

Armitage: Apostasy in the UK

Part 2

Script: Dave Stone

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Page One

1.

Big frame, taking up – but not bleeding off – the page, with all other frames except the last as inserts. Heavy jagged borders to convey that we're in some other and quite nasty world.

A scorched and blasted cityscape piled with skeletons and skulls. Several skeletons have been crucified in various configurations, hung from the remains of lampposts and girders etc rather than wooden crosses. Sporadic fires smoulder in the ruins, and it looks as though the sky itself is on fire – post-apocalyptic world, basically.

This devastation is jam-packed with the remains of various signs of the prohibitory sort one finds in residential areas for the predominantly elderly. We'll detail them further in the following, but, for the moment, one in particular reads: NO BALL GAMES.

In the distance, against the burning sky, we see the distinctive shape of the only intact building. It looks like a black, gnarled claw grasping skywards with a figure perched on it reminiscent of the Blind Justice we see atop Brit-Cit's New Old Bailey.

BOX ELSEWHERE.

BOX (creepy-effect) IT IS NEAR.

BOX (creepy) THE TIME IS NEAR, NOW.

2.

Jagged 'other world' frame.

We're tracking through the body-filled streets towards the clawlike tower, which looms menacingly above us. We're going through a peripheral jumble of prohibitory signs that give us the impression of absolutely everything in the world being banned. (Graphical 'circle with line through it' signs to convey no drinking, no smoking, no shitting pets, etc, etc, etc. Word-based signs, what

fragmentary bits we see of them, read things like NO EXCESSIVE NOISE BETWEEN 2100 HOURS AND EVER, NO FRICATION, NO ANYTHING, etc.)

BOX (creepy) TIME TO LEAVE THE FRUITS OF OUR ENDEAVOUR.

3.

Jagged 'other world' frame.

We're flying in on the tower and 'Blind Justice'. Aside from being filthy and scorch-blackened, she's different than the one we know from Brit-Cit:

Her head is intact rather than half-blown-off. There is no strip of cloth around her eyes, and light blazes menacingly from one of them. Her face is haggard and decrepit and snarling – the face of some vicious and evil old woman.

BOX (creepy) TIME TO HEAD FOR PASTURES NEW.

4.

Jagged 'other world' frame.

Move in on Blind Justice's face and glowing eye. Now we see that the eye is a window. There are dark forms in the glow behind it ...

BOX (creepy) AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, THE *PORTAL* COMES AT LAST.

BOX (creepy) DOOR INTO A NEW LIFE FOR OLD.

5.

Jagged 'other world' frame.

Move in tight on the forms silhouetted against the glow. These are basically what we're gonna call the OLD JUDGES, so they must be consistent with what we'll see when we eventually reveal them in all their 'glory' – but for the moment they look incredibly menacing and monstrous. Think Judge Death and his Dark Judges in that we obviously get that they're Judges, but twisted and nasty.

Their eyes glow evilly within their respective silhouettes.

BOX (creepy) NEW LIFE FOR THE *OLD ONES* AND ...

BOX (creepy) ... I want my tea ...

6.

Closeup on a hi-tech looking compu-monitor screen, seen at an angle, taking up and bleeding off the lower-right-corner section of the page as though physically laid on top of it.

On the screen, the distinctive form of the MUTILATED BODY of Craven we saw last time. Compu-overlays and annotations show that various analysis routines and such are being run on it.

VOICE OFF (breaking in from off the page) IT'S A *QUANTUM
TRANSPONDER.*

VOICE (LINK) IF YOU BELIEVE IN THAT SORT OF THING.

Page Two

(From this point we're back in the 'reality' of Brit-Cit. Frames and layouts are standard except where noted.)

1.

We're in the opulent and sybaritic home of LISA MARSH, which as we'll remember has a collection of seriously shit-hot transputer-gear (think multiple clusters of flat-panel monitors, hugely evolved from the desktops of today) normally hidden behind a panelled screen. This has been pulled back and Lisa sits at the compu-gear, running diagnostics on the mutilated-body image.

ARMITAGE is leaning over her shoulder and scowling at her results.

BOX BRIT-CIT.

ARMITAGE DO WHAT?

LISA THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE BODY-PARTS, THE
CYBER-MODS ... THEY'RE SIMILAR TO
APOCRYPHAL DESIGNS FOR ACCESSING
CERTAIN ENERGIES IMPRINTED ON THE BASE-
STRUCTURE OF THE UNIVERSE.

2.

Armitage's POV, over Lisa's shoulder, to the multiple monitors. The largest, main one shows a streetmap of Brit-Cit/London with various points marked around the central New Old Bailey. From these points are links to expanded graphics of bodies mutilated in the same general way as Slater.

(Just as a thought: would it be an idea to have all these 'computer monitors' as holographic in nature – flowering into being, at appropriate sizes, where something needs to be shown? Or various-sized flatscreen- monitors that swing round on arms when needed?)

LISA STICK 'EM IN *BROTHELS*, THEY'D BE PICKING UP
ON *ORGONES*.

LISA THESE THINGS WERE FOUND IN DISUSED
CHURCHES. THEY'RE PICKING UP ON *CENTURIES*
OF ACCUMULATED BELIEF IN OTHER WORLDS.

3.

Lisa, and Armitage looking over her shoulder, from the monitor's POV. She seems calm and absent, concentrating on her work rather than on what she's saying.

Projected on their faces and the b/g are the lines and points of the street map from the monitor.

LISA THESE ARE APPARATI FOR HARVESTING AND
 REDIRECTING *INTERDIMENSIONAL ENERGY*,
 BASICALLY ...

4.

Cut to an aerial view of the New old Bailey (the 'real' Brit-Cit one, with half of its head blown off). The streets around it are reminiscent of the projected map from last frame.

BOX "... AND GUESS WHERE THEY'RE RELAYING IT TO."

5.

Cut to a closeup on TREASURE'S face (see next page to keep positioning and incidental details consistent) as she comes to bleary consciousness.

The side of her face is horribly swollen from her recent beating. Her eyes are bloodshot – we get that she's suffered very real damage and actual possible neural impairment rather than having been comic-book knocked out.

TREASURE (damaged) uhn.

VOICE OFF AH, MS STEEL. *AWAKE AT LAST* ...

6.

We're looking down past indications of a hanging Treasure (again, seen next page for consistency) to where a robed figure – obviously one of those who attacked her – stands looking up at her. He's in the process of pulling back his cowl. (It is of course Whelps, but we don't quite see that until the next frame.)

(Possible indications of other robed figures on the periphery, just to establish their presence.)

TREASURE (damaged) mmmufuh ... mmroke muh mmufuuhingh *heh*
 anh ...

WHELPS YES, WELL. THAT'S EASY FOR *YOU* TO SAY.

7,

Closeup on the figure's face. He's removed his cowl to reveal himself as WHELPS, in all his toothy-vicar glory, smiling in a friendly manner.

WHELPS

PROFANITY, I FIND, TENDS TO COME *EASILY* TO
EVEN THE BEST OF THOSE YET TO BE WASHED
AND *ALBIFIED* IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB ...

Page Three

1.

Big reveal-frame.

Treasure is hanging, at a forward-facing angle from an iron gantry-rack, secured by her wrists and ankles with buckled straps. (She is *not* being crucified in any literal sense, though there is obviously a certain ritualistic aspect to the process.) She's dressed in the sort of glittery white Samite robe one associates with priestesses/virgin sacrifices – the same swatch of material one of her attackers was carrying last time. Details of hang and movement, here and subsequently, make it clear that this is the only thing she has on, but we note that as a simple fact rather than out of any sense of titillation.

She's in the Chapel of Grud etc. in the New Old Bailey. Whelps stands before her, together with several other robed and cowl-masked figures.

Indications of the Quantum Accumulators that are arranged round Treasure and the others in a ring – portable battery-packs, basically, plugged into various harvested human organs.

BOX CHAPEL OF GRUD AND JOVUS ALMIGHTY. NEW OLD BAILEY. BRIT-CIT.

WHELPS THOUGH FORTUNATELY, FOR ALL CONCERNED, THAT'S ALL ABOUT TO *CHANGE*.

2.

A small and slightly cartoony silhouette of Armitage's pod-car races through the Brit-Cit streets.

FROM CAR DISPATCH? THIS IS *ARMITAGE*.

3.

Cut to a closeup on the windshield of the pod-car. Inside, Armitage is scowling as he speaks into a hand-held comms unit as he drives.

ARMITAGE I NEED COMMAND-CONTROL ACCESS TO *SHOK-TAC* AND I NEED IT *NOW*.

4.

Cut to Brit-Cit Justice Department Control, where a snotty-looking console operator with an ear-and-mike-piece is answering Armitage's call.

OPERATOR I'M SORRY, DETECTIVE. YOUR DEPARTMENTAL CREDIT-RATING APPEARS TO BE INVALID FOR *SHOK-TAK* ACCESS ...

5.

Back to inside the speeding pod-car and onto Armitage as he speaks into his comms unit, thumbing a switch to change channels.

ARMITAGE MUST BE A *SYSTEMS-GLITCH*. RUN THE DROKKER AGAIN.

ARMITAGE LISA? ARE YOU SORT OF ANYWHERE CLOSE TO GETTING *IN* THERE YET ..?

6.

Cut to Lisa Marsh, with her own ear-and-mike-piece on. She's smiling beatifically as she operates her computer-stuff.

LISA AS WE SPEAK.

LISA (LINK) HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT? I CAN GIVE YOU THE *LOT* IF YOU WANT.

RADIO VOICE (jagged-directionless bubble) I WISH.

7.

Closeup on Lisa's main compu-monitor. Alphanumeric strings to convey hacking and such. An alert-overlay reads: JUSTICE DEPARTMENT FINANCIAL SERVICES – ACCESS GRANTED.

RADIO VOICE (jagged-directionless) JUST GIVE ME *ENOUGH*.

Page Four

1.

Cut back to the Chapel of Grud. The hanging Treasure, the gathered robed figures, the Quantum Accumulators.

Whelps is in full-flow of pontificating away.

WHELPS ... FOR YEARS I LABOURED AS THE APOSTOLIC
VICAR OF GRUD. THE LAST DECENT MAN – THE
LAST *APOSTLE* IN AN *APOSTATIC* WORLD.

WHELPS (LINK) HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHAT IT'S *LIKE* – WATCHING
THE YOUTH OF TODAY PRANCING AROUND WITH
THEIR IRRELIGIOUS *POMPADOURS* AND *BEAT-*
COMBOS AND SLITHERING DEPRAVITY ..?

2.

Closeup on Treasure's face as she blearily struggles to speak.

(Importantly, In a very small, possibly circular, insert, we see the fingers of her hand straining round to get at one of the straps binding her to the rack.)

TREASURE (damaged) yeh ... well *ghucgh* yoo grannad ...

3.

Closeup on Whelps, proselytising away and working himself up excitedly.

(In a very small circular insert, Treasure's hand has managed to work a finger into the buckle of the strap,)

WHELPS ... AND THEN, AT LAST, IN MY STUDIES, I RECEIVED
INTIMATIONS OF *ANOTHER* WORLD. A *BETTER*
WORLD ...

WHELPS (LINK) ... THE TRANSRELIQUARY OF THE *ANCIENTS* ...

BOX (menacing) THE *OLD ONES*.

4.

Big flashback-illustrative set in the 'other' world.

A crowded, burning street. A panicked crowd run towards us, trying to escape the devastation. They consist of young people: young men and women, children, babes in arms. (We get that they're running in terror from mass slaughter, basically. We don't see anyone – and certainly not any *children* – actually being slaughtered.)

Rising in the sky above them are the dark and menacing forms of the Old Judges. Think the same sort of thing as the Dark Judges laying waste to Mega-City one – and at this point the Old Judges still seem pretty damn Apocalyptic and nasty.

BOX (menacing) THE *OLD JUDGES*.

BOX (menacing) CRIME IS COMMITTED BY THE *YOUNG*.
THEREFORE, *ALL YOUTH IS CRIME*.

BOX (menacing) THOSE UNDER *THIRTY*, THEREFORE,
MUST BE *EXTERMINATED* – SO THAT THE WORLD
CAN AT LAST BREATHE *CLEAN* ...

5.

Back to 'reality'.

Whelps is activating an Accumulator. A beam of plasma-energy is blasting out from it.

WHELPS ... AND, IN THE LAST, I DISCOVERED THE CORRECT
PROCEDURE FOR OPENING A *PORTAL* BETWEEN
THE WORLDS!

SFX - SHOOOM! -

6.

Aerial shot of the Chapel and its occupants. The plasma-beams between the accumulators are criss-crossing to celebrated let's-get-ready-to-open-interdimensional-portals-and-shit effect.

The dark figure of Whelps is crossing over through it to where Treasure hangs in the centre of it all.

WHELPS THAT *PROCEDURE* IS NOW ALL BUT COMPLETE.

WHELPS (LINK) ALL THAT IS NEEDED FOR THE *FINAL ACTIVATION*
IS THE BLOOD OF THE MORALLY *UNTAINTED*
YOUNG ...

7.

Move in on Whelps as he produces a ceremonial-looking Athame, obviously preparing to use it on the hanging Treasure.

(In a very small circular insert, Treasure's straining fingers are obviously in the final process of undoing the strap ...)

WHELPS ... AND FROM YOUR RECORDS, MS STEEL, YOU
WERE THE CLOSEST THING WE COULD *FIND*.

WHELPS (no link) ONE SMALL CUT ...

Page Five

1.

The doors of the Chapel are blown off their hinges by a detonative charge.

SFX - VADOOOM! -

2.

Big dynamic shot as Armitage comes through the doorway together with several SHOK-TAC troops. (Shok-TAC are the Brit-Cit equivalent of a SWAT team, and they're incredibly hard'n'nasty-looking and overloaded for bear.

Armitage, unarmed, is shouting an angry ultimatum.

(Importantly, a small circular insert conveys that Treasure's at last got her hand free of the strap.)

ARMITAGE (shouting) THOMAS ABLOM WHELPS! YOU ARE
UNDER AREST FOR *MASS-MURDER, ASSAULTING A
JUDICIAL OFFICER AND ABDUCTION WITH INTENT!*

ARMITAGE DROP THE PIG-STICKER AND STEP AWAY!

3.

Tight closeup on Whelps' startled reaction.

WHELPS WHAT IN THE NAME OF ..?

4.

An incredibly violent image, caught at the point of extremis as though with fast-shutter photography. Treasure has brought her arm round with enormous force, smacking Whelps in the face with her elbow and knocking him back. As part of this motion, her hand is now reaching for the strap that secures her other arm.

Treasure's mouth is set in a snarling rictus. Her eyes blaze with animal frenzy – everything shut down save for the mindless will to push through and survive.

SFX SWOK!

WHELPS HGN!

(The next three frames are thin slices close-up cropped on details of Treasure, conveying the fast-fast details of her freeing herself from the rack. In total they take up one ordinary-sized frame, so we'll subset them.)

5a.

Thin slice. Treasure frees her other arm.

5b.

Thin slice. Treasure (grasping the rack with one hand so she doesn't fall flat on her face) twists down and frees one of her strapped legs.

5c.

Thin slice. Treasure lands on the floor.

TREASURE (damaged) mmf.

6.

We're looking past the back of Whelps as a crazed and snarling Treasure advances on him, shoving his Athame-wielding hand out of the way.

TREASURE (damaged) grrrrrrrr

WHELPS GET *BACK!* I'LL – URK!

7.

Small, tight closeup on Treasure's hand as the blade of the Athame gives it a minor nick.

8.

Very narrow, tight closeup as blood wells and drips from the cut ...

9.

Very narrow, tight closeup as the blood transforms into portal-opening plasma ...

Page Six

1.

Close on Whelps, with several hooded minions behind him. Whelps is agape. Whatever he's looking at, it's not what he expected ...

WHELPS ... o grud ...

WHELPS (LINK) ... o dear grud and jovus, it's ...

2.

A portal-opening plasmic explosion. In the extreme foreground, the form of Treasure is flinging herself desperately out of the blast-radius.

SFX **SHROOOM!**

3.

Reprise of the last-but-one frame. Whelps and his minions are now scorched and blackened skeletons, their robes in the process of burning off them.

4.

Aerial view of the Chapel, taking in Armitage and his Shok-TAC squad, the sprawled Treasure, scattered skeletons and the glowing portal – from which shapes the shapes of the Old Judges are starting to form.

ARMITAGE THE PORTAL'S TEARING OPEN!

ARMITAGE (LINK) THEY'RE COMING *THROUGH* ...

5.

Big frame – and it's basically the punchline to the 'joke' of the whole story, so it's probably the most important image in the whole thing.

The Old Judges stand revealed in all their evil glory. There are four of them, and they're coming it – like we've said interminably – like the Dark Judges of Mega-City come to lay the world to waste and ruin, etc, etc, etc.

The thing about them, though, is that they are in actual fact incredibly senile and decrepit and pathetic. A cobbled-together collection of Evil Judge costume and paraphernalia hangs from their wasted, wrinkled and palsied frames. One of them is in a wheelchair. More than one of them is drooling. Colostomy-bags and saline drips are in evidence. One of them is clutching a partially-used tube of Preparation H. They are, quite frankly, in the end, nothing more than a bunch of sad, old, spiteful and ultimately ineffectual old fucks.

Prominently visible on their evil-dimension-version badges are the names TOMBS, WEEVIL, PROBIS and JUNCTURE.

BOX THE OLD ONES.

AN OLD JUDGE (big voice) **ALL YOUTH IS CRIME! LAY YOURSELVES
BEFORE THE OLD JUDGES AND PREPARE TO BE ...**

OLD JUDGE (LINK) (senile-weak) uh ...

OLD JUDGE (LINK) (senile-weak) ... hang on ... I know this ... what was it
again ..?

6.

Close on Armitage and indications of a couple of hard-man Shok-TAC troops.
Armitage is snarling contemptuously.

ARMITAGE I DON'T *THINK* SO.

SFX (gun-action) SHIK-KLIK!

Page Seven

1.

A hugely explosive and dynamic frame as the Shock-TAC troops open up at 'us' with everything they've got. Possible indications on the very periphery of Old judges being blown to pieces – but that's all we actually see of the carnage to them being caused.

Armitage stands prominently in the midst of the troops, hands in the pockets of his coat. He radiates the cold satisfaction and authority of being in total and complete command.

ARMITAGE TAKE 'EM DOWN, LADS.

SFX CHUNKA-CHUNKA-CHUNKA-CHUNKA!

2.

Comedy shot of a pretty-much vaporised Old Judge's hand falling to the blasted floor. It's still clutching its tube of Preparation H.

SFX - FLUT -

3.

Wide shot of the Chapel, with troops generally checking on the various remains. In the foreground, Armitage crouches down on one knee before the dazed and injured Treasure, gently restraining her from trying to get up.

ARMITAGE SCRATCH ONE PROBLEM. WHAT THE *DROKK* IS IT ABOUT THE NEW OLD BAILEY THAT TURNS PEOPLE INTO TOTAL NUT-JOBS?

ARMITAGE DON'T TRY TO MOVE, STEEL. THAT LOOKS LIKE SERIOUSLY BAD *CONCUSSION*. WAIT FOR MED-DIVISION.

TREASURE (damaged) ... mufuuhh ...

4.

Move in on Armitage and Treasure as, so much as is possible, they converse.

TREASURE (damaged) ... ghuughin mhaastus eesh ghoo et aagh ...

ARMITAGE YEAH.

ARMITAGE (LINK) LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO PUT THE CHURCH OF GRUD AND JOVUS ON THE *PROSCRIBED RELIGIONS* LIST ...

5.

In the foreground, a Shok-TAC trooper has picked up and is examining a scorched and blackened skull, possibly that of the dead Whelps.

We're looking past this to the small mid-distance silhouetted forms of Armitage and Steel.

ARMITAGE ... THOUGH ROUND THESE PARTS, IT LOOKS LIKE
THE CHURCH IS ALREADY *DEAD*.

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