

Armitage: Bodies of Evidence 4

A script by Dave Stone

10 pages

PAGE ONE

1.

We're in the opulent inner sanctum of Efil Drago San. Possible indications of the dollybird guards, weird and dangerous looking gaming-activity on the screens etc, but we're really just here to fix on Armitage and Steel regarding Drago San as he talks sardonically away.

Armitage is holding the data-pad he was given last episode, glowering at the man he hates but with whom for the moment he is forced to work.

BOX: SPACEPORT HINTERLANDS, BRIT-CIT FREE ZONE.

BOX: FROM THE FILES OF DETECTIVE JUDGE ARMITAGE:

BOX: DETECTIVE WORK IS OVERRATED, HALF THE TIME. IT'S EASIER THAN YOU THINK.

BOX: YOU LAND SOME NEBULOUS AND IMPENETRABLE CASE THAT PASSES UNDERSTANDING, YOU CAN LINE UP ALL THE EVIDENCE AND INFERENCES UNTIL YOU PULL A BELTER OF A SOLUTION OUT YOUR ARSE ...'

DRAGO: I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH ALL THAT MESSY BODILY INTERFERENCE, ARMITAGE. NOTHING TO DO WITH THE ABDUCTION OF YOUR FRIEND.

2.

Closeup on Efil Drago San, smiling broadly. He's toying with a pressurised canister, roughly the size and shape of the sort of deodorant that, supposedly, has women chasing after one whether one likes it or not. Drago's obviously proffering the canister for our inspection, without being so crass as to actually *do* it, if you get what I mean.

BOX: 'OR YOU CAN JUST GO AND ASK SOMEONE WHO ALREADY KNOWS.'

DRAGO: THE PEOPLE IN QUESTION ARE MERELY COMPETING IN MY CURRENT SPHERE OF INTEREST. I HAD PLANS IN MOTION TO DEAL WITH THEM MYSELF - AS I DID ONCE BEFORE, I SEEM TO RECALL.

LINK: IT STRIKES ME, THOUGH, THAT YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO DEAL WITH THINGS WITHOUT GOING TO SUCH, AH, UNFORTUNATE EXTREMES ...

3.

Change of scene. We're in Drago San's gaming house itself, Armitage and Steel walking purposefully through it on their way out - possibly, again with the dollybird guards escorting them to fix that impression.

Armitage is in the casual process of putting what might or might not be Drago San's canister in an inside jacket pocket. Treasure glances at him questioningly.

In the background we see something of the various gaming-house activities amongst the Designer Vegas décor: gamblers and hangers-on of different genders and fiduciary standing, weird mutations of wheel and card games such as you'd find in any old Star Trek episode - but with the occasional twisted little detail like a nervous gambler plugged into a BLOODWORX machine capable of dispensing any number of lethal transfusions, an EAST-MEG ROULETTE device and a wheel-of-fortune crossed with an automated knife-throwing act.

TREASURE: WHAT DID DRAGO SAN GIVE YOU?

ARMITAGE: SOME SORT OF GAS-CANISTER. HE SAID IT MIGHT COME IN USEFUL. GOD ALONE KNOWS HOW.

LINK: I SUPPOSE IT ALL DEPENDS ON WHERE I STICK IT.

4.

Move in on Armitage and Steel as he hands her the data-pad Drago gave him.

ARMITAGE: WELL, AT LEAST HE GAVE US SOMETHING SLIGHTLY MORE TANGIBLE.

LINK: WE CAN CHECK IT OUT WHEN WE'RE BACK IN THE CITY PROPER. FOR THE MOMENT, I HAVE TO MAKE A COUPLE OF CALLS.

5.

A data-pad screen image. On it, a hideously old and wrinkled man sits in an archaic-looking bath chair in a quilted smoking jacket, prince-nez and one of those pillbox hats with a tassel, the name of which escapes me for the moment. His rheumy eyes gaze mournfully at the cup of tea he's holding weakly in his hands - not so much the epitome of someone old, but an utterly blatant and clichéd caricature of it.

Indications of a medic-suited figure off to one side, laying a comforting hand on the old

git's shoulder.

VOICEOVER: '... SIXTH AGE SHIFTS INTO THE LEAN AND SLIPPED PANTALOOON, WITH SPECTACLES ON NOSE AND POUCH ON SIDE ...'

VOICEOVER: NOT A PRETTY SIGHT, IS IT - AND BELIEVE YOU ME, YOU WOULDN'T WANT YOUR NOSE WHERE MINE IS NOW.

6.

The data-screen image pans across and we see it's Doctor Bob - who we met last time - in full, smarmy, smiling Infomercial mode. In the background we see indications of a gravitas-giving medical desk and bookshelves etc.

VOICEOVER: ARE THE SHOCKS THAT FLESH IS HEIR TO GETTING YOU DOWN? ARE YOUR SENILE RAVINGS STARTLING THE NEIGHBOURS AND THE SMELL OF URINE PUTTING OFF THE YOUNG LADIES?

LINK: DON'T KNOW WHICH WAY TO TURN, EVEN IF YOUR CALCINATED JOINTS COULD TURN THERE IN THE FIRST PLACE ..?

LINK: HI. I'M DOCTOR BOB. AND I CAN HELP YOU.

PAGE TWO

1.

Data-screen closeup as Doctor Bob gives some sort of injection to the feeble old git. The actual specifics are blatantly pixelled out by chromatic squares, but the obscured forms might just be consistent with the horrible little creature Doctor Bob was holding when we saw him last. The old guy's face and bulging eyes, however, contrive to suggest that he's been startled by a sudden spike where no spike should ordinarily be expected to be.

DOCTOR BOB: HERE AT OUR EXCLUSIVE CLINIC IN THE MERCY HILL MEDIGEN COMPLEX, OUR CLASSIFIED AND CONFIDENTIAL COURSE OF TREATMENTS HAVE BEEN CERTIFIABLY PROVEN TO HALT AND REVERSE THE CATABOLIC PROCESS ...

OLD GIT: AK!

2.

A final data-screen image. Our once feeble-old git - obviously the same man - is now in a plushy glamorous room of the sort where ambassadors really spoil us with hazelnut and biscuit confections than which actual squirrel shit would be an improvement.

Our man is now in dynamic middle-age, in a sharp suit, escorting an adoring Trophy Blonde and drawing admiring glances from the elegantly gathered men and women alike. He's obviously bursting with happiness and having the time of his life.

VOICEOVER: ... MAKING LIFE ONCE MORE YOUR OYSTER, OR BOWL
OF CHERRIES, OR EXORBITANTLY UNPROCURABLE
COMESTIBLE OF YOUR CHOICE!

LINK: OF COURSE, THE LEGAL NATURE OF THIS SERVICE
MEANS THAT OUR TREATMENTS AREN'T PRECISELY
CHEAP ...

3.

Cut to the rather more real and seedy space of a Brit-Cit transit station - the equivalent of a tube station but, this being the Sci-Fi future, more to do with monorails and pneumatic capsules rather than trains. The graffiti, dossers, beggars, loitering jobs, angry mothers with screaming bastard kids, etc, are all too commonplace and familiar. Depending on whether or not it looks too blatantly foreshadowing, we might have indications of the public storage lockers we'll see later. Armitage, his back to us, is at a public-phone like comms installation and speaking quietly into it. Treasure stands off to one side with the data-pad, on which she's been watching the sequence above, and is in the process of shutting off with a scowl.

FROM PAD: ... WHICH IS WHY THIS MESSAGE IS RESTRICTED TO
PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF, WITH THE MEANS
AND THE RIGHT TO A NEW HOLD ON THE LIFE TO
WHICH YOU ARE ACCUSTOMED ...

LINK: SO HAVE THE PERSON WHO REMEMBERS THINGS FOR
YOU BOOK A CONSULTATION, BEFORE THE NEXT
CREMATION CEREMONY YOU ATTEND IS YOUR --blip--

4.

Armitage has hung up the phone and wandered over to Treasure, who falls into step with him.

TREASURE: NOT EXACTLY SUBTLE. AT LEAST WE' HAVE THEIR PROPER
ADDRESS.

LINK: YOUR CALLS WENT OKAY?

5.

We're at a bank of battered public lockers. Treasure watches as Armitage opens a locker and pulls out the items inside.

ARMITAGE: YEAH. COUPLE OF GUYS IN WHAT'S LEFT OF DEPARTMENT-FUNDED PARAMED GAVE US WHAT WE NEED. HAPPY TO HELP.

LINK: I JUST TOLD 'EM WE WERE STICKING IT TO WHAT THEY CALL THE FLYING SHITEHAWKS ...

6.

Armitage and Steel now have the guns they took off the two Special Branch people and are surreptitiously (this being a public place) checking them over.

ARMITAGE: AND PLUS I MADE A CALL TO, UH, A MUTUAL FRIEND. JUST A BIT OF COVER FOR WHEN THINGS TAKE UPON THEMSELVES THE ASPECT OF AN AVOCADO.

LINK: YOU KNOW, LIKE THEY ALWAYS DO.

7.

Establishing shot of the MediGen hospital-complex, which we get from the sign on it and possibly a couple of ambulance-pods outside.

BOX: 'I THINK WE'RE SET.'

FROM BUILDING: GOT A CROAKER FOR YOU!

PAGE THREE

1.

Cut to the crowded and hectic Emergency Room of the hospital. Med-techs crash-treating the injured with a variety of bleep-machines and blood packs etc. Importantly, the impression is of a low-rent and basic, albeit futuristic Dredd-world, medical facility. The equipment and

med-techs are run-down and patched-together, overworked and harried rather than the distinctly Villainous Minion med-techs we've seen in previous episodes. We're talking NHS at the blunt end, here, rather than the Best Care Money can Buy.

Treasure Steel, in a Justice Department med-tech uniform, is wheeling in a hov-stretcher, on which an Armitage-sized (unrecognisable, of course) shape lies under sheet. She's calling out an order to a charge nurse at an admin console.

TREASURE: JACKGANG VICTIM WITH ABOUT SEVEN POUNDS OF SHARP AND RUSTY METAL IN HIS HEAD.

LINK: NO PULSE, ZERO CEE-EE-TEE AND THE EMGRAM-MAP IS SMASHED TO SHIT. BODY'S PRETTY INTACT, BUT THEY SKIMMED EVERY KIND OF INSURANCE I.D.

2.

Treasure shrugs uncaringly and makes a little money-money sign with her fingers as the charge nurse looks at her console thoughtfully, gesturing off in the absent way that people do when describing a general direction rather than pointing at something specific.

TREASURE: SO LISTEN ... I HEARD THERE'S THIS, UH, SPECIAL PROCEDURE FOR BODIES THAT HAVEN'T, LIKE, OFFICIALLY MADE IT INTO THE SYSTEM ..?

CHARGE NS: RESOURCE APPRAISAL'S IN THE WEST WING. FOLLOW THE GREEN LINES.

3.

We're looking past Treasure as wheels the body into a chamber that might or might not be the intake point for an automated morgue. Along one wall is a conveyer-belt-like arrangement rather like an airport checking-in security device. Whatever's put on there (a body, obviously) runs under a bunch of scanners and then disappears into the next room. In the wall dividing us from the next room is a heavy-duty door with a card-scanning mechanism and a sign reading BIOHAZARD - AUTHORISED PERSONNEL ONLY.

Waiting for us in this room is a white-coated doctor - not Doctor Bob, but of his ilk. There's something ... ah, well, you know, something a bit villainous and shifty-looking about him.

DOCTOR: WELL, HELLO.

LINK: YOU, AH, HAVE SOMETHING FOR US? LET ME SEE.

4.

The med-tech suited Treasure questions the Doctor dubiously. The Doctor is in the process of

pulling back the sheet with one hand and feeling at Armitage's neck with another (we don't see Armitage's face enough to recognise him yet.) The Doctor's expression contrives to suggest snotty, absent contempt for the general underling he considers Treasure to be.

TREASURE: HEY, LISTEN, DOC. IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS, BUT THIS STUFF IN HERE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ANY PATH-SCAN I'VE EVER SEEN ...

DOCTOR: YOU'RE RIGHT, GIRLIE. IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS. YOU JUST KEEP YOUR --

LINK: NOW THAT'S ODD ...

5.

Dynamic shot as Armitage galvanises into action, rising up as if from the dead and smacking the Doctor into unconsciousness with a roundhouse blow. Treasure looks on, completely unstartled and unfazed.

ARMITAGE: I'LL SAY.

SFX: SWAACK!

DOCTOR: HUNN!

6.

Armitage shrugs himself into the white smock previously worn by the Doctor (having removed his trademark overcoat to do so, obviously.)

Beyond him, Treasure is examining the conveyor-belt apparatus.

ARMITAGE: YOU KNOW, STEEL, I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT I'D LOOK GOOD IN WHITE ...

TREASURE: YEAH, BUT THEN YOU'D HAVE TO WASH IT MORE THAN ONCE A MONTH.

7.

Armitage regards the BIOHAZARD door thoughtfully.

ARMITAGE: THERE IS THAT, I SUPPOSE.

LINK: NOW WHAT DO YOU THINK MIGHT BE BEHIND THERE?

PAGE FOUR

1.

Cut to the New Old Bailey Dispatch offices, where an operator is looking, slightly startled, at her display.

Off to one side, Administrator Warner (who like most Managers, sometimes likes to pounce around looking important in places where people are doing actual work, interfering with their performance of it) has turned his head toward the operator at the mention of a certain name.

BOX: NEW OLD BAILEY DISPATCH, BRIT-CIT.

OPERATOR: WE'RE GETTING REPORTS OF AN ARMED BREAK-IN AT MERCY HILL MEDIGEN ...

WARNER: MEDIGEN, DID YOU SAY?

2.

We're looking from the monitor's POV to the operator as she regards it, slightly puzzled. Behind her, Warner is looking over her shoulder, his expression coldly thoughtful.

OPERATOR: YEAH.

OPERATOR: SYSTEM'S TAGGED IT AS TERRORIST ACTIVITY. IT'S CALLING FOR 'MINIMUM APPROPRIATE RESPONSE' ...

3.

Cut back to Armitage and Steel, coming towards us through the security door, which has been obviously blown open by a detonative charge.

Both Judges have their dubiously-acquired guns drawn and they're doing that cautious bracketing and hunt-and-track that some cops do when coming through the door. They're also holding the kind of deadpan, absent conversation of those whose minds are on other things ...

ARMITAGE: ... YOU KNOW A JUSTICE DEPARTMENT PARAMEDIC UNIFORM IS NOT GOING TO BE EXACTLY INCONSPICUOUS IN HERE, STEEL.

TREASURE: YOU JUST WANNA SEE ME DRESSING UP IN A NURSE COSTUME, YOU DIRTY OLD SOD.

4.

We're looking past startled indications of Armitage and Steel to the scene that lies beyond.

It's a chamber packed with racks of dead bodies, looking appropriately twisted and slack-jawed in that way suggesting misery and defilement. Attached to each of them, tended by automatic servo-mechanisms, is one of those repulsive little alien creatures we saw last time being fondled by Doctor Bob.

There's only maybe fifty bodies here as opposed to something over the top like thousands, but the angles suggest a horror of specificity; imagine, say, a whole bunch of bodies fitted with face-huggers from *Alien* - though obviously not a direct rip-off of that. Maybe the repulsive little creatures can be squatting on their chests and burying wasp-like stinger tails into their stomachs or something.

Importantly, each of the creatures has a tube running from it, which disappears off to one side and another room, into which we see an obvious door.

ARMITAGE: YEAH, WELL.

LINK: I THINK I'D RATHER BE SEEING THAT THAN THIS.

5.

Armitage and Steel, are grimly following the trail of tubes ...

TREASURE: YUK.

LINK: THOSE THINGS ... WHAT ARE THEY BEING HOOKED TO?

ARMITAGE: LET'S SEE.

6.

The room beyond. This room's packed with dialysis-type filtration machines, into which the alien-connected tubes run, and from which new tubes run off into another wall, in which there is yet another door. Our heroes are at this door and bracketing it, cautiously looking through it.

ARMITAGE: SOME SORT OF FLUID-EXCHANGE AND FILTRATION SYSTEM, IT LOOKS LIKE. AND FROM THERE IT GOES TO ...

PAGE FIVE

1.

We're in a light and airy (artificial light, there being no windows) and obviously expensive hospital ward. On the beds are the crabbed and wrinkled forms of old men and women, each hooked up to transfusion units into which the tubes we've seen are plugged. Though unconscious and nearly terminally elderly, all of these patients have that look about their faces of the Smug or Vicious - the sort of old people who achieve their longevity by actively *cheating* death.

They're being tended to by nurses, male and female, who are obviously there for show rather than medical necessity - all of them fashion-model gorgeous and looking for all their lives like all those jokes about what you get extra by going Private.

Importantly, in this general shot of the ward, we see indications of a couple of doors presumably leading into private rooms. We also see indications of Armitage and Steel surreptitiously observing the scene - none of the nurses have so much as noticed them yet.

2.

Closeup on Armitage and Steel, considering their next actions with a kind of 'this is gonna be a walkover' look.

ARMITAGE: IS IT JUST ME, STEEL, OR ARE CRIMINAL MASTERMINDS
 BEHIND VAST AND NEFARIOUS CONSPIRACIES JUST
 NOT WHAT THEY USED TO BE?

3.

Cut to the hospital room in which we saw Mary Turner last time. For the moment, we just see a closeup on Mary Turner's face - slightly more battered and worked-over than last time - as a Villainous Minion med-tech hand slaps it awake.

(Remember, on the 'less is more', principle, Mary's being *worked-over* and softened up rather than damaged irreparably - Doctor Bob has said he wants to make use of her skills at some point, and those skills would hardly be enhanced by the cutting off of a couple of fingers or whatever.)

MED-TECH: SNAP OUT OF IT, YOU.

SFX: SWOK!

4.

Pull back. Mary is sitting groggily on the hospital bed, the Villainous Med-tech looming over her and preparing to slap her again.

Mary, strangely enough, is looking dazedly at something coming up on the tech from

behind and out of shot. Possibly indications of a shadow to set it up.

MED-TECH: THE DOC WANTS YOU TO BE WORKING FOR US, AND YOU'RE GONNA BE, SOONER OR LATER.

5.

Treasure has gripped her gun by the barrel to use as a club, and has swung it to connect with the back of the med-tech's head with enormous, vicious and spectacular force. The blow has driven him face-first into the mattress and dropping him across the knees of a startled Mary.

(And just to bring it up on the minuscule chance that you'd even consider it - can we please, please *not* have him fall in one of those so-called 'comedy' poses you get in those witless movies where a guy falls over on a woman. You know the sort of thing I mean.)

MED-TECH: WE CAN DO THIS THE EASY WAY OR THE -

SFX: SWUNCH!

TREASURE: LET'S TRY HARD.

6.

Armitage looks down at the (dead or unconscious, we don't know or care) body of the med-tech. Treasure shrugs noncommittally. Mary climbs groggily from the bed, questioning them.

ARMITAGE: NOW THERE'S A MAN, I FEEL, WITH CERTAIN 'ISSUES'.

TREASURE: NOT ANYMORE.

MARY: ARMITAGE ..? YOU CAME HERE ... YOU CAME HERE TO FIND ME?

7.

Smallish set-up shot as Armitage heads toward us and the hospital-room door from which our heroes originally came in. His face is sliding from confidence to uncertainty as the first inklings of the shit we'll suddenly find ourselves in on the next page make themselves evident.

Possible background indications of Treasure and Mary looking similarly worried ...

ARMITAGE: NAH. WE JUST THOUGHT THAT THESE PRIVATE ROOMS MIGHT BE CONTAINING THE IMPORTANT PEOPLE.

LINK: OH, WELL, SINCE WE FOUND YOU, IT MIGHT BE AN IDEA TO GET YOU OUT AND ...

PAGE SIX

1.

Armitage's POV, looking out into the ward we saw before. The various showcase nurses are no longer in evidence. Instead, the ward is packed with heavily-armed Evil Minion med-techs and security guards, every single one of them levelling their weapons at us.

Prominent amongst them, still fondling his repugnant little alien pet, is Doctor Bob. He's smiling winningly at us.

DOCTOR BOB: GOOD AFTERNOON. IT'S DETECTIVE JUDGE ARMITAGE
 ISN'T IT?

LINK: I TRUST YOU'LL FORGIVE ME IF I MENTION HOW OUR
 VISITING HOURS ARE RATHER NECESSARILY
 RESTRICTED.

2.

Reaction shot of Armitage and Steel's (and possibly Mary's) faces as they glance at the other in the conventionally appropriate 'oops ...' manner.

ARMITAGE: I SUPPOSE I COULD SAY THAT WE ONLY POPPED
 IN WITH A COUPLE OF BUNCHES OF GRAPES ...

3.

Cut to the hospital exterior, as a number of Shok-TAC vehicles draw up and start to deploy their troops. The effect is reminiscent of the incursion that caused so much chaos in the club back in episode 1.

RADIO VOICE: SHOK-TAC SQUADS FIVE THROUGH SEVEN, MOVE INTO
 MID-POSITION. SECURE ALL ACCESS POINTS AND SET
 UP COUNTERBLAST DETAILS.

LINK: WE HAVE A CIVILIAN KILL-FACTOR OF FIFTEEN,
 REPEAT FIFTEEN, FOR THIS OPERATION.

4.

Administrator Warner is in the thick of this Shok-TAC incursion (at least, in the safe position of a mobile command-post, with a couple of troops in evidence to fix his location. He's speaking coldly into a comms unit.

WARNER: LET'S SEND A MESSAGE, HERE, PEOPLE. TERRORISM
 UNDER NEW OLD BAILEY JURISDICTION WILL BE MET

WITH ZERO TOLERANCE.

LINK: I WANT NONE OF THOSE INTRUDERS TO GET OUT ALIVE.

5.

Cut back to inside the hospital complex, where Doctor Bob and several med-tech Minions are herding a disarmed Armitage, Steel and Mary down a corridor. (There are only maybe three of them now, as opposed to the multitude who captured our heroes, to make the final fight a bit more believable.)

Doctor Bob is chatting away airily.

DOCTOR BOB: THIS CUTE LITTLE CHAP, DETECTIVE ARMITAGE? HE'S A SLOATHE, AN ALIEN SPECIES OF PARASITE FROM THE PROXIMAN CHAIN.

LINK: A LITTLE BIOENGINEERING IN THE PUPAL STAGE AND HE CAN FEED OFF HUMAN LYMPH SECRETIONS, PRODUCING A COMPOUND CHEMICALLY SIMILAR TO STOOKIE AS A BYPRODUCT OF HIS DIGESTIVE WASTE ...

6.

Armitage, in the grip of a med-tech Minion, snarls angrily at Doctor Bob. Doctor Bob pets his little creature unconcernedly as he replies.

ARMITAGE: A TAINTED PRODUCT, YOU MEAN. LIKE THE DISEASED STUFF YOU GAVE TO BENNY KANE ...

DOCTOR BOB: TEETHING TROUBLES, NOTHING MORE, IN THE FILTRATION PROCESS. KANE MERELY SLIPPED THROUGH OUR PRELIMINARY TESTS.

LINK: I HAD YOU AND YOUR YOUNG FRIEND INOCULATED AGAINST ITS CONTAMINATION, NEVER FEAR.

7.

Foreground indications of a Minion's hand roughly shoving Armitage forward. Beyond him, a smiling Doctor Bob opens a door ...

DOCTOR BOB: BUT THAT'S NEITHER HERE NOR THERE, NOW. OUR PRODUCTION LINE IS UP AND RUNNING.

LINK: HAVE A LOOK, WHY DON'T YOU.

PAGE SEVEN

1.

We're in a big chamber, of a sort that might once have an auditorium or a storage space for bulky equipment. Within it, shackled down by several of its many legs and surrounded by the bones of eaten human beings, is a monstrosity, plain and simple. It's obviously related to the repulsive little things we've seen before, but massive and more complex. It is, of course, the Queen of these repulsive little things. Amidst the horror of it we see the bloated birthing sac, from which a steady stream of neotonic little repulsive creatures are being dropped and ferried off on an automated conveyor belt. Various of its limbs are reaching out and clutching for Armitage as he is shoved forward by a Minion, while Doctor Bob looks on with mad pride.

DOCTOR BOB: MY LITTLE CHAP HERE IS JUST A SLOATHE MALE ...

LINK: THIS IS THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES.

2.

Monstrous limbs grab Armitage and pull him off the floor with enormous force.

ARMITAGE: HUUK!

3.

Armitage glowers at a horrifying collection of eyes and extensible jaws as he is drawn towards them. He's reaching (the chance positioning of the limbs holding making this believable) for something in his coat pocket.

BOX: IN LIFE, THE BIG EVENTS AND TRANSITIONS SEEM TO TAKE PLACE INSTINCTIVELY AND INSTANTLY - AND IT'S ONLY LATER THAT YOU WORK OUT WHAT THEY WERE REALLY ABOUT, IF AT ALL.

4.

With desperate strength. Armitage flings the canister he acquired from Efil Drago San into the most prominent gaping maw of the Alien Queen.

BOX: THE CANISTER EFIL DRAGO SAN HAD GIVEN ME CONTAINED SOMETHING USEFUL - I HAD NO IDEA WHAT - AND THROWING IT JUST SEEMED LIKE A GOOD IDEA AT THE TIME.

BOX: I HAD NOTHING TO LOSE, AFTER ALL, AND IT WAS

SOMETHING TO THROW.

5.

Smallish shot, including a number of alien eyes and distinct character-fixing features - the alien equivalent of a recognisable and expressive 'face' - as the Queen chomps on the canister, releasing a puff of gas.

BOX: I LATER LEARNT THAT DRAGO SAN HAD USED SOME INCREDIBLY SOPHISTICATED PERSONALITY-PROFILING TO PREDICT THAT I'D REACT EXACTLY IN THAT WAY.

6.

Same shot. The alien Queen's face gets an expression for all the world like the comedy gag-reflex of someone who's just swallowed a wasp.

BOX: I ALSO LEARNT WHAT WAS IN THE CANISTER: AN ALIEN BACTERIA THAT WAS, IN FACT, THE SLOATHE'S ONLY NATURAL PREDATOR ...

PAGE EIGHT

1.

Punchline-frame, as the monstrous Alien creature simply drops down dead with a crash. (The comedy-punchline nature of the frame should be in the graphic 'timing' of it, if you get me - the actual visual is played perfectly straight.)

Armitage, meanwhile, has been flung from the creature in its death-spasm - he's landing heavily, but patently ready for a bit of the old heroic action.

BOX: ... BIOENGINEERED TO ACCELERATE ITS PROCESSES THROUGH THE ROOF.

SFX: SHLOMF!

2.

Doctor Bob stares at the fallen Queen with horrified bemusement. His med-tech Minions seem bemused.

Armitage, meanwhile, is closing in fast on the group and snarling. Treasure and Mary are glancing at each other and preparing for the explosion of violence that'll occur next ...

DOCTOR BOB: WHAT DID YOU ... WHAT HAVE YOU DONE ..?

ARMITAGE: I HAVE NO IDEA, SUNSHINE ...

3.

Big, spectacular fight-shot before the dead and collapsed remains of the alien Queen. Treasure, with her usual athletic élan, has judo-thrown one of the med-tech Minions face-first into the floor while sticking out a boot to catch another squarely in the groin. In this, she's being helped by Mary, who has grabbed the gun arm of the kicked minion to wrench it out of the way of doing anything but firing widely as he doubles over. Armitage, meanwhile, has dived for the remaining Minion and is smacking him impressively. Doctor Bob, meanwhile, still seems bemused and is stumbling forward dazedly.

Importantly, while this explosion of action is obviously disarming or otherwise neutralising the med-tech Minions, one of the guns must be left in such a position to make the following bit believable ...

SFX: SMACK! CLUNCH!

ARMITAGE: ... BUT I KNOW WHAT HAPPENS NEXT.

4.

On the periphery, Armitage and Steel are still knocking seven shades of shite out of the med-tech Minions.

A loathing-filled Mary, however, with the calm determination of someone not entirely in their right mind, is picking up a fallen gun and turning to the still-dazed Doctor Bob.

FIGHT SFX: FUNT! HACK!

HIT TECH: GLURK!

MARY: YOU HURT ME. YOU HAD ME HURT ...

5.

Mary calmly aims the gun at the back of Doctor Bob's head, preparing to blow his brains out.

MARY: YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DO THAT TO ANYONE AGAIN.

6.

Armitage calmly takes the gun out of Mary's hand. She's looking at him with that slightly startled gaze of one to whom complete sanity is returning as though a switch has been thrown.

ARMITAGE: LEAVE IT MARY.

LINK: THE LITTLE SHIT'S NOT WORTH IT. AND BESIDES ...

PAGE NINE

1.

Cut to a hospital foyer rather more splendid and elegant than the one we encountered before - this is obviously the privately-funded area of the MediGen concern. Elderly, rich-looking types are being wheeled about by showcase nurses. They, and various uniformed MediGen security guards, are reacting in startlement as Armitage and their party storm through, frogmarching Doctor Bob (and possible one or two med-tech Minions) along in the celebrated 'we've got hostages and we're not afraid to use them' manner. Doctor Bob, a broken man, is wildly shouting at the world in general and begging it not to kill him.

BOX: '... WE'RE GOING TO NEED HIM TO GET US OUT OF HERE
IN ONE PIECE.'

DOCTOR BOB: DON'T SHOOT! FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, DON'T SHOOT!

ARMITAGE: NOW THAT'S AN IDEA I CAN GET *RIGHT* BEHIND, THERE,
CHUM.

2.

Closeup on our heroes faces as they leave the hospital - once again their faces dissolving into shock at the scene they find before them.

ARMITAGE: I'M GLAD THAT'S OVER.

LINK: WE SHOULD BE IN THE CLEAR NOW, AND ...

3.

The street outside the hospital is crammed with Judges and Shock-TAC vehicles and troops. All of them heavily armed, and all those arms pointing directly at our heroes.

ARMITAGE: THEN AGAIN, I COULD BE WRONG.

4.

Reaction shot of our heroes (with possible indications of their so-called 'hostages'. Treasure and Mary are incredibly worried. Armitage, however, is looking up at a sudden sound.

TREASURE: HEY, LISTEN ARMITAGE, THEY DO KNOW IT'S US,
DON'T THEY ..?

ARMITAGE: THAT'S WHAT I'M WORRIED ABOUT. ACCIDENTS
HAPPEN, AND I DON'T SEE ANY PRESS AROUND TO -
HANG ABOUT.

5.

A flier, emblazoned with DATADAY, NEWS SERVICE and NONCOMBATANT logos, is hovering over the scene, spraying out clusters of flying microcams. Possible indications of the figure we'll see next.

BOX: 'THE CAVALRY MIGHT JUST HAVE ARRIVED.'

RADIO VOICE: ACTING ON AN ANONYMOUS TIP, DATADAY HAS UNCOVERED A NUMBER OF HIDEOUS AND ILLEGAL MEDICAL EXPERIMENTS BEING PERFORMED BY THE MEDIGEN INCORPORATION ...

6.

Kara Delbane of DataDay is sprawl-leaning casually in the flier's open hatch, total combat-journo style, talking cheerfully to the microcam floating before her.

KARA: EVEN NOW, IT SEEMS, NEW OLD BAILEY FORCES HAVE ARRIVED ON THE SCENE TO DEAL WITH THESE FOUL MISCREANTS.

LINK: EVEN NOW, I THINK I SEE DETECTIVE JUDGE ARMITAGE TAKING ONE OF THOSE RESPONSIBLE INTO CUSTODY ...

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1.

Cut to Administrator Warner in the mobile command post (again, indications of troop activity.) He's holding the handset of his comms rig and looking a bit dispirited at not being able to order opening fire upon a bunch of armed terrorists - purely because he thought they *were* terrorists, you understand ...

A DataDay microcam is hovering rather pointedly by him.

RADIO VOICE: ... SO REST ASSURED THAT WE HERE AT DATADAY NEWS WILL BE ON HAND TO COVER THESE EVENTS IN DEPTH.

2.

Reaction shot as Treasure and Mary display relief, and Armitage shows no concern at all.

ARMITAGE: REMIND ME TO BUY THAT WOMAN A PIE AND A PINT AT SOME POINT, STEEL.

3.

Establishing shot of the New Old Bailey. The voice comes from the upper levels of it.

BOX: STAR CHAMBER REPORT, NEW OLD BAILEY, BRIT-CIT.

FROM BUILDING: ... KEY TO THE CASE WAS THAT THERE WAS NO ACTUAL CONSPIRACY. NO CRIMINAL MASTERMIND BEHIND IT ALL OR ANY NONSENSE LIKE THAT.

4.

We're in the Star Chamber. Armitage and Steel stand on the chequer-board floor, looking up at the assembled Council. Their pointedly respectful and courteous demeanour is that, quite frankly, of 'we won, you can't touch us and fuck you very much'.

ARMITAGE: THE VERY NATURE OF THE MEDIGEN REJUVE-DRUG JUST MEANT THAT THOSE WHO USED IT WERE THE OLD, RICH AND POWERFUL FROM EVERY AREA OF BRIT-CIT.

LINK: ... SO WHEN THE SUPPLY OF THAT DRUG SEEMED SET TO BE EXPOSED AND THREATENED, THEY ALL STARTED PANICKING, ORGANISING HASTY ASSASSINATION ATTEMPTS AND SO FORTH AT CROSS PURPOSES ...

LINK: IT WAS, BASICALLY, IN THE END, JUST A CONFUSING AND INEPT MESS.

5.

Closeup on Armitage as he completes his report for the council with a very, very tiny grin of evil satisfaction.

ARMITAGE: MOST OF THOSE PEOPLE ARE NEVER GOING TO BE FOUND AND BROUGHT TO JUSTICE - THEY'RE TOO RICH AND POWERFUL FOR THAT.

LINK: ON THE OTHER HAND ... I HAVE IT ON VERY GOOD AUTHORITY THAT THE ORIGINAL IMPORTER OF

STOOKIE INTO BRIT-CIT HASN'T TAKEN KINDLY TO
THOSE WHO FOUND THIS ALTERNATIVE SUPPLY ...

6.

Various members of the Council - the Head Councilman and Slead, plus indications of any others that would visually work - looking at each other with unspoken worry as the implications of Armitage's report sink in.

ARMITAGE OFF: HE'S NOT GOING TO BE SELLING IT TO ANY OF THEM,
AT ANY PRICE ...

LINK: ... WHICH, BY MY RECKONING, MEANS THAT A LOT OF
THE SCUM IN THIS CITY HAVE A COUPLE OF MONTHS
TOPS, BEFORE THEY SIMPLY DROP DOWN DEAD.

7.

Optional, small shot of Armitage and Steel as they walk away, Armitage giving a dismissive little wave.

ARMITAGE: 'EVENING, ALL.

Dave Stone

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