

"Feeling Mageddo"

by

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Logline: "The End is nigh ; Pray Don is ready!"

Alternate: "You think YOU'RE having a bad day!"

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BLACK SCREEN. THE SOUND OF A FLY BUZZING IN THE DISTANCE.

DR.BURTON (V.O.)

It's Doctor Burton, Don. Ignore  
the fly... tell me what you can see.

DON (V.O.)

I see stones, tall flat stones.

EXT. A CEMETERY IN MAGEDDO. DUSK.

Title: MAGEDDO, Israel, near the border with Jordan. 1977.

An ancient graveyard. The desert sand blows through the  
broken tombstones, collecting on dried bracken, turned  
orange in the evening sun.

A flock of starlings ebb and flow in the dusky sky.

A TODDLER (3) climbs across the stone tombs whilst a small  
white goat plays around him, seemingly leading him and  
correcting his faltering steps.

A large stone statue of an angel is surrounded by demonic  
gargoyles hewn out of the rock to protect the incumbents.

The toddler reaches the foot of the statue, looks up and  
giggles, seemingly unafraid of his strange surroundings.  
He shelters under the great stone wings, whilst the goat  
protects him like a furry blanket. They wait in the  
failing sun.

INT. PREPARATION ROOM. "SMEE FAMILY FUNERAL SERVICES".  
HACKNEY. LONDON. DAY.

DON DANTE (33) rests at peace in an open coffin leaning  
at an angle against the back wall of the Funeral parlor.  
His eyes are closed and his chest still. Gradually his  
pale cheeks begin to turn red.

With a sudden release of air he lets go his breath and  
smoke pours from his mouth.

He raises the lit joint to his mouth and takes another puff.

A gruff voice is heard.

ERIC SMEE

(os)

Don? I'm back. How's Mrs Dribble  
doing?

Don nervously blows out the smoke and leaps from the  
coffin, looking for somewhere to throw the joint.

DON

She's still dead.

Across from him, lying in state is an elderly lady.

With the sound of footsteps approaching, Don rushes over to the woman, opens her mouth, and inserts the still lit joint.

ERIC SMEE (54) appears in the doorway.

Don closes the woman's open mouth with his thumb, but the muscles form a cracked smile.

Eric looks over at the body.

ERIC SMEE

You've done a man's job on her.  
You'd never tell it'd fallen off.

DON

Thanks, Eric. She was a struggle  
I'll admit.

Eric rifles through some paperwork on a table next to the empty coffin.

Don shoots a look across at the body.

A small trail of smoke is seeping out of the corner of the corpse's mouth, presumably from the still smoking joint.

He freezes with fear.

ERIC SMEE

Be suited and booted for a ten  
start tomorrow, remember?

Eric finds the piece of paper he's been searching for and exits.

Don looks down at the corpse's darkly grinning face.

DON

What are you laughing at? I can't  
take much more of this.

EXT. A HACKNEY CEMETERY, BACKING ON TO A PARK. DAY.

Title: Hackney, London, near the border with Islington. 2007.

DON DANTE jogs through the graveyard listening to his ipod, mindful not to step on any graves.

He takes a long swig from his water bottle, momentarily taking his eyes off the ground and causing him to run over a newly dug grave.

The ridged imprint of his trainer is left on the earth with a few crushed flowers for good measure.

Don jogs unaware out of the graveyard and into the open park.  
DJ voice as the music fades down.

RADIO DJ (V.O.)  
...Global Warming, Floods, Plague,  
Famine... face it folks, time's  
up. We're all doooooomed...

#### OPENING CREDITS

Don's jogging is interspersed with news footage images of destruction.

Hurricane Katrina sweeping cars down from the burst levee.

Lord's Army Militia on the back of a jeep, guns in the air.

Arabic women crying in a bombed out building.

A man with a placard which reads: "The end is nigh".

Don jogs past the park's petting zoo.

A rumbling noise, like the sound of a pig eating truffles emits from Don's buttocks.

A large white GOAT has spotted a hole in the fence and makes for it.

As Don jogs, the large white goat starts to run along side him.

Don smiles bemused at the horned beast, reaches into his pocket and pulls out a half eaten chocolate bar.

Without breaking his stride he throws the chocolate as hard as he can and changes direction.

Unseen by Don, the goat chases after the chocolate and straight through a young CHILD on a tricycle.

The MOTHER screams and the child cries.

AZRIAL (55) crouches in the dense shrubbery looks over to where the scream came from. He looks evil, a silver pentangle necklace dangles beneath his bushy beard.

Don is jogging towards him but still a long way off.

Azrial reaches into his duffel bag and pulls out a rifle. He checks the bridge and screws on the telescopic sites. He raises the gun.

Through the gun's crosshairs the woman is seen consoling her child.

Azrial lifts the rifle to focus on the jogging Don. He gets ready to fire.

The goat, in the hope of more chocolate races back after Don.

Don is fixed in the crosshairs. Azrial squeezes the trigger.

The goat hurtles into Don, causing him to fall next to a tree. As he falls, the bullet pings harmlessly into the tree bark above his head.

Azrial momentarily takes his eye away from the sights, cursing, before squinting once more through the telescopic lens.

Through the crosshairs, he swings around wildly trying to locate Don. He finds him still jogging.

Azrial's view is obscured by the goat appearing, full force and brutal in his crosshairs, teeth bared.

Don jogs past the bush where Azrial is being mauled. The screams of flesh being ripped from bone are electrifying, but Don is oblivious, absorbed in his music.

EXT. DON & MAGDA'S HOUSE. HACKNEY. DAY.

Don jogs up to his front door as an ambulance wails past behind him. He opens the door, sweaty from his run.

INT. HALLWAY. DON & MAGDA'S HOUSE. HACKNEY. DAY.

Don removes his headphones and throws his keys onto a small table by the door. On the table is a photo of MAGDA surrounded by a classroom of children. Don kisses his finger and places it on the photo.

Seeing Don, a small brown dog that has been sitting under the table gets up and scampers up the stairs.

MAGDA (26) is heard from the next room.

MAGDA (O.S.)

Don? Is that you babe?

INT. LOUNGE. DON & MAGDA'S HOUSE. HACKNEY. DAY.

Don's sweaty head appears round the door.

Magda is standing over a fish tank dropping in dry food to a fat goldfish. Inside the tank, instead of a castle, a large pink vibrator stands erect.

DON

Hi gorgeous.

MAGDA

Thanks!

Don points to the fish.

DON  
I was talking to Sal!

INT. HALLWAY. DON & MAGDA'S HOUSE. HACKNEY. DAY.

Don bounds up the stairs and into the shower-room, taking off his shirt as he goes.

INT. SHOWER ROOM. DON & MAGDA'S HOUSE. HACKNEY. DAY.

Magda, stands in the doorway. She is wearing a tight top that accentuates her fine figure. Don has a towel wrapped round his naked body, he studies her chest a moment too long, then quickly turns away from her.

MAGDA  
Are you OK?

Don looks down at his towel, conscious of a tent-pole.

DON  
Yes? What's up?

MAGDA  
I heard on the radio, a mad goat's been running wild round the park. It mashed up a man...

Don risks another look, but in the cold doorway, her nipples are now visible.

DON  
A goat? Bloody hell! Do goats do that sort of thing in Hackney?

He turns slightly to his right and knocks over a bottle of shampoo with his erection.

Magda blushes and looks at the floor.

DON  
I'm meeting Jude later for band stuff, but do you fancy hooking up for a coffee round three? I could come to the nursery?

Don bends down to pick up the shampoo bottle.

MAGDA  
Sure Don. Just quit acting weird, OK?

Don opens the shower door.

DON

Don't suppose you fancy scrubbing  
my back?

MAGDA

(Embarrassed)

Ewgh! Don Dante you old goat.  
That's like kissing my brother.  
We're just friends remember?  
Don't start all that again.

Don tries to laugh, but it sticks in his throat and he  
looks hurt.

Magda exits.

Don enters the shower, closing his eyes as the water  
flattens his black hair.

He massages his head with shampoo but stops. With his  
fingers he feels two lumps.

The sound of a goat braying comes from behind and below  
him. He looks down at his buttocks. Confused.

He exits the shower and looks in the bathroom mirror.

Two small horns are visible under his hair.

Don looks petrified and quickly flattens his hair over.

INT. PREPARATION ROOM. SMEE FUNERAL PARLOR. EVENING.

Don blows the smoke from a joint across the room. The blue  
smoke twists like a spirit in the bare bulb hanging down  
above the preparation table.

He looks at the body of Mrs Dribble, now propped up in the  
coffin.

DON

Oh Magda. I'd give my little  
finger just to touch your perfect  
tits. I'd give my thumb to sleep  
with you.

He switches the small portable radio on the table next to  
the coffin. Waltz music plays.

DON

Would I..?

DON'S BUTTOCKS

Would you..?

DON

Would I? Yes damn it, I believe  
I would. I really fucking would.

He reaches into the coffin and pulls out Mrs Dribble. He places her grey arm over his shoulder and begins to waltz with her around the room.

Don closes his eyes.

He is still dancing, but now Magda is in place of Mrs Dribble.

He looks into her eyes.

She looks back in his.

MAGDA

Oh Don. You are a devil!

INT. BATHROOM. DON AND MAGDA'S HOUSE. HACKNEY. NIGHT.

Don is in his pajamas cleaning his teeth in front of the bathroom mirror. He spits out the toothpaste and catches sight of his crown in the mirror. He touches the top of his head. The two small horns are now more visible.

He violently thrusts the toothbrush into its holder.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY. DON AND MAGDA'S HOUSE. HACKNEY NIGHT.

Don walks the short distance to his room. He pauses in the doorway of Magda's room.

Magda lies asleep on the bed, her bare foot visible sticking out the bottom of the duvet.

Don enters the room and kneels down at the foot of her bed.

He moves to kiss her big toe, but at the last minute changes his mind.

A low growling sound is heard from inside his pajamas.

Magda stirs.

Don exits, hurriedly and shamefully.

EXT. HACKNEY PARK. DAY.

A frisby flies through the air.

JUDE (32) shouts after it.

JUDE

Yo Dante. Head's up motherfucker!

Don has his back to Jude, staring into the goat enclosure. He turns too late and the frisby glances off his forehead. Don yelps in pain.

DON

Take it easy, you prick!

JUDE

Where are you today? You don't seem yourself at all?

Don sits down and begins pulling up tufts of grass.

DON

If I tell you something, you've got to promise...and I mean promise not to tell anyone. Especially not anyone in the band. Dig?

Jude nods with mock seriousness.

DON

It's Magda. We were watching TV last night. Well, she was watching TV ; I was just watching her. When it hit me like a fucking frisby in the face... I'm totally in love with her.

JUDE

Like D'oh! We've all known that for ages.

DON

What do you mean?

JUDE

You follow her around like a greyhound that's been hit once too often with a rolled up newspaper. Those hang dog-eyes.

DON

Thanks for that.

JUDE

Just fucking tell her, man. Front it to shunt it.

DON

It's not that simple though is it. If she says no, and let's face it, chances are she will, then I've still got to live with her. Can you imagine how dried-out that would be.

JUDE

Just grow a pair Don and ask her.

Don rips up a large clump of grass and lets it go on the breeze.

DON  
 Alright. I fucking will.

EXT. MAGDA'S NURSERY. DAY.

Don waits nervously at the Nursery gates.

Magda in the playground. She is crouching down helping a crying toddler.

Don studies the compassion she is showing to the child. He grips the metal bars of the gates like a prisoner.

She sees him and waves, making a five minutes sign with her fingers.

EXT. A CAFE NEXT TO A MAIN ROAD. LONDON. DAY.

Don and Magda sit al fresco. He leans forward pensively on his plastic chair.

AZRIAL (55), dressed as a waiter approaches their table. He has a sullen shifty look about him and his uniform is ill-fitting as if he's dressed in a hurry. His bushy beard seems out of place for a service role.

MAGDA  
 (To Don)  
 It's my treat so knock yourself out.

DON  
 (To waiter)  
 Has the soup got fish in it? I'm mortally allergic to fish.

AZRIAL  
 It's tomato, sir.

DON  
 No fish?

Azrial eyes narrow.

AZRIAL  
 It's tomato sir... no fish.

DON  
 (To Magda)  
 It's just sometimes they prepare stuff without washing the, you know... stuff.

Magda nods sympathetically. She looks up at the waiter and notices a pentangle necklace dangling out of his shirt, the same as Azrial's.

DON

Soup, please.

Don looks round in silence as if searching for an escape route.

MAGDA

Are you going to tell me what's up or are we just going to sit here staring at the big elephant and not talking about it?

DON

Ever get the feeling you're being followed?

MAGDA

Only when I've been smoking too much! Is that it? You're feeling a bit paranoid?

DON

Maybe. I've just got this terrible feeling that something really big is about to happen.

INT. KITCHEN. CAFE. LONDON. DAY.

The waiter is pouring their large coffees. He reaches into his waistcoat pocket and pulls out a bottle which reads "Concentrated Cod Liver Oil". He pours it into one of the cups.

EXT. A CAFE NEXT TO A MAIN ROAD. LONDON. DAY.

Don taps his fingers on the table nervously. He looks like a kettle about to boil.

DON

Look. I've got something to tell you Mags, it's really important...

MAGDA

You're not moving out are you? Oh come on Don, I know I can be a pain sometimes.

DON

No, no. The opposite. I think I'm... I know I am... Jeez this is hard.

Magda starts to look worried.

MAGDA

Oh Don, it's not...

Don rests his head sideways on the table and stares at Magda with gooey eyes.

DON  
I love you Magda.

Magda takes a deep breath and folds her arms.

MAGDA  
Oh Don. I thought we were through all this. We talked about it didn't we?

DON  
I can't help it, Mags. Every time I see you it kills me not being able to hold you, to tell you how I feel. Damn it, you know how hard it is for me to tell you this.

Azrial returns with the coffee and seems to stare too intently at Don.

Magda waits for him to leave before continuing. The silence is making Don frantic.

MAGDA  
I just wish I felt the same way Don. I'd be the luckiest girl in the world. But I don't. I don't Don. Please process it. I don't want to hurt you, but if you keep making me feel uncomfortable with this, then it's me who'll have to move out.

Don takes a large sip of the coffee and pulls a face.

DON  
But we're so good together. I'm cool aren't I? I'm not the ugliest man in the world?

He searches Magda's face for reassurance.

Magda shakes her head.

DON  
Then why Mags?

MAGDA  
I'm not having this conversation with you Don.

DON

I can't let it go till you do. I just can't understand how it can feel so right for me, and yet you don't feel anything.

Magda takes a large sip of coffee, but it is too hot and she yelps in pain at her burnt lip.

She slams down the cup and the overspill splashes her coat.

Don immediately reaches for a napkin from the table dispenser and pats her arm.

MAGDA

Damn it Don. That's the problem. You're too bloody nice! I need a real man, not someone who puts me on a pedestal and follows me around like a lost puppy.

Don winces under the attack.

Magda touches her lip.

MAGDA

I'm sorry, Don. I didn't mean that last bit, it was just the pain talking.

DON

No, I understand don't worry. I can't help being me.

A rumbling laugh comes from Don's seated backside.

MAGDA

What was that?

A loitering tramp approaches Magda, hand outstretched. She ignores him.

He tries his luck with Don.

TRAMP

Spare quid for bus fare, mate?  
Got to get to the hostel.

Don seems relieved by the interruption and gives him a coin.

Across the road a bus has pulled up.

The tramp runs out into the road and into the path of a motorbike which has pulled out from behind the bus.

Magda is facing the road and sees what is about to happen. Don is oblivious, facing inwards.

MAGDA

No! Stop!

Crunch of fast metal and slow bone. Both the tramp and the cyclist connect irrevocably.

Don stands up to help but suddenly grips his throat.

Magda is transfixed by the accident and doesn't notice Don choking.

People on the street are rushing over to the accident.

The bike wheel still spinning and engine grinding metal against metal.

Magda turns back to Don to gauge his reaction. It's not what she expects. He is collapsing on the floor, taking the table with him.

MAGDA

(terrified)

Don. What the fuck!

She holds him, not knowing what else to do.

MAGDA

What is it. What's wrong. Speak to me. Fuck!

DON

Fi..Fi..Sh..it!

His body convulses and is still.

Behind her, the waiter is seen leaving hurriedly throwing off his waistcoat. He raises his index finger to Don, flipping him the bird.

Magda crouches down next to Don and gives him CPR.

Don's eyes seem to glow red as she puts her lips to his, offering the kiss of life.

She pulls back and licks her lips.

MAGDA

Oh my god.

INT. A LONDON AMBULANCE. DAY.

Don and the injured tramp are either side of Magda and the PARAMEDIC in the speeding ambulance.

PARAMEDIC

(to Magda)

Did he witness the crash?

Magda nods.

PARAMEDIC

It could be shock. Is he epileptic? Has he passed out before? Diabetic?

He feels Don's pulse. Don is turning blue.

MAGDA

It's fish. He's allergic to it. I could taste it on his lips.

PARAMEDIC

You kissed him?

MAGDA

I gave him CPR. He's not my boyfriend you know.

PARAMEDIC

Looks like anaphylactic shock to me.

The paramedic shines a torch in Don's eye.

His pupil is blank.

The paramedic puts an oxygen mask over Don's face and reaches for the de-fibrillation kit.

Magda begins to cry.

PARAMEDIC

How long till A&E?

He rubs the electric leads together and presses them to Don's chest.

PARAMEDIC

Clear!

The de-fibrillation kit jolts Don in his stretcher.

DRIVER (O.S.)

About ten minutes in this bloody traffic.

The paramedic looks at the lifeless Don.

PARAMEDIC

Damn. I'm going to call it. No pulse.

(looking at watch)

13:33...

(to Magda)

I'm sorry love.

EXT. WHITE LIGHT. DON'S DREAM.

A white mug and flapping fish on a white tablecloth table.

Rain starts to drip into the mug, lightly at first but then faster until the mug fills up and the water spills over.

A white goat walks across white sand, leaving small footprints in its wake.

A white candle burns with a bright magnesium glow in a transparent dish floating on still water. The water begins to get choppy. The flame is extinguished.

A white egg bobs in a glass of red wine.

Don is wearing a white suit. He approaches the table and drinks down the red wine.

The goat looks greedily at the white egg remaining in the glass.

Don picks up the egg and throws it to the goat.

The goat eats it before speaking telepathically.

GOAT

(v/o)

Back so soon master? Is it time already?

DON

What are you talking about? Where am I?

A large rumbling sound is heard. Don holds his hands to his buttocks and bends over.

His trousers rip to reveal a devilish face where his buttocks meet.

DON'S BUTTOCKS spin round to face the goat, also speaking telepathically.

DON'S BUTTOCKS

(v/o)

He doesn't remember a thing yet. We're back to begin. Begin from his backside.

GOAT

How's it been working out for you both?

DON'S BUTTOCKS

It's good to see the other side of the tracks.

Don's hands reach up to the table automatically, without Don's head moving, and grab a large cigar.

The hand places the cigar in between his buttocks.

The goat approaches and the tip of one of its horns sparks a small flame with which he lights the cigar.

Don's buttocks continue to talk between puffs.

DON'S BUTTOCKS

He thinks he's too nice.

GOAT

Nice? My lord?

DON'S BUTTOCKS

He's scared of his true nature.  
Being nice is his safety valve.

Don's buttocks blow out a big smoke ring.

DON'S BUTTOCKS

Wait till he gets a load of me!

Don's head starts jerking up and down, like a puppet on unseen wires.

DON'S BUTTOCKS

Good-o. Time to go back.

GOAT

It sounds like you're enjoying it?

DON'S BUTTOCKS

Enjoy isn't the right word. I'm  
not sure how I feel about it.

Don's buttocks spit out the cigar.

DON'S BUTTOCKS

Here we go.

Blackout.

A slit of yellow light left to right. Widening to reveal Magda and the two paramedics looking in.

The muffled voice of the paramedic is heard, as if through water.

PARAMEDIC

I don't believe this.

The slit of light closes.

Blackout.

A Pentangle necklace falls through the blackness, light reflecting off his silver edges.

A large black crow sits on a white table.

A flock of starlings move as one in the sky, like a uniform jellyfish.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD. DAY.

Don thrusts himself forward in his hospital bed with such force that his drip is ripped from his body.

He screams in horror.

DON

Yaweh!

He looks down at the missing drip and screams in agony.

Magda steps forward and pours him some water from a bedside pitcher.

She tries to reinsert the drip but this makes Don scream more. She presses the call button above his bed.

MAGDA

You gave us quite a scare Mr Dante.

Don is still transfixed looking forward, eyes glazed. He gradually focuses and takes in his surroundings. Behind Magda stand PETER and JUDE.

DON

(whispering)

Send me back.

MAGDA

What?

DON

(wailing)

Send me back!

Peter moves forward.

PETE

You're one lucky fuck, man. You died!

MAGDA

Pete. Shut it. Can't you see he's still coming round.

PETE

I'm just saying. We thought we'd have to get a new lead singer, man.

Don is oblivious to them all and has begun rocking in his bed, repeating the words like a mantra.

DON  
Back...back...back.

A NURSE enters and sees the drip hanging from the side of the bed. She shakes her head and quickly reinserts it into Don's arm.

NURSE  
How did this happen?

No-one answers.

NURSE  
Visiting hours are over. He needs his rest.

Magda strokes his head, maternally.

MAGDA  
OK Don. They say you can leave tomorrow, all being well.

Don registers her for the first time.

DON  
Leave? Go where?

MAGDA  
Home...where else?

DON  
I must get back to paradise. Back to the egg.

He looks at the nurse.

DON  
What have you done. You don't know what you've done...

He wails.

The nurse pulls open the screen surrounding his bed.

In the bed next to him is the tramp, his neck in a plaster cast.

The tramp nods to him.

TRAMP  
Saved your life, that's what they done.

DON  
 And who the fuck are you? Oh I  
 remember now, the bus, the crash.  
 Why did you run out like that?

TRAMP  
 I never had a mother to teach me  
 the Green Cross Code.

Don's head falls back to his pillow.

DON  
 I was in paradise. It was perfect.  
 The power. The power. I have to  
 get back. Kill me. Kill me now.  
 Send me back.

TRAMP  
 Fuck off mate.

Don lets out a long wail.

EXT. BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE. LONDON. NIGHT.

The last train of the evening rattles across Blackfriars  
 Bridge like a sleek black snake. Only the dotted yellow  
 lights of the internal carriage are visible reflected in  
 the black water of the Thames below.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE. NIGHT.

Don is listening to his mp3 player. He is alone in the  
 carriage.

He looks out at the lights of Westminster as the train  
 crosses the river.

He holds his hand up to the window, it is shaking again.

He closes his eyes.

From the seat behind him a hand reaches over holding a knife.

The knife touches the wire of his right earphone and  
 flicks it out.

Don opens his eyes to see a black leaning over the seat  
 behind him.

MUGGER  
 Gimme. Gimme dat.

Don breathes out a sigh of relief.

DON  
 No.

The mugger is momentarily lost for words.

MUGGER

I'll shank ya.

DON

Do it.

MUGGER

Wha?

DON

Do it.

MUGGER

You fucking crazy man. Give me  
yo wallet.

Don moves the knife away from his throat with an extended  
finger and turns round to face the teen.

DON

Fuck you.

The mugger stares at him, his eyes darting from side to  
side in a nervous twitch. Don matches him with a calm yet  
intense stare.

MUGGER

Fuck this.

The mugger twists on the spot and runs for the far  
carriage door.

He twists open the emergency lock and disappears into the  
next carriage.

Don stands motionless, suddenly illuminated by the blue  
spark from the train's undercarriage.

His phone rings.

Without blinking, he reaches into his jacket pocket and  
answers.

DON

Yes?

Don walks to the carriage door and places his hand against  
the glass window. It is now steady against the backdrop  
of London whizzing past.

INT. WAREHOUSE LIVING SPACE. EVENING.

Don holds a microphone and wails miserably.

The Disciples band picks up the beat.

Magda enters from the side kitchen and sits on a large  
blue sofa drinking a glass of wine.

Don stares at her and holds up his hand to the band.

They begin to play "YOU TO ME ARE EVERYTHING" (THE REAL THING)

Don sings the first verse directly to Magda.

DON

"I would take the stars out of  
the sky for you, stop the rain  
from falling if you asked me too,  
I'd do anything for you, your  
wish is my command, I could move  
a mountain when your hand is in  
my hand, oh you to me are  
everything the sweetest song that  
I can sing oh Magda"

Magda laughs, but as the song progresses and Don's intensity increases she starts to look a bit uncomfortable.

PETER puts down his guitar and takes the microphone off Don.

PETER

Let's all take a break, yeah?

Don moves to the side kitchen and takes a beer from the fridge. Peter follows him.

PETER

Got a spare one?

DON

Sure thing.

They drink the beer in silence.

PETER

You had a lucky escape. I've got to ask. What was it like? I mean, if you're cool talking about it. Did your life flash before you?

DON

All I remember is lying there on the floor and thinking...

He smiles.

DON

I'm about to die and all I can think is damn, why the hell did I give up smoking? I may as well have just smoked myself to death.

PETER

But how did it feel? Were you still you?

DON

Yes and no. I felt this sense of returning and peace. A feeling of completeness and power better than any drug rush.

Don's expression changes and he is suddenly serious.

DON

I have to get back to it Peter.

Don suddenly grips his buttocks and rubs himself against the sink.

PETER

Whoa. That's a heavy thing to say. You're not thinking of doing anything stupid are you?

DON

But don't you see? Now I've proof of an afterlife and it rocks, why waste time dealing in the dirt down here? I want to break on through to the next stage. Or get back to the last one. It's kind of circular you see. Like an egg...I'm not sure.

Peter becomes aware of Don's continued rubbing of his buttocks.

PETER

What's up? Going to paradise gave you haemarroids?

Don stops rubbing himself.

DON

Something's happening to me Pete. I can't explain it.

Peter takes his beer and walks off.

PETER

No shit!

Magda and Jude are laughing by the drum kit. She touches his hair and giggles.

Don and Peter watch them to diffuse the intensity of their own conversation.

PETER

I sense a little romance brewing there between those two.

Don remains silent.

EXT. HACKNEY CANAL BRIDGE. MIDNIGHT.

Don stands over the bridge looking down into the black water. He listens to his i-pod.

Further down the street, Azrial stands in the streetlight. He is on crutches and parts of his face are bandaged from his recent goat mauling. The pentangle necklace is visible over the bandages.

Don steps up onto the bridge railing as if he is about to jump. He stares up at the night sky.

One bright white star stands out from the rest.

DON'S BUTTOCKS

Not again.

Don swivels round to see where the voice is coming from.

Azrial rushes towards Don, arms outstretched ready to push him in.

DON'S BUTTOCKS

If there's one thing I hate more than a sorry arse, it's a save arse.

A small jet of flame shoots out from Don's buttocks and engulfs Azrial, whose momentum keeps him moving forwards as he upends into the canal.

EXT. A WALL NEXT TO HACKNEY CANAL. NIGHT.

Magda and Jude sit beneath the bridge. She is trying to light the stubby end of a roach.

Azrial splashes down into the canal drenching both her and Jude in the spray.

She looks up and sees Don leaning over the bridge.

MAGDA

Don?

Don's face disappears back behind the overhang.

EXT. A HACKNEY CEMETERY, BACKING ON TO A PARK. NIGHT.

Don walks through the dark cemetery, keeping to the badly lit central path.

He comes to a small crossroads with the path going off in four different directions.

The sound of hooves on gravel is heard.

Don turns to his left, looking down the path. The sound gets louder.

He turns to his right, the sound seeming to now come from there.

In a growing panic, he spins round behind him, looking back where he has just come from.

The sound of a horse's hooves is now in front of him.

Out of the darkness, a black horse with a hooded rider approaches. Steam flushes from the horse's nostrils in the cold evening air.

The HORSEMAN OF THE APOCALYPSE circles him menacingly, face hidden.

HORSEMAN OF THE APOCALYPSE

Master.

Don falls down onto his buttocks.

DON'S BUTTOCKS

(v/o)

That hurt.

Don jumps straight back to his feet.

He reaches into his jean pocket and pulls out his wallet and phone, offering them to the riders.

DON

Take it. Just don't kill me.

HORSEMAN OF THE APOCALYPSE

We are the four horseman of the  
Apocalypse. Command us.

DON

Sod off!

Don throws his wallet and mobile phone at the Horseman and runs between two gravestones.

EXT. A PHONE BOOTH. NEXT TO THE CEMETERY. NIGHT.

Don shuts the phone booth door and looks around him outside.

He is aware of the small light in the ceiling and jumps up to smash it.

He picks up the receiver and dials.

DON

Operator. The Samaritans. Put me  
straight through.

There is a pause while the line is connected.

DON  
Is that the Samaritan? Good. I'm  
having a breakdown.

A knocking sound is heard.

Don swivels round the booth searching for the source.

The knocking sounds again.

He looks down to see his buttocks banging against the metal door.

DON  
Stop it!  
(into the receiver)  
Hello? Hello? Damn.

He slams down the receiver. In anger, he picks it up again and smashes the mouthpiece against the door.

DON'S BUTTOCKS  
A little tense are we?

Don screams.

He looks up and through the glass of the phone booth sees the neon cross of a church.

INT. A HACKNEY CHURCH. NIGHT.

Don shuts the wooden door behind him and stares down the central aisle to the crucifix against the back wall.

He wipes tears from his face.

To his right is a font which he walks towards.

He leans over the stone font and his tear falls in, causing the water to begin to steam and bubble.

Scared, he walks towards the crucifix, holding out his hands.

DON  
O lord. Forgive me. I'm losing  
my mind.

He falls to his knees and pulls out a small penknife.

He raises it up.

A groaning sound is heard.

He looks up at the penknife - it has become a small snake.

Throwing it to the ground he jumps up and stamps on it.

The groaning sound is heard again.

DON  
Sweet Christ!

The figure on the cross is moving.

Don walks towards it in absolute cold terror.

Sure enough, there is a real person tied to the cross with rope by his hands and feet, naked except for a pair of soiled blue underpants.

The man begins to squirm and a half bottle of gin falls from the elastic of his underpants, smashing on the floor.

The smash seems to bring Don to his senses and he pokes the man with his finger.

MAN ON CROSS  
(drunken slur)  
Oops, I've gone for a burton!

Don begins to work on the rope tying his hands.

DON  
We'd better get you down.

EXT. SMEE FUNERAL PARLOR. HACKNEY LONDON. MORNING.

Don stands in front of the black hearse wearing his black hat and tails. He is clearly stoned out of his gourd and really tense.

Eric Smee sounds the car horn.

Don jumps a foot in the air.

Eric winds down the side window and beckons Don over.

ERIC SMEE  
What the fuck's wrong with you,  
Dante?

DON  
I'm fine.

ERIC SMEE  
Fuck off. Your eyes are as red  
as a devil. If you've been  
smoking that shit again...

DON  
What?

ERIC SMEE  
Do have a sign saying fuck me?

DON  
What?

ERIC SMEE  
Do I have a sign saying fuck me?

Don is so stoned he checks.

DON  
No.

ERIC SMEE  
Then why are you treating me like  
a cunt?

Eric's cellphone rings. He answers.

ERIC SMEE  
(into phone)  
The toilet's blocked? I'm dealing  
with Dante... well unblock it...  
look I can only deal with one  
shit at a time.

He hangs up.

ERIC SMEE  
What's happened?

DON  
I spent the night in the hospital.

ERIC SMEE  
Again? I thought that was all  
done with.

DON  
No not me. I found this guy on  
the cross in my local church...

ERIC SMEE  
Come again?

DON  
No it wasn't. Just some tramp.

Eric bangs his own head on the black leather steering wheel.

ERIC SMEE  
That's it. Fuck off you're fired.  
Go on. Get outta my sight. You're  
a dead loss.

Don is crushed, lacking the strength even to reply. He  
takes off his top-hat and holds it into his hands.

Eric drives off, shouting above the traffic.

ERIC SMEE  
A dead loss.

Don vomits into his top hat.

INT. A WAREHOUSE LIVING SPACE. EVENING.

An electric bass is being plucked with long metal finger extensions.

Drums begin and the "The Disciples" band commence their band practice. It is not a good sound.

PETER holds up his hand to corral the group.

PETER

We need Don, geezers. I can't keep it tight without Dante.

JON raises his head above the piano.

PHIL speaks out from behind his drum kit.

PHIL

Trouble is Don's not keeping it too tight himself at the moment.

JON.

He'll be here man. Jude said he spoke to him this afternoon.

PETER

Is he... you know... better? Is he Don again?

Peter looks round the eleven musicians for some sort of clue. They all study their shoes.

PETER

For fuck's sake. It's been nearly two weeks. When's he going to quit this shit.

Collective shrugging of shoulders.

PHIL

He's bumming me out man. I'm sorry but he is. I can't relax when he's around anymore.

Peter cuts him short.

PETER

Jeez, the guy nearly died. Can't you cut him a little slack? Magda reckons he's really losing it.

JON.

She wants to watch that. People having breakdowns tend to take you with them.

A flapping sound is heard.

John looks up to see a large black crow stuck in the warehouse rafters.

In distress it issues a bowel movement. The large wet dropping slams down onto the cymbal.

Laughter all round.

JON.

Hey! How about that, Phil?

Phil pushes the dropping away with the edge of his drum stick.

PHIL

Maybe Don's for real? Maybe he really did go somewhere or...

The warehouse lights flicker. The outside door bangs open.

DON

Or what Thom? Maybe I'm just a fruit loop?

Phil jumps and drops a drum stick, crashing down onto a cymbal.

DON

It's OK. You can say it. I know it sounds crazy, What can I tell you? I died and glimpsed what was next.

PHIL

I'm not doubting you.

DON

You clearly are Thomas. But fuck it. I don't care anyways. All I know is it's like the best feeling I've ever had. Beyond crack, beyond sex, beyond music.

PHIL

So what's it like then big man?

DON

I wish everyone would stop asking me that. It's like a big white egg and I have to get back to it.

PETER

You see! There, that's it! That's what freaks us out, man.

PHIL

(to Don)

Are you going to kill yourself then?

Peter throws a drumstick at Phil.

DON

If I have to. You just don't understand. It's more complicated than that now.

PHIL

What is?

DON

I don't want to talk about it.

He looks across at Magda.

DON

I don't want to talk about it.

Magda and Jude, flanked by two PSYCHIATRIC NURSES in whitish coats, appear from the next room.

Don looks at them as if he knows what's coming. Jude approaches him and touches his shoulder.

DON

What's this Jude. What you got for me?

JUDE

Come on man. I heard you just now. You're unstable.

DON

The fuck I am.

MAGDA

You were talking about killing yourself Don.

She looks round at the band who nod in agreement.

JUDE

Why don't you just go with these guys and talk it through. Just talk it through, that's all.

DON

And if I say... Fuck you?

PSYCH NURSE 1

Please Mr Dante. The lady here said you'd be OK with it.

He holds up an official looking piece of paper.

PSYCH NURSE 2  
 Make it easy on yourself son,  
 don't get all unnecessary.

Don feigns resignation.

DON  
 Where we off to doc?

MAGDA.  
 Gethsemane clinic. It'll give you  
 some space. I went to see your  
 mum, she said she was happy to pay.

DON  
 Oh Mags. My mum? How could you!

MAGDA.  
 I'm sorry Don, I was scared for you.

The Nurses move forward, arms outstretched.

Don smiles, then runs backwards, but crashes into Phil's  
 drum kit.

In a crash of cymbals he is gently escorted out by the  
 nice men in white coats.

EXT. GETHSEMANE PRIVATE CLINIC. DAY

The grounds are expansive and expensive, leading up to an  
 old manor house. Patients walk around the grounds, some  
 are painting ; some are gardening and some are freaking  
 out on the lawn.

A car pulls up the long gravel drive.

Don gets out. He seems subdued as he walks unhindered into  
 the building.

INT. DOCTOR BURTON'S OFFICE. DAY

The silver balls from a perpetual motion machine clink  
 left to right.

The office is old and comfortable, with the ceiling  
 stained yellow from ancient cigarette smoke. DR BURTON (59)  
 stares out of the bay window onto the rolling lawns.

He speaks into a dictaphone whilst consulting an open  
 manila folder resting on the sill.

DR. BURTON

New admission. Dante, Donald.  
Private patient. Possibly  
delusional, displaying suicidal  
tendencies as the result of  
anaphylactic shock and subsequent  
hospitalization. Attends under  
section. Initial consultation.

He switches off the recorder but continues to speak into it.

DR. BURTON

It's five and I'm shattered.  
Anniversary adversary tonight  
with Jeanne. She's going to have  
me for the bloody main course.  
This has been Nicholas Burton,  
and you've been a lousy audience.

There's a knock at the door and he quickly corrects his  
stance and tie.

A Psychiatric Nurse 1 leads in Don who sits down languidly  
in the chair without being asked.

PSYCH NURSE 1

Dr Burton. This is Don.

Dr. Burton smiles at the vexed-looking Don, but continues  
to hold his stare longer than necessary, as if searching  
for something.

DR. BURTON

Hi Don. I'm Doctor Burton... Have  
we met before?

Don looks quizzically at him and suddenly shuts his eyes.

BLACK SCREEN.

DR. BURTON

...and wake.

Dr Burton clicks his fingers.

Don opens his eyes to find that he is now horizontal on a  
chais-longe, but still in the Doctor's office.

DR. BURTON

Sit up in your own time, Don.  
That wasn't so bad was it?

DON

I guess not. So what's the  
verdict Doc. Am I crazy in the  
coconut?

Dr. Burton sits down behind his desk taking out a pack of nicotine gum. Don looks disapprovingly.

DR. BURTON

We've all got our vices Don, even me. To put your mind at rest, no, you are certainly not mad. In each of our sessions over the last two weeks you've not displayed any signs of delusional behavior.

Through the glass in the door, Dr. Burton can see the television over Don's shoulder, it shows continuing news scenes of destruction and death. Dr. Burton mutters under his breath.

DR. BURTON

And let's face it, most of the world is right now.

DON

So why am I here then?

DR. BURTON

Let's return to what you just told me, in our hypnosis session. You were found by a local worker on the outskirts of Mageddo near Jerusalem and taken to a camp?

DON

I told you that?

He sounds genuinely surprised.

DON

According to my mother, I was found by a gravedigger stumbling round a Jewish cemetery in a very unfashionable part of town.

Dr. Burton writes something down in his file.

DR. BURTON

And your father?

DON

Adoptive father. He was an archeologist working for UNESCO, on a dig. I guess the gravedigger thought I was an interesting artifact and took me to Mr Dante senior.

DR. BURTON

What an unusual entry into the world! How do you feel about it? Have you ever felt the need to track down your birth parents for example?

DON

No. Never. I can't explain it, but I just know they don't exist. Whether that means they're now dead, or never were...

Don corrects himself at how strange he sounds.

DON

... I just now they ain't on the planet no more.

DR. BURTON

Are you comfortable talking about your adoptive father's death? I have the report here, but I'd rather here it in your own words.

Don seems to stiffen at this.

DON

Do I have to?

DR. BURTON

Of course not, but based on my observations I really think it holds the key to what you are going through now.

EXT. OUTDOOR SWIMMING POOL IN THE GARDEN OF A SUBURBAN HOUSE. DAY.

The plastic blue cover for the pool is half way across its length.

An elderly man tries to pull it further but without success.

A child, maybe seven years old, is playing with a bouncing ball, a cartoon fish painted on it.

FATHER

Careful Don, if it goes in, that's it. You're not helping you know! This dratted cover will be the death of me.

Young Don puts the ball down and starts to walk back towards the house.

The ball rolls, gathering speed, onto the plastic pool covering.

Don sees this and picks up the pool skimmer.

He returns to the edge of the pool and tries to hook the ball, like ducks in the fairground. He is overextending himself and perilously close to falling in.

The Father throws down the sheeting and rushes to the pool edge, but his foot gets caught in the orange plastic cord of the pool cover and carried by the momentum of his dash he falls straight into the suffocating pool cover.

Don looks on in horror as the father struggles to free himself.

Don's face reflects the terrible noises coming from the pool.

INT. DOCTOR BURTON'S OFFICE.

DR. BURTON

How terrible. How truly truly terrible. Did you receive counseling or help at the time?

A fly enters through the open window and begins to buzz around.

DON

Nope. It happened right at the end of the summer and I was due to start Boarding school in the September. Mum thought it best... best for who I was never sure...that I went.

The familiar low rumbling sound stirs from his seated buttocks. Don quickly coughs to mask the sound.

DON

If I just went away.

DR. BURTON

Maybe this helping complex of yours stems from your inability to help your father?

DON

So you mean I'm now trying to help everyone else as some sort of guilt or punishment.

DR. BURTON

I'd say more atonement, but yes.

Don really seems to be considering this.

DON

But even so. How come everything  
I do for good always gets twisted  
to end up bad?

DR. BURTON

Based on the examples you've  
given me, Don, I don't think it  
does. You've just got yourself  
into a negative cycle of thought  
where you expect it to happen,  
so you it does.

He reaches for his lighter then puts it back down with a  
sigh.

DR. BURTON

Events in life just happen, they  
are seldom within our direct  
control.

From a side drawer in his desk he pulls out a blister pack  
of Nicotine replacement chewing gum and slips one into his  
mouth.

DR. BURTON

But what is in your control is  
how you perceive them. You can  
choose to see something in a  
positive or negative light.

The fly buzzes loudly next to his face.

DR. BURTON

Blasted fly...

DON

I got it...

The fly lands on the desk.

Don moves to swat it, but in doing so knocks over the  
Perpetual Motion toy.

The shiny balls become detached from their wire and spill  
across the floor.

NURSE MARGARET (40) knocks and enters, she slips on one  
of the balls and falls hard on her shoulder.

DON

See? See? My point exactly.

Dr. Burton is on his feet and helping the shaken Nurse.  
There seems to be a vibe of attraction between them, which  
Don picks up on.

DR. BURTON

Oh Don. What are we going to do  
with you, eh?

DON

Send me back to Paradise? Send  
me home.

A low laugh comes from Don's backside.

Dr. Burton stops picking up the balls and shoots him a  
strange look.

EXT. KINGS CROSS STREET. DAY.

AZRIAL walks purposefully down the street, his pentangle  
necklace visible against his black polo neck as he  
clutches a Happy Shopper bag under his arm. It is raining  
heavily, but he seems to be walking under a cloud all of  
his own.

He enters a drab looking building, all peeling paint and  
piss.

EXT. DON DREAM SEQUENCE.

Water ripples against a candle floating unlit.

The candle is in a swimming pool.

Don stands next to the swimming pool.

He looks across the short distance to the other side where  
a small lamb is standing.

As in a dream Don walks across the water, arms  
outstretched to the lamb and takes it in his arms.

He shuts his eyes and hugs the lamb as if imparting  
strength, but when he looks down, the lamb has become a  
white goat.

Across the water now stands a square shape covered by  
black cloth. The cloth is slightly too short at the bottom,  
revealing a full length mirror underneath.

Don puts down the goat and walks round the pool-side to  
the covered mirror.

He looks scared as he starts to lift the cloth. His fear  
increases and he is unable to.

The goat makes a loud bray.

INT. DOCTOR BURTON'S OFFICE. DAY

Dr. Burton is installed behind his desk. Don at the chair.

DR. BURTON

The black obelisk, you're sure  
it was a mirror underneath?

DON

I couldn't see for sure but I  
just knew. The higher I lifted  
the cloth the more scared I got.

DR. BURTON

OK Don. I think it's really  
important we find out what's  
under the mirror and what it is  
your sub-conscious is frightened  
of facing. Your true nature  
reflecting back at you, perhaps?

DON

I'm not sure Doc. I mean, I know  
it should only be my reflection  
under there but, you don't  
understand how frightened I was.  
You could give me a heart attack.

DR. BURTON

I thought that was what you  
wanted? To get back to paradise.  
It's a win/win situation by my  
reckoning.

Dr. Burton puts a reassuring hand on his shoulder and  
leads him to the chais-longe.

A zinc disk spins on a small table to the side of Don. He  
watches it as his eyes gradually close.

Doctor Burton presses the tape-recorder on his desk. He  
speaks softly into the machine.

DR. BURTON

Don Dante. Hypnosis Session 15.

A fly starts to buzz around the room.

He raises his eyes in exasperation.

INT. MAGDA'S BEDROOM. HACKNEY FLAT. EVENING.

The room is lit by scented candles. A photo of a white  
lighthouse stands on her bedside table in a heart-shaped  
frame. Magda sits on her bed, Jude at her side but a  
polite distance away. Her small brown dog is curled up in  
her lap. Magda holds a letter.

MAGDA

It arrived this morning. Don  
sounds the same but, I don't  
know... listen to this...

She reads from the letter.

MAGDA

...but even with Doc B's help I was too scared to lift the curtain and look in the mirror. I'm sure that what's beneath it holds the key to my condition. Maybe I saw paradise; maybe I didn't. What eats me up, is that no-one can say for sure I didn't. You know me Magda, I've always felt special, like I was here to help people, maybe even save them...

Jude makes a "cuckoo" noise and raises his finger to the side of his head.

MAGDA

Don't. He goes on... Yesterday a sparrow flew into my room.

INT. DON'S ROOM. GETHSEMANE CLINIC. LATE AFTERNOON.

Don's room is basic but functional. He sits on his bed writing the letter.

The sound of a lawn mower can be heard outside.

A neon blue fly zapper is in the corner of the room, similar to those found in commercial kitchens. It looks recently installed.

A small starling flies in through the white-barred window and in a panic hits the zapper.

It falls to the ground in a crackle of blue electricity.

Don picks up the still smoking bird and holds it in his hands.

A tear falls from his eye into the gap between his fingers. There is movement.

He opens his hands and the starling flies to the window.

DON

Wow! That's it. Fly away. Live long.

Don returns to his bed in joyous shock.

The bird exits the window and lands on the grass where it is promptly run over by the gardener's mower.

INT. MAGDA'S BEDROOM. HACKNEY FLAT. EVENING.

Magda continues to read from the letter. Jude is leaning over the bed playing with a Ouija Board on the floor.

He moves the pointer to the letters of the alphabet randomly.

MAGDA

Could this be my first miracle?  
It's all starting to make sense?  
My thirtieth birthday was last  
month, the age at which Christ  
began his mission...

Jude drops the pointer and looks back over the bed at her.

JUDE

Christ? Oh Christ! He's flipped.

MAGDA

I know. I thought I was doing the  
right thing having him sent there.  
But he's getting worse isn't he.  
What have I done?

She begins to cry. Jude takes this as his cue to move up the bed and console her by putting his hand on her inner thigh.

A large black crow lands on the window ledge unseen by either of them.

JUDE

How about we get away for a few  
days? My uncle's got a villa in  
Spain we could stay in.

MAGDA

But what if Don needs me? I feel  
partly responsible for sending  
him there.

JUDE

Come on. Dante's lost it. It's  
been on the cards since I knew  
him. He's always been a bit flakey.

She pushes him away.

He comes back with a new approach.

JUDE

You're a nursery school teacher  
right?

MAGDA

Yep. So?

JUDE

I remember Don saying once it was  
your dream to run your own place  
out in Spain?

MAGDA  
He told you that?

JUDE  
Yeah, he looked into getting a  
bank loan to...

Magda's eyes start to well-up.

Jude quickly corrects his mistake.

JUDE  
My uncle's villa is right next  
to a nursery and I know for a  
hard fact that they're looking  
for summer staff. How about it?

MAGDA  
Oh Jude, I don't know. It just  
feels wrong.

JUDE  
If it's your dream you owe it to  
yourself. Don will understand.

He begins stroking her arm.

JUDE  
For a dream to come true, first  
you have to wake up.

Magda gets up and sits at her table mirror. She picks up  
her hair brush and combs her hair.

Jude leans back over the bed and looks at the Ouija Board,  
a big grin hidden from Magda.

MAGDA  
Maybe you're right.

The pointer on the Ouija Board moves jerkily of its own  
accord. Jude's smug grin fades as he mouths the letters  
it is spelling: F-U-C-K-U

The black crow on the window ledge flaps and flies away.

INT. WAITING AREA OUTSIDE DR BURTON'S OFFICE. DAY

Don sits on the bench outside Dr Burton's office.

Margaret the nurse is writing in an appointment book,  
Behind her the small TV is showing the news, the volume  
is low but audible.

Don watches the TV hungrily.

A reporter is standing by a river discussing an escalation  
in Middle-eastern conflict. Tanks roll past.

REPORTER

...the beginning of Armageddon. The book of Revelations predicts the second coming of the christ but only after a period of 66 days of the Devil. I'm here at the Red sea which has overnight turned red. Of course, it is not blood, but a rare algae that has been deposited by the recent flooding of the Nile. Still a most powerful omen...

The screen suddenly goes black.

Dr Burton has switched off the TV and stares angrily down at the nurse.

DR. BURTON

Good morning Don, would you wait in my office please.

Don shuts the door behind him leaving Dr and Nurse alone.

DR. BURTON

Margaret, how many times hun? I'm dealing with vulnerable and fragile people here. These are not helpful images.

MARGARET

I'm sorry Nick, I wasn't thinking.

Dr Burton's face softens and he touches her shoulder, leaving it there a few seconds too long to be professional.

MARGARET

Your wife called, she asked if you could ring her back.

Dr Burton winces slightly, nods and enters his office.

INT. DR BURTON'S OFFICE. DAY.

Don is playing with the perpetual motion toy now fixed.

Dr Burton looks at him as if to say leave it alone.

Don complies with a guilty look.

Dr Burton opens his filing cabinet and extracts a file, throwing it onto the desk with force.

DON

And a good morning to you too Doc. Bad nights sleep?

DR. BURTON  
 Something like that Don. More importantly, how are you this morning?

DON  
 I feel electrified Doc. I've worked it out. I know why I'm here.

DR. BURTON  
 That's great Don. Tell me about it.

Don stands up and composes himself, he seems much more relaxed and self assured.

DON  
 You're not going to like it though Doc. You didn't exactly buy into my paradise trip. Wait till you get a load of this...

Don puffs out his chest and holds out his hands in a mock "Godspell" pose.

DON  
 I think I may be the Christ. I am the resurrection. The second coming.

Stunned silence.

DR. BURTON  
 Come again?

DON  
 Well, if not the actual Christ, then at least a sort of John the Baptist forerunner, preparing the way...Last night in my room, I performed what can only be described as a miracle.

DR. BURTON  
 You managed to eat those rock hard meatballs?!

DON  
 Damn it Doc, I'm being serious! I'm ready to take the sheet off the mirror... if you'll help me. I think I know what I'm going to find.

DR. BURTON  
 In time. Tell me first about the miracle please.

Don babbles, the words tripping over each other.

DON

A bird flew into my room  
yesterday and got zapped by the  
fly zapper you had installed...

The sound of yet another fly is momentarily heard.

DON

I breathed on it and it came back  
to life and flew away like a...  
like a...

DR. BURTON

The bird was simply stunned Don.  
Nothing more. I'm sorry to  
disappoint you.

DON

Do you think I actually want to  
be the messiah?

DR. BURTON

You certainly sound quite excited  
by the prospect.

DON

No. I'm scared shitless by the  
prospect. I'm just relieved that  
I've found the reason. It all  
makes sense now.

He looks at the doc expecting an interruption.

DON

Growing up, everyone always said  
I was special, that I had a  
special light around me. Nothing  
seemed to touch me, like I was  
protected. I've always felt I was  
sent to help human's muddle through.

DR. BURTON

And what would you say if I said  
this was all part of your helping  
complex and disassociation  
resulting from your father's death?

DON

I know it would seem to make  
sense but...

DR. BURTON

And being told you were found  
alone in a graveyard? With no-  
one knowing how you came to be  
there at three years old. Give  
yourself a break Don.

(MORE)

DR. BURTON (CONT'D)  
 No wonder you felt different. You  
 are different Don, but divine.

He shakes his head.

Dr Burton takes a deep breath then pats the chais-longe.  
 Don jumps onto it like an excitable dog.

DR. BURTON  
 Come on then. Let's see what's  
 in that noggin of yours.

EXT. DON'S REVISITED DREAMSCAPE.

Don is once more standing by the swimming pool, looking  
 across at the black obelisk. The goat is munching on some  
 grass at the pool edge. It looks up at him as he passes.

DON  
 (to Goat)  
 Hi, how ya doing!

The goat stares at him and answers, telepathically in  
 ancient Aramaic.

GOAT (V.O.)  
 Shambara, Tacleana, harak speetis  
 ahoron sto?

Subtitles: "Welcome back Master, Shall you begin your  
 sacred ministry now?"

Don winks at the goat and confidently strides round the pool.

He pauses in front of the covered mirror.

With a deep breath, he rips off the veil.

Don's face turns to absolute horror.

DON  
 No!

INT. CORRIDOR. GETHSEMANE PRIVATE CLINIC. NIGHT.

Don is being wheeled down the hallway in a wheelchair. His  
 face is a blank expression.

INT. DON'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Margaret returns him to his room but realizes she can't  
 move him onto his bed unaided. She leaves, seeking help.

Don is positioned so he can stare out of the window onto  
 the grass.

A number of flies have collected on the pane. Behind them, a shape in the distance gets closer.

The large white goat continues up to the window and stands there, staring at Don.

Don stares vacantly back.

Nurse Margaret enters with Doctor Burton and sees the flies.

MARGARET

Oh Lord these flies!

DON'S BUTTOCKS

I am the Lord of the flies.

Margaret jumps at this other-worldly voice and looks at Don. His voice remains expressionless.

Margaret and Dr Burton lift up Don and hoist him onto his bed.

Their hands touch. Dr Burton looks away first, coyly.

DR. BURTON

OK, Margaret, Nurse Peterson. I need to know what it was he saw in the mirror.

MARGARET

But he's catatonic, Doctor.

DR. BURTON

He's responded very well to hypnosis in the past and it's his subconscious mind that's shut him down like this.

Margaret shifts uncomfortably on her white pumps.

DR. BURTON

You may want to wait outside. This could be disturbing. Whatever he saw was distressing enough to cause a complete emotional collapse.

Margaret backs out of the room as if Don is a bomb about to go off.

EXT. EPPING FOREST. NIGHT.

A large bonfire throws shards of orange light around the black forest.

A circle of people wearing black gowns dance around the licking flames, chanting. Their faces are hidden by the heavy hoods. Each holds a black candle. They chant in unison.

## SATANISTS

Come Goat of Mentis. The Wormwood  
Star is here. Begin your reign.  
Reveal yourself.

A young women sits away from the group on a blanket. She is changing into a twin set metallic looking bra and panties.

A man approaches her and gives her a live chicken, which she takes with both hands and walks to the main group.

She holds the chicken above her head.

## YOUNG WOMEN

May this our sacrifice of blood  
please you our Lord of the flies.

She pauses, searching for her knife. It is not there.

There is coughing in the group and someone produces a pen knife.

The women takes it, looking embarrassed, and tries to slit the chicken's throat. The penknife is so blunt it makes no mark. The chicken howls in protest making such a continued noise that she has to stop.

Three cloaked MALE SATANISTS break away from the group and sit on the blanket.

They remove their hoods and one pulls out a tupperware box and takes out a sandwich, offering it to the other two men.

## SATANIST 1

Help yourself... it's chicken.

The chicken wails again off near the fire. Both men shake their head at the offer.

## SATANIST 2

Can you believe it? The Wormwood  
star is here in London.

SATANIST 1 pulls a laptop computer from under the blanket and opens it.

The Screensaver has the painting "Lucifer" by Giotto, showing the Devil with two faces, one where it should be, the other on his buttocks.

SATANIST 1 opens the Google Earth application and watches the earth spin on his laptop screen.

## SATANIST 3

The beast shall rule for sixty  
six days and we shall finally  
know what it is to have power.  
No more getting kicked around.

SATANIST 1 points to the heavens.

SATANIST 1  
Look! It shines tonight. But over  
where exactly?

SATANIST 3 reaches into his gown and pulls out two maps.  
He unfolds them. One is a map of "Warhammer" Fantasy board  
game.

SATANIST 2  
Come on, put that Fighting  
Fantasy shit away. No wonder  
people don't take us seriously.

SATANIST 1  
We're Satanists, not geeks, we're  
about to gain dominion over the  
earth. It's going to be sick! Act  
accordingly.

SATANIST 3  
Now who's sounding all Mordor?

He puts the map away and studies the remaining Astronomers  
Star Chart. It is covered with readings and pencil marks.

SATANIST 3  
The declination is 33 degrees.  
Plotted against tonight's latest  
readings from Jodrell Bank. I can  
position it to the nearest  
hundred meters.

SATANIST 1  
The Devil's sign. Where?!

All three men huddle round the laptop. Their faces  
reflected in the blue light like witches round a cauldron.

EXT. WORMWOOD STAR SEQUENCE.

Google Earth zooms from the spinning globe into the UK and  
then the southeast.

A white star shines against the back night sky.

A beam of white light shoots down onto a building.

Google Earth lands on a large building surrounded by green.

The light shines directly over Gethsemane private clinic.

CUT TO

Don lies on his bed, his face bathed in white light. His  
eyes are closed.

CUT TO

The circle of Satanists dance round the large bonfire. All are naked and wearing plastic goat masks.

The girl with the chicken holds up her hands, her face smeared with blood.

GIRL

Now! Come master. Come now! We implore you!

CUT TO

Don lies on his bed, his face bathed in white light. His eyes suddenly flash open. He has the eyes of a goat.

CUT TO

Don is standing in the middle of the circle of satanists. The girl who held the chicken now dances round him. Don is naked and where his buttocks should be is a devil's face.

Don surveys the crowd, all naked in the firelight and copulating. An orgy in is full swing, with all the participants wearing goat masks.

Don looks down again at the girl dancing around him, she too now wears a goat's mask.

Don reaches down to remove the mask and reveals Magda's face.

She appears lost in her ecstatic writhing as she moves behind him to kiss passionately the face on his buttocks.

She takes the chicken and snaps off its claw handing it to Don.

INT. DON'S ROOM. GETHSEMANE CLINIC. DAY.

Don lies horizontally on his bed. Nurse Margaret looks nervously through the window in the door. Dr Burton sits fatherly on the end of Don's bed, speaking in a comforting tone.

DR. BURTON

I'm speaking now to the person in the mirror. Can you tell me what you see.

Don starts to hum deeply. His face contorts as if he is straining to expel something.

A loud fart is heard and the humming stops. The voice when it comes is low and mellifluous and originates from his buttock region.

DON'S BUTTOCKS  
I've waited an eon to release  
that. Good evening Nicholas. Have  
we been a good boy this year?

Dr Burton is taken aback by the change in Don.

DR. BURTON  
Are you the person in the mirror?

A deep voice from the rear of Don replies.

DON'S BUTTOCKS  
I AM the mirror.

Dr Burton is looking down at his notes and is unaware that  
Don's lips aren't moving.

DR. BURTON  
Who am I addressing?

DON'S BUTTOCKS  
I've had many many names Nick.  
Nicknames.

DR. BURTON  
Can you tell me some.

DON'S BUTTOCKS  
Mestopheles, Beelzebub, Lucifer,  
Lord of the Flies... none have  
really suited though or set the  
right tone.

Dr Burton looks up.

DR. BURTON  
What shall I call you then.

DON'S BUTTOCKS  
Sataniel is my given name. Son  
of the morning.

He puts on a pseudo-american therapist voice.

DON'S BUTTOCKS  
That's the closest they've got  
to the real me. If you are to be  
my therapist, I think we should  
be frank from the start. Don't  
you agree Frank?

Don's mouth hangs open as if asleep and breathing with a  
blocked nose.

As Don's lips vibrate slightly, Dr Burton is unaware that  
the voice is not coming directly from Don's mouth.

DR. BURTON

So you are the devil. What's happened to Don.

DON'S BUTTOCKS

I am Don. It just took me a while to remember exactly who that is. I guess I've finally connected with the real me. Great, huh?

DR. BURTON

And what are you doing here Don.

Don sits up and walks to the door. He beckons the Doctor follow him.

Margaret moves away from the door and Don smiles at her. She looks at his buttocks.

DON'S BUTTOCKS

Hi Margaret.

She shrieks.

Don turns on the TV above her desk.

The news shows images of death.

DON'S BUTTOCKS

Take a long hard look, Doc. This is why I'm here. He broke his word.

DR. BURTON

I'm confused.

DON'S BUTTOCKS

You're confused?! Welcome to my world! I've lost my raison d'etre.

TV image of a Palestinian suicide bomber being shot by an Israeli soldier.

DON'S BUTTOCKS

I guess you want to blame me for this. Well, here's the news. All of this is done in His name, not mine. What's left for me? What's my role now?

DR. BURTON

But you... the devil is supposed to be the evil one.

DON'S BUTTOCKS

Oh grow up Nick! There is no such thing as good and evil. Human concepts all.

Don switches channel on the TV to reveal an image of a man with white stick and black sunglasses walking down a street.

DON'S BUTTOCKS  
Is blindness evil or just an eye  
not working properly?

Don switches channel again to show a burst river.

DON'S BUTTOCKS  
If a man builds his home on a  
flood plain and the flood kills  
him, is that evil or a foolish  
builder?

Switches again: a Texan man with big black moustache fires a gun.

DON'S BUTTOCKS  
If a man makes a choice to buy a  
gun and shoot his neighbor is  
that evil or just a bad man's  
choice?

Don switches channel to George W Bush giving a speech.

DON'S BUTTOCKS  
Always exceptions. This guy shows  
promise.

Don switches off the TV and goes to the water cooler to get a drink.

He holds the cup to his mouth.

DON'S BUTTOCKS  
Wrong mouth. I'm parched down here.

Don moves the cup down to his rear. A slurping sound is heard.

Dr Burton scratches his head.

DON'S BUTTOCKS  
Me and the boss are kind of  
hands-off these days.

DR. BURTON  
So why pay us a visit now, Don?

DON'S BUTTOCKS  
It's end time Doc.

Don suddenly looks around nervously

DON'S BUTTOCKS  
 Shush. You didn't hear that from me. It's supposed to be my time now. I've got to rule for sixty-six days to allow for the second coming, but fuck it.

Margaret looks scared.

MARGARET  
 You mean the end of the world IS coming.

Don shrugs his shoulders.

DON'S BUTTOCKS  
 I'm sorry lady.

DR. BURTON  
 Margaret please!  
 (to Don)  
 What do you mean...fuck it?

DON'S BUTTOCKS  
 Just that. God broke his word.  
 We had a deal and he fucked it!

Don folds his arms.

DR. BURTON  
 Why?

DON'S BUTTOCKS  
 I'm going out of business, Doc.  
 No more souls. Just arse-souls!

Don flicks through the pages of Nurse Margaret's appointment book on the desk.

DON'S BUTTOCKS  
 See? Never give God a leg to stand on, because he'll use it to kick you in the nuts.

DR. BURTON  
 Don't you want to rule the earth?  
 I thought that was always your goal?

DON'S BUTTOCKS  
 God had a son. Sure he did. He came to earth, walked around a bit, taking in the sights.  
 Experiencing. Feeling.

DR. BURTON  
 Jesus?

DON'S BUTTOCKS

Christ! And to think it only happened because I joked how could God be God without knowing what it was like to actually be a human?

DR. BURTON

Good point.

DON'S BUTTOCKS

Thank you. I thought so too. Never thought he'd take me seriously. So here he is walking about, the word made flesh - getting the shits, getting into fights, feeling hungry, horny...

Don makes devil horn gesture above his head.

DON'S BUTTOCKS

And look at all the trouble that caused. I merely wanted to have the same experience. I never had a son. Despite what Hollywood movies would have you believe there is no anti-christ. So I had to come myself.

MARGARET

No anti-christ?

Dr Burton shoots her another silencing look.

DON'S BUTTOCKS

(to Margaret)

God and I aren't enemies. We just got different roles. Yin and Yang. How can you understand light without knowing darkness?

DR. BURTON

So you've come here to..?

DON'S BUTTOCKS

To get a piece of the big man's action. I'm curious the same as he was. I wanted to see what it's like to walk a mile in man's shoes, Doc.

DR. BURTON

And what have you found out so far?

DON'S BUTTOCKS

I don't need to tell you! It's tough! It's unfair. Everything you do is misinterpreted or turns out wrong. Everything's blurred. There's no light or dark anymore in this human twilight.

DR. BURTON

Ah, that's what Don said...

DON'S BUTTOCKS

I AM Don, Doc. It can't be that hard for you to understand, especially not as a Therapist.

Don grabs his buttocks and a cough is heard.

DON'S BUTTOCKS

Always made me laugh that word: Therapist: The Rapist. Thought Rapist! Ha! Don is my alter-ego, my Clark Kent if you will. He is the meat casing for my soul. But due to the nature of how you are designed he's at this time unaware of it.

A bell rings. Nobody moves.

MARGARET

The session's over Doctor Burton.

DON'S BUTTOCKS

(to Margaret)

Ochi, sto spitimou edaxi dicataspera.

(to Dr Burton)

OK Doc. Here's the deal. I'll bring Don back now, but I want you to leave all this alone. I'm supposed to start this apocalypse pretty soon, but I'm not going to. Fuck it. You can tell Don, what you like, but I've decided to live out my days as him. It's much more fun being human. Sto Ne Etraxe, Margaret?

Don suddenly crumples and falls back into the chair unconscious. Dr Burton checks his pulse.

DR. BURTON

Why was he talking gibberish to you, I wonder.

MARGARET

It wasn't gibberish. It's Greek!

DR.BURTON

I didn't know you spoke Greek I thought you were Croatian?

MARGARET

He spoke in the perfect dialect of my village. I'm from Macedonia, but there's no way he could've known that.

A sudden fear grips her.

MARGARET

What's going on Nick? He can't be...

DR.BURTON

Of course he's not! Don't be absurd Margaret. I was merely playing along with him to see how deep-rooted his delusion really is. Don's no more the devil than I'm Mick Jagger.

EXT PRIVATE ROAD LEADING UP TO GETHSEMANE CLINIC. MORNING.

The three SATANISTS from the Black Mass walk up the gravel road to the clinic. They are dressed casual geek, each carries a small box in front of them, reminiscent of the three wise men.

SATANIST 3

It looks like the Priory. There must be over fifty patients. How will we recognize him?

SATANIST 1

The master will reveal himself to us. There are certain symbols.

SATANIST 2

Like what?

SATANIST 1

You know, like the...the...look, the main entrance.

They walk up to the main door and knock.

Nurse Margaret opens the door.

Silence.

Satanist 3 can no longer contain his excitement.

SATANIST 3

We're here for the Devil!

Margaret looks them up and down.

MARGARET

You must be the "The Disciples"?

The three Satanists look amazed.

MARGARET

That's a bit cruel of you. Don's not well.

There look adjusts to confused.

SATANIST 1

...how did you...

MARGARET

Don's band right? The Disciples. He's talked about you.

SATANIST 1

Right.

MARGARET

You're very early. I think he's taking his morning walk round the garden.

She points back behind them and they follow her finger.

MARGARET

Follow the flies.

EXT. GARDENS OF GETHSEMANE. MORNING.

Don is walking through the herb garden.

He gently touches a rose, as he walks past it, the petals fall off.

He looks down at the red petals and sighs.

Reaching into his pocket he pulls out a chicken's claw. As he studies it in confusion he is confronted by the three men, staring at him in silence.

DON

Hi.

SATANIST 1

Master?

DON

Don.

They look at the chicken claw in his hand and the rose petals at his feet.

Don puts the claw back in his pocket self-consciously.

Satanists 2 and 3 whisper excitedly.

SATANIST 1  
 Master! We have brought gifts for  
 you to celebrate the start of  
 your reign. Please accept them  
 and remember us at the end of days.

Don looks at them strangely.

DON  
 I've not seen you before, which  
 floor are you on. Do you want me  
 to get your nurse?

Satanist 1 kneels before Don and opens the box.

Inside is a bottle of Absinthe.

SATANIST 1  
 With pure Wormwood extract. In  
 honor of the star which bore you  
 to us.

DON  
 OK. That's nice.

Satanist 1 hobbles back on his knees.

Satanist 2 takes his place and opens his box to reveal an  
 inverted cross like a dagger, with a pentangle at it's base.

SATANIST 2  
 A warning to your enemies.

DON  
 OK. Getting weirder now.

Satanist 3 shuffles on his knees to Don's feet and falls  
 prostrate in front of him, holding up his box.

Inside is a shriveled, dried hand, cut at the wrist.

SATANIST 3  
 The hand of glory, master. Cut  
 from a hanged man, whilst he was  
 still swinging, it will...

DON  
 ...and that's just fucked.  
 Alright wacko's back to your  
 rooms, it's medication time.

All three Satanists look confused.

DR. BURTON  
 Hey!

Dr Burton runs towards the group. His white coat flaps like a cape behind him. By the time he reaches the men he is out of breath and angry.

DR. BURTON  
What's going on here. Who authorized this?

DON  
Tell them to go back to their rooms Doc.

DR. BURTON  
They're not patients Don. Nurse Margaret thought they were friends of yours. I just took a call from your real friends canceling today's visit.

DON  
I've never seen them before.

DR. BURTON  
Leave before I call the police... Now!

DON  
I think...

DR. BURTON  
Go back in the house Don.

EXT. DRIVEWAY. GETHSEMANE PRIVATE CLINIC. DAY.

Dr Burton herds the men down the driveway.

DR. BURTON  
What's your game?

SATANIST 3  
He is the anti-christ.

The other two Satanists try to silence him.

DR. BURTON  
No he's not. He's a poor disturbed individual and what you've just done has probably set back his recovery weeks.

SATANIST 1  
The Wormwood star doesn't lie. The anti-christ walks among us and when he begins his reign you will crawl like an ant in the afterbirth, screaming for the very rocks to hide you.

They have reached the main road.

DR. BURTON

After you...

Dr Burton watches them walk off, looking disturbed himself.

EXT. STEPS OF GETHSEMANE PRIVATE CLINIC. DAY.

Don holds the three boxes. Dr. Burton is angry.

DON

What was all that about?

DR. BURTON

Just some strange individuals Don who'd probably be better off in here.

Dr Burton pokes his finger into the boxes.

DR. BURTON

Would you like me to dispose of these.

DON

I'll keep the Absinthe, but you can have the rest. Look Doc, I'm not mad. If they're on the outside, why the hell should I be kept on the inside?

DR. BURTON

If you want to go home Don, I don't have a problem with that. On the proviso that you return here every day for your regular session. Deal?

Dr Burton holds out his hand.

Don reaches into the third box and offers the shriveled hand to return the handshake.

DON

I'm no good with deal's Doc.

Don enters the house. Dr Burton remains on the porch holding the hand. He looks at his watch.

DR. BURTON

Shit!

INT. A LOW-LIT BAR. NIGHT.

Don sits at the bar with a tall glass of Guinness ale in front of him. He stares at his reflection.

DON'S BUTTOCKS

It's time Don.

Don looks around him.

Two girls are sitting at a table in the corner.

A businessman is talking into his cell phone four stools down.

The barman is serving an attractive lady.

Don's eye is drawn to the lady's arse.

DON'S BUTTOCKS

There's nothing like a great arse... and believe me, I should know.

Don grips his Guinness.

DON

Shut up.

DON'S BUTTOCKS

Go on, squeeze her arse. You can do anything you want. Don't you remember who we are.

DON

I don't want to.

The lady looks at Don and smiles.

Don tries to smile back but his shyness forces him to look down at his drink.

DON'S BUTTOCKS

Think of us like that Guinness you got there. For the past thirty-three years you been the white head on top. But I've always been the black majority.

Don lifts up the glass.

DON'S BUTTOCKS

That's it. You know it makes sense. One glass, divided. It's time to unify. Two becomes one.

DON

Everyone's got the devil inside them, making them do crazy things.

DON'S BUTTOCKS

You are the devil.

DON  
I'm the devil?

The barman looks over at this.

BARMAN  
You alright buddy?

Don nods meekly.

DON'S BUTTOCKS  
You are the old one and I'll  
prove it...

Don picks up the Guinness and drinks it in one gulp.

DON  
Wow. I feel... I feel...

DON'S BUTTOCKS  
Powerful?

DON  
Yes.

DON'S BUTTOCKS  
Strong?

DON  
Yes. What have you done to me?

DON'S BUTTOCKS  
I've simply taken away your fear  
that's all. Now click your fingers.

Don obliges.

The girl at the bar takes her drink and walks over to him.

GIRL  
Hi.

DON  
Well hello.

GIRL  
I need you to squeeze my arse hard.

DON  
Right now?

GIRL  
Right fucking now.

INT. A SWISH DINNER PARTY. NIGHT.

Eight guests in their late fifties are seated round a plush dinner table, surrounded by empty desert plates.

Doctor Burton sits next to his wife JEANNE. Across from him sits FATHER MORROW, discernible by his dog collar. To his right sits BILL JUM, a retiring astrologer. TED, the host, is looking through a side cupboard. His wife PATRICIA begins to clear away the dishes.

TED

It's here somewhere.

PATRICIA

Oh do give it up, Ted. Surely you've all drunk enough already?

Ted turns to answer her, banging his head on the cupboard door.

DR. BURTON

Don't worry Ted old boy. It was only a thought.

TED

No. Damn it, it's got to be...ah-hah!

He pulls out a an old looking bottle of absinthe, holding it up as if it were the World Cup.

TED

Game on! Who'll taste a bit of the devil's liquor with me?

FATHER MORROW

And it really contains wormwood extract? Let me see.

Ted passes the aged bottle and the priest studies the faded label.

FATHER MORROW

Quite so, What a revelation. Oh I say, ha-ha!

JEANNE

I don't get the joke Father?

FATHER MORROW

Well, the book of Revelation writes that the evil star, the Wormwood star would appear in the sky heralding the start of the apocalypse.

DR. BURTON

It'll be the start of your own personal apocalypse if you drink that gunk.

Everyone laughs.

FATHER MORROW  
 Doubtless. Wormwood means evil  
 star, Do you know the literal  
 translation of Wormwood in  
 Russian? Chernobyl...I kid you not.

Ted lays shot glasses around the table. Everyone declines  
 except for Dr. Burton and Bill Jum.

BILL JUM  
 (to Father Morrow)  
 We'll I hope for our sake that  
 book of yours is wrong.

They raise the green glasses to their lips.

DR. BURTON  
 Nastrovia!

He drains the glass and slams it upturned on the table.  
 The remnants of the green liquid stains the white tablecloth.

Patricia bites her tongue.

DR. BURTON  
 Why's that Bill?

BILL JUM  
 Down at Jodrell, we've been  
 tracking the Wormwood star for  
 the past six years. These past  
 two nights it's been hanging over  
 London, you know?

FATHER MORROW  
 Like an inverted star of Bethlehem?

BILL JUM  
 You are more right than you know.  
 Guess where?

JEANNE  
 Where Bill, don't be such a tease!

Dr Burton starts to look a bit uncomfortable.

DR. BURTON  
 Don't tell me. Right over  
 Gethsemane clinic?

BILL JUM  
 Yes. Our very own Bethlehem or  
 Bedlam to be precise.

Bill picks up a circular napkin holder and holds the ring  
 up to his eye, looking through it at Dr. Burton like a  
 telescope.

BILL JUM

I never knew you were an astronomer Nick? It took us a couple of days to plot it's course. What sort of telescope do you have?

Patricia has finished clearing away the plates and looks with resignation at her husbands lack of help.

PATRICIA

Where's Gethsemane clinic, Jeanney?

JEANNE

It's where Nick works.

BILL JUM (TO DR.BURTON)

It changed it's course this afternoon. But, we must've miscalculated. It's now hanging over Hackney. Almost like it's following something.

Dr Burton drops his coffee. Jeanne looks embarrassed.

JEANNE

Nick, you're drunk.  
(to Patricia)  
I'm so sorry. Your lovely table cloth.

DR. BURTON

(Earnestly)  
Why must it be an error?

BILL JUM

Comets can move, yes. But stars are planets, following an orbit. They can't change their trajectory. But this one appears to have done just that.

Father Morrow produces a small bible and starts to read.

FATHER MORROW

Gentleman, we could be playing end game here! The book of Revelation...

There is a general groan and raising of eyes round the table which Father Morrow purposely ignores.

FATHER MORROW

...says. "The shining of the  
Wormwood star shall usher in the  
66 days of the beast's rule and  
men shall hide under rocks  
wailing where is our God, but the  
beast shall come from the planes  
of Mageddo and...

DR. BURTON

What? What did you say.

FATHER MORROW

The beast shall come from the  
plains of Mageddo. It's a place  
in modern day Jordan and where  
we get the name Armageddon,  
Mageddo equals Armageddon.

INT. DON AND MAGDA'S HACKNEY FLAT. NIGHT.

An eerie white light outside, coming from above.

Don reaches for his house keys, but thinks better of it  
and knocks.

Magda cautiously opens the door

DON

I'm back. Here's Donny!

Magda studies his expression, looking for a clue.

MAGDA

Don?

He smiles and opens his arms. Magda visibly relaxes and  
hugs him.

The small brown dog tries to dart between her legs and out  
of the door. Don blocks its exit with his foot.

He shuts the door and the dog looks up at Don's buttocks.  
It begins to growl.

MAGDA

Even Samedi is pleased your back.

Magda walks to the kitchen.

Don's buttocks issue a much deeper growl and the dog  
whimpers and rushes to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN. DON AND MAGDA'S HACKNEY FLAT. NIGHT.

Magda is chopping a large onion. Water is boiling on the  
stove. She wipes a tear from her eyes.

DON  
 You're crying? I didn't know you  
 cared so much?

MAGDA  
 These are the strongest onions  
 I've ever chopped.

Don clicks his fingers.

Magda's body language changes and her eyes become more  
 smokey. She unbuttons the next button on her blouse.

MAGDA  
 But I do care though.

DON  
 Here, let me.

Don's hand moves to her blouse, but at the last moment  
 diverts to take the knife off her.

The knife has a large handle with the Polish flag on the  
 hilt.

He chops the onion. No tears appear in his eyes.

DON  
 This knife is blunt. Polish  
 workmanship, eh?

Magda picks up a slice of onion and rubs it on his face.  
 Still no tears.

She turns round to the counter where a pan of water is  
 reaching the boil.

Don stares at the back of her head. The sound of the water  
 boiling increases.

DON  
 Each time you peel a layer off  
 the onion, another deeper layer  
 appears...

Magda's hand reaches out for the salt shaker. She pours a  
 measure into her hand and throws it into the boiling water.

Don continues to stare.

Her breathing becomes labored and she undoes another  
 button on her blouse.

DON  
 ...closer to the truth, the  
 deepest layer.

She pours another measure of salt into her hand and throws it over her left shoulder.

It catches Don squarely in the eye. He winces in pain.

Magda turns round to see him holding his hand to his watering eye.

MAGDA

Don? What's the matter?

DON

Salt. You threw salt in my eye!

Magda laughs.

MAGDA

Oh sorry! It's habit. You know, throw a pinch of salt over your shoulder for good luck. Into the eye of the devil.

Don removes his hand. His eye is bloodshot red and disbelieving.

Magda laughs.

Don goes to the refrigerator and takes out a chicken.

He places the bird on the counter and begins to hack at it.

MAGDA

Oh Don it's so good to see you. Are you... on a more even keel these days?

He chops off the chicken's claw.

DON

Do you mean am I still trying to get back to paradise. No. I'm going to try and make it here on earth for a while.

MAGDA

I know this is probably not the best time, but we need to talk.

Don hands her the chicken claw.

DON

Here you go: a present. What do we need to talk about.

Magda, distracted, puts the claw into her pocket.

MAGDA  
Yeah great, thanks. We need to  
talk about us...

INT. DR BURTON'S CAR. NIGHT.

Jeanne is driving them both in silence. It's raining  
outside and tense inside.

JEANNE  
Will this rain never stop?

Silence. Dr Burton continues staring out of the window.

JEANNE  
You don't need to get that drunk  
you know.

DR. BURTON  
That's more like it. Say what's  
really on your mind.

JEANNE  
Christ it's difficult living with  
a psychologist. Please stop  
keeping me at a distance.

DR. BURTON  
I'm just tired Jeanney that's all.

JEANNE  
I feel like one of your clients  
sometimes.

DR. BURTON  
Do you believe in God?

Jeanne takes her eyes off the road to look at him.

JEANNE  
What? You know we don't.

DR. BURTON  
I mean deep down.

JEANNE  
Do we have to talk about this now,  
dear?

DR. BURTON  
This patient I've got...

He looks at his reflection in the darkened windswept  
passenger window.

The bright lights of a truck in the other lane streak past.

For a brief instant the reflection is Don staring back at him, winking.

Dr Burton blinks. It is only his reflection.

DR. BURTON

When you're in real trouble, I  
bet you still pray don't you?

He grips his stomach.

She pulls the car over to the side of the road.

JEANNE

If you're going to throw up,  
please do it out of the car.

Dr Burton shakes his head and opens the window slightly to let in some air.

JEANNE

Are we in trouble, Nick?

DR. BURTON

I'm tired but can't sleep. I'm  
shattered in my soul. Inside me.  
I can't even remember why I  
became a psychologist now.

JEANNE

Where's all this come from Nick?

DR. BURTON

We never discuss patients, but  
this one has really got under my  
skin. In all the years I've done  
this, he's the first one who's  
really made me question what I do.

He turns away from her to watch the rain fall like tears through the open window.

Jeanne reaches to put her hand on his shoulder but can't quite break through her reserve and retracts it.

JEANNE

We all go through crises of  
confidence doubting ourselves.  
You're a good man, Nick. You've  
helped hundreds of people to live  
better more fulfilling lives. Now  
who's sounding like the therapist?

DR. BURTON

I wonder whether I've ever really helped anyone? I pump patients full of drugs and manage their symptoms, like putting an elastoplast over a wound, without ever healing the wound.

JEANNE

Remember when we met? You wanted to change the world with your therapies. What was it you always said?

He smiles at the memory.

DR. BURTON

Cure the world, one mind at a time. Take me home Jeanney, I think I'm ready for bed now.

INT. LOUNGE. DON & MAGDA'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Don and Magda sit in armchairs around the television eating their supper.

On the TV more news of death and destruction is seen.

A child is seen with its leg wounded. Strong images.

Magda puts down her fork.

MAGDA

Poor bastards. How can they show images like this at tea-time. No normal person can eat to this.

She looks across at Don who is shoveling in meat sauce.

CUT TO

An horrific weeping burn is seen on the TV screen.

CUT BACK TO

Red meat sauce dribbles down Don's chin. He is grinning as he sucks up the white pasta.

Magda picks up a piece of fat from her plate and offers it to the dog.

The dog remains staring at Don shivering with fear.

MAGDA

Samedi's acting really weird tonight. I wish I could just ask her what's wrong.

Don points at the TV.

The image on the screen changes. A badly drawn cartoon appears.

INT. CARTOON SEQUENCE. "OPRAH WOOFRY SHOW". STUDIO. DAY.

The title OPRAH WOOFRY appears on the screen.

A dog: the eponymous OPRAH WOOFRY sits behind a desk talking into a microphone.

OPRAH WOOFRY  
Today's guest is here to tell us  
about her problems. Welcome Samedi.

Samedi trots out from behind studio blinds and jumps onto a waiting chair.

OPRAH WOOFRY  
So tell us Samedi. What's eating ya?

SAMEDI  
Well Oprah, I was in the park  
today, you know how it goes, when  
this hound just comes up and  
without so much as a name-check  
begins sniffing my booty.

The unseen audience gasp.

OPRAH WOOFRY.  
No! What do you think audience  
shall we meet this dawg?

The audience begin chanting.

AUDIENCE.  
Dawg! Dawg! Dawg! Boo! Boo!

A large Irish wolfhound appears on stage, sporting a pair of black aviator sunglasses.

He address the audience as he walks to his seat.

WOLFHOUND.  
Yeah, yeah. Go tell yo mumma.

INT. LOUNGE. DON & MAGDA'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Magda laughs, pointing her fork at the TV screen.

Don watches her looking pleased with himself.

MAGDA.  
I don't believe it! What a  
coincidence! It's like we're just  
talking about!

Don grits his teeth.

Magda shoots him a glance and sees his ashen expression.

MAGDA.

Don?

DON'S BUTTOCKS

Oh Magda. What do you want from me? Do you want my heart? My human heart.

Don's left hand reaches inside his shirt.

DON

No you don't.

His right hand quickly grabs his left wrist and retrieves the hand.

Magda has her mobile phone in hand.

MAGDA

Do I need to call someone?

DON

How is it I can have anything I want. Except the thing I want?

MAGDA

Don. There is no us. There can be no us.

Magda puts down the phone.

MAGDA

I love you...

Don's face illuminates.

MAGDA

... like a brother.

Don holds up his hand.

Instantly Magda has the phone in her hand again. She puts it down.

MAGDA

I love you..

Again the phone is in her hand. She puts it down.

MAGDA

I love you...

Don puts his hand down.

DON  
 Damn it. It's no good. It's not  
 real.

He stands up.

MAGDA  
 Don?

DON  
 Look. I think it's best if I just  
 go, yeah?

He walks out the lounge door.

INT. DR BURTON'S OFFICE. MORNING.

Don sits cross legged on the couch.

DON  
 This will be our last meeting Doc.  
 I'm healed. We are unified.

Dr Burton looks unshaved and haggared. His elbows rest on  
 his desk.

DR. BURTON  
 Do you pray Don?

DON  
 Everyone prays as a last resort.  
 I believe they call it Pascal's  
 Wager. When a person is that deep  
 in the hole, what's the harm! In  
 fact, the most common word said  
 before death is "Shit". What does  
 that tell you about the power of  
 prayer?

DR. BURTON  
 I don't know why I asked you that.  
 Forget it.

Margaret knocks and enters. She brings him his coffee and  
 winks.

Don sniffs the air.

DON  
 Or maybe the problem is not your  
 wife?

Dr. Burton stiffens up.

DON

As I said at the start. I've been around the block a few times. On love I draw a blank. But lust? Now that I do now a little about.

Dr. Burton tries to maintain a professional voice.

DR. BURTON

That's very interesting Don. Tell me about...

DON

Cut the crap, Nick. I've seen the way you look at Margaret and don't tell me she doesn't feel the same way.

Don sniffs the air again. Dr Burton takes a long pull on his coffee.

DON

Who else would bring you brandy in your morning coffee? Hair of the dog is it?

DR. BURTON

You're crossing a line here Don.

DON

And so are you. I've indulged you long enough. Don came here for answers, you just gave him more questions.

DR. BURTON

Come on Don. It's I that's indulged you. Let's stop this charade. You are not the devil.

DON

How can you be so sure. We are entering End-Time now. That much we can agree on?

DR. BURTON

Alright Don. Time for some home truths. You are repressed. You have been holding yourself down for so long that your Id and Ego have become too clearly defined.

DON

You are the Id-idiot.

DR. BURTON

This may be painful for you but your desire to be the devil is nothing more than your Id exercising its years of suppression to your ego.

DON

You're after proof, is that it? What is it with you humans? You only ever believe what you can see with your eyes. Even He had to use a burning bush. Hardly subtle?

Don grabs Dr Burton's hand.

He places it on his head and lets him feel the two horns.

DON

See. What are these then?

Dr Burton feels the raised ivory horns. He leans over the desk to inspect further.

DR. BURTON

Calcium-based meta-stigmata. Our minds are powerful things Don. Sometimes we believe things so strongly we bring it into physical being with our bodies.

Don laughs.

DON

Our minds are indeed powerful things. Doctor. For millennia you humans have arrogantly thought that your waking lives were the important part.

DR. BURTON

As opposed to?

DON

You spend a total of twenty years of your life asleep. You are all linked like computers to the internet. Don't you see?

DR. BURTON

Tell me.

DON

It's your SUB-conscious that is the important part. Your waking life is a by-product of your dreaming!

DR. BURTON

That's a very interesting hypothesis, Don. Do you have any evidence?

DON

Perhaps a burning bush? One that never burned for you in the past.

Don motions for Dr Burton to shut the blinds.

Dr Burton closes the window and door blinds.

When he has finished he turns round, but is no longer in his office.

INT. A BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Dr Burton is standing in a student-style bedroom. A poster for "The Graduate" is above the bed, lit by a lava lamp on the table. Velvet drapes hang from the ceiling, giving the room a womb-like quality.

Dr Burton looks astounded. He goes to the dresser and looks at the photo of a pretty young girl with blonde hair.

He walks over to the wardrobe glancing through the female clothes.

The shriveled green hand given to Don as a gift shoots out, Don follows.

DON

Remember?

DR. BURTON

It can't be.

DON

You demanded proof, my empirical thought rapist.

The girl, HELEN (19) from the photo writhes in the bed and sits up. She sees Dr. Burton. Her voice is wet with sleep and desire.

HELEN

Nick?

He looks sideways at his reflection in the open wardrobe door. He too looks 19 years old. In disbelief he touches the taut skin on his jawbone.

DR. BURTON

Don?

DON

The one that got away?

DR. BURTON  
Helen Napier, but how...

Don circles Dr Burton, whispering in his ear.

DON  
You looked in my head; I looked  
in yours and saw your fantasies  
Doc. Helen from university.

DR. BURTON  
My first ever genuine crush. I  
thought I was in love with her.

DON  
I told you. I no nothing about  
love, but lust I got all sewn up.

DR. BURTON  
How's this possible?

Don moves to a CD player on the dresser. He flicks his  
fingers through the rows of CD's until he finds one he wants.

DON  
They say the devil has the best  
tunes, but I'm not so sure.  
Marvin's pretty damn good.

Helen stirs in the bed.

HELEN  
Nick? Come here baby? I was  
hoping you'd come up.

She opens her arms and the bed covers fall down, revealing  
two perfect breasts.

DON  
Go to her Doc. I'm giving you a  
taste of what you never had.

DR. BURTON  
I can't. I've got pants older  
than her. She's nineteen.

DON  
So are you.

Dr Burton looks at himself again in the mirror. Sure  
enough, the reflection is teenage.

He moves to the bed and takes Helen in her arms. He kisses  
her deeply.

INT. DR BURTON'S OFFICE. DAY.

Dr. Burton is locked in an embrace with Margaret. Her white nurses hat falls to the ground. Don picks it up and brushes off the dust, coughing.

The lovers, break off and look round confused, unsure how they both got to be kissing.

Margaret hurriedly leaves the room, eyes to the floor.

DON  
Well, you weren't going to make  
the move by yourself!

Dr Burton stares at him open-mouthed.

DON  
Believe nothing unless it agrees  
with your own common sense.

Dr Burton falls back stunned into his leather chair.

DR. BURTON  
The Devil?

DON  
Buddha actually. Do what thou  
wilt, that shall be the whole of  
the law. Now that's one of mine.

Dr Burton reaches into his desk draw and pulls out his blister pack of nicotine gum.

He looks at the pack and then throws it away, reaching again into the draw and pulling out a ten pack of cigarettes. He places one in his mouth.

DON  
Cure the world. One mind at a  
time, eh Doc?

Don takes the cigarette out of Dr Burton's mouth and places it in his own.

DON  
One of yours I believe.

EXT. KINGS CROSS STREET. DAY.

Don strides down the bustling street, wearing a black suit and sunglasses.

He holds his left arm steady, slightly away from his body. His index finger is outstretched and brushes gently against the people walking past him in the opposite direction.

A stunning girl with blonde hair walks towards him. Don's finger touches her arm.

DON  
We'll have you...

The girl immediately stops and turns round. She follows Don a few steps behind.

A beautiful brunette girl passes down in the crowd. Again his index finger brushes her.

DON  
...and you...

The girl stops and turns. She too follows Don, behind the girl with the blonde hair.

Another blonde girl rests against the wall, talking on her phone. Don touches her.

DON  
A little menage a trois action  
to begin.

She immediately drops her phone and follows behind the other two girls.

Don looks over his shoulder at the three girls.

DON  
Ladies... shall we?

Don leads them through the street like a sexual pied piper.

INT. DON'S BEDROOM. HACKNEY. NIGHT.

Don sits in the window looking out across the London night skyline.

A fly lands on the window pane. Don studies it and reaches up to touch it with his finger.

DON  
Get thee behind me Satan.

DON'S BUTTOCKS  
Where else I'm gonna be?

Don laughs.

INT. DR BURTON'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Dr. Burton sits in his window staring out across a similar night sky. Jeanne sleeps in the bed behind him.

He picks up the telephone and makes a call.

EXT. STEPS OF GETHSEMANE CLINIC. DAY.

A car pulls up the drive.

Through the car window, Dr Burton is seen waiting on the entrance steps.

Father Morrow exits the car and shakes Dr Burton's hand.

DR. BURTON  
Father, thank you for coming.

FATHER MORROW  
How could I not? I trust you are joking. Or have the lunatics really taken over the asylum?

DR. BURTON  
We prefer to call it a clinic, but you could be right I'm afraid.

They enter hurriedly.

INT. DR BURTON'S OFFICE. DAY.

Don is searching through Dr Burton's desk drawers.

DON'S BUTTOCKS  
Find me a cigar god-dammit.

Don finds the nicotine replacement gum in the right hand drawer.

DON  
You're clean out of luck my friend. Have this and let me take care of business.

The voice of Dr Burton can be heard outside the door.

DR. BURTON (O.S.)  
...and above everything, no religious language.

The door opens.

DON'S BUTTOCKS  
Jesus Christ! What you trying to do to me?

Dr Burton enters the room, followed by a cautious Father Morrow.

DON'S BUTTOCKS  
This stuff tastes like shit.

DR. BURTON  
 Good afternoon Don. This is a  
 friend of mine.

Father Morrow offers his hand to Don.

Don spins round and the piece of chewing gum shoots from  
 his backside and into the priest's palm.

DR. BURTON  
 (to Father Morrow)  
 Please have a seat.

Father Morrow cautiously sits down. The sound of a fly  
 buzzing.

DON'S BUTTOCKS  
 Absinthe bebidemus no vienda  
 claretomen nunca padre.

Father Morrow coughs.

DR. BURTON  
 What did he say?

FATHER MORROW  
 Bad Latin. "No Absinthe for you  
 father? God and the devil see all  
 in this world. Good boy.

DON'S BUTTOCKS  
 Bad Latin indeed Patron. You  
 never could master the Vocative  
 tense could you at Seminary?

Don extracts four more pieces of chewing gum from the  
 blister pack and feeds them up his backside.

DON  
 Let me do the talking for once.

Father Morrow looks shocked.

Dr Burton looks secretly pleased.

DON  
 Please excuse my other half. He  
 talks out of his arse half the time.

A chewing sound is heard.

DR. BURTON  
 I'd like you to meet Father  
 Morrow. He's here to help.

DON  
 Help who?

DR.BURTON

Us. Now pull down your pants and show him what you showed me.

Father Morrow looks horrified.

FATHER MORROW

Nick?

DON

A Catholic priest and a Rabbi are walking in the park, they see a boy bending over to tie his laces. The priest says "I'd like to screw that boy", the Rabbi says "out of what!"

FATHER MORROW

Did you bring me here for this, Nick? The boy needs lessons in stand-up, not a priest.

DON

You speak your mind. I like that. Later. Do you now what tonight is?

DR.BURTON

Tuesday night?

DON

It is supposed to be the start of my reign. The apocalypse is here. Times up.

FATHER MORROW

(to Dr Burton)

Can I have a word.

They walk out of Don's earshot.

FATHER MORROW

This is ridiculous. He's clearly disturbed, and the sight of a dog collar is probably fueling his delusion.

Don starts to cry. A whimper at first then full on tears.

They both look round at him.

DON

None of you understand. Do you know what it's like to be me? Misunderstood? If you knew what I'm expected to do in these coming 66 days, you'd feel pretty fucking down too!

DR. BURTON

We could be getting somewhere here. Tell me Don...

DON

I've had enough of being seen as the bad guy. I'm not the one causing wars and disease. He is! Disease. Dis-ease!

DR. BURTON

I agree with you Don. You are certainly not responsible for the world's problems. Only your own.

DON

I want to stop. But boss won't let me. Got to follow the plan he says. Always with the plan.

A fly buzzes in front of his face.

He claps his hands together and the sonic vibration causes the fly to fall to the ground, the buzzing ceases abruptly.

DON

I won't do it! I'm going to stay here on earth as Don with Magda and I'm going to sing in my band and have a family and learn what love is.

FATHER MORROW

Love?

DON

The one thing denied me. I have power to turn rivers to blood and change the course of stars. But the mysteries of love have always been hidden from me. Well, now all that's going to change. I'm working to my own little plan now.

FATHER MORROW

The devil wants to love? Ha! What next Hymns in Hell?

A low growl comes from Don's backside, deep and resonant.

Father Morrow adjusts his dog collar.

Don points heavenward.

DON

His son may have had love for the whole world but he never knew the love of a woman. I can fuck any hole even a loophole. It's going to be me and Magda.

The perpetual motion balls on the desk begin to click faster and faster of their own accord.

DON

What use is it if a man gains the world, but is himself lost?

FATHER MORROW

Ecclesiastes, verse five.

DON

Didn't you know the devil recites scripture for his own purpose? What are they teaching you at Seminary college these days?

The perpetual motion balls gather speed.

Don notices and becomes nervous.

DON

Oh shit. We're in trouble now. Here comes the boss.

The balls fall to the floor and reflect a sudden white light coming from above.

DON

Everyone look busy.

Bright light floods the room. Dr Burton and Father Morrow shield their eyes. Don remains unmoved.

It fades.

Father Morrow makes the sign of the cross and kneels. Dr Burton thinks about it, but then follows his lead.

DR. BURTON

What was that?

DON

Search your hearts.

Dr Burton looks at Father Morrow who nods and crosses himself again for good measure.

FATHER MORROW

I felt it.

DON

He's warning me. I blocked him.  
But next time it'll be harder.  
We may be the balance, but it's  
not exactly an equal fight. I'm  
kind of token. Window-dressing  
for a pedantic universe.

FATHER MORROW

My God. You really are..?

Don claps his hands sarcastically.

DON

Now you're getting it Preacher-man.

Father Morrow reaches for the large crucifix around his  
neck and rushes up to Don.

FATHER MORROW

In the name of Jesus and all his  
saints, I command you to leave  
this body. The power of Christ  
compels you!

Don brushes the crucifix aside and looks at Dr Burton for  
assistance.

DON

Oh give it a rest. Different  
roles, Father.

DR. BURTON

Pat, you're not helping.

Father Morrow feeling overly theatrical gets off his knees  
and sits on the couch, sulking.

DR. BURTON

Jung preserve me, but say just  
for a moment, I believe that you  
may actually be the devil. What  
can we do to help you get over  
this crisis of confidence, and  
let's be honest, as humans, do  
we really want to anyway. If  
we're all in the shit bowl and  
your hand is on the chain, I'm  
not sure I want to convince you  
to flush.

Father Morrow looks out of the window.

Dusk is falling and shadowy figures are gathering on the  
lawn. Silent and malevolent.

EXT. GARDENS OF GETHSEMANE CLINIC. AFTERNOON.

Shadowy figures in cloaks and hoods move out of the trees and up the lawn. The three satanists who brought the gifts at the front.

They stop and wait, watching the building.

INT. DR BURTON'S OFFICE. AFTERNOON.

FATHER MORROW  
This is not fair.

Don laughs.

DON  
Fair? What is fair preacher man?  
Do you think your god is fair?

FATHER MORROW  
Yes. I do.

DON  
Great balls of bullshit, priest.  
Let me show you the inside track  
for a moment. Do you know the  
best piano player in the world?

FATHER MORROW  
No.

DON  
Neither does he. He lives in a  
Favela in Rio and will never even  
see a piano. Fair?

Father Morrow looks at his face, distorted in his black patent shoes.

DON  
And the guy who could cure cancer  
will be killed aged seven in San  
Paulo. Is this fair?

Father Morrow plays nervously with the crucifix around his neck.

DON  
Half the world has so much  
leisure time they do underwater  
ironing competitions, the other  
half must walk two days to get  
contaminated drinking water. Is  
this fair?

The priest folds his arms.

FATHER MORROW

I suppose not...

DON

Did you never stop to question why such an perfect god would want to create such an imperfect universe anyway?

FATHER MORROW

To give us free will and a chance to choose to do good.

DON

Oh that old free will shtick. Why does an all powerful god desire to be worshipped anyway? Even I got over that one. God is an egotist. Yes he may love you all, but he loves himself more!

Dr Burton moves between them and makes a time out gesture with his hands.

DR. BURTON

Father Morrow and I need to discuss a few things. Would you mind waiting here?

DON

His fine art collection?

DR. BURTON

No.

DON

Father, come the apocalypse your collection of pickled sharks and formaldehyde tigers will be worthless. Carry them if you can and use them to fight off the real tigers chasing you.

FATHER MORROW

I...

DON

How short-sighted you men of the touching cloth are.

Dr Burton doesn't wait for an answer, he ushers Father Morrow out of the room.

EXT. GARDENS OF GETHSEMANE CLINIC. AFTERNOON.

Dr Burton and Father Morrow walk, mindful of the silent shadowy figures starting to gather.

Dr Burton holds a styrofoam coffee cup in his hand, which he sips from occasionally.

FATHER MORROW

Well..?

DR. BURTON

I've seen multiple repressed personalities before but...

FATHER MORROW

Nick, I think we can dispense with the facade. You wouldn't have called me unless you were sure.

They stop by an old oak tree. A swing sways like a noose in the storm.

DR. BURTON

I'm not a religious man, but empirically the case for Don being the devil is pretty strong. How about you?

Father Morrow gives him a look of agreement.

A strong wind begins to blow and they both look up at the shaking trees and gathering storm.

DR. BURTON

It's really here isn't it? The end of days.

Father Morrow touches his crucifix.

FATHER MORROW

I don't know Nick. If it is, then God have mercy on us all.

Dr. Burton looks back at the building and laughs bitterly.

DR. BURTON

You realize that right now, I guess I'm technically the Devil's therapist?

FATHER MORROW

Nothing happens by accident. If you are indeed therapist to the ancient one then it's undoubtedly for a purpose.

The first peel of thunder from the approaching storm. Father Morrow shudders.

FATHER MORROW

I have to consult with higher authorities on this, Nick. I fear there's no precedent for dealing with the Devil having a personal crisis. It's not exactly something they prepare you for at Seminary.

The cloaks of the shadowy figures billow in the gloom.

A large black crow lands on a nearby tree branch. It pecks at a white egg lodged in a cleft.

DR. BURTON

And what do I do in the meantime?

FATHER MORROW

It seems even the Devil is bound by higher rules. You must convince him to follow the divine plan.

DR. BURTON

And bring about the end of the world?

FATHER MORROW

The end of the world as it is now. The world is in need of healing. 66 days of suffering to prepare for the messiah's return. Paradise on earth.

The first rain of the coming storm begins to fall.

DR. BURTON

The devil's having a crisis of confidence. He's lost his Mojo, and your asking me to psycho-analysis him and convince him not to leave his job? Is that what you're saying? Am I straight on that?!

Father Morrow looks skywards for inspiration.

FATHER MORROW

There has to be an apocalypse. It's always darkest before the dawn. It's ironic, I know, but without the apocalypse, the messiah can't return. Despite your beliefs, Nick, we are spiritual beings and perhaps it's time for us to be reborn and begin a new faze in our existence.

(MORE)

FATHER MORROW (CONT'D)

Who knows. But what I do know is  
that none of this can happen  
without Armageddon...

DR. BURTON

And no Devil, no rebirth?

Father Morrow nods gravely.

A loud peel of thunder directly overhead. Dr Burton takes  
a sip from his coffee cup.

DR. BURTON

I didn't even believe in God  
twenty minutes ago. Now you're  
saying I've got to save the day  
for him? Shat was it your team  
leader said in the Garden of  
Gethsemane?

FATHER MORROW

Take this cup away from me, for  
I don't want it.

Dr Burton hands the priest his styrofoam coffee cup.

Father Morrow puts his hand on Dr Burton's shoulder and  
smiles.

FATHER MORROW

You have been left with what we  
in biblical terms call the shitty  
end of the stick, I'm afraid.

Dr Burton shakes away the priest's hand and drains the  
rest of his coffee.

FATHER MORROW

Cheer up. Don't you want to save  
the world Nick? Isn't that why  
you became a therapist?

DR. BURTON

One mind at a time.

INT. DR BURTON'S OFFICE. AFTERNOON.

Flash lightening illuminates Don as he waits casting a  
shadow against the wall behind him. His shadow has horns.

Dr Burton opens the door.

The room is empty.

INT. PREPARATION ROOM. "SMEE FAMILY FUNERAL SERVICES".  
HACKNEY. LONDON. DAY.

Three coffins lay half open against the back wall. The body of a young woman lies on the central table, covered from the neck down with a white sheet.

Eric Smee is listening to Jazz as he pours himself another drink.

He walks over to the body of the pretty girl and touches her face.

He drains his drink and lifts back the sheet revealing her naked beautiful body.

Don's face appears in the window, unseen by Eric.

The music changes to "THRILLER" (MICHAEL JACKSON)

Eric is about to touch the girl's exposed breast.

Her eyes flick open.

The lids of the three coffins leaning against the back wall fall with a crash and the three dead bodies inside stumble out in time with the music.

Eric looks up.

With her right hand, the dead girl grabs Eric's groin and clenches hard.

Eric screams.

Don laughs.

DON

Dead loss eh? Dead toss!

INT. THE SPREADEAGLE LAPDANCING BAR. SHOREDITCH. AFTERNOON.

Don is receiving a private lap-dance from the flexible KRYSTYLE (21). She bears a striking resemblance to Magda.

DON

What's the best thing about  
fucking twenty-one year olds?

KRYSTYLE

I don't know, Don?

DON

There's twenty of them!

The girl looks disgusted. She looks down at his trousers, a writhing appears and the same snake that was his penknife appears through his flies.

The girl screams and gets off him.

A BOUNCER approaches.

BOUNCER  
Are you upsetting the girls?

Don zips up his flies.

DON  
She couldn't believe the size. I  
think it scared her.

BOUNCER  
Get out of here creep.

Don remains seated. He fixes his eyes on the Bouncer.

DON  
Creep..? It's not me that jacks  
off to pensioners every night is it.

The Bouncer looks guilty and backs off.

DON  
Fuck it, I'm wasting my time here.

INT. LOUNGE. DON AND MAGDA'S HOUSE. HACKNEY. AFTERNOON.

SAL the goldfish swims around the large pink vibrator in his tank.

Through the bubbling water in the tank, Don can be seen inserting a DVD into the player beneath the television.

A home movie of Magda bouncing on a trampoline appears on the screen.

Don touches her face on the screen, his fingers following her bouncing.

His head begins to move up and down in time with hers.

He closes his eyes and begins to thrust his pelvis.

INT. A CLASSROOM. MAGDA'S NURSERY. AFTERNOON.

Magda is sitting at a school table facing a man and women. A Parents' Evening is in full swing.

She looks down at a book of notes.

MAGDA  
I know Jake's been having  
problems in Drama, hasn't he Mrs.  
Drodowsky?

MS. DRODOWSKY looks at her partner.

MS. DRODOWSKY

It's "Ms".

CUT TO

INT. LOUNGE. DON & MAGDA'S HOUSE. HACKNEY. AFTERNOON.

Don begins to thrust his groin area at the television screen. He makes a low grunting sound.

CUT BACK TO

INT. A CLASSROOM. MAGDA'S NURSERY. AFTERNOON.

Magda becomes aware of a pleasurable sensation in her lower region. She begins to squirm on the plastic seat.

MAGDA

Ms. Msssssssss.

MS. DRODOWSKY

Well, Jake's Dyslexic you understand.

CUT TO

INT. LOUNGE. DON AND MAGDA'S HOUSE. HACKNEY. AFTERNOON.

Don is now really going for it with the television.

CUT BACK TO

INT. A CLASSROOM. MAGDA'S NURSERY. AFTERNOON.

Magda is clearly in the throes of an incredible, growing sexual ecstasy she is barely able to control.

MAGDA

Yes, I realise he's Dysssssslexic,  
but that doesn't stop, stop, stop  
him from being a  
trrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrreeeeeeeee!

INT. LOUNGE. DON AND MAGDA'S HOUSE. HACKNEY. AFTERNOON.

Don suddenly stops his thrusting.

DON

More. I need more reality.

He clenches his left hand to the television screen and flings his arm outwards.

Magda appears where his now open hand points.

With his right hand he points to an open magazine on top of the DVD player in which can be seen a beautiful model.

He repeats the action of flinging out his arm and where his now open hand points, the MODEL appears next to Magda.

Don smiles and lifts off his T-Shirt.

DON  
Ladies... Get busy!

INT. A LOW-LIT BAR. DUSK.

Dr. Burton drunkenly props up the bar with an empty pint glass and large whiskey. He knocks back the remainder of the drink and calls to the BARKEEP.

DR. BURTON  
Patron...

The glass is refilled.

"SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL" (ROLLING STONES) starts playing on the bar jukebox.

Dr. Burton raises his glass skywards.

Azrial enters the bar. He spies Dr. Burton and heads towards him.

AZRIAL  
Dr. Burton?

Dr. Burton swings round on his stool.

AZRIAL  
Time is short.

DR. BURTON  
So are you.

AZRIAL  
You have a patient by the name of Dante?

DR. BURTON  
What of it? What if I do?

AZRIAL  
Don Dante. Don't get defensive, we are all on the same side here.

Dr. Burton returns to his drink.

DR. BURTON  
There are no sides. Only different roles apparently.

AZRIAL  
You do know who Danté is?

Dr Burton nods slowly and returns his eyes to the bottom of his glass.

DR. BURTON  
The question is do you?

AZRIAL  
Then you must also know we have no choice but to kill him. While he's still human. Before he becomes too powerful.

DR. BURTON  
Who are you again?

Azrial opens his shirt to reveal the pentangle necklace.

DR. BURTON  
Let me look at that.

Dr Burton drains his drink, rips the necklace from Azrial's throat and throws it at the jukebox.

DR. BURTON  
You appear to have something in your teeth.

AZRIAL  
What?

DR. BURTON  
My fist.

He punches Azrial hard and he goes down.

Dr Burton slinks off his chair and walks to the exit.

INT. A CLASSROOM. MAGDA'S NURSERY. AFTERNOON.

Magda has regained her composure. She stands up from the table, straightening her black skirt.

MAGDA  
Excuse me.

As she walks towards the exit door, Azrial can be seen looking at a display board.

He watches her walk past, dabbing his blackening eye with a white handkerchief.

INT. TOILET. MAGDA'S NURSERY. AFTERNOON.

Magda runs some cold water into a basin.

She splashes her face and looks into the mirror. Her eyes are happy and sparkle.

INT. LOUNGE. DON & MAGDA'S HOUSE. AFTERNOON.

Don lies on the floor, his body intertwined with the Model and Magda naked bodies.

He rolls over and looks at the Model.

DON  
I was great, wasn't I.

She smiles with dead eyes and a brainless massive smile totally devoid of emotion.

MODEL  
Yes. You were amazing.

Don rolls over and looks at Magda. Her eyes are dead and empty.

DON  
I love you Magda.

Magda smiles with the same brainless lack of emotion. Her voice robotic.

MAGDA  
I love you Don.

Don leaps to his feet.

DON  
Be gone!

He is immediately alone and looks across at the television screen.

Magda is in freeze frame on the DVD, mid-laugh.

DON  
There's no truth in this. No love.  
I need the reality.

INT. TOILET. MAGDA'S NURSERY. AFTERNOON.

Magda splashes some more water in her face. When she leans up. Azrial is visible in the mirror.

AZRIAL  
He is the anti-christ.

Magda tries to scream, but Azrial puts his hand over her mouth.

AZRIAL  
Your house-mate is the Devil. He  
must die.

Magda continues struggling.

AZRIAL

You must listen. We don't have  
much time. Mageddo is upon us.  
With each passing minute he grows  
stronger.

Magda reaches into her pocket and pulls out the chicken claw.

Stabbing wildly over her shoulder she catches him in the  
eye with the bony talon.

Azrial breaks his grip.

AZRIAL

The claw of Azimooth! You  
concubine of Satan!

Magda breaks for the door, leaving her bag next to the  
wash-basin.

MAGDA

Fucking nutter!

EXT. MAGDA'S NURSERY. AFTERNOON.

Magda continues running away from the building, cellphone  
to her ear.

MAGDA

Don? Oh, why do you never answer?

In her haste she bumps into the playground exit gate.

The chicken claw falls to the floor.

She dials another number on her phone and continues running.

MAGDA

Jude? Oh thank god!

INT. TOILET. MAGDA'S NURSERY. AFTERNOON.

Azrial is looking through Magda's bag.

He finds her driving license with home address clearly  
visible.

EXT. MAGDA'S NURSERY. DUSK.

Don walks the perimeter playground fence.

He tries the gate but it is locked.

He looks down and sees the chicken claw.

Picking it up in his hand he closes his eyes.

DON

Magda! No!

EXT. A HACKNEY STREET. DUSK.

He runs blindly down the street, like a man trying to outrun himself.

A teenage boy is riding his bike on the pavement.

Don catches up with him and pushes him off his bike.

The boy falls to the floor.

Don looks at the bike. On the main frame is seen the lettering "BMX DIABLO".

Don raises an eyebrow.

He cycles off. Through a smashed car window a tramp shifts out of Don's path.

As he cycles past the street-lights each one goes out as he passes as if he is sucking the energy from it.

His buttocks emit a large growl and a fine jet of fire shoots out from his backside, burning a hole in his pants.

The hole is wide enough for Don's buttocks to speak freely.

DON'S BUTTOCKS

Think you can save her?

Don looks over his shoulder.

DON

Fuck you.

DON'S BUTTOCKS

What are you saving her from?

Them or you? We both know what's coming next.

As Don cycles under the streetlights, his posture gradually changes from stooped and broken to upright and powerful.

CUT TO

At a crossing ahead an old man waits for the "WALK" sign and starts to cross.

CUT BACK TO

Don approaches the crossing and cycles straight through it, clipping the old man.

The old man shakes his fist at Don, a police car visible behind him.

The police car turns on its blue lights accelerates behind Don.

Don looks behind him at the police car and sticks up his two fingers.

The slowest police chase ensues. Even though the car is much faster, it has no way of actually stopping Don.

Don turns down a small alleyway.

The police car cannot follow.

Don cycles up to his flat.

He throws the bike into the hedge and runs up to his flat.

He kicks open the door.

INT. LOUNGE. DON AND MAGDA'S HOUSE. HACKNEY. DUSK.

Magda and Jude are naked together on the lounge floor, two half packed suitcases next to them.

Don can be heard from the hallway.

DON (O.S.)

Magda. Be here.

Don crashes into the lounge and sees them on the floor. Magda's look of guilt says it all.

MAGDA

We had a break-in. Jude was making sure they'd gone.

Don glares at Jude, his eyes burning red with a sulphur fire.

He picks up Jude by the neck and pins him against the wall, with a supernatural strength.

Don's free hand has become a cloven hoof, he prepares to strike.

Jude is petrified.

MAGDA

Don! Please!

Don pauses and his expression changes. He considers what he was about to do and drops Jude.

He studies his left hand. It has returned to normal.

MAGDA

What are you?

Don's eyes plead with her.

Her eyes hold nothing but fear.

Behind Magda on the wall is a poster of WILLIAM BLAKE's "Ancient of Days".

Don starts to cry, shaking his fist at the image of God. He addresses the poster directly.

DON

Take it away from me. I don't  
want this. Let me stay. I only  
want what you had. To be human.  
To love.

The eyes in the picture stare back compassionately.

MAGDA

Let me take you back to  
Gethsemane, Don.

Don's rage has past, he falls to his knees, shaking his head.

DON

Don't you see, I'm already there!

Jude has picked up a lampshade and creeps up behind Don.

Don's buttocks issue a warning.

DON'S BUTTOCKS

Judas!

Jude drops the lampshade in shock.

Don rolls into a ball and Jude trips over him smashing his head through the coffee table.

Magda rushes to the motionless Jude.

DON

He attacked me. It wasn't my  
fault. It never is...

EXT. A HACKNEY STREET LEADING TO DON AND MAGDA'S HOUSE.  
NIGHT.

Dr Burton runs down the same dirty street as Don in the previous scene.

Through the same smashed car window, the same tramp moves out of the way.

This time the street lights go on as he passes underneath them.

He speaks on his mobile as he runs.

DR. BURTON  
Come on Margaret, be there...It's  
Nick, no time to explain. Get me  
Don's home address.

He runs past a Mosque, above the door is a crescent moon symbol. He looks in as he runs past.

CUT TO

Through the open door, worshippers are seen kneeling on their mats, praying.

CUT BACK TO

Dr Burton continues running, passing a door with a star of David above it.

CUT TO

Through the open door, he sees a Quorum of Rabbis praying.

CUT BACK TO

He continues his run. The next door is a church, a cross above the door. He pauses and looks in.

INT. HACKNEY CHURCH. NIGHT.

Father Morrow kneels against the railing in front of the altar.

Dr Burton appears in the doorway.

DR. BURTON  
Pat. It's time. Come on.

Father Morrow makes the sign of the cross.

INT. DON AND MAGDA'S HOUSE. HACKNEY. NIGHT.

Magda stares out of her front room window, looking into darkness.

In the darkness a small white circle of light appears. It looks similar to the Wormwood Star.

She presses her face against the window.

Another circle of light appears, then another and another. They start to move. It becomes clear they are torch lights.

Magda pulls herself away from the window.

EXT. PAVEMENT OUTSIDE DON AND MAGDA'S HOUSE. HACKNEY. NIGHT.

Shadowy figures in long robes and hoods appear from the dark, swinging torches. They wait silently on the pavement. Expectantly.

INT. LOUNGE. DON AND MAGDA'S HOUSE. HACKNEY. NIGHT.

Sal the goldfish swims languidly around his fish tank.

Seen through the fish tank, Magda is at the window watching the increasing number of shadowy figures standing motionless in the street staring at the house.

MAGDA

What are they doing?

DON

They're waiting.

MAGDA

What for?

DON

Me.

EXT. PAVEMENT OUTSIDE DON AND MAGDA'S HOUSE. HACKNEY. NIGHT.

The Wormwood Star shines down brightly, bathing the whole house in a sickly white light.

Dr Burton leans on the fence trying to catch his breath. He looks at the shadowy figures in front of the house, then to his left at a four priests approaching led by Father Morrow.

He looks to his right, to see four Rabbis steaming towards him.

Directly in front of him, pushing the shadowy figures out of the way, arrive four bearded Imams.

All four groups begin praying to their respective Gods.

Dr Burton tries to wave them all away with his hand.

INT. LOUNGE. DON AND MAGDA'S HOUSE. HACKNEY. NIGHT.

Magda is holding her mobile phone.

MAGDA

That's it, I'm calling the police.

Dr Burton enters the lounge and grabs the phone from her hand.

DR. BURTON

I wouldn't do that if I were you.

Magda jumps.

MAGDA  
Who the fuck are you? Get out!

DON  
(to Magda)  
It's alright.  
(to Dr Burton)  
Evening Nick. Welcome to the party.

DR. BURTON  
What do I do now Don? I'm out of  
ideas.

The clock on the wall strikes midnight. Don grabs his head  
in sudden pain.

DON  
Here we go...

The shadowy figures outside begin chanting, low and  
indistinguishable.

Jude regains consciousness, takes a look around him and  
runs out the building.

MAGDA  
Can someone please tell me what  
the fuck is going on!

DR. BURTON  
Don is the Devil.

MAGDA  
What!

DON  
Sataniel, Doctor. The devil is  
such a loaded word. Don't put her  
off.

Dr Burton looks out of the window.

DR. BURTON  
I guess you'd better go with them  
Don. It's time to begin your  
ministry for better or worse.

He looks behind him at the poster of Ancient of Days.

DR. BURTON  
Go easy on us, hey?

DON  
I'm not going! I told you. I  
don't want this.

He turns to Magda and holds her hands, pleading.

DON  
Let me stay here with you. Teach  
me how to love. How hard can it be?

Dr Burton puts his hand on Don's shoulder.

Don closes his eyes and a fine wisps of smoke appear on his shoulder.

Dr Burton removes his hand in pain.

DON  
No!

The sound lingers and blends with the chanting outside. All the lights in the room go out like a sonic wave has shattered them.

Dr Burton leaves the room.

EXT. DON AND MAGDA'S HOUSE. HACKNEY. NIGHT.

The Wormwood star continues to bathe the building in a surreal light.

Dr Burton appears in the main doorway, surveying the collection of people on the pavement. At the sight of him, the crowd silence expectantly.

DR. BURTON  
We're working it out. He's just  
got a case of stage fright.

The crowd resume their respective chanting.

INT. LOUNGE. DON AND MAGDA'S HOUSE. HACKNEY. NIGHT.

MAGDA  
What's he saying. How can you be  
the Devil. You wouldn't hurt a fly.

DON  
I know. It's ridiculous. Just say  
I can stay here with you. Draw  
the curtains and make it all go  
away.

Don puts his palms together and pulls them apart to reveal a blood red rose bud.

He hands it carefully to her.

She looks at it smiling. Then her expression changes to revulsion.

In the centre of the rose is a wriggling maggot.

A loud coughing noise erupts from Don's trousers. They fall to the ground to reveal the second devilish face on his rear.

Magda appears transfixed and goes to touch it. Don's hand stops her and breaks the spell.

DON

No, I want love. Lust I already understand.

Don's buttocks make the braying sound of a goat.

He reaches for the wine bottle next to the upturned coffee table.

DON

Not now. Shut up.

He thrusts the neck of the wine bottle up his buttocks and silences the noise.

He twists round to Magda, the wine bottle sticking out like a rudder.

DON

What is love?

CUT TO

Flashback to Magda in the Nursery helping the toddler, Don watching through the bars.

DON (V.O.)

That day when I saw the compassion in your eyes, I knew you were the one to teach me.

CUT BACK

Don points to the crucifix on the wall and looks skywards.

DON

I understand now why he wanted to stay down here in the muck. But you wouldn't let him either, would you!

The sound of people drawing their breath is heard outside, through the open window, followed by the noise of splintering wood.

The large black horse with hooded rider appears in the lounge doorway.

Black hoof prints on the white shag pile carpet.

Magda presses herself against the wall.

Don remains still in the centre of the room.

The chicken claw is seen in his hand.

INT. KITCHEN. DON AND MAGDA'S HACKNEY FLAT. NIGHT.

Dr Burton pours boiling water into a coffee cup. He reaches across to a sugar bowl and picks out two lumps.

He is distracted by the loud noise in the front room.

INT. LOUNGE. DON AND MAGDA'S HOUSE. HACKNEY. NIGHT.

The horseman holds out his hand to Don.

HORSEMAN OF THE APOCALYPSE  
The time is at hand. Unify. Master.

Dr Burton appears in the doorway holding his coffee and sugar cubes.

The horse turns round and faces him.

Dr Burton drops the coffee mug and weakly offers the sugar lumps to the horse.

The horse declines the offer and turns back round to face Don.

DON  
I'm not coming. There's been a  
change of plan. The Apocalypse  
is off.

EXT. PAVEMENT OUTSIDE DON AND MAGDA'S HOUSE. HACKNEY. NIGHT.

Azrial, their noses bloodied from the fight move purposefully towards the house. In their hands are the broken legs of a bar stool.

Azrial raises the wooden weapon above his head, preparing to charge.

INT. LOUNGE. DON & MAGDA'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

The Horseman looks to the window and quickly backs up his horse out of the lounge door.

EXT. PAVEMENT OUTSIDE DON AND MAGDA'S HOUSE. HACKNEY. NIGHT.

Azrial has reached the garden gate.

The Horseman appears silhouetted in the doorway.

Azrial stops and lowers the chair leg.

The Horseman makes an unholy cry and charges.

Azrial flees, pursued by the galloping Horseman.

INT. LOUNGE. DON AND MAGDA'S HOUSE. HACKNEY. DUSK.

Dr Burton picks up the spilled coffee mug. He looks at the coffee stain on the white rug and turns to Magda.

DR. BURTON

I'm sorry love.

Magda looks at him in disbelief then out of the window.

MAGDA

What?

Don stares at the Ancient of Days poster. He bangs his fist on the wall.

DR. BURTON

Even he wasn't above the divine plan, Don. If he wouldn't let his own son off the hook, there's not much hope for you.

MAGDA

Why can't he stay here with me, if he wants to?

DR. BURTON

Don has to accept his destiny.

(to Don)

Now you're learning the hardest lesson of all about being human. Life isn't fair and our control is only an illusion. It's Endtime. If you really loved Magda you'd let her go, so that we can all be saved. Don't you want her to be saved Don?

DON

Fuck Endtime and fuck you! I'm not going till I know what love is.

DR. BURTON

It's too much to ask of her. Part of the intensity of relationships come from pain. Buddhas and Christs may be born complete, but we are not.

DON

And neither am I. Why must I always be denied?

Don's eyes start to burn red. He turns to Magda.

DON

I can only stay here if you let me. You must love me of your own free will. I can't force you, that much I have learned.

MAGDA

Who's asking? Don or..? This is too much to take in.

DON

No it's not. It's easy. Come.

Don holds out his hand.

Magda places her palm in his.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE EL FARO. MARBELLA SPAIN. DAY.

Bright sunlight bathes the bulb room of the lighthouse.

Don walks round the giant bulb in the lighthouse, his face refracts into multiple repetitions.

Magda is staring out of the huge glass window looking down over El Faro town.

Don speaks from behind the refracted bulb, a hundred mouths reflected.

DON

See directly below you. Do you know where you are?

MAGDA

El Faro?

DON

Where you dreamed of setting up your nursery?

She touches the glass and points.

MAGDA

There's the nursery. Is this a dream?

DON

It doesn't have to be. Stay with me Magda, teach me how to love. All this will be yours. I can grant you anything you want.

MAGDA

You really are the devil then?

DON

I am.

MAGDA

Then this must be my temptation?

DON

No! No! No! I told you. I've given all that up. You've seen Superman 2, when he gives up his powers to be with Lois Lane? I'm doing the same. I want to live as a mortal. As Don.

Magda looks again at the nursery and sees the children playing beneath her.

Her hand pushes on the glass and it cracks causing the view of the playing children to become fractured.

MAGDA

Doctor Burton was right Don. I'm sorry. I can't be your accomplice in this. How can I stand in the way of God's plan for us?

Don moves away from the bulb and walks towards her.

Magda moves against the glass looking frightened.

He falls to his knees in front of her, putting his head on her chest.

DON

But I love you.

MAGDA

Oh Don, you don't know what it means.

She strokes the side of his head.

DON

Teach me.

He looks up and out of the window.

A large flock of starling birds are flying over the rocks.

DON

Look.

He takes Magda gently by the hand and leads her out onto the metal steps.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE STEPS. DAY.

He points at the birds. Magda follows his finger.

DON

There's hundreds of them. All individual and unique but look at how they fly in unison, making impossible grand patterns, like a new super organism. They'll never see the beautiful shapes because they're too close in themselves.

Magda stares at Don with genuine sadness. She touches the side of his face as he watches the birds.

DON

You, humanity, can never see this bigger shape because you're all in there part of it. But I can. I can step back. I've always stepped back. Now I want to lose myself in the mass. I want to belong and blend in with you.

A large black crow lands on the side wall. It too watches the starlings.

MAGDA

Think what you're saying, Don. How can you ever blend in? You're the devil!

The crow flies towards the starlings but is too slow and they disperse.

Don hangs his head.

DON

Look around you. People are dying, suffering, killing each other every second of every day. What gives life its value anyway? Do you actually know?

Magda looks over the ledge onto the rocks below.

DON

Love. How many people love that person. By that reckoning I have no value Magda. No-one loves me.

Her eyes start to well up. She raises her hand to touch his face but can't.

DON

That night when you said you loved me, even if it were like a brother, for the first time since I fell, I remembered what it was like to have value.

Magda wipes her eye.

MAGDA

I should be flattered. But, I can see the bigger picture too. That's what it is to be a woman. That's still something you don't know!

Don laughs.

MAGDA

And with this I can also see that I'm the only thing that's keeping you on earth. I'm the one thing holding up this whole divine plan?

DON

Don't look at it like that.

Magda removes Don's hands and walks to the open door.

Magda leans over the lighthouse steps and looks down to the rocks far below.

MAGDA

I'll teach you what love is then.

She throws her leg over the guide rail.

MAGDA

Love is sacrifice Don and putting other's needs before your own.

Magda brings her other leg over the rail and prepares to jump.

DON

But I want you!

MAGDA

Real love is selfless. Can't you see?

Don hangs his head.

INT. LOUNGE. DON & MAGDA'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Magda is sitting on the edge of a desk. She jumps and falls onto the carpet.

Don helps her up and looks into her eyes, holding on to her wrists.

Don's body starts to glow with a white light.

He sees himself reflected in her eyes.

As if he is made from grains of luminescent sand, his shoulder starts to dissolve upwards like an inverted hour-glass.

He looks at Magda, imploring.

DON  
Hold on to me, Mags. Keep me  
grounded here.

A set of Wind-Chimes hanging in the corner of the room begin to sound in an invisible breeze.

Don looks imploringly at them.

DON  
Spirits trying to be heard.  
Trying to influence the world of  
the solid. I am both Magda.  
Everywhere and nowhere.

Magda shakes her head, tears in her eyes.

DON  
Keep me here. With you. Hold me.

MAGDA  
I can't.

Don's hands let go her wrists.

The door slams shut.

The wind-chimes crescendo.

DON  
As long as I love, I can choose.  
He made me, just as he made you.

DR. BURTON  
Don't do this Don.

DON  
Free will.

The water in the goldfish tank begins to bubble.

Don is starting to glow with a red light, horns appearing through his matted black hair.

He strides over to the tank and plunges his hand in.

When his hand reappears it has taken the shape of a cloven hoof.

He turns over the hoof to reveal SAL the goldfish.

DON

Free willy.

Don dangles Sal above his mouth and with a wink to Magda, swallows him whole.

MAGDA

Don!

Don starts laughing, a deep booming laugh.

The wind-chimes rattle apoplectically.

Don begins to cough.

DON

Sal...vation!

A flash of white light, the same as before in Dr Burton's office.

Dr Burton shields his eyes and looks away. When he looks again Magda is alone.

In her hand is an empty white egg shell.

She looks up at Dr Burton expecting an answer. He has none to offer.

EXT. GARDEN. DON & MAGDA'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

The light from the Wormwood Star fades away. The shadowy figures begin to move back into the darkness.

A red glow, like burning buildings can be seen in the distance above the tree-line.

The Priests, Imams and Rabbis mill around on the pavement shrugging their shoulders, unsure what to do next.

INT. DON & MAGDA'S HOUSE. HACKNEY. NIGHT.

Magda is shivering.

Dr Burton covers her with a quilt from the sofa and they both look out of the window, waiting for the coming Armageddon.

MAGDA

Will we see him again?

DR. BURTON

I guarantee it. For better or worse.

The sound of a fly buzzing is heard.

EXT. GARDEN. DON & MAGDA'S HOUSE. HACKNEY. NIGHT.

A small white goat is eating a large goldfish on the grass.

"SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL" (ROLLING STONES) OVER END CREDITS.

FADE OUT.