

ADAM KADMON - THE SPHERE OF HOD

©Paul Green & ©Adrian Lord

Contact: Adrian Lord

49 Parker Street

Colne Lancashire

BB8 9QF

UK

ade@shamania.com

ade@spiritedaway.co.uk

44 7813 558 381

ADAM KADMON - KABBALISTIC DETECTIVE

OVERVIEW

The Adam Kadmon concept has been developed by a team of writers around the notion of a psychic detective who has both powers and limitations and interacts with a wide range of characters from contemporary British society in dark scenarios that reflect current social issues. However there is a strong emphasis on character development, notably in the relationships between Kadmon, his daughter Miriam and his assistant Tom Beckett, plus scope for the occasional touch of comedy.

INTRODUCING ADAM KADMON

Adam Kadmon is an extraordinary detective, with an extra-sensory modus operandi. His data bases are the intra-mundane spaces and the aethyric zones. He seeks clues in the pattern of a Tarot spread or the shape of an ancient sigil. He addresses angels and interrogates demons.

It's hard and dangerous work. Adam can handle himself smartly enough when it comes to physical threats but inevitably his divinations lead him into dangerous encounters.

And there's a more subtle danger. The practical aspects of living - driving, dealing with money and modern technology - are challenges. Existing on multiple reality levels, even for a short time, makes huge demands on him, both physically and psychologically, especially when he's forced to confront the darker aspects of those realities - or himself. He's risked burnout, madness, and alienation from those he loves.

Only through the disciplines of an ancient spiritual tradition - the Kabbalah - can he find the equilibrium that he needs to resolve the dangers and dilemmas of his vocation.

ADAM KADMON'S KABBALAH

Kabbalah is a mystical system of speculation and magical practice, derived from the secret teachings of Judaism, but developed by non-Jews over the last five hundred years to create a structure - still evolving - that integrates the whole of the Western esoteric tradition - magic, Tarot, astrology, clairvoyance and all the psychic gifts. It provides a framework for ritual, a focus for meditation, a map of inner space and a route - jagged as a lightning-flash - to the divine Source of all consciousness.

Yet it's also a system in which practitioners have to live in the real world and embrace its contradictions, as Adam does. It's rooted in the notion that even the humblest aspects of existence can have deeper significance. It's organised around a simple concept that contains a wealth of complexities - The Tree of Life.

Each of the ten Spheres or Sephiroth on the Tree reflects a different level of reality or an aspect of the human mind, carrying with it a whole network of associations and correspondences. The twenty-two Paths that link the Sephiroth correspond with the major cards of the Tarot and signify a change or transformation.

SERIES STRUCTURE

Every episode takes its name from one of the Sephiroth or one of the Paths. It also focuses on the attributes related to that Sphere. Thus the sample episode 'Hod' is centred on language, communication and - in modern terms - the electronic media. Similarly 'Gevurah' which relates to Mars and war could be based on a military intelligence/terrorist theme and 'Yesod', associated with dreams, sexuality, adolescence and independence, for which a treatment has already been written, begins with a missing teenage girl.

The ten episodes for an initial series would, following the upward direction of the Tree of Life, be as follows: Malkuth; Yesod; Hod; Netzach; Tiphareth; Gevurah; Chesed; Chokmah; Binah; Kether.

Individual episodes are written to stand alone but there are ongoing character arcs across the series, with peaks and troughs in the characters' journeys. Thus at the end of Hod, Kadmon is near burn-out, while Beckett's hope that kabbalistic teaching might help him to make sense of reality has been dented, especially as his desire for Miriam seems to be thwarted.

The Adam Kadmon team have prepared a very detailed 'bible' for the series (about 22000 words) with back stories for Kadmon, Beckett, Miriam, Kadmon's ex-wife Diana, Miss Hannah, Detective Sergeant Mouadi and Inspector Blake plus drafts for two more complete episodes.

SCENE 1

INT. A BIG HALL. LARGE AUDIENCE OF
LITERATI CHATTERING, FADING UNDER

EASTERBROOK: And now it's my pleasure to announce the winner of this year's Norbert Prize for fiction!

FX: ENVELOPE IS RIPPED OPEN - PAPER
RUSTLE

EASTERBROOK: Our jury chose 'Tongues United... (BEAT) So sorry...

EASTERBROOK COUGHS TO COVER HIS SLIP

EASTERBROOK: I mean of course 'Tongues Untied' - by Caroline Rutland!

FX: AUDIENCE CLAP ENTHUSIASTICALLY

EASTERBROOK: We chose this novel for its passion, its subtle deconstruction of our post-modern mythologies, its vibrant language -

FX: CAROLINE BUMPS INTO THE
MICROPHONE AS SHE RUNS ON TO THE
PODIUM AND SMOTHERS EASTERBROOK IN A
SLOPPY KISS

CAROLINE: Trust a fat fraud like Rupert Easterbrook to fuddle up the name of my yucking book. But tonight I'm the hot babe of babel... Let's go all bubbly on you...

EASTERBROOK: Ah, congratulations, Caroline! So let's talk about your controversial book, its amazing use of the contemporary idiom...

CAROLINE: You're a zexy gobble jobber, you mansplutter, don't touch up my pus word. I'm a ma... a rata.. vanucahit... ariszaha...thakrara... naraargh...thakra catabla noasmi...

CAROLINE'S RANT DEGENERATES INTO A
STREAM OF APPARENTLY RANDOM SYLLABLES

EASTERBROOK: I'm sure you're tired and emotional, Caroline, but shall we focus on -

FX: LOUD THUMPS, METALLIC CLATTERING
AND BLASTS OF FEEDBACK AS THE
MICROPHONE IS KNOCKED

EASTERBROOK: Caroline, please...no...no...don't...just leave that cable alone ...no...

FX: EASTERBROOK GASPS FOR BREATH - A
THUD AND CRIES OF HORROR FROM THE
AUDIENCE AS HE COLLAPSES, CAROLINE
BREATHING HARD FROM HER EXERTIONS AS
SHE TIGHTENS THE CABLE AROUND HIS
NECK

AUDIENCE VOICES: My God...I can't believe this ... She's going to throttle him... Somebody get security...

FX: INCREASING ALARM AND CONFUSION AS
THE AUDIENCE LEAVE THEIR SEATS AND
STAMPEDE TOWARDS THE EXIT

FADE INTO:

SCENE 2

INT. CAR MOVING SLOWLY THROUGH HEAVY
URBAN TRAFFIC - DISTANT SIRENS

KADMON: I sense we are moving towards the Eighth Sphere on the Kabbalistic Tree... Hod, Mercury, the Zone of Communication...

BECKETT: Whatever you say, Boss. We're stuck on Tooting Broadway.

KADMON: But the aether's polluted with a pale smog of rage and confusion - so hard to focus.

BECKETT: You still haven't given me the satnav code for this hospital.

KADMON: I don't deal with gadgets, Beckett. Or driving. That's why I've hired you.

BECKETT: So your Kabbalistic Tree is a map of cosmic reality, but you can't find your way around South London!

KADMON:: Don't laugh at what you don't understand.

BECKETT: Sorry, Mr Kadmon. (BEAT) Will the cops let you interview her?

KADMON: Detective Sergeant Mouadi and I have an understanding.

FADE INTO

SCENE 3

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL WARD - MURMUR OF
PATIENTS AND ACTIVITY OF NURSES

NURSE: Officer Mouadi, you do realise that there's a real risk of driving her deeper into her psychosis?

MOUADI: The mystic Nasrudin once drove two camels across the desert in search of water. One died - but the other was saved. I must record this interview.

NURSE: This is all quite inappropriate...

KADMON: So - once again - what happened, Miss Rutland? We know you had a little cannabis as well as alcohol. But nothing excessive.

MOUADI: And you had no previous quarrel with poor Mr. Easterbrook. Whom you had met twice at the Groucho Club.

FX: CAROLINE MUTTERS AND MOANS UNDER:

KADMON: 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...

MOUADI: You who were a mistress of language are mastered by madness, and then, then you strangle the man who sings your praises...

CAROLINE SNARLS AND SCREAMS

CAROLINE: ...thakra catabla noasmi tabela.....thakra catabla noasmi tabela.....THAKRA CATABLA NOASMI TABELA...

FX: CAROLINE STRUGGLES, OVERTURNING A
BEDSIDE TABLE, SENDING GLASSES AND
MEDICAL EQUIPMENT CRASHING TO THE
FLOOR

NURSE:

That's quite enough!

CUT TO:

SCENE 4

INT. A SMALL MEDIA PRODUCTION OFFICE. A
CLIP OF THE REVEREND HAGER IS PLAYING
BACK OVER DESKTOP SPEAKERS

HAGER: (D): 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, black magic, transgenderism, wokism, everything 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, they -

FX: THE PLAYBACK IS PAUSED

ANDY: Hey, Miriam, hurry up with my soya latte! You're missing the Reverend Zeke Hager...

MIRIAM ENTERS, FLUSTERED

MIRIAM: Sorry, Andy. There you go...

FX: ANDY SLURPS HIS COFFEE

ANDY: I mean, the guy's just rocking. Be a great guest on Samantha Burge's afternoon show. Alongside some best-selling pop boffin. Got to book him while he's over here - what do you think?

MIRIAM: You reminded me yesterday I was just a student intern. Not meant to think, just gofer.

ANDY: Ok, Ok , lighten up...(BEAT) Isn't your dad supposed to know about this occult stuff? Adam Kadmon? That name I know.....

MIRIAM: You don't want to know, Andy.

ANDY: But I do. Tell me about it. Over a meal, maybe. Proper meal, not your baked beans in a bedsit. Could be positive for us both.

MIRIAM: I'm not sure, Andy. We'll see...

FADE INTO

SCENE 5

INT. KADMON'S OFFICE - HEAVILY FURNISHED
AND CARPETED. MISS HANNAH IS TYPING
SLOWLY AND FUSSING WITH HER
PAPERWORK

HANNAH: Mr Kadmon's a lovely man but I do wish he'd buy us a new computer. I don't think he likes them.

BECKETT: Tell me about it, Miss Hannah. I've had to fight just to get the website done. But he should be streaming 24/7, tweeting every day. He needs a profile!

FX: KADMON APPROACHES FROM AN
ADJOINING ROOM

KADMON: Perhaps he needs silence and invisibility.

BECKETT: I don't get it. Think of all the casework you could attract!

KADMON: Psychic nuisance callers, astral junkies. Trolls, as I believe they're called.

BECKETT: You need to grow the business. And we need to eat...

KADMON: Perhaps it is your true will to become a celebrity . I suspect that's my daughter's career plan.

BECKETT: If social media had been around for Aleister Crowley, he would have been right out there!

KADMON: Listen, Beckett, I'm not a manic self-publicist like Mr 666. If you're unhappy with your stipend you're free to leave now.

MISS HANNAH TRIES TO DEFUSE THE
ESCALATING TENSION

HANNAH: I'm sure things will pick up now that you're working on that horrible business about poor Rupert Easterbrook. I feel it on the astral...

KADMON: There's an imbalance in the Sphere of Hod. The zone of Mercury, Thoth, Loki. Messengers, scribes and tricksters. Entities of the media landscape. I need to think. I need silence.

FX: EXIT KADMON, SLAMMING THE DOOR AS
HE RETURNS TO HIS INNER SANCTUM

FADE INTO;

SCENE 6.

INT. KADMON'S OFFICE - MIRIAM ENTERS,
ANGRY AND FLUSTERED

MIRIAM: Where the hell has my dad got to? I must see him, Tom.

BECKETT: He went into one of his magical retreats and then went out again. Have you tried calling -

MIRIAM: You know quite well he's given up using his mobile. Too much cosmic interference. I give up...

BECKETT: Well, Miss Hannah's gone for the day. So can I be of service, Miss Kadmon?

MIRIAM: Don't take the piss, Tom. I'm in a mess. I can't pay my tuition fees because my loan hasn't come through. They're telling me Dad hasn't done the paperwork properly, the bit about parental income. Probably because he hasn't got any now that he's left the NHS to set up - all this nonsense.

BECKETT: He's still on his retainer from the Met.

MIRIAM:: Psychological profiling on nutters and general weirdness.
A real earner.

BECKETT: He's probably down there now.

MIRIAM: Great... What the fuck am I supposed to do while he's
playing Sherlock? (BEAT) This time I'm going to make
something of uni. I'll show him.

BECKETT: I only attended the University of Life...

MIRIAM: Now don't go all chippy on me, Tom, please.

BECKETT: Dropped out after the first year. Top marks for sex and
drugs, failed rock'n'roll.

DESPITE HER AGITATION, MIRIAM IS AMUSED

MIRIAM: Playing the bad boy card, are we? Sorry, doesn't do it for
me.

BECKETT: You know I don't do posh.

MIRIAM: No, you're one of Dad's interesting social experiments.
(BEAT) Sorry, that came out all wrong, I didn't mean -

BECKETT: What did you mean?

MIRIAM: Look, this whole thing's insane! That funny old bat Miss Hannah with her knitting and her seances. What's that about?

BECKETT: He likes her because she keeps calm, makes tea and carries on regardless. You should try that.

MIRIAM: Yes, but you're young, you could be doing anything. Except you're just a minder on a pittance.

BECKETT: Better than signing on.

MIRIAM: And I didn't expect to come in here and find you with your nose in one of his antiquarian tomes about the Kabbalistic Spheres. Is this some kind of occult self-improvement course?

BECKETT: I'm just trying to get on his wavelength. I want to find out how all this fits together. All these spheres and paths and connections.

MIRIAM: He once told me it's like a map. Between different levels of reality. It's kind of beautiful. But he got carried away with it. (BEAT) Anyway I've got to be off. I'm meeting someone tonight.

BECKETT: I hope he appreciates the privilege.

MIRIAM: Actually it's to help my silly old dad...

FADE INTO:

SCENE 7.

INT. KADMON'S OFFICE.

KADMON: ...and Miss Hannah, if that Andy Hemmings person calls again, you can tell him that my daughter has given him a highly coloured account of my work and I'm sure he can find more spectacular guests for his programme. And that I am in any case busy with clients.

HANNAH: Of course, Mr Kadmon.

KADMON: Dancing Ghost Productions. What do you know about them, Beckett?

BECKETT: Content for afternoon TV. The more obscure lifestyle channels. Probably two guys, and some cupboard in Soho.

KADMON: That cupboard contains my daughter. She's been on a placement with them for a fortnight. Her so-called 'media module'. I thought you knew.

BECKETT: I didn't realise. (BEAT) I'm sure she's trying to do what's best for you.

KADMON: I'm not sure... Perhaps I've been too hasty...

FADE INTO:

SCENE 8.

INT. TV STUDIO SET WITH LIVE AUDIENCE

FX: UPBEAT SIG TUNE FOR AFTERNOON CHAT

SHOW FADING UNDER:

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 Zeke Hager, one of America's best-known TV evangelists, psychiatrist Dr. Claudette Clarke, who's just published her new book "Don't Con Your Inner Child", a sceptical look at the paranormal - and crime-busting New Age guru Adam Kadmon!

SCENE 9.

INT. TV GALLERY - MIRIAM AND ANDY CLOSE

TO STUDIO MONITOR AS AUDIENCE

APPLAUDS

MIRIAM:

She's setting him up! You promised me -

ANDY:

Don't worry - they'll love him!

MUSIC BRIDGE PEAKS AND FADES INTO:

SCENE 10.

INT. TV STUDIO - SAMANTHA, HAGER AND
CLAUDETTE ARE ALL TALKING ACROSS EACH
OTHER

HAGER: The power of the spirit tells us we're living in the end-times, the prime time of the crime-times...

SAMANTHA: But surely, Reverend, if supernatural beliefs are based on fantasy, as Claudette claims in her book -

CLAUDETTE: - and my book does come with a free delusion detector -

FX: AUDIENCE LAUGHTER

SAMANTHA: - then they can't be dangerous? Look at Adam - does he look dangerous? His occult beliefs -

KADMON: The word 'occult' has many connotations -

HAGER: He knows you're an empty vessel. A channel. Channelling. That's what they call it. Except you're tuning into Satan's network. His web of lies. The devil's Facebook and the Tik-Tok of demons. 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 will become!

THE AUDIENCE IS BRIEFLY SILENCED

SAMANTHA: OK Adam, follow that!

KADMON: Reality is highly complex, multi-dimensional -

HAGER: Well, my God is plain speaking. Miss Claudette here may call herself an atheist but she's at least a straight-talking woman who could do business with the Lord -

CLAUDETTE: I don't know about that. But tell me something, Adam - has your psychic advice to the cops ever solved anything?

HAGER: The Lord knows Adam does deals with the coiled serpent, he's gluttoned with the fruit of occult knowledge.

KADMON: There's a network of symbols connecting all belief systems, a code in our various sacred texts -

HAGER: The Bible ain't no word-search puzzle for Satan freaks!

KADMON: Sorry to disappoint you all but I'm not a Satanist...

CLAUDETTE: Poor old Adam doesn't know who he is...

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 Spirit!

SAMANTHA: Well, there I'm afraid we have to leave it... After the break we'll be meeting diet queen Debbie Marvin for tips on how tofu can fire up your sex drive!

FX: SIG TUNE QUICKLY PEAKS AND FADES

INTO:

SCENE 11.

INT. KADMON'S CAR IN URBAN TRAFFIC

BECKETT: Miriam shouldn't have sold you up shit creek. If I'd known, I would have stopped her.

KADMON: I'm not sure you can stop anything with my daughter.
(BEAT) And I wouldn't start it if I were you...

BECKETT: (BEAT) So Mouadi and the CPS are getting a second opinion on Caroline Rutland. To see if she's fit to plead. With your TV friend Dr. Claudette Clark. I bet you're really looking forward to that.

FX: CAR ACCELERATES INTO HEAVY TRAFFIC

- FADE TO:

SCENE 12.

INT MENTAL HOSPITAL WARD - MURMUR OF
PATIENTS AND ACTIVITY OF NURSES -
CAROLINE MURMURING APPARENT
GIBBERISH.

CAROLINE: ...thakra catabla noasmi tabela reditor hoditor coswami
zax zaxy thang plab I nam hahhrgh no no no nahhragh...

MOUADI: So what is your diagnosis, Dr Clarke?

CLAUDETTE: Speaking in tongues is simply a random discharge of
current at the sub-cortical level. It has rhythm and
inflection but no meaning. Because consciousness has
been surrendered in the hypnotic presence of some
authority figure - a preacher, a demagogue -

KADMON: A cultural pundit like the late Mr Easterbrook? An
authority figure? Hypnotic? I think not.

CLAUDETTE: It's word salad, is all. Like so much occult teaching, I'm
afraid. No offence, Adam...

MOUADI: I think we can at least agree she's clearly unfit to plead...

CAROLINE'S GLOSSALIA PEAK AND DIP,
FADING INTO:

SCENE 13.

INT. A SMALL EMPTY THEATRE - MIRIAM IS
CENTRE STAGE STRUGGLING TO LEARN HER
LINES

MIRIAM: Saucy and overbold, 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 called to bear my part
 Or show the glory of our art?
 And which is worse - and which is worse...oh shit...

ANDY ENTERS FROM THE BACK OF THE
AUDITORIUM

ANDY: Don't worry! You'll make a great queen of the witches.

MIRIAM: What the hell are you doing here? We've got dress
 rehearsal tomorrow night. I'm not your gofer any more.

ANDY: I know - but I need to talk.

MIRIAM: You've got thirty seconds.

ANDY: OK, All right, Miriam. I cocked up the casting of the show.
 I should have briefed Samantha properly. I should have
 shown more respect for your father's ideas -

MIRIAM: Which you obviously didn't bother to understand.

ANDY: Do you understand any of it, Miriam? Kabbalistic spheres,
 entities on the astral plane?

MIRIAM: It works for him, sort of. He helps people.

ANDY: Hager thinks his Bible thumping helps people.

MIRIAM: All you care about is ratings.

ANDY: I do care about you. (BEAT) Look, I'm going to do a proper in-depth expose on Hager. Fly on the wall. Warts and all. Unearth what really happens at his crusades. I'm gonna follow the money.

MIRIAM: I need to get on with being queen of the witches...

FADE INTO

SCENE 14.

INT. KADMON'S OFFICE - TELEPHONE

RINGING - MISS HANNAH PICKS IT UP

HANNAH: The Metatron Agency - how can we help - Yes, Sergeant Mouadi, he's right here.

MOUADI: (D) : Adam, there's been a development. Related perhaps to the Caroline Rutland matter...

KADMON: Has the Crown Prosecutor decided what to do with her?

MOUADI: (D) No - but there's a public order situation. At the Church of The Divine Pentecost in Brixton. At Reverend Hager's crusade. We've already got First Responder units there, they've had to close the road. Blake's even thinking about getting a Tactical Response team in there. Meanwhile they're trying to negotiate.

KADMON: Negotiate? I don't think the Reverend will pay any attention to me. Nor will your Inspector Blake.

MOUADI:(D) : I need you there, Adam. ASAP.

CUT TO:

SCENE 15.

EXT. STREET - SIRENS - EMERGENCY
SERVICES INTERCOM CHATTER - POLICE
TRYING TO CONTROL UNEASY CROWD - A
VAGUE HUBBUB FROM INSIDE THE CHURCH
FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD

POLICE OFFICERS: Get back, please... right back...nothing to see here...
sorry, the road's closed...

MOUADI: It started about three hours ago with local residents
complaining about noise. Not just loud music. Screaming,
hysteria, breaking glass. Now the doors are locked. We're
worried about the safety of the congregation.

BECKETT: Can't you get your men ramming in there with the big red
key? Just taser a few nutters?

MOUADI: We have to respect cultural sensitivities, Mr Beckett.
Inspector Blake has
put a surveillance unit in place to pick up the audio from
the church PA system. We've got our tech man in that van
down there by the entrance.

POLICE OFFICER(F): DS Mouadi, you got to come quickly -

CUT TO:

SCENE 16.

EXT. STREET DIRECTLY OUTSIDE THE
CHURCH - THE SOUND OF BABBLING VOICES
FROM WITHIN THE BUILDING, GROWLING AND
WAILING, IS INTERSPERSED WITH SCREAMS.
THE BABEL RISES AND FALLS ON THE WIND.
THE REAR DOOR OF A VAN IS PULLED OPEN.
INSIDE THE VAN TECHNICAL OFFICER MASON
IS LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY

MOUADI:

What's going on, Mason?

MASON: Hager's going to burn down the whole lot, burn it burn it down, burn it up... burn it down, burn burn burn... He's gonna do it, I can hear it...

BECKETT: Give us the headset. Guy's hysterical!

KADMON: Don't listen to it, Beckett.

MOUADI: This man needs help. A paramedic, quick -

POLICE OFFICER (F): I'll try...

KADMON: Whatever you do, Tom, don't listen to it!

BECKETT: For fuck's sake, boss...

MASON GROANS, GAGS AND RETCHES.

INSPECTOR BLAKE MARCHES UP

BLAKE: Dr Kadmon and his minder are going to leave right now. I don't know what you thought you were doing, DS Mouadi, getting them mixed up in this. We've got a real expert here.

CLAUDETTE: Whipping up raw group emotion is what preachers like Hager do. They get the congregation speaking in tongues or handling serpents or believing they're possessed. Just mass hysteria, that's all. They're a menace to our community.

KADMON: It's more insidious than that. It's viral. It's corrupting the sphere that animates the language zones of the brain.

BLAKE: I said I want you gone, Kadmon!

POLICEMAN: Come on, gentlemen...

MOUADI: Mr Kadmon has been of service in the past.

BLAKE: Got lucky, more like. OK, I'm not going to waste time arguing about it. (TO KADMON). Just don't get in the way. And keep your mouth shut. (TO OFFICERS) We're going in.

CUT TO:

SCENE 17.

INT. ENTRANCE LOBBY OF CHURCH - THE
BABEL INSIDE IS LOUD EVEN THROUGH
LOCKED DOORS - A POLICEMAN GRUNTS
WITH EACH REPEATED THUD OF BATTERING
RAM

BLAKE: For God's sake, get in there, man. Get a move on!

FX: THE DOORS BREAK OPEN - THE NOISE
PEAKS - BLAKE, MOUADI, KADMON, BECKETT
AND POLICEMEN CHOKE OR GAG - THERE'S A
LOUD DETONATION - A ROAR OF FLAMES -
MEMBERS OF CONGREGATION ARE
MOANING, CRYING OR BABBLING IN
TONGUES UNDER:

BECKETT: Christ, the smell...I can hardly breathe

BLAKE: Can't see a damned thing...

MOUADI: Their clothes are all scorched... they look like third-degree burns...got to be some incendiary device.

KADMON: This was no ordinary flame...

BECKETT: Hey, see the guy over there - on the floor - with a camera? He's sort of moving. Maybe he's got footage.

KADMON: There will be nothing in the camera, you can be certain of that. But I know him.

FX: COUGHING AND MOANING, ANDY CRAWLS
THROUGH THE RUBBLE TOWARDS THE
GROUP

ANDY: Help me...please help... he kept burning...

BLAKE: Where's Hager?

ANDY: Ashes... burning dust...I can't stop seeing it...looping through my head...must help me...please...

FADE INTO:

SCENE 18.

INT. HOSPITAL A&E DEPARTMENT -
SURVIVORS ARE BEING WHEELED OR
WALKED BY PARAMEDICS INTO THE
OVERCROWDED RECEPTION AREA. NURSES
AND ORDERLIES TRY IN VAIN TO
COMMUNICATE WITH THEIR PATIENTS

CLAUDETTE: You can't expect an A&E department to deal with all this. These poor people should be in a locked ward. We must find somewhere secure for them.

BLAKE: That's an issue for the NHS, not the police. I appreciate it's a difficult situation, but you're not dealing with an epidemic here.

KADMON: I wouldn't be so sure, Inspector.

BLAKE: That congregation was already all hyped up - and then traumatised by the explosion.

KADMON: You still believe it was a bomb - or a gas leak? After seeing what happened to Hager?

BECKETT: He was there. Like a pillar of ashes. Like a Pompei statue. And then he crumbled.

BLAKE: I'm sure when we have all the forensic reports in -

CLAUDETTE: We have a responsibility right now. Just because they're not middle class people from Hampstead...

BLAKE: There might be a place - Allenby Barracks - been set aside for migrants. I could try someone I know at the MOD. There would have to be meetings, of course

KADMON: This is no time for bureaucracy.

MOUADI: We need to cut some corners, Inspector. Kick ass, as you like to say...

FADE INTO:

SCENE 19.

INT. SMALL LIVING ROOM OF BECKETT'S FLAT
- NOISE OF MUSIC FROM ADJACENT FLATS,
URBAN TRAFFIC, NEWSCAST ON BECKETT'S
TV. MIRIAM CALLING ON MOBILE

MIRIAM:(D) : So you were there?

BECKETT: For the aftermath, yes...

MIRIAM:(D) Omigod... But how's Andy? He was going to do this
shoot.

BECKETT: He's in a sort of hospital. Out of his head. I'm not feeling
great myself.

MIRIAM:(D) Which hospital? I'll get a cab right now.

BECKETT: It'll cost you. They're way down in Kent, near Sevenoaks.
An old army base.

MIRIAM:(D) Oh no. But how can I get there?

BECKETT SIGHS

BECKETT: I'll just get my keys. I'll be over in twenty...

CUT TO:

SCENE 20

INT. BARRACKS DORMITORY HUT. THERE'S A
LOW MURMUR OF BABBLING VOICES
PUNCTUATED BY THE OCCASIONAL SHOUT
OR SCREAM. CLAUDETTE CLARKE IS
PATROLLING THE CONFINED SPACE WITH
TWO NURSES AND AN ARMY MEDICAL
ORDERLY. SHE'S BEING BRIEFED BY THE
SENIOR STAFF NURSE.

NURSE: The oral lorazepam seems to be working, Dr Clarke.

CLAUDETTE: But we may have to follow up with intravenous
haloperidol. A few are still restless.

ORDERLY: You'll have our lads on hand if there are any problems,
Doc.

CLAUDETTE: I think we can cope. Just make sure the huts are monitored every fifteen minutes. Hopefully we can get some sleep...

FADE TO:

SCENE 21.

INT. BARRACKS DORMITORY CUBICLE - ANDY
IS MURMURING IN HIS SLEEP

MIRIAM: He's going to get through this.

BECKETT: Have they tried giving him ketamine?

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

BECKETT: Tender loving care, I guess.

MIRIAM: Yes, Tom. (BEAT) Why don't you go back and play gurus and wizards with my dad?

FADE INTO:

SCENE 22

INT. KADMON'S OFFICE

BECKETT: I suppose you're going to consult the Tarot now.

KADMON: It fine-tunes our intuition. Heightens the connections.

FX: KADMON SPREADS CARDS

KADMON: Eight of Cups again. Hod in the Suit of Water. Mental Exhaustion. Indolence. Disease. Go on, take a card.

FX: BECKETT SHUFFLES THE PACK

BECKETT: Eight of Swords?

KADMON: Hod in the Suit of Air. Interference. Dead air...

BECKETT: All the eights. It's like metaphysical bingo.

KADMON: There's a worrying synchronicity there.

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

KADMON: I'm not that old, Beckett (BEAT) But you have your moments. I must call Mouadi and get hold of his recordings of that poor Rutland woman. And anything on that camera...

FADE INTO:

SCENE 23.

INT. BARRACKS - ANDY AWAKE

ANDY: Voices won't stop. Like tinnitus. And then there was the fire. Like a special effect. Or I'm going mad...

MIRIAM: I shouldn't have wound you up like that.

ANDY: Hold my hand, Miriam. (INDRAWN BREATH AS HE WINCES) Careful with the bandage...

FX: THE PATIENTS BECOME LOUDER -
SOUNDS OF SHUFFLING AND FURNITURE
SCRAPING AS THEY LEAVE THEIR BEDS

MIRIAM: We need to get out of here. Do you think you can walk?

ANDY: It was a bomb, wasn't it? Must have been.

MIRIAM: Just try not to think about it. Come on, Andy, one foot in front of the other. That's it..

FX: THE PATIENTS START TO RIOT - WAILING
GLOSSOLIA AND CRIES OF RAGE OR
TERROR - BEDS ARE OVERTURNED - SOUND
OF GLASS BREAKING - EQUIPMENT BEING
SMASHED - ANDY AND MIRIAM TRY TO
FORCE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE CHAOTIC
MOB

NURSE: Security - we have an incident in Hut 2!

A LOUD BURST OF STATIC ON HER DEVICE

NURSE: No good - can't get through...

MIRIAM: Just keep our heads down, Andy.

ANDY: You don't get it, Miriam. It's like an ear worm. I only have to hear those voices and I'm triggered, I'm bugged. Got to get a grip...

MIRIAM: Stop it, Andy. Let go. Let go of my neck, you're hurting.

ANDY: I'm trying, Miriam, I'm trying but - I'm on a hot line to the chaosphere. I could do anything to you...

MIRIAM: Andy, this isn't you talking. (BEAT) You are Andy Hemmings of Dancing Ghost Productions who took me out to the best curry house in Soho, who showed me how to use Final Cut, who stalked me as queen of the witches, who puts up with my contrariness and menstrual freak outs. And had to cope with my crazy father.

ANDY IS STILL ON THE EDGE OF LOSING IT
BUT RELAXES A LITTLE - HE LAUGHS

ANDY: That's the big stupid joke. Your father's right about his spheres and forces. And I'm the one in the loony bin. It's all so surreal it makes you squeal, it makes me -

MIRIAM: Just help me get to the emergency exit!

ANDY: The way out is the way in...

MIRIAM: Ah, shit... I don't believe this...we've got to try, Andy!

FX: THEIR COMBINED EFFORTS KICKING AND
THUMPING THE DOOR DRAW THE ATTENTION
OF AN EXCITED SCRUM OF TUSSLING
PATIENTS

PATIENTS: Way out...out...way out...in/in...in.out...way out...WAY
OUT! WAY OUT! OUT!

ANDY: They don't call it a locked ward for nothing.

MIRIAM: Someone's got to help us...

CUT TO:

SCENE 24.

INT. KADMON'S OFFICE - CAROLINE'S VOICE
PLAYED OVER LAPTOP SPEAKERS

CAROLINE:(D) ...thakra catabla noasmi tabela.....thakra catabla noasmi
tabela.....thakra catabla noasmi tabela...

KADMON: Play it again.

BECKETT: Must we? Do you want me to add some drum and bass
in the mix?

KADMON: No frivolity, please.

BECKETT: Sorry, chief. But that sound just freaks me. We could try
your old Sergeant Pepper trick. It's easy with this
software.

KADMON: Well, if you must.

BECKETT: Here goes...

CAROLINE (D) : ...alebat imsioan albatac arkath... ...alebat imsioan
albatac arkath... ...alebat imsioan albatac arkath...

BECKETT: Do you think it's encrypted? Perhaps -

FX: MOBILE RING TONE

KADMON: Let it ring.

BECKETT: But it's Miriam! Hello? Miriam?

KADMON: Is she still at Hemmings' bedside?

BECKETT: Ah, shit - it's gone dead. (BEAT) We really ought to get down there.

KADMON: No! It's vital we continue this work.

CUT TO:

SCENE 25.

INT. HUT - PATIENTS ARE SNARLING AND
SCREAMING - DOOR IS FORCED OPEN -
TRAMP OF BOOTS

ANDY (CLOSE): Here come the cavalry!

MIRIAM (CLOSE): Better late than never...

ORDERLY: OK, you lot, just shut up. Let Dr Clarke and her girls do their job. You don't want to argue with my men.

FX: A PATIENT STARTS TO JABBER AND
GROWL

ORDERLY: And you can put the chair down, mate. Unless you want a headlock from Private Griffiths.

FX: SCUFFLE - PATIENT GRUNTS AND DROPS
CHAIR

ORDERLY: No - I thought not.

FX: PATIENTS ARE SHOCKED AND SUBDUED -
SOME ARE CRYING NOW

CLAUDETTE: Sergeant, we're dealing with vulnerable people here. We have a code of practice.

ORDERLY: So have we, Doc. We do whatever it takes.

MIRIAM: This is our cue to leave. Come on. (BEAT) Well, come on, Andy, don't just stand there!

ANDY: It's like psychic feedback howling around your head. It's a disease..

CLAUDETTE: Right, we need to start the injections, Nurse, if you begin with this gentleman. I think he's in shock after being manhandled like that.

FX: NURSES BUSTLE OPENING PACKAGES
AND CHECKING PAPERWORK

NURSE: All right, dear. Take it easy. Everything's going to be all right.

ANDY: Watch him now... she needs to keep a grip on that syringe... or else... no, he's going for the fire extinguisher...

MIRIAM: Oh God...

FX: NURSES SCREAM - HEAVY THUD - GLASS
BREAKING - SHOUTS OF EXCITEMENT FROM
THE PATIENTS - VIOLENCE RESUMES AND
INTENSIFIES

ORDERLY: Griffiths! Burton! All of you! Get in there. Just get this
freak show under control! That's an order.

CLAUDETTE: But you've no right to -

FX: CLAUDETTE'S PROTEST IS DROWNED AS
THE SOLDIERS LAY INTO THE RIOTING
PATIENTS WITH FULL FORCE

MIRIAM: We must go, Andy. (BEAT) But I can't leave you here...

FX: RIOT PEAKS AND FADES INTO:

SCENE 26.

INT. KADMON'S OFFICE - BECKETT IS
SNORING

KADMON: I'm a fool. I can't see the tip of my own tongue. It's Enochian, Beckett, corrupted and garbled Enochian. Wake up!

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

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

BECKETT: You can't channel a whole language.

KADMON: Stand there. Put your laptop on the table. Black screen.

FX: BECKETT SLIDES HIS COMPUTER
ACROSS THE TABLE

KADMON: That's right. You are the medium. You are Edward Kelley, staring into the infinite depths of a black scrying stone. An angelic being points to a sequence of letters arranged in a geometrical grid. You dictate them to Doctor Dee. Then you read out the whole thing - backwards.

BECKETT: Backwards?

KADMON: Intoning the Enochian Calls in order can summon many things. (BEAT) Like Choronzon.

BECKETT: Sounds like a Scandi black metal band.

KADMON: Choronzon, Beckett, is the demon of chaos.

BECKETT: So - Miriam's in danger? Surely you - of all people - have a sense...

KADMON: Look, it's not like going on the damned internet. All I have is a feeling of blockage, interference...

BECKETT: Guess we have to fall back on the mainstream media then.

FX: BECKETT SWITCHES ON THE RADIO - THE
RECEPTION IS CRACKLY

ANNOUNCER (D): ... are still held securely at a special unit in Kent, to relieve pressure on the NHS. Mobile phone networks and internet services across southern England have been disrupted by major outages (SIGNAL DISTORTS AND BREAKS UP)

KADMON: An entity of chaos distorting communications. I was wrong, Beckett. We have to go.

CUT TO:

SCENE 27.

INT. CAR, DRIVEN AT SPEED

BLAKE: What's happening, Mouadi? I've tried calling you a dozen times.

MOUADI (D): We're still having drop-out, Inspector. But the site's under control now. I'm afraid steps had to be taken to enforce compliance. There were confrontations...

BLAKE: I hope the bleeding hearts won't expect any enquiries.

MOUADI (D): You had to take difficult decisions in abnormal circumstances. (BEAT) A traditional imam might say these people were possessed by djinns. Spirits, if you prefer.

BLAKE: You've been listening too much to our crime-busting New Age guru.

MOUADI (D): Call them jinns or call them psychoses, whatever you like. But these things can be stubborn.

BLAKE: You know, Mouadi , when I started out policing used to be simple. Cops and robbers. Geezers with shooters in Hackney. Husbands who strangled straying wives. Brutal, but you knew what you were dealing with. Now, I just don't know any more. I'll be with you in twenty minutes.

FX: CAR ACCELERATES - CROSS FADE INTO:

SCENE 28.

INT. SMALL OFFICE - POLICE AND PARAMEDIC
CHATTER - VEHICLES OUTSIDE ARRIVING

MOUADI: OK, Mr Hemmings, you're safe now.

KADMON: We need to ask you -

CLAUDETTE: Look, he's suffering from post -traumatic stress disorder.
He needs -

MIRIAM: Leave him alone, Dad! And he's not going to any clinic or
cop shop. He's burnt out...

ANDY: It's fading. I can hardly hear it now. It was like I was -
possessed.

MIRIAM: Don't, Andy! Just don't. That's Hager talk!

ANDY: I wonder if I can salvage anything from that camera.

MOUADI: It's evidence now.

MIRIAM: Don't even go there, Andy. The only place you're going is
home...

FX: GENTLE MUSIC BRIDGE - FADE INTO:

SCENE 29.

INT. ANDY'S LIVING ROOM - STEREO PLAYING
QUIETLY - FAINT TRAFFIC NOISE - DISHES
AND CUTLERY PUSHED ASIDE ON GLASS
TABLE TOP - WINE POURED INTO TWO
GLASSES

MIRIAM: You're a great cook, Andy. I think I'll move in.

ANDY: You already have, sort of (HE LAUGHS AND THEY
KISS). I can't believe it's been only three weeks since that
- stuff - in the hut. It seems so remote now.

MIRIAM: Let's keep it that way, Andy. (BEAT) What's on Netflix?

ANDY: Alexa! Switch on the telly!

FX: CHAIRS SCRAPE AS THEY WALK ACROSS
WOODEN FLOOR AND SETTLE ON LEATHER
SOFA

ANDY: How about 'Soldiers of the Damned'? Nazis seek occult
grail in the haunted forest...

MIRIAM: This ex-Goth wants a rom-com.

ANDY: I think they've run out of new rom-coms.

MIRIAM: Then we'll have to make our own. Nice - but naughty...

FX: THEY SNUGGLE DOWN AND START TO
DISCARD CLOTHING

ANDY: Lights down, Alexa! (BEAT) Are we talking adult content?

MIRIAM: You could insert some...

ANDY: It's night in the chapel of the old Goth castle. The Count is about to have his wicked way with the virgin.

MIRIAM: Hey, I said comedy!

ANDY: It's going to be very romantic, trust me..

FX: OMINOUS MUSIC BRIDGE PEAKING AND
DIPPING INTO:

SCENE 30.

INT. ANDY'S LIVING ROOM - THEY ARE
MAKING LOVE ON THE SOFA - BOTH
BREATHING HARD

MIRIAM: Please, Andy, stop! Just stop it! You're hurting me...

ANDY: I thought you wanted it...

MIRIAM: You're so - cold.

ANDY: What do you mean, cold?

MIRIAM: Cold - down there. Horrible...

ANDY: Oh, for fuck's sake...

MIRIAM: It feels like ice inside me. I don't understand...

ANDY: Maybe you'd rather fancy your dad's minder.

MIRIAM: Don't be ridiculous.

ANDY:: Is this your excuse to end things? A new way of being frigid?

MIRIAM: You really think I'm making this up?

ANDY: I don't know what to fucking think... Alexa! Turn on the lights. (BEAT) I said turn on the lights, Alexa! Turn on the fucking lights!

MIRIAM: Must be a power cut. Shouting at it won't do anything. I'm so cold...

ANDY: What's fucking wrong with you, Alexa?

FX: ALEXA BUZZES AND CRACKLES FAINTLY.
THEN THE SOUND THICKENS AND MORPHS
INTO A ROBOTIC PARODY OF CAROLINE'S
GARbled ENOCHIAN.

ALEXA (D): You're a zexy gobble jobber, you mansplutter, don't touch
up my pus word. I'm a ma... a rata.. vanucahit..
aristzaha...thakrara... naraargh...thakra catabla noasmi

MIRIAM: I don't believe this. Is this one of your techie jokes. Stop it
right now. (BEAT) Well if you won't do it, I will.

FX: MIRIAM HURLS THE ALEXA UNIT TO THE
FLOOR WITH A THUD AND A CRACK AS THE
CASING BREAKS - BUT IT CONTINUES TO
MAKE FAINT NOISES

ANDY: What are you doing?

MIRIAM: It's still in there, it's into everything. It's inside you. I'm not
staying this time.

ANDY: But love -

CUT TO:

SCENE 31.

INTERIOR - KADMON'S OFFICE

BECKETT: I could slap the bastard for you if you like. I'd enjoy that...

KADMON: This is bigger than any feelings you might have for Miriam. And don't shout. She's asleep upstairs. She's had to share some very difficult things with me. Which officially you don't know about. And I need to consult Father Montague Summers.

BECKETT: Father Summers?

KADMON: His book, Beckett - 'The History of Witchcraft'.

FX: KADMON PULLS A BOOK FROM HIS
SHELVES AND FLICKS THROUGH THE PAGES

KADMON: Ah, here we are. 'He is abler for us that way than any man can be, with a great member - very cold, as ice.' The confession of the Scottish witch, Isobel Gowdie at her trial in 1662, describing copulation with the Devil at the Witches' Sabbath.

BECKETT: Andy Hemmings - is a Satanist?

KADMON:

He's just another victim in all this. He didn't even understand what was happening to him. But this force is formless and multi-formed. It shapes itself around people's cultural expectations. Goth trinkets, old horror films, the gory bits of the Old Testament. And there's something else. The cold in the room. Time and again poltergeist manifestations are accompanied by a massive temperature drop. All part of a pattern. Fire with Hager. Ice with Hemmings. God knows what's next. We have to stop this, Tom. Somehow...

BECKETT:

I'm with you all the way.

CUT TO:

SCENE 32.

INT. A MEETING ROOM

BLAKE: That's impossible. We haven't the manpower. There's logistics, other agencies, the PR aspect -

CLAUDETTE: And what about patients' rights, our duty of care? You actually want to involve them directly in all this?

KADMON: Do you want them to remain mumbling zombies? Listen, my daughter saw what happened in those huts. Can you imagine this spreading across London? A psycho-spiritual outage rupturing our ability to communicate, to do what makes us human...

BLAKE: Look, I know it's personal for you, Kadmon. Your highly strung daughter has had nasty experiences.

BECKETT: I saw the expression on your face after you touched what was left of Hager. You were scared shitless, right?

BLAKE: Your driver is well out of order.

BECKETT: You don't want to think about Hager, you don't want to think what went down at the barracks.

(BECKETT/CONT'D OVER)

BECKETT (CONT'D): Because it was fucking contagious madness. Dr
Kadmon's plan is surreal but that's the reality we're living
in. I get that now. It's about time you did.

CUT TO

SCENE 33.

INT. CAR DRIVEN FAST THROUGH URBAN
TRAFFIC - RADIO ON

NEWSREADER: ...Metropolitan Police are holding a reconstruction of
events at the fire-damaged Church of the Miraculous
Word in south London, where the Reverend Ezekiel
Hager...

KADMON: That's enough, Beckett -

FX: RADIO IS TURNED OFF

KADMON: Enochian does not appear related to any known language. But nineteen calls were given to Dee and Kelly. The final Call has thirty variations, making a total of forty-eight calls -

BECKETT: I can't get my head round this...

KADMON: The fragments we've collated are from the Nineteenth Call of The Tenth Aethyr that summon Choronzon 333, as evoked by Aleister Crowley in the Algerian desert in 1909. He - or it - is one of the Qliphoth.

BECKETT: Qliphoth?

KADMON: An embodiment of cosmic chaos. I have to follow a full Enochian procedure. To balance those energies with angelic influences.

BECKETT: The Inspector's not taking any chances with angels.

FX: POLICE SIRENS - A HELICOPTER
CIRCLING OVERHEAD

OMINOUS MUSIC BRIDGE FADING INTO:

SCENE 34.

INT. CHURCH - A DAGGER SCRAPES ON THE
WOODEN FLOOR

BLAKE: What on earth is he doing with that dagger?

MOUADI: He's creating a protective circle.

CLAUDETTE: What about protecting the rights of vulnerable people?
He's as deluded as Zeke Hager. I should never have
agreed to this...

KADMON:(CLOSE) That which is above is like that which is below...

FX: MUSIC BRIDGE PEAKS AND DIPS INTO:

SCENE 35.

INT. CHURCH

MOUADI: Adam, do we really need this psycho- drama?

KADMON: We need to recreate the energy aroused in Hager's
service. The difference is that the energy is going to be
focussed on a specific zone. Beckett as my scribe will
remain in this circle with his laptop, his digital scrying
stone. I'll be over there in that triangle. When we are
ready, I will channel as the medium while Beckett plays
back our electronically reconstituted Call of the Aethyr.

FX: MUSIC BRIDGE PEAKS AND DIPS INTO:

SCENE 36.

INT. CHURCH

KADMON: Make the Call...

FX: THE WORDS OF THE CALL REVERBERATE
AROUND THE SPACE. THE VOLUME RISES AS
THE PATIENTS JOIN IN. WHEN KADMON
RESPONDS HIS VOICE IS PROCESSED

THE CALL (D): Madiratza das perifa ZAX, cahisa micoaladoda saanire
caosago od fifisa balzodizodarsa iada, nonuca gohulime,
micama adionu mada ioda belioribe, soba oonanona
cahisa luciftias peripesol, das aberaasasa nonucafe od
tilabe adapehaheta damepelozoda, tooata netaiibe
jimicalazodoma larasada tofelio marebe yareryo
CHORONZON.

KADMON(D) : Ah yes! Let's welcome Little Brother Beckett the Scribe who thinks the polymorphous perverse multiverse has a structure. I mean a tree of life, for God's sake! Those spheres ain't nothing but black holes in space time, and they shit on everybody. Such a pity we can't talk proper. My chat room is always open. Hallelujah!

BECKETT: Stop playing games with us, Adam!

KADMON(D): "Adam Kadmon" is a fake 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: Very clever. Impress us with your demonic power then...

KADMON(D): You're trying to impress Miriam, aren't you? Tell her you got little Joanne Kelleher up the spout and the social services had to move in. Only fifteen... Naughty Tommy Beckett!

BECKETT: You old bastard. You just dredged that up from a file somewhere...

KADMON(D): Listen, why don't you come on over to my place on the night side of the tree.

FX: KADMON'S VOICE SHIFTS UP INTO A
FEMININE REGISTER

KADMON(D): Try my triangle. The dark triangle, Beckett... Tasty...

BECKETT: You've got to fight this.

FX: KADMON'S VOICE SLIDES BACK TO A
MALE REGISTER

KADMON(D): Ah, Miriam tried that ploy with toy boy Randy Andy. Didn't really work, did it? But let me dictate a new call. Which you could transfer to the databases of the world. A new lingua franca for the species... A right gobble job...

BECKETT: I want to speak to my friend Adam.

FX: KADMON'S VOICE HOVERS BETWEEN
NORMAL AND PROCESSED

KADMON: Kill me, Beckett. Get the others to help. (BEAT) Nothing like a good sacrifice for pumping up the devil dolls. Kill Kadmon, fuck Miriam, be the hero, pics 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: Use your head, Tom...

BECKETT: If Choronzon is so clever, why does he need to make people froth at the mouth?

KADMON(D): 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 primitive beta-test of a language for accessing multi- dimensional pathways. The experiment had interesting side- effects for untrained minds. And it got all gobbled and gobbled...

BECKETT: Your face - it's in melt down...

KADMON(D): Look, if you can't face killing the Kadmon, then get on that keyboard. But you don't know my name, do you?

BECKETT: You're nothing. Only a husk of creation. You told me yourself, yourselves. You're a non-entity. You're the Qliphoth - that's the password. QLIPHOTH...

FX: BECKETT'S FINGERS ATTACK THE
KEYBOARD - A DEEP SEISMIC VIBRATION
RESONATES THROUGH THE BUILDING

KADMON: Stay in the circle, Tom... too dangerous...

BECKETT: I'm coming in... gonna get you out of there...

FX: KADMON UTTERS A GREAT ROARING
INHUMAN CRY - THE SOUND PEAKS AND
FADES INTO A LONG SILENCE - MOUADI AND
CLAUDETTE APPROACH CAUTIOUSLY

MOUADI: I fear you are too late...

BECKETT: Boss...Mr Kadmon...Adam... say something... come on...

CLAUDETTE: His hair's gone all white. And his skin...

BECKETT: You're gonna be OK, aren't you? You got to be OK, right?

FADE INTO:

SCENE 37.

INT. KADMON'S OFFICE

HANNAH: How is he, Miriam? Please tell me he's getting better. I've asked Silver River to help.

MIRIAM: Silver River?

HANNAH: Our spirit guide - in my group at church.

MIRIAM: I know you always want the best for him, Miss Hannah. Anyway, the MRI scan was good. He could be out in a day or two.

HANNAH: That's wonderful news. But I don't understand all those terrible things. I'm still trying to make sense of Tom's notes. Mr Kadmon will want to see them when he comes back.

MIRIAM: I don't think my dad will be back right away.

HANNAH: Oh... (BEAT) How is your young man? He was - a bit ill, wasn't he? Is he all right?

MIRIAM: He's fine now, Miss Hannah. But I'm not sure he's my young man. Not anymore...

FADE INTO:

SCENE 38.

INT. BECKETT'S FLAT

BECKETT: I still can't sleep.

KADMON: I should never have put a novice into that situation.

BECKETT: What can you remember? (BEAT) What were you?

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

BECKETT: The laptop was fried, of course. I tried to scribble down what I could remember.

KADMON: You drew on the rational powers of Hod - and your Celtic trickster wit and you distracted the creature, diverted it, tricked its secret identity into your circuitry.

BECKETT: If you say so... (BEAT) Looks like Hager's victims have made a miraculous recovery. Thanks to Dr Claudette Clarke, according to the media.

KADMON: Blake certainly enjoyed his press conference...

BECKETT: So how's Miriam now?

KADMON: Have you gone to see her yet? She's still at the flat.

BECKETT: She's at college most of the time.

KADMON: You should. You have shared a trauma, after all.

BECKETT: I don't know. (BEAT) It all seemed like randomness in the dark. Everything hanging on the Tree of Life is a fluke. My new belief system's going to crash. It's chaos, Adam.

KADMON: No, Tom... No...we have to keep on...

FX: MUSIC PEAKS AND DIPS UNDER END
CREDITS