, are you on?

The radio crackles.

TRENT (V.O.)

Here, Ma'am.

POWDERHILL

How far are you from my house, Trent?

TRENT (V.O.)

About fifteen minutes.

POWDERHILL

I'll be needing a car for a while. Get here as fast as you can.

TRENT (V.O.)

Yes, Ma'am.

Powderhill puts the radio down.

POWDERHILL

It'll take Van Veen a while to get back from all the way out there, so we have some time.

LONDON

Aren't we safe here?

POWDERHILL

By now Van Veen knows I'm hiding you so it's only a matter of time before he guesses you're here.

FINNEGAN

Does he know where you live?

POWDERHILL

If he doesn't, he can find out. We have to find somewhere safe. Gus, is that City Guard building still an option?

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Powderhill, London and Finnegan are on their way to sector one twenty-nine. Powderhill is driving.

POWDERHILL

How do we get into the Guard post, Gus?

FINNEGAN

Just go to the gate. I'll do the talking.

EXT. SECTOR 129 GUARD POST - NIGHT

The car pulls up at the gate. A barrier stops the car going further. A guard comes out of a hut by the gate and goes to the car.

A few moments later the guard returns to the hut and the barrier moves aside. The car goes through.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

LONDON

What next?

FINNEGAN

I'll take you to the building. There won't be anyone else there.

LONDON

No, I meant what are we going to do next? I can't run forever. Sooner or later Van Veen will find me.

POWDERHILL

I know, Derrick. We need time to work out what to do.

## INT. GUARD BUILDING - NIGHT

On one side of the room is a rough table with cans of paint, brushes and so on. The wall next to it has been partly painted. London, Powderhill and Finnegan are sitting or lying on bunks on the other side of the room. A single gaslight is on to throw a little light.

LONDON

Look, Van Veen's plan must be to expose the prefects. To make sure everyone knows they're responsible for the Spinks explosion and who knows what else.

POWDERHILL

That's the way it looks, yes.

LONDON

But he can't be seen to be involved, or he goes down with them, right? And that's why he wants me dead -- because I can link him to the whole thing. And so can you, so you're in as much danger as I am. So is Gus, if Van Veen knows he's with us.

POWDERHILL

Are you trying to scare me into doing something hasty?

LONDON

No. What I'm saying is the only way we can end this is to go to the prefects and tell them about Van Veen.

FINNEGAN

What's to stop the prefects killing you?

LONDON

Nothing, but their secret's already out so it would achieve nothing except to bring them even more attention.

FINNEGAN

It doesn't matter anyway. There's no way to get to the prefects.

(MORE)

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

Chief Procurators are the only people allowed to see them.

LONDON

(getting agitated)

We have to try. We HAVE to. Or this will never end.

POWDERHILL

We'd have to go through the Office of the Procurators to get to the Prefects' Tower, then up to the top. The place is full of procurators, day and night. We'd never get past the first level.

FINNEGAN

The prefects are out of the question. We'll have to think of something else.

LONDON

But there's no other way. We HAVE to try to get to them. Who the hell else can we go to?

POWDERHILL

Gus is right. Let's talk about it in the morning. I need to get some sleep.

LONDON

Damn it, is either of you listening? We need to figure out what to do! We don't have time to sit around!

FINNEGAN

Yes, Derrick, but not now. Get some sleep. It'll be clearer in the morning and we can decide what to do then.

London throws himself onto his bunk and turns away from the others.

INT. GUARD BUILDING - MORNING

Powderhill wakes up.

Sitting up, she sees that Derrick's bunk is empty. Finnegan is still asleep.

She checks the other rooms quickly. No sign of London.  
She shakes Finnegan.

POWDERHILL  
Gus! Wake up!

Finnegan wakes up sharply, startled.

POWDERHILL  
Derrick's gone.

FINNEGAN  
Gone where?

POWDERHILL  
My guess is he's trying to get to  
the prefects.

FINNEGAN  
Oh, for fuck's sake. He'll never  
get past the procurators without a  
talisman, even with a Guards  
uniform. And if Van Veen gets hold  
of him, he's dead.

POWDERHILL  
We have to stop him. I hope he  
didn't try to take the car.

FINNEGAN  
(shaking his head)  
Someone they don't know, wearing a  
Corporal's uniform and driving a  
police car? He'd never get past the  
gate.

POWDERHILL  
We'd better go. I don't know how  
much of a head start he has.

FINNEGAN  
Wait a minute, Rose. Chances are  
you're not going to catch him  
before he gets to the Prefects'  
Tower. I may be able to provide a  
distraction for the procurators. It  
might at least give Derrick a  
chance.

POWDERHILL  
What are you going to do?

FINNEGAN

I'm not sure yet. You get going.  
I'll catch up with you.

POWDERHILL

Okay.

FINNEGAN

Be careful, Rose.

POWDERHILL

You too, Gus.

EXT. PREFECTS' TOWER - MORNING

A bus pulls up at a stand in the bus station in the tower complex.

A number of people get off the bus, including London. He's wearing Finnegan's uniform cap, pulled down.

London has to pass through a small gate to get to the main part of the complex. A man at the gate is checking talismans.

London waits in line to go through the gate. He's nervous.

When his turn comes he ignores the man and doesn't make any move to expose his talisman. The man sees the uniform and waves London through.

On the other side of the gate, London breathes a sigh of relief. In front of him is a signpost with signs pointing in different directions.

London follows the one that reads OFFICE OF THE PROCURATORS.

INT. POWDERHILL'S OFFICE - MORNING

Powderhill comes in, grabs her talisman from the desk where the policewoman left it.

She unlocks the desk drawer, takes the gun and ammunition, locks the drawer and leaves.

EXT. OFFICE OF THE PROCURATORS - MORNING

London approaches the doorway, trying to look as if he has business being there.

## INT. OFFICE OF THE PROCURATORS - MORNING

London enters a large hall. In front of him is a row of desks, each manned by a procurator and each with a line of people waiting to have their talismans checked. Behind the desks is a large open area with corridors leading off. There are procurators standing, watching.

Some of the people in the lines are wearing Guard uniforms, other are police. The checkers are checking talismans regardless. Seeing this makes London very nervous. Nevertheless he joins one of the lines.

After a few moments he reaches the head of his line.

PROCURATOR  
Talisman, please.

London moves as if to pull up his sleeve. Then, suddenly, he bolts past the desk and runs for the nearest corridor.

PROCURATOR  
Hey!

The procurator blows a whistle. London has already reached the corridor. Some of the other procurators run after him.

## INT. PREFECTS' TOWER FIRST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

London runs down the corridor. His nearest pursuer is forty feet behind him.

More corridors cross the one London is in. London turns sharply into one of these and keeps running. This corridor is empty.

A little further ahead, another cross corridor. London turns again. There are several doors ahead of him, each with its own sign -- STORAGE, STAIRS, REFRESHMENTS. He glances over his shoulder. He can hear running footsteps behind him but his pursuers aren't in sight yet.

He slides to a stop at the door marked STAIRS, opens the door and slips through, closing the door behind him as quickly and quietly as he can.

## INT. VAN VEEN'S OFFICE - MORNING

Van Veen is standing at his desk. He and Muller are looking at a map of the city spread out on the desktop.

A procurator opens the door in a hurry and dashes in.

HURRIED PROCURATOR  
Sir, we have a security breach.

VAN VEEN  
What's happening?

HURRIED PROCURATOR  
A man got past the security desks  
without a talisman, Sir. He's  
inside the building somewhere.

VAN VEEN  
I suppose we'd better join the  
search. What does he look like?

HURRIED PROCURATOR  
Slim, average height, wearing a  
City Guard uniform.

Van Veen hesitates as he remembers the man in the back of  
Powderhill's car outside the burned-out battery plant.

VAN VEEN  
Carry on. We'll secure these  
offices first.

HURRIED PROCURATOR  
Very good, Sir.

The procurator leaves the room again, closing the door.

VAN VEEN  
It's him. It's London.

MULLER  
How do you know?

VAN VEEN  
He was at the battery plant. I  
didn't recognize him. He was  
wearing a Guard uniform.

MULLER  
What's he doing here? Is he insane?

VAN VEEN  
Not insane. Desperate. I think he's  
trying to get to the prefects.



MULLER

He doesn't stand a chance. They'll stop him at the ascender room -- if he gets that far.

VAN VEEN

We have to stop him before anyone else does. I don't want him talking. You join the search parties. Make it crystal clear that if he's found, he's to be brought to me.

MULLER

Where are you going?

VAN VEEN

I'll be in the ascender room.

INT. OFFICE OF THE PROCURATORS - MORNING

Powderhill arrives in the entrance hall. The place is in turmoil; the procurators are trying to evacuate the building and stop anyone else entering all at the same time, and there aren't enough of them to cope.

Powderhill goes to the nearest procurator and flashes her talisman.

POWDERHILL

Police. What's going on here?

PROCURATOR

We have a security breach. Someone got past the checkpoint without a talisman.

POWDERHILL

A man in a Guard uniform?

PROCURATOR

Yes. How did...

POWDERHILL

(interrupting)

The man's a fugitive from police custody. Let me through.

PROCURATOR

I'm sorry, I'm afraid...

POWDERHILL  
(interrupting, loudly)  
Let me through THIS INSTANT or I'll  
have you arrested for obstruction.  
Well?

PROCURATOR  
Yes, Ma'am. Sorry, Ma'am.

Powderhill strides through.

INT. ASCENDER ROOM - MORNING

London is crawling up the stairs. He peeps over the top step.

The ascender room occupies the entire space of the top level of the building. Twelve huge elevators are arranged in a hundred-foot wide circle in the center, with large gaps between them. The only lighting is in the center. London is in shadow, at the top of one of seven staircases leading here.

London looks through a gap to the center of the room. A circular desk is manned by half a dozen procurators.

He hears footsteps behind him. He creeps up the last steps as quickly and quietly as he can and slides around to one side, pressing against the wall, to put an elevator shaft between him and the men in the center.

A figure appears at the top of the stairs and walks toward the center. It's Van Veen. He doesn't appear to have seen London.

Quietly, London pads toward the elevator in front of him.

He reaches it and moves to one side where he can see the desk. He can hear Van Veen and the other men talking but the voices are too quiet to make out what they're saying.

Van Veen stops talking, turns and walks back the way he came. The other men also walk out from the center, in different directions.

London sees his chance to get to one of the elevators. He dips round the corner and takes a step inward, then sees that one of the procurators is walking toward him.

He steps back around the rear of the elevator -- and bumps into something. He turns.

Van Veen is standing there, a menacing grin on his face.

London turns to run back to the staircase, but his way is barred by the other procurators. He's surrounded.

The procurators close in. London tries to run but there's nowhere to go. He is grabbed by the arms and manages to struggle free only to be grabbed again. There are too many of them.

Some of the procurators pin London's arms and legs, while others start punching and kicking him. Dazed, he can just make out Van Veen's voice.

VAN VEEN  
Bring him to my office.

INT. PREFECTS' TOWER FIRST FLOOR - MORNING

Powderhill is wandering the corridors with a businesslike stride, attempting to discourage being challenged while looking for any sign of London.

She looks down a cross-corridor and sees a sign reading STAIRS. She walks toward it.

INT. PREFECTS' TOWER SECOND FLOOR - MORNING

Powderhill emerges from the stairs and looks around.

This floor is more open; the offices are larger and enclosed in glass. Procurators in the offices look at her curiously, but make no moves to approach her.

Powderhill sees another door some distance away. A sign next to it reads ASCENDERS. She walks toward it.

EXT. OFFICE OF THE PROCURATORS - MORNING

A dozen steam powered troop carriers loaded with City Guards drive into the complex.

They stop and at a signal from an officer the guards jump from the carriers and disperse, some forming a cordon while others run toward the door.

INT. PREFECTS' TOWER SECOND FLOOR - MORNING

Powderhill is almost at the door when a procurator steps out from an office and bars her way. He's a big man, twice Powderhill's weight and taller by a head.

BIG PROCURATOR  
Where do you think you're going?

Powderhill isn't in the mood, and this guy doesn't intimidate her. She flashes her talisman.

POWDERHILL  
Police. Move.

The man sets his shoulders and folds his arms.

BIG PROCURATOR  
I don't...

Another procurator races up the stairs behind Powderhill. The big procurator looks that way.

RUNNING PROCURATOR  
Everybody downstairs, now!

BIG PROCURATOR  
What's going on?

RUNNING PROCURATOR  
City Guards have occupied the  
entrance hall! We have to stop them  
getting any further!

The messenger runs back the way he just came. People from the other offices make for the stairs.

POWDERHILL  
(under her breath)  
Gus, you're amazing.

BIG PROCURATOR  
(to Powderhill)  
You're coming with me.

He tries to grab Powderhill's collar but she's too quick -- she ducks under his arm and kicks him hard in the back of the knee. The knee buckles. Powderhill follows with a kick to the solar plexus and the man doubles over.

BIG PROCURATOR  
Ah!

Groaning, he straightens up and turns. Powderhill is gone. The door to the stairs is swinging closed.

BIG PROCURATOR  
Fuck it.

He limps toward the stairs down.

BIG PROCURATOR  
They don't pay me enough for this.

INT. VAN VEEN'S OFFICE - MORNING

London is unconscious, tied to a wheelchair. His face is badly bruised and he's bleeding a little from the mouth. Van Veen is standing over him. Van Veen slaps him lightly on the face.

VAN VEEN  
Wake up, Mister London.

London doesn't respond. Van Veen slaps him harder.

VAN VEEN  
Wake up!

London's eyes open and his head lolls back. He looks around, groggy.

He sees Van Veen but he can't stay focused and his eyes keep drifting away.

VAN VEEN  
There's no point struggling, Mister London. You've been drugged.

LONDON  
No shit.

Van Veen stoops and holds London's head, eye to eye.

VAN VEEN  
You've led me on a merry chase, Derrick.

London's voice is croaky and slurred.

LONDON  
I know what you're doing, you bastard.

Van Veen lets go of London's head.

VAN VEEN  
Oh? And what am I doing, Derrick?

Van Veen goes behind the wheelchair, grabs the handles and wheels London toward the door.

INT. PREFECTS' TOWER GROUND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Van Veen pushes the wheelchair along a corridor. In the distance, the fight between the City Guard and the procurators in the entrance hall can be heard.

LONDON

Framing the prefects for enemy attacks.

Van Veen laughs so hard he has to stop pushing for moment to wipe his eyes. He gets himself under control again and resumes pushing.

VAN VEEN

I don't need to frame them, Derrick. The prefects caused the attacks. I was just exposing them.

LONDON

Why?

VAN VEEN

You really don't have a clue, do you?

Van Veen pushes the wheelchair through a door to a stairwell.

INT. PREFECTS' TOWER STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Van Veen starts clunking the wheelchair down the stairs, one step at a time and not gently. He's short of breath from the effort.

VAN VEEN

All the so-called enemy attacks are caused by the prefects. They always have been. There is no enemy, Derrick. Their city is full of dust and bones; the last of them died hundreds of years ago. I'm just making sure the people know the truth.

LONDON

So you're doing it for the good of the people? I don't believe you.

VAN VEEN

Oh, don't get me wrong, Derrick.  
Once the people know just what the  
prefects have been doing, they'll  
demand their removal.

He reaches the bottom of the stairs and pushes the wheelchair  
through a door.

INT. PREFECTS' TOWER BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Another corridor.

VAN VEEN

But the city can't survive without  
prefects for long. Without prefects  
there's no spectral energy and  
without that, no heat, no fresh  
air, no water.

LONDON

So you take their place.

VAN VEEN

Me, and a few friends I can trust,  
yes.

Van Veen stops by a large metal double door. He takes a key  
from his pocket and unlocks and opens the doors. He pushes  
London through.

INT. PORTAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is large and circular, with a domed ceiling. There  
is a low, powerful hum. In the center of the room is a pit  
and in it, surrounded by a cage of metal, wires and glass, a  
sphere of fire and lightning twenty feet across. Light from  
the sphere fills the room with ever-changing colored light.

On one side of the pit is a platform like a gangplank,  
jutting through a gap in the framework and almost touching  
the surface of the sphere of energy.

Van Veen pushes the wheelchair near the gangplank then steps  
in front of London.

He starts undoing the straps.

VAN VEEN

The trouble is, if anyone finds out that I was part of what the prefects were doing all along...

LONDON

They'd never let you become a prefect.

VAN VEEN

Very good, Derrick! But you saw me at that explosion site -- the one where I saw you and decided it was time to make my move -- and you can link me to it.

LONDON

And that's why you've been trying to kill me.

VAN VEEN

Precisely.

LONDON

But the dragon in the cell... how could the prefects not know about that?

VAN VEEN

Very simple, Derrick; the prefects are blind without the procurators. They thought they were starting a fire three streets away. The dragon, as you call it, wasn't planned but it made sure the event was memorable.

Van Veen has undone the straps. London tries to move but the drugs still have hold.

LONDON

She'll stop you.

VAN VEEN

Powderhill? Oh, she's smart, I'll give her that. But I'll find her soon enough and she won't be so lucky this time.

Van Veen lifts London from the chair and braces him. He half-carries, half-drags London along the gangplank.



He lets London drop into a sitting position at the end of the gangplank, facing the energy sphere. He holds London's shoulders so that he doesn't fall.

VAN VEEN

Do you know what this is?

LONDON

A doorway. To the spectral dimension.

VAN VEEN

You're full of surprises, Derrick!  
I should have had you working for me, instead of those three morons I have to put up with.

Van Veen pulls London's head back so that he can look into his eyes.

VAN VEEN

It's not too late, Derrick. Help me take care of Powderhill and you can be the new Second Prefect. We can make the city a better place together. What do you say?

LONDON

Let me live and I'll tear your heart out the first chance I get, Van Veen.

VAN VEEN

A man of principles, too. A sad loss.

Van Veen pushes London upright again.

VAN VEEN

As you said, Derrick, a one-way doorway to the spectral dimension. There's a rather dangerous procedure to connect your mind to the other side. That's how new prefects are made, in case you were wondering. Chief Procurators are chosen to be prefects when one of the incumbents dies. Unfortunately there's no sign that any of the incumbents are planning on dying any time soon, and I don't want to wait.

Van Veen stands and braces his foot against London's back, ready to push him into the portal.

VAN VEEN

The chemistry of our world doesn't work there. The moment you're inside, you'll begin to die. You'll have perhaps a minute before you lose consciousness and shortly after that you'll be dead. I honestly hope you're at least unconscious before the dragons find you. Goodbye, Derrick.

Van Veen pushes London forward, and London disappears.

INT. ASCENDER ROOM - MORNING

Slowly, quietly, Powderhill climbs the last stairs and sees the elevators ahead of her, and the central desk manned by procurators.

She squares her shoulders and strides toward the desk ready to face the men down. She doesn't really expect this to work.

After two paces she hears the sound of a radio crackling, coming from the desk. She stops. A voice comes from the radio but she can't make out the words.

The men at the desk suddenly run for the staircases. Powderhill steps sideways quickly and backs up against the nearest elevator.

The men run past without seeing her and disappear down the stairs.

Cautious, she peeks around the side of the elevator to make sure the desk is clear.

EXT. THE SPECTRAL DIMENSION - MORNING

London is weightless, rising from a pit of sparkling stuff. There is air here, blowing glowing particles through his body.

As he clears the pit he realizes that the shimmering surface below him is an echo of the surface of the city's cave. Shapes like solid smoke sit on the surface -- shadows of the buildings of the city. Below him is a glowing ball -- the portal.

Miles above him, he sees a circle of seven bright lights very close together. He can see them as clearly as if he was standing next to them.

Still floating upward, he looks down again and sees, in and around the building shapes, hundreds of thousands of sparkling pinpoints.

He reaches out toward them, willing them closer, and suddenly he's rushing toward them.

As he gets closer he wills himself to a halt. Now, apparently just feet away, he can see what they are. Glowing circles with letters and numbers burning on them. The spectral echoes of talismans.

His vision is beginning to waver. The spectral dimension is killing him. He doesn't have much time.

He hears a familiar screech and looks in the direction it comes from. A dozen or more dragons have seen him and are bearing down on him fast. He should be terrified but somehow he knows exactly what to do. He closes his eyes.

#### LONDON

Rose.

He flies, back the way he came, to a point above the center of the pit. A single talisman sparkles there.

He stops a few feet from it. His body is failing, he has only moments of consciousness left, and the dragons are seconds away.

He makes a fist in the air in front of him. Concentrating, he opens his fingers like a flower.

#### INT. ASCENDER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Powderhill is looking at an elevator. There are no markings of any sort, nothing that looks like a control.

She walks to the desk. There's a control panel with twelve numbered buttons. Looking back at the elevators she sees that there are matching numbers above the doors.

She reaches toward one of the buttons.

There is a faint sound of rushing air behind her. She turns.

The sound gets louder. The air shimmers and brightens, becomes a bubble of fire and lightning.

She starts backing away from the bubble.

In an eye-twisting transformation the bubble appears to turn inside-out from all directions at the same time. Then the bubble is gone and in its place London hangs in space.

It takes a moment for gravity to re-establish its hold on him and he falls, slowly at first then faster as gravity gets a firmer grip.

He lands on his feet but is still weak from the beating and the drugs. He collapses in a heap on the floor.

Powderhill, stunned, runs to him and holds him upright. London puts his arms round her and holds her while he gets back some of his strength.

LONDON  
Help me up, Rose.

Powderhill supports him as he gets to his feet.

POWDERHILL  
Where did you come from? You just... appeared.

LONDON  
Van Veen threw me into the spectral dimension. He thought I wouldn't be able to get out, but somehow I knew exactly what to do. It's hard to explain.

POWDERHILL  
You're a mess.

LONDON  
I feel awful.

He tries to stand a bit straighter. He looks around, then down at the floor. He sees THROUGH the floor.

LONDON  
What's going on down there?

POWDERHILL  
City Guards are taking the procurators into custody. Gus said he'd create a diversion but I had no idea he'd be able to pull something like this.

London looks off to one side slightly. Powderhill realizes London is seeing things she can't.

LONDON  
Van Veen and his goons. We don't  
have much time.

POWDERHILL  
I'll take your word for it.

She goes to the desk and picks a button pretty much at random. With a loud hiss, one of the elevators' doors open.

POWDERHILL  
Come on.

She helps London into the elevator.

INT. LONDON'S ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

The elevator is huge and shaped like a wedge. The wall farthest from the doors is glass and beyond that is a smooth, black wall.

On the elevator wall by the doors is a panel with three unlabeled buttons in a vertical line. The middle one is red, the other two green. Powderhill presses the top button. Nothing happens.

London is looking into the floor again. Van Veen is getting too close.

LONDON  
Whenever you're ready, Rose.

She presses the top button again. Still nothing. She tries the red button. The doors hiss closed. The elevator still doesn't move.

She punches the top button again. With a smooth acceleration, the elevator starts upward.

INT. ASCENDER ROOM - MORNING

Van Veen, Muller and Foy go to the nearest elevator while Beckley walks to the desk.

Beckley presses a button and walks to the others as the doors open.

The four go in and the doors close.

INT. LONDON'S ELEVATOR - MORNING

The black wall beyond the glass window disappears. London and Powderhill look out to see the lights of the city spread out below them, dropping away gradually as they gain height.

London looks up at the roof of the cave. It's still a very long way up.

London sits on the floor and seeing this Powderhill does the same.

POWDERHILL

Why did you try to do this without me and Gus?

LONDON

Because it's me Van Veen wants. I don't want him hurting you or Gus. I had to do this on my own. If you and Gus had been with me we'd all be dead.

POWDERHILL

You got out of the spectral dimension. We could have, too.

LONDON

No, you couldn't. Finding your talisman quickly was the only thing that saved me. If you'd been in there too, we'd never have got out.

London looks down to see where Van Veen and his men are.

POWDERHILL

Is Van Veen following us?

LONDON

I don't think he knows I escaped. I think he and his friends are planning to kill the prefects.

POWDERHILL

What? We have to stop them!

LONDON

Do we? They're all as bad as one another. Maybe we should just let them kill each other.

POWDERHILL  
You can't mean that.

He looks at Powderhill.

LONDON  
Van Veen told me some things that  
you should know.

INT. VAN VEEN'S ELEVATOR - MORNING

MULLER  
Why the hurry to do this now?

VAN VEEN  
The prefects sensed London in the  
spectral dimension. Now they want  
to know why he was still alive  
after I told them he was dead.

MULLER  
That's not an answer.

VAN VEEN  
I'm too close to let one stupid  
detail get in my way. We need to  
get those imbeciles off our backs,  
then we take care of Powderhill.  
After that, the city is ours.

FOY  
How are we going to do this?

VAN VEEN  
Very, very quickly.

INT. LONDON'S ELEVATOR - MORNING

Powderhill is sitting on the floor silently, tears on her  
face.

LONDON  
It wasn't your fault. They lied to  
all of us.

POWDERHILL  
You don't understand. Hundreds of  
people executed as enemy spies. I  
did that. And it was all lies. All  
those people were innocent. Carl  
was innocent.

LONDON

THEY KILLED MY PARENTS. THEY are the ones to blame, Rose. Because of you the truth is out. Because of you it ends now. You're a hero, Rose.

She composes herself somewhat and wipes her eyes.

POWDERHILL

Some hero.

Powderhill looks at London. He's dead serious. She takes a deep breath and lets it out slowly, trying to calm herself.

POWDERHILL

What's going to happen?

LONDON

Van Veen thinks I'm dead. Now he's going to come after you, but he made a mistake putting me in there.

POWDERHILL

How come?

LONDON

Because now I have the same power the prefects do. More, maybe, because they've only touched the spectral dimension with their minds. I won't let them hurt you again.

Powderhill gives him a tender look. He smiles, then looks serious again.

LONDON

Rose... we may not have much time and there's something I have to tell you. I lost someone I cared about because I was too scared to tell her the truth...

POWDERHILL

(interrupting)

Derrick, you WILL get us through this, I know you will. We can talk later.

He glances out of the window, then stands and walks to the glass. Powderhill follows.



LONDON  
We're almost there.

Above them the platform supporting the cathedral-like building is approaching fast.

Powderhill sees that London is frowning.

POWDERHILL  
What's wrong?

London can see that the spectral lights of the prefects are much farther away than the platform above.

LONDON  
I'm not sure.

Outside the window the view turns to blackness as the elevator passes through the platform. A moment later the cathedral drops away below them.

From above they can see that the cathedral is a fake; a thin shell around an empty space.

Looking up, London sees the cave roof just moments away.

The windows go dark as the elevator passes into the cave roof.

POWDERHILL  
Where are we going?

London sits and closes his eyes. He tries to see into the spectral dimension but the only things he can see clearly are the sparks of talismans below and the prefects above.

He opens his eyes.

LONDON  
I don't know. It's hard to see.  
Inside, everything is so clear but  
from out here it's like trying to  
see through thick fog.

POWDERHILL  
I have no idea what you're talking  
about.

At that moment they feel the elevator slowing down. London looks down through the floor.

LONDON  
Van Veen's right behind us.

POWDERHILL

Okay.

She takes position by the control panel.

The elevator stops. The doors open automatically. London and Powderhill rush out. Powderhill smacks the red button with her hand as she runs, and the doors hiss closed behind them.

INT. CAVERN - CONTINUOUS

The twelve elevators form a circle on the flat floor of a hemispherical cavern. Leading off from this is a large tunnel, perfectly circular except for a flattened bottom. Half a dozen wide metal strips run from the tunnel to a set of platforms set just inside the cavern. Each platform has a control panel set on it. A wide tiled path runs from the platforms through a wide gap between the two closest elevators. Lights over the platforms illuminate them and cast dark shadows into the far reaches of the cavern.

There is the constant sound of water dripping from the cavern roof and walls. The water collects in puddles on the floor and runs into gratings set near the elevator housings.

London runs to one side and Powderhill follows. They hide behind an elevator housing. London has chosen a spot from where they can see the platforms while hidden by shadows.

POWDERHILL

What is this place?

LONDON

I don't know. Quiet. They're almost here.

A moment later they hear the hiss of elevator doors opening, then footsteps.

They peek round the side of the elevator and watch as the four men walk to one of the platforms, Van Veen in the lead.

Van Veen presses something on the control panel.

A few moments later London sees a light moving down the tunnel, approaching at impossible speed.

It decelerates rapidly. It's the headlight of a vehicle that slides into view under the platform lights, almost silently.

London and Powderhill are awestruck; they've never seen anything like it.

It's like a long blob of mercury with windows running the entire length. There are no seams, screws or rivets. It floats a foot above the metal strip.

A door appears in the side of the vehicle. London moves -- and his foot splashes in a puddle.

Muller turns.

MULLER

Did you hear something?

The other men follow Muller's gaze. They see nothing.

Powderhill has hold of London's hand. They're standing in the shadows in plain view of Van Veen's men. They dare not move.

All Muller and the others can see are shadows.

FOY

There's nothing there.

Van Veen and his men board the vehicle and sit down. The door closes behind them, leaving no trace that it was ever there.

The vehicle accelerates back down the tunnel, as quietly as it arrived.

London and Powderhill step out of the shadows and walk toward the platforms.

LONDON

Did you see that? Incredible!

POWDERHILL

We don't have time for that. We have to go after them.

They step onto the platform and look at the control panel.

London's mouth hangs open. For him, high-tech means the steam handles have chrome on them. The control board he's looking at is colored liquid crystal displays and touch-sensitive membranes.

LONDON

I have no idea how this works.

POWDERHILL

Probably a good thing. If you call one of those... whatever you call them, Van Veen might see it coming back this way.

(MORE)

## POWDERHILL (CONT'D)

We don't want to let him know we're here. We'll have to walk.

## LONDON

(shakes his head)

We'd never catch up in time. Wait a minute.

London looks down the tunnel. He sees the spectral light from the prefects, and racing toward them the glimmer of four talismans. The talismans slow and stop.

## INT. PRAETORIUM ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The vehicle slows to a halt at a platform, joining five others just like it.

The door appears and the men get out. They stop on the platform.

## VAN VEEN

When we get in there the First Prefect will be the one doing the talking. I'll keep him busy.

## MULLER

What should we do?

## VAN VEEN

(to Muller)

I want you to get close to the First Prefect while I keep him talking. He'll be watching me so take it easy and you'll be able to get right behind him.

Van Veen turns to look at Beckley and Foy.

## VAN VEEN

You two get behind the other prefects. When you're all in position, watch me. I'll take the First Prefect. Muller, be ready in case something goes wrong. The other prefects will have their minds in the spectral dimension. By the time they realize what's happening, it'll be too late.

Van Veen reaches into a pocket.

## VAN VEEN

Are we ready?

He pulls a large, sharp knife from his pocket. The others pull similar knives out.

VAN VEEN

Then let's go.

They walk toward a large double doorway in the base of a cylindrical structure set into the cave wall ahead, putting the knives back out of sight as they go.

INT. CAVERN - CONTINUOUS

London sees the talismans wander slightly then move off.

LONDON

I think it's safe now.

He turns to the control panel and touches a green shape.

POWDERHILL

I thought you didn't know how it worked.

LONDON

I don't know how a radio works, either, but I can still figure out how to use one.

INT. PRAETORIUM ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Van Veen and his men enter the building just as one of the silver vehicles glides away from the platform and accelerates toward the tunnel. They don't see it go.

INT. CAVERN - MORNING

London and Powderhill watch as a distant light appears in the tunnel, heading their way fast.

The vehicle halts smoothly at the platform, and the doorway appears in the side.

LONDON

We're living down there in coal dust and steam, when we could have things like this.

POWDERHILL

What else are they not telling us, I wonder?

They get aboard.

INT. SILVER MACHINE - CONTINUOUS

Nothing happens.

POWDERHILL

Well? How do you make it go?

London looks around for any kind of control. There are futuristic contoured seats, and that's all.

LONDON

Take a seat.

POWDERHILL

(shrugs)

Whatever you say.

She sits down and London sits next to her. Almost instantly the door closes and the vehicle starts moving.

The speed takes London and Powderhill by surprise. Scared witless, they hold hands.

EXT. SILVER MACHINE - MORNING

The vehicle flies along the tunnel at extremely high speed.

INT. PRAETORIUM ENTRANCE - MORNING

The vehicle slides back into place at its platform. The door opens and London and Powderhill get out. London is pale and shaking.

Powderhill staggers to the platform edge and drops to her knees. She's white as a sheet and sweating, trying not to throw up.

London looks around and then up. He sees the lights of the seven prefects in a circle. Below them, going up, four talismans.

LONDON

Rose? If you want to try to stop this, we have to go now.

Powderhill joins him, looking a little steadier. They head for the door.

## INT. PREFECTS' CHAMBER - MORNING

All seven prefects are sitting at their table, with the same posture. The First Prefect has his eyes open while the other six are in their dream state. All but the First Prefect are twitching in unison, as if sharing the same nightmare.

Van Veen walks in, followed by his men. The First Prefect stands. He is very angry.

## FIRST PREFECT

What are you doing, Van Veen? The city is in chaos, City Guards are arresting procurators...

He sees Van Veen's companions.

## FIRST PREFECT

Who are these people?

Van Veen walks steadily toward the First, who is looking at Muller. Muller and the others stay put.

## VAN VEEN

Steps are being taken to restore order even as we speak.

The First looks at Van Veen. Muller starts walking slowly toward the First while Beckley and Foy move either side of the table, Beckley toward the Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Prefects and Foy to the Second, Third and Fourth.

## FIRST PREFECT

What steps, Van Veen? The few procurators not yet held by the City Guard are doing their best to avoid capture.

## VAN VEEN

The first step is to remove the root cause of the problems.

Van Veen whips out his knife. Muller, Beckley and Foy draw theirs.

The door bangs open. Van Veen, Muller, Beckley, Foy and the First, startled, look that way. London and Powderhill are in the doorway. Powderhill has her gun in her hand.

The First sees Van Veen's knife and makes a motion with his hand. A hurricane-force wind from nowhere throws Van Veen and Muller across the room in opposite directions.

The First makes another motion toward the other prefects. They are instantly back in the real world and jump from their chairs.

Foy attacks and kills the Fourth Prefect; Beckley attacks the Sixth but not quickly enough, and misses. The Fifth raises his hand to attack London with spectral energy; there's a glow of fire around his hand that shoots toward London. London ducks, Powderhill shoots. The shot hits the Fifth in the chest and kills him. Powderhill is almost knocked off her feet by the recoil.

The Sixth and Seventh Prefects attack Beckley together with spectral fire; Beckley is incinerated. Foy slashes the Third's throat. The First sends a bolt of energy at London; he sees it coming and deflects it instinctively with his own spectral power. The Second sends lightning at Powderhill but she ducks and the bolt misses.

Foy runs at the Seventh to attack, but at the same time the Sixth sends a bolt at Powderhill and Foy runs right into it. He is engulfed by lightning. The Second tries again to hit Powderhill; she fires first, hitting the Second in the neck but a fragment of the Second's bolt hits Powderhill in the hip and stomach, throwing her back against the wall. The First attacks London again, but again London deflects the blast, this time back at the First; the First avoids it only narrowly.

The First, Sixth and Seventh all direct energy bolts at London. London deflects the blasts into the ceiling above them.

With a huge crack, the ceiling fragments. The First looks up just in time to see the block of masonry that kills him. The Sixth and Seventh don't see it coming.

Another block of the ceiling collapses, and a fragment hits London in the head. He falls.

INT. PREFECTS' CHAMBER - MORNING

Blackness.

FINNEGAN

Derrick?

London opens his eyes. His vision is blurred and he's groggy.

FINNEGAN

Derrick, are you alright?



London sees Finnegan in front of him. He looks round and sees where he is.

LONDON  
Where's Rose? She was...

POWDERHILL (O.S.)  
(interrupting)  
I'm fine, Derrick.

London turns and sees Powderhill sitting next to him. She has scratches and blood on her face, and her clothes are scorched where the bolt hit her, but she's smiling.

LONDON  
What are you doing here, Gus?

FINNEGAN  
We took control of the tower. I thought you must be up here so I brought some of my men to try to find you. Not a moment too soon, I'd say.

London tries to stand up.

FINNEGAN  
Whoa there, Derrick, take it easy. You've had a nasty whack on the head.

LONDON  
I'll be okay.

London surveys the devastation.

A couple of Finnegan's men are walking over the rubble.

Foy's body, blackened from the lightning charge, is smoking nearby. All that's left of Beckley is a charred skull and a pile of ash. Muller is lying where he was thrown, unconscious or dead. The prefects' bodies are scattered around.

LONDON  
Where's Van Veen?

FINNEGAN  
We haven't found him yet.

London walks toward the wall where Van Veen was thrown by the First's hurricane blast. Finnegan and Powderhill follow.

London looks around and reaches down to pick something up. He holds it out to Finnegan and Powderhill.

Van Veen's talisman.

LONDON  
He got away.

FINNEGAN  
We'll find him, Derrick. Don't worry about it now.

LONDON  
He'll try to get to the portal and make himself a prefect. We have to stop him.

London heads for the door. Finnegan and Powderhill follow.

INT. PREFECTS' TOWER BASEMENT - AFTERNOON

London, Powderhill and Finnegan approach the door to the portal room. London closes his eyes and looks into the spectral dimension. He sees the glowing ball of the portal beyond the door. He looks all around, but doesn't see the bright light of a prefect.

LONDON  
I can't see Van Veen.

FINNEGAN  
In that case I'm going to get a couple of men to guard this door. I'll be right back.

Finnegan takes off at a run. London turns to Powderhill.

LONDON  
We'd better check the room.

London pushes the door open. Powderhill takes the gun from her pocket and follows.

INT. PORTAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

London and Powderhill go in opposite directions, moving slowly in the shadows around the edge of the room, looking all around.

A movement catches London's eye. Van Veen steps into view on the other side of the portal pit.

He was using the portal to hide from London. At the same moment he lets loose a blast of power at London.

London jumps to the side and the full force of the bolt hits the wall where he was standing. Chunks of stone fly out from the wall and London is knocked sideways.

VAN VEEN

You're too late, Derrick.

Van Veen fires another bolt. London shields himself with energy but the bolt wasn't aimed at him; Van Veen had aimed at the floor at London's feet. The stone explodes, throwing London onto his back in a shower of fragments.

VAN VEEN

I was thinking of giving you one last chance.

He fires another bolt at the floor near London, who is too dazed to defend himself. He's blown sideways and lands rolling on the floor twenty feet away.

VAN VEEN

But I think I believe what you said about tearing my heart out, so I won't be giving you the opportunity.

Raising himself up to his full height, Van Veen extends his arms. A glow of energy builds around his hands, ready for a tremendous killing blast.

VAN VEEN

This time, Derrick, it really is goodbye.

A gun fires and a thin line of blood appears on Van Veen's cheek. He turns and ducks at the same time.

Powderhill is standing on the far side of the room, gun held in both hands. She squeezes the trigger again, and the gun clicks empty. Van Veen grins evilly.

VAN VEEN

(to Powderhill)

I'll deal with you in a moment.

Van Veen turns back to London, who has turned to lie on his stomach, looking right at Van Veen and with his arm outstretched.

Van Veen knows something is wrong -- his grin vanishes. There's a sound from behind him.

Van Veen turns to see a bubble of fire and lightning no more than a foot from him.

Dragon claws and wings extrude from the bubble and enclose him.

VAN VEEN  
NOOOOOO!

The dragon screeches as its wings and claws pull Van Veen into the bubble. The bubble wavers and is gone.

Powderhill runs to London, who is slowly getting to his feet.

Finnegan runs in with two other Guards behind. He looks at London, sees the damage to the floor and walls.

FINNEGAN  
Fuck! What happened here?

Powderhill is helping London stand; he has an arm around her shoulder.

POWDERHILL  
Van Veen was here. Derrick called a Dragon, and it dragged him into the spectral dimension.

FINNEGAN  
Are you both okay?

London nods and smiles.

FINNEGAN  
I had a message from the men I left up there.

He points a finger straight up, indicating the prefects' chamber.

FINNEGAN  
They tell me there's something we need to see.

They walk toward the door.

INT. PRAETORIUM ENTRANCE - AFTERNOON

A couple of Guards -- POOLEY and OMALLEY -- are on watch by the entrance. A light appears in the tunnel, approaching fast.

A silver transport comes out of the tunnel and glides to a halt at a platform. The door appears and Finnegan steps out, followed by London and Powderhill.

FINNEGAN  
(to the Guards)  
What's so important, guys?

POOLEY  
Didn't anybody tell you?

FINNEGAN  
Tell me what?

OMALLEY  
Something else the prefects kept secret. It's easier if you see it for yourself. In the door and straight through.

Finnegan, Powderhill and London look at each other, curious. Finnegan turns back to the Guards.

FINNEGAN  
This had better be good.

POOLEY  
You'll see.

EXT. PRAETORIUM - AFTERNOON

The praetorium building is a column topped with a wide, circular dome, making the building mushroom-shaped. The building is set into the flank of an extinct volcano. There is a huge, ornate metal double door in the base of the column, standing open, above circular steps leading down to ground level. Guards are on the steps looking around, awed.

Finnegan, London and Powderhill come out onto the stone steps surrounding the column base.

The sky is blue with a few clouds. The sun is shining. There is vegetation as far as they can see. In the far distance, sunlight sparkles from a lake. The air is clear. The sound of an animal comes from a forest below them on the slope of the mountain. There are birds flying around the treetops.

POWDERHILL  
Is this real?

LONDON  
Let's go and find out.

Finnegan watches as Derrick and Rose walk down the mountain slope, hand in hand.

FADE OUT.