

Armitage: Bodies of Evidence 2

Script by Dave Stone

Final Draft

10 pages

PAGE ONE

1.

Open on a dramatic shot of the Star Chamber - the haunt of the Brit-Cit Council of Five at the top of the New Old Bailey. It's a splendid, vaulted hall with a domed ceiling painted with tableaux of the decidedly iffy Nymphs and Satyrs variety. There's Masonic regalia on the walls and on the chessboard floor is a big inlaid, complexly archaic (though patently not Satanic) pentagram.

At the points of the pentagram are tall throne-podiums, and on these sit the members of the Council. Various stock body and face-types (important details below) but they are all incredibly old and senile.

They're dressed in Victorian-reminiscent suits rather than uniforms, with the same sort of insignia as Administrator Warner, though obviously stratospherically higher in rank. Possibly indications of the occasional IV-drip tube or techno-prosthetic, but the lighting conditions, halogen coils on the walls, give them in toto a brooding, murder-of-crows like aspect.

Armitage and Steel are being 'escorted' - one step short of being frogmarched - into the Chamber by the stony-faced Special Branch man and woman we met last time.

BOX: NEW OLD BAILEY, BRIT-CIT.

BOX: FROM THE FILES OF DETECTIVE JUDGE ARMITAGE:

BOX: 'TYPICAL.'

BOX: 'YOU START A PERFECTLY ORDINARY INVESTIGATION INTO BODIES THAT GO MISSING AFTER A SHOK-TAC COCKUP, THE PATHOLOGIST EXAMINING THE BODIES WHEN THEY FINALLY TURN UP GOES MISSING - AND THEN A COUPLE OF JOKERS FROM SPECIAL BRANCH TURN UP AND DRAG YOU OFF UP INTO THE STAR CHAMBER.'

BOX: 'THE MEGA-CITIES DRAW THEIR LEADERS DIRECT FROM LAW-ENFORCEMENT. THE BRIT-CIT COUNCIL ORIGINALLY CAME FROM THE WORLDS OF BUSINESS, POLITICS, EVEN ROYALTY ...'

2.

Armitage rounds angrily on the Special Branch woman, jabbing an accusatory finger in her direction. She's regarding him with pent-up aggression - her hatred of him is every bit as strong as his of her.

BOX: 'OTHER SCUM LIKE THAT.'

ARMITAGE: YOU SPECIAL BRANCH PEOPLE MAKE ME WANT TO
PUKE. AT LEAST CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION
SERVES A HALFWAY USEFUL FUNCTION.

3.

We're looking upward past Armitage at the shadowy and bethroned Council from Armitage's POV (we see maybe three of them clearly from this angle, one of them the focus of our attention) looming over us menacingly in a semicircle that surrounds us.

ARMITAGE: LAPDOGS AND BAGMEN, THAT'S ALL YOU ARE. YOU
CAN BEND RIGHT DOWN AND KISS MY -

HEAD COUNCILMAN: AH.

HEAD COUNCILMAN: ARMITAGE, ISN'T IT. OUR TENACIOUS IF
SOMEWHAT ERRANT SLEUTH.

4.

Closeup on one of the Councilmen, speaking coldly down at us. He's bald and monkey-wrinkled, his hands withered and clawlike, but his eyes are sharp and deadly. For the sake of clarity we'll call him the Head Councilman

HEAD COUNCILMAN: TENACITY HAS IT'S PLACE, OF COURSE,
AS WE ON THE COUNCIL WOULD BE THE
FIRST TO ADMIT - BUT THERE ARE
LIMITS.

HEAD COUNCILMAN: YOU'VE BEEN BLUNDERING INTO
MATTERS WITH WHICH YOU HAVE NO
CONCERN. DISTURBING THAT WHICH
SHOULD BE LAIN TO REST ...

5.

Side-shot of Armitage, glaring upward with teeth-gritted anger. Behind him, Treasure is watching him, still serious, paying attention and waiting to follow his lead.

ARMITAGE: LIKE ALL THOSE PEOPLE WHO DIED, YOU MEAN? LIKE MARY TURNER ABDUCTED AND POSSIBLY MURDERED?

ARMITAGE: THOSE ARE LEGITIMATE AVENUES FOR INVESTIGATION - AND ALL YOU'RE DOING HERE IS KEEPING ME FROM THEM. I THINK YOU'LL FIND I'VE STUCK TO YOUR SO-CALLED PROCEDURES ...

6.

Closeup on the face of the Head Councilman, shadowy and rather villainous, sneering slightly as he looks down at us.

HEAD COUNCILMAN: AH YES, PROCEDURE.

HEAD COUNCILMAN: THE TECHNICAL LETTER OF THE LAW. THOUGH NOT, WE FEEL, QUITE IN THE SPIRIT IN WHICH IT WAS MEANT.

PAGE TWO

1.

We're looking upwards past a belligerently hero-stanced Armitage and a just-standing-there Steel to the Head Councilman as he confers with his colleagues. He's turned to ask a question of the man on the podium next to his, who we'll describe below as the Fat Councilman.

HEAD COUNCILMAN: MR SLEED? YOU WERE WANTING
TO SAY SOMETHING?

FAT COUNCILMAN: HE MUST BE DISCIPLINED.

2.

Closeup on the Fat Councilman as he speaks. Again he's old and senile, but gone to fat in the way that some old people do. There's a sweaty, gloaty look about him - just the sort of person you could imagine interfering with small girls' bicycle saddles.

FAT COUNCILMAN: HE IS A FOUL STAIN ON THE GOOD
NAME OF THE NEW OLD BAILEY ... YOU
CAN SEE HE'S DIRTY JUST BY LOOKING
AT HIM.

FAT COUNCILMAN: HE'S A DIRTY, DIRTY MAN AND I WANT
TO PUNISH HIM PENALLY ...

3.

Closeup on the Head Councilman, looking sardonically off in the direction of the out-of-shot Fat Councilman.

HEAD COUNCILMAN: YES, WELL, THANK YOU, COUNCILMAN
SLEED. WE'RE ALL AWARE, I THINK, OF
YOUR PROCLIVITIES.

HEAD COUNCILMAN: FOR THE MOMENT, I THINK, WE'LL JUST
HAVE TO FIND THE GOOD DETECTIVE
JUDGE SOME ADDITIONAL DUTIES TO
KEEP HIM OUT OF TROUBLE ...

4.

Cut to the run-down disorder of the Criminal Investigation offices. Armitage is storming in, fuming, with an angry-looking Steel. The various plainclothes Judges and auxiliary personnel are turning to look at them, startled.

BOX: CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION, NEW OLD BAILEY.

ARMITAGE: ARSOLES.

TREASURE: YES, BUT THEY'RE ARSEHOLES WITH THE POWER TO SQUASH US FLAT.

ARMITAGE: THE WORST KIND. YOU KNOW, ALL THINGS CONSIDERED , IT'S A WONDER THAT THEY'RE STILL ALIVE, WHAT WITH THE AGE ON 'EM AND ALL ...

5.

Two-shot of Armitage and Steel conferring sourly. Armitage seems jaw-set, fist-shaking stubborn.

ARMITAGE: I'M NOT GOING TO LET THEM DO THIS, STEEL.

ARMITAGE (LINK): MARY TURNER GOT CLOSE TO SOMETHING, AND NOW SHE'S GONE. I'M GOING TO MAKE THE BUGGERS WHO DID THIS PAY IN SPADES, STAR CHAMBER OR NOT.

6.

We're looking past indications of Armitage as he turns to glare at an officious looking Warner standing in an office doorway, talking to us snottily.

In the office itself, indications of the woman we'll meet in the next scene.

WARNER: ARMITAGE. IF YOU'LL STEP IN HERE.

ARMITAGE: WHAT THE HELL DO YOU WANT NOW, WARNER?

WARNER: THERE'S SOMEONE IN HERE I WANT YOU TO MEET.

PAGE THREE

1.

In the office. A largish full-body shot of Kara Delbane, lounging casually against a desk. She's a tough, capable, intelligent and beautiful woman, combining all those qualities in her job as an on-camera investigative journalist. She's in combat trousers and boots, a heavy pouch-belt and a vest with the DATADAY logo emblazoned on it. (DataDay is the company she works for.) There's a utilitarian-looking holdall slung over her shoulder, similar to a current-day portable-computer bag, obviously used to carry equipment. She is basically, of course, a real-life Lara Croft and so needs to be visually distinct and different from that while looking really cool and funky in her own right, on the basis that, well, you never know. Stranger things have happened than spin-off character licensing deals in other areas.

One interesting visual thing about her is that she has a couple of microcams - floating balls slightly larger than a cricket ball, packed with camera lenses and mike grilles etc, which follow her around and swoop around her, wander off to peer at things and so forth. Unless we mention them specifically, one or both are just roaming around inquisitively somewhere in shot.

She's currently looking at us with a lightly sardonic raised eyebrow, coolly amused by our sudden belligerent entrance.

BOX: 'I'M SURE YOU'LL GET ON LIKE A HOUSE ON FIRE.'

DELBANE: HIYA. DETECTIVE JUDGE ARMITAGE, RIGHT?

DELBANE: I'M KARA DELBANE. YOU MIGHT JUST HAVE HEARD OF ME. I WORK FOR DATADAY.

DELBANE (LINK): ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO BLIP, Y'KNOW?

2.

In the foreground, a now entirely furious Armitage harangues a snotty-looking Warner, waving a hand to where Delbane, in the background, is unconcernedly rooting in her holdall.

ARMITAGE: WHAT THE HELL IS THIS, WARNER?

WARNER: DATADAY WANT TO DO A FLY-ON-THE-WALL DOCUSOAP. THEIR STAR REPORTER FOLLOWING A JUDGE AS HE PERFORMS HIS DUTIES.

WARNER (LINK): WE NEED THEIR SPONSORSHIP FOR OUR NEW ZERO-TOLERANCE PROGRAMME - AND THE COUNCIL'S DECIDED TO ASSIGN YOU. IT SHOULDN'T AFFECT YOUR SO-CALLED DUTIES AT ALL.

3.

The Criminal Investigation office. Armitage is walking over to Treasure, jerking a thumb casually back towards Delbane, who follows some way behind with her floating microcams. Treasure, naturally, is looking at this stranger and wondering who it is.

TREASURE: SO WHO'S THIS THEN?

ARMITAGE: DATADAY MUCKRAKER.

ARMITAGE: WARNER WANTS HER FOLLOWING US AROUND IN RETURN FOR GIVING SHOK-TAC SOME NICE NEW GUNS - SO JUST BE SURE YOU ONLY SAY THINGS WE WANT HER TO HEAR, OKAY?

4.

Armitage and Steel are conferring at her desk, completely deadpan. Treasure in particular gives off the impression of one brightly and happily taking the piss.

Possible indications of Delbane and a microcam, taking in the scene with the motionless, glowering impenetrability of one who knows the piss is being taken.

TREASURE: OH, RIGHT.

TREASURE: SO AFTER BEATING UP THREE SEPARATE WITNESSES FOR NO APPARENT REASON, PUSHING A SUSPECT DOWN THE STAIRS AND BRUTALLY MURDERING A WHOLE BUNCH OF PEOPLE IN THE CELLS, I THOUGHT I'D FINISH UP THE FILEWORK ON THAT CASE WE WERE WORKING ON ...

5.

Move in on Armitage and Steel as she casually hands him a data pad, on which we see indications of the MediGen logo we'll see next.

ARMITAGE: ANYTHING INTERESTING?

TREASURE: NOT AS INTERESTING AS PLANTING EVIDENCE ON ALL THOSE PEOPLE TO TURN THEM INTO MY SEX LOVE TOYS, BUT IT'S A POSSIBILITY ...

6.

Closeup on the data pad and the MediGen logo. The address under it reads: 'Paramed and Trauma Centre, Intaking - Grid 4, 20/20/5071-109.4/Sector 14' and there are indications of a

graphic map.

TREASURE OFF: THE ADDRESS THE BOMB-BLAST VICTIMS WERE TAKEN
TO FINALLY MADE IT ONTO THE SYSTEM.

TREASURE OFF: I RECKON WE CAN CHECK IT OUT AS A 'LEGITIMATE
AVENUE OF INQUIRY' ...

PAGE 4

1.

Cut to a Brit-Cit street with two-tier market stalls clustered around the edifices of buildings, bits of old municipal statuary, transit racks, general crowds. This is one of the more run-down areas of the city - ancient, decaying fronts for stores long gone and a lot of beggars, sex-workers and addicts. It's early evening. Armitage's rather distinctive and podlike car (see previous series) is driving down the street. Voices are coming from it:

BOX: SECTOR 14, BRIT-CIT.

FROM CAR: SO, STEEL, HOW WAS THAT BIT OF CORRUPTION YOU DID THE OTHER DAY?

FROM CAR: NOT BAD.

2.

We're looking in through the car's windscreen. Armitage and Steel sit in front, still chatting sarcastically and brightly, respectively. Delbane is crushed up in a back seat not really intended for anyone of any size at all, her microcams with her. She's looking at Armitage and Steel with silent spite, having pretty much had enough of this.

TREASURE: NOT AS GOOD AS THE CORRUPTION I DID AROUND THIS TIME LAST YEAR, OF COURSE. THAT WAS REALLY CORRUPT. AND WHAT ABOUT THAT CORRUPTION I SAW YOU WITH LAST NIGHT?

ARMITAGE: THAT WAS NO CORRUPTION, THAT WAS COMPLETE AND UTTER FIDUCIARY MISCONDUCT.

ARMITAGE (LINK): NOW, IF WE'RE GOING TO TALK ABOUT REAL CORRUPTION, WHAT ABOUT THAT TIME WHEN ...

3.

Delbane snaps angrily, knocking a finger knuckle against her open palm to drive home several self-righteous points.

DELBANE: LOOK, WILL YOU STOP IT!

DELBANE: I'M A SERIOUS INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST! I HAVE JOURNALISTIC INTEGRITY! I'VE WON AWARDS FOR MY JOURNALISTIC INTEGRITY!

4.

In the extreme foreground our heroes are getting out of the car. We're looking past them to a patch of waste ground and a derelict building, the outer walls coming away to expose the support structure in places. Indications of other half-collapsed and derelict buildings and a Cardboard City-like collection of bangs and shelters, built up over the years by the homeless Brit-Cit underclasses. Strangely enough - without being too blatant about it - this particular building hasn't been squatted and looks genuinely deserted.

One touch of character is the huge head of a cartoon happy li'l guy lying smashed on the ground before it, obviously having fallen from an old animatronic advertising installation on the building's side long ago. The remaining installation shows a hand with a slice of pie and the remains of the words BIG BOY EATS.

ARMITAGE: PUTS HERSELF FORWARD A BIT FOR A FLY-ON-THE WALL DOCUMENTARIAN, DOESN'T SHE?

ARMITAGE: THIS IS IT. THIS IS THE PLACE.

5.

A corridor inside the ruined building. Armitage and Steel are cautiously making their way along it, casting around themselves with pencil-beam torches. Delbane trails equally cautiously along behind, one of her microcams tracking our two Judges, the other on her as she delivers her commentary.

DELBANE: ... SEEM TO BE TRACING MISSING BODIES OF SOME SORT, BUT WHAT THEY THINK THEY'LL FIND HERE IN THIS DESERTED RUIN I CAN'T ...

TREASURE: JOURNALISTIC INTEGRITY BACK THERE SEEMS TO HAVE A POINT, ARMITAGE. AN ABANDONED PLACE LIKE THIS SHOULD HAVE BEEN SQUATTED YEARS AGO. WHERE ARE THE PEOPLE?

ARMITAGE: I HAVE NO IDEA.

6.

Dramatic shot from above, looking down on Armitage as he falls through the floor, Treasure reacting and lunging forward to try and help. Down through the impressively collapsing floor we see a big pit knocked out in squarish sections through the floors of various sub-basements - obviously constructed as a deathtrap and with indications of broken-bottle spikes at the bottom.

Treasure is diving for him, trying to grab for one of his legs as he falls. Possible indications of Delbane reacting, too, running to help.

ARMITAGE: SOMETHING MUST BE KEEPING 'EM AWAY, BUT -

ARMITAGE (LINK): AAH!

SFX: - KRAAK -

PAGE FIVE

1.

We're looking up past Armitage, hanging with his hands flailing as Treasure and possibly Delbane hang onto him to stop him falling. Importantly, the microcam is floating by him. Its voice-balloons are jagged-edged to suggest electronics.

MICROCAM: AUTOMATIC INTERVIEW MODE ACTIVATED.

MICROCAM: PLEASE STATE YOUR PERSONAL EMOTIONAL
 RESPONSE TO THIS SITUATION IF IT IS CONVENIENT.
 THANK YOU FOR YOUR TIME.

2.

An effects frame showing the microcam's output signal: a slightly grainy Armitage snarling furiously. Overlaid are a DATADAY logo and the tag MICROCAM 10.91. There's also a RECORDING icon and, most importantly, an alert saying PARENTAL CONTROL ACTIVE.

ARMITAGE: -BLEEP- YOU LITTLE -BLEEP- -BLEEP- IF I -BLEEP- GET OUT
 OF THIS -BLEEP- -BLEEP- I'M GOING TO -BLEEP- YOUR
 BLEEP- -BLEEP- WITH A -BLEEP- -BLEEP- ...

3.

Treasure and Delbane haul a shaken Armitage up out of the hole. Delbane's microcam is zipping up and around from it to join her other one.

ARMITAGE: SHIT. MY LIFE PASSED BEFORE MY EYES.

TREASURE: LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING PASSED, CERTAINLY.

4.

Again our three heroes and attendant microcams are cautiously prowling the corridors. They are picking their way around a corner over some collapse debris to open a pair of slatted shutters. At this point we can't quite see what's beyond.

ARMITAGE: THERE'S YOUR ANSWER, STEEL. I RECKON THIS IS A
 KEESH HOUSE, OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

5.

Closeup on Armitage's grimly satisfied face, and possibly indications of a startled Treasure and a thoughtful-looking Delbane as they see the scene beyond.

ARMITAGE: THIS PLACE MUST BE RIDDLED WITH DEATHTRAPS
LIKE THAT, WITH ONLY ONE SAFE WAY THROUGH.

ARMITAGE (LINK): ON THE OTHER HAND ...

6.

The scene beyond. It's a splendid, classy looking restaurant, all chandeliers and velvet curtains and chamber music from a string quartet. Waiters are shuttling back and forth between tables around which sit rich-looking people, most of them elderly, tucking into sumptuous full-course plates of food.

The only wrong note is that a lot of the dishes contain recognisable items of human anatomy.

Indications of our heroes looking down on the scene from the shuttered opening some way up a wall.

ARMITAGE: I THINK WE CAN SCRATCH THE KEESH HOUSE IDEA.

PAGE SIX

1.

We're looking up past a waiter as he pulls a gun and shouts, pointing to our heroes' place of concealment.

WAITER: INTRUDERS!

2.

In the foreground, Armitage's face reacting to the fact of being seen by the waiter in the restaurant down below..

Beyond him, Treasure has turned to see a couple of armed and nasty-looking thugs running up the corridor they are in.

ARMITAGE: NOT EXACTLY FRIENDLY. EVERYONE HATES A
GATECRASHER, I SUPPOSE ...

TREASURE: NEVER MIND THAT, ARMITAGE - I THINK WE'VE GOT
PEOPLE WHO HATE US RIGHT HERE!

3.

Cut back to Armitage, turning back to face us (back in the direction of the shuttered opening) and grabbing Delbane to get her attention and turn her round as well.

ARMITAGE: LOOKS LIKE THE ONLY WAY OUT IS THROUGH.

4.

Spectacular and dramatic shot as Armitage, Steel and Delbane jump into the restaurant chamber. Armitage is landing with both feet, paratrooper-style, on a table, breaking it and scattering its contents and shocked diners. Delbane is landing off to one side, landing badly and collapsing. Treasure is still falling through the air and preparing to land.

Indications of the various patrons and waiters in confusion. the waiters are reacting like criminal thugs, going for their guns.

BOX: 'I THINK IT'S TIME WE JOINED THE PARTY.'

SFX: SKRAASH!

5.

Dynamic shot of Armitage and our other heroes running for their lives while waiter and armed guards blast away at them, killing a couple of patrons in the process. Treasure is helping a slightly mazed and stumbling Delbane.

Armitage has pulled his mobile communicator out and is shouting into it.

SFX: BRAKKA BRAAAKA BRAK

ARMITAGE: DISPATCH?

ARMITAGE (LINK): ARMITAGE. SECTOR 14. I NEED ARMED BACKUP NOW!

6.

Cut to the New Old Bailey Dispatch: rows of operators with consoles and headsets. The atmosphere is like a hi-tech version of an old GPO exchange. We see telling little details that tell us all we need to know about the (predominantly female) people who work in Dispatch: personal tea mugs, the occasional fluffy toy mascot on a console, a little plaque saying 'YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE MAD TO WORK HERE BUT IT HELPS !!!' etc.

Prominent is an operator, talking while she buffs her nails, completely unconcerned about what she's talking about.

OPERATOR: ARMITAGE?

OPERATOR: I'M SORRY. ACCESS TO THOSE RESOURCES HAVE BEEN RESCINDED ON THE AUTHORITY OF ADMINISTRATOR WARNER ...

PAGE SEVEN

1.

Our heroes are pelting from the classy restaurant chamber and into a shabby corridor, Armitage shoving a concierge out of the way while Treasure viciously and with enormous force backhanding a tougher-looking guard on the door.

ARMITAGE: TYPICAL.

SFX: SWAK!

HIT GUARD: UGH!

2.

Dynamic shot of our heroes sprinting towards us down the shabby corridor. (remember that Delbane now only has one microcam floating after her.)

ARMITAGE: KEEP UP, STEEL, OR YOU'LL PROBABLY END UP ON
TOMORROW'S A LA CARTE!

3.

Our heroes spill out of a door in the side of the building and into the shanty-town area that surrounds it. Indications of the occasional inhabitant. Importantly the various shelters are piled up on top of each other in a confusing mess, various ladders and catwalks connecting them. The entire area seems to be generally precarious ...

DOOR SFX: WHUDD

4.

Our heroes are desperately clambering up through the shanty-town. We're looking back past Armitage as he turns to see waiters and guards coming from the building after them, firing shots that impact far too close for comfort.

ARMITAGE: AND STILL THEY'RE COMING.

SFX: BRAAKABRAAKA BRAAK BRAK

5.

Closeup as with desperate strength and contortion Armitage heaves at one of the shanty-town supports. Indications of Treasure and Delbane looking at him like he's gone mad.

ARMITAGE: TIME TO GIVE 'EM SOMETHING ELSE TO THINK ABOUT,
MAYBE.

6.

Big spectacular frame as an entire section of the shanty-town collapses on the pursuing waiters and guards. Indications of the actual inhabitants getting the hell out of the way, jumping terrified out of their collapsing shelters - this is of course one of those Hollywood-like magic disasters that only really harm or kill the guilty, but it must seem physically believable.

SFX;

SHRAASH!

PAGE EIGHT

1.

Viewscreen image. This and the images following have the DATADAY logo in the corner. This one shows a still of the collapsed shanty-town, with Judges and Emergency Services picking through the wreckage.

TV VOICE: THIS WAS THE SCENE OF DEVASTATION EARLY TONIGHT, A SCENE OF DEATH AND FATALITY CAUSED BY ONE MAN ...

2.

Viewscreen image. An angry, battered Armitage is punching Administrator Warner in the face while a similarly battered Treasure Steel reacts in surprise.

TV VOICE: DETECTIVE JUDGE ARMITAGE, A MAN WELL-KNOWN IN THE NEW OLD BAILEY FOR HIS BLATANT DISREGARD OF BASIC HUMAN RIGHTS AND OF THE LAW ITSELF.

TV VOICE: ARMITAGE HAS BEEN SUSPENDED WITHOUT PAY, PENDING AN INVESTIGATION BY THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT BOARD OF REVIEW ON CHARGES OF MALICIOUS NEGLIGENCE AND WILFUL ENDANGERMENT ...

3.

Viewscreen image. A studio shot of a perfect-looking, smiling and decidedly *unbattered* Kara Delbane commentating directly to camera.

TV VOICE: ... AND THIS COMMENTATOR SAYS, HAVING HAD A CHANCE TO SEE HIM WORK AT FIRST HAND, THROW AWAY THE KEYCARDS, GUYS!

TV VOICE: THIS IS KARA DELBANE SAYING: DON'T HAVE NIGHTMARES - THE NIGHTMARE OF CRIME IS ALREADY AT YOUR DOOR IN REAL LIFE.

4.

Cut to Treasure and her wife Terry's apartment. (Same-sex marriages are common and completely unremarkable in Brit-Cit.) The decor is abstract-arty and well designed - Terry being an installation artist, their 'apartment' actually being a number of modular cabins within the big converted workshop space in which she makes her sculptures (we don't see any of that

yet.)

Treasure is on the sofa in a vest and home-slobbing baggy tracksuit bottoms, the vest printed with the logo BOBOX. Terry - blonde, fem, long-haired and in a silk wrap - is snuggled sympathetically next to her. Treasure is angrily switching off a wall-mounted viewscreen with the remote.

Beyond them, in a chair past a coffee table laden with case files, data pads and three people's drinks, is Armitage in trousers, shirtsleeves and waistcoat. At the risk of overly belabouring the point: there's an obvious and intimate sexual connection between Treasure and Terry, but none at all between either of them and Armitage in any sense.

Both Armitage and Steel have, once again, had minor injuries cleaned up and plasters and the suchlike applied.

BOX: SECTOR 2, BRIT-CIT.

TREASURE: BITCH.

TREASURE: AFTER EVERYTHING WE WENT THROUGH WITH HER, SHE'S JOINING THEM IN THE COVER-UP.

5.

Treasure speaks angrily, balling her fists, while Terry hugs her arm loosely and listens seriously.

TREASURE: SHE KNOWS AS WELL AS WE DO THAT THE ONLY PEOPLE KILLED WERE KILLED BY THOSE GOONS.

TREASURE: WHAT WAS THAT PLACE, ANYWAY, ARMITAGE? IT WAS HORRIBLE ...

6.

Armitage speaks thoughtfully.

ARMITAGE: BEFORE YOUR TIME.

ARMITAGE: AFTER THE WAR, A LOT OF PEOPLE WERE FORCED TO DO SOME HORRIBLE THINGS TO SURVIVE.

ARMITAGE (LINK): SOME PEOPLE DEVELOPED A TASTE FOR IT. NOW CERTAIN ... PEOPLE CATER TO THAT MARKET FOR THE RICH. THEY'RE CALLED CHOP-HOUSES ...

PAGE NINE

1.

Terry climbs to her feet, smiling at Treasure with the kind of mock-long-suffering regard familiar to those whose spouses have to do some work, yet again, but they don't mind really.

TERRY: WELL, I THINK THAT'S A LITTLE MORE INFORMATION
THAN I NEED IN MY LIFE. I'M OFF TO BED.

2.

Terry plants a friendly kiss on a scowling Armitage's forehead.

TERRY: SEE YOU, ARMITAGE, YOU MISERABLE OLD SOD.

ARMITAGE: GET OFF ME, WOMAN. I WON'T KEEP HER UP LONG.

TERRY: UP WHAT, PRECISELY?

3.

Treasure and Armitage are poring over the notes. Treasure is intently scanning a data pad. Armitage has turned to the apartment's front door from which a knocking has come.

TREASURE: SO THAT'S THE SECRET OF THE MISDIRECTED BODIES?
THAT'S IT?

ARMITAGE: I DON'T THINK SO. CHOP-HOUSES ARE JUST PLAIN EVIL,
AND PLUS THEY, UH, CULTIVATE THEIR OWN
MATERIALS FOR QUALITY CONTROL. I THINK
SOMEONE'S SIMPLY MONKEYED WITH THE DATA
SYSTEM, SENDING US THERE IN THE HOPE THAT WE'D -

SFX: NOK NOK

4.

Treasure is opening the door, surprised. Beyond it is Kara Delbane - and a completely different Kara Delbane from the pristine one we just saw on the viewscreen. She's battered and bruised and still wearing the torn and dirty clothes we saw her in at the restaurant building. She is also very afraid.

TREASURE: DELBANE?

5.

A thoughtful Armitage looks on as Treasure snaps angrily at Delbane, who seems to be trying to deny everything.

DELBANE: IT'S ...

TREASURE: WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU PLAYING AT, DELBANE?
THAT REPORT YOU DID HAD ARMITAGE KICKED, AND
ME LOOKING LOOKING SERIOUSLY AT A LIFE IN
TRAFFIC CONTROL!

DELBANE: IT WASN'T ME, STEEL.

6.

An illustrative flashback-still of Delbane in an editing studio, looking furiously at the footage on the screens that a casually uncaring technician is putting together. On one of the screens we see the face of the perfect-looking Delbane we saw in the viewscreen frames.

BOX: 'I WAS HUNG UP FOR HOURS IN JUSTICE DEPARTMENT
INTERROGATION. IT WAS LIKE THEY WERE
DELIBERATELY KEEPING ME THERE ...'

BOX: 'WHEN I GOT BACK TO DATADAY, I FOUND THEY'D
ALREADY STITCHED THE REPORT TOGETHER AND
STITCHED YOU UP - USING AN AI-GENERATED
SIMULACRUM ...'

PAGE TEN

1.

Illustrative flashback. In a DataDay executive office, Delbane is banging the desk of an executive with her fist and shouting at him. The exec is calmly pressing something, possibly a button, under his desk and looking toward a door off to one side.

BOX: 'I TOOK IT UP TO WEISMANN ON THE EXEC-STRATUM LEVEL, TRIED TO GET THE PIECE PULLED FROM THE SCHEDULE ...'

2.

Illustrative flashback. A pair of uniformed DataDay security guards are advancing on a shocked looking Delbane with truncheon-like shockrods.

BOX: 'IT DIDN'T WORK.'

BOX: 'I HAD THE BASIC NEWS-FEEDER COMBAT TRAINING, OF COURSE, BUT BASICALLY I JUST CUT AND RUN.'

3.

Back in Treasure's apartment. Delbane is still explaining away while Armitage listens seriously. Treasure has walked across to the door, approaching it cautiously as she hears a sound from outside.

DELBANE: I DIDN'T KNOW WHERE YOU LIVED, BUT I PULLED JUDGE STEEL'S ADDRESS FROM MY BACKGROUND RESEARCH AND -

TREASURE: DID YOU HEAR THAT?

TREASURE (LINK): I THINK I HEARD SOMETHING OUT THERE. SOMETHING MOVING ...

4.

The door bursts off its hinges with enormous force, breaking into a couple of pieces, and knocking Treasure back spectacularly. Possibly, she's also being zapped by the discharge from some unseen shockrod.

SFX: SKLUNCH!

TREASURE: GHAAH!

5.

Armitage has leaped to where Treasure has fallen and is checking on her as she groggily stirs. He's glaring furiously out at us, at the peripheral indications of the guys we'll see below.

ARMITAGE: STEEL! ARE YOU ...

ARMITAGE: AND WHO THE HELL ARE YOU.

6.

Two male DataDay security guards have come through the door, each with a shockrod drawn and each grinning nastily. Aside from the decor, their uniforms and the fact of them being completely different people, this view of them is strikingly similar to that of the two Special Branch people we saw at the end of the last episode.

GUARD: CLEANERS. WE'RE CLEANERS.

OTHER GUARD: DELBANE HERE MADE A DIRTY MESS OF TRACKS, AND WE'RE JUST HERE TO CLEAN THEM UP.

Dave Stone

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