

Psychonatural

Script Written by

K. W. W. P. Rolph

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INT. CANDLE-LIT INN - Night

Wet from the STORM, CLERIC stumbled into the inn, he removed his trench coat and approached the INNKEEPER; none cared for his entry.

CLERIC

My driver and I each need a room for the night and a meal before we rest, would that be possible?

She *POURS* cider into a steel bierstein haphazardly.

INNKEEPER

I'll ready your rooms and tell the chef to cook two bowls of tomato soup for you and your driver, that'll warm your bones, our ask is three pounds a night.

CLERIC

Both welcome and needed, I thank you kindly.

The DOOR *SLAMS* behind THEODORE as he enters unapologetic of all the *NOISE*.

THEODORE

There you are lad! Right where I want you to be!

CLERIC

I've asked a meal to be cooked for each of us, I trust you wish to eat?

THEODORE

Oh yes! Let us sit down at a table then! I'm sorry, Thomas did inform me of your name, Cleric, no? It's gone rather blurry since we began our little trip.

CLERIC

Cleric Celait. You know my name, yet my cousin neglected to inform me of yours.

THEODORE

Theodore Davenport, young Sir. I am sure he shan't forget again.

The INNKEEPER *PLACES* the cider filled jug & plate of steaming gammon on the table.

THEODORE

Let's tuck in, we've got ourselves a long journey tomorrow, furthermore, I'm starving!

THEODORE *LAUGHS* as he begins to *EAT*.

CLERIC goes to speak, but soon also starts to eat after *grabbing* his *cutlery*.

THEODORE speaks as he *CHEWS* the tender meat.

THEODORE

Say, Mr. Celait, this manor, your cousin, did he ever take you there before? Placing it 'somewhere in the middle of nowhere' would be an understatement.

CLERIC

Never, actually he only ever spoke of the place upon my asking for a new Stenographer placement.

THEODORE

Stenographer? You'll have to pardon me again, I'm none too sure what that is.

CLERIC

It's not your everyday occupation, no pardon necessary also.

THEODORE

Care to enlighten an old man? Never too late for new knowledge, aye.

CLERIC

Of course, a stenographer is the transcriber within a court-room...

THEODORE *CHOKES* on his food for a moment before *LAUGHING*.

THEODORE

Ur... Transcribe...?

CLERIC

To transcribe is the act of documenting dialogue.

THEODORE

OH right! So you'll be writing down what's said within the court session.

CLERIC
Precisely!

THEODORE
I would not wish to do so.

PAUSE.

CLERIC
Why so?

THEODORE
Something my dear old mother taught me as a young
one: you become the company you keep.

CLERIC
I'm afraid I cannot quite follow.

THEODORE speaks as he CHEWS his food.

THEODORE
What with you being in the presence of criminals
in such a consistent way...

CLERIC
Sir... I, well... I suppose-

THEODORE CHUCKLES warmly.

THEODORE
I'm only joking, lad.

FADE OUT

INT. INN - MORNING

BIRDSONG harrows morning.

CLERIC reached the final step on his way down a RICKETY STAIRCASE as the now INNKEEPER BARGES through the main door.

INNKEEPER

'E just went to feed the 'orses this morning and someone must have attacked him, probably thinking 'e had coin. I found 'im in the stable bleeding from the 'ead about an 'our ago.

CLERIC becomes FLUSTERED.

CLERIC

Who's been attacked, not Theodore?

The INNKEEPER *hums* in affirmation.

INNKEEPER

E's unconscious but the doctor said e's breathing all fine. 'E said his wound is not as serious as 'e thought upon first sight so 'e should be okay within the next few days. That Dr. Cain said me 'e said, to tell you as soon as I could to send for you, 'e's in one of the cottages just up the road, lucky for me the local Inspector was close by and 'eard my shouts for 'elp.

CLERIC mutters a moment before *GRABBING* his *COAT* and *HASTILY EXITS* the inn; door *SLAMMING* after.

The INNKEEPER's stifled sob turns to *LAUGHTER*.

FADE OUT

EXT - VALLEY - OUTSIDE DR. CAIN'S PRAXIS

Two young women sit on a bench awaiting CLERIC as he approaches the praxis.

ISABELL

Why are you in such a hurry, then?

CLERIC

I'm trying to find Dr. Cain, do you know where he might be?

ROSA

Why Sir it seems you've succeeded, you wouldn't be one Mr. Cleric Celait, would you?

ISABELL

We're Dr. Cain's apprentices, lucky you came as quick as you did, we've been made to watch out for someone like you, my name's Isabell.

ROSA

And I would be Rosa, how do you do?

CLERIC

Honestly, not so well, I am worried for Theodore.

ROSA

There's no need to panic, sir. Dr. Cain has him within his more than capable care.

ISABELL

Though let us bring you to him, I'm sure he wishes to see you.

CLERIC

Yes, please, I thank you.

CLERIC takes to the *PATHWAY*.

FADE OUT

INT DR. CAIN'S PRAXIS - RECEPTION

ALL THREE *STEP* into the RECEPTION WAITING ROOM.

From behind a stained glass window that separated the waiting room and the entrance fleur, moved a broad-shouldered, tall figure.

The *DOORS creak open.*

DR. CAIN

Ah! My two finches found their mouse.

CLERIC

Mouse?

ROSA

He's here to see the big man who was hurt this morning.

DR. CAIN

But of course, Mr. Celait, right this way, if you would follow me.

CLERIC clears his throat.

CLERIC

Very well, Sir.

DR. CAIN

Come along, Alexander will want to speak with you.

CLERIC

Who is Alexander?

The *WOOD CREAKS* as they enter the neighboring examination room.

ALEXANDER

I am the local Inspector. A pleasure to meet you.
Alexander Lucious Whilts, are you the stenographer?

ALEXANDER walks over to a now conscious THEODORE with his notepad in hand; He's glad to begin.

CLERIC

Indeed I am, Sir.

ALEXANDER

Well met. As you can see, there's no need to panic, Theodore is in good shape.

THEODORE

Fit as me own horses, I am.

THEODORE let's out a *GROAN*.

CLERIC

You have you me fooled.

FLOORBOARDS CREAK under pressure.

ALEXANDER

Did you see anything at all of your attacker? It would be a great help, this village has a very small population which hopefully means there will be fewer questions to ask before we have him.

THEODORE

Honestly, inspector, I saw nothing. One moment I had finished feeding 'ol Maverick, the next minute I was on the floor looking up at the ceiling. Whoever it was knew how to be quiet.

After quickly noting down the details ALEXANDER *CLOSES* his notepad, *packs* it away, and grabs his *COAT*.

CLERIC

Theodore, are you going to be okay? I can hardly fathom that this has happened to you.

THEODORE

I'm fine lad, I'm sure you're worried about your arrival, don't worry. We'll get there by nightfall, they're expecting us-

THEODORE lets out a *SIGH*; *GRITTING* his *TEETH* as he tries to move.

DR. CAIN

Yes, they're expecting you Mr. Celait, but I'm afraid that you, Theodore, are in no condition to

be going anywhere anytime, and won't be for quite a while, I suspect.

ALEXANDER

I understand you are expected at Dalmra manor for the court-hearing tomorrow? I shudder to think what it feels like to be in the same room as that man, if you can indeed call him a man, he should hang, I say. Yet, we do not really do that thing anymore; we keep it inside the walls of the prison.

DR. CAIN *CHUCKLES* as he *RE-BANDAGES* THEODORE's head.

ALEXANDER

Can you please sign this Witness To Injury document Dr. Cain?

The *PAPER* is *HANDED* to CAIN; quickly *SIGNED* without thought.

ALEXANDER

Though it seems you have luck Mr. Celait, did you not have business at the manor two days from now Dr. Cain?

DR. CAIN

Correct Alexander, I do indeed. Mr. Celait, I happen to have a private consultation at the manor in two days, as it's looking like I'm your only way there, I can simply go early and take you along. All men must work after all, and two days early to me is better than even one hour late for you.

CLERIC

That would be greatly, greatly appreciated, thank you; I hope I will not be too much of a burden.

CLERIC is audibly *ELATED* as DR. CAIN begins *PACKING* a hold-all with *TOOLS*.

DR. CAIN

On the contrary, I hope you are somewhat of a burden, I find it to be a far more interesting affair.

CAIN *LAUGHS* alongside ALEXANDER.

The inspector addresses CLERIC in a jovial tone.

ALEXANDER

Keep your wits about you while you are there.

CLERIC is taken back by this statement.

CLERIC

Why would I need to do that?

DR. CAIN

Ah it's all just nonsense from housewives with nothing better to do. The Dalmra family seem like such a mysterious group, that is, until you actually converse with them and then you will see they are people just like us, if not they simply like to keep to themselves.

ALEXANDER

Well they don't call it Thee Manor without reason my friend, people of the village as well as the town have heard all types of stories about that place; it's a wonder why they opened it up to Mr. Celait at all.

DR. CAIN

Nonsense Alex, nonsense, now give me a moment, we're already late.

Dr. CAIN checks THEODORE over once more before gesturing to the exit.

ROSA

Ignore him, he's always been wary of that place.

They ALL *EXIT* the praxis.

ISABELL speaks; seemingly lost in thought.

ISABELL

I think Alexander's right to be a tad cautious, I've never liked that place either.

CLERIC

Will you be joining us?

DR. CAIN

I'm afraid not.

ROSA

He's right Cleric, we're staying here for a few more days, but we are joining Uncle when our time here is up.

DR. CAIN

Indeed you are my sweet, now come on Cleric, we really must be off, you can't be late for your very first day.

The *DOORS* of a *CAR OPEN* and *CLOSE*, an *ENGINE* awakens; warming up.

DR. CAIN

Shall we?

FADE OUT

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - WINDY AFTERNOON

The CAR BREAKS CREAKED to a HALT upon reaching an incomplete bridge whereby a long haired, burly man tied and twisted rope around a stone pillar. CAIN EXITED the car without a word to CLERIC, however he did follow.

DR. CAIN

Bully me, what happened here?

RAPHAEL

Modernisation, old man.

DR. CAIN

And a young lad like yourself would of course know all about modernization.

CAIN RAISES his arms.

DR. CAIN (laughing)

Raphael, my boy!

They HUG one another as if they were family.

RAPHAEL (affectionately)

The old bridge was fit to collapse any day, the new bridge will not only be a work of my own most focused art, it will be structurally safe for more than a hundred years, dare I say.

The WEATHER returns for the worst as the discussion comes to an end; THUNDER ROLLS in.

DR. CAIN

That's a bold claim, so I'll consider it a promise. There's another way to Dalmra manor, is there not?

RAPHAEL

I believe you know of the route, you follow this same path further down and there will be a sudden fork in the road, go left and that will lead into the woods.

LEAVES CRUNCH below RAPHAEL'S feet.

RAPHEAL

Continue until you reach Mere Way lake, which will have a path running alongside it, that will lead you straight.

CAIN *HUMS* in affirmation.

CLERIC

A pleasure to meet you Raphael.

RAPHAEL

The pleasure is all mine, Mr. Celait.

CLERIC

How is it that you know my name Sir, we have never met.

RAPHAEL

Word travels far too fast around these parts. The story of which you are to become a part of is one of which has shocked us all.

CLERIC (confused)

I see.

DR. CAIN

We must be off.

RAPHAEL

Indeed, we do not want you meeting any wolves tonight.

DR. CAIN *LAUGHS*.

DR. CAIN

Not tonight, no.

CLERIC *LAUGHS* nervously.

They *ENTER* the *CAR* and *DRIVE* away.

FADE OUT
EXT. MANOR GATES - EVENING

DR. CAIN
There it is.

DR. CAIN
Eternal blackbird lovers care not for the whims of
others.

CAIN hands a *LETTER* from his *POCKET* to the man.

The *METAL GATES OPEN*.

DANTE
Welcome good Sirs, I'll have your luggage taken
care of momentarily, please follow me. Lady Dalmra
is ready to accept you.

All three follow DANTE into the house.

Their *DISCORDED FOOTSTEPS* on the *STONE* pathway are
a warming addition to the *SLOW CHIRPING CRICKETS*
of whom no doubt number beyond measure.

The *DOOR-HANDLE EMITS* a *LOW-RUMBLE* in its use.

The *DOORS-OPEN*.

DR. CAIN *CHUCKLES* joyously.

CLERIC lets out an awe-inspired *GASP*.

CUT TO

**INT. HEAVILY DECORATED 18TH CENTURY-MANOR
RECEPTION-HALL**

*A tall, slender woman stands at the helm of a
grand golden duel-staircase. Her face is wrinkled
around the eyes and mouth, yet still retains its
youthful beauty.*

LADY DALMRA
There you are, we started to become worried. Dante
will take care of you during your stay with us. I

assure you he's very capable as is the staff here.

DR. CAIN

My lady, may I say you look wonderful tonight,
it's no myth that you are certainly the finest of
wines.

LADY DALMRA

You're too kind doctor, yet it is far too late in
the night for formal pleasantries.

*She descends the stairs, still retaining her
elegance and charm. As she reaches the bottom of
the stairs she looks to CLERIC.*

LADY DALMRA

You must be the writer Thomas spoke so highly of.
Welcome to Dalmra Manor, I am the proprietor of
this beautiful establishment; Eva Dalmra.

DANTE heads for the stairs, CAIN swiftly follows.

*The walls were adorned with vibrant oil paintings,
of which varied wildly in expression. Some pieces
were so strikingly unique Cleric could not help
but to gaze into them. One painting stood out in
particular; a painting of a crimson tree.*

CLERIC

This house is fascinating, Lady Dalmra.

LADY DALMRA

I thank you, feel free to use all the house
offers, you are our guest. Dante is the head
housekeeper although we employ three other
housekeepers, if you need anything simply ask.

CLERIC

Thank you, I shall get to my room.

LADY DALMRA

I bid you goodnight, may you sleep well.

CUT TO

INT. THE MANOR - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

CLERIC catches up to them at the top of the STAIRCASE; the STORM BREAKS OUT again.

DANTE

Will you both be joining us for the October ball
Sir?

DR. CAIN

I would certainly hope so, maybe even our new
guest Cleric may wish to make an attendance?

CLERIC

I'm not too sure I will still be here by then, I
am sorry, but I will think about it some more,
thank you.

CAIN LAUGHS.

DR. CAIN (LAUGHING)

We'll keep you here yet, just you wait and see.

Their voices DIM as DANTE escorts CAIN away.

CLERIC'S DOOR OPENS, he enters.

*CLERIC wandered around the room for a moment
before removing his clothing. Soon thereafter he
tucked himself into bed wrapping the bedding
around himself tightly as he prepared to sleep.
Yet he could not, he left the bed and sat down at
what now would be his desk. He pulled what seemed
to be a thin pen from inside its draws, and began
to write.*

(THUNDER) FADE OUT

EXT. MANOR HALL - SUNRISE

CAIN calmly *DESCENDS* the *STAIRWAY* to CLERIC.

DR. CAIN (CONT.)

Nature is such a beautifully destructive power. It's patience will allow weakness to grow stronger and her wrath will destroy that very same weakness without a second thought. We should be off soon.

CLERIC

Would that mean you'll be taking me today?

They carry on *WALKING*.

DR. CAIN

Well who do you suppose is taking you to the town, if not the doctor you met yesterday?

CLERIC

Do you and Lady Dalmra know each other well? Also, last night, in the storm, I saw a car leaving the manor. One arrived just as soon as the other had parked, why would someone come at such a time?

DR. CAIN

Well to the latter question, it's not uncommon for people to arrive at such a place at strange hours, and to those Lady Dalmra holds dear to her, well they are welcome whenever they please. To the former, well, I shall tell you another time, one horror will be enough for now.

FADE OUT

INT. COURTROOM - MORNING

All are SEATED now, awaiting the judge's entrance.

WHISPERS from the CROWD echo in the court.

CAIN sits as part of the jury while CLERIC sits beside the judge's empty chair.

Whispers from the jury and the sitting spectators grow LOUDER.

DMITRI entered in chains; a tall, thin man, he stood silent on a stone pedestal. The JUDGE entered; all stood as he sat himself.

He walked to his seat with a slight limp, keeping the rest of the court standing much longer than they cared for.

NINA

Do yourself a favor and confess you brute! Confess to what you've done and save us the time.

JUDGE

Silence! I will not tolerate such outbursts, please tame your emotions.

The JUDGE shook his head as he examined a piece of paper, presumably the police record.

DMITRI (enraged)

I did not kill your brother! Or any of the others!

JUDGE

Be seated! Why are we to believe you Dimitri? Why are we to believe you are innocent? This is by no means your first offence, why you've been in trouble with the law ever since you were old enough to throw stones. Let us show some civility and speak with our minds, not our hearts.

The accused cleared his throat, preparing to make what he believed to be his final plea; yet his accent betrayed his intellect.

DMITRI

I know that my hands are not the cleanest, but I did not do this, I am not guilty. Everyone must look at those they think they can trust, this city is-

DMITRI's lawyer took the opportunity to cut off DMITRI in mid speech.

DEFENSE

There is talk that the victims were part of a gang your honor! Dimitri had no affiliation with this gang; do you not think this strange? How are we to know another member of this gang did not kill them in some type of feud and not a man who lives nearly fifteen miles away in the outskirts of Brighton?

JUDGE

Talk is nothing. I ask you this one question more Dimitri. If not you, then who? Does this plague of yours have a name for the court today?

DMITRI

I can't say, your honor.

LAUGHS are heard from the *JURY*; they do not believe him at all.

The *JUDGE* *SLAMS* his *WOODEN HAMMER* onto the desk.

JUDGE

Silence!

FADE OUT

INT. COURTHOUSE LOBBY

DR. CAIN and CLERIC approach NINA.

DR. CAIN

Hello Nina, I'm sorry that you're having to go through this ordeal, if there is anything I can do please do say.

NINA

I would like to see the bastard hanged, I know it would not bring Frederick back, yet the thought of that creature still breathing when he so easily and so maliciously took the breath away from the lungs of my brother.

She paused, then her anger returned.

NINA

You must think it evil of me, but Dr. Cain it makes me want to kill him myself.

She walks away with the type of haste that implied she now had something very important to do.

DR. CAIN

I believe a warm meal is awaiting us back at the manor.

CUT TO

INT. CAR

CAR DOORS CLOSE.

DR. CAIN

Something wrong Cleric?

CLERIC

It's nothing really, never mind.

They enter the car.

DR. CAIN

What's on your mind Cleric?

CLERIC

It's just that, well, even though this whole affair seems so straightforward, I find it hard to believe Dmitri murdered those people.

DR. CAIN

I thought as much.

CLERIC

What do you mean?

DR. CAIN

Please do not take any offense Mr. Celait, it is not that you are so easy to read; it is just that I, modesty aside, I'm rather good at telling what a person is thinking.

CLERIC *LAUGHS*.

CLERIC

I did see you talking with the jury; you seemed to have them hanging on your every word.

DR. CAIN

It all comes down to a degree of understanding, empathy is the key I say, would you care for me to explain? I'm sure I can weave a good story for the way back.

CLERIC

Please, do.

DR. CAIN

The morning after my eighth birthday my father, a strong and liberal man, took me to our outhouse and gave me a tutorial on how to skin, gut and cook a rabbit. He rightly believed the art of survival was something to instill within youth at the earliest age possible. After my father slid the hide off of the rabbit, and removed its steaming organs I had an epiphany-

CLERIC

Is it perhaps that you realized we all have to
kill to survive or something of that nature?

DR. CAIN

Ah yes, kill or be killed. While that too is
arguably a great lesson to learn, it was not what
I realized at that point. It would be a few more
years until I knew that particular truth. No, what
I understood was that we are all the same fleshly
machines under our own individual cages of skin,
or hides, if you will. This in turn pushed me to
believe that without what our society makes us,
we're all rabbits, able to be gutted after our
death without our knowledge. Think on this later,
you'll understand soon enough.

(ENGINE START) FADE OUT

INT. CLERIC'S ROOM

CLERIC tosses and turns in *BED* as he dreams.

CLERIC (V.O./CONTINUOUS)

A nightmare, so very detailed and horrific, I attacked her, she was helpless yet still she fought back, who my prey was I did not know. Or at least she tried; her screams pierced my ears, only causing my attacks to grow stronger and with more intention. I pressed on, punching her skull ceaselessly until blood ran red through the cracks of the floorboards, why would I do such a thing! Before I could deliver the final blow, she looked at me in terror, as if forcing me to see the true darkness of my own heart.

CLERIC awakened, greatly disturbed by the nightmare. He threw the covers from the bed and sat bewildered and distraught at his desk.

CLERIC locates his *COURT PAPERS*.

THOMAS (happy)

Are you looking to make that thing an autobiography when you're finally done with it?

CLERIC

Thomas! is that you?

THOMAS

The very same!

CLERIC

My dear cousin, how great it is to see you again!

THOMAS

Let's get on downstairs, Hector is here.

CLERIC

Just need to finish off-

THOMAS

That can wait for now, mate. C'mon!

(LAUGH) FADE OUT

INT. MANOR LIBRARY - LATER THAT DAY

All awaited with anticipation as Hector handed out their scripts; practically frolocking.

HECTOR

Cleric, you will play the role of Vince McVell, a ruthless murderer wanting to extract vengeance onto the beautiful lady Mellisa for her harlotry!

HECTOR spins slowly around the stage floor, wrapping various decorations in purple ribbons, chuckling almost hysterically.

HECTOR

Of whom shall be played by our beautiful Rosa.

HECTOR pulled ROSA closer and wrapped a white ribbon around her neck. He held her chin between his thumb and finger, staring into her eyes as he spoke, she looked onto him with an embarrassed smile.

HECTOR

Her love was too great for one man; she needed many to sate her lust!

ROSA giggles loudly.

HECTOR

Let's begin!

(CLAP) FADE OUT

INTERLUDE

CLERIC (V.O)

12th August. Five days would pass until we would begin to practice for the play. These days were without doubt the most peaceful I have ever had the joy of living through. I had seven days to enjoy the country, the lake, the forest, the manor, and of course its custodians. Dr. Cain is becoming something of a friend to me by now. I fell into a kind of routine whereby upon awakening in the morning, I would ready myself and walk through the grounds. Thereafter I would drink tea with Dr. Cain; we spoke much of his University days. On the third day, as the weather took a turn for the worst, we took it upon ourselves to practice our lines together alongside a number of affluent individuals of which, upon their entering of the castle, all aimed to be Hector's very most dear theatrical associate. One of these associates, Eika Nakamura, a Japanese singer, dressed in threads of alluring crimson silk, a sight I had never seen before, and yet still not as alluring to me as Isabell. I first realised my feelings for her when upon almost stumbling onto her one night in the library I heard her reciting a sonnet from the comfort of the chair. Well, at first all I heard as I opened the surprisingly heavy door to the Library was that which I believed to be French. She heard the door of course, yet she was not frightened by this moonlit disturbance and greeted me with a smile. Though, I could not really speak to her; something about her silence soothed me. I merely took what I came for; a copy of Rodney Rudolph's 'I Rose Gently', a collection of short stories Cain suggested I read and bade her goodnight. That night she would not leave my mind, however I must admit, I did not wish her to.

FADE OUT

INT. THEATRE - BACKSTAGE

CHAMBER MUSIC fills the theatre.

CLERIC (CONT.VO)

Finally though the day came of the performance. The men and the women of the cast had their own separate dressing-rooms, meaning Cain, Thomas, and myself were in a room with six other men. Though there was to be no awkwardness, in the weeks prior we had come to know these men quite well, all deeply committed to their art and happy to give help wherever it was needed. It was soon my time to appear, a large, ornately decorated black curtain loosely hung in my path, black swirls dancing alongside violet roses, it seemed very apt to the nature of the play; something so beautiful. It was time. I stood behind the curtain listening attentively for his cue to enter the stage. I felt calm and comfortable, all dressed up as McVell; who looked not unlike a highwayman with a liking for the fancier things in life. Little did I have until I walk out onto the stage with murderous intent. I crept up to ROSA as she lay asleep in bed. Then, upon being in the perfect position to wrap my hands around her throat, I applied force. As planned, she began to kick and squeal, squirm and scream. I loved it, my heart pumped with vehement power. At around this time it must have become visibly clear to everyone watching from backstage that Rosa was genuinely in danger, yet I could not think, I was mesmerized by the feeling. That was, until I peered into her eyes: full of quaking fear. I loosened my grip and released; panting heavily.

CLERIC RUNS quickly backstage in shame.

CUT TO

INT. BACKSTAGE OF THE THEATRE

CLERIC enters an adjacent dressing room and begins to HYPER-VENTILATE.

DR. CAIN enters shortly after.

DR. CAIN
What the devil is wrong, Cleric?

CLERIC
I.. I.. I.. Don't-

DR. CAIN
You are clearly under a little stage fright. Here,
this should help.

DR CAIN
What are you doing?

CLERIC
I'm changing the conditions in which you faint.

CAIN produced a syringe and without question administered it to CLERIC of whom soon thereafter fell unconscious into CAIN'S arms.

FADE OUT

INTERLUDE Two

CLERIC (CONT. V.O)

As if eviscerating a plague, I felt a sweet sense of justice, followed by a glorious feeling of pride, without thinking I broke out into a murderous laugh, and as if possessed by a demon, I uncontrollably began bludgeoning her face. Intensely gritting my teeth, although the body was already clearly dead, my punishment pressed on. I started to weep with joy. When all life had finally been erased I crumbled to the ground, my tears clouding my sight as I fell into the darkness.

Staggered SCREAMING ECHOS.

FADE OUT

INT. CLERIC'S ROOM - EVENING

ISABELL awakens CLERIC.

CLERIC
Rosa!

ISABELL
No, it is the other one.

CLERIC
Is Rosa okay? Did the play carry on?

ISABELL
Yes, quite adored actually. Even with our
impromptu 'reimagining of true events' in which
McVell escaped after the murder. As to Rosa, well
she's astonished.

CLERIC
Whatever do you mean?

ISABELL
After witnessing your marvelous method acting, of
course.

ISABELL
Is everything alright?

ISABELL places her hand on CLERIC's cheek as she
sits beside him on the bed.

ISABELL
You're a mess Cleric, what happened to you? I
bathed and then came here just in time to hear you
screaming like a poltergeist.

CLERIC struggles to form the words that follow.

CLERIC
I just had a nightmare.

ISABELL scoffs.

ISABELL
Tell me more.

CLERIC

I had terrible nightmares throughout most of my childhood after my parents died, my sister too actually. I would wake up after picturing them there in the house as it burned, so trapped and so helpless. I would peer down from the top bunk to see Rosa curled up and I would know she too had previously dreamed of such dark things.

CLERIC *WEEPS* as ISABELL embraces him.

They *KISS*.

FADE OUT

CUT TO

INT. CLERIC'S ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Sunshine and BIRDSONG greet CLERIC as he awakens.

He turns over to see that ISABELL, wet-haired and wrapped in a lilac towel, is gazing out the window.

CLERIC

You never know who will catch a glimpse of you there like that.

ISABELL

There are none to see me. Dante slid a letter underneath the door at some point this morning saying that the help is to have the weekend free to themselves. As for Thomas and Cain, I believe they are hunting. As for Lady Dalmra.

ISABELL *GIGGLES* at her own formality.

ISABELL

Eva, that's Lady Dalmra's name, you know, Eva. I believe she is viewing a play in the city. I was hoping that perhaps we too could enjoy a day there, what do you think?' Images of my nightmare filled my mind despite her wondrous being. Though as she laid her soft, warm palm on my cheek and

sat on the bed beside me, they began to fade away.

ISABELL

Forget all that you saw last night, a nightmare is just that, a nightmare, nothing else. I hope it is not too much to ask but your journal was open on your novel, can you tell me more about it?

CLERIC

It's titled *Of Thief Of Prophecy*, and so naturally it is the tale of a thief. Of whom stole an artifact from an ancient Roman ruin that according to legend gives the owner all that he desires. After of course a time of immense happiness the curse begins to show itself and all the thief gained he eventually loses; that which was ripe with sweetness turns sour, and the thief turns a new leaf after returning the artifact and proceeds to become an actor, ready to live out the rest of his days in endless peace.

ISABELL places her hands onto CLERIC's face, then *KISSES* him.

CLERIC lounges in bed for a moment, thoroughly taking in the peace of the moment until DR. CAIN enters.

DR. CAIN

It seems Isabell has taken quite a liking to you.

CLERIC

We spent some time together yesterday.

DR. CAIN

Now we should-

They turn in unison to see ISABELL grinning cheerily.

DR. CAIN

Isabell my dear, speak of the devil.

All are polite enough to rise in her presence, and furthermore the embarrassment.

She *MOVED* most casually to CLERIC.

ISABELL

Uncle, Cleric and I will be having brunch in the garden this evening, would you like to join us?

DR. CAIN

I'm afraid not my darling, I have many appointments this afternoon so I must go and make the necessary preparations. You two enjoy yourselves.

CAIN begins to *ROLL* himself a cigarette as CLERIC AND Isabell exit: he *LIGHTS* it.

CAIN LAUGHS to himself.

(SPARK) FADE OUT

INT. A CAFE IN BRIGHTON - CLOUDY

The two of them are sitting comfortably within a corner of the cafe. They have scones and earl grey tea, as well as a great deal of sexual tension.

ISABELL

I had always wished to live in Paris, the romance and marvel of the city is a living legend, but that's a very grand dream, I know.

CLERIC

Only in the sense that like you, it is a beautiful fantasy, yet it is no surprise that something so beautiful can only bring about that of beauty.

ISABELL

You truly are a writer, however did you end up in court?

CLERIC

In honesty, it quite simply happened to be the way events transpired. Believe me when I say I've attempted to write many different stories and even came close to finishing others apart from *Thieves* but the seemingly never ending great-wall-of-writer's-block had always bested me, as it did the Mongolians.

Isabell LAUGHS at CLERIC'S silly joke.

The waiter brought us our coffees and gave the two diners a complimentary smile.

ISABELL

Though you are writing again, do you not perhaps think, as I do, that the manor fueled this?

CLERIC

It certainly has changed me in many ways, but it's more the people I have met. You for example, you have awakened me.

CLERIC

Your uncle too, he's quite the incredible man.

ISABELL giggles again yet soon she ceases eye-contact to sip at her tea.

CLERIC
Why do you laugh?

ISABELL
It's just that I hear that often upon first talking about him, he is quite the character they all usually say, but to my sister and I he's truly like a father and a saviour, despite the fact we call him uncle.

THUNDER cracks open the sky, hail hammers at the windows.

ISABELL
Maybe one day we'll be just as we are now, but on a rooftop enjoying a Summer breeze in Paris.

CLERIC
I will hold you to that.

FADE OUT

INT. CLERIC'S ROOM - SUNNY AFTERNOON

CLERIC and ISABELL sit across from one another on the bed; playing chess. CLERIC was losing horribly.

SILKA, an elderly yet stern-speaking woman, *KNOCKS* before entering the room.

SILKA

As none other is here, will you both be having dinner tonight served here or in the hall?

CLERIC

Is really none-other here? Not even Lady Dalmra or Dante?

SILKA

To my knowledge none have returned from their errands Sir. If one wishes so I could attempt to acquire the whereabouts through telephone?

ISABELL

We'll eat in the hall Silka. Thank you kindly..

ISABELL (worried)

I hope nothing is wrong, not even Rosa is here and there is no note or anything to tell us what could be happening.

CLERIC

Please, worry not sweetheart.

ISABELL

Name me sweetheart again.

CLERIC

Sweetheart, Isabell, beauty of Brighton.

ISABELL

I think I'll take a bath, I believe it will help. You're invited to join me, Mr. Celait.

ISABELL lightly kisses CLERIC's forehead before leaving him to himself.

Before joining Isabell, CLERIC QUICKLY BEGAN to DOCUMENT his day into his journal. Yet, after the writing the date CLERIC simply sat for a moment, alone in the room.

DR. CAIN entered impeccably dressed in a black three-piece suit. He has something held in his hand, it is a newspaper.

To further CLERIC's curiosity, ALEXANDER entered shortly after.

ALEXANDER

Good morning Cleric, I trust you slept well, I'm sure you'll hear of it soon enough so read this, would you?

The headlines of the front-page read:

"KILLER OF 6 FOUND HUNG IN CELL: DEEMED SUICIDE".

Celtic's voice shook with surprise.

CLERIC

Was he not sentenced to death, Dr.?

DR. CAIN

Yes, but not immediately. He was to be incarcerated for a week and then executed. Though it seems the devil would not wait for him. Come with me.

CUT TO

INT. MANOR LIBRARY

CAIN was sitting facing the open-window and had already lit himself a cigarette. He is half-way through it by the time CLERIC enters.

CLERIC

I forgot to ask, what time is it? There are no clocks in this house.

DR. CAIN

Eva, Lady Dalmra, finds clocks to be controlling, I find it to be such a likable quality of her, but yes, it's a quarter past nine.

He breathed in deeply; one can hear the cigarette BURN as the smoke dances in the air.

DR. CAIN

Karma has a very strange way of proving its own existence, does it not?

CAIN seems fixated at the view from the window as he answers.

CLERIC

Yes, I suppose it does. About yesterday Doctor, I-

DR. CAIN

Please Cleric, I insist you say Cain.

CLERIC's takes a *BREATH* and continues.

CLERIC

Cain, I'm trying to say is that you probably believe me to be a greenhorn, one who has hardly heard of such a killer, or suicide, or perhaps even cult killing. If that is what this indeed was. Yet I hope you believe me when I say I have a strong stomach, and a strong heart. All wrongs must be made right, and I'm proud to be a small help in the punishment, even though often I only write for cases of a less intense nature.

DR. CAIN

There is very little as "intense" as the

decapitation and mutilation of two women and four men you mean?'

CLERIC

Why must you joke so? Of course you know more of horror than I. I only wish for you to know that I am no child!

CAIN *RISES* from the *CHAIR*.

DR. CAIN

I'm sorry Cleric, I do not mean to insult you.

CLERIC

It's okay Cain, I am the one to be sorry, it's just I don't like this belittling, it reminds me of my uncle.

DR. CAIN

Your uncle?

CLERIC

Yes, he often watched over me as they were away often, most of my childhood actually, my parents worked as property managers you see and-

ISABELL *ENTERS* the sun-lit library.

ISABELL

Did you read the paper?

DR. CAIN

Yes, we've been talking about it all morning.

ISABELL

Well I say good riddance to him, he was a monster of a man.

DR. CAIN

Shouldn't the servants be doing that?

Three loud THUMPS come from the front door.

ISABELL rushes off to the door.

ISABELL

There are officers at the door asking for you

both.

CLERIC
Both of us?

DR. CAIN
Utter bedlam here isn't it? We should talk more
after, please excuse us a moment Isabell.

All begin to *LEAVE*.

They are *STOPPED* by ALEXANDER, he waits by the
door.

ALEXANDER
Good day gentlemen. Ms. Isabell, you look
wonderful today.

ISABELL
Thank you, Inspector.

ALEXANDER
I merely state the truth. I have come as I must
have a word with these gentlemen.

Isabell
Then I shan't keep you.

Isabell smiles as she *EXITS*.

ALEXANDER
May we take this word to the grounds, it's a
beautiful day.

FADE OUT

EXT. MANOR GROUNDS - BEAUTIFUL SUNNY DAY

ALEXANDER wore a countenance of ambition; obviously this was in regard to the case due to the tone in which ALEXANDER spoke.

The THREE of them made their way down the STONE STEPS and turned left, walking now back alongside the exterior of the house.

Nothing was said until the three of them came to a FOUNTAIN of a wolf.

ALEXANDER

I am sorry for this. If I may confide in you both I believe the station should not be wasting our time with this and be finding that Brighton Dagger everyone's worried about, but nevertheless I must persist.

DR. CAIN

It is no trouble Alexander.

ALEXANDER

Very good. Let me begin with a little story. I know of a time some few years ago in which a man was found with his neck broken at the foot of the south-east clifftops, a popular suicide location I might add, and the police purposely announced that they suspected it was an unfortunate yet fatal accident. The killer, thinking he had got away with it, was caught two days later carelessly drunk in a small pub not more than one town over from here as plenty of witnesses had in secret already given the police his identity.

DR. CAIN

Is this a way of telling us that all is not quite as the newspaper would have us believe? How shocking.

ALEXANDER

We have reason to suspect foul play.

DR. CAIN

This comes as a surprise.

ALEXANDER *CHUCKLED*.

ALEXANDER

Indeed, although it is still looking likely that our Dmitiri did in fact kill himself, so don't alarm yourselves. Now, I must first put a question to you, Mr. Celait.

CLERIC

Of course Inspector.

The inspector searched his coat pockets, finally finding it he held it for all six eyes to see. The device looks much like a silver, double-pointed pen, yet miniature and sharp at its points.

ALEXANDER

While I urge you to remind yourselves that I am indeed an inspector I also would like to apologize for springing this on you. I have two questions for you Mr. Celait. Firstly, do you recognize what this device might be?

CLERIC

I do not recognize it inspector, I'm sorry.

ALEXANDER

No matter Mr. Celait. We have concluded it to have been used as a lock-pick of sorts. Therefore naturally as you might expect, we're interested in finding out how it ended up in Russian friends cell. Secondly, and please know this is just a result of an order from above to question all newcomers to Brighton that have a tie to Dmitri.

DR. CAIN

He was with me Alex.

The INSPECTOR *CHUCKLES* quietly to himself again.

ALEXANDER

Of course you knew what was coming, but I must hear it from Mr. Celait himself.

CLERIC

Since eight o'clock yesterday evening until the present I have been here at the manor. The inspector nods; scribbling the occasional unrecognisable keyword.

ALEXANDER

Wonderful, if you may be so kind as to give me and the doctor time to talk, it would be greatly appreciated.

CLERIC

No problem, I'll just be here.

ALEXANDER

Thank you kindly, Mr. Celait.

ALEXANDER looks around the grounds of the manor, he is clearly very fond of the place.

He nods to both CAIN and to CLERIC before making his way back to the

DR. CAIN

You and Thomas could come with me into town if it takes your liking, the last time I saw him he was tinkering in the wood-room if you'd like to ask him. I am to meet our mutual Inspector friend in his place of work.

CLERIC

That would be great, thank you, I'll go get him.

CUT TO

INT. SUN-LIT WOOD-WORKING ROOM

CLERIC enters to see THOMAS sat on a bench meticulously *LACING* up his *SHOES*.

THOMAS

I heard that the Inspector questioned you. Why did they ask you of all people about the device?

CLERIC

I think they know about Holyhead.

THOMAS *LAUGHS*.

THOMAS

They can't possibly suspect you because of an accident that occurred bloody years ago, could they?

CLERIC

I honestly don't know my friend.

THOMAS

How can they justify the thought of you having something to do with it?

CLERIC

Calm yourself Thom, the only thing they did was ask me if I recognized the device and to account for my whereabouts. The inspector asked nothing more than that.

THOMAS *BREATHS* a sigh of relief.

THOMAS

The same would be done if it were my case I must confess. Alexander is a damn good inspector, though you should know he's like you. He can't control his own curiosity. I suspect he told no one of your little incident a few years ago. You rufian, you!

THOMAS *LAUGHS*.

CLERIC

You really don't believe it will cause me trouble?

THOMAS

No, Cleric, mate. I do not. Just because you had a colorful little altercation does not mean that you're a marked criminal. Alexander will realise.

CLERIC

I hope you're right.

THOMAS

I am! At any rate I wouldn't worry. There's just no sense to it. Come, I'll show you this wonderful city.

CUT TO

EXT. BRIGHTON PIER - MISTY MIDDAY

The two old-friends look out to the ocean from the *PIER*; the sound of *SEAGULLS* dot over the *SEA WAVES*.

THOMAS

He could simply not stop himself, he just went on and on and on about it, to know that for all he went on about it he would never actually write the damn thing is such a pity.

CLERIC

Do you remember Vivian, from our last term?

THOMAS

Would that be the same redheaded Vivian you wrote poems for, and never gave?

CLERIC

The very same, yes. She watched over me when and helped my mother when he took a turn for the worst.

CLERIC

I recall her telling me that she believes he did in fact write the book after all.

THOMAS

How so?

CLERIC

She believed that he sold the book to the highest bidder to pay off the debt he accumulated from the banks to have the foundation of time to write the thing in the first place.

THOMAS

Now if that is not the most bitter story I have ever heard, may I be damned.

CLERIC

It's not such an uncommon tale, you know?

THOMAS

Yes, it is mate. Think for a moment about all the true stories you have not yet heard that don't end in a destitute 'ol man, a heart attack and a bottle of wine.

CLERIC turns to face THOMAS, half smiling.

CLERIC

I see your point, mate.

THOMAS

That's the spirit.

They *WALK* back along the *PIER*, happy to be beside one another.

(OCEAN) FADE OUT

EXT. BRIGHTON CARNIVAL - ALMOST MIDNIGHT

Crowds gather to witness the main-event, a volley of crimson, gold, and violet fireworks scream as they ascend and explode; a spectacle. Baton jugglers flaunt their skills, now changing to knives to up the ante for the crowd.

Isabell surprises CLERIC with a loving hug from behind him. They are at the back of what an onlooker could have titled the Myth Manor Mob. She shields his eyes with her hands and kisses his cheek lightly. DANTE, LADY DALMRA, and CAIN walked at the front of the mob, they shared light conversation on how the town has grown that year until they come across an ally in the street that was away from the heart of the celebrations.

They would have walked right past, or returned back the way they came were it not for THOMAS who stopped: attentively listening to what the rest of them could only guess to be nothing.

THOMAS

I hear something, wait a here a moment will you please.

THOMAS walks with haste into the alley.

CAIN and CLERIC follow him after sharing an impatient and worried look.

A figure struggled on top of another and rose from the ground in what seemed to be fear.

THOMAS sprints to them as that very same figure ran away, CAIN and CLERIC soon follow.

To their shock the figure is that of a woman; gagged, restrained, scared.

When they reach the woman CAIN removes the gag from her mouth.

CITIZEN

It's the Brighton Dagger!

DR. CAIN

Get on after him, I'll look after her.

CAIN demanded CLERIC's advance.

CLERIC nodded to him, paused a moment, then leapt forward, sprinting out of the alley and into the crowd.

He turns to CLERIC just as he is tackled to the ground.

CLERIC does not let doubt enter his mind as he begins his malevolent assault; punching the man mercilessly wherever possible.

The man has little chance to do anything at all to protect himself from CLERIC and his overindulgence of punishment.

POLICEMEN make their way through the CROWD to CLERIC however CLERIC is pulled away by CAIN as he halts the incoming POLICEMEN.

FIREWORKS EXPLODED in a joyous display of color.

FADE OUT

INT. MANOR LIBRARY - EVENING

CLERIC awoke in a daze, to the sight of a smiling CAIN. Who produced a syringe, of what was inside CLERIC knew not, and did not care, not if it would stop his body from the convulsions.

DR. CAIN

Sleep Cleric, your body is not yet over the shock.
Take this, it will help.

CAIN INJECTS *CLERIC*.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

CLERIC AWAKENS slowly.

EIKA and Isabell sat at the foot of the bed while Cain sat at the desk.

The oldest and longest serving maid SILKA stands alongside LADY DALMRA in the doorway with worry etched into her eyebrows.

LADY DALMRA

Calm yourself child, how do you feel?

LADY DALMRA signals to SILKA, who then exits.

CLERIC

I feel okay, but I have a beast of a headache.

DR. CAIN

That'll be due to the medicine I gave you.

CAIN says this as he reassuringly patted CLERIC on the back; the entire arm is bandaged.

CLERIC is startled at the sight of the bandages.

LADY DALMRA

Calm yourself child, you were cut up badly.
Thankfully the doctor was there to tend to it as

fast as he did before you lost too much blood.

CLERIC
What of the woman?

LADY DALMRA
She is safe, and unspeakably thankful to the three
of you.

*With this news CLERIC began to calm down, and it
seemed this calm manifested itself as LADY DALMRA
and CAIN began to leave.*

LADY DALMRA
Allow yourself to recuperate sweetheart, we're
here for you.

*The THUDS upon the front doors shocked CAIN and
CLERIC both as sat down to a late breakfast.*

*SILKA reacted quite calmly to the quaking, as
though she had become numb to such unexpected
happenings.*

*After pouring CLERIC a glass of water she calmly
spoke.*

SILKA
My apologies Mr. Celait but early this morning we
received a telegram from an Inspector who wishes
to speak with you as soon as you can. Before he
left Master Thomas sent a reply saying that he
should speak with you here, or something of that
nature.

CLERIC
Thank you Silka, do you know the nature of his
intentions-

ALEXANDER enters, unaccompanied and yet still
perfectly dressed in his uniform.

ALEXANDER
I need to talk with you, both of you that is.

CLERIC
Regarding what exactly?

ALEXANDER

Regarding last night of course, Earnest Willam, the Brighton Dagger, who died on the way to the hospital, lost too much blood, they say. Though I'm sure I don't need to tell you too much doctor, you were there to see. I've never been one to refuse new information though, even that of which is presumable, so I've come here to get your accounts, if that fits with you gentlemen.

CLERIC

Inspector, does this mean I am to be arrested?

ALEXANDER hands an officer a leather-bound file.

ALEXANDER

We are here to do no such thing Mr. Celait. If we were to arrest you we would also have to arrest nine other men and women as well as justify why Earnest would have not faced the hangman had we caught him, which we would have certainly done sooner or later. Then of course we'd have to overlook you saving the lady, and we just can't do that. In fact the Chief of Police is in talks of giving you a medal.

CLERIC

Who is Earnest?

ALEXANDER

The Dagger.

DR. CAIN

It would be well deserved if indeed it came to fruition.

As he said this he looked to CLERIC as a proud father would his son.

DR. CAIN

Listen Cleric, I know this is hard for you but you did a good deed here, and don't forget that there were other people responsible for his demise.

DR. CAIN

If you had not acted, another innocent woman would have been raped and murdered. She would become

just another line on that monsters tally.

Enter ALEXANDER, an air of uplift follows him as he comes calmly into the library.

Behind him enters a very excited man holding up a newspaper, it is THEODORE.

THEODORE

They say you are a star in the making my lad.

CLERIC

Theodore! How good it is to see you, would you care for a drink?

THEODORE

That would be wonderful, my good man! Now, we must talk about your success. You know, you could be regularly communicating to Paris, New York, Florence, and places emitted only by imagination if this works out, we really must celebrate tonight!

CLERIC

Thank you for coming, it's great to see you, but if you'll all please excuse me for a moment, I must attend to something shortly and I'll be right back.

CERIC exits through the french-doors that lead to the garden.

THOMAS follows CLERIC as he steps out onto the adjoining terrace.

FADE OUT

EXT. LIBRARY TERRACE - NIGHT

CLERIC begins to *BREATH HEAVILY*; his angst building evermore.

THOMAS has follows him; he knows his friend.

CLERIC

This dreaded guilt will not wash away so easily.

CLERIC'S *PANTING* continues as he speaks.

CLERIC

I wanted to run from myself. To remove the memory of what I had done. To remove my hands that had removed life. But I couldn't, I was a coward. I had murdered a man. Blood began to rush far too quickly to my head, my heart was unable to withstand it all.

CLERIC turns to face THOMAS who still wears his ever-caring smile that now held a cigarette.

CLERIC

Would you have me pretend enjoyment?

THOMAS *OPENS* a *CIGARETTE TIN*.

CLERIC *TAKES* one, and so THOMAS having first *LIT* it begins to speak.

THOMAS

Not exactly, it's just that I would have you enjoy this evening instead of have you spend it in Cain's surgery being treated for shock. Now that would make for a most stressful evening, don't you think?

CLERIC *SMIRKS* and shakes his head.

CLERIC

This place, in all its brilliance, mystery, and grandeur have given me more than I could have ever imagined.

THOMAS is *SURPRISED* by the comment.

He inhales smoke once more before placing the cigarette into an ashtray.

CLERIC

Let's get inside then, I do remember you were
never able to out-drink me.

THOMAS *LAUGHS*, nods to CLERIC as a sign of respect, then leads CLERIC back inside.

FADE OUT

INT. CLERIC'S ROOM

CLERIC *WRITES* within his journal.

CLERIC (CONT. VO)

Eighteenth of August 1912 How can I describe my experience? How could I speak of what I have seen and felt? It's amusing really, I ask myself as well as you, my journal. Perhaps someday I will recount every little detail I possibly can. Though it will have to await another day, Isabell and I are to visit the outhouse by the lake on the rim of the forest within the hour. Though I must insist you know this, my journal, I have never been more human, more alive, than I am now. All aspects of preparation fell together perfectly, and so the sun slowly fell as Isabell and I rode atop Amber, a prize-winning Andulucian, without hurry, drinking in all that our senses experienced. Having rained throughout the evening one could smell how the rainwater and the woods mixed together to produce what I considered another jewel in nature's crown.

ISABELL

You're a very sweet man, a romantic through and through.

CLERIC

Because I enjoy that which nature freely offers?

ISABELL

Not just that. It is better in French, they say; vis chaque jour comme si c'était le dernier.

CLERIC

Something in the art of living everyday like it is your last?

ISABELL

Yes, something like that, it's would be much easier to show you.

They *EMBRACE* one another.

FADE OUT

EXT. SMALL OUTHOUSE - NIGHT

CLERIC and ISABELL are enjoying the night air when they near the entrance to the manor's outhouse.

RAPHAEL STARTLES them as he emerges from the outhouse.

RAPHAEL

Calm yourself, nothing to fear here, please come inside and just listen for a moment and then you can prance around all you like. We'd all be lucky if you both were not followed.

ISABELL

What ever do mean Raphael? Followed? Why the devil would we be followed?

CLERIC and Isabell share an jovial laugh.

RAPHAEL

Please just come in!

CLERIC

There's no need to raise your voice, we were headed here anyway.

They all enter the outhouse.

FADE OUT

INT. SMALL OUTHOUSE - NIGHT

RAPHAEL carefully checks the *WINDOWS*.

ROSA

There's nothing near us apart from trees and
flowers Raphael.

She *TURNS* to ISABELL.

CLERIC

What are you both doing here? When I saw Raphael
open the door I thought we were about to be
robbed, or vagrants had began living here. I could
have hurt you.

ROSA places the knife on the table and grips
Isabell by her shoulders as tears run from her
face; ignoring CLERIC.

ROSA

It's true Isabell, it's all true.

After becoming momentary lost in thought, ISABELL
FELL to the ground.

CLERIC barely *CATCHES* her.

CLERIC

Just tell us what the hell is going on here!

RAPHAEL

You need to sit down, we have much to say.

They all *SIT* down at a table.

We HEAR CLERIC as every word said tore his world
apart.

CLERIC (V.O/FLASHBACK)

*Indeed they did. The Lacey sisters began by
telling me of the first time they met Dmitri. It
would be that two months after Rosa turned sixteen
they would come to have talked an officer out of
arresting him after he was caught stealing from a
bread stand and paying for him. A thankful Dmitri*

became smitten with the two of them and would on occasion stalk them as he was far too shy to get within talking distance. Of course the sisters knew almost every time Dmitri was there, they imagined what his life was like and did indeed set out to help him, were it not for the fact that one day Dmitri would stalk them no more, there was no sign of him anywhere. Then they produced a scuffed up letter addressed to Rosa from Dmitri and continued. One day Dimitri built up enough courage to visit them at a house just a few miles away from the manor. Yet Dmitri would not ever visit again, as was his habit, he crept around the side of the house and peered through a small window, but as he moved to secure his footing he did the exact opposite and fell to the ground, or at least what he thought was the ground, until he inhaled. A traumatizing sight that sickened him to the point of genuine regurgitation; he had slid the lid off of a wooden box that housed three severed human heads. Needless to say Dmitri ran far and fast without hesitation. It would be a while before Dmitri could reject this memory, but any child from a broken home; it's not a wonder why; with an already broken future, for Dmitri there was no better distraction from this incident than crime.

ROSA

Yet Cain somehow found out, framed him, put him in a cell, and brought about his death, whether or not it was genuine suicide is no matter at all. Then came even more of the unfathomable. Dimitri warned them of how Cain could have been part of a group of murderers, or at least in partnership with someone else.

CLERIC

What if Dmitri has lied? What if he vanished of his own accord or was imprisoned and this is just his last cruel act?

CLERIC was met with nothing but silence until Raphael placed a sheet of PAPER onto the table.

RAPHAEL

This is a police report I stole from Cain's desk

while he was at the manor. It details the finding of three headless carcasses no less than a week after Dmitri said he was there.

ROSA

Isabell, we have to go through with the plan. We can't let this continue.

RAPHAEL

The early morning will be the best time for it, it has to happen whether or not we all agree on it so we might as well agree.

ISABELL raises her open palm and placed it onto my mine, of which was now to my surprise a clenched fist.

CLERIC

Tell me what I need to do to help.

NINA enters from another room.

NINA

Let me tell you what I know.

FADE OUT

INT. MANOR HALL - AFTERNOON

CLERIC (CONT. V.O)

I reminded myself to trust nothing and tell no one else, to simply follow the plan to the letter.

Dante answers the manor doors to me dressed in informal wear as I thought he would, they were to be heading out just before the clock struck ten in the evening. After idle chatting they all left for a night at the theatre, sadly I could not come due to a headache, which was in fact no lie; no man could go through hearing that which I did and not experience some kind of pain. Though wishing was not enough, the plan would ensure the latter. I had around four hours until they would return, in these four hours I would need to unbar an old fire exit so I could escape without being seen as well as create a kind of drug-cocktail using his own supply. Two hours would disappear quickly, I had just finished preparing the cocktail of which turned out to be a wonderful smelling mixture of rum, gin, vodka, and of course morphine. The Lacey's were well knowledgeable of their uncle despite their unknowing of his dark side; every night he would have, given by one of the staff or himself. I placed the glass carefully onto the desk in his room, making sure nothing else was moved in any way. I then gave myself a moment to breathe in the extremity of the situation. I had come to love him whom this room belonged as if he were a father, and just as soon come to despise him. I was proud to know that it would be I who would bring about the death of him.

FADE OUT

INT. MANOR LIBRARY - LATE EVENING

DR. CAIN

Thank you for the kind thought Cleric, not today.

CLERIC GRABS the GLASS from the table, turns, and throws it at DR. CAIN'S face.

The glass hits onto his face yet that is due to CAIN already being two steps away from CLERIC.

CAIN's fist meets CLERIC's jaw; a knock-out.

CAIN advanced on CLERIC. His steel-toe-capped boots landed directly into CLERIC's forehead.

CAIN

That may have caused some internal bleeding.
However, this certainly will.

CAIN GRABS an umbrella from a rack that CLERIC did not appreciate being rammed into his face.

FADE OUT

INT. MANOR CELLAR

As CLERIC'S eyes were able to focus enough to realise that he was now chained to a water-pipe in one of the many rooms down in the manor's cellar. Dread began to fill him.

DANTE

Good morning Mr. Celait.

As Cleric awakens he saw that Dante hawked over him alongside CAIN, and even EIKA, as did, to CLERIC's heart-wrenching disgust, THOMAS.

CLERIC

Thomas, you did it, didn't you? You murdered your own father, there was no sudden heart attack, why?

THOMAS (grimly)

It had to be done Cleric, we all have chances in our lives to grab that which we desire. Although you would have had it given to you unless we all had not liked you so much. I can see you're not looking at this right Cleric, come on now you are far better than that.

CLERIC SCREAMS in anger and anguish.

DANTE

Never mind Thomas, you have bigger problems.

THOMAS continued as CLERIC sits on the floor; cold and helpless.

THOMAS

Truly cousin I'm just disappointed in you. This is so much greater than my killing my father and ceasing his fortune early. It's about being human, but then becoming more. I have shown you what you can do when you let yourself go free from the restraints of faith, you can become fate. What is fate but the decider of how evil is punished?

CLERIC

What do you mean you have shown me?

THOMAS

How do you think we came to that precise alley in just enough time to stop The Brighton Dagger?

CLERIC

I have been manipulated as if I were a blissfully ignorant puppet.

CLERIC flings his body to and throw in hope of somehow breaking the *CHAINS* that bound him, he could not.

He *SCREAMS* again.

CLERIC

You have made me a murderer!

THOMAS

No my friend, you did that all on your own, as we all hoped you would. Sadly now that's impossible isn't it?

DANTE

Well with all the police now looking for you, you'll either be found all over the forest by breakfast tomorrow at the latest or be arrested.

EIKA giggles with sadistic joy at DANTE's words.

CLERIC became distracted as he finds a note under the stone. He grabs it; carefully hiding his actions. He buried his head to avoid the oncoming highly-pressurized sound of GAS.

EIKA

What is that? I.. I..

All but CLERIC *FALL* unconscious.

The CELLAR-DOOR *CREAKS* as CAIN enters.

DR. CAIN

Well that's enough of all that.

CAIN loomed in front of the cellar, he held a handkerchief to his face and waited until the fog cleared before stepping inside the cellar.

DR. CAIN

Don't worry yourself, they're not dead...

CLERIC

Hold your breath.

CAIN *LAUGHS*.

DR. CAIN

You know I almost forgot to place that note there last night, I had to plan very quickly but as you can see. It all went quite well, wouldn't you say? That little outhouse has no cellar, but it does indeed have a small loft with enough room for a person to comfortably hear the sound of conspiracy.

CLERIC

You had been there in the outhouse the entire time?

CAIN hummed affirmatively.

CLERIC

They stayed there the night. I will not believe that they do not suspect something; they'll find me in no time. And I know everything, so don't bore me with any of the sordid details.

DR. CAIN

So you know everything? So, you also know the manor will be nothing but ashes by morning along with everyone in it.

CLERIC (V.O CONT)

He looked at me with lifeless eyes, then he pulled a long, serrated blade from his boot and to my horror, opened DANTE's throat without a second glance, his eyes beamed at the sight of it all.

CLERIC could only watch as CAIN repeated the act onto EIKA with an equal amount of joyous focus.

CAIN is *BREATHING-HEAVILY* as he speaks.

DR. CAIN (excited)

Yes, I am going to let the place burn. It's worn out its use now, too old to be safe and too grand to bother renewing, plus I think it's a fitting fate for the mysterious manor, don't you think? Ah, I can see the headlines now, 'mystery engulfs: as did the flames that burned the famous myth manor to the ground' how brilliant!

CLERIC *STUTTERS* a reply.

CLERIC

So that's it, that's why you've been murdering people, because they aren't perfect?

DR. CAIN (enraged)

No Cleric! Do not insult me with such disgusting accusations, you have me unbelievably wrong there. I am not so neurotic. Your false image of me forces me to confide, so just listen. I've encountered so much death doing what I do Cleric, so much death that I myself often feel dead inside, and yet when I lay my hands to my chest my heart still beats. A heart-beat is a very beautiful thing Cleric, you of course know that by now.

DR. CAIN (calmly)

The heart reminds us that even though we can move mountains and light up the deepest darkness, we are all still very much so mortal, and it is for that reason and that reason alone that when I feel my heart pounding inside my chest as I do these terrible things, I am more scared than ever. But it is in this terror that I have come to realize my soul awakens, do you understand me, Cleric? It is death that brings me to life. Alas, our time together must soon end, I'm to be leaving the country for a while on business, but if for some reason you should ever get out of this little mess you've got yourself into.

DR. CAIN

Find me if you can, and get your revenge, my

welcomed burden.

CLERIC (shouting)

When I get me out of here I swear I will not rest
until I make you pay for all of this. I wear
torture you until you he reaper to take you to
hell!

He *LAUGHS* at CLERIC.

DR. CAIN

That's the spirit, my boy, but how could you kill
your saviour?

CLERIC

Saviour! You bastard, you are no such thing.

DR. CAIN

You haven't been paying as much attention as I
thought you had. I am the saviour Cleric, and
Thomas, your very own cousin is the man who chose
to damn you with this knowledge, to damn you with
this place. I simply went along with his idea of
bringing another into the pack and as it
transpired, the cub turned out to be quite the
likable little tyke. You should know that last
night Dante handed over a well-written document to
our good friend Inspector Alexander holding you
responsible for the death of everyone in this
room. As well as my nieces.

CLERIC

You would see your own blood spilled?

CAIN

Do not play righteous with me, I've seen you on
stage, you're an atrocious actor. You see they
know too much now. Although I'm sure Alex will be
exceptional in his work, he usually does such a
good clean-up job for me.

CAIN moved over to THOMAS's body.

CLERIC

Leave him be!

DR. CAIN (ignorant)

He was actually the most intelligent of the lot,

tragic really that I must extinguish such a
brightly burning flame.

*CLERIC paused in understanding of those words,
panic hastily setting in; can do nothing. In two
quick movements; CAIN took THOMAS by the neck, and
twisted it.*

CLERIC SCREAMS again in utter horror.

*THOMAS's spinal disc separated from his body, the
sound REVERBERATED inside the cellar.*

*As though it were operated by sound, the cellar
door opened.*

HECTOR

We must leave now, the manor is already aflame and
the police are on their way!

DR. CAIN

You hear that Cleric? The manor is on fire, it'll
take out the rest of the wing within the next
twenty minutes, or who knows even the whole place
could be ash if it picks up too much momentum.
Well it's just a pity I won't be here to see what
will happen, I've a boat to catch.

DR. CAIN exits as CLERIC SCREAMED out to him.

FADE OUT

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - ONLOOKING THE MANOR

NINA, ISABELL, ROSA, and RAPHAEL watched from the cover of snow-kissed, WITHERING trees as they sway in the heavy winter wind. Smoke fills the air as a monstrous BLAZE engulfs the manor.

NINA

Perhaps he simply ran, or is still hiding somewhere in the woods remember that much is possible.

ISABELL

What if he is somehow still inside, what if they have him?

RAPHAEL faces ISABELL and holds her.

RAPHAEL

Then there is nothing we can do, but you must still believe that he is okay. Do not lose hope.

NINA

This is the only way, all doors are locked they slumber still, we are doing the right thing, the staff have scheduled holiday and with all the guests having had such a heavy night last night, our plan will work. For my brother, and for all the countless others these pigs have taken from the world, we have done the right thing.

They watch the *BLAZE* in silence.

Unti *LADY DALMRA* finally found them.

LADY DALMRA

You did this! You all and that bastard Celait!

They had not heard her coming, and she had most likely heard everything they had said. EVA screamed animalistic-ally in horror.

*A blade was in the air before anyone could notice. All except *RAPHEAL*, of whom had shielded *ROSA* from *LADY DALMRA's* misplaced vengeance.*

The knife pierced flesh with near fatal accuracy. NINA was fast enough to quickly incapacitate EVA with a respectable right-hook. RAPHAEL gritted his teeth as he lay in ROSA'S arms; trying to retain his MOANS of anguish. ALEXANDER SCREAMS in panic as he finds the chaos.

ALEXANDER

You are all under arrest!

Seemingly from nowhere came ALEXANDER; looking through a rifle sight of which was firmly aimed at NINA as three other officers held themselves steadfast behind him with handguns.

NINA

Alexander, wait! Nothing is as it seems! You have to listen to what we have to say, Dr. Cain, Dante, Thomas, and all the others orchestrated this entire ordeal. They are the ones who murdered my brother! You have to believe me!

ALEXANDER looks into NINA's eyes as she and the rest of them are arrested, including RAPHAEL as his consciousness slowly begins to slip away from him.

ALEXANDER (Whispered)

I hope for their sake that they are all already dead, especially Cleric, for if we find him he will indeed wish he was.

With that final word NINA and all others now confined in heavy cuffs are dragged aggressively away and thrown into a carriage.

NINA's bitter words are spoken with a vengeful conviction.

NINA

We need to get our story straight before we arrive, so listen closely, I have been planning something.

FADE OUT

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - WOODS

SILKA drags CLERIC to a tree just outside of the room and leans over CLERIC'S tattered body while on her knees.

SILKA

Give yourself a moment, stay calm and focused. We can't stop CAIN from getting away but we can save the others before they get to the station.

CLERIC

If we don't stop him now he'll be gone forever.

CLERIC *GROANS* in agony.

SILKA

I've bandaged you up, it's painful but you will live.

SILKA

Nina and I have been planning a way to get them all in one fell swoop. However it seems we're too late, we could not have known Cain would notice us. We were so careful not to leave anything behind or out of place.

CLERIC

How can I trust you? What if you're working for him?

SILKA

I would have killed you by now, don't you think?

CLERIC

I have learned that torture comes in many forms.

SILKA

It was my nephew.

CLERIC

Your nephew... What do you mean?

SILKA

After two weeks everyone had given up searching for him, or even any sign of him. He was only

fifteen.

CLERIC

I will kill him... I swear.

CLERIC struggles to his feet with the help of SILKA; propping him up with all her strength.

CLERIC

I can't come with you Silka, I have to get him whilst he's here. I have to kill him before it's too late.

SILKA

If Cain is still here he'll be at the pier, that's where you'll find him.

CLERIC

And the others?

SILKA

I have a contact who will free them when the chance occurs; my husband. We've been planning to do something about the demons for a much longer time than you may think, my dear.

SILKA places her palm on CLERIC's cheek.

SILKA

Go now.

CLERIC *RISES* to his feet.

We follow him as he wades into deep *FOREST*, *CUTTING* his way through and grabbing branches for support in an attempt to get there in the fastest way possible.

CUT TO

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE PIER - NIGHT

At first CLERIC did a good job of hiding his wounds and keeping up his countenance as he approached the pier-master.

It took both of them all but a few seconds for them to recognise each other.

HECTOR

A fine evening is it not, Celait?

CLERIC

I've seen better.

HECTOR

How unfortunate, you won't be seeing another.

HECTOR pulled a stiletto knife from his trench-coat and lunged for CLERIC without word or warning.

HECTOR'S blade fell down and struck CLERIC'S arm.

CLERIC *SCREAMS* in pain yet is not stopped as he pushes HECTOR to the ground; tripping him.

CLERIC quickly grabs the blade and opens Hector's throat; a fountain of blood.

HECTOR'S body *WRITHES* uncontrollably on the floor.

Soon thereafter the familiar sound of CAIN'S *LAUGHTER* can be HEARD, it is CAIN.

CLERIC'S is *DRIPPING* blood.

CLERIC

Finally the snake shows itself.

DR. CAIN

I see myself to be more of a wolf; and is that not what matters most?

CLERIC

I don't give a damn what you see or think! No more

talk. No more manipulation. I will kill you, Cain.

CLERIC dodged the lunge, managing to get behind CAIN.

He wrapped his hands around the back of CAIN's skull and threw him to the ground. He launched his face repeatedly into a rusty anchor that lay propped up on the wooden dock.

CAIN squirms at first, yet as he draws his last breath he laughs maniacally; coughing blood for a moment before passing away.

ISABELL's voice is heard calling CLERIC's name as he stares at CAIN's cadaver.

(SOBBING FAINTLY) FADE OUT

INT. MANOR LIBRARY - MID-DAY

Three weeks later, from within the comfort of a cottage, comfortably at his desk, of which was covered with books, papers, and various trinkets, sat Cleric. He had just returned from a very long stay at the local Police Station whereby Alexander gave him the most thorough interrogation he had ever experienced. After hours of recalling why Cleric did what he did, Alexander decided to release Cleric, uncharged.

ISABELL *ENTERS* and places a *KISS* onto his forehead, they hold each other for a little while.

ISABELL

I'll be taking a bath now, would you care to join?

CLERIC

I would love to sweetheart, I'll be there in a moment.

They share a smile before Isabell leaves for the bathroom.

The sound of *FLOWING WATER* can be heard.

CLERIC's SIGHED as he added his signature to the final page of his journal, entitled 'The Thief Of Prophecy'.

We hear the *PEN* be placed upon the *WOOD*, and the sound of running bath water.

It may delite you, wanderer, to know that our temporary imprisoned friends were saved by a well-placed letter within Alexander's office. A letter from Cain to Thomas; indicating Cain's desire to meet Cleric after witnessing, in his own words, a special and beautiful display of contained malevolence' a long time ago in Holyhead.

Is that not just the most macabre thing you have ever heard?

**FADE OUT
END**