

BLOODWORK  
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EXT. BRIGHTON BEACH

It's a dark and gloomy morning, officers work around a crime scene of a dead young male. An officer photographs the face, wounds and area around the body. An automobile composed of many spinning mechanisms pulls up. Detective Fletcher steps out of the vehicle and walks toward the crime scene.

FLETCHER

What have we got here today Evans?

Detective Evans walks up to Fletcher and walks along with him.

EVANS

Another body washed up shore.

FLETCHER

Same as the others?

EVANS

Unfortunately, yes. Fifth one this week that washed up shore dead from some sort of infection.

The detectives arrive at the crime scene carefully avoiding tampering it. They put on a face mask and gloves. Fletcher crouches as close as he can to observe the body. Evans pulls out a small device full of complex gears moving to create a beam of light.

EVANS (CONT'D)

Pale skin, putrefaction, subungual hematoma, all the works of the other four. Except this one has a face.

FLETCHER

Now that is curious isn't it? The last four appeared to be mangled by an animal, but what makes this special?

EVANS

This one wasn't planned?

FLETCHER

Correct!

Fletcher gets closer and lifts an eye lid of the body. The eye is yellowed.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)  
This one was a miscalculation. Have we identified this man yet?

Evans looks through a police report.

EVANS  
Thomas Atkins. An independent contractor. His last job was arborium based medical machinery maintenance over at Sitwell's Wonders in London. That doesn't make sense though does it? London is at least an hour or so away.

FLETCHER  
Well done Evans, but we're going to need more than illuminating the obvious. Ask yourself, what do you see here?

EVANS  
Pardon me sir, but I fail to understand what you're trying to tell me. Bloated body? Yellowed sclera?

FLETCHER  
Warm.

EVANS  
Body washed up shore?

FLETCHER  
Warmer.

EVANS  
The fucking face?

FLETCHER  
Cold.

EVANS  
Damn it! Must you all always be so cryptic?

FLETCHER  
The sand Evans. The sand.

Evans looks around the body.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Last I recall, when a body washes up it would end up closer to the shore. But, more importantly if he did manage to be dragged up here the sand would corroborate with this theory.

Evans looks past the corpse where footprints emerge from the shore.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Instead we are left with two possible theories. The body was found and then placed where it lies or-

EVANS

No. No, they were right about you. You're mad.

FLETCHER

Mad? I am the first to learn this much of the case. If doing my job makes me mad then I shall wear it as a badge of honor.

EVANS

You can't possibly think that man moved on his own!

FLETCHER

If this man was not moved then it only leaves us with one other assumption. That he was alive enough to die here.

Fletcher points toward the assumed resting place of the body had it actually washed ashore. The detectives maintain eye contact.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Rather than there.

Fletcher looks down at Thomas' face. Evans follows right after.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

This wasn't planned. This was a miscalculation of our culprit, but not just any mistake. A variable he did not plan on. Of all the dead Johns Mr. Atkins Here still has his face.

The camera closes up on Thomas Atkin's face.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT.LONDON MORGUE

Thomas' body is now on a table held on by welded cuffs on his hands and feet. Dr. Allan Darby takes a tool from a mechanical drawer under the table. Darby examines the corpse with the detectives behind him.

DARBY

A bit of an odd one isn't he? He appears to have gone through putrefaction yet I reckon he's only been submerged for less than a day.

Darby takes a sample into another tool he brings out from inside the table.

DARBY (CONT'D)

Strange he's only been dead for a few hours at most.

Darby looks over a piece of healthy skin.

DARBY (CONT'D)

Hmm...

Darby cut a piece of healthy skin. He places it into the tool he used to analyze the other.

DARBY (CONT'D)

Curious, not all of it is dead yet.

FLETCHER

Well doctor, how can this be?

DARBY

I do not know. This one is very different from the others.

Darby leads the detectives over to his findings on all recent washed up victims.

DARBY (CONT'D)

The other four, as you can see here, all were exsanguinate, infected with some sort of pathogen and disfigured. Mr. Atkins however does not share this.

Darby walks over to Thomas' body and points at the healthy skin.

DARBY (CONT'D)

Atkins has not completely necrotized. Instead, for reasons yet unknown, Mr. Atkins Suffered something far worse. His blood fused with the pathogen and created the fluid you see coming out of his body.

EVANS

So what does this mean?

DARBY

That I do not know.

FLETCHER

Do inform me of what you find doctor.

DARBY

Of course, I shall begin the autopsy as soon as I finish with the rest.

Darby points to a long aisle of occupied cold lockers.

DARBY (CONT'D)

I got my work cut out for me as it is.

FLETCHER

Very well. Well we must get back to our investigation. Thank you for time doctor.

DARBY

It's why I'm here.

The detectives head toward the exit. Fletcher stops and turns around to Darby.

FLETCHER

One last favor Dr. Darby, When you find something call only Evans or I.

DARBY

Something wrong Fletcher?

Fletcher fakes a smile.

FLETCHER

Of course not. Case is very sensitive is all. Took us five Johns to get this far. Wouldn't want a rookie to make a mistake.

Darby stares at Fletcher bewildered.

DARBY

Right.

The detectives exit out of the morgue through the lobby's big double doors. The doors opened by their proximity as steam shoots out and the glow of arborium shines. They step through the doors together.

EXT. STREETS OF LONDON

The detectives walk out into the bustling rainy city of London full carriages made of gears and false horses of steam and gears. The detectives open their umbrellas.

EVANS

So now what?

FLETCHER

Now we go for a drink.

Evans rolls her eyes and follows Fletcher in the rain. Evans presses her foot down on the rainy ground.

MATCH CUT TO:

I/E. PUB IN LONDON

Evans lifts her foot from the rainy ground. The detectives enter the pub. The pub is filled with music and people drinking.

EVANS

And what is the next step of your masterplan now Fletcher?

FLETCHER

We get a drink.

EVANS

Can you just tell me...as your partner...what the plan is!

The pub quiets down and all eyes turn to the detectives.

## PUB PATRONS

Bobbies!

George slams his fist loudly on the counter.

GEORGE

Everyone shut it! They're just  
another patron like the lot of you.

The pub patrons look at Harold and laugh. They continue drinking and talking amongst themselves. The detectives walk to the bar.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Now then, why are you here?

FLETCHER

We're here for a drink good sir.

GEORGE

What can I get ya?

FLETCHER

Just a pint will do.

GEORGE

And you ma'am?

EVANS

I'm quite alright thank you.

George pours a pint for Fletcher and passes it to him. Fletcher drinks.

FLETCHER

This exquisite!

GEORGE

Thank you detective. It's an old family recipe dating back to my great-great-grand father Oswald Cooper. The secret is the blend of spices and herb to give that kick you can't find anywhere else.

FLETCHER

Indeed my good man, it has a rather uniqueness to it. You must have many regulars come for this.

GEORGE

Aye sir, that I do. The blokes in here are more or less them.

FLETCHER

So I guess it goes without saying  
your marvelous brew attracts many  
regular-

Fletcher looks at the drunks behind him. They play drinking  
games and one man passes out.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

-exceptional individuals.

GEORGE

Oh not many but we do get all sorts  
around here. Most fishermen, miners  
and other common folk.

FLETCHER

Doctors? Engineers?

Fletcher drinks.

GEORGE

There was one fella. Sat over  
there.

George points over toward the table Thomas Atkins used to  
sit.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Started coming around about a month  
or so ago. Rather sad bloke, he was  
polite but had a look in him. A  
look that he came here looking to  
forget.

FLETCHER

Have you seen him as of late?

Fletcher drinks.

GEORGE

Can't say I have, not since...last  
Week I believe. He was as I recall  
looking rather sicker than usual.  
Sat at his table and drinking.

FLETCHER

Shame. Well thanks again for the  
pint.

Fletcher pays George in gold. The detectives get up and go  
toward the table Thomas used to occupy. At the table Fletcher  
feels the writings and equations Thomas carved up.

EVANS

These writings. What was Thomas Atkins doing here?

FLETCHER

I do not know. This goes beyond my expertise. What can say is that judging by the placement of these numbers and the crude diagram that these are specification for a mechanism of some sort.

EVANS

Carving up a pub's table for something he never built? Or perhaps something we have yet to uncover.

FLETCHER

He never built it. This isn't a documentation it's a cry for help. The question is why and what this device will do.

EVANS

We learn about this device and we learn what killed Atkins?

FLETCHER

And we prevent a sixth body from appearing. I doubt we will get lucky again like this. Evans take a picture for evidence would you?

Evans pulls out a camera. She stretches it out and touches a button. A dim light ignites and the gears on the camera begin to move. She presses another button and pictures prints out as the camera flashes. She puts the camera away and stores the photos away.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Now we can't just leave this for others to see now can we?

Fletcher pulls out a pocket knife and starts carving the table. Evans stops him.

EVANS

What are you doing?

FLETCHER

Preventing a trail for our culprit to follow.

EVANS

This is vandalism. You are committing a crime.

FLETCHER

Perhaps...

EVANS

I need you to understand. We are officers of her majesty. Not a pair of ruffians above the law.

FLETCHER

Am I killing anyone?

EVANS

No but-

FLETCHER

Ah right then no harm done.

EVANS

That is not the point. We need to bring this in for evidence.

FLETCHER

To who? Headquarters? The same headquarters that refused to let me take a look at the original four upfront? If it wasn't for stupid luck that we were nearby we wouldn't be here.

EVANS

Are you insinuating that commissioner Burton is working against us?

FLETCHER

No, I know he is.

Evans laughs at Fletcher.

EVANS

You're jealous aren't you? That he got promoted to commissioner and you didn't. Is that it?

FLETCHER

Of course not! Don't be absurd to think I would have some childish qualm with Burton. I'm an observer and what I've observed is anything but going by the book.

EVANS  
That's why you told Dr. Darby To  
only contact us?

FLETCHER  
Yes.

EVANS  
Why didn't you tell me before?

FLETCHER  
It wasn't the time.

EVANS  
But now is?

FLETCHER  
No, but I don't have much of a  
choice now do I?

EVANS  
And that's supposed to be ok to  
you? How can we work together if  
you don't tell me anything?

FLETCHER  
I have been doing more than that.  
I've been teaching you. You just  
don't like to use your head. We are  
nothing if we do not possess some  
form of control.

Evans stares at Fletcher.

EVANS  
So what now?

FLETCHER  
Now-

Fletcher feels the engraving of a gear. Close up of his  
fingers moving over the gear engraving.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)  
We find someone who can read this.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. SITWELL'S MEDICAL WONDERS

Medical Engineer student William Morris is drawing the  
designs for a prosthetic arm. Dr. Cornelius Sitwell walks  
into William's lab.

CORNELIUS

William there you are. I've been looking everywhere for you. Now, hurry, hurry. My building is closed for today.

WILLIAM

Of course doctor. I just need one more minute.

CORNELIUS

Enough already you said "five more minutes" already.

WILLIAM

Yes, I know forgive me. I've been working on this arm lately and-

CORNELIUS

Nonsense, you need to mind your body's limits my boy. You've been here too long. Now head on home and mind rest.

William stops writing and drawing. He starts to pack up.

WILLIAM

I suppose you're right. I can always continue tomorrow.

William grabs his stuff and leaves.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Till tomorrow. Goodbye Dr. Sitwell.

CORNELIUS

Take care William.

William walks through the laboratory of a vast array of arborium powered contraptions. The halls filled with steam and faint glow of arborium powering the moving gears. William opens the door and sees Fletcher and Evans.

FLETCHER

Evening son, I am detective Fletcher and this is my partner detective Evans. Is Sitwell present?

WILLIAM

Depends what's the issue detective?

FLETCHER

Issue? No issue. Just a favor.

WILLIAM

Right. Well we just closed for the day so if you'd excuse me.

FLETCHER

Well perhaps you might be able to assist us then.

Fletcher turns his head back to Evans.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

The picture please.

Evans hands Fletcher the picture of the engravings. Fletcher shows them to William. William looks at the photograph with intrigue.

WILLIAM

These are incomplete designs.

William begins to copy the equations and diagrams into his journal.

FLETCHER

Hey! I didn't say you could do that.

WILLIAM

They're out of order and don't make sense. I can decrypt these i think I-

Cornelius walks to the door.

CORNELIUS

William! What are you still doing here? Is that the police?

Cornelius shove William out the door. William closes his journal and leaves.

FLETCHER

Dr.Sitwell, you let that boy walk away with my evidence.

CORNELIUS

Oh come now, William is just a student. He can't put much into practice yet. It's probably just another mental exercise for him that will only stay theoretical.

Cornelius looks at the photograph Fletcher is holding.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)  
Now how can I be of assistance?

Fletcher hands him the photo.

FLETCHER  
We are looking for answers and we believe these markings and drawings hold a clue.

Cornelius examines the photo and smiles.

CORNELIUS  
Why this is utter nonsense. These don't mean a thing. They are random etching of a man who wasn't in their right mind. Where did you get these?

FLETCHER  
That is unimportant. Tell me if these are meaningless then why then did your apprentice believe the markings to be hiding something?

CORNELIUS  
William is a brilliant boy, but often lost in his curiosity. However, these engravings do appear to be out of order but even then...from just looking at these at first glance...no hahaha. Who would actually believe that placing arborium into the subject to be scientifically sound? This one right here-

Cornelius points to a set of specific engravings.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)  
-talk about the "purification" of arborium as if it were drinking water. It's less efficient but powers just as well...that is in theory. This is nonsense who would think of doing this?

FLETCHER  
An old employee of yours, Thomas Atkins.

CORNELIUS  
Thomas? He was on a short term contract for me.

(MORE)

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

I had to fire him only a few weeks.  
The scoundrel kept stealing  
equipment.

FLETCHER

I see. You ever get the equipment  
back?

CORNELIUS

No unfortunately.

FLETCHER

Right, do inform us at this number-

Fletcher hands his personal card to Cornelius.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

-should you learn anything new do  
let me know.

CORNELIUS

Very well then, I must get back to  
closing shop.

FLETCHER

One last thing doctor. Where could  
I find young William?

CORNELIUS

He'll be here in the morning no  
need to interrogate the boy.

FLETCHER

It is imperative that we see him.

CORNELIUS

Well whatever it may be it can  
wait. Now, off you go detectives.  
We are closed for the day.

The detectives exit the building.

EXT.OUTSIDE SITWELL'S MEDICAL WONDERS

The detectives open their umbrellas.

FLETCHER

Great another setback.

EVANS

Can we try it my way now and stick  
to the book?

FLETCHER  
What is it that you have in mind?

EVANS  
We should investigate Atkin's home.

FLETCHER  
No.

EVANS  
Why?

FLETCHER  
Because I said so Evans.

EVANS  
Why are you always so difficult?

FLETCHER  
Because I want results Evans.

Evans walk away heading toward Atkin's home.

EVANS  
It won't hurt. We could learn  
something vital to this  
investigation.

FLETCHER  
You are working off an assumption  
based off what the police tell you  
to do.

Evans continues to go.

EVANS  
It isn't far! Come one!

Fletcher rolls his eyes.

FLETCHER  
I will humor your this once, but  
just so I can prove my point.

Fletcher follows Evans.

EXT. STREETS OF LONDON-LATER

William walks back home through the rainy London weather. He continues to decipher more of the engravings he copied into his journal. A carriage approaches and nearly kills William but he avoids it at the last second.

He moves through the city until he gets inside a bus made of gears, steam and powered by arborium. He continues to decode Thomas' designs in his journal. The bus stops working. It stands still in the middle of the four way.

BUS DRIVER  
Damn machine! Come back!

The bus driver starts fidgeting with the ignition and gear change, but nothing happens. Traffic comes to the four way. A fancy carriage stops very close to the bus. The bus driver pulls out a long microphone.

BUS DRIVER (CONT'D)  
We're planted here! Everyone out,  
unless you want to wait for a  
mechanic!

William gets up.

WILLIAM  
I can fix.

William puts his journal in the pocket of his coat and grabs his things. He walks to the driver.

BUS DRIVER  
I'll be damned. Are you some sort  
of mechanic?

WILLIAM  
No sir, I'm a medical student.

BUS DRIVER  
Alright then, fuck off.

WILLIAM  
May I just look at it! I study  
biomechanical engineering. I've  
fixed automobiles before. These  
machine are not as complex as a  
prosthesis.

William interacts with machinery close to the driver.

BUS DRIVER  
I can't risk having you-

The bus driver notices what William is doing.

BUS DRIVER (CONT'D)  
Hey! Are you deaf boy I said leave  
it-

The lights on the bus turn back on.

BUS DRIVER (CONT'D)  
I'll be damned, you bloody fixed it  
you did.

WILLIAM  
Sorry about that, may I examine the  
front of the vehicle? I've only  
rerouted the power to focus on the  
lights.

BUS DRIVER  
Go ahead.

William walks out and opens the hood of the bus. The fancy carriage door opens and a foot is seen coming out. William takes out tools from his satchel and begins to work on the bus. Edward Dunn approaches William.

EDWARD  
You there. How long will this take  
I have a meeting to attend.

WILLIAM  
I'm not a mechanic, but I can fix  
this.

EDWARD  
I don't think I understood you  
well. How can you fix this if you  
ain't a mechanic?

WILLIAM  
I'm a medical student studying  
arborium based biomechanical  
engineering, but-

William turns a gear and causes a spark that he avoids. His journal falls to the ground and the pencil bookmarking Thomas' designs causes it to open wide to William's last written page. Edward notices and recognizes the designs. Edward picks up the journal.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)  
Machines are my hobby.

EDWARD  
Where did you get this?

Williams tightens a bolt and the bus roars back to life. He cleans up his hands and belongings. Edward stares at William with an ominous look of curiosity and anger.

WILLIAM

It's a puzzle that I...came across.

EDWARD

Where...

WILLIAM

Work. Bobbies came asking for help.

Edward's lips struggle to hold back his anger. Edward regains his composure.

EDWARD

Well, lets hope that they do.  
What's your name?

WILLIAM

Sorry sir, I don't wish to hold you up from your meeting. I should get back home.

EDWARD

Why that can wait. It's not everyday that one meets a prodigy of many talents like you. Please let me take you back home. A man of your talents shouldn't be hanging around such simple folk. My carriage is more appropriate for a man of your caliber.

WILLIAM

I'm quiet alright. I rather enjoy being around the "simple folk". They often have many surprises to them.

EDWARD

Come on brother I insist. Tell you what, you let me repay you for fixing traffic and I'll put a good word in to my father about you. He might just let you have a job as an associate engineer.

WILLIAM

I don't even know who you or your family are.

EDWARD

Look at me. Asking for your name and don't even introduce myself. Name's Edward Dunn. Sorry, Sir Edward Dunn.

(MORE)

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Never quite got used to those honorific you Brits have here. We ain't got much of that back home at the states. So...watcha say?

WILLIAM

Dunn? I don't believe it I just got rejected due to not possessing a degree.

EDWARD

Don't you worry about that my friend. Trust me when I tell you...my father would love for you to join us.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE THE DUNN CARRIAGE

The carriage door opens and William takes a seat. William sits on one side and the Dunn siblings on the other. Annabelle looks at William with curiosity of that of a predator.

EDWARD

Allow me to introduce to you my sis Annabelle. Annabelle this is...

WILLIAM

William...William Morris.

ANNABELLE

Nice to meet you dearie.

WILLIAM

You as well Lady Dunn.

EDWARD

William here is a doctor.

WILLIAM

Student doctor.

EDWARD

Whatever man. Point is sis I think he has a real promising future. So I'm going to holler at dear old dad to give William here a shot. He fixed a bus all by himself you know?

ANNABELLE

My, my, William. Solving problems way out of your field. Quite the talent it is. You must be very popular.

Annabelle leans closer to William.

ANNABELLE (CONT'D)

You must be a very sought after bachelor. Do you have a lover?

Annabelle gets closer.

ANNABELLE (CONT'D)

I'm sure she must be waiting for you.

Annabelle touches Williams forehead with her gloved hands.

ANNABELLE (CONT'D)

Such handsome young man.

William moves away.

WILLIAM

No my lady, I am alone. Just me. Just me.

Annabelle moves back maintaining eye contact and an ominous predatory grin.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Pardon me but...I've never heard of Robert Dunn having children.

EDWARD

We were born in London but raised in the states. We stayed with out mother for sometime. Annie here went back with father when she...fifteen was it? Never really left home much. My mother died few years after that so I went to live with dear old dad. Still go back from time to time. For business only of course. Helps keep the accent in tact.

WILLIAM

I'm sorry for your loss. I don't have parents myself.

EDWARD

Life's short, there's nothing that can be done. Only thing we can do is enjoy the simple comforts in life. Except here, the food was always shit here.

WILLIAM

Perhaps, you just need to look around more. England has lots to offer.

Edward scratches the leather of his seat.

EDWARD

Food is...hard to choose from.

The carriage arrives at William's home.

WILLIAM

Well I should be on my way. It was a pleasure Sir Dunn and Lady Dunn.

EDWARD

William.

Edward opens his coat and gets a pen and stamp. He reaches over to a drawer beneath him and grabs a piece of parchment. Against the closed door on his side Edward writes on the parchment. He finishes and stamps the letter closed with his family crest. He hands it to William.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Tomorrow morning a ferry will leave to bring you to my family's island.

WILLIAM

The refinery? Tomorrow? I'm not prepared.

EDWARD

Well get prepared brother. Once that ship sails the only one allowed after are for our international visitors. So tomorrow morning 8am be on time.

William grabs the letter and the carriage door closes as Edward waves and smiles goodbye. Through Annabelle's window she sees William go toward his home.

ANNABELLE

So he's solved it?

EDWARD

Not yet but he's close. Whatever  
Thomas couldn't finish I'm betting  
he will.

Annabelle licks her lips.

ANNABELLE

Shame. Here I was thinking you  
brought me supper.

EXT. OUTSIDE THOMAS ATKINS' HOME

Detectives Fletcher and Evans walk slowly toward Thomas'  
home.

FLETCHER

This is a mistake.

EVANS

Can't you for once pretend to  
cooperate with others making the  
decisions?

FLETCHER

I would be fine with if you knew  
what you're doing.

EVANS

I beg your pardon?

FLETCHER

We're wasting our time.

EVANS

And why is that?

FLETCHER

Mr. Atkins was hiding something.  
It's only safe to assume that he  
wouldn't be as stupid as to hide it  
in his home.

EVANS

That's a fair point. However,  
Atkins had to have stayed somewhere  
in his last days.

In the distance Fletcher sees the police already made it a  
crime scene. Fletcher grabs Evans and pulls her out of sight.

EVANS (CONT'D)

Fletcher! What are you doing?

FLETCHER

Just as I warned you before.  
Thomas' flat is a lost cause. The  
police are here. Therefore, we only  
have two options: Go in and more  
than likely be refused the right  
inside. Or Thomas' home will not  
provide any new insights.

Fletcher lets go of Evans.

EVANS

Well you don't have to be so rough  
now.

FLETCHER

My apologies.

EVANS

So what do we do now that we can't  
even trust our own team?

FLETCHER

We keep doing what we are. We trust  
only us and no one else.

EVANS

And now?

FLETCHER

You tell me Evans what would you  
do?

EVANS

I would look for clues for Atkin's  
last known base of operations prior  
to his death.

FLETCHER

Think back and reconnect the pieces  
to this puzzle. Remember all the  
information we have uncovered.  
Think like your subject.

Evans ponders for a moment remembering Fletcher's lessons of  
deductive reasoning and the clues the pair had uncovered thus  
far.

EVANS

His alcoholism wouldn't let him  
stay far from the pub.

Evans continues to ponder.

EVANS (CONT'D)

Whatever he was building he would have needed the resources to accomplish it. Judging by the weight of the metal he couldn't have gone far.

FLETCHER

Well done, now. Where.Do.We.Go.

EVANS

He's been living around Sitwell's.

FLETCHER

Correct my friend.

EVANS

You knew this?

FLETCHER

I would've gone there given William was inaccessible at the time, but we had a detour.

EVANS

I'm sorry, you were right.

FLETCHER

It's quite alright this was a great learning opportunity regardless.

Evans looks out on the road toward Sitwell's.

EVANS

Understood. Shall we get going?

FLETCHER

After you.

The detectives head over back to Sitwell's with Evans leading.

EXT. OUTSIDE SITWELL'S MEDICAL WONDERS-NIGHT

The detectives walk up to the building and circle around.

EVANS

You think he's here still?

FLETCHER

Who? Sitwell? I am uncertain. He was in a hurry to leave but I do not know.

EVANS

Are we going to be breaking in then?

Fletcher smiles.

FLETCHER

What happened to by the book?

EVANS

The situation demands...adaptability.

FLETCHER

Well said Evans. Well said. However, it wouldn't be wise.

EVANS

I was only joking. Atkins wouldn't have had access inside at this time. There would have been a report of a break-in if he did get inside. It's Sitwell didn't trust that man enough to give him a key.

The detectives end up in an alley way behind Sitwell's.

EVANS (CONT'D)

No Atkins was craftier than the use of brute force, May have been losing his minds but that's besides the point.

Fletcher feels around the area for clues.

FLETCHER

He was an engineer. His life was dedicated to creating one complex mechanism after another.

Evans looks at a sewage grate that seemed out of place.

EVANS

Fletcher. Come look at this.

Fletcher walks to Evans. Evans crouches and puts her ear toward he grate.

EVANS (CONT'D)

There's no water running here.

FLETCHER

Because this street was one of the last to be renovated with a brand new sewage system. This should have been closed off though.

EVANS

Unless this was a private system for Sitwell.

Fletcher stares at the grate.

FLETCHER

What would have driven you Mr. Atkins to live out your days with vermin?

The detectives pry open the grate. A cloud of dust explodes in their face. They get inside.

INT. BENEATH SITWELL'S MEDICAL WONDERS

Evans falls inside on her rear. Fletcher climbs down via a ladder.

EVANS

Really? You couldn't have warned me?

FLETCHER

You should have seen it. It was pretty obvious. What kind of sewer entrance has no ladder?

Evans pulls out a small device and illuminates the area. A vast array of drawings and designs of machinery and human anatomy.

EVANS

Dear God.

FLETCHER

God didn't do this Evans. Man did.

Fletcher turns on his own illuminating device. More drawings can be seen around the area along with prototype humanoid looking machines. Evans stares in horror at a table full of blood and prosthetics.

EVANS

No, this was the work of a demon.

Both detectives cover their nose and mouth with their handkerchiefs.

INT.BENEATH SITWELL'S MEDICAL WONDERS

Fletcher looks over the research papers Thomas had written.

FLETCHER

"Take the exhaust tube and replace the aorta. Insert processed liquid arborium into the vessel's new system."

Fletcher moves around the papers analyzing them.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Atkins had found new properties to arborium use. If this is correct then he could use it as a sort of power supply for the human body.

EVANS

It would explain the overexposure present in the 5 bodies. So he was experimenting on them.

FLETCHER

We don't know that yet. We don't even know why he chose that pub to leave his secrets in.

Evans rummages through the papers and belongings. She sees a parchment paper with an insignia of the family Dunn.

EVANS

But we know who employed him after his contract with Sitwell. Or rather during the end of that contract.

Evans hands the letter over to Fletcher. Fletcher examines it.

FLETCHER

Well Evans we have our next move.

EVANS

How will we get there? The last ferry to the Dunn's island is off limits to anyone not part of the upcoming annual meeting held there.

FLETCHER

We already have our ticket. It just needs some-

Fletcher looks over at the letter. The camera zooms in on the Dunn family crest.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. DOCK NEAR THE COAST OF ENGLAND

The camera zooms out showing William holding his letter. William approaches the dock full with other people waiting. He approaches one of them grabs their shoulder.

WILLIAM

Excuse me sir are these people here waiting to board the ferry to the Dunn family estate?

RANDOM INVITEE

Why yes. Aren't you excited? Were you chosen as well?

WILLIAM

Yes, rather last minute.

RANDOM INVITEE

Well they'll be here any minute. Can you imagine the chance to work with technology Craft by Sir Robert Dunn himself?

WILLIAM

If it gets here I don't see anything out in the distance.

RANDOM INVITEE

You're in for something amazing friend.

Suddenly a massive vessel comes from out of the water splashing the crowd of people closest to it. William and the random invitee move out of the way. The vessel pauses momentarily before a hatch opens and a floor lifts. Sir Edward and a crew of men wearing suits covering their entire body appear. Two crewmates bring a portable microphone and speaker to Edward.

EDWARD

Greetings ladies and gentlemen!  
Those of you here have been chosen  
to become part of history!

(MORE)

## EDWARD (CONT'D)

Together! We shall change the  
course of human history! Together  
we shall bring Britain to a new  
age! So without further adieu!  
Welcome!

Another gate on the vessel opens and a walkway connects it to the dock. The crowd of people rush in, including an excited William. As the crowd thins the detectives Fletcher and Evans can be seen disguised to blend with the crowd of scientists and engineers.

## FLETCHER

Here we go Evans. Once we're inside  
we mustn't separate from each other  
at no point no matter what the  
intrigue could be. We work as one.  
As partners.

Evans smiles. Fletcher shows the forged letter to the crew member and they board the vessel.

## WIDE SHOT

The camera zooms out to show the boarding of the vessel.

## CREDITS

## INT.POST-CREDITS BOUNUS SCENE-LONDON MORGUE-THE NIGHT BEFORE

Darby turns on a record player and brings out Thomas Atkins' body. He places it on a table, grabs a scalpel and attempts to cut an incision into Atkins. The scalpel breaks mid way.

## DARBY

My word. You're hiding something  
here.

Darby brings out a saw but it too wont cut.

## DARBY (CONT'D)

You've got quite a story to tell  
don't you?

Darby cuts around Atkins' chest and reveals biomechanical machinery beneath his skins totally replaced his vitals. Darby's saw's arborium core glows and rattles. The core bursts out of the saw and into an opening in Atkins chest. Gears turn and steam shoots. Atkins jumps to life and gasps a breathe of life. Darby screams. Atkins grabs Darby and tosses him, knocking him out. Atkins slowly walks out stumbling as he walks.

