

# Armitage: Bodies of Evidence 1

Script by Dave Stone

Final Draft

10 pages

PAGE ONE

1.

Night. We're on a crowded neon and holo-vapour-lit street in Brit-Cit, obviously a restaurant-and-club district with seediness and class jumbled together, as are the cheerfully chaotic mix of night people - the effect is basically like a bizarre, futuristic version of Soho on a Saturday night. The smoking of various substances, drinking, eating and flirting on the street - all the normal things that Brit-Cit allows as opposed to Mega City One - are of course evident. As are dancing monkeys and sex booths and soma machines. Prominence is given to the speakeasy-like doorway into a club, 'Zoo Kunst', into which a lot of people are obviously trying to get. There's a bouncer by the door, old-style tuxedo'd, bald and troll-like; a huge, heavy brute. When we get closer to him we'll see in detail that he's wearing a pair of complicated pattern-recognition spectacles from which a lead runs into an inside pocket of his tux. For the moment, he's shoving away a rather pathetic-looking potential clubber who doesn't make the grade.

BOX:                   BRIT-CIT. SECTOR 15. 2120.

BOUNCER:            OUT OF IT.

2.

Move in on the bouncer as he pushes someone else from the queue: a girl of maybe seventeen in standard half-right togs. Her escort, a slightly older boy in a snood, is rather uncertainly trying to make something of it, trying to grab at the bouncer while the other, slightly better dressed queue-members look on completely unconcerned.

BOUNCER:            YOU, TOO. COME BACK WHEN YOU GROW HAIR YOU  
CAN *SIT* ON.

BOY:                   HEY, LISTEN, YOU CAN'T *TALK* TO -

3.

The bouncer gives the boy a slap - quick and professional but with enormous force, driving him to the ground and obviously severely hurt. The girl reacts with genuine terror and concern.

SFX: SWAK

BOY: UHN.

GIRL: DANEEEE!

4.

Wide shot of the scene, with the boy on the floor, the girl frantic and trying to revive him while the bouncer pompously lectures the other waiting people.

BOUNCER: NOW LISTEN HERE: I GOT *PATTERN-RECOGNITION PROTOCOLS* TELLING ME MORE ABOUT YOU THAN YOUR FAT UGLY MOTHERS ...

5.

Closeup on the bouncer's face, turning to a sudden voice behind him with surly anger. We see his pattern-recognition viewer-spectacles in detail, now, and possibly their trademark: Door Guy 3000.

BOUNCER: YOU DON'T FIT THE *PROFILE* YOU DON'T GET -

VOICE OFF: TELL YOU WHAT.

6.

Big frame, from the bouncer's point of view. The face of Armitage glowers at us, with the kind of genuine and murderous threat that makes the bouncer's hard-man persona look sick. In the extreme foreground we see the ID-card Armitage is holding up to show us: a mug shot and a bar code and a big, scrawled signature, which could actually serve as this episode's title.

Immediately behind him we see Treasure Steel, standing there with complete insouciance and regarding us with casual contempt.

[A note on dress: Armitage, when we see him full-shot, is the same as ever, in trenchcoat and suit - and can we remember that he *doesn't* wear stuff like Justice Department utility belts? Treasure, on the other hand, is known for changing her outfit at the drop of a set of previous clothes: at the moment she's wearing a Chinese silk-and-brocade dress at mini-skirt length, Chinese wig, velvet gloves, a long ivory fag-holder for effect, and the overall effect is like a Daughter of Fu Man Chu with melanin-injection treatments and a dollybird transplant - an effect she carries off with irony. When we have the chance to see them, we'll see that she's wearing hobnailed boots.]

ARMITAGE: RUN YOUR *PATTERN-RECOGNITION* OVER *THIS*, YOU

BOG-STANDARD LITTLE SHIT, AND TELL ME.

ARMITAGE (LINK): DO WE GET IN OR WHAT?

PAGE TWO

1.

Cut to inside the club. The point about these establishments in a certain zone of Brit-Cit is that while the décor, dress and trappings might be contemporary and/or futuristic, the underlying structure is straight out of the sort of Broadway Nightclubs you find in old Hollywood movies: dancefloor and bandstand, restaurant tables, cigarette girls and the like. The décor in Zoo Kunst is all bog-German Expressionism and Dada, filtered through the popularist sensibilities of trains-and-steamboat Art Deco.

On bandstand, in front of a big-band orchestra, a *Cabaret*-like MC is crooning something or other into an old radio microphone on a stand, which he's working to full smarmy-Vegas-entertainer effect.

The place is crowded, and Armitage and Steel are wandering through it, Treasure still insouciant and Armitage with a look of flat disdain. They're discussing their reason for being here:

MC SINGING (DIRECTIONLESS): FLY ME TO THE MOON AND LET ME  
PLAY AMONG THE STARS ...

TREASURE: SO WHAT THE HELL ARE WE DOING HERE,  
ARMITAGE?

ARMITAGE: LOOKING FOR A FACE. SOMEONE WHO *USED* TO BE  
A FACE, ANYWAY.

2.

Cut to the bandstand, where the MC is beckoning an astonishingly beautiful woman in the low-cut sequined gown and gloves the class-act Nightclub Singers wore in old 30's musicals.

MC: THANK YOU, THANK YOU.

MC (LINK): AND NOW, FOR YOUR ENCHANTMENT, LET ME  
PRESENT TO YOU THE GIRL YOU'VE ALL BEEN  
WAITING FOR ... THE LOVELY *TAMARA DANE* ...

3.

Cut back to Armitage and Steel shoving their way out from the crowded bar. Armitage is pouring a shot-glass of something or other into his straight-class pint of beer and Treasure is precariously doing that thing where someone tries to carry four pints with one pair of hands. Armitage is looking around himself, trying to spot someone in the middle-distance through the crowd.

ARMITAGE: THIS PLACE USED TO BE A GANGLAND HAUNT, YEARS BACK WHEN THE OVERLORDS WERE GANGSTERS RATHER THAN EFFECTIVELY *RUNNING* THE CITY.

ARMITAGE (LINK): NOW IT'S JUST SOME CLUB. NOBODY IN THEIR RIGHT MIND WOULD COME HERE NOW. NOBODY WHO MATTERS.

4.

Cut back on the Nightclub Singer as with simple elegance she makes ready to sing her number.

SINGER: I'D LIKE TO SING A VERY SPECIAL NUMBER, FOR A VERY SPECIAL GUY WHO'S HERE TONIGHT ...

BOX: 'ONLY THE BOY WE'RE LOOKING FOR ISN'T EXACTLY IN HIS RIGHT MIND.'

5.

Closeup on the Singer as she sings dreamily.

SINGER: I'VE GOT A LOVERLY BUNCH OF COCONUTS ...

BOX: 'HE'S SUFFERING FROM SOME KIND OF DEGENERATIVE DISEASE, BY ALL ACCOUNTS, AND THE WORD IS HE'S GONE *SYMPTOMATIC*.'

6.

Cut back to Armitage and Steel as Armitage nod-gestures off to one side, talking around the pull he's taking on his pint.

ARMITAGE: HE'S LOSING THINGS LEFT, RIGHT AND CENTRE. WORD IS, HE COMES HERE THINKING IT'S THE GOOD OLD DAYS ...

SINGER OFF: THERE THEY ARE ALL STANDING IN A ROW ...

7.

Cut to one of the VIP-tables in the restaurant-section. Seated there is a big but cadaverous-looking man in a razor-sharp suit that was, however, tailored for him before his muscles wasted a little. He's wiping away a sentimental tear at the song coming from the bandstand with a spotless handkerchief - if that can be made to look like naturalistic little lapse rather than comedy nose-honking. This is Joey Kane.

To either side of him are seated suited minders, looking about themselves with wary professionalism, and outside from them are two women of the paid-escort sort, elegant and beautiful, but with that switched-off, bored look. Off to one side is a private nurse, in the stylish outfit suitable to attending a powerful man in public, who is watching Kane with focussed and professional concern. The overall effect is of a travesty of a social outing for a once powerful man who is descending into illness and infirmity.

SINGER (OFF):      BIG ONES, SMALL ONES, SOME AS BIG AS YOUR  
   HEAD ...

BOX:                             'AND THERE HE IS.'

8.

Cut to the street outside for the first frame of an intercut-sequence. From a high view we see several heavy-duty, military-spec Justice Department transport trucks, skewing to a halt outside the club and startling the various passers-by.

BOX:                             'LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH.'

PAGE THREE

1.

Back in the club, Armitage plonks his half-finished pint on Joey Kane's table, careless that some of it slops out onto the cloth. Kane and his entourage react with the various various appropriate levels of confusion, watchfulness and (from the escort girls) complete and utter boredom.

ARMITAGE:                     JOEY KANE? JOEY *ABSOLOM* KANE?

ARMITAGE (LINK): DETECTIVE JUDGE *ARMITAGE*. SORRY TO HEAR  
   ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR BROTHER *BENNY*  
   A WHILE BACK ...

2.

Small intercut shot. In the street outside, uniformed Judges are shoving people back behind crash-erected barricades. In the foreground, most importantly, we see members of an armed Shok-TAC squad heading purposefully from the transports. Shok-TAC are the Brit-Cit equivalent of a SWAT-team, and look like seriously heavy-duty troops rather than Judges: fractured-prismatic body armour, blast-and-respirator masks, fuckoff-serious assault-rifles etc, etc, etc.

BOX:                    'WE WERE GOING TO HAVE A WHIP-ROUND WHEN WE HEARD.'

BOX:                    'MIND IF I SIT DOWN?'

3.

Back in the club, Armitage is roughly squeezing himself between one of the minders and Joey Kane, shoving the minder out of the way so he can sit. (We see that the knock on effect of this is to push an affronted-looking escort girl off her seat.) Treasure is setting down her cargo of pints and Armitage is reaching for one without a glance. His attention is fixed entirely on the confused-looking Joey Kane.

(There's a hell of a lot of secondary emotions and interactions going on here, of course - the minders becoming angry, Treasure glaring them down, everybody deciding upon and waiting for their next move. These nuances are properly the domain of the artist, I suppose, so let me just say that there's an underlying sense of tightrope-walking tension and mutual distrust you could cut with a tightrope-cutting knife.)

KANE;                    THIS IS ... WHAT ARE YOU ...

ARMITAGE:            THIS IS MY FRIEND, BY THE WAY: JUDGE STEEL.  
YOU'LL LIKE HER. SHE'S A PEOPLE PERSON.

TREASURE:            THAT'S RIGHT. I'M A PEOPLE PERSON.

4.

Cut to outside, and a shot conveying that a couple of Shok-TAC snipers have positioned themselves by way of crampons on the superstructure of a nearby building and are aiming down at the street and club-doorway below. Their postures (one holding on to his ear piece) convey that they're in radio-contact with whoever's running this operation.

BOX:                    'I LIKE DEALING WITH PEOPLE.'

5.

Back in the club Armitage, pint in hand, is facing off with Joey Kane in a negotiational contest-of-wills. Kane is angry and coldly belligerent, but with the faintly worried look of one who is going to crack and give in. Indications of Treasure and the minders watching each other warily.

ARMITAGE: NOW THE THING IS, JOEY, WE KNOW YOU'VE ONLY GOT A FEW MONTHS TO LIVE - AND SO DO THE REST OF YOUR, AH, *PROFESSIONAL ASSOCIATES*.

ARMITAGE: YOU TELL US SOMETHING WE'D LIKE TO KNOW ABOUT THE OTHER OVERLORDS, THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT CAN FIND YOU SOMEWHERE *SAFE* TO SPEND THOSE LAST FEW MONTHS ...

6.

Intercut shot of the street outside. Peripheral indications of a handcuffed and in-custody bouncer from the first page. Our main focus is the door to the club, bracketed by a couple Shok-TAC troops making ready to go in.

A pair of uniformed Judges have a Department-issue battering ram and are swinging it towards the door ...

BOX: 'YOU KNOW THEY'RE GOING TO COME FOR YOU IF YOU DONT.'

7.

Headshot of Armitage, Kane and possibly background indications of Treasure and a minder. Armitage has his pint glass raised to his lips. They are all of them on the point of turning in startlement as they hear a noise off to one side.

ARMITAGE: I MEAN, THE *WITNESS RELOCATION* BUDGET ISN'T UP TO MUCH, THESE DAYS, WHAT WITH ALL THESE NEW ADMINISTRATIVE CUTS, BUT I'M SURE WE CAN FIND SOME WAY TO SORT YOU OUT.'

ARMITAGE (LINK): YOU'VE GOT TWO CHOICES, BASICALLY, JOEY; US OR -

SFX OFF: CLUNCH!

ARMITAGE: bugger.

PAGE FOUR

1.

Big frame. This is an action sequence, and we'll detail the main points of it here, but remember to bear in mind the dynamics of the physical presence and reactions of all the other people in it.

In a spectacular explosion of action the Shok-TAC troops pile into the club, knocking aside the patrons with their fists and rifle-butts. We see lots of little details of the effects of this: the band diving for cover while the singer stares in shock, people getting trampled in the confusion, some git shoving his girlfriend into the line of fire and nipping behind her, etc.

Off to one side we see the initial reactions of Armitage, Steel and Kane's party, knocking the table over as they leap to their feet in confusion, the minders going for their jacket pockets, the escort girls being unceremoniously dumped on the floor.

TAC LEADER:       STAY WHERE YOU ARE! IF YOU STAY WHERE YOU ARE  
                          THEN THERE IS NO REASON FOR YOU TO BE HURT!

2.

Closeup on the helmet-masked leader of the Shok-TAC squad, speaking into a gauntlet-held mike unit attached by spiral flex to his belt. This is an amplifier and the resulting voice is like it's coming from a bullhorn.

Background indications of the troops as they deploy themselves.

TAC LEADER:       WE HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE THAT THERE IS A  
                          DANGEROUS CRIMINAL ON THESE PREMISES ...

3.

Cut to Joey Kane's table, where Kane is having an absolute paroxysm of rage and screaming at Armitage, making to take a swing. All around are rocked back by the explosion of fury, even moreso than the sudden appearance of Judges.

Armitage himself is standing up to it, but gesturing with his hands in a strangely placating manner, trying to calm Kane down.

KANE:                YOU *BASTARD!*

ARMITAGE:         HEY LISTEN, KANE, THIS HAS NOTHING TO *DO* WITH -

4.

The enraged Kane takes his swing, and Armitage sidesteps, smacking at the outflung arm to deaden it. Indications of the bouncers reacting, now actively going for whatever it is that's in their inside pockets.

KANE:                YOU SET ME UP, YOU *BASTARD!*



ARMITAGE: LOOK, JUST CALM DOWN AND LISTEN, ALL RIGHT?

MINDER: DON'T YOU WORRY, MR KANE, IT'S -

5.

Treasure smacks one of the minders in the face and drops him, pulling the gun he was going for out from his jacket as he falls.

SFX; SMACK!

6.

In the foreground, Treasure covers the remaining minder with her appropriated gun, her cheerfully cold expression leaving no doubt that she'll blow his head off without a thought if she likes. He's in the process of coming to this conclusion and dropping his hands unthreateningly.

Beyond them, Armitage and a hysterical Kane are scuffling.

TREASURE: I WOULDN'T BET ON DOING SOMETHING *VIOLENT*,  
THERE, MATEY.

TREASURE: I CAN MAKE A *HOLE*. BETCHA ANYTHING YOU LIKE  
CAN.

7.

Move in on the scuffle between Armitage and Kane. Kane has now completely lost it, but Armitage is trying to restrain him. Kane is screaming at him dementedly. We also see peripheral indications of a number of Shok-TAC troopers moving in.

KANE: YOU WANT TO DO THE JOB *FOR THEM* DON'T YOU?

PAGE FIVE

1.

Closeup as a lucky punch from Kane lands Armitage in the gut, doubling him over and winding him.

KANE: YOU WANT ME DEAD AND GONE?

ARMITAGE: WHUF!

2.

The frenzied Kane now runs at a couple of the advancing Shok-TAC troops, who are levelling their guns at him. Armitage, meanwhile, has pulled his ID card from his jacket and is waving it at the troops, roaring at them to stand down.

KANE: KILL YOU ALL! TAKE YOU WITH ME! KILL YOU ALL!

ARMITAGE: DETECTIVE JUDGE! STAND DOWN! DON'T FIRE OR ...

3.

Small tight closeup on a trooper as he pulls the trigger on his weapon.

SFX: snik-SHLIK

4.

Tight closeup on Armitage's face as it collapses into fearful realisation of what's happening.

ARMITAGE: SHIT.

5.

In the foreground, the dying body of Kane is thrown back by a multiple blast of automatic fire.

Of equal importance, beyond it, Armitage has grabbed hold of a surprised Steel and is diving under the cover of the upturned table with her.

SFX: CHUNKA-CHUNKA-CHIINKA-CHUNKA

KANE: WHUGH!

ARMITAGE: TIME WE GOT OUT OF THE WAY I THINK, STEEL.

6.

Closeup on the body of Kane as he hits the ground. In the cavity of his ruined chest we see an implant-device with a blinking light.

SFX: SHLUNF

SFX: - beepbeepbeep -

7.

Cut to outside the club. A high-powered explosion from within is blowing out the walls of the edifice in which the club is situated. Obviously, the force of the blast

inside must be devastating.

SFX: SHOOM

PAGE SIX

1.

Armitage and Steel bad-temperedly extricate themselves from their mutual tangle. Remember that there is absolutely *no* sexual chemistry between them; they might make the obvious deadpan jokes, but even something so minorly sex-charged as embarrassment wouldn't occur to them. They are simply extricating themselves from a tangle.

TREASURE: I JUST KNEW YOU COULDN'T KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF ME, ARMITAGE. THAT'S HARASSMENT IN MY PLACE OF TRADE, THAT IS.

ARMITAGE: OH BE STILL, MY BEATING PROSTATE.

TREASURE: ARE YOU OKAY?

2.

A panoramic frame to show the aftermath of the bomb-blast devastation. Club Patrons and Shok-TAC members alike have been caught in it, killing most, although a small number of people are obviously alive, injured and in tortured shock. (A number of these 'survivors' must be recognisable so that later, when they turn up again, we'll realise that they're the same people.)

The centre of the blast was obviously the spot where Joey Kane fell, with appropriate concentration of damage and scattered matter. Treasure is groggily helping Armitage out from behind the ruined table, which afforded them some protection. They're both nastily burned and injured, but at least they're walking-wounded rather than dead.

Treasure's looking around herself in shock.

ARMITAGE: I'LL BE ALL RIGHT. IF IN A LOT OF *PAIN*, OF COURSE.

ARMITAGE (LINK): OW.

ARMITAGE (LINK): OW.

TREASURE: OH MY GOD. HOW DID THIS *HAPPEN*?

ARMITAGE: DEAD MAN'S HANDLE.

3.

Armitage gingerly probes at a wound under his ragged coat. He seems coldly furious at the way of the world in general rather than anything else.

ARMITAGE: ALL THE OVERLORDS ARE FITTED WITH SOMETHING LIKE THAT. IT MIGHT BE A BOMB-IMPLANT, OR A HIT-SQUAD PRIMED TO TAKE OUT THEIR ENEMIES.

ARMITAGE: AN OVERLORD DIES, HE MAKES *DAMNED* SURE HE TAKES AS MANY PEOPLE OUT AS POSSIBLE WITH HIM. IT'S ONE OF THE BASIC MECHANISMS OF THE BALANCE OF POWER.

ARMITAGE: OW.

4.

We're looking past Armitage and Steel to where a number of new figures have entered the wreckage of the club, med-techs in the process of fanning out to examine the survivors.

ARMITAGE: *EVERYBODY* WHO DEALS WITH THE OVERLORDS KNOWS THAT. SO WHY THE HELL DID THESE SHOK-TAC JOKERS COME IN HERE MOB-HANDED?

ARMITAGE (LINK): IT'S ONE OF THOSE THINGS YOU JUST DON'T *DO*. WHO THE HELL WOULD EVEN *AUTHORISE* SOMETHING LIKE THAT?

ARMITAGE: WELL, LET'S BE THANKFUL FOR SMALL MERCIES. HERE COME THE MEDICS.

5.

Closeup on a med-tech as he roughly hauls over a survivor, seemingly heedless of his pain. We see the logo of a private medical concern on his suit: MediGen.

VICTIM: AAGH! NO, PLEASE!

MEDIC: DON'T WORRY, CHUM, ALL YOUR PROBLEMS ARE GONNA BE OVER SOON, NO WORRIES ...

6.

Armitage and Steel walk up to the med-tech, Armitage waving his ID. The medic is turning to look at them with a degree of startled surprise.

ARMITAGE: JUSTICE DEPARTMENT PERSONNEL. WE COULD USE A LITTLE HELP *OURSELVES* WHEN YOU CAN FIND THE TIME.

MEDIC: JUDGES?

7.

Two burly medics pile in on Armitage and Steel from either side and inject them in the necks with injector-guns before they can even begin to react. The eyes are rolling up in our heroes' heads and they are in the process of dropping like puppets with their strings cut.

Indications of the first medic, looking on with cold satisfaction.

MEDIC: JUDGES ARE THE *LAST* THING WE NEED RIGHT NOW.

SFX: CHUNK KA-CHUNK

8.

Two MediGen techs look down at the fallen and unconscious bodies of Armitage and Steel. We see that their injection-guns and the packs they're connected to are more heavy-duty and complicated than might seem to be immediately necessary: they're connected to canisters crawling with biohazard symbols.

MEDIC 1: SO WHAT DO YOU RECKON? SHOULD WE HARVEST THEM AS WELL?

MEDIC 2: NAH. THAT MIGHT CAUSE PROBLEMS. LET THE DOC AND HIS *BACKERS* SORT OUT COMPLICATIONS LIKE THIS.

MEDIC 2 (LINK): THAT'S WHAT *BACKERS* ARE *THERE* FOR, RIGHT?

1.

Wide shot of the bombed-out club again, but some time has passed. There is no trace of the suspicious med-techs and a number of bodies are obviously missing.

Uniformed Judges, forensic and pathology techs - obviously Justice Department official and different from the med-tech we saw before - are pawing through the wreckage with their respective equipment kits. Body bags and bodies on hov-trolleys are in evidence.

Armitage is being doctored by Mary Turner (the pathologist from previous stories) who is applying plasters and healing packs. Treasure stands nearby, wearing similar medical treatments, taking in the scene, Mary's doctoring on her already done.

BOX: FROM THE PRIVATE FILES OF DETECTIVE JUDGE  
ARMITAGE:

BOX: BY THE TIME ME AND STEEL CAME ROUND, JUSTICE  
DEPARTMENT AUXILIARIES WERE ON THE SCENE ON  
THE SCENE IN FORCE. THERE WAS NO SIGN OF THE  
MEDICS WHO HAD BEEN THERE BEFORE.

BOX; LUCKILY, THOUGH, *MARY TURNER* WAS THERE. SHE'S  
ONE OF THE ONLY MEDICS I'D TRUST WITH MY BODY,  
SUCH AS IT IS - EVEN IF MOST OF HER EXPERIENCE IS  
WITH *DEAD* PEOPLE.

ARMITAGE: OW!

MARY: HOLD STILL, YOU INTRANSIGENT BLOODY SOD! GOD,  
I'M GLAD MOST OF MY CLIENTS DON'T MOVE  
AROUND AS MUCH AS THIS ...

2.

Closeup on Armitage and Mary as she touches the puncture-wound in Armitage's neck and he winces.

ARMITAGE: YOU HAVE THE SOUL OF A TORQUEMADA, MARY.

MARY: JUST BE GLAD I DON'T HAVE THE EXCRUCIATINGLY  
POINTY SPIKES.

MARY: WHAT'S THIS? IS THIS WHERE YOU WERE INJECTED?

3.

Tight closeup on the puncture, the area around it raised and stippled through some incipient infection.

MARY: THAT LOOKS NASTY. I'D LIKE TO RUN SOME TESTS.

MARY: YOU MIGHT HAVE PICKED UP SOME SECONDARY INFECTION FROM THE *PATHOGENS* IN THIS JOEY KANE WHEN HE EXPLODED.

4.

Mary Draws blood from Armitage with a hi-tech looking hypo. She seems casual and cheery rather than anything else, though very tired, her hair in disarray and coming loose from the band that normally holds it up. She's absently brushing at a stray strand with her free hand.

Armitage is looking around himself as though trying to pin down some detail he's missed. We see Treasure looking around, too, and indications of the Justice Department Support activity.

ARMITAGE: ARE YOU FEELING ALL RIGHT, MARY? YOU'RE LOOKING TIRED.

MARY: IT'S NOTHING. YOU KNOW HOW IT GOES. WHAT WITH ALL THE *BUDGET CUTS* IN THE WORKING DEPARTMENTS, I'M HAVING TO DO LOCUM WORK TO MAKE ENDS MEET.

5.

Closeup on Mary as she puts Armitage's blood sample away in her belt pouch. She's shrugging and grinning resignedly about the circumstances of which she's speaking.

MARY: OH WELL, AT LEAST WHEN I GO TO THE *BIDE-A-WEE HOME FOR THE PERPETUALLY SENILE* I END UP DOING THE GERIATRIC WORK I ORIGINALLY TRAINED FOR IN MEDICAL SCHOOL, Y'KNOW ..?

6.

Mary slaps a plaster over the needle-hole from which she drew the blood. Armitage winces.

MARY: THERE YOU GO.

MARY: JUST COUNT YOURSELF LUCKY TO BE ALIVE, YEAH?

YOU AND STEEL WERE THE ONLY LIVING THINGS  
WHEN WE GOT HERE ...

ARMITAGE: SO WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OTHER SURVIVORS?  
WHERE DID THE MEDICS I SAW TAKE THEM? AND WHY  
NOT ME AND STEEL?

7.

Armitage stares at Mary in surprise. Mary has pulled out a data pad and is skimming the data on it.

MARY: THEY PROBABLY KNEW YOU.

MARY (LINK): THE PARAMEDICAL SERVICES ARE NOW FARMED OUT  
TO PRIVATE COMPANIES UNDER THIS NEW 'PARALLEL  
RESOURCING' DEALIE ...

ARMITAGE: WHATEVER '*PARALLEL RESOURCING*' ACTUALLY  
MEANS.

MARY: RIGHT. FIRST PEOPLE ON THE SCENE WERE - NOW  
*THAT'S* ODD.

8.

Mary looks at her pad with surprise. Armitage is looking at her thoughtfully.

MARY: THE FILE JUST READS 'ENTER NAME HERE'. THE DATA  
NEVER MADE IT ONTO THE SYSTEM.

PAGE EIGHT

1.

Establishing shot of the New old Bailey, the statue of Blind Justice on its top,  
Lighting conditions suggesting that it's morning now.

BOX: C.I.D. OFFICES, NEW OLD BAILEY.

VOICE: ... I'LL JUST *BET* YOU HAD A HAND IN AUTHORISING  
THAT RAID, *WARNER*. THAT'S JUST YOUR STYLE.



VOICE: YOU'VE PENNY-PINCHED *CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION* INTO THE GROUND, LOADED UP ON SHOK-TAC FORCES THAT ARE ONLY GOOD FOR BLOWING PEOPLE'S FACES OFF - AND THIS IS THE RESULT!

2.

We're in the CID offices of the New Old Bailey: desks and computer terminals that look like they're made out of Bakelite (think the computer terminals in *Brazil*.) There are pin boards crammed with paperwork, rosters, etc, and a board with a grid of solved and unsolved murder cases rather like in that fine TV show *Homicide*. Various slovenly Detective Judges and secretarial staff doing their respective work.

Off to one side, Treasure is intently working on a computer terminal. She's now back in her standard jeans, T-shirt and leather jacket.

Main prominence, however, is given to Armitage, who is facing off with Warner (the jobsworth little shit who was his immediate superior in previous stories.) Warner is now an Administrator rather than a Judge as such, and wears a kind of parody of an exec power-suit with little insignia on the lapels.

Armitage is snarling with barely-suppressed rage and waving an angry finger. Warner is officious and pompous, but with a little edge of uncertainty, as though he's one of a Bigger Gang than Armitage but the littlest member of it.

ARMITAGE: KANE WAS ON THE POINT OF COMING OVER WITH SOME USEFUL STUFF. NOW HE'S JUST *DEAD*, AND GOD ALONE KNOWS HOW MANY WITH HIM, AND FOR WHAT?

WARNER: THE *LAW* MUST BE SEEN TO BE SERVED. THE CRIMINAL ELEMENT MUST BE SEEN TO BE PUNISHED ...

3.

Two-shot of Armitage and Warner. Armitage has broken off his harangue and is looking at his jacket pocket, where his mobile communicator has gone off.

ARMITAGE: OH YEAH, THOSE SHINY NEW DIRECTIVES FROM THE *STAR CHAMBER*. WE'RE ENDING UP DOING THE OVERLORDS' WETWORK *FOR THEM*, YOU KNOW THAT?

ARMITAGE: THE ONLY GOOD THING ABOUT THIS 'BRIGHT NEW DAWN FOR BRIT-CIT' IS STRIPPING SLIMY LITTLE GITS LIKE *YOU* THE RIGHT TO CALL YOURSELVES JUDGES, AND - EXCUSE ME ONE MOMENT.

SFX:                   ble-bleep

4.

Cut to the pathology labs, where there are a lot of bodies on slabs. Importantly we see some of the people who were in the Zoo Künst club, the people who went missing, presumably taken by the suspicious med-techs (maybe we should have/had one distinctive face occurring throughout.) The bodies are horribly injured, but there 's no sign on them of the Y-incision that would denote they've gone through an autopsy - this isn't a blatant thing, it's just something that at this point, isn't there.

Mary Turner is at a wallphone-communicator (remember the retro-looking way things like this have) and talking into it:

MARY:               HELLO, ARMITAGE?

MARY:               I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO KNOW; THOSE  
*MISSING PEOPLE* YOU WERE ON ABOUT, THEY'VE  
TURNED UP.

MARY (LINK):       A COMPANY CALLED *MEDIGEN* TOOK THEM. THEY DIED  
FROM THEIR INJURIES IN TRANSIT, NO SURVIVORS,  
AND THAT HAD THEM FALLING THROUGH A GLITCH  
IN THE RECORDS SYSTEM.

MARY:               *MEDIGEN* HAVE PERFORMED AUTOPSIES. I'VE GOT  
THE BODIES BACK HERE FOR HOLDING, BUT I'M  
TECHNICALLY NOT ALLOWED TO EVEN TOUCH 'EM  
AGAIN ...

5.

Closeup on Armitage, talking into his mobile - which is obviously the sort of rounded 'communicator' you get in old Sci-Fi rather than a mobile phone. He looks bloody-minded.

ARMITAGE:          IN TRANSIT? EVERY ONE OF THEM?

ARMITAGE:          LISTEN, MARY, SOD THE PROCEDURES AND THE  
BUDGET AND JUST DO YOUR STUFF ON THEM. I'M  
LOOKING FOR *ANYTHING* OUT OF THE ORDINARY,  
OKAY?

6.

Armitage turns and stalks off from Warner, giving him the sort of dismissive gesture that's only one stop short of short of fuck-you, and leaving Warner standing there in a kind of impotent fume.

WARNER: I HEARD THAT, ARMITAGE. ALL THE VICTIMS ARE ACCOUNTED FOR, AND THIS ... UNFORTUNATE INCIDENT DOES NOT NOW FALL WITHIN YOUR *REMIT*. GET BACK TO WORK ON YOUR PROPERLY ASSIGNED CASES ...

ARMITAGE: YEAH, WARNER, RIGHT.

ARMITAGE: BYE-BYE.

7.

Armitage leans over Treasure as she works on her computer. Now we can see her clearly we see something is printed on her T-shirt. It is in fact a genuine antique QUEER AS FUCK shirt, but the various movements of her body and her jacket mean we never actually see those words all at once.

Treasure's answering Armitage's questions with the kind of abstracted calm of one doing a job she's good at and explaining as she goes.

ARMITAGE: SO WHAT'S THE WORD ON THE *DATANET*, STEEL?

TREASURE: WELL, THE OFFICIAL LINE IS THAT THE RAID ON THE CLUB AND THE EXPLOSION WERE A '*QUALIFIED SUCCESS*'.

TREASURE: GIVE IT A COUPLE OF DAYS AND THE DEPARTMENT SPIN-DOCTORS ARE GONNA BE CALLING IT A *TRIUMPH*. EVERYTHING *ELSE* IS BEING SWEEPED UNDER THE CARPET.

ARMITAGE: TYPICAL.

1.

We're looking over treasure's shoulder at the monitor of her computer, where we see a kind of upside down decision-tree-diagram, the branches of it fanning out toward the bottom, the nodes of it annotated with what are probably names of people, etc. The top half of the 'tree' is obscured by a flat block graphic and the words ACCESS RESTRICTED.

TREASURE: YOU AND I ARE TAGGED AS HAVING SUFFERED FROM SEVERE *NEUROLOGICAL TRAUMA* AND HAVING TO BE SEDATED FOR OUR OWN GOOD, BY THE WAY ...

ARMITAGE: AND THE ORIGINAL AUTHORISATION? WHERE DID IT COME FROM?

2.

We're looking up from the screen's POV at Treasure, looking down at us worriedly. Behind her, a shadowy Armitage broods.

TREASURE: I DON'T KNOW.

TREASURE: IT DIDN'T COME FROM *WARNER*. POINT-OF-ORIGIN IS SO FAR UP THAT EVEN MY HACKED SECURITY CODES WON'T TOUCH IT. I THINK IT CAME FROM THE *TOP*.

3.

Cut to the pathology labs. Indications of the bodies, hi-tech autopsy equipment etc. Mary is standing over a body we recognise from the club, conferring with a lab technician.

BOX: PATHOLOGY LABS, NEW OLD BAILEY.

MARY: ... SO WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE, TRAVEN?

TECH: WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?

MARY: THESE BODIES HAVEN'T *BEEN* AUTOPSIED - THERE'S NOT A *Y-INCISION*, EVEN.

4.

Closeup on Mary as she leafs through a sheaf of printouts with concern.

MARY:                   AND THERE ARE OTHER ANOMALIES.

MARY:                   FREE HISTAMINE LEVELS ARE COMPLETELY SCREWED UP, AND PLUS THERE'S ... *SOMETHING* HAPPENING IN THERE I CAN'T EVEN BEGIN TO CLASSIFY ...

4.

Closeup on Mary as she slots a vial of blood into its proper place in a funky-looking future blood-diagnosis machine. Indications of readouts and a screen that displays results like DNA helixes and strings of text.

MARY:                   LET'S RUN THOSE SAMPLES FROM *ARMITAGE* AND *TREASURE STEEL*. THEY WERE ON- SITE, TOO, AND THEY'RE STILL LIVING ...

5.

Closeup on Mary's face, lit by the glow of the readout as she reads of the results, looking startled. Behind her, the lab tech watches as well - with something strangely cold about his expression.

MARY:                   THAT MIGHT GIVE US SOME BASIS FOR COMPARING THE CONTAMINA -

MARY:                   OH MY GOD.

6.

Mary hands the dossier to the lab tech, speaking to him urgently.

MARY:                   IF THAT THING'S RIGHT THEN WE ARE *SERIOUSLY* IN THE SHIT.

MARY:                   GET THESE UP TO *ARMITAGE*, PRONTO.

7.

Closeup on the lab assistant, clutching the dossier negligently. He's frowning, as though considering some mildly diverting abstract problem.

ASSISTANT:            ARMITAGE ..?

ASSISTANT:            NO.

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1.

In a dramatic explosion of violence, the lab assistant backhands Mary and knocks her down, scattering her notes in the process.

ASSISTANT: I REALLY DON'T THINK SO.

SFX: SWAK

MARY: HN!

2.

Cut to a New Old Bailey corridor. Armitage and Steel walk down it, discussing.

TREASURE: ... REALLY BE DOING THIS? I HATE THE GUY, BUT IT'S LIKE WARNER SAID. THIS ISN'T EVEN A CASE.

ARMITAGE: PEOPLE DIED, STEEL.

TREASURE: PEOPLE DIED IN A SHOK-TAC FORCES COCK-UP. THAT'S FOR *INTERNAL AFFAIRS* TO INVESTIGATE, NOT US.

ARMITAGE: HMF. SOME HOPES WITH *INTERNAL AFFAIRS*.

3.

Mary Turner's pathology lab. Armitage and Steel are entering, looking around themselves with uneasy surprise.

Mary's equipment has been wrecked, there's a collection of papers burning in a waste bin and there's a serious pool of blood and track marks on the floor.

ARMITAGE: I'M NOT SURE IT WAS A COCK-UP. THOSE MEDICS IN THE CLUB, THEY TOOK ONE LOOK AT US AND KNOCKED US DOWN WITHOUT A THOUGHT.

ARMITAGE (LINK): AND THE SURVIVORS THEY REMOVED. OKAY, THEY WERE BADLY WOUNDED - BUT *EVERY SINGLE ONE OF 'EM* DIED IN TRANSIT? I DON'T THINK SO. THERE'S SOMETHING *MORE* GOING ON HERE, AND I ...

ARMITAGE: MARY?

4.

Armitage is kneeling down and gingerly lifting his finger from the pool of still-liquid blood. Treasure's in the background, looking around at the wreckage intently.

TREASURE:           NOBODY HERE, ARMITAGE.

ARMITAGE:           THIS IS *FRESH*.

5.

Tight closeup on Armitage (and possibly Treasure in the background) looking around in startlement at the voice that comes from behind them.

ARMITAGE:           LOST CATASTROPHICALLY, TOO. WHOEVER LOST IT  
DIDN'T HAVE *TIME* TO PRODUCE CLOTTING AGENTS.  
I'VE SEEN STUFF LIKE THAT HAPPEN BEFORE ...

VOICE OFF:           STILL NOSING AROUND, ARMITAGE?

6.

We're looking at two members of Special Branch - the two we've seen in other stories - coming through the door and advancing on us. A blond man and a blonde woman, with incredibly severe haircuts and equally severe suits and shades. They're also carrying guns, which they are levelling at us with grins of nasty satisfaction - this is the opportunity to shoot us they've been waiting a long time for ...

SB WOMAN:           YOU WOULDN'T TAKE A *TELLING*, WOULD YOU.

SB WOMAN (LINK): WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO TELL YOU *HARDER* ...

CONTINUED ...

**Dave Stone**

<http://www.pseudopod.empty-spaces.net>

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Armitage created by Dave Stone, David Bishop and Sean Phillips