

Armitage: Apostasy in the UK

Part 1

Script: Dave Stone

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Armitage created by Dave Stone, David Bishop and Sean Phillips

Page One

1.

Large flashback-illustrative frame.

We're in the Brit-Cit equivalent of a crack house/brothel (the Made-up Future Drug keesh can be involved, if we don't wanna get too near the bone.)

Filthy walls, newsprint-flimsy over the windows, garbage-bags full of possessions, drug-paraphernalia, a messed-up pallet bed, etc. A particular piece of graffiti scrawled on the wall, what we see of it, reads: BIG RELIGION SKINS AND NEW HATS.

A couple of WHORES are generally dressing and fixing their looks. While basically sallow and wasted and tattooed, they're each a different mix of any number of racial characteristics rather than stereotypically White or Black or anything. (Brit-Cit, like Britain, is fundamentally multicultural, which over the centuries has led to a hell of a lot more genetic-drift than in the US Mega-Cities.)

PLAINCLOTHES JUDGE SLATER, is on the pallet-bed, lacing up his boots. Thirty-five-ish, unshaven and seedy, fag in his mouth, think the perennial Detective Sergeant leather-jacket-and-jeans from every cop show ever, without it being all knowing and postmodern and wanky or whatever.

(The jacket still lies discarded somewhere. Slater's t-shirt, which he is wearing, is block-printed with the word MEAT.)

Yer standard 'bent cop post-coitus with a couple of crack-whores' scene, basically – but there's nothing sensational or overblown about it. It's all completely matter-of-fact. Slater is regarding us with total unconcern, as if we've just happened to wander in on him.

BOX “RONALD MICHAEL SLATER, DETECTIVE JUDGE,
PLAINCLOTHES DIVISION.”

BOX “CURRENTLY DETACHED TO VICE SQUAD,
SECTOR 3, NU-SOHO.”

2.

Flashback-illustrative frame.

Slater is fully-dressed except for his jacket. He has a tough and bulky-looking PIMP-type guy against a wall of the room, and is snarling at him with an absolute and possibly drug-induced viciousness, obviously threatening him with far more than just arrest.

For all his toughness, the pimp is clearly terrified – which might or might not be due to the fact that Slater has a Stanley knife jammed to his neck.

Beyond them, the half-dressed whores stare with alarm.

(Possibly, the pimp is also in the process of producing a thick wad of notes to give to Slater.)

BOX

“THE BRIEF WAS TO TARGET-TRACE THE OPERATIONS OF KNOWN *ENTREPRENEUR*, JASON PETER KANE ...”

3.

Flashback-illustrative.

Night. A crowded Brit-Cit street in the equivalent of Soho. Weird and wacky night-people on the street. A mix of seedy clip-joints and splendid neon-bedecked clubs. Visible signs and such include ‘BOY ON GENOME ACTION’ and ‘ALSATIANS! ALSATIANS! ALSATIANS!’

Our focus is on Slater, who is exiting a non-descript doorway – maybe indications of a dark stairwell behind it - and unconcernedly stuffing what is obviously a wad of notes into the inside pocket of his jacket.

(Possible indications of the alley to which Slater will repair, in the next frame, to count his money.)

BOX

“NO PROGRESS.”

BOX

“LAST FILED REPORT SAID THAT HE NEEDED TIME TO GATHER FURTHER EVIDENCE.”

4.

Flashback-illustrative.

A dark and narrow alleyway, in which a small full-figure Slater is just standing there, in silhouette. From his posture we get the slightly cartoony effect of someone unconcernedly counting his money.

(Possible indications of a skyline, if that can be made to work in any way with an alley, and a distinctive slice of the St Paul’s dome.)

SLATER

[a musical note – he’s whistling]

5.

Flashback-illustrative.

Move in on Slater as he spins in alarm to see some shadowy FIGURES creeping up on him.

(At the moment they're just a big and menacing mass of shadow, with white-out indications of evil-villain eyes, and we see some indication of what we'll later learn to be pointed Klu Klux Klan hats.)

BOX "AND THEN IT'S LIKE HE DROPPED OFF THE FACE OF THE WORLD."

6.

Flashback-illustrative.

Small, tight closeup on Slater's abdomen, spasming forward as he is quite brutally stabbed.

BOX "NO FURTHER REPORTS. TRACER-IMPLANTS SNUFFED."

BOX "WE HAVEN'T SEEN OR HEARD FROM HIM IN WEEKS ..."

7.

Flashback-illustrative.

Tight closeup on Slater's face. Eyes bugging with terror, nostrils flared, mouth yawning open and blood running from it as he dies.

(This should be quite a distinctive image of *extremis* since the form of it'll recur on the next page ...)

VOICE (off, breaking into frame) UNTIL NOW.

Page Two

(Standard framing and action from here on in – unless specifically noted.)

1.

A big frame – possibly taking up and bleeding off the whole page, with the other frames as drop-ons.

In extreme, cropped closeup we're looking at a fluid-filled glass jar, in which floats the severed head of Slater. The expression is the same as when we saw him last, but the features smeared around by death and decomposition to make it even more extreme.

Importantly, the head has been cyber-modified: transistor-tracerics shot through the flesh, a switching unit jammed into an eye-socket, metallic tubes and power-cables running from one nostril and the neck to, no doubt, connect to some out-of-sight piece of equipment integral to the jar.

Importantly, these cyber-mods are scorched and melted, obviously burnt-out.

Beyond this, on the other side of the jar, we see the partially cut-off but instantly recognisable and sternly glowering face of ARMITAGE. He's examining the jar and its contents closely.

(Possibly, if there's room in the composition, we see indications of MARY TURNER even further back, just generally standing around in her lab and calmly pulling off her latex gloves. The overall effect is one of hugely – even impossibly – pulled focus.)

BOX PATH LABS. NEW OLD BAILEY. BRIT-CIT.

ARMITAGE NASTY.

TITLE AND CREDITS: ARMITAGE – APOSTASY IN THE U.K.

2.

Change of angle to a wide-shot of the Pathology lab. Armitage is frowning at the jar, which is basically a bell-jar with various power-units and such integral to its base.

Mary is wiping her now-gloveless hands with a towel. By her, on the examination slab and covered with a bloody sheet, are the remains of a body – obviously *sans* head and in several bits.

Mary Turner is, as we'll remember, a cheerful bespectacled redhead with a ponytail and in a lab-coat. The thing to remember about Mary is that she stays perfectly cheerful, no matter what the level of gore and/or atrocity she's dealing with or talking about.

(Possibly we see the transputer-and-viewpad arrangement we'll encounter next frame knocking around somewhere, to tie it in.)

MARY IT'S NOT NICE, I'LL GIVE YOU THAT.

MARY (LINK) FOUND LAST NIGHT IN THE DECONSECRATED CHANCELLERY OF *ST PAULS*. NEARLY PUT ME OFF MY FRIDAY KEBAB.

ARMITAGE CAN YOU GIVE ME A PRINTOUT ON THE RELEVANT DETAILS?

3.

Mary is at the desktop transputer-terminal, hitting a key and obviously downloading information into an A4-sized portable viewing pad.

Beyond her, in the background, Armitage still stands pondering the head in the jar.

MARY I CAN DO YOU BETTER THAN THAT.

MARY (LINK) I CAN LEND YOU A DATAPAD – I KNOW THOSE BUGGERS UP IN THE *STAR-CHAMBER* ARE SQUEEZING THE PIPS OUT OF YOUR BUDGET.

4.

Mary gives Armitage the viewing pad. On it we catch a glimpse of a section of the image we'll see on the next page – not enough to get any detail.

ARMITAGE THANKS, MARY.

ARMITAGE (LINK) ANY SIGNIFICANT DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THIS ONE AND THE ... OTHER ONES WE FOUND?

MARY NOT A LOT. SAME AS USUAL.

5.

Armitage faces us, frowning down at the pad – we just see the back of it intruding from the bottom of the frame.

Behind him, Mary is on the point of turning cheerfully from him with a friendly little see-ya wave.

ARMITAGE YEAH.

ARMITAGE (LINK) SAME AS USUAL.

Page Three

1.

Big closeup on the viewing-pad display, at an angle so's we're obviously holding it and looking at it. Various compu-graphics and notes laid over the main image:

In an ornate corner of a disused St Paul's Cathedral (Is there a suitably ornate and, you know, actually *churchy* bit in St Paul's? I forget. Just fake it.) the body of Slater has been systematically dismembered and rearranged.

The lungs and organs laid open and extruded to form a kind of angel-wing web from the back of the upside-down torso. The severed legs have been arranged laterally, broken backwards at the knees so that the toes point to the hanging torso. The severed forearms are on racks and articulated so they can point in different directions. The fingers of each hand are individually clamped so that each hand seems to be pointing a finger ...

Cybernesis is shot through all this, and tangles of cable lead to the head in the jar. The body has, we'll learn, been turned into a sort of satellite-transceiver.

(All this mutilation could of course get incredibly gory and nasty – which is why I'm only showing it second-hand, over viewscreens and such. We just need to get the basic *sense* of it, if you get me.)

2.

We're in the scruffy Criminal Investigations office of the New Old Bailey. Battered desks and transputer terminals and piles of unsolved case-notes, etc. In particular, on the wall, we see a Brit-Cit (London) street map with several pins stuck in it to denote various crimes.

Armitage is putting the portable viewscreen on his desk with a scowl.

TREASURE STEEL is sitting with her feet up on her desk, and idly flipping through a case report. There's an unconcerned and seen-it-all-before air to her demeanour. There's a paper cup of coffee somewhere.

(Treasure is, of course, dark-skinned Afro-Chinese and is constantly changing her image. Today she's cropped and butch-waxed and wearing a really sharp black MIB-like suit and tie. The jacket is currently hanging from her chair, the tie loosened and the sleeves of the pristine white shirt rolled up.)

BOX	CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION DIVISION. NEW OLD BAILEY. BRIT-CIT.
ARMITAGE	TWENTY BODIES FOUND <i>MUTILATED</i> , IN THE RUINS OF DECONSECRATED CHURCHES ... AND NOW ONE OF THEM TURNS OUT TO BE A <i>JUDGE</i> .
TREASURE	SO WE FINALLY GET THE FUNDING TO INVESTIGATE, THEN?

3.

Armitage sits at his own desk with a little bit of starting-to-feel-his-age relief.
Treasure smiles at him with friendly spite.

ARMITAGE YEAH ...

ARMITAGE (LINK) oof!

ARMITAGE I THINK I'M STARTING TO FEEL MY AGE.

TREASURE WHAT, COMPLETELY SENILE AND DRIBBLING?

4.

Wide shot of the office in basic silhouette. Armitage is on one side, Treasure on the other.

Their postures and hand-gestures show they're just generally conversing.

ARMITAGE LITTLE BIT LESS OF THE LIP, THERE, STEEL.

ARMITAGE (LINK) THE BODIES WERE CLEARLY TORTURED IN SOME
INSANE RELIGIOUS RITUAL ...

TREASURE MEANS NOTHING TO ME. THEY BANNED *RELIGION*
ON THE 12th OF JUNE 2057 – HALF AN HOUR AFTER
THEY BANNED ALL BIGOTRY AND SEXISM.

5.

Over-the-shoulder shot from Armitage to Treasure as she does a little, totally unconcerned, who-knows gesture.

ARMITAGE YEAH. AND WE ALL KNOW HOW WELL *THAT*
TURNED OUT.

TREASURE ALL I MEAN IS, WHAT THE DROKK AM I SUPPOSED
TO KNOW ABOUT WHAT INSANE *RELIGIOUS* JERKS
GET UP TO? THAT'S MORE YOUR GENERATION.

6.

Shot of Armitage's face, speaking thoughtfully.

ARMITAGE I'M NOT *QUITE* THAT OLD. I'M JUST FEELING IT.

ARMITAGE (LINK) I SUPPOSE WE SHOULD GO TALK TO SOMEONE
WHO ACTUALLY *KNOWS*.

Page Four

1.

Big wide shot of the New Old Bailey Chapel of Grud and Jovus Almighty.

It's a big, blank room. Projected on the walls, however, are a tangled profusion of religious images: a Menorah, a Buddha, a Burning Heart, a Pentacle, a Crucifix, etc, etc, etc – all of them overstamped with that device you get on no-parking signs and the like: a red circle with a diagonal line through it.

Off to one side is a minimal podium and lectern. Behind it stands a spare, quite elderly man in what at this distance seems to be the plain black suit and minimal dog-collar of the most utterly bland kinda C of E Vicar.

This is Thomas Whelps, the Apostolic Vicar of the Brit-Cit Church of Grud and Jovus Almighty – we'll just call him the VICAR from now on.

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

VICAR (scriptive text) ... there is no God but the God of our
Fathers, for the simple reason that there was neither no
God for *them*.

VICAR (LINK) (scriptive) Anthropic principle, and the subconscious
recollection of an infant world of giants, with all forces
unknowable and outside of one's direct control ...

BOX *THOMAS ABLON WHELPS IS THE APOSTOLIC VICAR
OF THE NEW OLD BAILEY CHAPEL.*

2.

We're looking past the Vicar to where Armitage and Steel are entering via a doorway in the far wall.

(Treasure is carrying her black suit jacket slung over one shoulder.)

This close, we see that the Vicar is the absolute living spit of the Toothy Vicar as played by Dick Emery in his show.

He also has a little badge on his dog-collar – the same circle-with-a-line through it that's stamped over the religious images.

The Vicar's still generally pontificating ...

VICAR (scriptive) ... combine to form an adult mind-state of
innate but quite redundant supplication. We feel there
simply *must* be some ultimate authority over our lives and
selves ...

BOX HE SPENDS HIS DAYS PROSELYTISING ATHEISTIC
SERMONS WITH AN ACTIVE CONTENT OF *ZERO*,
AND WHICH NOBODY *EVER* COMES TO HEAR.

3.

Over-the-shoulder shot of Armitage as he calls up to get the Vicar's attention.
The Vicar is turning to see him with some small surprise.

BOX IF ANYBODY'S GONNA KNOW ABOUT *INSANE* AND *POINTLESS*, IT'S HIM.

VICAR (scriptive) ... someone to alternatively cajole and placate into accepting the responsibility for our own acts – uh ...

ARMITAGE HEY, YOU! WHELPS!

4.

The Vicar has come down from the lectern and Armitage questions him.
Treasure hangs back and listens. As ever, everything appears perfectly calm and laid back.

The Vicar is pursing his lips and sucking on his teeth in thought.

ARMITAGE YOU'RE THE *APOSTATE* OF JOVUS AND GRUD, RIGHT? YOU'RE THE NEAREST THING WE HAVE TO A PRIEST.

ARMITAGE (LINK) WE NEED SOME HELP ON THE MATTER OF *INSANE* RELIGIOUS RITUALS.

VICAR WOULD THAT I COULD ... UH, DETECTIVE JUDGE *ARMITAGE*, IS IT?

5.

Closeup on the vicar as he speaks – and we *really* get that he's being played by Dick Emery.

He seems perfectly jovial, but dubious as to whether he can be any help in the slightest.

VICAR SINCE THE *UNIFIED ACCORD* OF 2057, THE BRIT-CIT CHURCH OF GRUD AND JOVUS HAS SERVED PURELY AS A ... PLACEHOLDER. TO PREVENT OTHER FAITHS FROM SPRINGING UP TO FILL THE GAP.

VICAR (LINK) YOU COULD FIT WHAT I KNOW OF *TRULY* SPIRITUAL MATTERS ON THE HEAD OF A PIN.

6.

Armitage and Steel walk towards us through a New Old Bailey corridor, slightly pissed off at the fact that they're not getting anywhere.

ARMITAGE WELL, *THAT* WAS A TOTAL BUST. I MEAN, WHAT'S THE GOOD OF HAVING A *CHURCH* IF IT DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT INSANE AND POINTLESS RITUALS?

ARMITAGE (LINK) LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO TRY ANOTHER TACK.

7.

Two-shot of Armitage and Steel. Armitage is giving instructions.

Treasure has pulled on her suit jacket and is fixing her tie as she listens.

ARMITAGE YOU GO AND LATCH ONTO SLATER'S, TRAIL, STEEL. TRY TO TRACK HIS LAST MOVEMENTS ...

TREASURE SURE.

Page Five

1.

Illustrative shot of Armitage's distinctive pod-like car driving through the Brit-Cit twilight.

BOX "... AND I'LL FOLLOW UP MY OWN LINES OF
INQUIRY."

2.

Illustrative shot of a Cardboard City-like patch of wasteground. Cobbled-together cobbles, dossier-forms and communal fires, etc. This is where the character Lisa Marsh lives, and we've seen it in any number of earlier stories.

Armitage has parked his car and is making his way across the waste ground to Lisa's hovel.

BOX SECTOR 3. BRIT-CIT.

3.

Over-the-shoulder shot past Armitage as LISA MARSH opens the door of her hovel. She's added a kinda Dragon Lady look to her repertoire since we saw her last, while of course remaining an utterly hottie.

She's regarding Armitage ironically.

LISA ARMITAGE, YOU OLD GIT!

LISA (LINK) LONG TIME NO SEE!

4.

A change of scene. We're now in the Soho-area we saw at the start. Crowds and sex-club stuff, etc.

A sharp-suited Treasure wanders casually through the crowd, hands in pockets. She's very obviously cruising a hotcha STREET WALKER, who is lounging against a wall.

BOX NU-SOHO. SECTOR 2. BRIT-CIT.

5.

Two-shot of Treasure and the street walker, amidst general passers by, involved in what looks like the beginnings of a transaction.

STREETWLKR HEY, GIRL! YOU LOOKING FOR, YOU KNOW, A *TIME*?

TREASURE MAYBE LATER. I'M LOOKING FOR A MAN.

STREETWLKR HMF. TAKES ALL SORTS.

6.

Closeup on Treasure as she shows us her warrant card with an ironic smile.

TREASURE I DON'T MEAN LIKE THAT.

TREASURE (LINK) GUY CALLED *JASON KANE*. DO YOU KNOW WHERE I
COULD FIND HIM?

Page Six

1.

Change of scene.

We're now inside Lisa Marsh's actually quite opulent and luxurious home – see earlier stories for refs.

Armitage is scowling, and pulling the portable screen we saw earlier from his coat. Lisa is in the process of just generally neatening up the place, with a small and mischievously spiteful smile.

ARMITAGE LESS OF THE *OLD*, THANK YOU VERY MUCH, LISA.
I'M GETTING ENOUGH OF THAT OFF STEEL.

LISA IF THE COLOSTOMY AND RUBBER INCONTINENCE
PANTS FIT. WHAT DO YOU NEED?

2.

Move in on Armitage as he hands out the portable screen. We catch another glimpse of the distinctive shape of the mutilated body on it.

ARMITAGE ONLY WHAT YOU DO BEST.

ARMITAGE (LINK) I NEED YOU TO RUN SOME *PATTERN-
RECOGNITIONS* FOR ME.

3.

Change of scene. We're in a tenebrous and smoky Nu-Soho bar. Bill Sykes Dickensian as all get-out, save for the vapour signs advertising hash, Sparky Night brand crystal meth, etc, and the fact that some of the obviously criminal clientele are cyber-implanted and pink-tattooed.

Treasure is at a drink and hash laden bench-table (hash is perfectly legal in Brit-Cit) on the other side to the Pimp-guy we met at the start, and who has his whores ranged on either side.

Treasure is talking calmly, conversationally. The pimp-guy, however, seems a little worried.

We can just make out a sticking plaster on the side of his neck, where Slater pressed the knife.

BOX NU-SOHO. SECTOR 3. BRIT-CIT.

PIMP-GUY ... SO LISTEN, YOU'RE A JUDGE. YOU KNOW
ABOUT THE *SHAKING DOWN* AND SHIT. COST OF
DOING BUSINESS, YEAH?

TREASURE I DON'T DO THAT.

PIMP-GUY UH, NOT THAT I'VE *EVER* DONE ANYTHING THAT
WOULD -

4.

The pimp-guy's POV of Treasure, talking seriously but conversationally.

TREASURE KANE, I REALLY DON'T CARE ABOUT YOU AT THIS POINT.

TREASURE (LINK) I'M NOT SOME *MEGA-CITY* DRONE WHO TAKES TIME OUT FROM A *MURDER*-HUNT TO KNEECAP SOME POOR SOD FOR NOT LOOKING BOTH WAYS.

TREASURE I JUST WANT YOU TO TELL ME ABOUT SLATER.

5.

Close shot on the pimp-guy, obviously scared, rubbing absently at the sticking plaster on his neck.

Beyond him we see that one of his whores is looking at him with concern and laying a comforting hand on his shoulder. (Real-life situations and relationships being more complicated than you get in the movies sort of thing, yeah?)

PIMP-GUY THE MAN WAS SCUM. I'M GLAD HE'S DEAD.

PIMP-GUY (LINK) SOME OF THE STUFF HE DID TO *OLINA* HERE, AND ... I CAN TAKE YOU THROUGH THE LAST TIME I SAW HIM ...

6.

Wide shot of the crowded night-street we saw at the start with Slater. We see the alley where Slater met his end.

Treasure stands with one hand in her pocket, one hand to her chin, thoughtfully looking around.

BOX LATER.

7.

Small frame on Treasure as she turns her head to notice the alley.

Page Seven

1.
Treasure wanders cautiously up the alley. Shadows might just suggest that there are people in there with her ...

[Note: Up until this point our people have been strolling through the story with a sort of calm nonchalance. Now, without warning, comes a moment of *extreme* and off-the-scale violence.]

2.
Close on Treasure as *something* smacks her forward with enormous force.

TREASURE HNN!

3.
We're looming over Treasure on the ground, as she lurches around from a sprawl and stares up at us with frantic shock.
The shadows of 'our' pointy hoods has fallen over her.
(Possible indications that 'we' are part of a gang, with shadowy forms to either side of us.

VOICE OFF (creepy) NOTHING HERE FOR BAD BOYS, NOW.

TREASURE ... THE *DROKK!*?

VOICE OFF (creepy) THAT'S ALL BEEN AND DONE.

4.
Close on Treasure as 'we' swing the scepter we'll see in the next frame to smack her on the side of the head and follow through – again with enormous force. We see in detail how the force-transfer distorts her features and sends spray of blood from nose and mouth off to one side.

Indications of 'our' arm show that we are wearing the ornate robes we'll properly encounter below.

SFX - SWUK! –

TREASURE GHN!

VOICE OFF (creepy) SOMETHING HERE FOR *YOU*, NOW.

5.

Big reveal/cliff-hanger frame.

Treasure is sprawled on the ground, knocked back limp and unconscious. Her eyes are slitted half-shut and bruised all around by haemorrhage-trauma. Her mouth yaws slackly open. She's bleeding profusely from mouth and broken nose in the force-direction of the blow. Her posture is twisted and rag-doll slack. She hasn't been comic-book knocked-out – she's suffered the kind of real-life physical damage that leaves one comatose or freshly dead.

Crouching over her is a MINION. (He's dressed the same as the others, whom we'll describe in a minute.)

The Minion has taken hold of Treasure's suit and shirt with a clawed – human – hand and has wrenched one side open to expose the breast and flesh beneath ...

(**IMPORTANTLY:** I want to make it *perfectly* clear that this should not come across as get-yer-tits-out salaciousness. The effect is to leave Treasure horribly prone and vulnerable to some possible violation. Naked as opposed to nude.)

In his other hand the Minion holds a sickle.

Standing behind this basic *tableau vivant*, and filling the background, are three other MINIONS. Like their fellow, they're dressed in voluminous, pointy-hooded robes and cowls reminiscent of the Spanish Inquisition out of the Klu Klux Klan. The cloth is blood-red rather than white (therefore black, if drawn in mono) crawling with abstract and ornate gilt stitching in the manner of a Roman Catholic Bishop. (The effect is generically High Church ornamental, without conveying any actual religion.)

One of the Background Minions is holding a broadsword, point in the ground, hands crossed over on the pommel.

One of the minions is holding a heavy scepter in one hand, and a big and antique-looking hypodermic in the other.

The third has, hanging folded from his arm, a length of white, silken material. Either a robe or a shroud, we can't yet tell.

(The basic sense of all this is, of course, oh my God, what the fuck are they gonna *do* to Treasure!

We'll find out.)

A MINION (creepy, one of the b/g minions) SOMETHING HERE JUST FOR A GOOD GIRL.

A MINION (LINK) (creepy) JUST LIKE YOU.

CONTINUED ...

Dave Stone

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