

NOCTURNES

'Episode 101: Ten of Swords'

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FADE IN:

EXT. LONDON - SKYLINE - NIGHT

SUPER: **LONDON 1952**

A thick smog fills the air of London, police men and civilians walk around with makeshift masks on to protect themselves.

AMELIA ABERLINE, 24, stands on the top of building, a lit cigarette in one hand.

She takes a drag on the cigarette, her long overcoat blows in the wind.

AMELIA (V.O.)

December 5th 1952, the great smog has swallowed up most of the city. What was once a phoenix rising from the ashes of Hitlers war has now been subdued by the effects of Mans' wanton need for industrial prowess.

Amelia exhales.

Her cloud of smoke coalesces with the smog filled air of the city below.

AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

What was once a battle for the world has now become a battle for the very air that we breathe.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF LONDON - CONTINUOUS

A policewoman picks up a fallen woman from the ground.

POLICEMAN

Madam you must return home.

The woman coughs and sputters, she holds a small child.

WOMAN

Mask...my...I left...

The woman struggles to finish her sentence.

The policeman pulls her up to her feet, he reaches into his overcoat and pulls out a mask.

POLICEMAN

I just have the one Miss.

The policeman looks at the woman, a solemn expression.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON - SKYLINE - CONTINUOUS

Amelia takes another drag.

She reaches her free hand into her overcoat and pulls out a small rectangular card, its a tarot card; THE HANGED MAN.

She holds it up against the skyline of the city.

AMELIA (V.O.)

A city recovering from the horrors
of war, its lungs polluted by the
greed of man and to top it all off
a beast now roams the veinous
streets butchering those who seek
to protect its heart.

A cry of pains sounds out from the streets below, this sound is soon followed by a police whistle and siren.

Amelia flicks her cigarette.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF LONDON - MURDER SCENE - CONTINUOUS

A large Dalmatian and a portly officer run through a blanket of smog.

The dog barks at the scene in front of them.

PORTLY OFFICER

Good God what is that?

AMELIA

I would rephrase that question
constable Morse.

CONSTABLE MORSE squints ahead, his hand on his revolver.

CONSTABLE MORSE
Who, who goes there?

Amelia turns around.

AMELIA
Detective Amelia Aberline.

The dalmatian snarls at Amelia.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
And the question you should be
asking is *who* is that?

Amelia turns around and looks at the body on the floor, the
persons back is full of daggers and their eyes have been
removed.

Constable Morse walks closer.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
No God is good if He allows his
creations to enact that sort of
brutality upon one another.

Constable Morse shivers as more police officers emerge from
the smog.

AMELIA (V.O.)
The night was long but it had only
just begun.

CUT TO:

TITLES SUPER: **NOCTURNES**

CUT TO:

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - MORGUE - NIGHT

A sheet is pulled off of the dead man.

CORONER WITHERBY, 52, stands at the table he strokes his
greying moustache and exhales.

WITHERBY
No eyes. That's a first.

DETECTIVE FRANCIS, 34, stands on the other side of the table,
he is tall, dark featured and no nonsense.

FRANCIS

He was found like that over on
Frith street.

Constable Morse sits at the back of the room, his Dalmatian
sits nearby.

Another man stands with his arms crossed over his chest,
SERGEANT ANDERSON, 29.

SERGEANT ANDERSON

Frith street? Place is a cesspool
for the needs of the night. If you
catch my drift.

Detective Francis turns his head to face sergeant Anderson.

WITHERBY

I see. Well without the victims
eyes it will be difficult to
positively I.D. whoever this is.

FRANCIS

Stabbings. The attack was personal.

SERGEANT ANDERSON

How so?

FRANCIS

You have to get up close with a
knife, actually be confronted with
death itself. You lose that with a
gun.

The doors to the morgue burst open.

Amelia walks in followed by a YOUNGER POLICE OFFICER.

AMELIA

If you lay your hand on me one more
time, I'll break it.

OFFICER RIGBY, 19, stammers.

OFFICER RIGBY

Is that a, a threat?

AMELIA

No its a promise.

Officer Rigby gulps.

FRANCIS

Ah detective, glad you could make it.

Officer Rigby shifts his eyes towards Detective Francis.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

I see you two havent been properly introduced yet, this is detective Amelia Aberline. Daughter to the late Frank Aberline.

OFFICER RIGBY

Police chief Frank Aberline?

FRANCIS

The one and the same.

OFFICER RIGBY

Oh ma'am I..I..

Amelia rolls her eyes and walks over to the corpse on the table.

AMELIA

We managed to identify the body yet?

FRANCIS

Not yet.

AMELIA

May I?

WITHERBY

By all means.

Amelia pulls down the sheet, she lifts the mans body onto its side.

AMELIA

Hmm barely any signs of blood around the entry points.

FRANCIS

Are you suggesting they were inserted post mortem?

Amelia nods.

AMELIA

But why?

She places the corpse back down.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

What is that?

She squints as she stares at the corpses neck.

Two minute holes pocket the flesh just above the jugular.

WITHERBY

What is what? What do you see?

AMELIA

Seems that an incision was made
just above the jugular. Two entry
wounds.

Amelia squeezes the skin around the holes, black puss oozes out.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Interesting.

FRANCIS

What is?

AMELIA

These neck wounds are older then
the ones in his back.

FRANCIS

What?

WITHERBY

Implying that the incisions to the
neck were the cause of death.

FRANCIS

Why though? Why go through all this
trouble?

AMELIA

Why indeed.

CONSTABLE MORSE

Could be ritualistic?

Francis, Amelia, Witherby and Horace all turn to look at Constable Morse.

CONSTABLE MORSE (CONT'D)

Could be.

Amelia turns her head back towards the body.

She walks over and inspects the face of the body once again.

Amelia notices something in one of the eyeless sockets.

She searches for a pair of tweezers, once she has them she places the tweezers into the left eye socket.

Amelia pulls the tweezers up to reveal a folded piece of card.

WITHERBY

What in the Hell.

Amelia places the tweezers down and starts to unfold the card.

Her eyes widen as she discovers what is that she holds; it is a tarot card, the TEN OF SWORDS.

CONSTABLE MORSE

What is that?

Amelia places the card on the table next to the body.

Detective Francis runs over and picks up the card.

FRANCIS

A tarot card?

Amelia stares forward.

WITHERBY

There's this place in Soho. Shop of some kind, it deals with the macabre and the unknown.

Witherby nods.

WITHERBY (CONT'D)

The Belle Sombre I think it's called. Worth checking to see if they are missing any specific cards maybe?

Amelia nods.

AMELIA

I'll get right on that.

Amelia walks towards the exit but is stopped by Detective Francis.

FRANCIS

I think it would be safe if you were accompanied by another officer.

AMELIA

Thank you for your concern but I am perfectly capable to continue this investigation on my own.

Amelia pushes past but detective Francis grabs her arm.

FRANCIS

A killer is on the loose, death lurks around every corner and a blanket of peril covers our city. I'm sending another officer with you.

Amelia shrugs off detective Francis.

AMELIA

Fine, but they better not get in the way.

Detective Francis smirks.

FRANCIS

You remind me of him you know? Stubborn.

Detective Francis turns his head and looks at -

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Officer Rigby. Time to prove yourself.

Officer Rigby jumps up.

OFFICER RIGBY

Oh right, fantastic. I won't let you down miss. Mam. Ughh...

Amelia rolls her eyes.

AMELIA

Detective.

OFFICER RIGBY

Detective, Mam. You can count on me.

Amelia walks past Officer Rigby who stands proud doing a salute.

Officer Rigby turns to face Detective Francis.

FRANCIS

She will grow on you.

Officer Rigby nods and follows Amelia out of the morgue.

CONSTABLE MORSE

Where does that leave us sir?

Detective Francis crosses his arms.

FRANCIS

Damage control. If the press finds out about this it will cause a frenzy, lets keep things under wraps until we know more about what is going on.

Constable Morse nods.

He stands up and goes to exit the Morgue, Horace stays sat down, he stares ahead.

CONSTABLE MORSE

Horace?

The dog does not move. Its eyes transfixed.

Constable Morse whistles.

The dog turns his head slowly and walks towards the Morgues exit.

FRANCIS

Your dog okay?

CONSTABLE MORSE

Yeah he's just been acting a little odd recently. People don't really think about the effect all this death and the smog has on animals you know?

Detective Francis nods.

FRANCIS

Maybe he needs some time off?

Constable Morse smirks.

CONSTABLE MORSE

Maybe.

He scoffs.

CONSTABLE MORSE (CONT'D)

Don't we all?

Constable Morse exits the morgue followed by Horace.

Detective Francis inspects the tarot card once more.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF LONDON - BELLE SOMBRE - NIGHT

Amelia and Officer Rigby stand outside the store of the BELLE SOMBRE.

OFFICER RIGBY

Belle sombre. what's that? French?

AMELIA

Yep.

As she goes to knock on the front door she sees that its already ajar.

Amelia places her hand on her revolver as she pushes open the door and walks inside.

INT. BELLE SOMBRE - CONTINUOUS

The interior of the store is cluttered, books ranging from everything from gardening to astrology are piled up and strange dolls and objects hang around the room.

OFFICER RIGBY

(whispers)

Shouldn't we identify ourselves?

AMELIA

(whispers)

We are investigating a location pivotal to a crime. By identifying ourselves we could potentially be alerting the killer of our presence.

The pair walk look around the interior of the store.

OFFICER RIGBY

I don't see anyone.

Amelia relaxes her hand on her revolver.

AMELIA

Me neither.

A rumble is heard in the back of the store.

Amelia pulls out her revolver and aims it at the back, a door sways open slightly.

Officer Rigby pulls out his revolver, the pair edge towards the door.

Amelia signals officer Rigby to reach for the door handle, as he reaches for it the door opens fully and a young woman screams out.

Officer Rigby pulls the trigger on his revolver.

Nothing happens.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Police. Miss are you okay?

The young woman looks up to Amelia and Officer Rigby.

YOUNG WOMAN
I am. What is going on?

The young woman speaks with a French accent.

AMELIA
We are here because we have reason to believe that this store has connections to a recent murder that has been committed tonight.

The young woman's eyes widen.

YOUNG WOMAN
Murder? What?

OFFICER RIGBY
Yes, someone was killed tonight.

YOUNG WOMAN
I know what murder means, but why do you think this place is connected?

AMELIA
Madam, I would rather discuss this with the owner.

The young woman, now composed, stands to her feet.

We can see that she is slim, has a sharp jawline, angular features and has dark green eyes.

YOUNG WOMAN
I am the owner. Felicity Monvoison.

CUT TO:

INT. CONSTABLE MORSES HOME - CONTINUOUS

Constable Morse enters his house with Horace just behind.

CONSTABLE MORSE
What a day huh Horace?

The dog looks up at Constable Morse and walks over to the basement.

The dog walks down the stairs.

CONSTABLE MORSE (CONT'D)
Weird.

Constable Morse walks over to the kitchen and begins to make some food.

INT. CONSTABLE MORSES HOME - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

As Constable Morse begins to cook dinner Horace lays down on the floor of the basement and begins to stare into the corner of the room.

He begins to growl. Something shifts within the darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. BELLE SOMBRE - CONTINUOUS

Felicity sits at a round table, Amelia sits opposite her and officer Rigby stands to the side.

FELICITY
So you think because your dead person had a tarot card on him, it immediately came from my store?

OFFICER RIGBY
In him.

Amelia and Felicity turn their heads to face Officer Rigby.

OFFICER RIGBY (CONT'D)
It wasn't found on him. It was found inside of him.

Felicity raises her eyebrows and lights up a long cigarette.

FELICITY

Whatever people do with the items they purchase is of no concern to me. vivre et laisser vivre.

AMELIA

Look, miss Monvoison it would mean a lot if you could assist us.

Felicity exhales.

FELICITY

Well, I would know for sure if it were one of mine due to the makers mark.

AMELIA

Makers mark?

FELICITY

Oui, each deck of tarot have their own makers mark. You have the card with you?

Amelia looks to Officer Rigby.

AMELIA

No we do not, as it is currently being withheld as evidence.

FELICITY

Ah, well without the card there is little I can do I'm afraid.

Felicity sits back in her chair, a smug expression on her face.

AMELIA

I do have this.

Amelia pulls out the HANGED MAN tarot card and places it on the table.

Felicities eyes widen.

FELICITY

Where did you find this?

Amelia goes to explain, flashes of a man hanging by his neck interrupt her.

AMELIA
it doesn't matter, what can you
tell me about this?

Felicity picks up the card.

FELICITY
This is une carte d'invocation.

AMELIA
Excuse me?

FELICITY
A summoning card.

OFFICER RIGBY
Summoning? Summoning what?

FELICITY
Anything the summoner desires.

Felicity turns her focus towards the card.

FELICITY (CONT'D)
I can feel that this card is imbued
with a powerful energy. A dark
energy. Death.

Amelia looks down.

FELICITY (CONT'D)
It seems that in this case the
summoner is using this carte
d'invocation to resurrect the dead.

Officer Rigby scoffs.

AMELIA
What makes you say that?

FELICITY
The world is made up of opposites.
Light, dark, the Yin and the Yang.
Birth and death.

Felicity holds up the tarot card and then inverses it.

FELICITY (CONT'D)
Are you aware of the Hermetic
philosophy?

Amelia shakes her head.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

It is proof of the opposites of the world. As within, so without. As above, so below, as the universe, so the soul.

Felicity places the card in the centre of the round table.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

As unto death, so unto birth.

Amelia breathes deeply.

The world around her starts to quieten.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

If the summoner is to give birth to the dead then they must first bring death.

A body falls and hangs above the round table, Amelia jumps.

OFFICER RIGBY

This is bullshit.

Amelia composes herself.

The body is not there, Felicity smirks and takes a drag on her cigarette.

FELICITY

To some perhaps. But to others.

She gestures towards the card.

AMELIA

What's next?

FELICITY

Next? More death, more pain, more sacrifice. Usually the Hanged man is always the first followed by...

AMELIA

The ten of swords?

Felicity smiles.

FELICITY

Exactement. And then it can vary from then on.

Felicity takes another drag and exhales.

AMELIA

So its random, just inflict as much pain and death as possible to anyone or anything?

Felicity shakes her head.

FELICITY

Non, not random, never. Random. The incantation would not work. Every soul has invisible threads that connect us to each other, it is our fils du destin. In order for the summoner to achieve their goal they must commit death to those who are close to the previous.

Amelia nods.

AMELIA

How much death must they commit in order to achieve their goal?

Felicity knocks her head back and looks to the ceiling.

FELICITY

Six. Six deaths. One for each of the senses.

Felicity looks back towards Amelia.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

Any more questions mon petit corbeau?

Amelia shakes her head.

AMELIA

That will be all thank you.

She stands up from the table.

Officer Rigby nods his head and follows Amelia.

OFFICER RIGBY

Thanks for the nightmares.

Felicity smirks and blows out a cloud of smoke.

EXT. STREETS OF LONDON - CONTINUOUS

Officer Rigby walks alongside Amelia.

OFFICER RIGBY

Well that was a waste of time.

Amelia is silent.

OFFICER RIGBY (CONT'D)

Well?

Amelia looks to him. Her eyes wide, afraid.

OFFICER RIGBY (CONT'D)

You can't be serious. You believe that shit?

AMELIA

I don't know what I believe. All I do know is that something evil is happening in this city and we need to put a stop to it.

Amelia looks up to the nights sky.

CUT TO:

INT. DERELICT HOUSE - NIGHT

Police constables and officers stand around inside the house, hushed chatter takes place.

A tall man with slicked back black hair and a long trench coat walks inside, the officers nod in respect towards the man.

One officer, a man with short brown hair lights up a cigarette.

JACK

Careful Mick, those things will kill ya.

MICHAEL 'MICKEY' GRANT, 34, smirks as he exhales a plume of smoke towards JACK SHARPE.

MICKEY

Honestly Jack after what I have just seen, death would be a sweet release.

JACK

Is it bad?

MICKEY

Oh it's bad, kinda makes you want
to rip out your own eyes.

Jack sighs.

JACK

Lets have a look then.

The pair walk past a doorway covered in tarp and into an open
room.

INT. DERELICT HOUSE - CRIME SCENE - CONTINUOUS

Jack covers his mouth at the site before him.

JACK

Christ. How long's he been like
that?

Mickey gags.

MICKEY

About an hour.

Mickey gags again, he takes a drag on his cigarette and
exhales.

In front of the pair is a naked man, he is strung up and has
been blood eagled. The flesh on his back has been ripped away
and his lungs have been pulled out and hang in the air.

JACK

Dead?

MICKEY

As a doornail.

JACK

Well that's a blessing.

MICKEY

For him, but not for us. No one saw
anything.

JACK

No one at all? Not even a few
vagrants? How about the guy who
called it in?

MICKEY

Disappeared.

JACK
Who was first on the scene?

Jack inspects the naked man.

MICKEY
That would be constable Oliver
Morse.

Jack nods.

JACK
Where is Constable Morse?

MICKEY
Should still be around somewhere.

JACK
Can you get him?

Mickey nods and exits the room.

Jack looks back towards the naked man.

His head faces the floor.

JACK (CONT'D)
Poor son of a -

The man lifts his head up and gasps for breath.

Jack stumbles backwards as the mans exposed lungs start to
inflate and deflate.

NAKED MAN
(whispers)
He's coming. He's coming.

Jack approaches.

NAKED MAN (CONT'D)
He's coming, his time is nigh.

JACK
Who's coming? The man who did this?

NAKED MAN
He's coming. The serpent.

JACK
Who is coming?

The naked man pauses.

NAKED MAN
The prince of darkness.

The man lets out a groan.

NAKED MAN (CONT'D)
The resurrection.

The mans head hangs low as his lungs deflate.

Jack stands in shock.

The tarp behind him moves.

MICKEY
Right, here he is.

Constable Morse waddles in behind.

CONSTABLE MORSE
You wanted to see me sir?

Jack turns around, his face pale.

JACK
That will be all.

He walks past the two officers and exits the room.

CUT TO:

INT. AMELIAS HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Amelia sighs as she sits on her bed.

Her white shirt untucked, she holds a cigarette and looks out the window.

AMELIA (V.O.)
I feel a sense of unravelling. A
great shadow is cast over this
city. An unseen terror stalks the
very streets.

Amelia takes a drag on her cigarette, the light illuminates her pale blue eyes.

AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Someone is trying to plunge this
city into a darkness that not even
the light of the sun can banish.
It's all happening again.

Amelia closes her eyes and sees visions of a hanging man.

Amelia takes a deep breath and puts out the cigarette.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - STATION - THE NEXT DAY

Amelia walks inside the police station, she removes her face mask.

AMELIA
How much longer do you think this
smog will last?

The man behind the reception desk, SERGEANT HARRIS, snorts.

HARRIS
No idea. They say it could last a
couple more weeks or months.

His voice carries a deep northern cadence to it.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
Knowing our luck it will be a year.

AMELIA
Thank you Sergeant for your
riveting positive outlook on life.

HARRIS
Any time miss Aberline. Hey have
you seen Officer Rigby on your way
in?

AMELIA
No, should I have?

HARRIS
Okay, he's just late is all. Unlike
him, usually he's early.

Amelia nods, she turns and walks away.

Sergeant Harris picks back up his newspaper.

Amelia walks down the corridor and towards her office.

She enters.

Further down the corridor another door opens and Jack exits.
He is followed by Mickey.

MICKEY
Did you even sleep at all last
night Jack?

Jack looks at Mickey.

JACK
Yeah Mick, the great total of two
hours. I couldn't stop seeing the
poor bastard. His lungs.

Jack shivers.

MICKEY
Yeah I know. It was something else.

Mickey pulls out a cigarette.

JACK
Really Mick?

MICKEY
What? I got these ones imported
from the States. Meant to be good
for your health.

JACK
Anything that smells like that can
not be good for your health.

Mickey pats Jack on the back.

MICKEY
You worry too much. Come on the
Chief is waiting for us.

CUT TO:

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - CHIEFS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

CHIEF PEELE (V.O.)
Now, in light of recent events I
will be tightening up the force,
having at least two officers on
every street corner until we find
the sick son of a bitch who
committed that act last night.

Jack sits at the chiefs desk, Mickey sits next to Jack and takes a drag on his cigarette.

CHEIF ANTHONY PEELE, 56 is a large man with a bushy moustache and thick Welsh accent.

CHIEF PEELE

Please tell me you have something
that can help us nail this bastard.

He takes a seat at the desk and pulls out a cigar.

MICKEY

Well sir we hit kind of a dead end,
if you would pardon the pun. No one
saw anything except a gust of wind.

CHIEF PEELE

Right so, a gust of wind strung up
a man and ripped his lungs out of
his back?

JACK

The vic spoke to me.

Mickey turns his head.

CHIEF PEELE

He spoke to you?

JACK

Yeah.

MICKEY

You never mentioned this.

JACK

Took me a while to process it, a
man who was nothing more than a
corpse suddenly wakes up and talks
to you? Yeah it takes some time.

CHIEF PEELE

What did he say?

JACK

He kept repeating, he is coming.

CHIEF PEELE

Who is coming?

JACK

The Prince of darkness.

Mickey exhales a plume of smoke.

CHIEF PEELE
Prince of darkness?

JACK
Yes sir, I'm not too sure as to whom this is or what it is, but I would bet that whoever did this is serious. This prince of darkness is coming.

Chief Peele inhales and nods.

CHIEF PEELE
We fought a damn war against one prince of darkness and now you're telling me that there is another?

Chief Peele runs his hands through his hair.

CHIEF PEELE (CONT'D)
So what do we do now?

JACK
I guess we wait.

MICKEY
Wait? For this madman to kill again?

JACK
Sometimes its better to wait for the beast to strike in order to track it back to its den.

Mickey shakes his head.

MICKEY
What if this sick bastard kills a woman next? A kid? Strings them up. What next?

Mickey stands up.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Nah, I can't live with that. Even the thought of it just sickens me.

CHIEF PEELE
Detective Grant where are you going?

MICKEY

Away. I need to clear my damn head.

Mickey heads for the door and exits the office.

Chief Peele takes a drag on his cigar.

CHIEF PEELE

He's right you know?

Jack rubs his face.

JACK

Yeah I know.

CHIEF PEELE

That doesn't make you wrong either.

Chief Peele takes another drag of his cigar.

CHIEF PEELE (CONT'D)

They say that a good defence is a great offense. But how can you provide a great offense if you are unaware of your targets position or weakness.

Jack smirks.

CHIEF PEELE (CONT'D)

Do your research, learn the enemy. Knowledge is half the battle after all.

Chief Peele winks at Jack and pulls out some documents.

CHIEF PEELE (CONT'D)

Now if you would excuse me.

Jack stands up and heads to the door.

He exits.

CUT TO:

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - AMELIAS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The door of the office reads FRANK ABERLINE.

Amelia runs her fingers across the office desk.

FRANK (O.C.)

Hey pumpkin.

Amelia looks up to see FRANK ABERLINE, he stands with a cup of coffee in his hand and smiles.

AMELIA

Dad?

The door to the office opens.

Detective Francis enters.

FRANCIS

Amelia?

Amelia turns around, the vision of her father disappears.

AMELIA

Detective Francis. Everything okay?

FRANCIS

We have an issue.

CUT TO:

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - MORGUE - MOMENTS LATER

AMELIA

Where did it go?

In front of Amelia is an empty metal slab.

WITHERBY

I..I have no idea.

AMELIA

Well I'm guessing he didn't just get up and walk out of here.

WITHERBY

Miss Aberline I am as shocked as you are I can assure you.

FRANCIS

Who was on shift last night?

WITHERBY

Only two.

FRANCIS

Who?

WITHERBY

Sergeants Anderson and Gallows.

Francis nods.

FRANCIS
They'll be at their homes by now.

AMELIA
So we go to their homes, door to door, until we find out who took our missing cadaver.

Francis nods.

FRANCIS
Wetherby, lock this room. No one in or out without mine or the chiefs permission.

Francis turns his head to Amelia.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
A damn body snatcher in our own station?

AMELIA
Seems so. But why?

FRANCIS
I don't care for the whys. Its sick.

AMELIA
Lets start with Anderson, his house is the closest.

Francis nods and the pair exit the morgue.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED CATHEDRAL - CONTINUOUS

Dark. Decrepit. Still.

Mickey sits on a pew. He hangs his head.

A figure moves in the background.

Mickey turns his head.

MICKEY
Who's there?

An elderly man in a dark robe raises his hands.

ROBED MAN

Have no fear son, I mean you no ill intent.

Mickey sighs and relaxes.

MICKEY

I thought I was the only person who knew of this place.

The robed man walks up beside Mickey and clasps his hands behind his back.

ROBED MAN

Seems not.

MICKEY

Seems not.

ROBED MAN

What brings you here to pray?

MICKEY

A most grievous crime was committed.

The robed man raises an eyebrow.

ROBED MAN

Oh?

MICKEY

One so far removed from God that even thinking about it just...

Mickey turns his hands into fists.

ROBED MAN

It is okay. I understand.

The robed man takes a seat next to Mickey.

ROBED MAN (CONT'D)

You are a police officer?

Mickey nods.

MICKEY

Detective. And yourself?

ROBED MAN

A man of faith.

MICKEY

Then maybe you can answer my question then as He does not seem to be willing to respond.

Mickey looks up to the heavens.

ROBED MAN

Ask away.

MICKEY

Why would He make us capable of committing such cruel and disgusting acts against one and other?

The robed man smirks.

ROBED MAN

Are you sure that it is *He* who makes us capable?

MICKEY

I don't follow.

ROBED MAN

Detective, you are surrounded by the blackest of hearts, the darkest of sins, you see the worst that humanity has to offer and yet you still think that *He* has any control over what we do?

Mickey looks down to the mans hands.

Pale. Venous. Dead.

ROBED MAN (CONT'D)

We are the arbiters of our own fate, a fate far greater than one He ever ordained for us. He wanted us to just serve and die.

MICKEY

This sounds very blasphemous coming from a man of faith.

The robed man smirks, his smile a little too wide.

ROBED MAN

I never did tell you what faith.

Mickey stands to his feet.

He heads for the exit.

ROBED MAN (CONT'D)

Be careful detective, for he that
chases monsters will soon himself
become one.

Mickey turns to see that the robed man is no more.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF LONDON - AFTERNOON

A blanket of smog covers the city.

The streets are desolate save for vagrants.

EXT. ANDERSON HOUSEHOLD - CONTINUOUS

Amelia looks up at the house, semi detached.

Francis stands at the door.

He knocks.

FRANCIS

No answer.

AMELIA

Is there another way in?

FRANCIS

Potentially around the back...

A crash sounds out from inside the house.

Francis looks to Amelia.

INT. ANDERSON HOUSEHOLD - CONTINUOUS

Dark. Still. Tense.

The front door swings open as Francis kicks it open.

FRANCIS

Sorry Paul but I did knock first.

Francis steps inside the house.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
 Police! Paul its Francis I need to
 ask you a few questions its
 important.

Amelia steps inside and closes the front door.

Both detectives remove their face masks.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
 Paul?!

No answer.

AMELIA
 Francis. Look.

Amelia points to a shadow of a person on the wall in front of
 them.

FRANCIS
 Its coming from upstairs, come on.

INT. ANDERSON HOUSEHOLD - UPPER FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Francis and Amelia walk towards an open door.

Francis draws his gun.

AMELIA
 Is that needed?

FRANCIS
 Paul would have responded by now.

Amelia nods.

AMELIA
 Right.

A window crashes from inside the room.

Francis and Amelia barge through the door and see officer
 Anderson sat against the wall.

Blood drips from an open wound on his chest.

FRANCIS
 Paul?

Francis runs over and crouches down by sergeant Anderson.

Amelia runs to the window, she looks outside.

Shards of glass lay on the street below.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
Paul what happened?

Sergeant Anderson holds his chest.

PAUL
It attacked me.

FRANCIS
What attacked you?

PAUL
I don't know. I..

Paul winces.

The blood from his wound darkens.

Paul convulses.

FRANCIS
Paul? Paul!

CUT TO:

EXT. ANDERSON HOUSEHOLD - CONTINUOUS

Police officers surround the Anderson household.

A medic lifts Paul onto a stretcher.

FRANCIS
I'm going to go St Thomas's with
Paul.

Amelia nods.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
He said something attacked him. But
what? Nothing was there.

Amelia stares up at the house.

AMELIA
The window.

FRANCIS
What of it?

AMELIA

It was broken, but the shards were
out on the street.

Francis nods.

FRANCIS

Focus on finding this missing body,
Gallows residence isn't too far
from here.

He turns his head to see Paul in the back of an ambulance.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

I'll see what information I can
gather from Paul.

Amelia nods, Francis walks off and joins Paul in the back of
the ambulance.

CUT TO:

INT. WELLCOME LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Empty. Warm. Intriguing.

Jack walks up to the receptionist of the library.

JACK

Hi, detective Jack Sharpe,
metropolitan police I wonder if you
could help me out with something?

The receptionist, a tall slender lady with grey hair raises
an eyebrow.

SUSAN

Hello, Susan Moorhowe, Wellcome
library receptionist, how may I
help detective?

Jack smirks.

JACK

I see how formal that came across.

SUSAN

Yes, just a little.

JACK

I'm looking for a text or any texts
based around a prince of darkness.

SUSAN
Prince of darkness?

INT. WELLCOME LIBRARY - HISTORICAL TEXTS AISLE - CONTINUOUS

SUSAN
Prince of darkness is a vague term
to use. It could refer to the Devil
himself, used in John Milton's
Paradise Lost.

Jack shakes his head.

JACK
No, that's not it.

SUSAN
Adolf Hitler?

JACK
No thank you.

Susan sighs.

Her eyes light up as she spots an old worn book.

SUSAN
How about this? Prințul
Întinericului.

JACK
Prince what now?

SUSAN
It's an old Romanian text, full of
esoterica and occult nonsense.

Jack takes the book, the front cover is illegible.

JACK
You don't happen to have a Romanian
dictionary do you?

CUT TO:

INT. JACKS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The smell of coffee stains the air.

Jack sits at his kitchen table, a mug of black coffee beside
him and two open texts in front of him.

JACK

It is said that after a great
 nenorocire.

Jack looks to the dictionary.

JACK (CONT'D)

Misfortune, evil.

He looks back to the *Printul Intunericului*.

JACK (CONT'D)

It is said that after a great
 misfortune, the prince of darkness
 will rise once more.

Jack flips a page and sees an illustration of seven men, six
 of the men in brutal depictions of death with one man in the
 centre unharmed.

JACK (CONT'D)

Six deaths. One for each of the
 senses. Six deaths for the
 resurrection of evil.

Jack sits back in his chair.

JACK (CONT'D)

The resurrection.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF LONDON - CONTINUOUS

Amelia stalks through the smog.

AMELIA (V.O.)

This rabbit hole goes deeper than I
 had first thought, what was once
 the scene of a brutal murder has
 now turned into a sinister game of
 cat and mouse. Chasing dead bodies
 and investigating those of whom I
 trust? I'm starting to think that
 perhaps I may be the mouse walking
 unbeknownst into the predators
 lair.

OFFICER RIGBY (O.C.)

Amelia!

Officer Rigby's cries echo through the smog.

Amelia pauses.

She looks around herself.

OFFICER RIGBY (CONT'D)
Amelia! Help!

AMELIA
Rigby?

A dark shadow darts passed her.

She turns her head and sees the silhouette of a man stood in the smog.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Rigby?

Amelia walks towards the silhouette.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Rigby is that -

The silhouette vanishes.

Amelia stands still.

The sound of a rope swinging sounds behind her.

She closes her eyes.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Not. Now.

Behind her, out of focus, hangs the silhouette of a man.

Amelia steels her focus and pushes through the smog.

EXT. GALLOWS RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Amelia walks up to the front door of CURTIS GALLOWS' residence.

She knocks on the front door.

AMELIA
Sergeant Gallows?

No answer.

Amelia tries the door handle.

It turns.

INT. GALLOWES RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Dark. Tense. a sense of unease stains the air.

AMELIA
Sergeant Gallows? Its Amelia. Are
you in?

A sound echoes from a room further in the house.

Amelia grabs her revolver.

She walks towards the ajar door down the hallway.

She pushes it open.

INT. GALLOWES RESIDENCE - MAKESHIFT ALTAR - CONTINUOUS

A wooden sigil decorates the centre of the room.

Tied to a chair under the sigil is officer Rigby.

AMELIA
Rigby?

Officer Rigby lifts his head up.

His mouth is gagged.

Amelia runs over and removes the gag from his mouth.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
What is going on? Where is sergeant
Gallows?

Blood drips onto Amelias shoulder.

Rigby looks up towards the ceiling.

Pinned to the ceiling of the room is sergeant Curtis Gallows.
His chest cavity is nothing more than bloody maw.

Amelia looks back towards Rigby.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
What, what did this?

Rigby pales.

OFFICER RIGBY
A devil.

Rigbys eyes widen as looks behind Amelia.

Behind Amelia stood in the doorway is the silhouette of a large man.

Unmoving.

OFFICER RIGBY (CONT'D)

It's here.

The figure, quick as a flash hits Amelia on the back of the head.

CUT TO BLACK.

MOMENTS LATER

Amelia opens her eyes.

Officer Rigby is no longer in the chair.

She sits up and looks around.

A tarot card rests on the chair in front of her. THE FOOL.

CUT TO:

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - CHIEFS OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Chief Peele paces back and forth behind his desk.

Amelia and detective Francis sit opposite him.

CHIEF PEELE

I can't believe it. You're telling me that a dead man came back alive and attacked you?

AMELIA

Yes.

Chief Peele pauses.

CHIEF PEELE

(hushed)
Not again.

FRANCIS

Sergeant Anderson is in St Thomas's hospital right now sir, they say that his wounds will heal, but they are confused as to what attacked him.

(MORE)

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

The wounds on his chest are too spread out for an animals claws.

Chief Peele nods slow.

AMELIA

There's more going on here isn't there sir?

CHIEF PEELE

You must not tell another soul.

The demeanour of the police chief turns.

CHIEF PEELE (CONT'D)

Last year, we dealt with a very similar case. A Grisly murder where the attacker seemingly vanished without a trace, we thought it could be another ripper wannabe.

Amelia shudders.

CHIEF PEELE (CONT'D)

But things weren't adding up, the attack was not human. The leading detectives at the time took it upon themselves to further investigate but they ended up falling into a deep, dark void.

Chief Peele shakes his head.

CHIEF PEELE (CONT'D)

I thought we had put a stop to the madness.

He looks at one of his chest drawers.

CHIEF PEELE (CONT'D)

Go home you two.

FRANCIS

Sir with all due respect...

CHIEF PEELE

That's an order detective.

Franics bites his tongue.

CHIEF PEELE (CONT'D)

Go home. Rest.

AMELIA
What will you do sir?

CHIEF PEELE
That will be all.

Francis stands up from the chair.

FRANCIS
Sir.

He exhales and walks over to the exit.

Amelia follows him.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - CONTINUOUS

Francis and Amelia walk to the reception.

AMELIA
What was that all about?

FRANCIS
I don't know. He seemed frightened.

AMELIA
Yes. But also a similar case? Last year?

FRANCIS
I know, its the first that I have heard of it.

AMELIA
What is happening?

FRANCIS
I'm not sure.

Francis scratches his chin.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
I'm going to head over to the hospital. Visit Paul, see how he is doing.

Amelia nods.

AMELIA
I'm going to head home. Rest up and think about todays events.

Amelia starts to walk away.

FRANCIS

Hey.

Amelia turns.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Its not your fault. What happened
to Rigby.

Amelia sighs, she nods.

Francis gives a wry smirk.

INT. L'OISEAU EN CAGE - BACKROOM - LATER

Water drips from a hole in the roof.

Officer Rigby sits in a metal cage.

He lifts up his head as the door to the room opens, a woman
is thrown to the floor and the door shuts.

OFFICER RIGBY

Hey!

The woman moves a little.

OFFICER RIGBY (CONT'D)

Hey, are you okay?

The woman lifts up her head.

OFFICER RIGBY (CONT'D)

Miss Monvoison?

Felicity picks herself up and staggers over to the cage.

FELICITY

You. Police man correct?

OFFICER RIGBY

That's right. What are you doing
here?

Felicity holds her head.

FELICITY

I don't know. I was leaving to go
home one night and...

Felicity shakes her head.

OFFICER RIGBY

Ok. It's ok. We will get out of here. I don't know what these people want. But we will get out of here.

FELICITY

People? They are not people.

Felicity smirks.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF LONDON - CONTINUOUS

Amelia walks through the smog.

AMELIA (V.O.)

A second murder was committed tonight. Two out of the six needed for the resurrection. I don't know if I believe what Felicity told me but it does seem that the impossible is becoming more possible day by day. Night by night.

Amelia pauses and fishes out the FOOL Tarot card.

AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I need to find officer Rigby. But where would I even begin?

A dog barks nearby.

Amelia turns to see a Dalmatian run over to her and begin to bark.

AMELIA

Horace?

Horace barks once more.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Where's Constable Morse?

Horace barks twice and turns around.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

You want me to follow you?

Horace starts to run off into the smog.

AMELIA (V.O.)
No rest for the wicked.

Amelia chases Horace into the smog and down the street.

CUT TO:

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - CONTINUOUS

Jack sits at his desk.

The door opens and Chief Peele walks inside.

JACK
Chief. Everything alright?

CHIEF PEELE
Jack, Detective Grant isn't here?

JACK
I haven't seen him since we last spoke in your office.

CHIEF PEELE
Right. Well I'm sure he's fine. Can I have you for a moment in my office?

CUT TO:

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - CHIEFS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The door to the office opens and Chief Peele enters followed by Jack.

CHIEF PEELE
Detective Sharpe meet Agent Constantin Cross.

A man in a white suit stands by Chief Peeles desk.

His hair is black and slicked back, a deep scar covers his left eye.

CONSTANTIN
Pleasure to meet you detective sharpe.

Constantin offers his hand.

Jack accepts.

JACK

Pleasure.

CHIEF PEELE

Agent Cross here has been sent to us via external affairs.

JACK

What? Why are external affairs getting involved?

CONSTANTIN

Please do not take my being here as an offense to your skill as a detective. My agency and your Scotland Yard have mutual interests in this ongoing case.

JACK

How do you know about the case?

CONSTANTIN

My agency has eyes everywhere. It's for our benefit.

Jack scoffs.

JACK

Our benefit? Right. What's this about chief?

Chief Peele walks around to his side of the desk.

CHIEF PEELE

Agent Cross is your new partner.

JACK

I already have a partner. Mickey is my partner.

CONSTANTIN

I understand your uncertainty, but please be assured that I am more than capable to undertake the task at hand.

JACK

Where are you even from?

CONSTANTIN

The socialist republic of Romania.

Jacks eyes widen.

JACK

Romania?

Constantin nods.

CHIEF PEELE

Agent Cross has confided in me some of the cases his agency has dealt with over the years and it sounds strikingly similar to the horrific situation we are currently experiencing.

CONSTANTIN

I understand that you are dealing with a murder without a killer. Correct?

JACK

Well, that is quite contradictory. A murder without a killer would be a death.

CONSTANTIN

I'm afraid to tell you detective Sharpe but you are about to enter a world full of contradictions. Fiction becomes intertwined with fact and what you thought first to be impossible you will soon find out is very possible.

JACK

Who are you again?

Constantin smirks.

CONSTANTIN

Agent Constantin Cross, special operative of the Hellsing Corporation.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONSTABLE MORSES HOME - CONTINUOUS

Night falls. Clouds burst. Lightning strikes.

The front door of Constable Moses home is open.

Horace runs inside, Amelia follows.

INT. CONSTABLE MORSES HOME - CONTINUOUS

AMELIA
William?!

Horace runs towards the basement.

Amelia looks down to the floor of the home and sees blood.

It trails all the way towards the basement door.

Horace turns his head to Amelia and then to the basement door.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
You want me to go down to the
basement?

Horace sits at the top of the stairs.

Amelia enters the basement.

INT. CONSTABLE MORSES HOME - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Amelia walks down the stairs, the trail of blood coats every step.

AMELIA
William?

As she reaches the bottom step she turns and sees the blood trail leads to a wardrobe.

Amelia braces herself.

She walks towards the wardrobe and extends her hand towards the handle.

As she grabs the handle the wardrobe flies open and Constable Morse's body falls to the floor.

His body is pale.

Amelia gasps and takes a step back, she looks behind the body of Constable Morse.

Her eyes widen.

In the corner of the wardrobe, curled up and bloodied is the body of Horace.

Panic ensues as she hears the steps of the basement begin to creak.

Amelia turns her head to see the dog she thought to be Horace stand unmoving at the bottom of the stairs.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

What...

The dog starts to vibrate and spasm.

Bones crack and snap as blood sprays onto the nearby wall.

Amelia's jaw drops as she watches a tall pale creature emerge from the bloodied remains of the dog.

The creature has no ears or no nose. Just two tiny black holes.

It stretches its back, vertebrae pop and crack.

Its arms extend to an inhuman length.

Amelia's heart starts to race.

The creature removes viscera and gore from its face and opens its eyes.

Two black spherical orbs.

Its mouth opens to reveal two rows of jagged teeth.

It speaks.

CREATURE

sunt renascut.
(I am reborn.)

Its voice carries an otherworldly bass.

Amelia draws her revolver and aims it at the creature.

The creature looks to Amelia.

CREATURE (CONT'D)

Un adept al blestematului Hellsing.
(A follower of the
accursed Hellsing.)

The creature takes a step towards Amelia.

CREATURE (CONT'D)

Mă voi ospăta cu sângele tău.
devoreaza-ti sufletul.
(I will feast on your
blood. Devour your soul.)

Amelia fires.

The creature lets out a cry and recoils in pain.

It jumps onto the nearby wall and starts to mask itself within the shadows.

Amelia fires again.

The creature lets out a cry and leaps onto the stairs and out of the basement.

Amelia slumps to the ground.

Her eyes wide.

CUT TO:

INT. L'OISEAU EN CAGE - BACKROOM - NIGHT

Officer Rigby tries to break off a metal bar from the cage.

FELICITY

It is no use.

OFFICER RIGBY

Neither is that attitude.

Officer Rigby strains.

FELICITY

Save your strength.

OFFICER RIGBY

The longer I sit here, the sooner we could both be dead.

Officer Rigby pulls hard, his grip slips, he falls backwards.

FELICITY

You have a strong heart.

OFFICER RIGBY

We are not dying here.

Felicity nods.

FELICITY

No we are not.

Officer Rigby looks around the room.

He spies an OLD HAIRCLIP on the floor.

OFFICER RIGBY
Can you get that?

Felicity looks towards the hairclip.

FELICITY
The hairclip?

OFFICER RIGBY
Yes. Just grab it and bring it to
me please.

Felicity nods, she crawls across the room and picks it up.

FELICITY
Why do you need this?

She hands it to officer Rigby.

He starts to break it and pulls out a thin piece of metal.

OFFICER RIGBY
You know what a bobby pin is?

Felicity nods.

FELICITY
Smart.

Officer Rigby starts to pick the lock on the cage door.

CLICK.

The cage door lock falls to the ground.

OFFICER RIGBY
Thank God.

FELICITY
Strange talent for a policeman to
have.

OFFICER RIGBY
when you hunt criminals for a
living you pick up some of their
talents.

Officer Rigby wraps the metal wire around his index finger.

A sharp point sticks out just above his knuckle.

OFFICER RIGBY (CONT'D)
Come on, lets get out of here.

Felicity watches as Officer Rigby walks to the door of the backroom.

He tries the handle.

The door is unlocked.

INT. L'OISEAU EN CAGE - CONTINUOUS

Officer Rigby stalks through the hallway.

Felicity follows him.

OFFICER RIGBY
(whispers)
What is this place?

Felicity does not answer.

They pass old torn movie posters and works of art.

FELICITY
Its funny.

Officer Rigby looks around.

OFFICER RIGBY
(whispers)
What is?

FELICITY
When we first met, you thought it was all bullshit.

OFFICER RIGBY
(whispers)
Can you keep it down?

Officer Rigby tries a door.

Its locked.

OFFICER RIGBY (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Shit.

FELICITY
Do you still think the same way officer?

OFFICER RIGBY
(whispers)
I don't know what to think.
(MORE)

OFFICER RIGBY (CONT'D)
All I know is that we need to get
out of here.

Officer Rigby tries another door.

It opens up into the night.

Officer Rigby turns to face Felicity.

She stands by the locked door.

OFFICER RIGBY (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Well come on, lets go.

Felicity smirks.

FELICITY
Do you believe now?

OFFICER RIGBY
(whispers)
What are you talking about?

FELICITY
Do you believe in the otherworld?

OFFICER RIGBY
(whispers)
I don't have time for this right
now, come on.

He walks back and grabs Felicity by the arm.

OFFICER RIGBY (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Like I said we are not dying here
today.

FELICITY
You are right.

Felicity grabs his arm.

Her grip tightens.

FELICITY (CONT'D)
We are not dying here tonight.

OFFICER RIGBY
What are you -

Felicity throws her head back, her jaw dislocates to reveal a
row of jagged teeth.

She whips her head forward and into Officer Rigbys neck.

Blood sprays Felicitities face as officer Rigby starts to spasm and contort.

He falls to the floor and raises an hand towards the exit.

CUT TO:

INT. ST THOMAS HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

Sergeant Anderson lies in a hospital bed.

Nurses mill about and other patients lie asleep.

Sergeant Anderson begins to stir.

He opens his eyes.

Two black spherical orbs.

CUT TO BLACK.

SUPER: NOCTURNES

END CREDITS