

From Womb to Doom

By

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based on a true story

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1 BLACK SCREEN

A circle appears in the center of the screen, in which stands Jack Bristow.

JACK BRISTOW
I'm Jack Bristow, and I approve
this message.

The circle contracts and the next scene fades in.

2 EXT. FISTO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It is a dark and stormy night. A shot from outside a house.

3 INT. FISTO'S HOUSE, KICHEN - NIGHT

Brock Fisto sits at a table, reading a newspaper. The cover faces the camera, and reads "KING OBAMA DECLARES SUCCESSFUL END TO THE WAR ON RELIGION!" The front door opens and the sound of the storm bursts in.

BROCK FISTO
Eva? Is that you?

Nothing. The door closes and footsteps slowly pad towards the room. LaFleur Simpsón stands in the doorway to the room, hair dripping and clothes torn. She cries and sniffs from the cold.

BROCK FISTO
How's it going?

LAFLEUR SIMPSON
Brock.

BROCK FISTO
Yes dear?

LAFLEUR SIMPSON
I...I was walking down Johnson
Avenue and...this guy came up
behind me and...well

BROCK FISTO
What is it?

LAFLEUR SIMPSON
I was raped, Brock. Anally,
grenanally. It's...oh god.

LaFleur bursts into tears and collapses into Brock's arms. He holds her tight and presses his head against hers.

(CONTINUED)

BROCK FISTO
LaFleur, I...

LAFLEUR SIMPSON
There's another thing.

BROCK FISTO
Oh god, what could be worse?

LAFLEUR SIMPSON
I think...I think I may be
pregnant.

LaFleur weeps louder and Brock looks past her into the camera. Then he tilts his head to bring his mouth closer to her ear.

BROCK FISTO
LaFleur, I...I've always wanted
to be a father.

LaFleur's crying slowly tails off as it dawns on her what Brock has said. She pushes her face away from his and gives him a quizzical look.

LAFLEUR SIMPSON
W-what?

The scene fades to black.

4 EXT. ABORTIONPLEX - DAY

It's a sunny day, and the sun is shining on the gleaming AbortionPlex, the brightness of the scene contrasting with the darkness in all abortionists' souls. Text appears at the bottom: "D.C. AbortionPlex, murders 10,000 innocent babies a week...on a bad day." BROCK FISTO and LAFLEUR SIMPSON walk up the path into the building, Brock's arm around LaFleur's shoulders.

5 INT. ABORTIONPLEX, ABORTIONPLEX LOBBY - DAY

The pair enter through the double doors and walk to the receptionist, who tells them to take a seat. Despite the clean façade, the screams of dying babies occasionally echo through the halls. Brock and LaFleur take a seat.

LAFLEUR SIMPSON
I'm glad you finally came around
to this, it's the best thing for
us and the baby.

BROCK FISTO
Yes, yes. I just wish it hadn't
taken me nine months to do so. I
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BROCK FISTO (cont'd)
thought we would be too late, it
was sure nice of Dr Rosenstein to
offer to perform the procedure.

LAFLEUR SIMPSON
Yes, but he IS an old friend of
the family. The family that we
now shall not create, thanks to
abortion.

BROCK FISTO
And what a thanks it is. Now we
can continue living our shallow,
hedonistic lives without fear of
responsibility.

The two are silent for a moment, looking forward deep in
thought.

LAFLEUR SIMPSON
Do...do you ever think about the
life that we're extinguishing?
About whether it's right or not?

Brock pauses.

BROCK FISTO
Hahaha, nope. I hate babies. If I
could, I'd get more women
pregnant just so I could abort
some more.

EVA SMITH
Hmmm, I agree. I'm so glad I have
you.

BROCK FISTO
And I am also glad that I have
you as my unmarried sexual
partner with whom to live in sin
with.

The two snuggle. Then, Dr Rosenstein comes out.

DR ROSENSTEIN
Mr Fisto, Ms Simpson?

The two look up.

BROCK FISTO
That's us.

DR ROSENSTEIN
Could you please follow me, we'll
get the procedure over with in no
time.

(CONTINUED)

The two get up and follow Dr Rosenstein down a corridor. As they walk past a door, a woman's scream is heard from the room beyond, followed by a baby's cries. Then, a gunshot. All goes silent as some blood trickles under the door. Brock and LaFleur look at each other before laughing and continuing on into Dr Rosenstein's office.

6 INT. ABORTIONPLEX, DR ROSENSTEIN'S OFFICE - DAY

The office is ostensibly clean, but much like an abortionist's soul is irreparably blackened. Posters depicting bloody fetuses adorn the walls, and a dart board with a picture of a baby on it. Dr Rosenstein turns to Brock Fisto and LaFleur Simpsón.

DR ROSENSTEIN
Ms Simpsón, if you'll just take a
seat over there and I'll rev up
the abortion machine.

Dr Rosenstein presses some buttons and flips some switches and the abortion machine revs up. Lights flash, motors grind, the sound of a blender is heard. LaFleur lays on the chair and parts her legs whilst Dr Rosenstein attaches the large suction tube to her nether regions.

LAFLEUR SIMPSON
Oohooohoo

Dr Rosenstein rummages around in his drawers before withdrawing a black covered book.

DR ROSENSTEIN
Now Ms Simpsón, the machine will
do most of the work, but you
ensure the abortion goes as
smoothly as can be, you will need
to place a hand on this Satanic
Bible and swear fealty to our
dark lord.

LAFLEUR SIMPSON
Oh but of course. I wouldn't want
to mess with tradition.

She puts her hand on the false Bible and laughs at her own joke with the egotistical manner of a true Atheist.

DR ROSENSTEIN
The process is at 50%. 60%. 70%.
Hmm, it's slowing. 72%. 74%. 75%.
I'm sure this is normal. Hmm,
still 75%.

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly, an alarm klaxon sounds. A panel explodes in a shower of sparks and the lights shut off. Emergency red lights come on, leaving the scene based in the Hell-like glow deserving of the place.

LAFLEUR SIMPSON
Doctor, what's happening?!

DR ROSENSTEIN
I don't know! The process has stopped! I think the machine has broken! This has never happened before!

LaFleur screams.

LAFLEUR SIMPSON
Oh my god!

DR ROSENSTEIN
He can't help you in this place my girl! Quick Mr Fisto, help me remove the baby tube!

Dr Rosenstein and Brock scramble to remove the tube from LaFleur. As they do, she sighs a sigh of relief.

LAFLEUR SIMPSON
Is the baby gone? Have I successfully murdered the innocent soul?

DR ROSENSTEIN
I'm afraid not, the procedure had to be, hoho, aborted, before it was finished. I can't say what effect it will have had on the baby, but it sure hasn't butchered it, unfortunately.

LAFLEUR SIMPSON
Can we come back tomorrow and try again? I really want to kill this child.

DR ROSENSTEIN
You could, if you had the money.

Dr Rosenstein's eye glimmers Jewishly as he rubs his hands together.

BROCK FISTO
But we've already paid for this unsuccessful procedure, and that almost bankrupted us!

Dr Rosenstein recoils Jewishly from the word 'bankrupt'.

DR ROSENSTEIN

Hiss. And that may be so, but this isn't a charity here. As you all know charity was abolished in the Anti-Christian Morals Act of 2014. Now, leave my clinic before you break anything else, you poor people!

Dr Rosenstein shoos the pair away, and they run out through the lobby and out of the front door.

7

EXT. ABORTIONPLEX - NIGHT

Brock and LaFleur run out of the AbortionPlex. Halfway down the path, LaFleur bends over double and emits a groan. Brock puts his arms around her.

BROCK FISTO

What's wrong?

LAFLEUR SIMPSÓN

I think the baby's coming!

BROCK FISTO

Say it ain't so! We didn't even get to murder it!

LaFleur groans again and the camera zooms rapidly into her face. Pause, then a wet 'splot' and a baby's crying as LaFleur's face softens.

BROCK FISTO

It's a baby!

The camera pulls back and LaFleur turns to look at the baby Nameless One laying on the floor. Fisto vomits loudly, but off-camera.

NAMELESS ONE

Wah. Wah.

LAFLEUR SIMPSÓN

I am filled with a homicidal rage!

Brock puts his arm around LaFleur's shoulders again.

BROCK FISTO

And I am filled with a dark and sinful lust for your snatch. Let's get out of here and leave the baby to be torn apart my wolves.

(CONTINUED)

LAFLEUR SIMPSON

Good plan. Quickly, now.

The two run off, glancing around worriedly as they do so. The camera slowly zooms into the baby laying on the floor, crying profusely. The camera then cuts to a shot of the AbortionPlex door, out of which appears Dr Rosenstein.

DR ROSENSTEIN

What is that sweet music to my ears?

He scans the area before his eyes alight on the baby. A Jewish smile cracks across his lips as he begins to lick them side to side. The camera cuts to the baby, with Dr Rosenstein and the AbortionPlex in the background. Dr Rosenstein makes his way towards the baby, rubbing his hands together.

DR ROSENSTEIN

Ooh hoo hoo, look at you, little baby. All alone with nobody to protect you. Ooh it makes me positively moist.

The camera is at floor-level, with the baby in the foreground and looking up at Dr Rosenstein. He cackles as lightning splits the sky, then he raises his booted foot above the baby, his erection plainly visible.

FATHER CHRIST

Hey you, leave that kid alone!

Dr Rosenstein looks over to the side, but the camera does not.

DR ROSENSTEIN

W-who's there? Show yourself!

FATHER CHRIST

Step away from the infant, vile abortioneer!

Dr Rosenstein's erection wilts instantly. He turns and flees up the path to the AbortionPlex, whimpering like a child. Father Christ steps into frame and looks down at the baby with a smile.

FATHER CHRIST

It's okay now, little one. The abortionists can't hurt you now.

The scene fades to black.

8

INT. FATHER CHRIST'S LAIR, DORM AREA - MORNING

The alarm clock bleeps once and the scene appears; the now-teenage Nameless One lays in bed, the camera tilted 90°. Her eyes snap open and the camera cuts to looking down the hallway outside of the room, the door to it leading off to the left. Before it has a change to bleep again, the alarm clock flies out of the room and smashes against the wall opposite. The camera cuts back to the 90° shot of the Nameless One, who gets up, the camera rotating with her. The camera pulls back, revealing more of her room. Her bed is a filthy mattress atop some shipping pallets, her pillow is the corpse of a mangy dog. Beside the bed is a bucket, filled with God-only-knows what. She wears tattered rags and looks to the side as a giant cockroach scuttles by. The camera cuts back to the view outside of the room as she emerged, looks down at the shattered clock, and walks towards the camera, which flips to show her walking away from it. She stops at a door leading off left and peers inside.

NAMELESS ONE

Father Christ?

There is no reply. She pulls out and continues down the corridor. As she reaches the right corner at the end, Father Christ jumps at her, swinging his nunchuks. The Nameless One's reactions are finely-honed, however, and she deflects the blow and sprawls him over on the ground. As she stands over him in a fighting pose, breathing heavily, he begins to laugh.

FATHER CHRIST

Very good, my girl. Give it a little longer and I'll have nothing left to teach you.

The Nameless One relaxes.

NAMELESS ONE

You'll always have something left, Father Christ. I'm sure of it.

FATHER CHRIST

Haha, if you say so. Make your way to the dining room now, it's Number 7's birthday.

The Nameless One's expression harrows.

NAMELESS ONE

Oh no...

The Nameless One runs off around the corner. Father Christ watches her offscreen before walking towards the camera determinedly. The shot ends with his black habit filling the frame.

9

INT. FATHER CHRIST'S LAIR, DINING ROOM - MORNING

The dining room is a large windowless hall, made of the same dingy concrete that the rest of Father Christ's lair is. A long wooden table stretches down the middle, with people all down it solemnly eating. Children, teenagers, a couple adults, some babies. The Nameless One makes her way down the table to an empty seat besides Number 7. Number 7 ignores and her tucks into her disgusting gruel.

NAMELESS ONE

How're you holding up?

NUMBER 7

All right, I suppose. All things considered.

The Nameless One nods and also tucks into her gruel. She takes a spoonful and then puts it down, unable to finish. The camera cuts to behind her head as she looks up and down the table, the camera panning left and right with her. A gloom hangs over the proceedings. The camera cuts back in front of her and Number 7.

NAMELESS ONE

It's my birthday in a couple of weeks, you know?

NUMBER 7

Lucky you.

NAMELESS ONE

Don't be like that. We all go through the same thing.

Number 7 puts down her spoon and starts to cry. The Nameless One grabs her hands.

NAMELESS ONE

It's okay, it's okay. Birthdays are tough for everyone, but you're a fighter.

NUMBER 7

I know, I know I'm not special. It's just...

NAMELESS ONE

It's just what?

NUMBER 7

It's just... don't you ever feel like just giving up? Just pack it all in, lie back and not wake up?

The Nameless One slaps Number 7 across the cheek. She rubs it sheepishly.

(CONTINUED)

NAMELESS ONE

Don't you ever, EVER speak like that. That's what they want, don't you see? They tried to kill you but failed, all thanks to the protective light of the Lord. Would you disregard this gift and spit in God's eye?

Number 7 looks forwards.

NUMBER 7

I guess you're right. It just gets a bit much sometimes.

NAMELESS ONE

Birthday blues. Don't worry, everyone gets them.

The conversation is interrupted by the dinging of a glass from the entrance to the dining room. Everybody looks over and the camera rotates to show Father Christ standing with a glass and fork in his hand. A reverent hush falls upon the room.

FATHER CHRIST

Good morning, everyone.

Everyone replies with a "Good morning, Father Christ."

FATHER CHRIST

As you all know, it is a somber day today. It is Number 7's birthday.

The assemblage stare into their gruel.

FATHER CHRIST

Now, you all know how hard a birthday can be for people in your position. Having never technically been born, you can't legally age. Everybody here has been through this before, many more than once. Number 7?

The camera rotates to Number 7, who looks up from her gruel. It rotates back to Father Christ.

FATHER CHRIST

I want you to know that if you have anything you need to talk about, everyone here will be supportive.

It rotates back to Number 7, who blushes and nods, then returns to her gruel.

(CONTINUED)

FATHER CHRIST
Now, in happier news...

The scene slowly fades out as Father Christ speaks.

10 INT. FATHER CHRIST'S LAIR, DORM AREA - NIGHT

The NAMELESS ONE sits on her bed as the camera slowly zooms in through the doorway. It lingers on her, and suddenly there is the faint sound of rope tightening and a stifled gasp. The Nameless One listens hard, but hears nothing. She shrugs and lays down, turning off her light.

11 INT. FATHER CHRIST'S LAIR, DORM AREA - MORNING

A repeat of the alarm clock scene from earlier. The Nameless One walks over to her doorway and as she gets closer, muffled sounds slowly begin to come into focus, eventually revealing themselves to be sounds of sobbing. Someone runs down the corridor, past the camera. The Nameless One walks towards the camera and peers out the doorway to the right, then left. As she turns left, the camera pans there and shows a group of other children standing around the doorway to another bedroom. The camera zooms in on a number 7 written on the wall beside it. It then pans back to The Nameless One.

NAMELESS ONE
Oh, no...

The group parts and FATHER CHRIST emerges, cradling the body of NUMBER 7 in his arms. He walks past the Nameless One, stops and looks at her, then looks down and walks on. The Nameless One watches him leave and then leaves her room, walking left as the crowd disperses. She reaches Number 7's room and puts her arm on the right side of the doorway for support as the camera catches up and swings around her to look through the doorway. A rope hangs from a rafter, cut but with the telltale knot of a noose. The bed is a mess and there is stuff strewn everywhere. The camera cuts to the Nameless One's face as she drops her head and shakes his sadly.

12 INT. FATHER CHRIST'S LAIR, FATHER CHRIST'S OFFICE - MORNING

Father Christ sits at his desk, his head above his arched fingers, brooding. The camera sits behind him, showing the doorway in which the Nameless One appears. Father Christ looks up, and then back down.

NAMELESS ONE
Father Christ, I...

(CONTINUED)

FATHER CHRIST
Come, child, sit.

Father Christ motions to a chair in front of his desk and the Nameless One comes in and sits on it.

FATHER CHRIST
She was your friend, wasn't she?

NAMELESS ONE
As much as anyone could be, I
suppose. Everyone knows us people
can't have relationships.

Father Christ raises his voice.

FATHER CHRIST
Don't you ever let me hear you
saying that! Don't! You are no
different from children who were
technically born, don't let a
damned piece of paper make you
think otherwise!

NAMELESS ONE
Save it for someone younger,
Father. I know how it is, I won't
lie to myself. Number 7 is dead,
and what does it matter? She was
never born, there's no record of
her having ever existed. Sure, we
might be upset, but soon we'll
have forgotten about her, and
when we die, the same will happen
to us.

The Nameless One pauses and smiles sadly.

NAMELESS ONE
Number 7. Heh. She didn't even
have a name. She had a number. A
lucky number at that, but maybe
she was lucky after all; she
found a way out.

Father Christ shoots to his feet, the camera cutting to the Nameless One's side of the desk and looking upwards at the imposing figure.

FATHER CHRIST
Don't you even start to think
like that! Don't you know that by
taking her own life, she has
consigned her soul to Hell for
all eternity?! She may have a
found a way out, but a way out
into what? Damnation? You talk of

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FATHER CHRIST (cont'd)
her eventually being forgotten,
but what you fail to realise is
that the same is true of all of
us, born or not! Oh, sure, maybe
there are no newspaper articles
about her, no photographs on
someone's *Facebook* profile, but
she had friends! You, and the
others, you all knew her, and she
knew you, and you will always
keep a small part of her with
you. Long after I have died,
everyone who ever knew me will
have died too, but do I fear such
an event? No, because I know in
my heart that I will be made
eternal in the light of the Lord
and live forever in His light!

Father Christ stands, panting as he calms down. The
Nameless One is stunned into her seat. Eventually, he sits
down again.

FATHER CHRIST
Rosemary.

NAMELESS ONE
Say what?

FATHER CHRIST
She was called Rosemary.

NAMELESS ONE
But a name can only be given by
one's birth parents!

Father Christ is silent. The Nameless One pauses.

NAMELESS ONE
Father Christ, why do you do all
this? What happened to you?

Father Christ takes a deep breath. During his reminisce,
the camera slowly zooms in on his face as he looks past
with a thousand-yard stare.

FATHER CHRIST
It was back in the Great Atheist
Purges of 2013. I was a young man
then, I'd only just taken the
cloth. I was tending to my flock
when the church doors were blown
open and the Atheist troops
stormed the building. The
churchgoers knocked over the pews
and tried to hold them off in
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FATHER CHRIST (cont'd)
order to buy me time to escape,
but their faith was no match for
the piercing Atheist bullets. I
had only time to grab my Bible
before I fled. I looked back when
I was away, and the church was
aflame. I couldn't watch. I just
ran. Ran & ran, trying to escape
it, but it was happening across
the whole country. Nowhere was
safe. I had to remove my collar
after I saw another ex-priest and
his children beaten to death for
just walking down the road. To my
shame, I turned to drink,
thinking perhaps in the bottle
lay my salvation. Instead, I
found only my downfall. I was
seduced by the life of excess, as
my countrymen had been, and
before long I had a woman of ill
repute telling me she was
pregnant.

Father Christ breaks down in tears. He shouts out.

FATHER CHRIST
I was weak! In a drunken stupor,
I told her to go get it aborted!
I only realised my mistake when I
sobered up. I rushed over to the
AbortionPlex and arrived just as
the machine was firing up. In a
fit of rage, I attacked it with a
nearby fire extinguisher. The
security eventually pulled me
off, but I had done enough; the
baby was saved. Before they could
take me away, I reached into the
machine and pulled out the baby,
mere inches away from the
thresher. I took her with me, and
then and there decided to
dedicate my life to those like
her as penance for my sins.

Father Christ puts his head in his hands and weeps softly.

NAMELESS ONE
Father Christ, I'm so sorry. I
didn't know. I'm sorry.

Father Christ pauses.

(CONTINUED)

FATHER CHRIST
Rosemary. It means remembrance.

NAMELESS ONE
It's beautiful.

FATHER CHRIST
Yes, she was.

NAMELESS ONE
I'm sorry, Father Christ. Truly I
am.

The Nameless One gets up and walks out of the office.
Father Christ stays in his chair and cries.

13 INT. FATHER CHRIST'S LAIR, DINING ROOM - AFTERNOON

NAMELESS ONE
Lindsaaaaay!

The shot fades in to a view down the dining room table, people eating their gruel along both sides. Lindsay runs past the camera and down the side of the table, followed by the Nameless One. In her hand, Lindsay has a crumpled piece of paper. The camera cuts to behind the Nameless One and follows her as she chases Lindsay around the table and back down the room.

NAMELESS ONE
Lindsay! Give it back!

Lindsay laughs and jumps up onto the table as two of her friends hold the Nameless One back. The Nameless One fights but cannot free herself. Lindsay unfurls the paper and looks it over. She addresses the table.

LINDSAY
Look at this, everybody! She
wants to be an artist! Look!

Lindsay shows the paper to the table. On it are drawn numerous childlike drawings of Father Christ, the lair, the other children etc.

NAMELESS ONE
No!

LINDSAY
She fancies herself the next van
Gogh, but she's more of a
Picasso!

Laughter ripples through the crowd.

(CONTINUED)

NAMELESS ONE

Stop it! Stop!

Lindsay squats down to look at the Nameless One.

LINDSAY

Everyone knows abortions can't
make art. You need a soul to do
that, and you don't have one.

The Nameless One struggles again.

NAMELESS ONE

Ur a liar, Lindsay!

LINDSAY

You ain't got no mommy and you
ain't got no daddy; you're an
abortion! A-bor-tion, a-bor-tion,
a-bor-tion!

As Lindsay chants, the table joins in.

NUMBER 3

Wait, don't we all not have souls
too?

The chanting stops.

LINDSAY

Yeah, but she especially doesn't.

NUMBER 3

Oh, okay then. A-bor-tion,
a-bor-tion, a-bor-tion!

As the chanting intensifies, the camera cuts to the
Nameless One, who slumps forwards and cries. The two girls
holding her let go and she drops to floor, curling up into
the foetal position (SYMBOLISM!).

FATHER CHRIST

Enough!

Father Christ's imposing voice stuns the entire room into
silence. Lindsay staggers backwards on the table and falls
off the edge to the sound snapping. The only sound is the
Nameless One's crying. He looks across the dining room in
disgust.

LINDSAY

I think I broke my arm!

FATHER CHRIST

Good. Get out of here.

(CONTINUED)

LINDSAY

But...

FATHER CHRIST

Go!

Lindsay runs out of the dining room, mirroring Taylor's stupid run from the hit film *Cyberbu//y*.

FATHER CHRIST

Are you okay?

The Nameless One slowly gets up.

NAMELESS ONE

I-I'm fine.

FATHER CHRIST

Everybody, get. It's time for bed.

NUMBER 3

But it's only five!

FATHER CHRIST

Number 3, shut the fuck up! I know that was you! I ain't even gotta look! I should send your ass back to Saint Pete with his hot-ass coat hangers, bitch! Would you like that?!

Number 3 wilts and everybody rushes out of the room. Father Christ stops the Nameless One as she runs past.

FATHER CHRIST

Don't listen to Lindsay, she is nasty and a bitch. Let's see this artwork of yours.

NAMELESS ONE

I don't wanna.

FATHER CHRIST

G'wan.

NAMELESS ONE

Hmmm, ok!

The Nameless One shows Father Christ her book of artwork.

FATHER CHRIST

Wonderful. When I get back from tour, I'm going to give all of this a closer look, really go over it.

(CONTINUED)

NAMELESS ONE

Tour?

FATHER CHRIST

Touring the halls of this underground lair. I can sense something; some kind of presence unbathed in the light of the Lord. Such darkness I cannot imagine. Heh, I'm probably just being a paranoid old man. Now, off to bed with you.

NAMELESS ONE

Good night, Father Christ.

FATHER CHRIST

And good night to you, too.

The Nameless One darts out of the dining room.

14 INT. FATHER CHRIST'S LAIR, DORM AREA - NIGHT

The Nameless One skips gaily through the corridors, her artbook clutched close to her chest. She enters her room and sits on her bed.

NAMELESS ONE

That Lindsay is such a...ugh! Why must she cyberbully me in real life like this? She's just as aborted as I am! We should be allies, not enemies!

The Nameless One gets up and walks over to her alarm clock, inexplicably intact.

NAMELESS ONE

Oh, clock. You've never bullied me.

The Nameless One walks over to her framed poster of Jesus.

NAMELESS ONE

Oh, framed poster of Jesus. You've definitely never bullied me.

She looks around for more possessions, but she has none. She walks over to the doorway and leans on it.

NAMELESS ONE

Oh, doorway, I guess. You've never bullied m-

(CONTINUED)

The Nameless One is cut off as Lindsay's face pops into shot. The Nameless One stumbles backwards and onto her bed. Lindsay cackles. In her hand is a morning star. She swings it lazily.

LINDSAY

Dang. Shoulda brought the disinfectant. Don't wanna use these things after the skank patrol.

NAMELESS ONE

Why would you be using my things?
And how am I a patrol? And who are you talking to?

LINDSAY

Looks at you, Father Christ's favourite. You think you're so great, don't you? Like you can do no wrong.

NAMELESS ONE

No, I'm actually really humble.

LINDSAY

Agh!

Lindsay swings her morning star and smashes a chunk out of the Nameless One's doorframe.

LINDSAY

When are you going to realise that you're not the perfect little princess that everyone seems to think you are? AGH!

Lindsay swings again and the Nameless One jumps backwards to avoid it.

LINDSAY

You're not even prettier than me, but if no-one else can see that, I suppose I'll just have to make it more obvious!

Lindsay swings a third time and the Nameless One dodges. She reaches and grabs the chain, stopping the swinging flail. Lindsay headbutts her in the face and she falls to the floor. Lindsay begins swinging again and cackles evilly. As she's about to finish the Nameless One off, the Nameless One reaches under her mattress and pulls out a stiletto, which she drives into Lindsay's thigh. Lindsay howls with pain and drops the morning star with a clatter. She hobbles out of the Nameless One's room. The Nameless One gets to her feet and walks out after Lindsay, bloody dagger still clutched in her hand. The camera cuts to

(CONTINUED)

following the Nameless One as she follows a trail of blood splatters, which turn off left into a room further up the corridor. As she nears the doorway, the Nameless One slows and strains her ears to hear what is being said within.

LINDSAY

You have to move it forward, you have to! Aegis is a-go, I repeat, Aegis is a-go!

The Nameless One looks into the room, the camera swinging 90° to the left to look in with her. In it, Lindsay is kneeling in the centre, in front of a large radio unit. Her bed is to the left and on the right is a small table with a birthday cake on it, a couple of candles burning on top. Beside it is a photograph of a man and a woman. Lindsay looks back and smiles.

NAMELESS ONE

A...birthday cake? But you're an abor-

LINDSAY

An abortion? Hahaha, oh god no. That right there? That's a photo of my parents. I'll be going back to them when all this is finished.

NAMELESS ONE

All what?

LINDSAY

Awww, come on, you didn't really think this silliness Father Christ's could last forever did you? So naive. Sooner or later, all will be crushed under the iron heel of atheism and we shall be free to live in perfect euphoric harmony, without Dark Age thinking and intolerance holding us back!

NAMELESS ONE

But...

LINDSAY

Shhhh, shh now. It's too late, there's nothing you can do to stop it. You won't be around to see it, but be safe in the knowledge that all of this will soon be gone. Just like Number 7. To think that Father Christ was so willing to accept that she had killed herself.

(CONTINUED)

The camera briefly cuts to the Nameless One glancing at a rope in the corner of the room.

NAMELESS ONE

What do you mean, go-

The Nameless One is cut off by Lindsay lunging at her with a knife of her own. The Nameless One dodges it and swings back, but Lindsay hops away. She grunts and grits her teeth as she puts weight on her injured leg, but stands defiantly regardless. The Nameless One strikes next, but Lindsay deflects the blow with her own knife, sending the Nameless One's clattering down the corridor. Lindsay presses her advantage and lunges again, and the Nameless One is too slow on the dodge and receives a gash along her shoulder. She pants and puts a hand on it whilst Lindsay takes the blade and runs it along her tongue. A trickle of blood runs down her chin and she licks it up.

LINDSAY

Mmm, Atheism.

She lunges at the wounded Nameless One again, but the Nameless One is prepared this time and dodges the knife, grabs her arm and snaps it. Lindsay cries out in pain until the Nameless One punches her in the face. The Nameless One carries the dazed Lindsay over to her birthday cake.

NAMELESS ONE

Lindsay?

LINDSAY

Guh?

NAMELESS ONE

Happy birthday to the ground!

The Nameless One pushes Lindsay's face into the cake. Lindsay begins to flail but the Nameless One holds her firmly in the cake. This goes on, with Lindsay slowly growing more and more still until finally, with a twitch, she stops moving. The Nameless One holds her for a few more seconds, then moves away, panting heavily.

NAMELESS ONE

Or 6 feet below it, at least.

The Who - Won't Get Fooled Again blares, and the Nameless One looks over at the radio where it is coming from. She adjusts the knob until she hears a crackling voice.

RADIO VOICE

Dawkins? Dawkins? Dawkins, come in. I repeat, Dawkins, respond. Aegis go confirmed, boots on the ground in five. Operation Evolution is away!

(CONTINUED)

As the Nameless One looks confusedly at the radio, an explosion wracks the lair. The Nameless One ducks to the side as a group of atheist soldiers walk down the corridor. From out of sight comes a voice.

NUMBER 3

Hey there, how's it going?

The voice is replied to with a round of gunfire and the troops move on. Another explosion wracks the lair and the Nameless One dashes out of Lindsay's room.

15 INT. FATHER CHRIST'S LAIR, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The Nameless One runs into the dining room, the camera over her shoulder. She stops in the doorway and the camera lurches past her until she's out of the shot. On the far side of the room, Father Christ is fending off eight atheist soldiers with a crucifix. Each time he presses it towards them, they recoil like vampires.

FATHER CHRIST

The power of Christ compels you!

The soldiers hiss. Then, one pauses for thought.

ATHEIST SOLDIER 1

Hey, wait! Despite the overwhelming evidence to the contrary, I choose not to believe in that weapon!

The others look to each other and nod. Father Christ looks at his hand in horror as the crucifix fades out of existence. The atheist soldiers converge on him menacingly and the last sight of him is his arm reaching out of the top of the throng before being pulled back in with a sickening crack. The camera pulls back over the Nameless One's shoulder and she is framed from behind in the bottom ninth of the frame. She gasps and puts her hand to her mouth. By now, the Atheist soldiers are on all fours like the animals they are. One raises his head and sniffs the air in reaction to the gasp and the Nameless One hurries back through the doorway and presses herself against the wall, the dining room still in frame through it. She pants in terror and the camera looks on dispassionately as the atheist soldier gets up and walks towards the doorway. When he reaches it he sniffs the air again and the Nameless One has to stifle her breath; he's only a few centimeters away. He starts to lean through the doorway and she pushes herself further into the wall.

ATHEIST SOLDIER 2

Hey guys! Over here!

(CONTINUED)

The atheist soldier by the doorway jerks back and rushes off to join his friends. The camera moves in on the Nameless One's relieved face, as she slumps down the wall to the floor and buries her head in her hands. Jesus wept, and so does she. The sounds of the atheist soldiers drift through from the dining room.

ATHEIST SOLDIER 2

What're these things?

ATHEIST SOLDIER 1

Looks like *The God Delusion*, but the words are different!

ATHEIST SOLDIER 3

Oh, like *God is Not Great*? I love that one!

ATHEIST COMMANDER

No, not like that. These here are those-whatchamacallit-Bibles!

The theist soldiers laugh viciously. Then, the sound of a zipper and the fine tinkling of a wee. They laugh more, and there is the sound of a number of zippers and a number of wees. Eventually, they finish, zip back up and make their way out of the dining room. The Nameless One wipes her tears when she hears they're gone and gets up. The camera is loose, as dazed as she is. She stumbles through the long dining room as the camera swoops around, focusing on various scenes of destruction as she notices them, before coming back to over her shoulder as she reaches Father Christ. He is framed over her shoulder as a tiny, broken man. He is bloodied and has at least a few entrails hanging out. He coughs feebly and only succeeds in bringing up more blood.

FATHER CHRIST

Nameless One? Am I glad to see you. Sorry about the mess.

Father Christ splutters again. The Nameless one cradles him.

NAMELESS ONE

Father Christ! Why?! Why did this have to happen to you?!

FATHER CHRIST

Be still, my child. Even though it may be unpleasant for us, we must remember that it is all part of His plan. If we forget this, then truly we are no better than those that did this.

(CONTINUED)

NAMELESS ONE

My God, my god, why have you
forsaken me?

FATHER CHRIST

Child! Be not saddened. I go from
a corruptible to an incorruptible
crown, where no disturbance can
be, no disturbance in the world.

Father Christ gasps.

FATHER CHRIST

I can see it. I can see the
light, His magnificence, I can
see-

NAMELESS ONE

What? What can you see?!

FATHER CHRIST

R...Rosemary?

The Nameless One moves back as Father Christ smiles
warmly.

NAMELESS ONE

She didn't kill herself, father.
Lindsay murdered her. She died
without sin.

FATHER CHRIST

Thank God. It's beautiful, I-

He splutters again. His eyes are clouding over but his
smile remains.

FATHER CHRIST

They should...have sent...a poet.

Father Christ falls limply to the floor. The Nameless One
pauses before closing his eyelids.

NAMELESS ONE

Tetelestai. It is finished.

Nameless One mutters a short prayer and goes to stand, but
notices something in Father Christ's hand. She gingerly
reaches for it and pulls out a handwritten note. She reads
it, the camera looking on at her from the front. When she
is done, she lowers it and looks past the camera, newfound
determination in her face.

NAMELESS ONE

No. It is only just begun.

The music thunders and the screen goes black.

16 EXT. DUNFERMLINE'S HOUSE - MORNING

It is an idyllic spring morn. The birds are singing and the bees are trying to have sex with them. Children play jump-rope to the right of the house and a youngster cycles past, throwing a newspaper out at the front door. It lands in a pile of other newspapers. The camera slowly makes its way down the path to the front door, looking down at the newspapers and then back up as it passes. The headline of the top one reads "NEWSBOYS WRONG: GOD DEFINITELY DEAD", the subtitle "NEWSBOYS SURELY PUT TO DEATH". The camera pauses on the door for a few seconds before pulling back and going in through an open window.

17 INT. DUNFERMLINE'S HOUSE, LOUNGE & BEDROOM - MORNING

It glides slowly through a stuffy, dusty living room, gazing over a number of photo frames over the mantelpiece, each containing a photo of an ultrasound and a date written on in Sharpie, as it explores. It reaches a staircase and goes up, looking at the numerous certificates pinned to the wall. They all read "THIS CERTIFICATE IS TO CERTIFY THAT MR. DUNFERMLINE HAS FULFILLED HIS NON-GOD-GIVEN DUTY TO ABORT A CHILD ON:", followed by dates: the same dates as written on the photographs earlier. The camera reaches the top of the stair, and it is similarly decrepit. It finds a room with a door ajar and goes in. It floats over to a man curled up on a bed, asleep, past a number of empty bottles of all shapes and sizes. It goes in close to his face so that it takes up most of the frame: TREV DUNFERMLINE. There is a loud knocking on the door and the man jolts awake. He sits up and looks around groggily, the camera cutting to behind him and swinging right to left with his head. More knocking. He grabs a half-empty bottle of Tesco Everyday-Value vodka and takes a swig. He retches, then takes another and sets off out of the room.

18 EXT. DUNFERMLINE'S HOUSE - MORNING

The camera positions to the left behind a man in a gimp suit, about waist-level, with the man taking up 1/3 to 1/2 of the frame. The door opens and Dunfermline leans on the doorframe, a now-empty bottle in his hand.

TREV DUNFERMLINE
The hell are you?

The camera cuts to over Trev's shoulder and the man in the gimp suit is in full view from the belt up. The mask covers his face.

BERTRAND DUNFERMLINE
Do ye nae recognise yer own
brother?

(CONTINUED)

The camera cuts back to behind Bertrand. Trev pauses.

TREV DUNFERMLINE
My brother's dead.

He goes to close the door, but Bertrand thrusts his hip forward and the door is stuck open with the sound of wood being hit by wood. Trev looks disgusted. The camera cuts back to behind him.

BERTRAND DUNFERMLINE
Aye, I knae you aen't fond ae mae
aet the best ae times, but don't
you think I'd only come tae ye if
I had something important tae
say?

The camera cuts back behind Bertrand. Trev pauses again.

TREV DUNFERMLINE
You're not coming in. What is it?

Back behind Trev.

BERTRAND DUNFERMLINE
Aye, that's the spirit! Did ye
hear about that rebel stronghold
they cleansed the other day?

Behind Bertrand.

TREV DUNFERMLINE
Yes.

Behind Trev.

BERTRAND DUNFERMLINE
Well, the mad old coot running
it, he wae collecting failed
abortions an making them intae
some sort ae army.

Bertrand.

TREV DUNFERMLINE
Get to the point, Bertrand, then
get the hell off my property.

Trev.

BERTRAND DUNFERMLINE
Still sae prickly. Well, they ran
some DNA tests on the bodies
after the raid, tae see whose
faileds they were. A couple ae
them came back as yours. Just
though ye'd like tae know; rest
easy, like.

(CONTINUED)

Bertrand. Trev looks slightly taken aback but soon regains his composure.

TREV DUNFERMLINE
Good. Now piss off.

Trev.

BERTRAND DUNFERMLINE
Aye, I'll be seeing ye.

Bertrand turns to leave and takes a few steps, his gimp suit squeaking unnervingly as he does. At the sight of him, the jump-roping children squeal and run away. The camera cuts back to look at Trev.

TREV DUNFERMLINE
Bertrand...how can you walk around like that? Where's your self-respect?

The camera looks back at Bertrand, who turns back around, this time with his exposed knob fully on show.

BERTRAND DUNFERMLINE
Ye keep up with that slave mentality, ye'll always be an untermensch. Thankfully, I'm nae constrained any more by punae Christian ethics. Ye need tae be less closed-minded, brother.

Bertrand turns and walks off, squeaking all the way.

19 INT. DUNFERMLINE'S HOUSE, LOUNGE - MORNING

TREV DUNFERMLINE closes the door and walks into his living room. He looks over the photos of the ultrasounds and begins to cry. He falls to his knees before them and weeps louder as the camera drifts back, out of the room, out through the window. Dunfermline yells in anguish.

20 EXT. A&OF'S LAIR - NIGHT

The rain is pouring as the Nameless One runs into shot. She heads across a busy road and down the embankment on the other side. She runs along until she reaches a large sewer pipe with a grate on.

NAMELESS ONE
(V.O.)
Father Christ's note told me of allies, some sort of underground military unit of his from back in the day, and how to find them. I
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NAMELESS ONE (cont'd)
don't know if I can trust these
people, and Father Christ seemed
uncertain about how they'd be
after so many years, but I don't
have any choice.

The Nameless One looks at the grate, which has multiple padlocks on it. She grabs one and feels around until it clicks. She grabs another and does the same. After pressing about five, the grate pushes forward and rolls to the side. She steps tentatively in and it rolls back shut behind her.

21 INT. A&OF'S LAIR, ENTRANCE TUNNEL - NIGHT

Nameless One slowly, uncertainly walks through the sewer tunnels. The sounds of rats scrabbling and water drops echo through them. She sees a flickering light ahead, round a corner.

NAMELESS ONE
Hey! Hey, who's there?

There is the sound of a breath and the flickering light is extinguished.

NAMELESS ONE
Hello?

FATHER ANDREW
Here, fishy, fishy, fishy.

The camera looks on the Nameless One from the front as a shadowy figure rushes across the end of the tunnel behind her, scraping something on the floor (think the first splicer in *Bioshock*). She jumps and turns around.

NAMELESS ONE
Quit it, you're not going to
scare me.

As she turns back around, the camera swings around her as if attached to her back. Standing before her is a large, shadowy figure, who towers over her. She jumps again and staggers back as the figure presses forward.

NAMELESS ONE
No, don't, stop!

FATHER ANDREW
Little fishy find herself in Big
Andy's net. Little fishy start to
re-evaluate little fishy's life
choices. Big Andy not care. Big
Andy just want eat little fishy.

(CONTINUED)

He draws a cruel-looking knife which glints in the moonlight. He leans right up to Nameless One's face and smiles, she falls on her arse.

NAMELESS ONE

Stop it! Father Christ sent me!
He said you could help me!

The figure continues to draw closer. Nameless One covers her face with her hands.

FATHER PETER

Andrew! Stop! Bad!

The figure looks behind him with a hiss. The camera is down by the Nameless One, looking up, and someone runs down the tunnel behind the figure, splashing water.

FATHER ANDREW

Little fishy, little fish-

There is a buzz and the figure goes rigid before falling to the ground with a splash and a clattering of the knife. In his stead stands a man with a taser and dressed in a priest habit. He has an eyepatch and a rough beard. He looks down at the figure, still convulsing a little.

FATHER PETER

Stupid mad bastard.

He looks at the Nameless One.

FATHER PETER

Get up. You're in a sewer, have a
little goddamn self-respect.

The Nameless One gets up as the man turns and walks back to where he came, picking up the figure on the way and slinging him over his shoulder. The Nameless One looks hesitantly before scurrying off behind him.

NAMELESS ONE

Thanks, I thought he was going to
kill me.

The man replies without looking back or slowing his pace.

FATHER PETER

He was.

NAMELESS ONE

Father Christ told me to come
here. He-

The man turns with anger, hitting the figure's head on a wall as he does, and towers over the Nameless One.

(CONTINUED)

FATHER PETER

I don't know who you are, but you best be careful saying that name around here. There's some of us who are less than fond of him.

The man turns back around, hitting the head again, and continues walking. The Nameless One looks down at her feet.

NAMELESS ONE

He...he's dead.

The man stops for a second.

FATHER PETER

It was going to happen eventually.

He continues walking.

NAMELESS ONE

Look, I don't know what he did to you, but he took me in when nobody else would. The only reason I'm alive is be-

22 INT. A&OF'S LAIR, NEW JERICH0 - NIGHT

The tunnel suddenly opens up into a huge cavern, an underground but no less ornate Catholic church, complete with stained glass windows. The Nameless One looks around in awe as her speech tapers off.

NAMELESS ONE

-cause...he...hel-

FATHER PETER

Welcome...to New Jericho.

The man walks over to a cage and places the softly murmuring figure inside, locking it after him. The camera continues to sweep the roof with the Nameless One's head until going down to reveal a number of other people sitting on pews and standing, all watching the Nameless One. They get up and walk towards her. The man from before walks back up to her.

FATHER PETER

I'll introduce you to everyone.
I'm Father Peter, but you can call me Skipper. Everyone does.

The camera cuts to the man in the cage, who has now sleeping soundly.

(CONTINUED)

FATHER PETER

The one you met earlier, that's Father Andrew, my brother. He's never been quite right, as I'm sure you noticed.

The camera cuts to three of the audience: two identical men in priest habits and a woman in nun ones. it slowly pans from right to left.

FATHER PETER

Fathers James and John, also brothers. Identical twins, even. That's Father Philippa.

NAMELESS ONE

Fath-

The camera pans past a large, ruddy-faced man wearing a Napoleon hat and a chest of medals. He puffs up his chest with pride.

FATHER PETER

Field Marshal Father Bartholomew.

FIELD MARSHAL FATHER BARTHOLOMEW

Enchanté, my dear.

Bartholomew takes the Nameless One's hand and kisses it. She looks to Father Peter who looks back with a slight shake of his head.

FATHER PETER

(whispering)

He comes from money.

The Nameless One nods.

FIELD MARSHAL FATHER BARTHOLOMEW

Now, now. I think that as field marshal, I should take over these introductions!

The camera cuts to a man wearing a priest habit, the left side of which is flawless, but the right is scruffy and torn.

FATHER JUDE THADDEUS

(as Father Jude)

Cram it, Marsha. You got that position from a mail-in cereal box competition.

Bartholomew deflates somewhat and steps back, embarrassed.

(CONTINUED)

FATHER PETER
That's Father Jude. Tactical
genius, makes a mean cup of tea.
You'll likely meet his brother at
some point, Father Thaddeus.

The camera cuts to a man wearing a priest's habit and an
accountant's sun visor. He has a pencil tucked above his
ear.

FATHER PETER
Father Matthew, formerly a tax
collector, presently our
accountant-

FATHER MATTHEW
You still owe me \$1.23, Skipper.

FATHER PETER (CONT'D)
-always a pedant.

The camera pans over the last of the line, the only one
still sitting on the pew in the distance, clothed in long
robes.

FATHER PETER
That one...that's The Zealot
No-one knows his real name, or
really anything at all about him.

The camera cuts to the Nameless One, looking away.

NAMELESS ONE
I know how that feels...

It then cuts to Father Peter.

FATHER PETER
That's everyone. They'll tr-

FATHER JAMES THE LESS
Hey! Ain't you forgettin'
someone?

Father Peter sighs. He nods to Father James, who lifts his
shirt to reveal Father James the Less, a being that lives
in his stomach a la Kuato from *Total Recall*. The Nameless
One gasps and covers her mouth with her hand.

FATHER PETER
That's Father James the Less.

FATHER JAMES THE LESS
Lesser everywhere except where it
counts, baby.

James the Less winks at the Nameless One and it seems to
cause Father James pain. There is a pause.

(CONTINUED)

NAMELESS ONE
Can you cover that one back up?

FATHER PETER
Absolutely.

He nods to Father James again and he pulls his shirt back down.

FATHER JAMES THE LESS
(muffled)
Aww.

FATHER PETER
That's all of us. What's your name then?

The Nameless One's lip quivers and she starts to cry.

FATHER PETER (CONT'D)
Oh, I see. Father Christ always did have a thing for you lot.

The Nameless One sniffs and wipes her nose.

NAMELESS ONE
Just...just refer to me in ways that don't require a name. I'm used to it. Who are you people, anyway?

Father Peter looks over the assembly and takes a breath.

FATHER PETER
1st Special Forces Operation Detachment. Alpha & Omega Force to you. You ever heard of the Constitution?

NAMELESS ONE
I think so. That's that thing that Obama burned all copies of when he came to power?

FATHER PETER
Aye, but do you know what it said?

NAMELESS ONE
No.

FATHER PETER
It's a sad state of affairs...

FATHER JOHN
The Constitution was a document written by the men that founded
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FATHER JOHN (cont'd)
this country that was intended to
safeguard the populace from
tyranny and lay out their rights.
These included the right to bare
arms-

The camera cuts to Father Philippa, holding a trident. The
camera then cuts to Father James, whose sleeves are rolled
up.

FATHER JOHN (CONT'D)
-the right to bare arms-

The camera cuts to Father Jude, who is cradling a pair of
bear arms.

FATHER JOHN (CONT'D)
-and, most importantly, the right
to bear arms; the only known
source of a number of valuable
religious minerals.

FATHER MATTHEW
The Founding Fathers wanted to
protect the devout Christianity
that they all, to a man,
professed. To this end, they
added a hidden Amendment; the 0th
Amendment, if you will.

FATHER JAMES
It called for the creation of a
secretive branch of the special
forces that was to await summons
to defend the church when it was
needed.

FATHER JAMES THE LESS
(muffled)
And that's who we are.

FATHER PETER
Aye. What about yourself, lass?

The Nameless One averts her gaze and looks to the floor.

FATHER PETER (CONT'D)
It's okay, girl. There's no
judgment here.

Suddenly, there's the sound of a bicycle, its bell ringing
frantically and someone shouts.

JUDAS
(O.S., insufferably)
Hey guys! Are you having a
meeting without me? What gives?

(CONTINUED)

The camera cuts to Father Peter's face as he sighs.

FATHER PETER
Fuck off, shitbird.

Judas cycles into shot and dismounts, the bike going on to crash into where Father Philippa was standing a moment before. He stands before the Nameless One, panting and bending over. He is wearing cycle gear and looks an absolute twat.

JUDAS
(insufferably)
You and your jokes, Petey. You
and your jokes. Aren't you going
to introduce me?

Father Peter sighs again.

FATHER PETER
This is Judas.

JUDAS
(insufferably)
Father Judas.

FATHER PETER
Fuckstick Judas. We can't stand
him and wouldn't let him stick
around, but he came out of the
closet minutes before we could
give him the boot and if we did
now we'd miss our diversity
targets.

JUDAS
(insufferably)
Hahaha, oh you.

FATHER PETER
Eat shit, you Judas.

NAMELESS ONE
I do feel a strange instinctive
hatred towards you, actually.
It's uncanny.

Judas laughs again.

JUDAS
(insufferably)
I'll leave you comedians to it
then. Toodles!

He sticks his hand out to the Nameless One to shake but she just recoils in disgust. He transitions it to a wave almost seamlessly and walks off, leaving his bicycle. The

(CONTINUED)

camera cuts to look on at the Nameless One and Father Peter from the front, the entrance tunnel towards which Judas is walking framed behind them. As he walks past Father Andrew's cage, Father Andrew snarls and bangs the cage and Judas jumps before hurrying off. Father Peter puts his hand on the Nameless One's shoulder and leans in.

FATHER PETER

Like I was saying, no judgment.
What's your story?

NAMELESS ONE

Well, my parents tried to abort
me-

A gasp ripples through the crowd and a number cross themselves.

NAMELESS ONE (CONT'D)

-but the machine failed for some
reason. My mother birthed me on
the way out of the building and
they ran off. Father Christ came
and saved me from the abortionist
and took me to his lair.

FATHER PETER

What lair? What had he been up
to? What happened to him?

NAMELESS ONE

Well...

The camera slowly pulls back as she begins to relate the story to them.

23

INT. A&OF'S LAIR, DORM AREA - NIGHT

The camera goes through the door of the room that the Nameless One has sequestered. She sits the side of her bed, bouncing a tennis ball off the wall opposite. She looks deep in thought and as the camera gets closer the sound of water dripping gets louder and louder until it and the tennis ball are the only things to hear. As it seems like it's about to reach a crescendo, the Nameless One is startled by a squeaking. She looks at the doorway and sees a rat standing by it, scratching its nose. She recoils and throws the tennis ball at it, but it jumps out of the way and runs into the room. With a shriek, she jumps up on the bed. She watches as the rat runs across the room and up her bedside table, on which she has a damaged photo of Father Christ. She realises what's about to happen.

(CONTINUED)

NAMELESS ONE

Oh no you don't!

She snatches at the picture but the rat has already bitten it and runs off out the door with it.

NAMELESS ONE

(muttering)

You little so-and-so...

The Nameless One gets up and runs out after it. It darts off round a corner and she runs after it. This happens a few times, with her getting more annoyed each time. The rat stops partway down a corridor, beside a crate and an alcove. The Nameless One catches up and the rat drops the picture. She reaches down and picks it up, brushing it off.

NAMELESS ONE

(muttering)

Dick.

Suddenly, the sound of voices and jogging comes from round a corner, coming closer.

FATHER JOHN

You know why Skipper wanted to see us all?

FATHER JAMES

No, but I can make an educated guess.

FATHER JOHN

Oh. Where is she?

FATHER JAMES

In her room, asleep I assume.
Probably why Skip wants to see us.

The Nameless One looks down at the rat, which squeaks and rushes into the alcove. The Nameless One looks back at the corner and then the alcove again before diving in and pressing herself into the shadow, just as Fathers John & James come around the corner as a fairly fast clip.

FATHER JAMES THE LESS

(muffled, pained)

AAAAIGH!

Father James stops and buckles over, panting.

FATHER JAMES THE LESS (CONT'D)

(muffled)

Jesus that hurts!

(CONTINUED)

FATHER JOHN
(concerned)
What's wrong?

FATHER JAMES
(pained)
A stitch. It'll pass.

FATHER JOHN
Okay, we may as well walk the
rest of the way there.

The two walk off, past the Nameless One and around another corner. The rat runs off after them and the Nameless One follows.

24 INT. A&OF'S LAIR, NEW JERICO - NIGHT

The Nameless One hides behind a pillar and looks out into the cavernous room. In the centre stands all of the Fathers, bar Judas and Father Peter. Many are sat or leaning on pews. Field Marshal Father Bartholomew stands at the pulpit but nobody pays him much attention. They're murmuring amongst themselves. Father James holds his shirt up, tucked under his chin, revealing Father James the Less. From the entranceway comes Father Peter's voice.

FATHER PETER
(O.S.)
Atten-shun!

With the skill of the well-drilled, everyone stands to attention with a machine-gun ripple of boots hitting, except The Zealot who stays sitting on the back of a pew with his arms folded, and Field Marshal Father Bartholomew who stands proudly on the pulpit, his chest pushed out far enough to look as though he's about to hurt himself.

FIELD MARSHAL FATHER BARTHOLOMEW
Thank you, Peter. I'll take over
from he-

FATHER PETER
I'm sure you're all wondering why
I brought you here at this godly
hour.

Field Marshal Father Bartholomew looks about ready to object but instead shrinks back down. A couple of the fathers look at each other.

FATHER PHILIPPA
Not really, odds are it's about
that girl and Father Christ.

(CONTINUED)

FATHER JOHN
Yeah, be strange if it wasn't.

FATHER PETER
Okay, so we're clearly all on the same page. You all know what happened with Father Christ. No matter what any of you thought of the man personally-

The camera pans across the fathers, some of whom look displeased at hearing Father Christ's name.

FATHER PETER (CONT'D)
--but we can all agree it's a terrible thing to happen to anyone.

FATHER JAMES
(angrily)
When you go against God's will, what do you expect?!

FATHER PETER
Calm down, James.

FATHER JAMES THE LESS
Yeah, I always liked the guy.

Father James drops the shirt.

FATHER JAMES THE LESS (CONT'D)
(muffled)
Not cool, man.

FATHER PETER
James, pull that shirt back up.

Father James reluctantly does so.

FATHER JAMES THE LESS
Not cool.

FATHER PHILIPPA
Father Christ knew what his mission was, and he forsook it out of impatience!

FATHER MATTHEW
And he still owed me \$4.48! And R\$1.92 from that trip we took to Rhodesia!

FATHER PETER
Everybody, calm down. Matthew, Rhodesian dollars aren't even a thing any more, that one's null and void.

(CONTINUED)

Father Matthew thinks and then grabs his pencil and hurriedly scribbles something out on his notepad.

FATHER PETER (CONT'D)

I know there are strong feelings about Father Christ in this room. I won't elaborate on mine. What is important, and what this meeting is about, is what his death means. Father Christ was-

THE ZEALOT

-the last living person who knew the activation code.

Everybody turns to look at The Zealot. He doesn't react. The camera returns to Father Peter, who looks down.

FATHER PETER

Aye.

Everybody looks down, except The Zealot. He's too cool for school. Field Marshal Father Bartholomew chirps up from his pulpit.

FIELD MARSHAL FATHER BARTHOLOMEW

I told them, I said "no, we should all be told the code!" I said to 'em straight, I said "no, I should be told the code too!" I-

FATHER PETER

Pipe down.

Field Marshal Father Bartholomew again deflates and looks at his shoes.

FATHER PHILIPPA

Stupid bastard!

The others agree. The camera returns to the Nameless One, looking at her front and up. Behind her sneaks a figure, cloaked in shadow. The camera draws in as he nears and he reaches out a hand. He places the hand on her shoulder and she looks back with a start.

JUDAS

(insufferably, whispering)
Shhh, don't be afraid.

He sticks his head into a beam of moonlight, revealing who he is. The Nameless One stops struggling for a moment, then continues.

(CONTINUED)

JUDAS (CONT'D)
(insufferably, whispering)
Shhh. I'm not going to tell them
about you eavesdropping. I do it
all the time when they play the
"let's have a meeting and not
invite Judas" game.

The Nameless One stops struggling.

NAMELESS ONE
What did Father Christ do to make
you all hate him?

Judas chuckles quietly.

JUDAS
(insufferably)
Heh, I've never seen this lot
hate anyone as much as him. You
heard about why our group exists?

The Nameless One nods.

JUDAS (CONT'D)
(insufferably)
Well, part of the Constitutional
provision that created us also
said that a number of important
religious figures would each be
given unique codes. One went to
each of the three popes;
Alexandrian, Coptic and Catholic.
One went to the English monarch,
defender of the Church of
England, and one to the
Archbishop of Canterbury. One to
Marshall Applewhite, which
obviously didn't go too great,
but it seemed a good idea at the
time. One to each antipope, just
in case one of them was the real
deal. Finally, one was given to
Father Christ.

NAMELESS ONE
What were the codes for?

JUDAS
(insufferably)
If the time came where we were
needed to defend the faith, any
three of these people could use
their codes to authorise us to
act.

(CONTINUED)

NAMELESS ONE

What happened? How did we get to where we are now without you lot doing anything?

Judas sighs, insufferably.

JUDAS

(insufferably)

Father Christ wanted to authorise us back when Obama first came to power. That was about ten years ago, you remember? One of his first acts was to order a drone strike on the Pope.

NAMELESS ONE

Which one?

JUDAS

(insufferably)

The Coptic, so nobody here cared.

NAMELESS ONE

Oh.

JUDAS

(insufferably)

Father Christ thought it was time to act and sought out two others. Alas, everyone he tried either told him he was being hasty or was too busy examining the entrails of goats for a sign it was time to act. They all refused. Father Christ's code was worthless, we wouldn't act without the complete set. So he left.

NAMELESS ONE

Just like that?

JUDAS

(insufferably)

Well...he gave a fair few of us some scars to remember him by when we tried to stop him. At first, we figured it'd be fine. Then Thomas left.

NAMELESS ONE

Thomas?

JUDAS

(insufferably)

He'd always been a bit skeptical of the whole endeavour. Father

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JUDAS (cont'd)

Christ's departure just confirmed for him that we were stuck in a rut, I imagine. Anyway, since then everyone else who had a code has been silenced, including Father Christ. We can't do anything, I imagine we'll have to disband.

The camera cuts to the rat, Which jumps in shock. It then rushes to Judas and bites him on the leg. He screams, and the others look over to the two of them. Judas nurses his wound whilst the Nameless One steps out from behind the pillar. Father Peter looks shocked.

FATHER PETER

How long have you been there, girl?

The Nameless One looks embarrassedly to her feet, then looks directly at Father Peter, eyes burning with new resolve.

NAMELESS ONE

Long enough. Look at yourself!

The camera pans over the assembled crew.

NAMELESS ONE (CONT'D)

Pussies! The lot of you!

FATHER PETER

May I remind you-

NAMELESS ONE

No, may I remind YOU! Have any of you been to the outside world recently? Huh?

The crew look sheepishly around.

JUDAS

(insufferably)

I go to pilates once a mo-

NAMELESS ONE

None of you, then? I'll tell you about it. Everywhere you look, god-fearing Christians are rounded up and executed by the Obamaite Death Squads. Babies are murdered by the bushel! I was almost one of them, and wouldn't be here today if it wasn't for Father Christ!

(CONTINUED)

The Zealot starts to relax his stance and stand away from the pew.

NAMELESS ONE (CONT'D)

You were created to defend the faith! The faith that, every day, is trampled and spat on! What's your point if you just sit here in your ornate Batcave and stick your fingers in your ears? Why are you even alive? You hate Father Christ because he had the tenacity to actually do something, regardless of whether he'd be authorised or not! Blessed are the peacemakers, but sometimes...

The Nameless One looks each of the assemblage in the eye, from right to left. By this point, The Zealot has moved to stand with the others.

NAMELESS ONE (CONT'D)

...sometimes it's an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.

The camera pans back over the assemblage again as they look unsure as to what to do. Then, The Zealot steps forward.

THE ZEALOT

The girl is right.

The others look at him, shocked.

FATHER MATTHEW

This is blasphemy! We have our orders, we cannot just go off willy-nilly!

FATHER PHILIPPA

What would you rather? That we disband, or continue to stagnate here in this hole? I know every damnable inch of this building, and I'm sick of it. Sick of the inaction.

FATHER JAMES

Sick of the injustices carried out every day whilst we do nothing!

FATHER JAMES THE LESS

I know I'm somewhat bound to agree with Father James, but I do. We've been rotting down here for far too long.

(CONTINUED)

FIELD MARSHAL FATHER BARTHOLOMEW
Now, now! What you're proposing
is nothing short of treason!

FATHER JOHN
Put a sock in it, you old
windbag!

Field Marshal Father Bartholomew deflates.

FATHER JUDE THADDEUS
I have to say, I think the girl
may be onto something. It's up to
you, Skipper.

The camera cuts to Father Peter, who looks decidedly
unsure. The Nameless One walks up to him and places a hand
on his shoulder.

NAMELESS ONE
Peter, you have to remember:
there is a time for love and a
time for hate, a time for war and
a time for peace-

A gasp ripples through the crowd. They also talk
simultaneously to each other.

FATHER PHILIPPA
(whispering, excited)
A Bible quote!

FATHER JOHN
(whispering, excited)
Ecclesiastes 3:8!

FATHER JAMES THE LESS
(whispering, excited,
blaccent)
Aw sna-ap.

The Nameless One silences them with a glance before
looking back at Father Peter.

NAMELESS ONE (CONT'D)
-but now is most definitely a
time for war.

Father Peter looks at the assemblage and downwards, coming
to a decision. It is clearly not easy for him. Finally, he
looks up, determined.

FATHER PETER
Adeste Fideles, we have work to
do!

(CONTINUED)

Everyone cheers, except for Field Marshal Father Bartholomew who looks sulky, and Father Matthew. They all move in for an excited chat as Father Philippa whispers to Father Matthew.

FATHER PHILIPPA
(whispering)
I'll give you back that 56¢ I owe
you.

Father Matthew thinks about it, then shrugs and joins them. They go in for a huddle, which Judas is excluded from.

JUDAS
(insufferably)
Haha, okay you guys, I'll just
be...over here.

The camera pulls back as they all hold the Nameless one aloft and cheer, as The Zealot looks on and nods.

25 EXT. FOREST - DAY

The camera pans across a sprawling forest, the sun high in the sky.

NAMELESS ONE
(V.O.)
Our first task was to complete
the group; we had to find Thomas.

26 INT. FOREST - DAY

The camera cuts to the group, hacking their way through the dense foliage with machetes, Father Peter on point and reading a map. Father Andrew has a collar on, being carried by Father Philippa. Judas struggles to keep up at the rear.

NAMELESS ONE
(V.O.)
After he'd left, the others had
searched his dorm and found a map
of the surrounding area with this
forest circled. It was the only
thing we had to go on, so we had
to take what we could get.

James the Less moans.

FATHER JAMES THE LESS
(muffled)
This is exhausting! What are we
even likely to find out here?

(CONTINUED)

FATHER JAMES

Try being the one who actually
has to walk!

FATHER JAMES THE LESS

(muffled)

Hey, we share the same blood and,
therefore, oxygen. And you're not
being smothered the whole time.
Dick.

FATHER PETER

Pipe down, you two.

Father Peter has stopped and holds his arm at a right
angle, causing the other to stop too. Judas isn't paying
attention and walks into Father Jude Thaddeus' back.

JUDAS

(insufferably)

Sorry about th-

FATHER JUDE THADDEUS

Eat shit and die, worm.

Judas laughs it off as Father John leans in to Father
Peter.

FATHER JOHN

What is it?

Father Peter strains his eyes and ears, clearly uneasy.

FATHER PETER

I think we're being watched.

Sure enough, the camera cuts to a view of the group from
behind some tall grass. Heaving breathing can be heard and
the camera darts from cover to cover like a feral animal.
It cuts back to Father Peter.

FATHER PETER (CONT'D)

Probably nothing, I'm just being
paranoid.

NAMELESS ONE

Oh come on, I've seen enough
films to know that there is
something there, and odds are
it'll be Thomas since we're here
expressly to find him.

The camera cuts to the POV shot as it lurches back when
she says Thomas. A confused noise can be heard. The camera
cuts back to the group, behind Nameless One who surveys
the surrounding area. She sees an elbow sticking out
beside a tree and points at it.

(CONTINUED)

NAMELESS ONE (CONT'D)

Look, there he is. Thomas, come out and quit messing around.

Father Thomas steps sheepishly out from beside the tree, rubbing his arm and looking at the floor.

FATHER THOMAS

Sorry.

NAMELESS ONE

I should hope so, I can't stand the whole "oh look we're misleading you into thinking that it's a big scary thi-

At that moment, a huge wolf bursts out of the foliage and onto Judas, knocking him to the ground. The others watch on dispassionately as Judas flails and tries to hold the wolf's jaw from his throat. Father Thomas leans over to Father Matthew.

FATHER THOMAS

That's my wolf, Bozo. She's beautiful, ain't she?

FATHER MATTHEW

Aye, look at that fur, so sleek.

FATHER THOMAS

See those teeth? Immaculate.

FATHER MATTHEW

Say, you ever thought of getting into wolf fighting? Make some good money with that right there.

FATHER THOMAS

Thought about it, but decided against that. I couldn't bear to see her get hurt.

FATHER MATTHEW

I hear that.

They watch a little longer as a now quite-scratched Judas continues to scream for help.

FATHER PETER

We can't actually let him die, you know. The diversity checklist.

They stare.

(CONTINUED)

FATHER PETER (CONT'D)
Okay Thomas, call her off.

Father Thomas reluctantly raises his hand to snap his fingers. Father Peter holds out his arm.

FATHER PETER (CONT'D)
Hold on just a second longer.

They do.

FATHER PETER (CONT'D)
Okay, now.

Father Thomas snaps his fingers and Bozo immediately jumps off of Judas and walks meekly up to him. He bends down and scratches behind her ears.

FATHER THOMAS
Good girl, good girl.

27 EXT. FOREST, FATHER THOMAS' HUT - NIGHT

An establishing shot of the outside of the hut, the inside warm and lit by a flickering fire. Crickets chirp.

28 INT. FOREST, FATHER THOMAS' HUT - NIGHT

The camera pans past the team, huddled around a fireplace with bowls in their hands. Judas doesn't have a bowl. Bozo lays in the corner. Father Thomas walks past them in the opposite direction to the pan, pouring soup into their bowls.

FATHER PETER
Have you given it any thought,
over the years?

FATHER THOMAS
Rejoining Alpha & Omega Force?

FATHER PETER
Aye.

FATHER THOMAS
Nope.

Father Peter looks disappointed.