

Anchorite
by
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EXT. LONDON STREET (MULBERRY STREET), 1941-NIGHT

Open on a black screen. Sounds: Air raid sirens. Bombs falling. People crying out in English, Polish, Yiddish.

FADE IN ON-

A tattered poster on a brick wall. It's a drawing of a soldier talking to a small boy. Text: *Leave Hitler to me, Sonny. You ought to be out of London.*

Moving past the poster, we're on a dark, grimy street full of rubble. A building has been shattered by a bomb.

On the street: WALTER DAVIES(mid-50s), Air Raid Patrol (ARP) warden. He seems cheerful despite the destruction.

He's helping a dazed, elderly woman to a clear spot on the sidewalk. She says something in Polish.

WALTER

Can't understand a word, love.

He sets her down.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Just rest here, you're safe now.

Another warden, DAN (burly, gruff) walks up. He looks to other people working on the next building.

DAN

Oi, get a sandbucket for that fire! Do you want the whole street to go up?

He shakes his head and turns to Walter.

DAN (CONT'D)

These new recruits are bloody useless.

WALTER

They'll learn soon enough.

Dan points to the closest building.

DAN

Got the survivors out of this one.
Next one over still has someone in the shelter.

WALTER

Right. I'll just do a last once-over
here, make sure there aren't any
little fires we missed.

Dan sees the new recruits screwing something up, gets angry.

DAN

No, no! What are you-

He walks off. Walter smiles and lets out a laugh at Dan.

We pull back into an alleyway next to the building. The
buildings are close together, looming.

Something RUSTLES. Quick, animal movements. Walter notices.

He moves into

EXT. THE ANCHORITE'S ALLEY-NIGHT

His only light is his blackout candle, barely cutting through
the haze of smoke.

Walter pushes aside a beam. He's isolated, now, fully
engulfed in the darkness between the buildings.

His light falls on a crack in the ground. Pitch black. Smoke
and dust drift up from it, like something's been released.

Walter approaches with caution.

More RUSTLING, sudden and quick. This time from the hole.

Walter stops, eyes the hole, looks back to the street.

WALTER

Think we got someone in the cellar!

No one answers. More rustles. Walter goes down on one knee.

WALTER

Just stay still. We'll have you out as
soon as we can. What's your name?

The sound STOPS. Too fast.

Walter looks around, hesitant. Leans carefully down. Squints.

Sudden movements, something LAUNCHING toward Walter.

His eyes widen and he SCREAMS at whatever he sees.

From behind Walter, we see his body jerked violently through the hole. Wet TEARING of flesh ripped from bone.

His scream abruptly cuts off.

Back on the street, the Polish woman turns.

Rustling. CHEWING sounds. Her eyes widen at whatever she sees, and she covers her mouth with her hand.

CUT TO:

INT. STATION 32, BATHROOM-EVENING

A young woman's anxious face in a bathroom mirror. Late teens, red hair, sweet and baby-faced. The bathroom around her is dim, cramped. She wears the muddy green-brown uniform of the Auxiliary Ambulance Service.

She holds a rosary in one hand and mutters a prayer under her breath as her fingers worry at the beads.

Then, from outside: An air raid siren WAILS.

She tenses. Looks at the ceiling. Loses track of the prayer.

KNOCK on the door.

FLORA (O.S)
Gwen? Everything alright?

GWEN
Yes, Ma'am, be right out.

She quickly washes her hands and steps out into

INT. STATION 32, COMMON AREA-EVENING

The station interior is a small, makeshift room. Telephone on the desk, rickety wooden table in the center, a row of lockers, small office on one end. Painted on one brick wall: *Auxiliary Ambulance Service*.

Flora (mid-40s, greying hair in a bun) waits outside the bathroom. She eyes Gwen carefully. Gwen notices and gives her a bright *I'm fine!* smile.

ROSA (mid-20s, braided black hair) is at the table, shuffling a deck of cards. She sits with CECILY (blonde, mid-20s).

Every woman in the room has the same uniform.

ROSA

Gwen, you interested?

Gwen joins her at the table.

GWEN

Do we have time? The siren went-

ROSA

Oh, could be ages until we get a call.
It's not always as bad as last week.

Gwen gulps. We can almost imagine how bad it was.

CECILY

Don't worry, darling, Rosa here was an
absolute wreck when she started, too.

Cecily has an upper-crust accent. Aloof, cool vibe. Gwen
half-smiles, half-frowns, not sure how to take that. Rosa
sticks her tongue out at Cecily and deals the cards.

FLORA

I sincerely hope you aren't thinking
of gambling, ladies.

GWEN

Oh, we wouldn't, Ma'am!

CECILY

I certainly would, if there were
anything worth wagering.

ROSA

Right, like you got nothing to put
down.

CECILY

Just money. And what good is that
without so much as a single pair of
silk stockings in the whole of London
to spend it on?

The station phone rings. Flora answers it. Gwen watches her
like she's bracing for bad news.

FLORA

Auxiliary Ambulance Service, Station
32. (Pause). Of course, sir.

She hangs up the phone. Stops. Looks around.

FLORA
Where's Ada?

Cecily points at the garage door. Rosa smirks. Flora sighs.

CUT TO:

EXT. STATION 32-NIGHT

Station 32 is a squat brick building on a run-down street. No streetlights, just fluorescent paint marking the road. ADA (early 20s, Black, American accent) stands in an alley next to the station door with SIMON (white, mid 20s, wearing a police uniform). They're close together, smiling, but also hidden from view of the street.

ADA
Shouldn't you be getting back for your shift?

SIMON
Yes, but the problem with my shift is that it doesn't include you.

ADA
Do any girls actually fall for that fancy smooth talk of yours?

SIMON
All of them.

ADA
Liar.

SIMON
That's why I can't resist coming by. You don't let me get away with a thing. Besides, I worry. There's less dangerous work you could be doing. The girls in the typing pool-

Ada rolls her eyes.

ADA
Yeah, I'm sure they give out those cushy typing pool jobs to Black girls all the time.

SIMON

This isn't *America*, Ada. People are a lot more openminded here.

She shrugs, makes a face. *Maybe a little, but. . .*

ADA

You might rethink that if the guys at the station ever found out about us.

SIMON

Well, if you'd let me introduce you-

ADA

-anyway, it's not like I'm the one putting out the fires or anything, I just drive the ambulance.

SIMON

Exactly. Anyone can drive an ambulance, so why should you-

Ada glares at the "anyone can drive".

ADA

-hey, I didn't say that, I didn't say *just anyone* could. Trust me, Flora has me training Gwen now, and it's not as easy as-

The door opens. Flora steps outside the station. Ada quickly steps away from Simon, looks more formal.

FLORA

Ada, we have a call.

ADA

Yes, Ma'am.

Simon tips his cap, stands up straighter. Ada nods.

ADA (CONT'D)

Officer Weatherby. Thank you for checking on us.

She follows Flora into

INT. STATION 32-NIGHT

The others still wait at the table. Gwen fidgets. Flora stands up straight, commanding, like an army officer.

FLORA

Right, ladies. Direct hit on a flat at 10 Mulberry Street. The wardens have finished evacuating the site, and at least six patients need transport.

The others set down their cards and head for the door. They move like they've been expecting this.

CECILY

Ada, 10 Mulberry Street.

ADA

Whitechapel Road to Plumbers' Row, turn right, and it's on the left.

The exchange is routine, something they do all the time. Ada doesn't have to think about it. Only Gwen seems impressed.

GWEN

How do you always do that? You aren't even from here!

A little side-eye from Ada at that comment.

CECILY

Don't give her *too* much credit, darling. She *has* been here a couple of years, after all.

ADA

Yeah, but I had the map memorized my first week. I like knowing all my escape routes.

She smiles. Sort of kidding, sort of not.

ADA (CONT'D)

Gwen, you're driving. Dibs on Judy.

CECILY

Oh, not fair!

We follow the women out into

INT. STATION 32 GARAGE-NIGHT

The garage contains two ambulances. One looks newer than the other. The older one has several dents and scuffed spots.

Rosa pats the side of the more run-down ambulance.

ROSA

There, there, Punch. I still love you.

Gwen gets into Judy's driver's seat. Behind the ambulance, Flora tugs Ada's sleeve and leans close.

FLORA

Ada? Keep a close eye on Gwen for me.
She's been a bit wobbly ever since she
heard about the Station 16 crew.

ADA

Of course. Don't worry, Ma'am, I'll
keep her out of trouble.

Gwen watches Ada and Flora in the side mirror; she heard everything. Her face falls.

Rosa and Cecily climb into Punch, Ada into Judy.

The ambulances reverse, and we move back to see:

EXT. STATION 32-NIGHT

Flora follows and watches as both ambulances disappear down ruined streets of the East End. There's a longing in her expression, like she wants to be out there with them.

On the horizon, fires burn. The sky has a dirty, orange cast.

On a nearby wall, "This way to shelter" is stenciled. A woman and two young children rush down into the basement shelter.

Flora watches the mother and children disappear into the shelter. She starts to turn back to the station when she spots a poster on the building next door:

Three smiling, flirty women. The text below reads: *Don't take chances with pickups! Loose women may carry disease.*

Flora's jaw tightens. We know she's thinking about her girls seeing this. She takes a deep breath. Goes back inside.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET-NIGHT.

From above, we see the two ambulances make their way down the dark street. They look small and vulnerable. The buildings loom on each side: tall, almost threatening.

CUT TO:

INT. PUNCH-NIGHT.

Rosa looks calm as she drives. Cecily examines her nails.

The GRINDING, WHINING sound of a struggling plane overhead. Both women look up. A plane flies low with one wing on fire.

CECILY
Ours or theirs?

ROSA
Theirs, I think.

CECILY
Good riddance.

She goes back to examining her nails. Rosa watches the horizon as the plane disappears. Cecily sighs, impatient.

CECILY (CONT'D)
It's the worst part of this job, all the driving. It's an awful bore.

ROSA
That's the worst part? Not the severed arteries, the crushed legs, the-

CECILY
-those bits are wretched, but at least they're not dull. Blood I can handle, but I can't abide boredom. (Pause). Speaking of boring, when are your parents going to Scotland?

ROSA
End of the month.

CECILY
Have you found a flatmate yet?

ROSA
Not yet.

Rosa's being evasive. Doesn't want to have this conversation. Cecily notices, looks at her more closely.

CECILY
But you *have* told them you're staying in London.

Guilty silence.

CECILY

Rosa!

ROSA

It's not that simple! They worry so.
And they just *assumed* I'd go with them
when they move to my sister's in
Scotland. I just need to find the
right moment to tell them I'm staying.

CECILY

Or you could do something so utterly
scandalous they *beg* you to stay away.
If you decide to go that route, I've
got loads of ideas.

It's a joke, but the smile hides some deeper hurt. Rosa picks
up on it, pretends not to, shakes her head.

CUT TO:

INT. JUDY-NIGHT.

Ada knits blue baby booties. Gwen watches the horizon as she
drives, troubled. Still thinking about Flora's comment.

The streets have been painted with arrows and warnings in
reflective white paint. Tall grey buildings line the street.

BOOM of a bomb landing a few streets over. Gwen jumps.

ADA

It's ok. That one wasn't that close,
you can tell by the vibration. (Pause)
You can speed up, you know.

GWEN

Right, sorry.

She steps on the gas. Glances over at Ada's knitting.

GWEN

So your sister thinks it'll be a boy?

ADA

More that it was the only yarn left at
the shop. Maddie's hoping for a girl,
been talking about it ever since she
found out she's knocked up.

GWEN

Oh, don't be crude!

ADA

It's not crude. Everyone says that. At least, back in the States they do.

GWEN

Really? Huh. I suppose I only know how they talk in films. You're the first American I've met in real life.

ADA

Eh, you ain't missing much. There's a reason my daddy decided to stay here, after the last war.

Gwen smiles, a little teasing.

GWEN

Anyway. If it's a girl you can always save those for when you and Simon have one of your own.

ADA

Give it a rest!

GWEN

But he's so handsome! And he's mad for you, everyone can see it. Besides, these days you've got to seize the moment, you never know. . .

The smile fades as she realizes what she's started to say.

GWEN (CONT'D)

You never know what can happen.

She says it just as they arrive at:

EXT. MULBERRY STREET-NIGHT

Gwen parks in front of the destroyed building from the first scene, right next to the alley where Walter was attacked. Punch pulls up at the same time.

Gwen and Ada start pulling a stretcher from the back. Several bloodied people lie in a row on the sidewalk. Some are unconscious or dead, others crying in pain.

Despite the carnage, a passing young warden WOLF WHISTLES.

Another white warden looks Ada up and down, hostile, mutters something to the guy next to him.

Gwen blushes. Ada stares them down, then turns to Dan.

ADA

What have we got?

DAN

Bad night. Two dead here, six injured,
and now Davies has gone missing.

We see the elderly woman from the beginning. She's sobbing and speaking in Polish. Rosa notices, moves toward her. Behind them, several ARP volunteers pick through the rubble. A teenage MESSENGER BOY in uniform runs up.

MESSENGER BOY

Sir! Unexploded bomb on Philpot!

DAN

Christ, it never ends. (Pause) Come
on, lads.

He tips his cap to the women and follows the messenger, the other wardens close behind. The women are left alone with the patients. They're in the small pool of light created by the smoldering building, the darkness of the streets pressing in.

They keep working, oblivious. Ada presses a gauze pad onto a man's leg wound and supervises as Gwen ties a tourniquet.

GWEN

There! You'll be right as rain in no
time.

Gwen jumps as Mrs. Bissell SHRIEKS. Points at the dark alley next to the building. Yells something in rapid Polish.

CECILY

Do try to stay calm, Mrs.-

ROSA

-Bissell.

She gestures over her shoulder.

ROSA (CONT'D)

My parents live two streets over.
(Pause) Gwen, some pressure on this
leg wound while we lift.

Gwen dashes over. Her jaw tightens at the sight of the wound, but she works through it and applies pressure.

Rosa and Cecily try to lift the stretcher, but Mrs. Bissell keeps trying to sit up and pull at Cecily's sleeve.

CECILY

What's she saying, Rosa? Because she's making it sound very exciting.

ROSA

Wouldn't know. She's not speaking Yiddish. She's Polish. [Switching to Yiddish] Can you calm down and tell us what's happened, Mrs. Bissell?

MRS. BISSELL

[In Yiddish] Demon! A demon!

Rosa frowns.

ROSA

She's not making sense. I'll tell the nurses to treat her for concussion.

Gwen scans the site, troubled.

GWEN

Maybe there's someone else? Someone the wardens missed?

CECILY

What, England's best and brightest, missing something? Surely not.

Gwen marches off toward the alley, determined. Ada, struggling to load a stretcher, sees her.

ADA

Oh, hell-Rosa, go with her, will you?

Gwen leads the way into the

EXT. ANCHORITE'S ALLEY-NIGHT

Rosa follows behind Gwen. The women look tiny as the buildings loom over them, imposing.

Visibility is terrible. The strip of light from the blackout candle gives us flashes: Broken glass, dust, small pieces of brick. Gwen nearly falls as bricks slide beneath her feet.

ROSA

Careful. You heard what they said
about Davies. If we fall in a hole it
could be ages before they find us.

Then, above the two women, as Gwen steadies herself-

Something FLIES from one rooftop to another. It's just a
flash. No clear shape. They don't notice it.

Something RUSTLES. Gwen and Rosa freeze.

GWEN

Auxiliary Ambulance Service. We're
here to help.

The light falls on Walter's arm sticking out of the hole.
Like someone has been buried in a building collapse.

GWEN

Oh! Sir, just hold on.

Gwen rushes across the wreckage to get to the arm.

ROSA

Gwen. . .

She knows something is wrong, but Gwen keeps going.

GWEN

Here, sir, I'll just-

She takes the hand as though to start pulling him out from
under the collapse. She lifts the arm easily-

And realizes that it has been *severed at the elbow*.

Gwen SCREAMS and drops the arm. The brave front crumbles.

Rosa catches Gwen as she starts to run away.

ROSA

Easy, easy. You're alright.

Rosa looks calmly at the arm. She's used to carnage.

Gwen takes heaving breaths, trying to regain control.

Ada and Cecily hurry over.

ADA
Gwen? You ok?

ROSA
She's fine. Just-

She gestures at the arm. Ada and Cecily wince.

GWEN
Is that Davies?

ROSA
I think so. The sleeve looks like a
warden's uniform.

GWEN
Could. . . Could he still be down
there? In that cellar?

ROSA
Alive? Doubt it.

Gwen hesitates, then starts to move for the hole.

ROSA
No. Stay back, I'll do it.

Rosa picks her way around the arm and kneels. She lowers the
blackout candle into the hole. Bends down to look inside.

The candle illuminates strange little snippets of the room. A
rough, bare stone chamber. Stone altar or platform in the
center. A tiny painting of the Virgin Mary in a little cubby.

Rosa frowns: *What the hell is this?*

GWEN
Is he there? Should we get the
wardens?

Cecily snorts.

CECILY
If we want to wait about all night-

ADA
-Gwen's right, I'll go get one of-

BOOM. A bomb lands just a few streets over, flame lighting up
the sky. The women jump.

ROSA

No, they're busy tonight. We'll just make sure he's not unconscious down there. I'll go. I'm smallest.

She starts to crawl in. Cecily sighs and folds her arms.

CECILY

Bloody hate that you're right about that.

GWEN

I'll go with-

ADA

Nope.

Ada looks sternly at Gwen. Rosa smiles.

ROSA

No, you stay here. You've had enough of a shock for one night.

Gwen's face: Relieved, but disappointed in herself.

Rosa drops down into:

INT. ANCHORITE'S TOMB-NIGHT

Rosa holds up a blackout candle. Strips of light illuminate flashes of the room. She moves around the stone altar.

ADA

Is he down there?

ROSA

No. And I don't know *what* this is. It's not a cellar. It's. . .

Close on the little painting of the Virgin Mary as Rosa picks it up. It looks like Gwen; pale skin, red hair, similar features. The figure's hand rests across her collarbone.

Rosa turns: A door-shaped space on one wall. Bricked up.

The strip of light falls on a word scrawled on the wall in a thick, dark, clotted substance. Rosa stands in the middle of the chamber, turns a full circle.

The light picks up Latin words on every surface: *Sacrificium. Benedicte. Angelus.*

Rosa moves backwards, almost shrinking away from the words on the ceiling. The handwriting is a mad scrawl, as though each word was written in a frenzy. Rosa looks adrift in the middle of the room, like she's just wandered into a madman's lair.

She bumps into a knee-high stone stand. A leather-bound book rests on the stand. It's cracked, black, dirty-looking.

ADA

Rosa! What's going on?

Rosa snatches up the book and darts back toward the hole.

EXT. THE ANCHORITE'S ALLEY-NIGHT

Gwen bites her fingernails. *Shouldn't have let Rosa go alone-*

ADA

That's it. I'm going in.

The book flies out of the hole and lands at Gwen's feet. Rosa's hands follow. All three women jump.

CECILY

Christ, Rosa!

ROSA

Pull me up.

Ada and Gwen move to pull her up.

Rosa's keeping up the calm front, but she's spooked, kicking her way up. Around her legs, the darkness seems like it's trying to cling to her, like she might be dragged back in.

GWEN

What's wrong? Is it Davies?

ROSA

No. Nothing.

ADA

You sure? Because you look-

Rosa shakes her off.

ROSA

-I just wanted to get out before the roof came down on my head (Pause). It's just an old chapel, I think.

Cecily picks up the book, gives it an ewww look.

CECILY

Why on Earth did you take this? You
know Flora frowns on nicking
antiquities during a raid.

Rosa shrugs.

GWEN

Well, where is he then? Davies?

ROSA

Could have been a direct hit. I've
seen that little left.

Gwen's eyes widen. She hasn't even considered that.

GWEN

Goodness, that's awful.

Rosa holds up her blackout candle to get a better look at the
arm. Frowns. Cecily notices, too.

Close on the arm: The bloody stump doesn't look like it was
blasted off. There are ragged tears, almost like teeth marks-

GWEN

I hate to leave him here, even if it's
just that. Can't we do something?

Rosa and Cecily look up, shake off what they were thinking.

ROSA

That's a job for the wagon. We need
all the room we have for the living.
Come on, time to go.

She moves quickly back toward the ambulances. She looks
around; something's off but she can't quite figure out what.
Ada and Cecily follow close behind.

Gwen lingers. Pulls a crucifix from under her shirt.

Fire flares over the rooftops as she makes the sign of the
cross. She looks radiant, her red hair catching the light.

Close on her hand as it moves from the crucifix to rest on
her neck/collarbone. It's just a passing motion, but slowed
down it's recognizable: the pose we saw in the Mary icon.

ADA
Gwen? Time to go.

Gwen turns away, following them.

Our view pulls back and up to reveal someone watching Gwen. Someone perched, unnaturally, on the side of a building. We just get a shadowed silhouette, no detail.

He's noticing her, tracking her movements. He's captivated by her. Sounds: Deep inhalation. An animal smelling the air.

As she disappears from view, the silhouette darts out of frame. Following her. We stay with the women as they climb inside the ambulances, follow Rosa and Cecily into

INT. PUNCH-NIGHT

Cecily gets in the back. Rosa gets behind the wheel. Opens the little window to the back. Smiles, professional and calm.

ROSA
We'll get all of you to hospital in
just a few minutes.

She closes the window. Pauses. Closes her eyes. She's taking a second to feel safe, protected in her familiar ambulance.

Then she's back on the job. Starts the engine. Speeds away from the bomb site.

CUT TO:

INT. JUDY-NIGHT

Later. Gwen drives, lost in thought. Ada no longer knits.

Through the windshield, as they turn a corner: a building in flames. Firefighters running with hoses, but it's a lost cause. The women watch but keep driving.

Gwen turns a corner, spots something up ahead.

EXT. MULBERRY STREET-NIGHT

From a high angle: Judy pulls up next to a man.

Closer to Judy: The man on the sidewalk is clearly homeless, rough-looking with old military-issue boots.

GWEN

George! George, you shouldn't be out tonight. Get to a shelter. Go on.

She's trying to sound stern, isn't really convincing.

GEORGE

If you insist, Miss.

GWEN

I do. I'm on my way to hospital now, but I'd better not see you out and about on my way back. (Pause) Here.

The sternness fades away. She passes him a brown paper bag.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Take it. I don't have much of an appetite tonight.

GEORGE

Bless you, Miss.

He takes the bag. Their hands touch briefly. Past Gwen, Ada smiles: touch of big sister pride.

Back to the high angle: Judy drives off.

Focus on George as he starts to make his way to the shelter. A silhouette: something watching him. SNIFFING.

CUT TO:

INT. STATION 32-NIGHT

Flora sits at the desk, doing paperwork by lantern light.

RING of the phone. Flora answers.

FLORA

Auxiliary Ambulance Service.

A woman's voice (BARBARA) crackles through a bad line.

BARBARA

Flora! This is Barbara at Station 29. Do you have any units free?

FLORA

Both units are on a call, I'm afraid.

BARBARA

Thanks, Flora. (Pause). Tell your girls to stick together. It's strange out there, tonight. One of the girls heard a rumor, said someone was attacked and dragged down into the Tube, at Aldgate East. As though we don't have enough to worry about.

FLORA

What-

Voices and noise in the background.

BARBARA

Have to go. Stay safe, Flora.

CLICK. Flora sets down the receiver. Looks at it, unsettled.

CUT TO:

INT. PUNCH-NIGHT

Later. We see Punch from above, on its way back to the station. Judy driving behind. ACK-ACK guns in the distance. Concussive THUD of a bomb landing.

Cecily's driving now.

CECILY

They're not giving us much of a break tonight, are they?

ROSA

Heard one of the nurses say this is the worst night yet.

Rosa glances at the book from the tomb. There's something sinister about it. She picks it up. Leafs through it.

CECILY

Anything good?

ROSA

I don't know. I think it's in Latin.

CECILY

Ugh, *Latin*. Ghastly language. Back at school, the Latin teacher was this sadistic old wretch named-

Close on Rosa's face: Cecily's voice fades out as Rosa stares, disgusted, at the book.

It's a medieval illustration. A kneeling man holds something red in one hand. Above him, a man's throat is being cut.

The blood pours down into the kneeling man's mouth.

Around the edges of the picture: other stains and smudges, reddish brown. They don't seem like part of the design. Rosa's finger slowly reaches to touch one of the stains-

CECILY

Rosa.

It pulls Rosa out of her reverie. She looks up.

An ambulance is parked in the middle of the road. Empty. Doors hanging open. No one in sight.

CUT TO:

INT. JUDY-NIGHT

Gwen slows, peering at Punch ahead of them. It's just a vague shape in the smoke and gloom.

ADA

What are they doing?

GWEN

I don't know.

Ada sighs, annoyed.

ADA

Fine, pull over. Let's check it out.

CUT TO:

INT. STATION 32-NIGHT

[This scene cuts between Station 32 and the ambulances]

Close on the station phone RINGING. Flora answers.

FLORA

Auxiliary Ambulance Service, Station
32, how can-

CALLER #1

We need an ambulance on Walden Street.
Looks like maybe a man was stabbed?

FLORA

Stabbed?

She writes an address on her notepad.

Street: Gwen and Ada walk to Punch, joining Cecily and Rosa.

ADA

What's going on?

Rosa points to the abandoned ambulance. Gwen frowns.

Station: RING of Flora's phone.

Street: The women approach the ambulance, Gwen trailing behind. Rosa looks around, on edge. They're completely alone.

Station: Another RING of Flora's phone.

CALLER #2

Look, we, we got blood in a shelter, a
lot of blood, but there ain't been no
bombs here tonight, I know it-

FLORA

Sir, if you could slow down-

Street: Rosa peers into the driver's side door. Gwen and Ada look through the other window. Blood smeared on the steering wheel and the window. Gwen meets Rosa's eye. This is bad.

Station: RING of Flora's phone.

CALLER #3

Help us!

It's a woman, crying, gasping, terrified.

CALLER #3 (CONT'D)

I can't get through to my station, the
line won't connect, but he's coming
back, he's-

Street: The women circle around to the back of the ambulance.

Station:

FLORA
Ma'am, slow down. Who is this?

CALLER
I'm with Station 29. My name is-

Street: Rosa steels herself. Pulls open the ambulance door.

Gwen SCREAMS.

Inside: a dead man. A deep gash where his liver should be.

Station: CLICK of a line going dead.

FLORA
Hello? Hello!

Flora spins the rotary dial again, listens, finally hangs up.

Street: Gwen spins away, covers her face. Rosa and Cecily stagger back. Ada turns. Spots a phone box. Runs to it.

Station: RING of the phone. Flora scrambles to answer.

FLORA
Hello? Is this-

ADA
Flora! Something's happened.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION-LATER

A cluttered, chaotic office. Too few desks, shouting, uniformed officers taking down statements.

A disheveled middle-aged man (PERKINS) answers the phone.

PERKINS
Detective Perkins here.

[Intercut between the police station and Station 32]

Flora's pacing as much as the phone cord allows.

FLORA
Finally! Yes, Officer, this is
Auxiliary Ambulance Service Station
32. I'm calling to report a murder in
the Spitalfields area.

We hear shouting and chaos in the background.

DETECTIVE PERKINS

Christ. (Holding the phone away from his face) Got another call about bodies in Spitalfields. Ambulance service this time (Back to the call). We'll get someone out soon as we can.

At the words "ambulance service" Simon (filling out paperwork) perks up and turns around. Frowns. Concerned. *Ada?*

FLORA

When? I have several units out assisting the wounded, and-

DETECTIVE PERKINS

We're working on it, Ma'am!

SIMON

Sir! Sir, if I may, is this the ambulance crew in Spitalfields?

DETECTIVE PERKINS

What is it, Weatherby?

SIMON

I'd like to volunteer. To respond.

Perkins covers the receiver and lowers his voice.

DETECTIVE PERKINS

It's probably nothing. These girls, they're out in the dark. They're just jumping at their own shadows more often than not.

A patrol officer, OFFICER BARTON, joins them.

OFFICER BARTON

Could be German spies, Sir.

DETECTIVE PERKINS

What?

OFFICER BARTON

The papers have been talking about it. The Germans are sending spies for assassinations, sabotage. To lower morale, like.

DETECTIVE PERKINS
By stabbing a few civilians?

He and Simon exchange a look. *What an idiot.*

SIMON
I'm sure you're right that it's
nothing, Sir. But, if they're tying up
the line, maybe it's best to just-

Perkins is too tired and overwhelmed to care.

DETECTIVE PERKINS
Fine. [Back to phone] We're
dispatching officers to your station.
You'll have to take him to the scene.

Flora hands up the phone. Lets out a sigh. Help is on the
way. But she's still tense. Not sure what's going on.

She picks up the phone. Dials.

ADA (O.S.)
Flora?

FLORA
The police are on their way. (Pause).
Ada, I want you and the others to get
off the street. Wait in the
ambulances. Don't open the doors.

ADA (O.S.)
Whoever did this looks to be long
gone, Ma'am, I don't-

FLORA
No, it's more than that.

She looks down at her scribbled call log.

FLORA (CONT'D)
Calls have been coming in all night,
all within half a mile. Just a few
streets between you and Aldgate East
Station. That would make sense if they
were all bombing victims, but people
are reporting stabbings, bludgeoning-

ADA (O.S.)
-dunno, Ma'am. I've seen shrapnel do
some unbelievable things to a body.

FLORA

Perhaps. But I want you off the street
until the police arrive.

ADA

Copy that.

CLICK. Flora slowly hangs up the phone. Stares at it. It's
too quiet in the station. Something's wrong. She can feel it.

CUT TO:

INT. JUDY-NIGHT

Later. Gwen and Ada sit in silence, watching the street. The
roar of a plane VROOMS as it passes overhead.

Gwen lets out a breath. Leans close to Ada.

GWEN

They didn't say anything about murders
in training. Has something like this
happened before?

ADA

Like this? No.

Gwen frowns. Thinks. Her eyes widen.

GWEN

Wait. . . If there's a murderer out
here, do you think that's what
happened to Davies?

Ada thinks. Frowns. Starts trying to put the pieces together.

CUT TO:

INT. PUNCH-NIGHT

Rosa and Cecily sit silently in Punch, parked next to a phone
booth. They watch the abandoned ambulance in silence.

CECILY

Ugh, what's *taking* them so long?

ROSA

I don't know.

Cecily taps her fingernails on the car door.

CECILY

Maybe I should call Vera. She's not as bad as your parents, I'd wager, but for a flatmate she does worry so, and if it's going to be a late night. . .

She's feigning being casual, hiding nerves.

ROSA

But won't she be down in the shelter? She can't hear the phone from there.

CECILY

(Pause) Of course, how silly of me.

Her hand drifts to touch a photo in her breast pocket. It's turned inward so we can't see it, but Rosa picks up on the gesture. Gives Cecily a quick, empathetic smile, like she knows something about what's going through her head.

Neither wants to be the one to ask the obvious. Finally:

ROSA

Where could the crew have gone? That's Station 29's, should be Beth and Una.

CECILY

They're sensible. I'm sure they'd run and hide, if there was a madman about.

Rosa peers carefully at the dark buildings around them. She's working to hide her anxiety, stay cool and collected.

ROSA

Is that what you think happened? They were attacked by a madman?

CECILY

What else could it be? Someone *cut that man's organs out*. And Flora said there were all those other calls. It must be a lunatic on a murder spree.

Rosa fixes her eyes on a dark alleyway across the street. Anything could be hiding there.

ROSA

Then we shouldn't be out in the open. Even in a car. Not if something's-

CECILY

-Something?

ROSA

Someone. (Pause). You remember Mrs. Bissell? The old woman? Well, the word she kept saying, it was "demon".

Cecily lets out a nervous laugh.

CECILY

A *demon*? Rosa, surely you don't think-

ROSA

No, not an *actual* demon, obviously. But if it's someone so frightening that it could make her think that, and if he could have done that to Davies-

CECILY

-and if he might still be lurking around here. . .

She swallows, looks around. Shakes her head.

CECILY

Well, you certainly can't tell the police that when they get here. The moment they hear 'demon' they'll have poor Mrs. Bissell locked up as a hysteric. God knows women have been carted off to the madhouse for less.

Rosa rolls her eyes.

ROSA

Of course, I'm not stupid. But. . . look at this.

She opens the book to the first gruesome illustration.

CECILY

Ugh, that's horrid! But, Rosa, this book must be centuries old. And it was underground. What has this got to do with anything?

ROSA

I don't know, it's just, it's where we found Davies. First him, and now-

Her voice cracks. She gestures around them.

ROSA (CONT'D)

Something's wrong. Where is everybody?

Cecily looks, listens. Even for a raid, this is too deserted.

CECILY

(Pause) Oh, for God's sake. Give it here, I'll have a look. It'll be something to do, at least.

Rosa passes her the book. Through the window, over her shoulder: a figure *darts* across a rooftop. Neither sees it.

CUT TO:

INT. STATION 32-NIGHT

Flora paces. Telling herself not to panic, the police are on their way-

RING. She rushes, picks up the phone.

FLORA

Ada? Oh. . . [Pause] I'm afraid all units are currently dispatched, but-

She freezes. Her eyes widen.

FLORA (CONT'D)

Can you repeat that address, please?

CUT TO:

INT. JUDY-NIGHT

Close on Gwen's fingers, worrying at her rosary beads.

She peers up through the windshield, at the rooftops.

ADA

He's not gonna be up on a *roof*, Gwen.

GWEN

I know. I suppose I'm just so used to thinking about bad things coming from above. (Pause) But I guess now we have to think about it coming from all sides, too.

ADA
Always did.

Gwen looks at her. Ada's expression goes distant, hard. She's remembering some danger she's faced before.

Then, cutting through the quiet: Shrill RING of the phone in the phone box. Both women JUMP.

GWEN
(Pause) That might be Flora.

Through the windshield, we see Rosa and Cecily get out of Punch. Ada opens the door.

ADA
Stay here.

Door SLAMS.

Gwen thinks about getting out. Reaches for the handle.

Stops. Decides to wait where it's safe.

Then: Behind Gwen, out of focus, a *man-sized shadow peels away from the darkness* and crosses in front of an alleyway.

EXT. PHONE BOX-NIGHT

Rosa answers as Cecily and Ada lean close.

ROSA
Hello, this is-

FLORA (O.S)
Rosa, listen carefully. We've just had a call, a hit on a flat. It's your family's address. I'm-

But Rosa's already dropped the phone, is running back to Punch. Ada lets out a curse and runs back to Judy.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON STREET (STEPNEY WAY)-NIGHT

High angle view of Punch reaching the site: A narrow, winding lane, barely a street. Punch has almost no room to maneuver. It's boxed in by the tall, narrow flats around them.

A building smolders, the entire front wall collapsed.

Punch pulls up in front of the building just as Judy screeches to a halt on the same street. Rosa leaps out-

Looks-

Runs for the flat-

ROSA

Mum! Dad!

GWEN

Rosa!

Rosa turns and sees two figures (MR. and MRS. ABRAMOWITZ) huddled on the sidewalk. Gwen and Ada are running toward them. Relief hits Rosa's face like a wave.

ROSA

Mum! Dad! Are you ok?

They're covered in dust and soot. Both wear dressing gowns. He clutches his leg, and she has a cut on her forehead.

Rosa hugs both of them.

MR. ABRAMOWITZ

I'm fine, love. It was just a shock.

MRS. ABRAMOWITZ

He's NOT fine. Look.

Ada cuts open the leg of Mr. Abramowitz's pants to reveal a twisted piece of metal shrapnel lodged in his thigh. Rosa sees it, and her eyes widen.

ADA

Got some shrapnel here. We'll need to take you to the hospital for that.

She keeps her tone light and breezy, not panicking anyone, but she's also working fast. Gwen picks up Ada's cue, smiles.

GWEN

Just a few sutures, and you'll feel so much better.

She's trying to sound positive, but she knows it's bad.

ROSA

[In Yiddish] Why weren't you in the Tube shelter?

MR. ABRAMOWITZ

[In Yiddish] We wanted to stay in the cellar shelter, in case you came home early and we weren't there-

ROSA

I would have been fine! I told you-

She's terrified, hiding it under anger.

Gwen touches Rosa's arm. Just a quick moment of comfort, but it seems to calm Rosa down a little.

Cecily looks up and down the street.

CECILY

Where on Earth are the wardens?

ADA

They must all be at another site.

They start helping Mr. Abramowitz onto a stretcher.

ROSA

Bring him to Punch.

Then: Someone cries out in the building. A man's voice, weak.

MAN IN BUILDING

Help me! Please!

MRS. ABRAMOWITZ

Oh, no! That sounds like Mr. Selig. He usually goes to the shelter.

MR. ABRAMOWITZ

I TOLD you I heard someone moving around upstairs earlier.

The women all look at each other.

ADA

We could go ahead with him.

CECILY

Flora said we should stick together, and I rather agree.

GWEN

Should we wait for the wardens? It doesn't seem right to just stand here.

ADA
Those are the rules.

They look at the building: the front has been sheared off,
the staircase destroyed. They won't be able to just walk in.

MAN IN BUILDING
Please! Please, I can't move!

CECILY
Sod it. We don't have time for this.

She marches over and starts shimmying up the drain pipe.

ROSA
Cecily, don't! Whoever attacked Una
and Beth could be anywhere. None of us
should be going off on our own.

Cecily turns to look over her shoulder.

CECILY
Don't be ridiculous. Even a madman's
not going to go *into* a bombed flat to
murder someone, is he?

MRS. ABRAMOWITZ
Murder? Rosa, what is she-

ROSA
(Sighing) Don't worry about it, Mum.

Gwen watches Cecily climb.

GWEN
Where do you think she learned to
climb like that?

ADA
I reckon that one has escaped just
about every fancy school in England.
No wonder I can't help but like her.
Come on, help me load up.

Gwen reluctantly moves to help the Abramowitzes into Punch.
But she glances over her shoulder at Cecily, worried.

Cecily reaches the second floor, swings up into

INT. ABRAMOWITZ APARTMENT BUILDING-NIGHT

No lights. A corridor filled with rubble. The walls partially muffle the sound of the sirens and ack-ack guns outside. Nervousness flickers across Cecily's face. *Maybe this wasn't such a good idea?* Then she takes a deep breath.

MAN IN BUILDING

Please help me!

CECILY

I'm on my way, sir! Mr. Selig, is it?
Stay where you are, I'm almost there.

She smacks her leg into something, lets out a hiss of pain, and reaches out with one hand to feel her way around.

MAN IN BUILDING

(Weeping, hysterical) Help me.

His voice ECHOES, could be coming from anywhere.

Cecily moves through an apartment kitchen. It seems hastily abandoned, with one chair at the table flipped over.

She finds a blackout candle on a table, lights it.

CECILY

Sir? Tell me where you are.

She moves out of the kitchen, into the main hallway.

The candle catches a smear of blood along the wall.

Cecily freezes. There's a handprint in the blood.

She holds the candle up, looks closely. The bloody smear is clearly a handprint at one point, but then it streaks along the wall, almost as if someone was dragged. . .

Quick footsteps CREAK-CKEAK the ceiling above her head. Cecily whirls and holds the handle up to the ceiling.

MAN IN BUILDING

Help me! It's going to come back!

Close on Cecily's face, illuminated in flickers. She's wide-eyed, staring at the ceiling in fear.

CUT TO:

EXT. STEPNEY WAY-NIGHT

High angle shot of the scene outside the Abramowitz flat: Punch to the left of the building. Judy to the right. The ambulances and their crews look vulnerable, exposed.

Back down at street level, Gwen and Ada finish loading Rosa's parents into the back of Punch. Mr. Abramowitz winces.

MRS. ABRAMOWITZ

I knew we should have gone to your sister's earlier. Rosa, the *moment* your father is recovered we're packing our things, do you understand?

Rosa hesitates. Takes a deep breath. Opens her mouth, and-

A police car pulls up next to Judy. Flora, Simon, and Officer Barton rush over. Flora immediately rushes to check on them.

FLORA

Is everyone alright?

Rosa and Ada look shocked to see her.

ROSA

What are you doing here?

FLORA

I wanted to make sure all of you got back safely.

Ada and Rosa exchange a glance; things must be really, really bad for Flora to be out in the field. Then Ada notices Simon, does a double take.

ADA

Simon! What the hell. . .

SIMON

We got the call, at the station.

Ada looks around, annoyed. People are seeing them interact, and she's not comfortable. She pulls him off to the side and lowers her voice. Gwen's still close enough to catch it.

ADA

We called about a *murder*, Simon!
You're a patrol officer, not a detective. What, you thought you'd take the excuse to check up on me?

Simon's smile crumples. We can see that he thought he was riding in on a white horse. Gwen looks sympathetic.

GWEN

Ada, he was only trying to help-

Flora moves away, toward Rosa. Behind her, we see Ada and Simon continue to bicker, too quietly for us to pick up.

When she reaches the stretcher, Flora instinctively moves to check on the leg wound.

FLORA

That wound, is it-

ROSA

-stabilized.

FLORA

Good. They're going to escort us to hospital, and then I want all of you off the streets until we've sorted-

She stops, looks around. High alert.

FLORA

Where's Cecily?

Ada stomps away from Simon, points at the wrecked flat.

Flora starts toward it. Ada follows, ignoring Simon.

Gwen starts to follow her. Stops as fire FLARES over the rooftops and she catches something in the corner of her eye. She turns to an alley opposite the Abramowitz flat.

Visible in the firelight: legs, wearing ragged military-issue boots. The flame fades, shrouding the legs in darkness again.

Gwen starts toward the alley with her blackout light.

INT. ABRAMOWITZ BUILDING-NIGHT

More footsteps, running in the other direction this time.

CECILY

Stay. . . Stay calm.

Close on her frustrated face as she turns a full circle. The corridors are dark, labyrinthine.

Her hand drifts to the photo in her pocket again.

ADA (O.S.)
Cecily! Flora's here.

FLORA (O.S.)
Cecily, get back here immediately.
It's not safe to go in until the
wardens have cleared the site!

CECILY
Nearly finished!

She turns a corner, finds stairs.

Cecily looks down. Her shoe has just stepped into a puddle of blood. She gags a little and inches around it.

Next floor up. Cecily exits the stairwell and turns a corner.

Something DASHES across the hall.

CECILY
Aux-Auxiliary Ambulance Service. I'm
here to help. Others are on their way.

She's shaking so hard she's about to drop the candle. More footsteps, movement in the apartment to her left.

MAN IN BUILDING
Oh, God! Help me! For God's sake!

The movement behind the wall speeds up.

The man's weeping CUTS OFF.

CUT TO:

EXT. STEPNEY WAY-NIGHT

Gwen steps into the alley. She's alone, the others all focused on Cecily. Over her shoulder, the sky is crisscrossed with moving spotlights. In the alley, it's pitch dark.

GWEN
George?

No answer.

She steps closer, holds up her blackout candle, and GASPS.

The strip of light falls on George's bloodied, dead face. His shirt is torn open, a gaping hole where his heart once was.

CUT TO:

INT. ABRAMOWITZ BUILDING-NIGHT

Cecily steps into an open apartment door.

The light reveals a middle-aged man lying in a pool of blood.

Eyes glazing over. A shadowy, vague shape crouched over him.

He raises his arms, sways. Something red and slick glints on his palms, some kind of organ.

EXT. STEPNEY WAY-NIGHT

Gwen runs out of the alley in a panic. She cups her hands around her mouth and screams:

GWEN

Cecily, he's here! He's here, get out!

INT. ABRAMOWITZ BUILDING-NIGHT

At Gwen's voice, the figure in the dark turns. Just a flash of eyes in the dark, no clear features, and then Cecily's

RUNNING.

Dropping the candle-

Crashing through the hallway-

Something skittering behind her-

It's completely dark now, just the smallest glimmers of moonlight from the ripped-open walls.

Cecily's bouncing off a wall-

Dashing down the stairs-

Ducking to the right as something swings at her head-

Tripping over debris-

She's on the second floor, the stairs leading down to the bottom completely destroyed so she

LEAPS through the hole where the stairs used to be.

Claws snatch at the back of her uniform as she jumps.

She falls clear. Hits the pile of wrecked stairs on her side, hard. Rolls to her feet, holding her ribs.

Flings herself toward Punch, fighting through pain.

ADA

What-

GWEN

He killed George-

CECILY

-he's here, he's in the building!

Gwen pulls Cecily toward Punch. She's ready to get the hell out of here *now*-

But Officer Barton stands in the way, holding his hands up.

OFFICER BARTON

Now, now, everyone calm down.

CECILY

No, we have to go.

Rosa leans out of the back of Punch.

ROSA

What's going on?

Overhead, the drone of planes. The whistle of a bomb falling. The explosion of impact a few streets away. Everyone ducks.

Gwen turns. The building is backlit, fire behind it. On the ripped-open second floor, in silhouette, for just a second, she sees a figure, maybe human, but something's off-

And it drops down into the wrecked first floor of the Abramowitz building. But where Cecily crashed, this figure just drops silently, like a cat.

Landing only a few yards from where they stand.

Then he's hidden, just out of sight in the building's ruined ground floor.

Gwen points, trembling. No one else saw it.

OFFICER BARTON

Right, all of you go to the ambulances
while we have a look.

Officer Barton turns, looks where Gwen is pointing.

Flora is distracted, trying to examine Cecily's ribs.

Gwen watches as, in the wrecked building, slowly coming into
view: a vague humanoid outline.

Everyone but Gwen and Barton are focused on Cecily.

OFFICER BARTON

What in the-

Officer Barton approaches, billy club out.

FLORA

Calm down, Cecily.

Officer Barton lifts his blackout candle.

And the figure SNATCHES him into the dark. One yelp of pain,
cut off with a

CRUNCH.

Gwen claps a hand over her mouth. Cecily notices, looks.

Wet tearing sounds from the rubble.

CECILY

Flora.

Her voice comes out strangled, barely a whisper.

A shape comes closer, striding over the wreckage. CRUNCH of
glass and pavement under bare feet.

Ada, Simon, and Flora finally turn around.

A figure looms just inside the wrecked building, oversized
thanks to the smoke and dust hanging in the air. He holds
something in his hand. Something dripping.

He drops it. It rolls into the light: *Officer Barton's head.*

Cecily SCREAMS. Gwen grabs Cecily's arm, helps her to Punch.
Cecily scrambles into the driver's seat, hits the ignition-

Flora and Ada go in the other direction, toward Judy-

SIMON
Barton!

ADA
Come on, Simon!

SIMON
He killed Barton!

ADA
Are you crazy?!?! Get away from him!

Simon reaches into his coat and pulls out his billy club.

SIMON
I'll be fine. Go, now. Ring the police
station when you get to a safe place
and tell to send more officers.

Flora hauls Ada into Judy as Simon starts toward the figure.

SIMON
Right. London Metropolitan Police!
You're under arrest! Hands in the air!

INT. PUNCH-NIGHT

Gwen staggers backwards and almost falls into the back of
Punch with Rosa. Slams the door behind her.

She watches Simon, powerless to stop what's about to happen.

SIMON
I said, put your hands in the air!

Simon's nearly there.

INT. JUDY-NIGHT

Ada watches through the windshield.

ADA
Simon-

An arm DARTS out of the dark of the building and seizes
Simon, pulls him into shadow.

Then Simon's upper body flies back into the street in one
direction, his lower body in the other. Ada SHRIEKS.

The faint glint of eyes as the creature turns his head in the darkness. He's still hidden, still just a shape, but-

Flora leans out Judy's window.

FLORA
Drive, now!

INT. PUNCH-NIGHT

Cecily peels out. Gwen stares out the back window in horror as the Abramowitz building recedes from view.

MR. ABRAMOWITZ
What's going on out there?

Gwen opens and closes her mouth, can't speak.

Rosa opens the window to the front of the ambulance.

ROSA
What happened in there? What was that?

Cecily takes a hard left, and everyone scrambles to hang on.

Through the windows: deeply shadowed streets. Only a few feet of visibility in any direction. Buildings blocking moonlight.

CECILY
(Shaken, panicked) It's a monster,
it's monster, that wasn't a man-

GWEN
It killed Simon. It was horrible.

She touches her crucifix.

ROSA
Cecily, slow down. We're safe now.

Gwen's face: Slow, terrible realization.

GWEN
No, we're not.

ROSA
What?

GWEN
It has wings.

And something CRASHES into the roof.

INT. JUDY-NIGHT

Flora and Ada are right on Punch's tail. They can only see the faint outline of Punch, tiny pinpricks of tail lights.

Then a shadow DROPS to Punch's roof.

FLORA
Did something just-

The tail lights SWERVE as Punch FISHTAILS ahead of them.

ADA
What the fucking hell is that?!?!

The details are hidden in darkness, but they can make out a vague motion, TEARING at the roof.

INT. PUNCH-NIGHT

The passenger's side window EXPLODES inward as the creature's pale arm punches through-

Cecily screams, ducks-

In the back-Gwen scrambles to hang on as Punch swerves.

MRS. ABRAMOWITZ
What is it?!?!

In front-the arm disappears from the passenger side window.

Beat.

In the back: The arm SHATTERS the back window, reaching and moving too fast for us to get a good look in the chaos.

It gets a handful of Rosa's shirt.

Mrs. Abramowitz screams.

Mr. Abramowitz tries to pull the arm off Rosa, is flung against the side of the ambulance.

GWEN
Cecily, get him off the roof!

CECILY
I'm trying!

Gwen is frozen again, paralyzed by fear. This time she pushes through it, forces herself to move-

She rummages frantically in the medical supplies-

Grabs a pair of scissors-

STABS its arm-

He doesn't let go.

INT. JUDY-NIGHT

Flora and Ada watch Punch SWERVE.

FLORA

We've got to do something!

Ada realizes something. Rolls down her window.

ADA

Pull up next to them!

Flora steps on the gas, pulls up next to Punch. Cecily looks over, makes eye contact.

ADA

Next left! The shops have awnings!

Cecily's eyes widen. She gets it, nods.

INT. PUNCH-NIGHT

In the back: Gwen looks over her shoulder as she rummages for supplies. She sees Rosa braced against the door, fighting.

Gwen DOUSES a cloth with rubbing alcohol.

GWEN

Cecily! Your lighter!

Cecily tosses it into the back.

Gwen wraps the soaked bandage around its arm-

FLIPS open the lighter-

Sets it on fire.

Inhuman SHRIEK as the thing lets go of Rosa.

His arm disappears.

Rosa scrambles away from the door.

Gwen lets out relieved breath; *Rosa's gotten loose, she's ok-*

And an arm shoots back inside. The skin is raw and crisped.

We don't see him, just Gwen's as she locks eyes with him.

The arm REACHES for her, and-

Gently caresses her face.

INT. JUDY-NIGHT

Flora follows close behind Punch. The Anchorite is still too shadowed for them to see well, just a flailing shape.

Flora turns sharply, following Cecily.

They're on a new street. In front of them: A row of shops. All have low metal awnings over the sidewalk.

INT. PUNCH-NIGHT

CECILY

Hang on to something!

View through the windshield: she drives Punch up onto the sidewalk, under the awnings. They're low enough to SCRAPE the roof of the ambulance.

In the back: Close on Gwen, frozen as it touches her face.

Then the creature is FLUNG off the roof by the awning.

INT. JUDY-NIGHT

Flora sees a dark shape peeled off and flung to the street.

Flora grips the wheel tightly. Aims right for him.

Ada covers her face as Judy SLAMS into the creature.

CRUNCH.

Flora swerves with the impact, brakes. Judy SCREECHES to a halt just before it would have hit a lightpost.

In front: Punch speeds away, turns to the left up ahead.

ADA
Are they ok?

FLORA
I think so. I didn't see-

INT. PUNCH-NIGHT

BOOM.

A bomb we didn't even see coming. A direct hit on a flat to Punch's right. A WHOOSH of dust and debris.

Gwen flies, smacks into the wall of the ambulance.

Rosa screams and flings herself over her mother. Chips of cement and dust fly in through the broken back window.

INT. JUDY-NIGHT

View from Judy: Fire lighting up the sky above the rooftops, two blocks over, just where Punch should be.

Flora and Ada gasp in horror.

INT. PUNCH-NIGHT

Cecily sits, wide-eyed, looking out the windshield.

Rosa leans into the front to see.

ROSA
What is it? Oh. . .

Directly in front of them, inches in front of Punch's bumper, is an unexploded bomb lodged in the pavement.

CECILY
Should I try to get around?

ROSA
No. The road's too narrow. We'll have to go back, and-

GWEN
-I don't think that's going to work.

She points, shakily, out the back window. Behind them, where there used to be an open road, there's a six-foot-tall pile of rubble blocking the entire street.

INT. JUDY-NIGHT

Flora brings Judy to a screeching halt at a pile of wreckage. It's as far as Judy can go. She and Ada leap out. Flora cups her hands around her mouth to shout.

FLORA
Cecily! Rosa! Answer me!

Flora's voice echoes through the narrow, abandoned streets.

INT. PUNCH-NIGHT

FLORA (O.S)
Are you safe?!? Cecily! Rosa! Gwen!

Rosa opens the back door, cups her hands around her mouth.

ROSA
We're alive! (Pause) But Punch isn't going anywhere.

FLORA (O.S)
Right. We're coming to you.

We pull up and see the geography of the site: Punch is trapped between the unexploded bomb and rubble on a road running east-west (Fordham Street).

Judy is stuck behind more rubble along an intersecting north-south street (New Road). Fires glow all around.

Between the two ambulances: dense clusters of houses and flats, narrow lanes, no clear path between them.

INT. JUDY-NIGHT

Flora slowly reverses, looking for a clear path.

ADA
Down that lane, on the right.

FLORA
No. It's blocked.

Ada and Flora step out of Judy, climb up on top of a pile of rubble. [Rest of conversation cuts between Punch and Judy]

FLORA (O.S)
We're having trouble getting around.
Can you wait for the wardens?

Punch: Gwen attends to Mr. Abramowitz's leg, checking the bandages. They're already soaked through with blood.

She and Rosa exchange a glance. Gwen shakes her head. Rosa swallows, forces herself to stay calm.

ROSA

No. We. . . We have about an hour.

Judy: Flora looks to Ada.

FLORA

You bandaged the injury. Can he climb over something like this?

ADA

Definitely not. Don't think we'll get a stretcher over it, either.

Flora nods and cups her hands around her mouth again.

FLORA

We're cut off from you. Two streets away. Do you see a better way?

Punch: Rosa glances around her neighborhood.

ROSA

It looks like we have a clear path to the shops over on Settles Street.

FLORA (O.S)

We'll park as close as we can and walk the rest of the way, if we have to.

(Pause) Stay inside. I don't want any of you out in the open, if that. . . it he's still alive.

They climb back down and into Judy.

ADA

Still alive? Can't be.

INT. JUDY-NIGHT

Flora turns around and starts back. Close on the tiny slice of pavement they can see in front of them. Nothing, nothing-

Flora stops. They're in the spot where they hit the Anchorite. She and Ada stare.

He's gone. Specks of blood, but he's gone.

Flora and Ada look at each other, make a silent decision. She drives on. Sticking to the mission. Ada looks devastated.

ADA

It's not even fucking dead. It killed Simon, and it's not even-

FLORA

I know.

ADA

Can we even kill it, do you think?

FLORA

Anything can be killed.

ADA

But we don't know that! Have you seen anything like that? Something that can, I don't know, fucking *fly*? How else did it fall onto Punch like that?

FLORA

(Pause). I don't know.

ADA

Then how do you know it can even die?!? What if it's a demon?

FLORA

I don't believe in demons. (Pause) I might not know exactly what it is, but I can see that it bleeds. Anything that can bleed can bleed to death.

Ada starts to tear up. Fumbles in her pocket.

ADA

Hope you're right, because. . . I'm sorry, Flora, I know you don't like it but I really need to smoke.

Flora nods. Ada lights a cigarette, hand trembling.

ADA

Can't believe what a bitch I was to him, just now.

Flora waits. The road crawls slowly in front of them.

ADA (CONT'D)

Never thought I'd have someone like that. Never thought I'd have *anything*. When I was a kid, taking care of my sister, I didn't think we'd even live. Or I thought we'd grow up and be like our Mom. And then my daddy sent for us to come here, and it felt like a miracle, but then he died and me and Maddie were on our own again.

She smokes for a few seconds. Flora watches the road.

ADA (CONT'D)

But then things got better, somehow. Maddie married Ron. And now she's having a baby, and I'm going to get to be an auntie. And I thought, this is enough. But then I met Simon, and he really believed we could be together here, so I started to think, hey, why not? (Pause) But now he's dead, and it seems so unfair, just when I started to think we could. . . It's just-

FLORA

-cruel.

Ada sniffs, nods. Flora takes off her locket. Opens it. Passes it to Ada. Inside is a portrait of a man in uniform.

FLORA

Mine was named Benjamin. We were only married two months. Then he was sent to the Somme. I was a nurse, stationed in a field hospital, when I got the news. He had a treatable injury, but there were so many wounded, and so few nurses and doctors, that he bled to death before anyone could get to him.

ADA

Christ. How did you get through it?

FLORA

I threw myself into the work. First just treating the patients. But I couldn't stop thinking about that field hospital, his last moments.

She takes a deep breath, remembering.

FLORA (CONT'D)

I kept thinking that if he'd been brought to my hospital, or if I'd been there, maybe it would have been managed properly. Maybe they would have gotten to him in time. It's why I worked to become a ward sister, so I'd be supervising other nurses. It's why I'm managing the station now. I just remind myself, if I do my job properly, if I make sure my girls do their jobs properly, we can spare someone else that pain. It helps.

Ada's quiet. We can tell she's thinking about her own work, doubting it can get her through.

ADA

It's different for you, though. It's a calling. I just signed up for this because I like cars.

FLORA

That's not true and you know it. I see how you watch out for the others, how you handle the pressure. Why do you think I picked you to train Gwen? You're the one I know I can count on to watch over the others.

Flora's forceful, almost angry that Ada's doubting herself. Ada looks wide-eyed, like this is the first time she's heard this from Flora. She looks out at the dark street, the rooftops, the flash of tracer rounds. She's thinking about Simon, but now the grief and anger are softened a bit.

FLORA (CONT'D)

Now. You'll have time to cry later, as much as you need. After we've gotten the girls out of here. But for now I need your help watching the road.

Ada nods. Pulls herself together. Wipes her face.

CUT TO:

INT. PUNCH-NIGHT

Gwen props Mr. Abramowitz's leg up. Hands Mrs. Abramowitz a thermos. Starts to wrap a blanket around Rosa's shoulders.

ROSA

Gwen. I'm fine. Really. (Pause) But
maybe check on Cecily.

We follow Gwen as she climbs out of the back of Punch, goes
around to the passenger's side door.

Cecily sits in the front seat. She has the book open on the
dash, scribbles on loose paper. Her free hand holds her side.

GWEN

What are you doing?

CECILY

Breaking my solemn vow never to
translate Latin ever again.

Gwen frowns.

CECILY (CONT'D)

(Sigh) Papa insisted I learn it at
school. Anyway, remember the arm?
Davies? Well, at the time I thought I
was being silly, but when I first saw
that arm, I thought to myself, "Gosh,
those almost look like teeth marks."

GWEN

I thought the same thing. What
happened to Davies, that chapel, it
couldn't be a coincidence, could it?

CECILY

Maybe. And the more we know about it,
the more we can defend ourselves.

GWEN

Good idea. But, while you do that, let
me have a look at those ribs.

Cecily winces as Gwen helps her pull off her jacket and roll
up her shirt. Her side is swelling with livid purple bruises.
Gwen starts wrapping Cecily's torso.

GWEN

Most are just cracked, but I think
this one's broken.

CECILY

Yes, thank you, I'm aware.

She hisses it through the pain, tries to stay focused on the book. Gwen finishes wrapping her ribs, pulls down Cecily's shirt, turns to retrieve her jacket from the seat. As Gwen lifts it, the photo we've seen Cecily touch falls from the pocket.

Gwen takes a closer look: A pretty young woman, smiling. Gwen clocks it, processes, and quietly slips the photo back into the pocket before she turns back to Cecily.

As Gwen helps her get the jacket back on, she catches sight of the awful illustration. Gulps.

GWEN

What *is* it?

CECILY

Not sure yet. I couldn't even get a good look at the thing, and this Latin is taking forever to get through. Still, I think Rosa's right, this has got *something* to do with it. . .

Gwen glances over her shoulder.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Been thinking. It could take a while for Flora and Ada to find a path to us, and Mr. Abramowitz isn't well. I feel like we should *do* something.

CECILY

We've done all we can for him.

GWEN

Well, one of these flats must have a telephone, mustn't they? We could call the police. More police, I mean.

She and Cecily both go quiet. Thinking of Ada.

CECILY

No. Flora's right. We should stay put and wait for them to come to us.

Cecily refocuses on the book. Scribbles. The conversation is over, like Gwen's a child who's been given an order.

Gwen looks annoyed. She gets out and goes around to the back.

Rosa still holds her father's hand. Gwen leans close.

GWEN

Rosa? Would anyone on this street have a telephone, you think?

ROSA

I don't think so. (Pause) There's the bakery, just through that lane. But, listen, you shouldn't-

GWEN

It's fine. I'll go.

She jumps out the back door before Rosa can stop her.

ROSA

(Whispering) Gwen!

Gwen looks around, apprehensive, but darts down the lane.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD (SETTLES STREET)-NIGHT

A street sign glinting in the moonlight: Settles Street. This road is less destroyed than the others we've seen, shops intact. Still: it's crooked, narrow, too many spots where something could be hiding.

Flora parks near a warren of lanes cutting between buildings.

FLORA

This is as close as we can get with Judy, but this lane should be a straight shot to where Punch is stranded. It shouldn't be more than a few minutes' walk. Stay close.

Flora gets out. As Ada and Flora walk, Ada looks at the rooftops. A million places they could be ambushed.

ADA

(Under her breath) Ah, fuck me.

She leans down and picks up a piece of rebar. Taps it against her palm to test the weight. Follows Flora.

CUT TO:

EXT. PUNCH-NIGHT

Rosa stands next to Punch, holding up the blackout candle.

She paces. Looks around. Squints into the dark.

ROSA

I think that's them.

Cecily looks up from translating, leans out the window.

CECILY

Maybe we should meet them halfway.
Goodness knows I don't want to spend
any more time next to this bloody
bomb, and. . . Wait, where's Gwen?

Rosa looks guilty.

ROSA

She went looking for a phone.

CECILY

You let her go? Rosa!

ROSA

She'll be fine.

CECILY

Last week the poor girl could barely
drive! We'll be lucky if she doesn't
get lost, at the very least.

ROSA

She's tougher than you give her credit
for. She'll be ok.

CECILY

Hope you're right.

Close on Rosa's face: So does she.

CUT TO:

INT. BAKERY-NIGHT

Close on the front door as a pane of glass shatters. Gwen
reaches inside, opens the latch, slips inside.

She closes the door behind her and lights her blackout
candle. Thin strip of light revealing a cramped bakery, the
shelves behind the counter mostly bare.

There, behind the countertop: A *phone*!

Gwen darts behind the counter and picks up the phone.

GWEN

Hello? Operator!

Nothing. Gwen spins the rotary dial. *Come on, come on-*

Silence. Defeated, Gwen hangs up the phone.

And hears something: From outside, the *click click click* of high heels on pavement.

She slips to the front window as quietly as she can.

Through a hole in the blackout paper: A young woman in high heels (GINGER) runs down the street. She's covered in dust, has blood on one temple, wide eyes.

GINGER

Hello? Please help me, someone-

Her voice echoes through the lane, even over the sound of guns in the background. Gwen reaches for the doorknob.

Starts to turn the knob.

Freezes. Eyes locked on the street across the way.

In a storm drain just in Ginger's path: glinting eyes.

Close on Gwen's face: she knows she should do something, knows she should warn her, but she *can't move*-

Ginger passes before the storm drain-

-and something YANKS her by the leg down through an open grate. One short scream, and she's gone.

Gwen covers her mouth, eyes wide with terror. Moment of frozen fear.

Then she runs for the back of the bakery, fumbles with the locked back door, runs out into the night.

We follow her through the lane and back to

EXT. PUNCH-NIGHT

Gwen slaps Cecily's window as she passes.

GWEN

We have to go now! Right now! We can't wait for Flora and Ada.

Rosa opens the back door and takes her end of the stretcher.

MRS. ABRAMOWITZ

Is it back? That thing, is it back?

GWEN

Yes. It took a girl. (Pause) He didn't kill her. At least, not right away. He pulled her down into a storm drain.

Cecily gets out of Punch, tucks the book into her jacket.

CECILY

Flora and Ada should be that way. If they got Judy close enough, we should be able to walk it in a few minutes.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY-NIGHT

High angle shot of Flora and Ada. They've made it past the first block of housing, but they're still on the southern end of the alley. Lots of ground left to go.

Lower shot of them moving through the alley:

ADA

Is that them? Are they moving?

All we see in the darkness is the barest glint of a blackout candle, like a match seen from a mile away. It bobs slightly.

FLORA

I told them to *stay put*.

ADA

Why would they leave Punch?

Flora says nothing, but we see it on her face: they would only leave cover if they had to.

[Intercut between the north and south end of the alley.]

North end: Cecily picks her way over debris. The alley is dim, winding, narrow. Rosa is right behind her with one end of the stretcher, Gwen at the other end.

Mr. Abramowitz hisses in pain, grasps his leg.

Close on a drop of blood oozing from his bandage, falling to the pavement of the alley.

South End: Flora pauses mid-step. Holds up a hand to stop Ada. Scans the scene. Something's off.

North End:

ROSA

[In Yiddish] Are you alright, Dad?

MR. ABRAMOWITZ

I'll be fine. Don't worry about me.

Another drop of blood in their wake.

South End: Ada takes a step in their direction.

ADA

Maybe I should-

Flora's hand seizes her arm. Her eyes are locked on the rooftop of the building in front of them. A silhouette of someone lying flat, peering over the edge. Lying in wait.

From Flora and Ada's POV: The flicker of the blackout candle. It's moving closer. Straight into a trap.

Flora's face: Snap decision.

FLORA

Get ready to run.

Holds her hands around her face like a megaphone, and yells at the top of her lungs:

FLORA

TAKE COVER! IT'S AN AMBUSH!!!

North End: Close on Gwen's face as she hears Flora's voice.

Flora's POV: The figure drops off the roof and into the dark of the alley. Now there's a sound: WHOOSH.

North End: Gwen's frozen, staring.

CECILY

What do we do?!?

South End. WHOOSH of wings in the darkness.

ADA
Come on, Flora!

Ada and Flora start running back to Judy.

EXT. NORTH END, ALLEY-NIGHT

Gwen stares. The others are searching for a way out, but she's frozen. She catches the glint of eyes in the dark.

ROSA
There!

WHOOSH. Sounds about thirty yards away, and gaining.

Gwen tears her gaze away from the sound. On the side of the alley, a basement window covered in plywood. Rosa sets down her end of the stretcher, grabs the plywood, pulls.

Mrs. Abramowitz spots a loose board on the ground.

MRS. ABRAMOWITZ
Here!

She and Rosa shove the board under the edge of the plywood, WRENCH it off, and there's a tiny open window-

ROSA
Go, Mum! Get up, Dad! You're going to
have to squeeze!

The women fight to get Mr. Abramowitz off the stretcher. Mrs. Abramowitz slides into the basement.

WHOOSH. It's right above them now, you can almost FEEL the air currents.

Rosa looks up. It could strike at any moment. While her father struggles to the window, she scrambles, picks up a brick, FLINGS it up toward the sound.

FLUTTER as it seems to retreat up, just for a second-

MR. ABRAMOWITZ
[In Yiddish] Rosa, you go, go first-

Rosa takes charge. She's talking to them as a professional now, not as a daughter.

ROSA
No. Mama, take his hands. You pull,
we'll push. Quickly, now.

Mrs. Abramowitz grabs his hands, pulls hard-

Rosa and Gwen and Cecily push-

He cries out in pain, but he's through-

Rosa and Cecily go tumbling in after him, Gwen last into-

INT. BASEMENT-NIGHT

The basement is dark, cluttered. Canned food and a cot along one wall; someone has used this as a shelter recently.

As Gwen drops to the basement floor, a pale, clawed hand DARTS INSIDE and RIPS out a handful of her hair.

Gwen screams and falls to the floor.

Rosa SHOVES an old wardrobe in front of the window.

Gwen's POV, looking up at the window: The wardrobe leaves just a small crack, a few inches wide. One glinting eye peers through the crack. It lets out an inhuman shriek.

Gwen scrambles away as far as she can, eyes fixed on his eye.

His eyes are locked with Gwen's. She can just barely see his hand move up in front of the crack, to his face, and he SNIFFS the ripped-out handful of her hair. The others are all shouting, screaming, but the sounds fade away as she stares.

Gwen can't move. She knows: he's looking at *her*.

Then the sound comes back in a rush as Rosa SHOVES the wardrobe again, covers the gap in the window.

ROSA
FUCK OFF!

Then the Anchorite is enraged again, fighting to get in.

CUT TO:

EXT. SETTLES STREET-NIGHT.

Flora and Ada burst out of the alley and onto Settles Street. They run back to Judy, jump inside.

ADA
Fucking Christ. Do you think they're-

FLORA
I think they're alive. Listen.

Her eyes are fixed on the alley. They can see nothing in the dark, just hear the ECHO of his enraged shrieks.

FLORA (CONT'D)
He's angry. I think they've hidden.

ADA
What should we do? Should we get help?

FLORA
I think if we go to get help it'll be too late by the time we get back. What we need is a distraction.

Ada turns, wildly searching the street as though trying to find an answer there. Her eyes fall on something. Widen.

ADA
I have an idea.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT-NIGHT

Everyone huddles as far as they can from the window. Through the wardrobe, the echoes of the Anchorite's screams.

CECILY
What do we do?

GWEN
We should wait. Flora and Ada must be going for help.

ROSA
No.

She's focused, working on her father's leg. Blood soaks through the original bandage and around the piece of shrapnel. He lies still, faint and grey with blood loss.

ROSA (CONT'D)
Flora won't leave us here. And we can't wait here long. She knows that.

CECILY

Should we go through the flat, then?

GWEN

That thing's right outside. Won't he hear if we try to sneak out?

They all stare at each other in silence. WHOOSH of wings.

ROSA

We need a weapon. Everyone look around, maybe there's something here.

She starts rummaging through the junk in the basement.

GWEN

If being run over didn't hurt it-

ROSA

-but fire did! Maybe there's some petrol, or-

Gwen remembers something.

GWEN

What about that book? Did you find anything? What it is, how to hurt it?

CECILY

I didn't get very far. And what I read didn't make much sense.

Cecily hesitates. Doesn't want to say what she read out loud.

CECILY (CONT'D)

I don't know if I was translating it right, but there was one part, the bit with that awful illustration, it says something about "making an angel."

GWEN

That's not an angel.

The Anchorite's arm suddenly THUMPS against the wardrobe again. They all jump and shrink against the wall.

Cecily lets out a slow breath.

CECILY

Too bloody true, but maybe it thinks-

ROSA

That doesn't even *matter*! Have you found a way to hurt it, yet?

Cecily bites her lip, shakes her head.

ROSA (CONT'D)

Fine. Everyone keep looking. Anything we can use as a weapon.

At *weapon*, Mrs. Abramowitz's eyes widen.

MRS. ABRAMOWITZ

Mr. Michaels! He has a rifle. He took it from a dead German in the last war.

ROSA

Mama, that's probably just gossip.

MRS. ABRAMOWITZ

No, no, Mrs. Michaels told me! He keeps it in their wardrobe. In case the Germans invade, and we-

For just a moment, the bigger horror eclipses their current situation. Mrs. Abramowitz shakes it off.

MRS. ABRAMOWITZ (CONT'D)

It's just above the butcher shop.

ROSA

You're right. (To the others) The shop's close, right on the corner.

Rosa, Gwen, and Cecily look at each other.

CECILY

That still doesn't solve the problem of how to get out without him knowing.

They sit in silence, listening to the Anchorite as he *SNIFFS* the air, *SCRATCHES* the walls with long nails.

Mr. Abramowitz lies with his eyes half-closed, face shining with sweat. Trying to fight through the pain. He grabs at Rosa's hand.

MR. ABRAMOWITZ

Rosa. I'm so sorry. You were supposed to be safe here. I should have-

Rosa holds his hand tightly, tries to smile.

ROSA

Dad, you couldn't have known. Who could have known that there was a monster under our neighborhood?

His voice is weak, almost delirious.

MR. ABRAMOWITZ

No, not that. This city, this *country*. You were supposed to be safe. When we left Kiev, I thought you'd. . .

Over the sounds of the Anchorite: The bombs echo. Mrs. Abramowitz covers her mouth, thinking of what they fled.

Gwen's face: Realization. This is the first time she's really thought about what happens to Rosa if the bombing works.

MR. ABRAMOWITZ (CONT'D)

I should have said no, when you volunteered for this, I should have kept you safe. I'm sorry.

Rosa forces a smile.

ROSA

No more of that, now. We'll get through this, you'll see. I'm sure Flora and Ada are cooking up a plan as we speak.

CUT TO:

EXT. SETTLES STREET-NIGHT.

Flora sits in Judy. She watches through the windshield as Ada moves across the street.

We follow Ada as she slips into a parked taxi. She pauses to pick up a stray brick before closing the door. She crawls under the dash. Pops off a panel with a screwdriver. She moves with confidence. She knows her way around a car.

The engine roars to life. Ada grips the wheel, takes a deep breath. A look of *"What the hell am I thinking?"*

Then her jaw sets. She puts the car in gear.

Rolls out into the main road.

Pulls even with the alley.

Then leans on the BLARING horn and screams out the window:

ADA

Come and get me, you fuck!!!

REVS the engine, SCREECHES off down the street.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT-NIGHT

Echoing down the alley: the sound of a car horn, Ada's yell.

GWEN

Ada!

Outside: The quick motion of the Anchorite standing. Then he takes off with a FLAP of his wings.

ROSA

Come on!

They all work to wrestle Mr. Abramowitz to his feet. Cecily and Rosa each drape one arm over their shoulders. He's barely conscious, trying hard to stay upright.

Gwen leads them up into a dark, cramped flat. The taxi's horn still BLARES, getting farther away now.

Gwen dashes out the front door, onto

EXT. STREET-NIGHT.

Another narrow road. More rubble. Near one end of the road, a half-wrecked bus. Gwen looks around frantically.

GWEN

There!

At the other end: The faint blink of Judy's headlights, just the narrow strips without blackout paper.

Gwen eyes the distance: *If we can just get 300 yards or so-*

They start toward the ambulance as fast as they can move.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET (GREENFIELD ROAD)-NIGHT.

Ada careens around a corner. Swerves around debris. The road is scarcely wide enough for the cab. She'll crash any moment.

From behind: WHOOSH of wings.

Close on Ada's face: total focus. Not looking back.

Up ahead: a squat shop front with a low, wide front window.

The SCRAPE of the Anchorite's claws on her bumper.

Ada takes a deep breath, covers her face with one arm, and the cab bounces over the curb and CRASHES through the window.

Ada lurches forward against the steering wheel.

The Anchorite's arm punches through the back window-

But Ada's already hurling her brick through the front windscreen-

Crawling through-

Shot from inside the shop: We immediately see why she chose this shop. The window is too low for the Anchorite to come through. It's filled by the taxi.

But it doesn't matter, because he's crawling through the back window of the taxi, roiling silhouetted motion, and Ada's searching frantically for something to fight with and-

He stops.

Pulls back. SNIFF.

And LAUNCHES into the air, flying back toward the others.

Close on Ada's face. Horrified realization: he wasn't interested in her. He wants one of the others.

CUT TO:

EXT. SETTLES STREET-NIGHT.

They've covered half the distance to Judy. Almost there.

Flora steps out of the ambulance, ready to help them inside.

WHOOSH.

She turns and looks up.

FLORA

It's coming back! Hurry!

Gwen and Cecily break into a run. Cecily limps and holds her ribs. Gwen pulls Mrs. Abramowitz, tries to get her to Judy.

Rosa struggles with her father, but he can barely shuffle. Rosa pulls him along, grimaces, FIGHTS to carry him.

WHOOSH.

Rosa and her father are even with the wrecked bus now.

Gwen looks back, locks eyes with Cecily. They can make it to Judy. Rosa and her father can't.

Cecily turns. Her eyes widen at something she sees.

WHOOSH. Louder now, almost on top of them.

CECILY

Rosa! Get under the bus!

Gwen turns and sees what Cecily spotted: The Butcher Shop. She pushes Mrs. Abramowitz toward Judy. Flora runs out to retrieve her, pulls her toward the back.

FLORA

Come on!

But Gwen follows Cecily to the butcher shop just as-

Rosa pushes her father down and they ROLL under the bus-

And the bus ROCKS with impact as the Anchorite hits it from the alleyway, punches right into the bus's interior.

CUT TO:

INT. BUTCHER SHOP-NIGHT

Cecily and Gwen tumble inside the dark shop. A small sign at the front reads "Have you registered for your meat ration?" In front of them: A countertop with a scale and a cash register. They run past it and to the back.

It's small but clean: A room of sinks, countertops, meat slicers. A big steel door in the back: A walk-in freezer.

CECILY

There!

She points to stairs leading up to a second floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDER THE BUS-NIGHT.

Close on Rosa and Mr. Abramowitz. They're huddled as far under the bus as they can get.

A clawed arm reaches under, swiping, grazing Rosa's sleeve-

INT. JUDY-NIGHT

Flora struggles to keep Mrs. Abramowitz from going back out.

MRS. ABRAMOWITZ

Rosa! Lev!

Ada runs up out of the darkness, out of breath. Flora flings the door open and pulls her inside, sick with relief.

ADA

Where are they!?!

Flora points through the window at the rocking, shaking bus.

EXT. UNDER THE BUS-NIGHT

Close on Rosa's face as the floor of the bus above her sinks and CREAKS under its weight.

He claws at the floor of the bus, pulls up a panel-

Rosa rolls and grabs a piece of ripped-off bus siding-

And turns just in time to use it as a shield, the only thing between her body and the Anchorite's hands.

Beside her, her father has lost consciousness. Rosa screws her eyes shut and holds up the siding, tiny and unmatched as it claws at her shield.

CUT TO:

INT. BUTCHER SHOP, UPSTAIRS FLAT-NIGHT

A small, empty one-bedroom flat. Cecily and Gwen dash through a darkened kitchen, into a hallway, peering into the rooms.

GWEN

She said it's in a wardrobe-

CECILY

Here!

They run into a cramped bedroom with a wardrobe in one corner. Cecily FLINGS the door open and rummages through.

CECILY

Come on, come on-

From outside: Rosa's screams. SCRAPE of claws on metal.

GWEN

Oh, God, oh God-

CECILY

Got it!

She hauls a Mauser out of the wardrobe. Fumbles around on the top shelf and pulls out a box of ammunition.

CECILY

Looks like he's kept it in good shape.
God bless men with their silly bloody
war trophies.

They run back through the flat. As they go:

GWEN

Do you know how to use that thing?

CECILY

Yes.

She doesn't elaborate, but we can tell there's a story there.

Back downstairs.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDER THE BUS-NIGHT

Rosa clings to the bus siding as the Anchorite tries to pry it up. She's bleeding, exhausted, losing the fight. Tears stream from her eyes.

ROSA

[In Yiddish] Dad! Dad! Wake up!

INT. JUDY-NIGHT

Close on Flora's face. She makes a decision.

FLORA

Ada, driver's seat. Get ready to drive. Cecily and Gwen are in that butcher shop. Pull up in front.

ADA

Flora, what are you doing?

Flora gets out of Judy. Picks up stray piece of wood. It's pitiful, no chance whatsoever of hurting him. She knows it.

CUT TO:

INT. BUTCHER SHOP-NIGHT

Cecily and Gwen peer out the window. Gwen spots Flora start toward the rocking bus.

GWEN

Oh, no.

CECILY

Flora, you bloody idiot.

She chambers a round in the rifle and starts for the door.

Gwen focuses on bus. The faint hint of the Anchorite's head in the shadow. He lifts his head to the sky and SNIFFS.

Gwen turns and looks back at the freezer.

GWEN

Wait!

CUT TO:

EXT. SETTLES STREET-NIGHT

Flora's still moving toward the bus as a piece of raw meat lands right in front of her.

GWEN

Get back, Flora!

She lobbs another piece of meat, runs back inside the shop.

A light breeze. The bus stops moving.

Close on Flora as she gets the plan, runs back to Judy.

Gwen throws one more piece of meat as the bus slowly CREAKS with the Anchorite's cautious movements, and then she's running back into

INT. BUTCHER SHOP-NIGHT

Anchorite's POV: The shop appears empty. In the middle of the floor: A chunk of raw meat.

The Anchorite's view VEERS close to it, but doesn't reach for it. He's wary. Looking for something else. SNIFF.

He moves toward the kitchen.

The walk-in freezer door now hangs open. A skinned, dead sheep hangs from a hook, ready to be butchered.

A bucket of discarded bits, stew meat and blood, has been tipped over and pools on the cooler floor. SNIFF.

We move out of the Anchorite's POV: Behind the freezer door, wedged between it and the wall: Gwen. She clamps a hand to her mouth, tries not to cry.

Crouched beside the counter: Cecily, with her rifle. She watches his shadow against the wall. Waits until the shadow moves into the freezer doorway-

And Cecily stands, aims the rifle, and BANG-

He falls into the freezer-

And Gwen is up and SLAMMING the cooler door-

Bracing her full weight against it-

The Anchorite shrieks in rage-

And Cecily's staggering over and closing the latch just as the weight of its body CRASHES against the metal door.

It holds.

We follow them as they run out of the shop, onto the street, just as Judy pulls up and Rosa is pulling them inside

INT. JUDY-NIGHT

Flora's working on Mr. Abramowitz's leg. Ada drives.

GWEN

Oh, my God!

She throws her arms around Rosa, clings to her.

ROSA

Are you ok?

Gwen sniffs, holds back tears of relief.

GWEN

Yeah.

ADA

Is it following us?

GWEN

No. We locked it in the freezer. And
Cecily shot it.

CECILY

Wouldn't put too much stock in that.
He sounded lively enough when we left.

Judy veers around a corner.

CECILY (CONT'D)

How is he?

FLORA

He's lost a lot of blood, but he'll
recover if we can get this wound
stitched up right away.

Judy breaks free of the neighborhood, *finally* free of these
oppressive brick buildings, turns onto a main road, and-

ADA

Flora?

They all turn to look through the windshield.

Gwen's face falls at the sight.

In front of them, fires glow along the horizon. The arcing
white lights of anti-aircraft tracer rounds firing into the
sky. A haze of hanging over rooftops.

Right in the center: Tower Bridge, straddling the Thames,
surrounded by fire. It looks like they've lost the war.

ADA

I've never seen it like this.

ROSA

But he's got to get to hospital!

FLORA

No. We don't have time, as long as
it'll take us to get through that.
Ada, take us to the station.

Ada nods and spins the wheel. Rosa starts to argue. Flora cuts her off.

FLORA

I've still got my nursing kit, from my
field hospital days. I've stitched up
worse wounds than this. I can help
him, Rosa, I promise.

She touches Rosa's arm. Looks totally confident. We see what a great nurse she must have been. Rosa looks reassured.

ROSA

Ok. [In Yiddish] It's ok, Mum. Flora
can save him.

Mrs. Abramowitz nods, tearful.

From above, we watch Judy speed away down the main road as the horizon burns.

CUT TO:

INT. BUTCHER SHOP-NIGHT

The metal cooler door. It's misshapen, dented from the inside. As we watch another dent appears with a BANG as the Anchorite flings himself against the door.

Another.

BANG.

BANG.

BANG.

And the latch finally SNAPS.

The door CREAKS open.

SMELL.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION-NIGHT

Detective Perkins moves down a hallway, folder in hand. The station is still overcrowded. Perkins sags with exhaustion.

He passes by an empty desk and pauses.

DETECTIVE PERKINS

Did Weatherby and Barton report back?

The SERGEANT shakes his head.

SERGEANT

No, Sir. They went looking into those bodies near Spitalfields.

DETECTIVE PERKINS

Christ. They should have been back ages ago.

He spots another detective across the room.

DETECTIVE PERKINS

MacGregor, you're with me.

DETECTIVE MACGREGOR

The bodies people keep calling about?

DETECTIVE PERKINS

Yeah. Probably nothing, but now we've got to make sure a bomb didn't fall on Barton and Weatherby.

DETECTIVE MACGREGOR nods and grabs his coat. The two men head for the police station doors.

DETECTIVE MACGREGOR

It is odd, isn't it? The worst night of raids so far, and it just happens to be the same night as a lot of random murders?

Close on Perkins' troubled face. Remembering Barton's dumb Nazi saboteur idea. *What if that's not so dumb after all?*

CUT TO:

INT. STATION 32-NIGHT

Gwen leans against one wall, arms folded, like she's cold. She watches the others but is a little apart, processing.

Mr. Abramowitz lies on a bench. Flora works on his leg, suturing with assured, skilled movements. Rosa assists, holding a tray of instruments.

The ack-ack guns and thump of bombs are muffled in the station. The light is bad, just the dim sodium bulbs.

Ada picks up the phone, tries the rotary dial again.

GWEN

Still nothing?

Ada shakes her head. Hangs up.

ADA

We've got power, so it must be a cut phone line. Probably won't have it back until morning, at least.

FLORA

If the lines aren't back up by the time the raid eases up, I'll drive Judy over to the police station. For now, though, we're safest here.

She doesn't look up from her suturing as she says it. At Flora's desk, Cecily has the book out again. She's still translating. Gwen moves closer and looks over her shoulder.

We catch a few scribbled words: *Angel. Sacred rite. Blood.*

Ada paces, smokes. Her hands tremble. She's having a chance to think about what happened to Simon.

ADA

Where'd you learn to shoot? Same place you learned Latin?

We can tell she's just looking for a distraction. Cecily looks up from her work, rubs her eyes.

CECILY

In a way. Papa was always interested in guns and educated children. Both being things bored rich men like showing off to other bored rich men.

ADA

What is it with your parents? You never have a good word to say about them.

Cecily sighs.

CECILY

You know that vile little blackshirt party started up by Lord Haw-Haw and the rest? Before the war?

ADA

No, I never followed politics.

CECILY

Anyway, Papa was one of those. He thought the Nazis were lovely. Probably still does, he's just smart enough to keep quiet these days. Even though the Nazis are beastly to. . .

She's about to say something personal, catches herself.

CECILY (CONT'D)

. . . to all sorts of people, aren't they? Not that he cares. All this bloody mess to fight fascists abroad, and meanwhile we've just decided to forget about the ones here at home.

Cecily tries to sound flippant, but we see the shame in her eyes, see what's been driving her this whole time.

ADA

Hm. Well, we're not our parents. If we were, you'd be a Nazi and I'd be a drunk. I always tell Simon, you better watch out, I. . .

She stops. Her face crumbles. She heads for the bathroom. Gwen starts to follow. Cecily touches her arm.

CECILY

Give her a minute.

GWEN

Do you think she's alright?

CECILY

Would you be?

GWEN

Don't know. I can't imagine.

CECILY

Ada's one tough cookie, as the
Americans like to say.

Gwen nods, bites her lip. Hesitates.

GWEN

Cecily? I think it's me he's after.

CECILY

What do you mean?

GWEN

In the ambulance. He gave Rosa those
awful cuts, but then when he had me in
reach, he just. . . touched my face.
(Pause) And then, a few times, he
just. . . *looked* at me. What do you
think it means?

Cecily frowns. She flips back a few pages in the book, opens
her mouth to say something and-

FLORA

Gwen, we're done here. Can you help us
carry Mr. Abramowitz to my office? He
needs his rest.

GWEN

Of course, Ma'am.

She jumps up to help carry the stretcher. Cecily gets back to
work, translating as fast as she can. We see it in her face:
there's something important, something they need to know.

CUT TO:

EXT. STEPNEY WAY-NIGHT

Back at the Abramowitz building. Perkins and Macgregor wander
through the rubble with blackout candles.

DETECTIVE PERKINS

Weatherby! Barton!

DETECTIVE MACGREGOR

Their car is right back there, so-

Perkins spots something. Frowns. Leans down-
And the light falls on Barton's head.

DETECTIVE MACGREGOR
Oh, God! What the FUCK!?!

Perkins turns away and gags.

DETECTIVE MACGREGOR
A bomb didn't do that. A bomb did NOT-

DETECTIVE PERKINS
-I know. (Pause). Before he left,
Barton was going on about Nazi spies.
Undermining morale from within.

DETECTIVE MACGREGOR
You don't think-

DETECTIVE PERKINS
Why else would someone lure a police
officer into a trap and then
decapitate him?

Macgregor nods. It makes perfect sense.

DETECTIVE PERKINS (CONT'D)
Come on. We've got to find Weatherby,
and then check out the other scenes.

DETECTIVE MACGREGOR
And then we have to talk to that
ambulance crew. Find out what they
know about this.

CUT TO:

INT. STATION 32-NIGHT

Rosa sits near her father's side, watching him. Her mother
has drifted off on another cot. Gwen cracks open the door.

GWEN
Rosa? Your turn.

ROSA
No, I'm fine, they're just scratches-

Flora appears behind Gwen and gives Rosa a stern look.

FLORA

That wasn't a request. Come along.

Rosa follows them out into the main part of the station.

Ada smokes on one end of the room. Cecily still scribbles away at her translation, brow furrowed.

Rosa sits down. Gwen starts cleaning and bandaging.

Close on deep, livid cuts on Rosa's chest. Other wounds on her hands, defensive cuts.

Rosa's hands start trembling as she looks down at herself and starts to process what happened.

ROSA

Didn't even feel any of this happen.

FLORA

I suspect you'll feel it tomorrow.

ROSA

Flora, do you think-

And the lights go out.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND STATION 32-NIGHT

Close view of the fuse box. The wiring is gutted.

We can't see the Anchorite, but we hear his wings RUSTLING in the dark as he moves.

INT. STATION 32-NIGHT

Flora's voice in pitch darkness.

FLORA

Stay calm, it's probably just an outage.

Flora clicks on a flashlight. It's just one narrow beam, landing on Gwen's wide-eyed face.

CECILY

Bloody hell, of all the nights-

GWEN

Shh!

Gwen's up and on her feet. She grabs Cecily and points.

SNIFFING beyond the front door. SCRATCH of nails on the wood.

Ada leaps toward it and turns the deadbolt just as something starts BANGING on the door.

ADA

How the hell did he find us?!?

GWEN

It's me. He followed me.

It's whispered, lost in the noise. Only Rosa hears. She looks at Gwen. Eyes widen. Her hand moves to her pocket, where she put the Mary icon. Pieces starting to click together, but-

FLORA

The garage, come on, while he's still trying the door.

ROSA

Gwen, get the keys!

Gwen starts for the peg on the wall where the keys hang.

The banging suddenly STOPS. Dead silence.

Then CRASH as the blacked-out front window explodes.

Flora's flashlight falls, goes out.

We're left in total darkness with the sound of SNIFFING.

Then, other sounds: Body hitting the metal lockers. Screams. Running as the women scatter in different directions. Doors slam. Darkness lightens just enough for us to see-

INT. GARAGE-NIGHT

Gwen has made it out to the garage. She huddles against the door alone, listening to the others scream.

INT. BACK OFFICE-NIGHT

Flick of a lighter. Cecily's and Flora's faces illuminated. The Anchorite beats at the door.

FLORA

Find something to brace the door!

Flora braces her back to the door.

Cecily struggles to hold the lighter in one hand and push a heavy metal desk with the other, obviously in pain.

Mr. and Mrs. Abramowitz sit up, eyes wide.

CECILY

Where are the others?

MRS. ABRAMOWITZ

Where's Rosa?

Flora and Cecily wrestle the desk against the door.

FLORA

I don't know.

INT. BATHROOM-NIGHT

Darkness. Sound of blackout paper tearing off window. Moonlight reveals Rosa and Ada in a cramped bathroom.

ADA

Can you fit through?

Rosa struggles with the latch. Pushes against the pane.

ROSA

It's painted over. Look for something to pry it open.

The banging down the hall abruptly cuts off. They FREEZE.

Sound of breathing-

Trying not to move-

Staring at each other in terror, then-

BANG against the bathroom door.

Ada shoves her back against it.

ADA

Go! Break the glass, go!

Rosa climbs up on the toilet-

Elbows the window. The pane cracks, doesn't break-

The door splinters, a pale arm PUNCHING through-

Ada screams-

Rosa jumps down-

Grabs the arm-

She and Ada wrestle to keep him away from the latch-

[Rest of scene cuts between office, bathroom, garage]

Office: Rosa and Ada's screams ECHO from across the station.

CECILY

What do we do? Flora!

Flora's frozen. No answers.

Mr. Abramowitz lurches toward the door as though to go out and fight.

Garage: Gwen listens to the screams. The doors splintering.

She looks at the exit. She could run out now.

She opens the door back into the station. Picks up the flashlight that Flora dropped. Clicks it back on.

She's shaking so hard she can barely stand.

All we can really see of her is her face, lit by the orange glow from the flashlight. Terrified, but radiant.

GWEN

Hey! It's me you want, not them.

All noise stops.

Bathroom: Ada and Rosa exchange a horrified look. Ada shakes her head. Both still cling to the arm.

Office:

CECILY

What the hell is she doing?!?

FLORA

Gwen! Get out of here!

Bathroom: The arm pulls out of Ada's grasp, vanishes.

Office: The sound of feet slapping the floor as he runs across the tile, his wings scraping walls.

CECILY

No!

She and Flora wrestle the desk out of the way just as-

-Rosa pulls the bathroom door open, just in time to see-

-Gwen closing her eyes, bracing herself.

ROSA

Gwen!

The Anchorite WHOOSHES past Gwen-

Grabs the back of her collar-

LAUNCHES through the shattered window, pulling her along.

EXT. STATION 32-NIGHT

High angle: The four other women run out of the station after Gwen. The street looks bleak and indifferent around them.

ROSA

(Hysterical, sobbing) Gwen! Gwen!

But she's gone.

Flora catches up and grabs her arm.

FLORA

Rosa! Rosa! Stop!

ROSA

She's gone, she's gone-

Cecily catches up, holding her side. Ada's right behind her.

CECILY

I think she's alive!

FLORA

What do you mean?

CECILY

The book! The book, it's all madness, but it says-

She's frantic, stumbling over her words.

CECILY (CONT'D)

-it's all about making angels. This last part I just translated, I think it means something like, "This chosen one is the father of all other angels, and he will lead the Army of God."

FLORA

Father of all other angels. . . Are you saying he means to make more?

ADA

He's going to do that to Gwen?

CECILY

I think so.

Unspoken: *I hope so. Because otherwise she's dead.*

Rosa's still sobbing, unhinged. She's held it together all night, but this has pushed her over the edge.

ROSA

But he's taken her, she's gone-

FLORA

Exactly! Gone, not dead. He's taken her alive. We'll find her. I promise.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CRYPT-NIGHT

Gwen slowly comes to. Her hands are bound behind her, around a stone pillar. Candlelight flickers. The walls are rough stone, an altar and shelves stacked with old bones. A crypt.

Turning her head, Gwen sees the woman the Anchorite dragged down into the storm drain. She's tied to the same pillar.

GINGER

Don't scream. He's close.

Gwen gasps, trembles, tries to get her fear under control.

GWEN

What does he want?

UNA

Don't know.

Gwen jumps at the voice. Tied to another pillar nearby is a young woman also wearing an ambulance uniform.

GWEN

Una! Where's Beth?

Una lowers her eyes and shakes her head.

Footsteps.

Gwen's POV: The Anchorite's clawed feet as he moves past.

His wingtips dragging along the floor behind. He moves bows before the altar.

We see him clearly for the first time: Marbled white skin. Animalistic face. Broad shoulders, small waist, a brutal caricature of a male body. A twisted idea of an angel.

Gwen notices for the first time: Five bloody organs laid out on the altar. Heart, two lungs, stomach, liver. One candle behind each of the organs. Plus two candles off to each side.

The Anchorite speaks, and Gwen shudders at human speech coming from this creature's mouth. He chants in Latin, presses his hands together, arches his back and tips his face toward the ceiling.

The prayer ends.

He stands and lights the candle on the far right of the altar. The one on Una's side of the room.

He turns and crouches before Gwen. She flinches away from him. He caresses her face, and Gwen braces herself.

He kisses her forehead, chastely. Gwen shudders away, but-

He doesn't hurt her. Instead, he turns and unties Una.

GINGER

What-what are you doing?

GWEN

Leave her alone! You, you. . . beast!

As soon as she's untied, Una tries to make a run for it.

The Anchorite grabs her shirt. He chants in rhythmic Latin.

His clawed hand closes around Una's neck. She kicks.

The Anchorite reaches down with his free hand-

Grabs Gwen's face-

Squeezes her mouth open-

CRUNCH.

Close on Gwen's horrified face as Una dies. Ginger SHRIEKS, panicked. Chanting continues.

Una's blood drips onto Gwen's cheek. Into her mouth. She tries to spit, turn away, but she can't.

Close on Gwen's wide eyes as she gurgles and chokes on blood.

CUT TO:

INT. STATION 32-NIGHT

The women cluster around the desk. The book is open, along with Cecily's notes and a map of the city.

FLORA

Right. What do we know?

CECILY

Well, this part, this goes on for ages about making an angel. A lot of bloody boring theology, I think, but then it gets to the bit about *how*. Once they choose someone, he's sealed up in a kind of cell under a chapel. Look.

Cecily points to the drawing of a human figure in a cell.

ROSA

This doesn't sound like any Christianity I've ever heard of.

CECILY

I don't know. Ever heard of Anchorites? Back in the Middle Ages, monks and nuns used to let themselves be bricked up in a room, in the foundation of a monastery. I think that's what he started out as.

ADA

That thing used to be a *monk*?

CECILY

Maybe. But whatever he starts as, they take the candidate down into a church crypt. It starts with drinking blood, eating the flesh of five sinners, then more blood. I keep thinking about Davies, where there was nothing left. What if he just went into a frenzy because he'd been trapped so long? But the others, he took organs.

Close on Ada's face: realization.

ADA

Except Simon and Barton. Because they got in the way.

FLORA

And for the blood. . . Well, you'd need someone alive, we know he dragged at least one woman underground.

ROSA

And that's all for Gwen.

Ada looks like she's trying to be gentle.

ADA

Rosa. . . She might just be one of the ones sacrificed. For the blood.

ROSA

No. It's her he wants.

She hesitates, face full of crushing guilt. She pulls out the little Virgin Mary painting, unwraps it from a handkerchief.

ROSA

This was down there with him. Who does this remind you of? I had it in my pocket the whole time. It reminded me of her, but I didn't say anything-

FLORA

-no time for that, now. Back to it.
(Pause) How do we find him?

CECILY

He'll be underground. I'd have assumed he'd go back to his crypt, but Gwen said he pulled that girl down into the storm drain outside the bakery, so maybe he's got another spot.

Rosa stares at the map of London, hopeless. It's vast.

ADA

Wait, you said this whole ritual happens in a church crypt, right? Well, he's stayed around the same few streets, hasn't he? Are there any old churches with crypts around here?

Rosa's eyes widen. She points at the map.

ROSA

There used to be a church, somewhere around here. Kids on our street used to tell ghost stories about skeletons in the crypt.

She shakes her head.

ROSA (CONT'D)

But it's all built over now. Don't know how we'd get to a crypt, even if we knew exactly where it was.

Flora frowns at the map. Pauses. Remembers something.

FLORA

Aldgate East Station.

CECILY

What?

FLORA

One of the other dispatchers called earlier, before. She said something about a rumor of someone being attacked at a station. Aldgate East.

Ada taps the map.

ADA

The line runs right along there. Bet the sewers do, as well.

The women all look at each other.

FLORA

That's our best bet for where he is.
And the Tube station is how we'll get
in. (Pause) We'll need more weapons.
Something flammable.

ADA

On it.

She marches out to the garage, full of purpose.

FLORA

The rest of us should search for
anything else we can use.

Cecily and Flora start rummaging through shelves.

MRS. ABRAMOWITZ

Rosa.

Rosa turns and sees her mother standing in the office
doorway, looking stricken. Rosa follows her into the office
and shuts the door. Mr. Abramowitz, leans against the wall.

MRS. ABRAMOWITZ

I heard you. Don't go.

ROSA

I have to, Mama.

MRS. ABRAMOWITZ

No, you don't! I never wanted you to
do this ambulance driving in the first
place, I wanted you to do something
safe, and you wouldn't *listen*-

ROSA

-there are no safe jobs, Mama. Not in
a war. (Pause) Gwen's one of us. We
can't leave her behind. Now, listen.
I'm going to save Gwen, and then I'm
going to stay here in London, and you
and Papa are going to Scotland. It's
my decision, and I'm staying.

She smiles through brave tears. There's a new resolve there,
asserting herself with them for the first time.

MRS. ABRAMOWITZ

No-

MR. ABRAMOWITZ

-yes.

He's terrified for her, but there's pride in his eyes, too.

MR. ABRAMOWITZ (CONT'D)

Look at her, Esther. We couldn't stop
her if we tried.

Mrs. Abramowitz cries but knows he's right. Rosa hugs them
both tight, a moment of acceptance. Then she leaves,
determined.

CUT TO:

INT. JUDY-NIGHT

Up front with Flora and Ada. Flora drives. Ada next to her.
Flora has her big medical bag. She glances at it; hoping it
will be enough to help Gwen, when they find her?

Flora points to a makeshift explosive in Ada's hand, fuses
wrapped around a gas can.

FLORA

Ada, you're certain that will work?

ADA

Oh, yeah. My pal Sadie loves fire.
Taught me all about explosives.

FLORA

(Sigh) After this, we to need to
discuss your taste in acquaintances.

ADA

That's encouraging, Ma'am. That you
think there's an "after".

FLORA

Of course I do.

ADA

Why?

FLORA

Because I can't afford not to.

They're approaching the station. It's the same neighborhood they've been in all night, but now the fires are even worse.

ADA
Should be the next right.

Flora nearly runs into a barricade. A warden runs by with a bucket and hose.

They peer past him and see a building on fire, a group of wardens desperately trying to save it.

ADA
Should we stop? Ask for help?

Flora hesitates; she's tempted. Then she shakes her head.

FLORA
No. A group of women, telling some mad story about a monster, we'd all be sent away. And even if someone believes us, by the time we explain everything. . . We can't take the chance.

Ada nods. Knows Flora's right.

Flora hits the gas.

INT. JUDY, BACK-NIGHT

In the back: Cecily winces and holds her ribs. Rosa notices.

ROSA
You shouldn't even be coming. You'll scarcely be able to run like that.

Cecily gestures to the rifle across her knees.

CECILY
Don't need to if I get a good shot.

ROSA
But-

CECILY
She told me. Before.

Sudden confession. Getting something off her chest.

ROSA

What?

CECILY

Before. She told me it was her the beast was after. And I wasn't quick enough. She put it together before I did. Before either of us did.

She forces a little smile.

CECILY (CONT'D)

If we make it out of this, we'll really have to stop underestimating that girl, won't we?

ROSA

If we make it out. Yeah.

Cecily takes a deep breath. Looks at the floor.

CECILY

Listen. I left a letter for Vera with your parents. They promised to deliver it, but if I don't make it out and you do, I'd rather she get it from you.

ROSA

Of course. (Pause). We all really like her, you know. Vera.

Rosa's voice carries a *hint-hint*; she's not going to spell it out, but she knows. Cecily looks up, eyes wide. She relaxes, like she's been holding a breath and can finally exhale.

CECILY

I'm just. . . I bloody *hate* the idea of this thing killing me before I get to see her again.

Rosa nods. Takes Cecily's hand. Holds it tight.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CRYPT-NIGHT

Gwen's quietly struggling with her ropes while the Anchorite bows before the altar.

He rises suddenly. Lights the second candle, the one behind the human liver. He picks up the liver and turns to Gwen.

We cut back to the altar. We don't see him force-feeding Gwen, just hear the gasping, choking sounds.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALDGATE EAST STATION-NIGHT

The four women approach the taped-off station entrance. It's just a grubby tunnel, almost camouflaged against the storefronts and buildings. The perfect burrow for something to hide in.

The women look horribly ill-equipped. Cecily with her rifle. Ada lugging a makeshift bomb. Rosa and Flora with wrenches and other ambulance maintenance tools tucked into belts.

FLORA

At the first sight of him, Cecily, you fire your weapon. That should give Ada time to light the device.

CECILY

You're certain fire hurts him?

ROSA

I'm sure. It was the only thing that did any good when he attacked Punch.

ADA

Little late to turn back now, anyway.

FLORA

Everyone stay quiet. We need to surprise him to have any chance.

The women all exchange one last look, and then Rosa leads the way down the stairs into the tunnel.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CRYPT-NIGHT

Gwen gasps and gags. The Anchorite stands, obviously having finished feeding her the latest organ. He returns to the altar and starts chanting.

Close on Gwen's face. Her eyes flutter. The sound of his voice is distorted, hallucinatory.

She looks at the Anchorite. We see just the faintest pulsing, like she can see blood moving through his body.

Back on Gwen. She looks up at the rock ceiling. Under the Anchorite's Latin chants, we catch snippets of sounds: WARBLE of a siren, HISS of tires on pavement, human voices.

GINGER

What's happening? Are you hurt?

GWEN

I can hear. . . I can hear *everything*.

The Anchorite stands and lights another candle.

GWEN

Just kill me. I don't want this.

He turns; he seems to understand her on some level, looks devastated. He kneels at her side, gently caresses her face and neck. He moves her red hair so that it spills over one shoulder, just like the Virgin Mary painting.

GWEN

I'm not like you. I won't be.

He rests his forehead against hers, closes his eyes.

It's a loving pose. He's lonely, seeking comfort in her.

Then he swiftly stands.

Unties Ginger.

She screams, knowing what is coming.

He lifts her up.

And he rips off her head.

Gwen SHRIEKS, more in rage than fear.

The Anchorite grabs Gwen's face again.

Close on her eyes: she knows, on some level, what this means. The ritual is almost complete; she knows it.

He moves Ginger's body over Gwen's face. The blood starts to drip over her cheek-

A voice. Something down the tunnel off to the side.

The Anchorite freezes. Listens.

Sets Ginger's headless body down against the altar.

Then he sprints away from Gwen and into the dark.

Close on her hands as she desperately pulls at the knots.

CUT TO:

INT. TUBE STATION-NIGHT

It's rundown, eerie, abandoned. High ceilings with bleak white tiles. Remnants of construction.

DRIP-DRIP-DRIP of water.

Rosa looks up, and we see why this isn't being used as a shelter: part of the ceiling is crumpled, leaking.

ROSA

Which way?

Ada points to the tunnel disappearing past the platform.

ADA

Left.

They climb down off the platform and start down the tunnel.

Damp darkness, badly lit by their lanterns.

Walking in tense silence. Flashes of the women's faces lit by the lanterns, darkness swallowing everything else.

ADA

Look at this.

A ragged, irregular tunnel branches off from the main one.

Air currents whistle through the hole. The women hesitate.

RUSTLING behind them.

Cecily passes her lantern to Rosa and raises her rifle.

Ada struggles with the lighter, hands shaking.

Flicking the lighter once, twice-

Cecily's finger tightening on the trigger-

And a flashlight clicks on.

Rosa squints and holds up her hand to block the beam.

DETECTIVE PERKINS
Right, you're all under arrest.

ADA
What the hell?

Perkins and MacGregor stand, hands near holstered sidearms.

DETECTIVE MACGREGOR
Is that a bomb? I fucking knew it.

FLORA
Detectives, please, we need your help.
There's a girl in trouble-

DETECTIVE PERKINS
Shut your fucking mouth!

He's shaken. Thinking of what he's seen.

DETECTIVE PERKINS (CONT'D)
We just found two officers butchered
in the street, and both of them were
last seen with an ambulance crew. A
crew who now appears to be in
possession of illegal weapons.

CECILY
(Whispering) Quiet, you great lummoX!

DETECTIVE PERKINS
You lower that weapon, young lady.

FLORA
Detectives, we'll explain everything,
but you really must be quiet-

Perkins is shouting now.

DETECTIVE PERKINS
I'm not taking orders from a bloody
spy!

DETECTIVE MACGREGOR
Those calls were just to lure police
officers out, weren't they? So you
could assassinate them, undermine us,
spread fear-

As the arguing continues, Rosa turns to stare at the side tunnel. Pure darkness. A hint of sound under the voices.

Back to Rosa's face, her growing alarm.

A pale flash of motion.

Behind Rosa, Perkins has Cecily's rifle.

Louder sound now, scrabbling against loose rocks.

Perkins grabs Cecily's wrist. Rosa's eyes widen. Flap of wings.

ROSA

Down!

She leaps and knocks Cecily to the ground just as the Anchorite EXPLODES out of the tunnel behind her.

He flies straight for Perkins.

Flings out one arm-

Knocks MacGregor against the wall of the tunnel-

Seizes Perkins-

Sinks his teeth into the man's neck.

Cecily rolls over-

Grabs her rifle-

Fires.

The Anchorite shrieks, drops Perkins' body, and dashes into the darkness of the Tube tunnel, away from the station.

MacGregor lies motionless. Blood pools under his skull.

Flora leans down to retrieve MacGregor's sidearm.

FLORA

We should move. No telling how long
before he comes back.

The women rush into the side tunnel. It's rough, hand-carved, much older than the Tube. Irregular bends and turns.

Light at the end. Glow of candlelight.

ROSA

There!

INT. THE CRYPT-NIGHT

We now see the whole crypt from the Rosa's perspective: Gwen tied to the pillar in the center. The candlelit altar. On every wall, Latin phrases scrawled in blood. Ginger's headless body, reclining against the altar.

Gwen looks half conscious, face smeared with viscera, but she's still trying to free herself.

GWEN

He's coming back. Don't let him finish it. Don't let him change me.

FLORA

He's not going to touch you again.

Flora moves to untie Gwen.

Cecily points her weapon at the tunnel behind them.

SCRABBLING. Rustling. A shriek of rage. Something's coming.

ROSA

Hurry!

Flora gets Gwen untied.

Helps her to her feet.

Ada struggles with the lighter.

Flap of wings, faster now.

CECILY

Ada, come on!

She fires, but we can't tell if it hit.

Ada's lighter catches.

She lights the fuse.

She HURLS the explosive into the tunnel-

It detonates with a FWOOM as the Anchorite appears behind it.

He's FLUNG backwards.

The explosion rattles the room. Dust falls from the ceiling.
Gwen stares into the smoke and dark. Silence.

GWEN

Is he-

The Anchorite's bloody hand shoots out of the darkness and
SEIZES the doorway to the crypt.

He's bloodied. Limping. But FURIOUS.

Cecily struggles to reload.

Gwen catches sight of the other rough, handcarved tunnel, on
the opposite side of the room from where they came.

GWEN

This way!

Flora fires with MacGregor's sidearm as they move.

He ducks back into the darkness.

Gwen and Ada lead. Rosa, Cecily and Flora bring up the rear.
The light fades to just their lanterns as they run.

ADA

Gwen! You know where this goes?

GWEN

No, but he brought me in this way! It
must go to the surface.

More FLAPS and shrieks from the darkness behind them.

They screech to a halt. The tunnel branches right and left.

ROSA

Which way?!?

GWEN

I don't know!

Flora makes a snap decision.

FLORA

Ada, you and Cecily and Rosa go right.
I'll take Gwen to the left. He can't
go both ways. Anyone who makes it to
the surface, make for Judy.

ROSA

Flora-

Behind them, in the lanternlight: The lurch of the Anchorite in the darkness. One wing tattered and broken.

FLORA

Go!

[Rest of scene cuts between left tunnel and right tunnel]

Right: Ada runs in front with the lantern.

Left: Gwen struggles to run as fast as she can.

Right: Cecily moves backwards so she can point her rifle.

Left: Flora turns and aims her weapon, frantic.

Right: Rosa smacks her head against an outcropping, stumbles.

The scream of the Anchorite echoes, distorted. We can't tell if he's in the left or right tunnel.

Each tunnel twists. Bends. Bobbing lanternlight.

Flora and Gwen's tunnel starts tilting up.

GWEN

I feel air moving!

The right tunnel starts tilting down.

ROSA

It's too narrow!

Rosa, Ada, and Cecily dead end. Stone wall. *No way out.*

They turn and stare. Long silence.

CECILY

Ladies, it's been a privilege to serve with you. Truly.

She aims her rifle and waits for the inevitable.

INT. LEFT TUNNEL-NIGHT

Light up and ahead.

GWEN
There's a grate!

The Anchorite's shrieks get louder.
Flora's hand wavers, gun darting back and forth.
Gwen reaches the grate with her fingertips-
Nudges it out of place-
Grips the edge-

GWEN
I think we can get through!
She starts to haul herself up.
Sudden quiet. Gwen freezes, one arm out onto the surface.
And the Anchorite LAUNCHES out of the darkness.
Flora gets off a shot-
Ducks-
He flies over her head-
Flora's gun is knocked to the ground-
Just as Gwen hauls herself up and out of the way-
And he skids past them.

INT. RIGHT TUNNEL-NIGHT

Rosa, Ada, and Cecily hear the gunshot.
They run, realizing he hasn't been following them.

INT. LEFT TUNNEL-NIGHT

From up on the street, Gwen reaches down.
Seizes Flora's hand-
Hauls her up-

Just as the Anchorite's burnt, injured hand shoots out and
tries to grab her. She rolls away from it and looks up to see

EXT. TUBE STATION-NIGHT.

Judy sits parked down the street.

Past Judy, in the background: it's chaos.

Bombs falling. ARP crews running around.

Down the street behind them: ROAR of a building collapsing, a huge cloud of dust kicked off. Fire crews trying to extinguish a burning building on the other side.

The whole night of bombing is culminating in front of them.

Gwen and Flora sprint for the ambulance, just two more running people against the backdrop of fire.

GWEN

Where are the others?

Behind them, the Anchorite scuttles out of the grate and lopes, like an animal, on all fours.

Gwen glances back, sees him. Picks up speed.

Flora gets to the driver's side and opens the door.

INT. JUDY-NIGHT

Flora jumps in, slams the door.

Gwen is almost to the passenger side. She's reaching for the handle-

But the Anchorite LEAPS-

Lands on Judy's hood-

Meets Flora's eye through the windscreen-

Plunges his hand through-

And buries it in her stomach.

Gwen SCREAMS.

It's a fatal wound. We see it in Flora's eyes.

She and the Anchorite stare at each other. They're both dying. He's shot and burned. Breath coming in heaving gasps. She's bleeding out around his claws.

Back on the street, Cecily, Rosa, and Ada climb up.

The Anchorite turns to Gwen, who is still SCREAMING in grief. His expression softens with something like love.

Flora follows his gaze. Meets Gwen's eye. The Anchorite starts to move, to pull his hand out of her.

Flora's eyes fall on her medical bag, sitting on the seat.

The shock fades from her face: Decision.

She grabs the medical bag. Wraps the sturdy strap around the Anchorite's wrist, pinning it to the wheel, trapping it in her stomach. She turns the ambulance key with the other hand.

Floors it, leaving Gwen behind, standing on the street.

The ambulance speeds past rubble, flame, clouds of smoke.

The Anchorite struggles, but he's held by the bag.

Flora lets go of the wheel of the ambulance long enough to grasp the locket around her neck, break the chain.

Gwen follows Judy. Realization: She knows where Flora is headed. She cuts down a side-street, trying to head her off.

EXT. UNDETONATED BOMB SITE-NIGHT

Judy rounds one corner, then another.

Intercut: Gwen darting through alleys and side streets, the others close behind.

Gwen sees the spot ahead, recognizes it: the narrow street. The piles of rubble. Punch, right where they left it.

The undetonated bomb is still buried in the concrete in front of Punch's bumper.

Close on Gwen's face as she runs: *Please don't do it.*

Close on Flora's face as she drives: fear and pain, but also determination. Acceptance. She takes a deep breath.

Tightens her grip on the strap of the bag.

She heads right for Punch.

And right on top of the undetonated bomb.

Close on Flora's face in the second before the bomb goes off. She closes her eyes, at peace.

And BOOM.

Gwen skids to a halt as Judy goes up in a ball of flame.

The Anchorite makes one last attempt to take flight just as Judy hits the bomb. One wing stretches out as he incinerates.

Gwen falls to her knees. The others round the corner and see the fire. Gather around her and hold each other.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. BOMB SITE-EARLY MORNING.

FADE IN ON:

All four surviving women are wrapped in blankets, tended to by another crew. Their faces are exhausted, shocked.

It's quiet. Dawn on the horizon. The night's raids are over.

Another police officer, DETECTIVE PIERCE (thirties, long coat) stands with the crew and takes notes.

DETECTIVE PIERCE

Now, this man who kidnapped you-

GWEN

It wasn't a man. It wasn't human.

Detective Pierce exchanges a tired glance with a patrol officer. They've been through this with her a few times.

DETECTIVE PIERCE

Right, well, did he say anything to you during your time in captivity?

GWEN

Yes. But I don't speak Latin.

DETECTIVE PIERCE

Right. Latin.

CECILY

She's telling the truth. We've got-

He doesn't respond, turns to a patrolman instead.

ADA
Don't bother.

CECILY
But we've got the book, the crypt
where we found him-

ROSA
Ada's right. His body's gone. The rest
doesn't mean anything without it. We
keep going on, all that's going to
happen is we'll get locked up.

As Pierce continues to walk away, a reporter with a press
pass and a camera runs over to him.

REPORTER
Can you tell us what happened here?

As Pierce responds, the crew in the background fades out of
focus. The reporter doesn't even know they're here.

DETECTIVE PIERCE
As far as we can tell, an unidentified
man used the blackout to attack and
kidnap vulnerable young women.

The reporter's eyes light up.

DETECTIVE PIERCE (CONT'D)
Two senior officers managed to rescue
one of the young women, but they were
killed in the process.(Pause) Good
men. I'll see to it they receive a
posthumous commendation.

REPORTER
Of course (Pause). And the killer?

DETECTIVE PIERCE
He managed to get away and hijack a
woman ambulance driver. She must have
driven over the bomb in her panic.

REPORTER
Shame. And what were their names?

DETECTIVE PIERCE
MacGregor and Perkins. You'll write
about them with respect, understood?

REPORTER

Yes, Sir.

Pierce and the reporter go their separate ways.

We refocus on the four women. All stare after the two men. They've been written out of their own story.

ROSA

Come on.

They walk to the barricade and stare at Punch. The burnt ambulance and the women next to it are just one tiny part of the destroyed street. They blend in with shattered buildings, wardens carrying fire hoses, soot-covered people picking their way through the rubble.

No one would look at Punch and see anything other than just another casualty, another night of raids.

CUT TO:

INT. STATION 32-EVENING

The next day. The four women are cleaned up, wearing new uniforms. Battered, but healing. Gwen holds her rosary. They've set up a shrine on the shelves of Flora's locker. Flowers. Pictures of Flora. A candle.

GWEN

No one's ever going to know, are they?
That she was a hero.

ROSA

We'll know.

In the distance, the air raid siren sounds. Everyone stops to listen, looks up at the ceiling.

Cecily turns to Ada.

CECILY

Are you sure you're ready? If you
needed time, after Simon. . .

Ada shakes her head, determined.

ADA

No. I need to be here. It'll help.

The phone rings. They look at each other.

Everyone's eyes settle on Ada. They all know who Flora's successor should be.

Ada takes a deep breath, picks up the phone.

ADA
Auxiliary Ambulance Service, Station
32.

FADE TO BLACK