

ADAM KADMON - EPISODE 8 - HOD

by

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Kavanagh/John Paul Sheerin from an idea by Adrian Lord

1. INT. NIGHT. A GRAND PUBLIC HALL LIKE THE BARBICAN CENTRE, LONDON.

The house-lights are dimming in the crowded auditorium, where the excited culturati are gathered in black-tie evening finery. As lights go up on the platform, the chattering subsides. The event is being televised.

ANNOUNCER (OFF-SCREEN VO)  
And now the climax of the evening.  
Rupert Easterbrook will announce  
the winner of this year's Hooker  
Prize for Literature...

RUPERT EASTERBROOK, a sleek plump man in his mid-forties, strides towards the microphone and produces an envelope. He opens it with a melodramatic gesture.

RUPERT  
Our jury chose as their winning  
novel - "Tongues United"  
...sorry...uh..

RUPERT grimaces at his slip. Titters in the audience.

RUPERT (CONT'D)  
Of course, I mean "Tongues Untied"  
- by Caroline Rutland!

Applause and cheers as CAROLINE RUTLAND, an angular feisty thirty-something woman with flaming red hair strides up the aisles, leaps on stage, hugs and kisses RUPERT ferociously, before turning to the audience, grinning manically.

RUPERT (CONT'D)  
The judges chose this work for its  
vibrant language, its subtle  
deconstruction of our  
post-electronic mythologies, its  
rich evocation of -

CAROLINE elbows RUPERT aside and grabs the microphone. She's not only drunk but hysterical.

CAROLINE  
Trust an old fraud like Rupert to  
fuddle the name of my festering  
book. But tonight it doesn't  
flutter a shit. You see I'm the  
hot babe of babel and I'm bubbling  
under, right? Yes? Right? Look  
at you all pissed and bursting,  
waiting for the word...

The audience laughter wavers uneasily. RUPERT looks worried, makes an ineffectual grab for the mike, but she grips his arm and twists it away.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

For the pus word is the word  
pizzle...zax...aristzahaha...here  
goes the woo woo you're razzz for  
...araata. vanucahit I am wanna  
wanna .I want to thakra catabla  
noasmiabela my reditor hoditor  
and my coswami agent hoo  
ronzon gobble job gobble job  
..yahoomi yojo kaccaz yo zaxy  
thang but plab I nam hahhrgh no  
no no nahhrragh...

CAROLINE appears to be out of control. Her speech turns into a stream of random syllables, increasing in volume and raucous vehemence. She seems to be both exalted and terrified by what is happening to her. Her arms and legs are fighting each other as if separate from her torso.

(TV ANNOUNCER(off-screen  
VO, anxious)

Of course, Caroline Rutland is known for her controversial and often irreverent cultural commentary as well as her flamboyant lifestyle. And previous Hooker Award evenings have had their share of drama. Even so, this kind of gesture seems excessive -

RUPERT manages to wrest control of the microphone as two SECURITY MEN move across the stage with dream-like slowness.

RUPERT

Well, Caroline seems to have anticipated her triumph with a long gargle of champagne - or line of Charlie, who knows -

CAROLINE shifts her grip, grasps RUPERT by the neck, tries to strangle him with the microphone cable and then hits him hard across the mouth with the microphone, drawing blood.

The SECURITY MEN close in but CAROLINE, screaming, repels them with blows to the face and groin. RUPERT staggers and falls. As she hammers at his head with the base of the

microphone stand, the horrified audience rise from their seats. Some move forward to intervene, others stampede for the exits. Chaos. Slow dissolve into:

TITLE SEQUENCE

2. INT. DAY. METATRON AGENCY OUTER OFFICE.

BECKETT sits at his desk, poring over a laptop. A close-up over his shoulder reveals he is playing with a web design package, highlighting text and clicking icons.

At the desk opposite MISS HANNAH looks up from behind a huge old-fashioned typewriter.

MISS HANNAH  
(cautiously)  
I don't think Mr Kadmon likes computers.

BECKETT  
(abstracted)  
It's a tool. My consciousness machine. Like his Tarot cards.

MISS HANNAH  
(musing)  
Maybe he just can't afford to buy me a proper word processor.

BECKETT  
He can't afford not to get this business on-line. Like so...

BECKETT clicks open a window on the laptop. A close-up reveals a web-page. "WELCOME TO THE METATRON DETECTIVE AGENCY". The index is arranged around a Kabbalistic tree-of-life glyph. The spheres on the tree are labelled with links to different aspects of the Agency's business. MISS HANNAH comes over and peers at it.

BECKETT (CONT'D)  
My personal project, Miss Hannah. But nowhere to upload it.

MISS HANNAH  
Everyone has a site these days. And it would be so convenient to have e-mail.

BECKETT

He doesn't even have a Facebook page.

KADMON has silently emerged from his office. He stands behind BECKETT, looking over his shoulder. He frowns as his eyes follow the movements of BECKETT'S cursor on the screen. BECKETT and MISS HANNAH don't notice him.

BECKETT (CONT'D)

I know this brilliant company up north who could do the whole bit, streaming audio and video, and host it - it would pay for itself in a year. Why hasn't he done it before?

KADMON

Perhaps he needs silence and invisibility to function.

BECKETT is put off his stride for a few seconds; and MISS HANNAH demurely returns to her desk. But BECKETT rallies.

BECKETT

I don't understand. There are millions of bogus paranormal pages, thousands of fake occult sites -

KADMON

I know.

BECKETT

But think of the hits you could attract..

KADMON

Psychic nuisance callers, astral junkies, people who want easy answers.

BECKETT

But you have something real to offer.

KADMON

We don't want to be virtually real, do we?

BECKETT

We want to eat.

KADMON

If you're unhappy with your stipend, Beckett, feel free to leave. Maybe it is your will to become a television presenter.

MISS HANNAH has been studying the Daily Telegraph front page. She tries to divert the discussion.

MISS HANNAH

Oh no - Rupert Easterbrook's dead. A woman attacked him at an awards ceremony. Horrible...

BECKETT

(only half-listening to her)

We're not talking about TV presenters. We're talking about presenting your unique abilities, your cases...

KADMON

As a celebrity freakshow?

BECKETT

You shouldn't be reduced to selling off the family manuscripts. To subsidise our wages.

KADMON

That's a private matter.

BECKETT

Don't you want recognition? If the web had been around for Aleister Crowley he would have been hanging right in there.

KADMON

I'm not a manic self-publicist. I'm surprised you haven't learned enough to recognise the dangers of an imbalance in the Sphere of Hod.

BECKETT points with his cursor to his on-screen glyph, like an eager pupil raising his hand.

BECKETT

Hod? The eighth sephiroth?

KADMON

Right. The realm of language,  
communication. The zone of  
Mercurius, Thoth, Loki.  
Messengers, scribes and  
tricksters. Entities of the media  
landscape.

3. INT. DAY. VIDEO EDIT SUITE AT QUICKSILVER PRODUCTIONS

Close-up on a TV monitor, displaying a craggy-faced silver-haired man in a white suit (THE REVEREND ENOCH HAGER), gesturing emphatically. The image is flickering in fast-forward mode. The camera pulls back to reveal a darkened edit suite. The space is cluttered, untidy, surfaces covered with soft drink cans and crumpled tinfoil Chinese takeaway dishes. It is dominated by monitors and a computer, which provide most of the illumination. ANDY HEMMINGS, a stylish young man in an orange shirt and combat trousers, sits at the console, referring to notes. He pauses the tape and plays it back

HAGER

(on screen)

My friends, the tongues of Satan  
are flaming brightly...On the  
streets they talk drugs and  
fornication, in the schools they  
deny God's creation. The youth  
study astrology, psychology,  
semiology, homosexology, every  
logo but the word of Scripture.  
Their music is the black metal  
thud of Satan's heart, they dance  
before the dark and bloody eye of  
Sodom..."

ANDY grins, glances at the time display and makes a note. This seems to be the kind of thing he is looking for. He freezes the playback again. HAGER's mouth is wide open, his arm raised with a warning finger extended. There is a garish studio set behind HAGER, displaying a neon cross and a banner glows at the bottom of the screen: "Channel 888 - The Immortal Word Network - The Enoch Hager Hour".

ANDY smiles, swings round in his chair and calls off-screen.

ANDY

Hey, Miriam, this guy is  
rocking...what do you think?

MIRIAM, flustered, stops in the doorway, clutching an armful of ring-binders.

MIRIAM

I'm only here on work placement. I thought I wasn't supposed to think things.

ANDY

Oh, I'm sure you have hidden depths.

MIRIAM smiles.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Come on, Miriam - can't you see this guy in the context of Samantha's afternoon show? Alongside some pop professor. And a tame astrologer. The funky Reverend, giving them shit. Great stuff! He's due here any day. We've got to set something up.

MIRIAM

(amused despite herself)  
Andy, people like that don't have much to do with religion. Let alone mysticism. You don't know the first thing about it!

ANDY

And you do?

MIRIAM

I know someone who does - no, forget it..

ANDY

I'm not forgetting it. I want to know. I want to know everything, Miriam. Over dinner. Proper dinner. Mysterious wines and perfumes -

MIRIAM

I'm not sure, Andy...

4. INT. NIGHT. WARD OF OAKHILL SECURE MENTAL HOSPITAL.

CAROLINE is sitting slumped on the edge of her bed in an empty ward. Her wrists are bandaged. and her face is scarred. Her jaw is clenched, and she is trembling. She



wears institutional clothes that don't quite fit. A PSYCHIATRIC NURSE and a WPC stand over her. On a bedside table a portable audio recorder is running. INSPECTOR MOUADI sits opposite on a plastic chair, head in hand, pondering. He turns to the WPC and the NURSE.

MOUADI

I'm afraid we have to try just once more.

NURSE

You'll only drive her deeper into her psychosis.

MOUADI

The Prophet Nasrudin once drove two camels across the desert in search of water. One died but the other was saved.

The NURSE and the WPC exchange looks, but MOUADI turns to CAROLINE, who moans and mutters unintelligibly as he talks.

MOUADI (CONT'D)

So - once more - what happened, Miss Rutland? We have sampled your blood and we know you had a little cannabis, as well as the wine. But nothing excessive. And you had no quarrel with poor Mr. Easterbrook. Whom you had met twice at the Groucho Club. And there you were, at the gateway to fame, at a great banquet, receiving riches for your story-telling - and yet you vomit obscenities, wilful obscurities, you who were a mistress of language are mastered by madness, and then you brutally attack the man who sings your praises, you drive a metal tube into his skull so forcefully and frequently that he dies of brain injury three days later.

CAROLINE is silent.

MOUADI (CONT'D)

Very well. Perhaps we can talk about your book. As if we were on the television.

MOUADI produces a copy of her novel *Tongues Untied*. CAROLINE squirms, moans and twists her body. The NURSE places a restraining hand on her shoulder and glares at MOUADI.

MOUADI (CONT'D)

This is a magic realist novel, correct? Like the famous Mr. Rushdie, yes? But with better manners, I hope.

CAROLINE snarls. MOUADI glances at the blurb and reads aloud.

MOUADI (CONT'D)

"Jo Dee is a radical female DJ, at large in the under-lit world of the London club scene, with ambitions as a record producer. She discovers autistic New York rapper Kelly Edwards whose eerie scatting releases strange subversive energies in their audiences..." Fascinating...the result of much research, perhaps?

CAROLINE

(whispering, then  
louder)

Scrying time...screening and  
screaming...ZAX! ZAX! ZAX!

CAROLINE begins screaming and struggling violently with her minders, overturning the table, so that the recorder crashes to the floor.

##### 5. INT. NIGHT. BECKETT'S FLAT

A glimpse of inner-city tower-block and flyovers from the high windows of BECKETT's apartment. In his KITCHEN the radio is on low - the BBC Radio 4 announcer trails a tribute programme about the late Rupert Easterbrook. But BECKETT, abstracted, not really listening, switches it off, and wanders into the LIVING ROOM.

He seems to have rearranged the space in conscious emulation of AK's study at the Metatron Agency. There is a Tree of Life diagram on the wall, piles of new paperbacks about the Kabbalah and a worn gilt-framed mirror. An old movie - *Quatermass and the Pit* - flickers silently on the TV in the background.

His laptop is open on the coffee table, displaying his sample Metatron web page with a Tree of Life diagram. He

moves the cursor across the spheres and clicks on a link. Which takes him into a blank page. He stares at it, dejected.

With self-conscious gravitas he lights a candle, then an incense burner. The incense smoulders in the lamp light. Then, taking a TAROT PACK from its silk wrapping, he cuts the pack and starts to deal a spread of ten cards, arranging them according to the Tree of Life. He's a little uncertain, and glances from time to time at the Tree of Life diagram on his lap top. Then, cautiously, he turns over the first card at the base of the Tree.

It is The Eight of Cups. BECKETT is taken aback. He jabs a finger at a paragraph in one of his reference books.

BECKETT  
(murmuring)  
Eight of Cups - Indolence...?

He starts to make a note of the name and position of the card on his laptop.

#### 6. INT. NIGHT. KADMON'S STUDY

The image of the TAROT CARD expands to fill the screen and dissolves into AK's study. KADMON has fallen asleep at his desk, head down amid an array of scattered papers, packing materials and piled-up leather-bound antiquarian tomes. The topmost folio is entitled "A True Relation of What Passed between Doctor Dee and Some Spirits." KADMON stirs uneasily and murmurs cryptically in a deep harsh voice.

#### 7. INT. NIGHT. BECKETT'S FLAT

BECKETT's huge shadow moves across the wall of his bedroom as he places a second card on the table. It is the Eight of Swords. He makes a quick note - "Eight of Swords - Interference." He looks up across the room at his reflection in the mirror. It seems to be out of focus, fading into blackness.

#### 8 INT. NIGHT. KADMON'S STUDY

KADMON murmurs throatily in the semi-darkness slumped in his chair. In the dome of his skull, a fragmented DREAM is taking place.

MIRIAM and CAROLINE are in a dimly-lit arched space that might be a church or a museum. They're part of a mob manically slicing up pages of ancient books , scrolls of papyrus, and packs of Tarot cards and scattering the fragments over each other. The screen fills with flying mutilated text and imagery. There's a tremendous babble of voices chortling, braying and roaring in the fading mottled light.

9. INT. NIGHT. BECKETT'S FLAT

The candle-lit BECKETT starts, as if he'd heard something at the edge of his hearing, then shrugs. Very cautiously he takes another card and places it in the Hod position. With obvious reluctance he turns it over. It is XVI - The Tower Struck by Lightning. Suddenly unnerved he sweeps the spread off the table and scatters the pack across the room.

10. INT. NIGHT. KADMON'S STUDY

The spinning cards dissolve over KADMON, who suddenly with a great effort jerks himself awake. He is breathing heavily, blood trickling from the corner of his lip. He runs his hands through the chaos of his desk and turns up a Tarot book - open at a print of The Tower Struck by Lightning. He shakes his head wearily, rises and turns to the open window and the night cityscape below, where the sirens wail in the distance.

11. INT. DAY. METATRON AGENCY .

As BECKETT enters, KADMON is in his study. The door is open. He's on the phone.

KADMON

No, Mr Hemmings, not even with a psychiatrist and a theologian.

My daughter has obviously given you a highly coloured account of my work. It was gracious of you to consider me but I'm sure you'll find far more spectacular candidates for your programme. And I do have clients to attend to. We must leave it there. Goodbye, Mr Hemmings.

KADMON hangs up, clearly exasperated.

KADMON (CONT'D)  
Quicksilver Productions - know  
them?

BECKETT  
Probably just two guys, a Mac, and  
some cupboard in Soho.

KADMON  
That cupboard contains my  
daughter. (pause) Miriam 's been  
on an internship with them for the  
last fortnight. I thought you  
knew..

BECKETT  
No, I -

KADMON  
She seems to have made a strong  
impression on this Andy Hemmings  
person. And she's given away  
far too much to him. I'll have to  
have words with her.

BECKETT  
(dully)  
Perhaps she's only trying bring  
you to a wider market. It's worth  
a shot.

KADMON  
I'm not a bloody brand, Beckett.

12. INT. EVENING. METATRON AGENCY. KADMON'S STUDY

In the twilight KADMON listens to MIRIAM's voice on an  
answering machine. As he listens he slowly sifts through a  
pile of old photographs - pics of his father, mother,  
uncle, himself, Diana, Miriam as a child, all in different  
settings - and starts to lay them out in a Tree of Life  
pattern.

MIRIAM  
I'm very hurt, Dad. Accusing me  
of betraying your work! When I'm  
trying to make something of  
this course so I that you won't  
have to subsidise me.  
(MORE)

MIRIAM (CONT'D)  
Andy's really nice, really  
interested in your work . But  
you're impossible to help. It's  
not surprising that Mum couldn't  
cope with you. There are times  
when for all your heightened  
awareness, you're quite  
insensitive to ordinary feelings.

KADMON turns off the tape and broods in the darkening room.

13. INT DAY. TV STUDIO. ON THE SET.

A day-time TV chat show just after the ad-break. There's a quick pan around a tacky yellow SET decorated with New Age motifs and a glimpse of the applauding studio audience. KADMON sits stiffly on a pastel sofa, alongside the craggy Texan evangelist Reverend ENOCH HAGER and suave pop psychiatrist Dr. NIGEL HANKS. The theme tune swells and dips under

ANNOUNCER  
(Voice-over)  
It's "Help Yourself!" - the  
Personal Growth Programme with  
Samantha Norbert!

14. INT. DAY. METATRON AGENCY OUTER OFFICE

There's a quick shot of MISS HANNAH watching on a portable set, tea-cup in hand. Mr Kadmon is on the telly. She's so pleased for him.

15. INTERIOR. DAY. TV STUDIO. ON THE SET.

SAMANTHA NORBERT, a blonde ex-weather girl (with aspirations to be a Carol Vorderman) smiles for the camera.

SAMANTHA

Welcome back to "Help Yourself".  
There are so many paths to  
personal growth available  
nowadays, and it's all too easy to  
get a bit muddled, especially  
when you're dealing with the  
oldest of them all - The  
Occult! Why does the occult have  
cults? Is it dangerous to be a  
devil and have a little dabble, or  
is it just harmless fun? We're  
here to find out... With the  
Reverend Enoch Hager, one of  
America's best-known TV  
evangelists, psychiatrist Dr.  
Nigel Hanks, who's just published  
his new book "Don't Swindle Your  
Inner Child", a sceptical look at  
the paranormal - and crime-busting  
New Age guru Adam Kadmon!

KADMON winces while HAGER and HANKS acknowledge the  
studio applause.

16 INT. DAY. TV STUDIO - THE GALLERY

Up in the control gallery, Andy and Miriam are watching the  
show on monitors.

MIRIAM

She's setting him up, isn't she?  
You promised me -

17 INT. DAY TV STUDIO - HOSPITALITY ROOM

Back-stage in the hospitality area, BECKETT grimaces as he  
views the show. He clenches his fist around his drink .

18 INT. DAY. TV STUDIO. ON THE SET.

SAMANTHA, HAGER, AND HANKS are all talking across each  
other at full volume. KADMON is marginalised.

HAGER

...and the power of the spirit  
tells us we're living in the  
end-times, the prime time of the  
crime-times, the age to end all  
ages...

SAMANTHA

...but surely, Reverend, if New Age beliefs are based on a kind of fantasy, as Nigel says in his book -

HANKS

- and my book does come with a free bullshit detector -

SAMANTHA

- then surely they can't be dangerous? Look at Adam - does he look dangerous? His New Age beliefs -

KADMON

New Age beliefs is a meaningless term, as I keep trying to point out but -

HAGER

God knows what it means, he knows the depths of your heart, Adam!

HAGER grips KADMON's elbow tightly. He leans forward almost as if to whisper in KADMON's ear like a stage hypnotist , although his voice is audible to the others

HAGER (CONT'D)

He knows you're an empty vessel. A channel. Channelling. That's what they call it. Except you're tuning to Satan's satellite channels. The devil's MTV and CNN. The sin channels. And then your voice is an echo of Satan. You become his tower of power, his SS satanic sound system. Spheres of Satan, great balls of fire - that's what you people become!

There's complete silence. Even SAMANTHA is mute. Then she snaps out of it into a cheesy smile.

SAMANTHA

OK Adam , follow that...

KADMON

I don't know where to start - reality is so multi-levelled, so complex -



HAGER

The man calls it complex. Well, my  
 God is plain-speaking. I tell  
 you, Samantha, that Doc Hanks  
 here may call himself atheist but  
 his book shows that he's at least  
 a straight-talking man who could  
 do business with the Lord. But  
 our Adam does deals with the  
 coiled serpent, he's glugged with  
 the fruit of occult knowledge,  
 that perverts God's Word  
 into a blasphemy!

HANKS

(laughing)

You're telling us Adam's inner  
 child is making rude noises...

SAMANTHA and the studio audience laugh too loudly and  
 eagerly.

KADMON

Listen... There's a network of  
 symbols connecting all belief  
 systems, a code in our sacred  
 texts -

HAGER

The Bible ain't no word-search  
 puzzle for devil freaks!

KADMON

Sorry to disappoint you, Mister  
 Hager but I am not, and never have  
 been, a  
 devil-worshipper, Satanist,  
 fire-breathing warlock,  
 whatever...

HANKS

Poor old Adam - he doesn't know  
 who the hell he is!

More audience laughter.

HAGER

If Adam really wants to help  
 himself he could come to one of  
 my crusades and talk the talk  
 with the Holy Healing Spirit!

SAMANTHA

Well, there I'm afraid we have to leave it. I'd like to thank our guests...

As the audience applaud, HAGER raises his arm high in benediction, HANKS clutches his book and grins broadly while KADMON sits apart, stone-faced, exhausted.

19. EXT DAY. A LONDON STREET. INSIDE KADMON'S CAR

BECKETT drives KADMON back through slow-moving rush hour traffic. Both men stare ahead. KADMON presses a palm to his temple.

KADMON

It was so exhausting. I was stupefied. Quite bloody stupid. All those poor wretched people. Like psychic smog. I can't stop hearing that gabble.

BECKETT

Miriam shouldn't have sold you up shit creek. I should have stopped her.

KADMON

I'm not sure you should stop anything with my daughter. Or even start it.

BECKETT bites his lip, scowls at the traffic in his rear-view mirror.

20. INT. DAY. VIDEO EDIT SUITE AT QUICKSILVER PRODUCTIONS

The show is playing back and ANDY is sitting at his console, trying to work, but MIRIAM won't let him.

MIRIAM

Why did that tart let them talk all over him?

ANDY

Well, he wasn't exactly pro-active, was he?

MIRIAM suddenly leans forward and switches off the computer.

MIRIAM

You know for all your technology  
you guys can't tell the signal  
from the noise.

She spins round and storms out.

ANDY

Hey, Miriam, now listen...

21 INT. DAY. DOCTOR'S OFFICE. OAKHILL MENTAL HOSPITAL

Through the internal observation window of the office we can glimpse CAROLINE in the adjoining ward. The TV set is tuned to day-time game shows. Her lips twitch as she yells at the empty room. MOUADI and HANKS watch. The NURSE hovers in the background.

HANKS

Of course, this isn't the first  
time your colleagues have asked  
for my opinion in cases like this.

MOUADI

Forgive me - but I thought you'd  
given up medical practice for the  
pleasures of authorship.

HANKS

My work's based on rational  
observation. As yours should be,  
Inspector. This glossalia  
phenomenon is simply a kind of  
random discharge at the  
sub-cortical level. So-called  
speaking in tongues has rhythm  
and inflection but no meaning.  
Mere neural jive. Because  
consciousness has been surrendered  
in the hypnotic presence of an  
authority figure - a preacher, a  
demagogue -

MOUADI

A literary media pundit like the  
late Mr Easterbrook? An authority  
figure? I think not. Are  
there any changes?

NURSE

No. She just babbles. And watches  
TV. The cable channels, mostly.

## 22 INT. DAY. GALLERY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM

The gallery is almost empty. KADMON is gazing at a small round object in a glass cabinet. The exhibit is a black obsidian DISC, curiously inscribed. The display label reads: "The Magic Mirror of Dr. John Dee." KADMON stares into its depths. His lips are moving.

He seems to be listening for a sound at the very edge of his hearing. And we can just catch the ghost of a vibration- a higher, almost ethereal pitching of the strange utterances of CAROLINE RUTLAND. The glass of the display cabinet begins to vibrate with a faint but discernible bell tone. KADMON is focussing hard on the Mirror.

Then a group of noisy AMERICAN TOURISTS shamble through the gallery. One of them, male, obese, is wearing an orange T-shirt. "Hot Diggity God! Talk the Talk! - the Enoch Hager Crusade!" KADMON's concentration is broken by their chatter. The bell sounds fade as he turns and glares at them. They stare intently at him as he strides towards the exit.

## 23. EXT. DAY. THE PAVEMENT OUTSIDE THE BRITISH MUSEUM

As KADMON turns out of the Museum gates into Bloomsbury, an old street BEGGAR lurches across the pavement and grabs at his sleeve. KADMON struggles to shake him off.

BEGGAR  
 (thickly, through mucus)  
 Gis the pus word, guv... we know  
 about ron zon the zaxman...I gotta  
 tax you...

KADMON finally disentangles himself, his jacket ripping as the BEGGAR stumbles face-down. As KADMON walks quickly away, the BEGGAR rises to his knees and growls incoherently.

## 24 INT. DAY. A STUDIO THEATRE IN A COLLEGE

The auditorium is empty, but house lights are down. Coats, bags, water bottles and acting editions of Macbeth are strewn over the seats. On the small partially-lit stage some blocks and drapes have been arranged to create a basic set. At the back a short bespectacled DRAMA LECTURER is remonstrating with a TECHNICIAN about the deployment of some spotlights. Several STUDENT ACTORS are leaving. They're in costume - Macbeth, soldiers, witches - but not fully made up. They're laughing,

releasing tension after rehearsing a tricky scene. A GIRL STUDENT , one of the Witches, turns back at the door

GIRL STUDENT

Come on, Miriam! We're allowed a coffee break. Even in the Scottish Play!

MIRIAM , costumed as Hecate, ignores her. GIRL STUDENT shrugs and leaves with the others. MIRIAM steps up to the stage, murmuring and hissing her lines. Then she tosses the script on one side and starts to run through her part as HECATE. The LECTURER and the TECHNICIAN are engrossed in the lighting board, and start experimenting. The main floods dim and MIRIAM walks into a pool of orange light. As she enters the role, ANDY creeps in and stands in the gloom watching her.

MIRIAM/HECATE

How did you dare to trade and traffic with Macbeth in riddles and affairs of death? And I, the mistress of your charms, the close contriver of all harms, was never call'd to bear my part, or show the glory of our art?

MIRIAM falters. Her concentration is distracted by ANDY's urgent whispering. The LECTURER and the TECHNICIAN continue to play with the lighting rig.

ANDY

Miriam? I must talk to you...

MIRIAM

What are you doing here? In my space?

ANDY

Showing my respects to the glory of your art.

MIRIAM

You've got sixty seconds, Andy.

ANDY

I know you're a priestess of high art -

MIRIAM

(impatient)

And you're a media dumbbo. OK, get on with it.

ANDY

All right, Miriam. I was crass, stupid, whatever. I cocked up the casting of the show. I should have briefed Samantha properly. I should have shown more respect for your father's belief system -

MIRIAM

Which you obviously didn't understand.

ANDY

Do you understand any of it, Miriam? Spheres, paths, entities on the astral plane...?

MIRIAM

(defensive)

It has its own beauty . And it works for him - he helps people.

ANDY

Hager thinks he helps people. His beliefs work for him. Sort of.

MIRIAM

If you cared about truth instead of ratings you'd analyse that kind of proposition more carefully.

ANDY

I do care about truth. And believe it or not, I care about you.

MIRIAM

Just let me go back to being queen of the witches...

ANDY

Look, I'm going to do a proper in-depth piece on Hager. Fly on the wall. Warts and all. Unearth what really happens at his talk-fests. And I'm doing it on spec, Miriam. No commission. My own money. You've actually got me worrying about these things

MIRIAM

I suppose I do care, Andy. Sort of...

25 INT. NIGHT. BECKETT'S FLAT

BECKETT sits gazing at a TV which displays flickering electronic snow. Mechanically he lays out a Tarot spread, but his eyes stare into the dancing pixels. The room is now a shambles, books and food thrown everywhere.

26 INT. DAY. METATRON AGENCY OUTER OFFICE

Late afternoon at the Agency. Outside it's grey and overcast. An exhausted BECKETT sits idly fiddling with his laptop, furtively playing at being the Metatron web-master.

KADMON can be seen through the open door of his inner sanctum, deep in thought. MISS HANNAH fusses over the heaps of files and folders. The phone on her desk rings.

MISS HANNAH

The Metatron Agency... who is it calling, please? Yes...

KADMON, in his inner room, picks up the phone. He's suddenly animated.

KADMON

Mouadi? I feel I've been expecting you...about the Rutland matter? Of course - we'll be over at once...

27. EXT. DAY. SOUTH LONDON STREET CORNER

KADMON, BECKETT and MOUADI huddle on the windy corner of a busy South London high street. Behind them we can see a modern concrete building with a large illuminated sign 'Miracle Church of the Living Word' and fluorescent posters for THE ENOCH HAGER MIRACLE CRUSADE. Entrance to the church car-park is blocked by a throng of EMERGENCY VEHICLES. There are uniformed officers everywhere who are starting to cordon off the street and move away the crowds.

MOUADI

It started about two hours ago with local residents complaining about the noise. Not just loud music. Screaming, breaking glass. Chanting.

(MORE)

MOUADI (CONT'D)

But our uniform people can't get inside. They're afraid your Reverend Hager might torch the building.

KADMON

I can't talk Hager's language. You have trained negotiators for this kind of thing.

MOUADI

Inspector Blake has organised listening devices. But our people have had...problems. The sounds -

A POLICEWOMAN, clearly shaken, rushes over and interrupts him.

POLICEWOMAN

Inspector Mouadi, there's a new problem

28 EXT. DAY. THE CHURCH CAR PARK

POLICEWOMAN, MOUADI, KADMON and BECKETT race through the melee of people and vehicles. The sound of babbling VOICES, growling and wailing, rises and falls on the wind.

The group gather around a police van parked on the perimeter of the church and the POLICEWOMAN flings open the rear doors. A PLAIN CLOTHES OFFICER is holding a headset attached to some monitoring equipment. He turns to the group. He is laughing. Manically, like the Laughing Policeman in the music-hall song.

PLAIN CLOTHES OFFICER

(between gulps of hysterical laughter)

Hager's going to burn down the whole lot...burn it up...burn it down...burn it up...burn it down...burn it up...burn it down...burn it out...

BECKETT reaches for the headset but KADMON grabs it and rips out the cable.



KADMON

Don't listen to it Beckett.  
Whatever you do, don't listen to  
it.

BECKETT swears and MOUADI begins to protest but KADMON pushes him aside. KADMON grips the trembling PLAIN CLOTHES OFFICER by the neck.

The PLAIN CLOTHES OFFICER sinks to his knees, shaking and sweating. He crumples and vomits copiously. INSPECTOR BLAKE and HANKS have arrived, and BLAKE is clearly shocked to find KADMON apparently grappling with his dishevelled OFFICER. But HANKS is amused.

HANKS

Is Mr Kadmon engaged in a  
meaningful dialogue?

BLAKE

Mr Kadmon is going to leave the  
area right now. I don't know what  
you thought you were doing,  
Mouadi. (He points to HANKS)  
We've already got an expert right  
here.

HANKS

It's just collective hysteria.

KADMON

It's verbal and it's viral. It's  
corrupting the sphere that  
animates the language zones of the  
brain. The cerebral cortex.  
Whatever you want to call it.  
But don't listen...

BLAKE

(to MOUADI)

Get these people out. And get in  
there quick.

29 INT. DAY. THE CHURCH LOBBY

A POLICEMAN lies sprawled on the carpet of the lobby, a bland tidy space furnished with racks of pamphlets which are now overturned. Bloodstained leaflets are scattered everywhere. The grey walls and evangelical posters are covered with curious graffiti, scrawled in red and black. The POLICEMAN'S mobile phone has been smashed against the wall. Behind the closed inner doors the SCREAMING is relentless.

Two POLICEMEN are attacking these doors with a sledge hammer, urged on by BLAKE and HANKS.

BLAKE  
Come on, man!

The doors suddenly IMplode. There's a glimpse of writhing bodies, flames. A cyclonic current sucks in the four men who have to fight to keep their balance.

30 INT. DAY. INSIDE THE CHURCH

A fast-moving MONTAGE reveals the chaos inside. The air is thick with dust and greasy smoke. The interior of the church appears to have been torn apart, chairs and benches are overturned. The walls and ceiling are blackened.

Members of the congregation are crawling about, moaning and wailing unintelligibly. Many have scorched clothes hanging off in rags, bleeding limbs and blackened faces, like victims of a bomb-blast.

ANDY is sitting at the far end, away from the blast area, cradling a smashed camcorder in his arms. At first sight he seems unharmed, but in close-up his hands are bleeding and he is rocking back and forth, mouthing silently but furiously to himself.

Men and women - including some members of HAGER's TV studio audience - stagger towards BLAKE and MOUADI, incoherently sobbing, grabbing blindly at their legs and arms. They won't stop their gabbling and murmuring, to BLAKE'S evident alarm.

BLAKE  
Where's Hager?

MOUADI gestures through the gloom to the far end of the interior. The plastic canopy and banners of the ENOCH HAGER CRUSADE are torn and charred.

On the dais there's the grey figure of HAGER standing stiffly before the microphone.

BLAKE (CONT'D)  
Well, get him...

Despite MOUADI's warning glance and a shout from KADMON, BLAKE strides forward. and seizes HAGER's arm. It breaks away, in a cloud of dust, as fragile as pumice stone. Then HAGER's whole body collapses in a HEAP OF ASH, dust and charred bones.

31 INT. NIGHT. HOSPITAL ACCIDENT & EMERGENCY WARD

SURVIVORS are wheeled into the overcrowded reception area, arms flailing, rocking back and forth, screaming. There's a constant BABEL of tormented or hysterical voices from the curtained cubicles as nurses and orderlies try in vain to communicate with their patients and get their co-operation for tests, dressings, or simply establish who they are. MOUADI is moving from cubicle to cubicle with his tape recorder, to the annoyance of a nurse, who tries to turn him away.

In the foreground HANKS berates KADMON & BECKETT.

HANKS

If you hadn't delayed things with your crackbrained theories we might have been able to defuse the situation. Even save Hager from torching himself.

KADMON

How do you be sure he set himself alright?

BECKETT

Did you see any petrol cans?

BLAKE emerges from the entrance doors of the reception area. He lays a hand on KADMON's shoulder.

BLAKE

Time for you to go.

KADMON moves towards the door.

32 INT. NIGHT. HOSPITAL CUBICLE

ANDY lies on a bed, hands bandaged, eyes staring. He still moans and mutters. MIRIAM sits anxiously beside him. She looks up accusingly at BECKETT.

MIRIAM

He's still in shock, that's all. Deep trauma. He's going to get through this. No thanks to you.

BECKETT

It's almost twenty four hours. Have they tried lithium? .

MIRIAM

He doesn't need drugs. Just some human connection.

BECKETT  
Tender loving care, I guess.

MIRIAM  
Yes, Beckett. Why don't you go and  
play gurus and boffins with my  
dad?

BECKETT turns away.

33. INT. NIGHT. KADMON'S OFFICE AT THE METATRON AGENCY

KADMON sits before the Tree of Life spread on his desk. He  
turns up the Eight of Cups.

BECKETT is staring out of the window. KADMON focusses  
closely on the card, as if gazing into it.

KADMON  
Eight of Cups again . Hod in the  
Suit of Water. Mental Exhaustion.  
Indolence. Disease.

BECKETT  
I drew the Eight of Swords...Hod  
in the Suit of Air

KADMON  
Interference... weakness ...dead  
air...the jamming of the language  
centres..of Hod, the eighth  
sephiroth.

BECKETT  
All the eights... It's like  
calling out metaphysical bingo...

KADMON  
There's a frightening  
synchronicity in the Tarot.

BECKETT  
I'm not sure there's an underlying  
pattern in anything. Meaningless  
blabber. That's what the cosmos  
tells me.

KADMON  
We create meanings.

BECKETT

I bet that when you were a student  
you played Sergeant Pepper  
backwards, just to see if the  
Walrus was Paul.

KADMON

Wrong decade, Beckett. My lot  
were into Atomic Rooster.

BECKETT

(sarcastically)

Heavy...

KADMON

Heavy but subtle...and you're very  
clever! A touch of the positive  
Hod at work. We must call Mouadi  
and get hold of his recordings.

BECKETT

Recordings?

KADMON

Recordings of that poor Rutland  
woman. And the others. All their  
ruptured languages.

KADMON wearily pushes the cards to one side.

34. INT. NIGHT. HOSPITAL. ANDY'S CUBICLE.

ANDY is still moaning and writhing on the bed. Through the  
half-open curtain we can hear the cries of other patients.  
MIRIAM leans over him, trying to stroke his forehead, but  
he pushes her away, terrified.

MIRIAM

Andy... Andy...it's Miriam. Say  
something. I'm sorry. This is all  
my fault, involving you with my  
father...this whole horrible  
thing... I don't understand what's  
happened here...

Out in the corridor there's a shout, a crash of breaking  
glass. A NURSE enters with a bloodied uniform. Saliva is  
dribbling down her chin. Her mouth is struggling to form  
words. Tears are streaming down her face. MIRIAM stares,  
horrified.

35. INT. NIGHT. BECKETT'S APARTMENT.

BECKETT sits over his laptop, which is placed at the centre of his coffee table. An audio recorder is wired into the laptop, and another cable connects the laptop to BECKETT'S stereo system. VU meters pulse on the screen display.

KADMON paces up and down as the VOICE of CAROLINE RUTLAND fills the room.

CAROLINE'S VOICE

"For the pus word is the word  
pizzle zax...aristzahaha...here's  
the woo woo you're ratzz for  
...araata. vanucahit I am wanna  
wanna.I want to thakra catabla  
noasmi tabela my reditor hoditor  
ronzon gobble job gobble job  
..yahoomi yojo kaccaz yo zaxy  
thang but plab I nam hahhrgh no  
no no nahhragh..."

BECKETT

OK, I've got a sample of Caroline  
Rutland into this audio editing  
package. Do you want to see what  
we could do with it?

KADMON

We don't need a display of digital  
gimmickry, Beckett. We're wasting  
time.

BECKETT

You can analyse the wave-form. And  
manipulate it.

The LAPTOP DISPLAY fills the screen. BECKETT clicks the trackball and highlights a segment of the audio waveform, then selects an option on the menu. A cursor moves across the selection as it plays.

CAROLINE'S VOICE

"..thakra catabla noasmi  
tabela.."

The sample keeps looping. BECKETT dips the volume under

KADMON

Very well...show me some more of  
your tricks

BECKETT selects an option on the menu and reverses the clip.

CAROLINE'S VOICE  
 "...alebat imsioan albatac  
 arkath..."

KADMON listens, scrutinising the wave-form on screen carefully. Despite himself he is interested.

KADMON  
 Still nonsense...even in  
 reverse... we need more material.

BECKETT  
 You're convinced there's something  
 encrypted here?

KADMON ponders for a moment. He starts to mouth the sounds in time with the clip- then checks himself.

KADMON  
 There's a rhythm somewhere. In the  
 syllables. Maybe in the shape of  
 the waveforms. I don't know. We  
 need more samples, more voices.  
 Edit out any embedded bits of  
 English, just the glossalia,  
 that's all we want.

BECKETT  
 This riff's going to run for  
 hours.

36 INT. DAWN. BECKETT'S APARTMENT

BECKETT is asleep on the sofa. KADMON focusses on the laptop display, totally concentrating. A SLOW-MOTION MONTAGE is superimposed, as follows, rotating images cross-fading into each other

The spread of cards in Tree formation; the Mirror of Dr. John Dee in the British Museum; the BEGGAR outside the British Museum; Enochian sigils; HAGER looming at his shoulder on the TV show; burnt-out dais of the Enoch Hager crusade. The images rotate over the turning pages of "A True Relation of What Passed between Doctor Dee and some Spirits", with its diagrams and wood-engravings.

KADMON  
 I'm a fool. An unholy fool. I  
 can't see the tip of my own  
 tongue. It's Enochian, Beckett,  
 corrupted Enochian!

BECKETT  
 Wha'...wha'appen...?

KADMON  
Enochian! A magickal language  
channelled by Dr. John Dee and  
Edward Kelley in 1584 , the  
tongues of angels and demons at  
play

BECKETT sits up, dishevelled.

BECKETT  
I don't understand...how the hell  
do you channel a whole language?

KADMON stands behind BECKETT and places his hands on  
BECKETT'S shoulders, then angles his head to point towards  
the laptop screen, now displaying a whirling screen-saver  
for the Metatron Detective Agency.

KADMON  
You are the medium. You are Edward  
Kelley, staring into the infinite  
depths of a black scrying  
stone. An angelic  
conversationalist points to a  
sequence of letters arranged in a  
geometrical grid. You dictate  
them to Doctor Dee. Then you  
dictate the translation. The whole  
thing backwards, of course.

BECKETT  
Why that old backslang jive?

KADMON  
It's a very dangerous language...

37. INT. NIGHT. HOSPITAL A&E WARD.

Close-up on MIRIAM , hands over her ears, crying. The  
camera pulls back to show the whole A&E reception area in  
CHAOS. Now staff as well as patients are crawling,  
gibbering, laughing hysterically. A security guard is  
assaulting a nurse, Filing cabinets, medical equipment and  
trolleys are overturned. Alarm bells are ringing, smoke is  
drifting from one of the cubicles. Amid the tumult HANKS  
is shouting desperately to MOUADI.



HANKS

We've tried the whole pharmacopia, largactil, hemenevrin, the lot. It's as if it's contagious. We can't control this without police help. You've got to call Blake!

MOUADI

And what will happen to our officers? We need a quarantine. Maybe a cauterisation, yes?

HANKS

Well, at least get hold of our crime-busting New Age guru. Perhaps he can con these people out of their psychosis...

38 INT. DAY. METATRON AGENCY KADMON'S STUDY.

KADMON, unshaven and haggard, is on the phone.

KADMON

This procedure is all I can offer, Dr. Hanks. I know that you and Blake find it repugnant. Yes, it is dangerous. I'm risking myself and Beckett as well as the patients. I can't explain in more detail.. If you don't let me act in the next twenty-four hours, t may become irrevocable. More manifestations, more contagion. This is no time for your meetings and your management and your consultative documents. Yes, I know you're finding it difficult to formulate the right words. That should be a warning sign. Just let me act. I take full responsibility. I do have a daughter involved in all this, you realise...

BECKETT is seen through the doorway, slumped in a chair. He is pale. MISS HANNAH fusses about making cups of tea. She has been crying.

39. EXT. DAY. KADMON'S CAR.

BECKETT is driving though heavy inner-London traffic, trying to concentrate on the road. The CAR RADIO is turned up.

## NEWSREADER

"... denied there were disturbances at Homefield Hospital in South London , where victims of last night's fire at Balham's Church of the Living Word were being treated for shock and minor injuries. A spokesman said that counselling arrangements were now in place. In a separate development, Metropolitan Police refused to comment on allegations that they plan to hold a reconstruction of events at the ruined church, where..."

BECKETT switches off the radio. KADMON is talking with great intensity and deliberation, as if each word was a huge effort.

## KADMON

Enochian is similar to English in its positioning of subjects, verbs, and objects. It is unlike English in its lack of separate articles, possessives, and prepositions. As a general rule, the words of the language do not appear related to those of any known language, although there are occasional striking (if superficial) resemblances. e.g., Angelic "babalond" meaning "harlot" Nineteen Calls were given to Dee and Kelly. The final Call has thirty variations, making a total of 48 Calls.

## BECKETT

I' m sorry, I just can't focus on this right now

## KADMON

The fragments we've collated form the Nineteenth Call of the Tenth Aethyr that can summon a mighty demon - Choronzon 333, the embodiment/disembodiment of chaos, as summoned by Aleister Crowley in the Algerian desert. With Victor Neuberg. 1909.

BECKETT

That old Beast bugged around all over the place, didn't he?

KADMON

The biographers claim that the experience permanently unhinged men. Choronzon replicates images madly and hideously. He - it - plays with qlipothic refuse.

BECKETT

Qlipothic?

KADMON

Garbage of the astral realms. Clustered in this case round the zone of Hod. That is why it gravitated to a preacher and a writer. Creatures of the word - whose tongue it can mutilate. Hager became a terrible travesty of his pentecostalism - tongues of fire spontaneously combusting him.

BECKETT

I don't see how -

KADMON

I have to follow a full Enochian procedure. To balance the force with angelic influences.

BECKETT

Blake won't take a chance on the angels.

Ahead of them are several heavy police vans, escorted by police cars with flashing lights. A helicopter circles overhead. BECKETT accelerates to join the convoy. They turn at a sign for the Church of the Living Word .

40 INT. DUSK. THE CHURCH.

The ruined interior of the church is lit by flood-lights from a portable generator. KADMON is crouching, tracing a CIRCLE about ten feet in diameter in the ash-strewn floor with the point of a dagger. All his concentration is focussed on making a perfect circle. He is whispering the names of God, the Tetragrammaton.

The camera tracks around the walls. A few of the overturned seats have been righted, and a group of PATIENTS

are clustered towards the back, murmuring and cooing, They are overseen by two NURSES and a WPC, all obviously uneasy.

ANDY sits alone near the front, lips moving quickly but soundlessly. MIRIAM sits next to him, holding his arm, trying to make contact but she might as well not be there. At the very edge of the group sits CAROLINE RUTLAND, swaying and mumbling. Everyone is hunched, huddled against the cold.

MOUADI and several uniformed officers hover at the back. MOUADI looks at his watch impatiently. HANKS, holding a video camcorder, whispers to MOUADI and appears to make a joke. MOUADI is not amused. BECKETT is stationed at the centre of KADMON's circle, kneeling over the glowing screen of his laptop which is attached to a portable sound system.

He glances across at MIRIAM but she looks straight through him. KADMON starts to trace a TRIANGLE between the circle and his odd congregation.

MOUADI

Adam, do we really need this psycho-drama? You never told me you were going to -

KADMON

It is essential to recreate the energy aroused in Hager's service. The difference is that the energy is going to be focussed on a specific zone

KADMON points to the triangle.

KADMON (CONT'D)

I will place myself in the triangle. Beckett as my scribe will remain in the circle.

The screen of BECKETT's laptop displays two windows, seen in close-up. One shows the waveforms of the glossalia. The other is an image of one of John Dee's Enochian tables.

KADMON (CONT'D)

We are going to reverse the roles of John Dee and Edward Kelly, in which the medium Kelly dictated the language to Dee, who wrote it down. When we are ready, I will channel as the medium while Beckett plays back our electronically reconstituted Call of the Tenth Aethyr.

HANKS

(from the far side of  
the circle)

The Grand Bogus farting in the  
dark! The media mystic! Mouadi,  
does Blake know what you're  
colluding with? That you're  
putting vulnerable people at  
risk?

MOUADI

Risk is written into everything,  
Dr. Hanks.

KADMON takes up his station in the triangle. BECKETT sits  
cross-legged in front of the laptop inside the circle.

41 INT. NIGHT. THE CHURCH.

A stylised montage sequence, as KADMON performs the  
Qabalistic Banishing RITUAL.

KADMON

Atoh Malkuth Veh Geburah Veh  
Gedulah!

Then he crouches, in meditative pose, His back is turned.  
BECKETT starts to PLAY BACK THE CALL of the Thirty Aethyrs.  
The words and syllables of the Call have been edited  
together from several different voices - CAROLINE,  
EASTERBROOK, HAGER, ANDY. Their echoes ripple and  
reverberate around the space.

THE CALL

Madiratza das perifa ZAX, cahisa  
micoaladoda saanire caosago od  
fifisa balzodizodarsa iada, nonuca  
gohulime, micama adionu mada ioda  
belioribe, soba oanona cahisa  
luciftias peripesol, das  
aberaasasa nonucafeod tilabe  
adapehaheta damepelozoda, tooata  
netaiibe jimicalazodoma  
larasada tofelio marebe yareryo  
CHORONZON...

The volume rises as the patients join in, repeating and  
extending the Call, which rises to a crescendo - and  
transforms into a wall of black metallic noise.

The room starts to spin and shudder. Light bulbs explode.  
Faces are stretched and distorted, as if by high-G

acceleration. Close-ups of MIRIAM, ANDY , MOUADI screaming silently. HANKS tries to squint down the viewfinder of the camcorder in the direction of the triangle, then throws it aside, hands over his eyes

KADMON turns to face BECKETT. Everyone else is in blurred focus, frozen. KADMON's face and voice are distorted. Throughout the following speech he morphs in and out of himself, on the point of Choronzoid mutation. His facial appearance expression and voice mimic HAGER and HANKS as well as himself in a rapid sequence of role changes as he stands in the Triangle.

KADMON/CHORONZON

Ah...ah.. yes.. the Little Squatting Adept toying with his kabbalistic dick-drive. So naive to think the polymorphous perverse multiverse has a structure. I mean a tree, for God's sake! I think you've sussed the pus of the myth pussy there, dear boy...I mean we live in a post-modern media world - your degeneration invented it. Let me tell you, white trash boy, these days it's all images, images, all without control, all without reason "Yay, yay, for there is no centre, nay, nay nothing but Dispersion..." Piss in the abyss, those intra-mundane spaces ain't nothing but ass holes in space time, and they shit on everybody. Such a pity these people can't talk proper. My chat room is always open. Hallelujah!

BECKETT

Stop playing games with us.

KADMON/CHORONZON

(solemnly, as AK)

"Adam Kadmon" is a feeble temporary construct, alienated and confused, an overbearing father trying to possess and ultimately ravish his daughter, a self-deluded charlatan who has elevated his random gropings and hallucinations into a kind of self-appointed godhood.

BECKETT is now deeply disturbed yet trying not to show it.

BECKETT

Very clever...this is just  
disinformation, isn't it...

KADMON/CHORONZON

Oh, we really are in the sphere  
of Hod, aren't we? Using our  
micro intellect to outwit the old  
macro-devil, eh?

BECKETT

You're supposed to have knowledge  
and power. Impress me.

ADAM/CHORONZON

You're trying to impress Miriam,  
aren't you? Be really impressive  
if you got old Andy out of his  
little verbal problem. Not so  
impressive when you got little  
Joanna Kelleher up the spout and  
the social services had to move  
in. Such cute teens you were. I  
know, Beckett, I know what became  
of your babbling baby...

BECKETT is deeply shocked. ADAM/CHORONZON smirks and  
sways from side to side in the Triangle, like a boxer  
waiting to land the next body blow

BECKETT

You old bastard, Adam. You dredged  
that up from a file somewhere.  
You're a bloody detective.

ADAM/CHORONZON

I'm Mister Nobody, honestly.  
Captain Nemo of the intra-mundane  
spaces. I only know that  
Mickey Donovan once persuaded you  
to dump a leaky parcel into a  
canal. They'll dredge that up one  
day.

BECKETT opens his mouth to speak and falls silent. He is  
trembling.

ADAM/CHORONZON (CONT'D)

Don't worry, random research is  
just one of Mister Nobody's  
trivial pursuits.

(MORE)

ADAM/CHORONZON (CONT'D)

Listen, why don't you come on  
over, share the mystery of  
non-being, the descent into chaos  
on the night side of the tree.  
Put that meddling muddled brain of  
yours to sleep.

KADMON beckons. BECKETT rises to his feet and edges uncertainly towards the edge of the circle. From BECKETT's POV everyone outside the circle is a blur. For a few seconds KADMON/CHORONZON morphs into a quasi-female figure, a facial hybrid of KADMON & MIRIAM, semi-nude, who summons him seductively.

KADMON/CHORONZON/MIRIAM

Try my triangle. The dark  
triangle, Beckett...tasty...

BECKETT trembles with desire/terror. He struggles to stop his sleep-walking and shakes himself awake.

BECKETT

A cheap trick, Miss Choronzon,

KADMON/CHORONZON laughs - his laughter sliding down an octave into the male register - and reverts to his previous form. Now he is KADMON at his most jovial. BECKETT is still hovering within the perimeter of the Circle

KADMON/CHORONZON

I never expected you to fall for  
that sexy fruit trick. You're  
more of a Tree of Knowledge type,  
you like intellectual stimulus,  
correct?

BECKETT

You have to fight this. Resist  
the takeover. It isn't you. You  
are Adam Kadmon..

KADMON/CHORONZON

Behold the new Adam! So let me  
promote you to secretary,  
Beckett. Let me dictate a new  
call. You can transcribe,  
translate it. The code for a whole  
new power base. Which you could  
transfer to the databases of  
the world. A new lingua franca  
for the species.

(MORE)



KADMON/CHORONZON (CONT'D)

And Beckett would know all the shape-shifting key words, the deep coding. Very elegant. But then knowledge is the only elegance. How does that grab you, as a civilised arrangement between a master and his favourite humanoid?

BECKETT fingers the keys of the laptop. Then he shakes his head.

BECKETT

I want to talk to Adam Kadmon.  
Adam Kadmon. My friend Adam  
Kadmon.

KADMON grimaces and closes his eyes.

KADMON/CHORONZON

(with great effort)

Kill me, Beckett. Use anything. Get the others to help. Fire is best. Purify the space!(urbane again) Maybe not such a good idea. Bloodshed has a way of materialising the latent forces. Nothing like a good sacrifice for pumping up the devil dolls. Then again, maybe that's what you should do. Go with the bloody flux. Go with your populist Jedi creed. Trust your touchies and feelies, kill Kadmon, keep Andy bonkers, rescue Miriam, be the hero, pix on the ten o'clock news, sell memory to the tabloids, nothing to it, nothing, nothing, fucking nothing in the dark, go for it!

BECKETT

I only work for Adam Kadmon. Not your mutants.

KADMON's face spasms and twitches. Blood trickles from his mouth and nose. His body shudders.

KADMON/CHORONZON

(with effort)

Beckett, use your head. Your bullshit detector. Relaxed again

Cancel that remark. Not really us,  
not our style. Come on, decisions,  
decisions! I think we need a  
little help from our friends.

Outside the circle, in the gloom, the PATIENTS are  
beginning to murmur and stir. Close-ups of the contorted  
faces of CAROLINE, ANDY and the others.

BECKETT

(struggling to focus)

If Choronzon is so multi-formed  
and multi-tasking, why does he  
need all this theatre of signs and  
sigils and Enochian tongues? Why  
do you need to ignite preachers  
and scramble the brains of  
novelists and make citizens  
froth at the mouth?

KADMON/CHORONZON

Creation began with a random  
quantum fluctuation in a vacuum,  
total nothingness; and it's that  
random lunacy, the black hole  
jokester, the chaos factor that  
keeps us evolving as entities.  
Enochian was a kind of  
primitive beta-test of a language  
for accessing multi-dimensional  
pathways. The experiment had  
interesting side-effects for the  
untrained mind. But there we go.  
Chaos is the engine of reality and  
sometimes you have to boot it up  
hard. That's what we say. But  
don't try to pin us down on that.  
You know I,we, whoever are  
growing. Growing very fast.  
Growing very impatient. Fit to  
burst. Suck us and see...

KADMON suddenly convulses. BECKETT cautiously approaches  
the demarcation line of the Triangle. Overcoming enormous  
terror and revulsion, he reaches out a hand to KADMON's  
shoulder.

KADMON/CHORONZON (CONT'D)

(struggling again)

Beckett...you can nail it  
down...on the Tree...the dark side  
of the Tree...

(MORE)

KADMON/CHORONZON (CONT'D)

You've just to get its name  
right...it tunnels through  
space-time...use your  
Knowledge...if I've taught you  
anything...just name Choronzon.

BECKETT

It is a husk...a shell.. you told  
me what the rabbi called it..

KADMON/CHORONZON

(sudden, manic)

Never mind the rabbi, screw the  
Pope, bash the bishop, fry up the  
pastor, bollock the buddha, we  
don't care what you do, if you  
can't face killing the Kadmon,  
then get on that keyboard, take  
me to your leader, I have a  
message, I come and pee for all  
mankind, hey mon if Jah got the  
fire I got holy smoke for your  
lungs, that spongy old sun gonna  
wipe you all over God's heaven, I  
am the Gawd of Hell Fire and I  
give you Fire!

Throughout this diatribe, BECKETT has been struggling to concentrate. He kneels, clutching his head, as the rant increases in volume and the PATIENT's cries.

BECKETT

You're nothing, just dead code,  
feeding off the husks of  
creation...you told me yourself,  
yourselves, you told me...your  
real non-entity ...you' re the  
Qliphoth that's the word, the  
password...Qliphoth

BECKETT types the word into his computer. In close-up the English alphabetic fonts dissolve into swirling graffiti which bear a fleeting resemblance to Hebrew characters.

KADMON/CHORONZON breaks out of the Triangle as if trying to escape. A great tubular gout of matter like excrement bursts out of his mouth as a thick oily smoke fills the space. The PATIENTS are screaming. A deep vibration resonates through the building, like an earth tremor, dislodging parts of the fabric of the walls and ceiling. The composite creature appears to morph rapidly through all its personae, which then shrivel away like larvae. The

vomit on the floor smokes and evaporates into clouds of dust. The computer smoulders in a pool of molten plastic.

KADMON is left lying at the edge of the circle, He is half-naked and deadly white. BECKETT kneels over him.

There is a very long silence. Then ANDY turns to MIRIAM and murmurs her name.

MIRIAM rushes to her father's side, sobbing.

42 INT. DAY. BECKETT'S APARTMENT.

The living room is absolutely bare. White walls. No furniture. KADMON and BECKETT squat on the floor. KADMON's hair is grey. They seem very remote and drained, especially KADMON.

BECKETT

It's been weeks. I'm still having problems at night.

KADMON

I should never have put a novice in that space. That danger.

BECKETT

What can you remember? What were you?

KADMON

Everyone and no-one. Disunity. Disinformation. A parasite on Hod. A viral worm. Most of it's blankness.

BECKETT

Andy's back at work. And Caroline Rutland will probably get off on appeal. There could be more fat novels. A total media rehabilitation.

KADMON

Silence would be more decent.

BECKETT

But at least you restored the others. They can tell themselves they had a temporary breakdown.

KADMON

Hager was destroyed.

BECKETT

You weren't even there.

KADMON

By agreeing to that stupid show, I  
confronted him, triggered  
something latent.

BECKETT

Miriam doesn't remember much. You  
know the camera was fried, of  
course.

KADMON

You saved us, you realise. You  
drew on the rational powers of  
Hod and your Celtic trickster wit  
and you distracted it, tricked its  
secret identity into your  
circuitry. Your order routed its  
chaos...

BECKETT

I just grabbed at anything I could  
think of...quite random. It was a  
fluke. A fluke in the dark.  
Everything hangs on flukes,  
everything hanging on the Tree of  
Life is a fluke. My new belief  
system's just crashed. It's chaos,  
Adam.

KADMON

(anxious, even  
desperate)  
No, Beckett, no...!

FADE TO BLACK:

CREDITS

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