

THE EMPTY CUT

Written by

Anthony L Khan

tonykhan69@yahoo.co.uk
Tel: +44 7881297538

EXT: RIVERTON INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - DAY

The furthest, overgrown reaches: a grimy truck repairers. One gleaming motorcycle - a chopper - sits in Autumn sunshine.

SUPER - RIVERTON, ENGLAND. OCTOBER 31ST, 1989.

Six WICCAN MC BIKERS, shades on, arrive on choppers.

Front bike, ridden by the grizzled SERGEANT AT ARMS (40s). Fresh scrapes on his knuckles. Sergeant's stripes emblazoned over the heart of his black leather waistcoat. His female passenger: ALORA (40s); trashy, vicious glamour.

They park up. On their backs, WICCAN top rocker patches. RIVERTON across the bottom of cut off jackets, MC over the right hip. The main patch, a harsh swirl based on a swastika.

They power down, remove helmets. Alora dismounts. Sergeant, displeased, tests his bike clutch. Again - worse.

The bunch head inside, through a high garage door.

INT: WICCAN MC HQ - DAY

The workshop. MALLEUS (40s): statesman biker, impatiently watches them, from an otherwise empty fight cage at the back.

The Wiccan gang mooch in. Assemble, either side of an open inspection pit in the floor. Malleus flings his arms up.

Sergeant cringes. Alora, sideways glance at her man, struts off, past a gym area - through a red door, marked WAR ROOM.

SERGEANT

He'll be here, Malleus.

Malleus jumps down from the cage. Follows Alora. Sergeant follows him, past SCRATCHER (30s), club grease monkey.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

Hey, Scratcher. Work some magic on that clutch. Something's missing.

Scratcher smiles, picks up a spanner. Waves it like a wand.

INT: WAR ROOM - DAY

A small macho-plush boardroom. Good chairs around a conference table with one phone. A bar area. No windows.

Malleus closes the door behind Sergeant, who sits.

MALLEUS

We need him on time. Regardless of how much we need him. He's far too close to violating The Charter for my liking.

Sergeant grits his teeth at the mention of The Charter.

Alora pours three vodka shots.

ALORA

It will work, Malleus. Just think. A full blood Witch.

Serves the vodkas. Malleus downs it. Calms a little.

SERGEANT

Thanks, Alora. We've waited this long. If we just bend The Charter -

Malleus gives him a look - unthinkable. Sergeant lets it go.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

Just a thought.

The table phone rings.

MALLEUS

Ah, not now.

Sergeant and Alora take their drinks, leave the War Room. Malleus reaches for the phone.

EXT: RIVERTON TERRACED STREET - DAY

Well kept Victorian townhouse, over three floors.

INT: TOWNHOUSE HALL - DAY

Tasteful, with a trippy edge. Like leaving teenagers at home for the week. By the front door, a framed 'Wychwood Family Tree'. The final couple, 'Reed & Elspeth', above the two lowest names: sons 'Tyne', and 'Kenwyn'.

TYNE WYCHWOOD (late 20s), hair braided clear of his rich beard, like some kind of feral priest. Old smock and bell bottoms. Glances angrily at the wall clock as he rounds the banister. Fast up the stairs.

A woman, ELSPETH (30s), ethereal and unnoticed, watches him fondly from the hall.

Tyne's prayer beads rattle against a round wooden talisman on a simple cord round his neck. He simmers along the landing.

Elspeth, in front of him now, still unnoticed. Tyne takes the next flight, to a bedroom door - arm raised.

INT: BEDROOM - DAY

A rock n roll, teenage biker mess. Tyne barges in. Elspeth jumps up from sitting at the foot of the bed.

Elspeth is gone.

In bed, KENWYN WYCHWOOD (early 20s), strong like a middleweight boxer, tousled hair across his shaven face.

He has one arm around a nineteen year old GIRL, both asleep. A thick silver chain lays across his talisman, identical to Tyne's. Kenwyn mumbles.

KENWYN

Mum. When are you..?

Tyne softens, pauses. Slaps Kenwyn's head. The couple wake. Tyne nods to the surprised Girl.

TYNE

Hello, petal. This is Kenwyn, by the way.

Grabs a beat up black leather waistcoat: Kenwyn's 'Cut'. Flings it, to land on their heads.

KENWYN

Tyne. What time's this, man?

TYNE

Time you was out of bed. Get that cut filled. If that's what you really want.

Kenwyn grabs the waistcoat, jumps out of bed. Puts it on. The Girl smiles up at him. He admires himself, otherwise naked in a full length mirror.

KENWYN

Oh, it is. Something rotten.

Tyne shakes his head, sighs. Walks out.

Kenwyn twirls an imaginary staff. Catches his own eye in the mirror - serious. The Girl murmurs approval. He looks back at her, gives a broad smile.

She flings the covers open.

Back into bed, with the cut on. Flicks his talisman round onto his back. Kisses. Moves across her.

TYNE (O.S.)
Kenwyn.

KENWYN
Got to go. See you.

She pouts. He's out of bed again.

INT: WYCHWOOD HOUSE, 2ND FLOOR LANDING - DAY

The sound of a shower runs from the nearby bathroom.

Leaned against the wall, VIX (20s), coquettish hippy chick.
Dainty and sharp. Velvet mini-dress and Dr Martens.

She gazes at charts hung on the walls: glyphs, astrology,
tarot. The shower sound stops. Her eyes narrow, to --

-- the bathroom door. Kenwyn exits. Still damp, towel round
his hips. Holds his talisman cord up, round his fingers.

Vix surprises him. She's pleased. He's not.

KENWYN
Morning, Vix. Do you ever go home?

She makes sure he's forced to brush past her.

VIX
Morning, Kenwyn.

Hooks her finger into his towel. He stops, grabs it safe.

Her fingers find the talisman. He raises it.

VIX (CONT'D)
Why aren't you wearing it, then?

KENWYN
It would get wet.

VIX
Aw, is that so bad?

KENWYN
Yeah. It needs Sacred Water.

Vix nods, a sparkle in her eyes. Moves in, inspects it,
delicately scorched with a pentagram. Licks her top lip.

VIX
When can I get one of these?

KENWYN
A talisman like this? You?

VIX

I could just take this one.

He laughs, low. Intimate.

KENWYN

I could never let that happen.

She casts a sultry look. Kenwyn inhales, pulls away.

KENWYN (CONT'D)

I'm busy.

VIX

Oh, yeah. Big day.

She watches him glisten along the landing as she slinks into the bathroom.

INT: WYCHWOOD KITCHEN - DAY

Kilner jars on shelves: full of dry things, wet things. Not much looks edible.

Kenwyn wrestles into a T-shirt. Tyne, busy cooking, places a fried egg sandwich on the table for him. Kenwyn tucks in.

TYNE

Where's the lass from last night?

Kenwyn looks lost.

TYNE (CONT'D)

From this morning?

KENWYN

Same girl? Right, her. Yeah. Nah.

TYNE

Not joining us, then?

Kenwyn eats, shakes his head.

TYNE (CONT'D)

You lost interest.

Kenwyn, mid chew, stares off into space.

Tyne turns from the stove, watches him.

TYNE (CONT'D)

Kenwyn.

No response. Slaps the worktop. Taps his wristwatch. Kenwyn mops egg with his bread, sucks his fingers, dashes out.

EXT: WYCHWOOD HOUSE - DAY

Kenwyn, cut worn over his bike jacket, crash helmet on.
Swings a leg over his classic 1966 Triumph T100R - in red.

Kick-starts it. No go. Tries again, revs up. Blasts away.

EXT: RIVERTON STREETS - DAY

Kenwyn, through traffic. Late across a junction, clears it.

EXT: WICCAN MC HQ - DAY

Kenwyn parks up, dismounts. Strolls to the shade of --

INT: WICCAN MC HQ - DAY

-- the workshop.

SERGEANT

Well. Look who turned up.

Winks at Kenwyn, who breezes over. Looks in the eyes of the gathered Wiccan.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

Remember, now. No magic for this.

Kenwyn, mock offended, scowls.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

Good lad. Take off your cut.

Kenwyn, sly grin, slow shake of the head. Sergeant makes a fist. Bang. Pops Kenwyn's nose. Eyes water.

KENWYN

Ouch.

Sergeant taps Kenwyn's cheek, walks off. Waves on the initiation. Kenwyn braces himself as Wiccans close in.

Punch. Kenwyn takes it. Hits back. They fight. Another Wiccan joins in. Kenwyn fights harder.

INT: WYCHWOOD BATHROOM - DAY

Alone, Vix finishes a tiny voodoo doll. Baptises it in a drop from a bottle of whiskey. Whispers.

VIX

By spirits good and bad, I baptise
thee Kenwyn Wychwood.

INT: WICCAN MC HQ - DAY

Punches, stamps, kicks, headbutts. Shins, balls, faces.
Grunts, yells.

WAR ROOM

Malleus, distracted by fight sounds, listens to a phone call.

Alora watches the fun from an open crack in the door. Half
winces, half smiles.

WORKSHOP

A third Wiccan. Kenwyn's busy now! A fourth, fifth. He's
overpowered, beaten to the floor. Rolled in a ball, he
suffers as blows hammer down.

INT: WYCHWOOD BATHROOM - DAY

Vix drenches the doll with whiskey in the bath.

Holds the doll to her face.

VIX

Oh, you look lovely today, Kenwyn.

INT: WICCAN MC HQ

Sergeant gauges the beating. Shouts above the clamour.

SERGEANT

Stop.

It stops. The Wiccan step away. Kenwyn uncurls, eyes closed.

INT: WYCHWOOD BATHROOM - DAY

Vix slides a pin into the doll's heart.

VIX

I hope that didn't hurt, Kenwyn.

INT: WICCAN MC HQ

Kenwyn absorbs the pain. Looks up. Face bust, eyes black.
Points a finger across them, croaks.

KENWYN

You're all forgiven.

They chuckle.

Sergeant swipes a RIVERTON rocker patch from the side of the cage. Waits as Kenwyn, bloody and sore, gets to his feet.

Sergeant beckons him. The Wiccans look on, themselves fairly beat up. Kenwyn staggers over.

Sergeant wipes blood from Kenwyn's face with the patch. Presents him with it. Kenwyn holds it. Stares down at it.

SERGEANT

Never wash that. It's you. You're
Wiccan now. Forever. You're family.

Kenwyn chokes a bit, smiles painfully. The Wiccans roar.

INT: WYCHWOOD KITCHEN - DAY

Tyne washes soil from leeks in the sink.

Behind him, HAZEL (20s), barefoot Earth Mother from a more natural time, gets up from her chair. Her T-shirt isn't speaking to her jeans.

Embraces Tyne from behind. He smiles, washes the veg.

HAZEL

My baby.

Tyne bends his neck. Kisses her hand.

INT: WICCAN MC HQ - DAY

Sergeant embraces Kenwyn. Alora strides in from the War Room. Shoulder to shoulder, they face Kenwyn.

INT: WAR ROOM - DAY

Malleus hangs up. Eagerly trots out.

INT: WORKSHOP - DAY

Joins them.

ALORA

All done? We got you this, too.

Holds up a tiny Gremlin Bell. Tinkles it as she offers it.

Kenwyn laughs quietly.

KENWYN

A Gremlin Bell. Thanks, Alora.

Sergeant winks at her. She blows him a kiss.

SERGEANT
Hey, kid. It can't hurt. Tie it
under your bike. Ride like hell.

MALLEUS
You know that, though. Right?

Kenwyn nods, one thumb up.

EXT: WICCAN MC HQ - DAY

Kenwyn steps out of an access door, squints into the Sun.
Swigs a beer. Sergeant appears at his side, lights a cigar.
Puffs greedily away, grins at Kenwyn. He smiles back through
bust lips.

SERGEANT
Done us proud, there, kid.

Kenwyn, modest, accepts the praise. Fastens the little bell
under his bike frame with a zip tie.

KENWYN
So. What now?

Sergeant, lost for a moment. Casts about, lands on the bikes.

SERGEANT
Just keep an eye on them.

KENWYN
Yeah. That's it?

Sergeant nods, plays the cigar in his mouth.

KENWYN (CONT'D)
How long?

Sergeant, cocky again.

SERGEANT
Until you're told.
(off Kenwyn's look)
Try being me for a day. And, you
call me Sergeant. From now on.

Kenwyn looks sceptical. Sergeant waits.

KENWYN
Okay. Sergeant.

The old biker nods, goes back in, slams the door. The safety
sign on it rattles: 'In only - One way'.

Kenwyn sighs. Wanders over. Admires the bikes. Looks about.
Checks his watch.

Walks slowly, heel to toe, round --

-- each --

-- bike.

Stops. Restless.

INT: WYCHWOOD HOUSE - DAY

Vix scampers into the living room. Leaps onto the couch. Snuggles next to Hazel. They zone out to daytime TV drivel.

HAZEL
You inviting Purk round tonight?

VIX
Probably. Yeah. Why?

Hazel, serious, turns to her.

HAZEL
You can't treat people like
puppets, Vix.

VIX
Aw, Hazel. It's just...

HAZEL
Bit of fun? Someone'll get hurt.

VIX
Don't worry.

HAZEL
I don't need to, 'cause I'm not -

Tyne strides in from the kitchen.

TYNE
Worried about what?

Hazel and Vix watch TV. Pretend they didn't hear him.

He squints at them. Puffs his cheeks.

TYNE (CONT'D)
Never mind. I'm sure it's all some
great big secret.

Glances at the TV.

On TV: a middle aged ANGRY WOMAN confronts a dog collar
PRIEST with his unknown TEENAGE DAUGHTER - DNA confirms it -
Audience gasp. He drops to his knees, hands clasped. Daughter
assaults him - she's restrained.

TYNE (CONT'D)
How can you watch this tripe?

HAZEL
It's just on.

He smiles, gives Hazel the eye. She gives it right back.

VIX
Am I in the way? I'm putting the
kettle on.

She bolts from the couch. Tyne leans in, gives Hazel a long, soft kiss. The sound of the kettle being filled - quickly, noisily. They mumble as their hands smooth across each other.

Vix treads back in, clears her throat. Tyne rears up.

TYNE
Right. I'll have to get some milk.

HAZEL
And wine. So take a bag.

He bounds out to the hall. They hear the front door open, shut. Vix sits by Hazel again.

VIX
Think you two'll ever have kids?

Hazel, a little surprised.

HAZEL
Undecided, actually.

VIX
'Cause if you did, isn't it true?
About Witches?

Hazel laughs a little, then realises.

HAZEL
Oh, you mean the power. The
transfer, from the baby.

Vix's eyes light up.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
But it only works with love, Vix.
Not just 'cause you're up the duff.

VIX
Oh, yeah. Definitely that.

Vix, in a daydream. Hazel, concerned, watches her.

EXT: WICCAN MC HQ - DAY

Kenwyn, needle and thread, sits on the ground. Carefully tries to thread the needle. No good. Tries again. Gets it.

Awkward, holds his cut and patch in place to sew.

By the door, Sergeant smokes. Watches Kenwyn with pity. Aims, flicks his cigar butt over a wall.

Kenwyn sews, slowly. Pricks his finger - angry face.

INT: WAR ROOM - DAY

Alora, one eye on TV, one on the workshop accounts. Sergeant steps up to her. Idle, nearby. She senses him.

ALORA

Yes?

EXT: WICCAN MC HQ - DAY

Kenwyn meanders by the bikes. The front door bashes open. He jumps. Alora marches out, flings his cut over to him.

He catches, holds it up. Blood stained RIVERTON patch, stitched on beautifully.

KENWYN

Aw, yeah, man.

Beams at her. She suppresses a smile. Points at him.

ALORA

First, and last. Got it?

He nods, all giddy. Puts the cut straight on.

She gives him the finger, then smiles. Ducks back inside.

Scratcher pauses work on Sergeant's bike. Gives a chuckle.

The Wiccan TOPPER pulls in on his bike, followed by FRY. Cut the engines. Topper walks up to Kenwyn, turns him round. Checks out the patch.

TOPPER

Nice. Bit too nice, eh, Fry?

Kenwyn turns proudly in his cut. Fry stands, gormless.

Topper takes a package from his saddlebag to the workshop. Eyeballs Kenwyn as he passes. Stops at the door.

TOPPER (CONT'D)

Hey, Kenwyn.

Kenwyn looks to him. Topper points, serious, to the bikes.

Kenwyn gathers himself. Nods to Scratcher.

Scratcher winks back, works on Sergeant's bike.

Kenwyn checks his watch: '10:38'.

He grimaces.

EXT: RIVERTON STREETS - DAY

The coarse roll of a skateboard bashes the pavement. One foot, in Converse, swipes the ground away. Faster.

It travels on, on, flexes side to side as it passes --

-- cars --

-- people, startled --

-- a dog, barks.

At the Wychwood house, the board owner kickflips it up.

Bounds up the path, knocks at the door.

INT: WYCHWOOD HOUSE - DAY

Vix, excited, answers the door to PURK (19): punk skater boy, nine stone dripping wet. Smiles adoringly at Vix. Leans the board inside the hall.

Door left open, they kiss - long, slow. Purk's all over her. They knock into a loaded hat stand. She laughs, shoves his hands down out of her clothes.

EXT: WICCAN MC HQ - DAY

The only bikes left are Sergeant's, Scratcher's and Kenwyn's. Kenwyn stands nearby, hands in pockets. Time passes.

Scratcher mutters. Removes Sergeant's handlebars.

Kenwyn leans against a wall, roll-up in his lips.

Scratcher further dismantles Sergeant's bike. Kenwyn assists, hands him a spanner.

Scratcher works. Kenwyn's attention drifts.

The bike, in bits.

Scratcher chews a sandwich. Offers Kenwyn a bite with his oily hands. Kenwyn declines. A roar of V twin engines --

-- escorts the club van into the yard. It turns quickly.
Backs into the workshop.

INT: WICCAN MC HQ - DAY

Kenwyn guides the van in.

Unloads a dozen long boxes, painted out black. Winces as he lifts and puts them down.

A colossal Wiccan, BARROW (30s), sullenly supervises.

KENWYN
You know, Barrow, I do more than
carry boxes.

Barrow just looks at him. Stand off. Kenwyn nods, walks away. Finished, Barrow holds a thumb up. The van pulls out.

EXT: WICCAN MC HQ - DAY

Kenwyn, alone again. Stares at the sky. Checks his watch.

Scratcher, laid on the ground, flicks through a tabloid.

A super-fit Wiccan, EDDY (20s), stripped to the waist, steps nimbly from the workshop. Out of breath, smiles at Kenwyn. Strolls over, feigns a punch. Kenwyn flinches, groans.

Eddy laughs, walks back in. Scratcher tuts, gets up, chucks the tabloid in a bin. Tightens a part on Sergeant's bike. Not happy, takes it off.

Kenwyn retrieves the tabloid. Reads standing up.

His eyes scan: page one, open the paper. Page two, three, turn the page. Page four, five. He sighs.

Paper lands back in the bin.

Kenwyn stretches, a little. Sore from the fight.

Forces a few press ups. Too much. Rolls onto his back. Looks across, to --

-- his own bike, sunset behind it.

PRELAP

The sound of a woman urinating.

INT: WYCHWOOD BATHROOM - NIGHT

A wet pregnancy test, placed on the side of the basin.

Slowly, a pink line appears in the result window.

VIX (O.S.)
Is that it?

HAZEL (O.S.)
Hold on.

Another pink line appears.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
Pregnant.

VIX
Oh.

INT: WYCHWOOD HOUSE, HALL - NIGHT

In darkness. Knock - a - knock - knock.

Tyne creeps from the living room to the door. Slides a walking stick from the hat stand. Raises it, ready to swing.

TYNE
Who is it?

KENWYN (O.S.)
Open up, it's the pigs.

Tyne's stick drops to his side. Relieved, then suspicious, opens the door to Kenwyn, open armed.

KENWYN (CONT'D)
Ta - dah.

TYNE
Have you not got a key? You shouldn't even be here.

Kenwyn grins, steps in. Flicks the light on. Tyne winces at the fight injuries.

TYNE (CONT'D)
Wow. How did you get here? Oh, no.

KENWYN
I wheeled it down the garden. I'm not stupid.

TYNE
But you stole your own bike.

KENWYN
You've no idea how boring it was.
(off Tyne's look)
Okay, maybe you do.

LIVING ROOM

Vix and Purk cuddle on the couch. Help themselves to wine and snacks. Firelight flickers from the hearth.

HALL

Hazel trudges downstairs to Tyne. Disbelief at Kenwyn.

HAZEL
What're you doing here? What's he
doing here?

KENWYN
I live here, Hazel. Remember?

HAZEL
You know what I mean. He knows what
I mean, Tyne.

Tyne shrugs.

TYNE
He's out, baby.

Hazel, angry. Slightly fearful.

KENWYN
But, I did bring these.

Holds up a transparent sandwich bag. Full of magic mushrooms.
Hazel waivers. Grudgingly takes the bag.

HAZEL
Well. Okay, then. You look awful.

She walks off to the living room. Kenwyn spots Purk's board.

KENWYN
Sweet board, dude.

TYNE
Lay off him. It's bad enough.

Kenwyn, hands up.

TYNE (CONT'D)
Anyway, how was the fight?

KENWYN
Aw, man. You would've loved it.

LIVING ROOM

Tyne and Kenwyn enter. Vix and Purk react to Kenwyn.

VIX

Oh...

PURK

Ouch, mate.

Kenwyn gurns a smile.

KENWYN

Yeah, I'll live.

Turns to Tyne. They lock eyes. Kenwyn nods to the kitchen.

KENWYN (CONT'D)

Shall we?

Tyne claps, rubs his hands.

TYNE

You do the 'shrooms. Leave the Nux
paste to me.

KITCHEN

Kenwyn and Tyne mix up, a pan each. Tyne adds, sniffs, adds.

KENWYN

That much?

Tyne's cautionary finger.

TYNE

Don't try telling me how to treat
Sacred Water.

KENWYN

You sound like Dad.

Tyne stops. Looks daggers. Steam rises from the pans.

KENWYN (CONT'D)

Yeah. Sorry. He did give us -

TYNE

That was biology. It wasn't a gift.

Back to work. Tyne takes a small, silver flask. Shakes the
last drops into his mixture.

TYNE (CONT'D)

That's it. I'm out.

KENWYN

I've got some. Somewhere.

Tyne, still upset, unwraps a white handled knife from red silk. Trims herbs over his pan. The knife slips, cuts him.

TYNE

Ah, there's blood in the water.

Kenwyn, concerned, looks over.

KENWYN

Nah, not much.

Kenwyn wipes the last smear of water from Tyne's flask on his talisman. It changes, in his hand, into a rough wooden spoon. He taps it against Tyne's pan.

KENWYN (CONT'D)

Use this. It'll be good.

Tyne laughs at the spoon. Kenwyn looks at it, smiles.

TYNE

If only it was a girl.

KENWYN

Or a fight.

Tyne declines the spoon, jerks a thumb to the door.

TYNE

You'd better get a shower first.

The spoon in Kenwyn's hand jumps back to being his talisman.

BATHROOM

Shower runs. Kenwyn undresses - awkward, cuts and bruises.

Sets his talisman on a dry towel. Steps in. Moans quietly as water hits his body.

KITCHEN

Tyne shakes dry stuff from a jar into a mortar. Grinds it with a pestle.

LIVING ROOM

The Guys turn their noses up as the stink drifts through. Hazel wafts the air. Goes into the kitchen, closes the door.

BATHROOM

Shower off, Kenwyn touch-dries his skin. Firms his jaw. Towel round his waist, heads downstairs.

KITCHEN

Hazel opens a window. Tyne grumbles.

HAZEL

Okay?

TYNE

It's curdled. I can save it.

She goes on tiptoes. Pecks his cheek. He tries to ignore her.

TYNE (CONT'D)

Give me some berries. Lots.

In the pans, the two different mixtures bubble.

LIVING ROOM

Kenwyn eases himself into an armchair.

Vix watches from the corner of her eye. Purk flat out stares.

Tyne and Hazel bring in a tray each. Hazel's: five steaming cups of tea, on the coffee table.

Tyne puts his tray on the floor by Kenwyn. With the knife, scoops paste from the pan. Kenwyn sits up straight.

Hazel serves the tea.

Tyne gently applies paste to Kenwyn's wounds. He tenses. It takes effect. Kenwyn relaxes, deep sigh.

KENWYN

Oh, yeah. You were right.

Tyne smiles. Hazel gives an inward chuckle. Vix shuffles over on her knees as Tyne works. Pretends to inspect the injuries.

VIX

Looks better already.

It does.

TYNE

This is our gift. The power of water...

KENWYN

... and the woods themselves.

PURK
Here's your tea, Vix.

Vix gives Kenwyn a private, longing look. Goes back to Purk.

Kenwyn acts cool. Sips his tea.

Tyne finishes, ruffles Kenwyn's hair. Wipes the knife clean on Kenwyn's thigh. Wraps the knife up. Slaps Kenwyn's thigh.

KENWYN
Ow, man.

TYNE
Don't rub it in.

Vix skins up on an old album cover on her lap. Hazel offers Purk tea. Shakes his head, touches the cup away.

HAZEL
No? Suit yourself.

He rummages in his jacket pocket. Rattles a little foil wrap.

VIX
Ah, Purk. Just have tea. Together.

Places her hand on his arm. He goes moody.

VIX (CONT'D)
Don't smoke that now.

PURK
Okay.

Vix smiles. Nudges Purk's tea back to him. Purk turns away.

PURK (CONT'D)
I'll smoke it later.

Hazel gives Vix a sympathetic glance. Vix, let down.

The spliff is passed. Everyone bar Purk sips tea.

The fire crackles. Peaceful.

TYNE
Anyway, I'm glad you didn't stay.
With the Wiccan.

Kenwyn, touched. A little surprised.

TYNE (CONT'D)
It was the same in the war.

KENWYN
That was about the gold.

TYNE
Hanging, burning, drowning. Sound
familiar? People like that, they
just use us. How would you ever
know that wasn't the only damn
reason you were there?

Vix, a slight squirm. Purk rubs her leg to comfort.

KENWYN
I'd know. It was just exciting at
the time. The fight. It's real.

Vix cuddles into Purk.

TYNE
You idiot.

KENWYN
Hey. It's a journey.

Tyne smirks, nods.

TYNE
How're you feeling?

KENWYN
Eh? Oh, pretty good. Going up.

The tea drinkers smile at each other as they begin to trip.

VIX
Let's play a game.

Kenwyn laughs.

HAZEL
Like what?

Vix thinks.

VIX
Trivial Pursuit?

LATER

The cup in front of Purk, still full.

Kenwyn sits, transfixed. His gaze flows around the room.

Vix stands to one side. Arms and body wave, willow like.

Tyne sits, completely content.

Hazel, eyes closed, breathes in rapture.

Kenwyn becomes aware of something to his right. Slowly, turns his head, mouth open. Purk, intent, stares back at him.

PURK
Is that your answer?

KENWYN
What?

PURK
Is that your answer?

Kenwyn, puzzled, sees Purk holds a game card.

KENWYN
Are we still playing this?

PURK
Uh. We've only been playing five minutes. What's your answer?

KENWYN
I don't know. What was - I don't think we should be playing this.

Tyne, a fit of silent giggles.

Kenwyn joins in. They burst out laughing. Purk drops the card, chuckles along. Opens his wrap.

PURK
This is no good, man.

Their laughter echoes --

-- across the game board --

-- throughout the house.

INT: WICCAN MC HQ - NIGHT

Sergeant and Malleus check out whatever's in the long boxes.

MALLEUS
The right people, pay top dollar for just one of these.

Nod to each other.

SCRATCHER (O.S.)
Hey, guys. That's not -

Malleus slams the lid down. Both defensive, face Scratcher.

SERGEANT
What's up?

SCRATCHER
Just, your bike. I'll finish her up
tomorrow.

Sergeant, intrigued, walks out with Scratcher, to see --

EXT: WICCAN MC HQ - NIGHT

-- his bike, in bits. Overwhelmed, Sergeant breathes hard.

SERGEANT
Scratcher...

Scratcher casually surveys the parts.

SCRATCHER
Well, yeah. I won't leave it here.

SERGEANT
Thank God for that. Get that Kenwyn
to help shift it inside.

They look at each other. About the yard. Sergeant scowls.

INT: WYCHWOOD HOUSE - NIGHT

Purk on the couch, out cold. Vix sighs. Her gaze falls on --
-- Kenwyn, wounds greatly reduced.

She takes the doll from her bag. Waves it for him to see.
He's amused.

KENWYN
Is that me?

Vix nods, puts another pin into it's heart. Stares lovingly
at it. At Kenwyn. She gets up, pops it in her bag. Walks out.

Kenwyn watches after her. Glances at --
-- Tyne, Hazel and Purk. All fast asleep.

KENWYN (CONT'D)
Okay, then.

Quickly gets up. Follows quietly.

HALL/STAIRCASE

Vix reaches the top of the stairs. He bolts after her.
She giggles, skips along.

He easily catches her, grabs her waist. She turns to him.
Kiss passionately. Unfastens her clothing.

INT: WICCAN MC HQ - NIGHT

Wiccans don helmets, rush out to their bikes. Engines start.

Sergeant gets his keys, stops. Looks at --

-- Scratcher, an apologetic shrug.

Malleus exits the War Room. Sees the commotion. Yells over.

MALLEUS

Stop.

Sergeant tenses, turns to him. Malleus, dead eyed.

INT: WAR ROOM - NIGHT

All Wiccans assembled round the table. Malleus removes an
Olde looking document from the wall safe.

SERGEANT

He took his bike back.

Malleus lays it across the table. Written across the top in
copperplate: 'The Wiccan MC Charter'. Traces his finger down.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

We know what it says.

Sergeant's eyes bulge in frustration. Alora touches his arm.

MALLEUS

Here it is.

SERGEANT

Let me guess.

The Wiccans, awkward, fidget. Malleus clears his throat.

MALLEUS

In the event of an 'Empty Cut' -
Kenwyn - deserting, vacating or
otherwise neglecting Wiccan MC
obligations...

Sergeant simmers.

MALLEUS (CONT'D)

... he is to be recovered, one leg
broken, his motorcycle debenture
doubling.

SERGEANT
Let's go, then.

MALLEUS
Oh, I forgot about this.

Hush.

MALLEUS (CONT'D)
Right. We've got until Sunrise.

SERGEANT
Who put that in?

Alora and Malleus - brief, uneasy glance.

MALLEUS
I thought it sounded good.

Sergeant rushes out, calls back.

SERGEANT
We'll take the van. It's quieter.

INT: WYCHWOOD HOUSE, KENWYN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kenwyn and Vix naked in bed. Stroke and kiss each other.

KENWYN
That was a nice try, by the way.

Vix pauses, puzzled. Kenwyn keeps kissing.

KENWYN (CONT'D)
With the doll.

Vix, assured, carries on.

VIX
Worked, didn't it?

KENWYN
Yeah. You can learn the craft, but -

Uh - oh. Vix ceases altogether. Pushes his shoulders.

VIX
I'll never be full blood, like you.

He tries to back pedal.

KENWYN
Aw, it's not, like, a bad thing.

Vix, out of bed, snatches her dress and bag. Storms out.

KENWYN (CONT'D)

Damn.

INT: WYCHWOOD BATHROOM - NIGHT

Vix, huffy, rolls her dress up. Puts it on top of Kenwyn's talisman - doesn't notice it. The doll pokes from her bag.

Grabs it, wicked grin. Sticks a pin in the doll's groin.

KENWYN (O.S.)

Oh, God.

Vix stifles a giggle. Sits to use the loo.

VIX

There's your craft, Kenwyn.

He bursts in, fierce. Vix swiftly conceals the doll.

Kenwyn looks at her accusingly. She feigns offence.

VIX (CONT'D)

Do you mind?

Stand off.

VIX (CONT'D)

Ugh. Pig.

Shuffles forward, kicks the door closed on him.

LIVING ROOM

Vix, dressed, creeps in. Drags a blanket over herself and Purk. Knocking from the front door, makes her look to --

-- Tyne, wide awake, stares back.

Vix, ashamed. The knocking - loud - persists. Tyne drags himself off the chair. Drapes a blanket over Hazel.

HALL

Kenwyn, crouched naked on the stairs as Tyne passes.

KENWYN

Hey. I'm not here.

Tyne, angry, pauses. Grabs the walking stick. Kenwyn scampers back upstairs. Tyne gathers his thoughts, answers the door.

TYNE

Hi, Alora. It's...

Looks at his watch. Alora leans in, clocks his eyes.

ALORA
Wow. You been having a good time?

He nods warily. She sucks on a roll up cigarette.

ALORA (CONT'D)
Is he here?

Tyne stares back, slack-jawed.

ALORA (CONT'D)
Easier, much easier if you just
tell me now.

Alora fishes a speck of tobacco from her lip. Flicks it.

ALORA (CONT'D)
Is Kenwyn here, Tyne?

Tyne, back to life.

TYNE
Ah. Kenwyn. No.

ALORA
Sure?

TYNE
Yeah. Come in.

He swings the door wide. She steps in. Her eyes dart down.

ALORA
Thanks, Tyne. You go and relax.

She walks back out. Closes the door behind herself.

EXT: WYCHWOOD HOUSE - NIGHT

Alora nears the Wiccan van, parked across the street. The passenger window winds down, reveals Malleus.

ALORA
He's there. His helmet's only
sitting in the bloody hall.

INT: WYCHWOOD HOUSE, HALL - NIGHT

Tyne stands, strains to listen. Bursts up the stairs. Meets Kenwyn, dressed. Descend together.

KENWYN
Did she buy it?

Tyne nods confidently. Loud knock on the front door. Kenwyn runs back up. Tyne screws his eyes shut.

UPSTAIRS

Kenwyn searches for a place to hide. Cupboard - full of junk. Looks under a bed. Stops himself.

KENWYN
Don't be stupid, man.

Looks up, desperate.

MALLEUS (O.S.)
Tyne. Get him here.

Kenwyn grabs an old, full face helmet. Shoves up a window.

STAIRCASE

Tyne, rooted to the spot.

EXT: WYCHWOOD HOUSE - NIGHT, INTERCUT - BACK/FRONT GARDEN

-- Kenwyn hangs from the window ledge, drops. Lands quietly.

-- Malleus nods for Barrow to break the door.

-- Kenwyn treads along the side of the house. Silently moves the stand up on his bike. Wheels it forward, hears Barrow kick the door. The Gremlin Bell tinkles. He winces.

-- Barrow kicks at the door. No go. Malleus stares at his incompetence. Waves him away.

MALLEUS
If you want a thing doing.

Steps back, kicks. No go. Tries to retain his dignity.

INT: WYCHWOOD HOUSE, HALL

Tyne stares as --

-- plaster bounces from the door frame.

EXT: WYCHWOOD HOUSE, BACK GARDEN - NIGHT

The wooden gates seem to make way for Kenwyn. One drags.

FRONT GARDEN

Malleus' head flicks to the sound.

MALLEUS
Down the back. Quick.

They round the house, smash the side gate. The sound of Kenwyn's bike starts up.

The Wiccans trip, slip, fumble and bump in the dark, toward the back gates.

Kenwyn blasts away. Looks back, casts a V-sign.

Malleus, impotently furious, catches up to his troops.

MALLEUS (CONT'D)
Move. Move it. Find him.

They Keystone Cop it back toward the van.

INT: WYCHWOOD HOUSE, HALL - NIGHT

Tyne hears the van doors slam, engine rev, climb the gears. Fades away.

LIVING ROOM

He walks stiffly in.

Hazel, wide awake with Vix. Purk, still in his heroin dream.

HAZEL
What in God's name was that?

Tyne, scared, looks to her.

TYNE
It's okay. They've gone.

All three worry, for their own reasons.

INT: WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Malleus on the phone, uncomfortable.

MALLEUS
I... yes... we have the instruments. I just need the strings to go with them.

MALE VOICE
(on the phone)
It's the strings make the music.

MALLEUS

Yes. I understand they're no use
without strings. But the strings
come from another guy.

Silence.

MALLEUS (CONT'D)

Hello?

Looks at the receiver in his hand.

INT: WICCAN VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

Topper drives Sergeant around. Both alert, keen.

SERGEANT

So. Where's the kid's local?

TOPPER

Ah. You mean The Fighting Cocks.

EXT: PUB - NIGHT

Sign, big over the door:- THE FIGHTING COCKS.

Topper shoves the door wide open as he and Sergeant enter.

INT: FIGHTING COCKS - NIGHT

Rowdy place. Rock music, leather and hairspray: it could be
permanently Halloween.

Behind the bar, the COOL BARMAID spots --

-- Topper sweep through THE CROWD.

She pours a pint of Guinness.

The Crowd give cautious glances to Sergeant and Topper. They
part before the two bikers.

On their way, they quiz the crowd, like a yelling contest.
All they get are overly casual shakes of the head.

The Barmaid sets two pints down as they get to her. Topper
takes a glug.

TOPPER

Cheers, petal.

She winks at him. Smiles at Sergeant.

He just scowls. Nudges Topper to get on with it. He leans
across the bar.

TOPPER (CONT'D)
Have you seen Kenwyn?

She leans in, lends her good ear.

TOPPER (CONT'D)
Have... you... seen...

She holds a hand up. Turns away, dials down the music.

The Crowd turn to look.

Sergeant glares at them.

Chat resumes.

COOL BARMAID
Yes, Topper. What is it, love?

He twitches a little. Loses track. Sergeant's had enough.

SERGEANT
Have you seen Kenwyn Wychwood? Eh?

Topper closes his eyes.

The Barmaid's face shuts down.

Sergeant fumes. Turns to the Crowd.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)
Right. You know us. Know who we
are. I'm asking, has anyone seen
Kenwyn Wychwood. Tonight.

The Crowd, silent. Timid. Sip drinks.

Sergeant picks out a nearby couple, closes in. Menacing.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)
You, eh? Seen him?

The ROCK GUY shakes his head - definitely not.

Sergeant looks at the ROCK CHICK. She shrugs.

ROCK CHICK
Why, what's wrong?

Sergeant steps right up. The Rock Guy reluctantly tenses.

SERGEANT
'What's wrong?'

ROCK CHICK
I'm just asking -

SERGEANT
We lost him. That's -

She splutters. Sergeant flinches from her spittle.
Someone else giggles. Sergeant whips round, losing them.

ROCK CHICK
Like Bo Peep.

She does a sheep noise.

ROCK CHICK (CONT'D)
Ba - aah.

Sergeant and Topper, angrily amazed as everyone bursts into laughter. They look to each other.

The Barmaid smirks.

The Crowd join in.

CROWD
Ba - aah. Ba - aah.

Pints left, Sergeant and Topper ease through the Crowd. Try to ignore them, just get out. Rock Chick yells after them.

ROCK CHICK
See you next Tuesday.

EXT: FIGHTING COCKS - NIGHT

They're out, doors close on the sheep noises. Music back up. They can't look at each other.

SERGEANT
We'll just forget that.

EXT: RIVERTON STREETS -

The Wiccan van patrols slowly.

Torchlight down side streets.

Sergeant scowls into --

-- shadows as they move.

Rubs his face, exasperated. Signals Topper to pull over.

SERGEANT
This is hopeless.

Topper parks.

TOPPER

A bit. I'm in court tomorrow.
Today, now.

Sergeant, wide eyed, turns on him.

TOPPER (CONT'D)

I'm just saying. We're all tired.

SERGEANT

Tired? Sort yourself out, man.

They stare ahead.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

We need a new plan.

INT: WICCAN MC HQ - NIGHT

Scratcher lays out Sergeant's bike parts.

GYM AREA

Malleus smacks body hooks into a heavy bag. Left, right, it jumps up each time as he blows off steam. Eddy observes with a critical eye.

WAR ROOM

Phone rings.

GYM AREA

It chimes out.

Wiccans hang around, watch --

-- Malleus slam the bag. He stops. Wipes his brow, marches off.

MALLEUS

No, no. I'll get it.

Barrow and Eddy exchange an uneasy glance.

INT: WAR ROOM

Malleus answers, curt.

MALLEUS

Malleus.

MALE VOICE
(on the phone)
It's me again.

Malleus' face falls.

MALLEUS
Hello, Michael.

Nudges the door closed with his foot.

MICHAEL
(on the phone)
I hear we, or you, have an empty
cut running around the place.

Malleus delays, thinks.

MALLEUS
Yeah. I'm handling it.

MICHAEL
(on the phone)
From your clubhouse?

MALLEUS
Well, come on. I do still have
regular business to take care of.

MICHAEL
(on the phone)
Ah, strings. Yes.

MALLEUS
That's exactly -

MICHAEL
(on the phone)
You know, if there's a problematic
equation, you take one half to
solve the other half. Understand?

MALLEUS
Not completely.

MICHAEL
(on the phone)
Think about it, Malleus. Look, just
voicing my concern. If you like, I
can send a couple of Culprits
down..?

Malleus snaps.

MALLEUS
No. Don't you worry.

Michael laughs in Malleus' ear.

MICHAEL
(on the phone)
I never worry. I just sort it out.

The phone clicks dead. Malleus fumes. Yells to the workshop.

MALLEUS (O.S.)
Counsel. Now.

Sergeant and the Wiccans file in. The cigar box goes round.
Malleus watches, twitchy.

MALLEUS (CONT'D)
That was Michael from the Culprits,
if anyone's interested. Said he'd
send a couple of lads down.

They groan.

MALLEUS (CONT'D)
This situation with this kid is
getting away from us. We need to
take back control. So, any
thoughts?

EDDY
What about his fingers?

Everyone looks over at Eddy.

He does a slicing motion at his own hand.

Grimaces, winces all round.

MALLEUS
Eddy. Really.

ALORA
Yeah. A bit much.

SERGEANT
The oil?

MALLEUS
Yes, the oil. I'm moving it up. I
want it collected tonight.

Sergeant leans back, considers.

MALLEUS (CONT'D)
Four man escort. Everyone else in
the van. Sergeant, you take my
bike.

SERGEANT
Yeah?

MALLEUS

Yes, mate. And then, Kenwyn.

SERGEANT

Bring him in?

MALLEUS

Sort him out. I'll show who's in control. Going on about equations.

Malleus mumbles, trails off.

EXT: WICCAN MC HQ - NIGHT

The Wiccans head out on their oil mission.

Across the road, hidden in bushes, Kenwyn watches.

The bikes start up, advance. The van follows.

Brake lights flare at the corner. The engines fade.

Quiet.

Kenwyn emerges on foot, scurries across the road.

Stalks around the entrance. Listens. Nothing - empty. Removes his cut, tears at the stitching of his patch. Rips it --

-- clean off.

Takes a knife from his boot. Patch against the door, jams the knife into it.

It hangs, discarded.

Kenwyn admires it. Has a thought.

Tries the door handle. Opens it up. Has a silent laugh at his luck. Peeps in, wheels one of the two remaining bikes inside.

INT: WYCHWOOD HOUSE - NIGHT

Purk, wiped out on the couch.

Hazel sits, nervous, perched on her chair. Tyne stands nearby, strokes his beard.

Vix, cross-legged on the couch. Anxious, reaches for the album cover to skin up.

Hazel's eyes dart straight at her. Vix pauses, mid reach.

TYNE

I could do with one.

Hazel looks away. Pours herself a big glass of wine.

Vix takes the cover. Licks a paper, sticks it to another.

Hazel offers the bottle to Vix.

VIX

Please.

Hazel reaches over, misjudges. Topples Vix's glass to the floor. It cracks.

HAZEL

Oh, man. What are we going to do?

TYNE

It's just a glass, baby.

HAZEL

Just a glass?

Tyne backs off. Hazel jumps up, collects the broken pieces.

VIX

I'm okay, actually, Hazel.

Hazel stands, shakes, glass in her hand.

HAZEL

Okay. You're okay? I'd think out of all of us, you'd be slightly upset.

Vix shrinks. Skins up very slowly.

Hazel turns on Tyne.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

And you.

He lets her rip into him.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

What are you even doing here? He's out there, God knows where. What if they've got him?

Tyne inhales to speak - not yet.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

How can you just stand there? Do something.

TYNE

Like what, though?

HAZEL

Argh. Something, Tyne. Something.

Vix looks at --

-- the doll in her bag.

Sees the state Hazel's in. Thinks better of it.

Hazel looks dismissively down at Purk, still wiped out.

VIX

I think, if he's on his own...

Hazel waits. Impatient shrug.

TYNE

Oh, man. Baby, your hand.

Hazel's grip of broken glass drips blood. Tyne goes to her, cradles her hand. Leads her to the kitchen.

Vix, relieved, exhales. Quickly completes, lights her joint. Inhales - right in. Out. Relaxes.

KITCHEN

Tyne smears the last of the healing Nux paste into Hazel's cut. Too upset to notice, she stares glumly.

TYNE

He's a tough kid.

Kisses her forehead.

EXT: WICCAN MC HQ - NIGHT

Kenwyn sneaks out. Walks calmly to the bushes. Wheels his bike out. The Gremlin Bell tinkles.

Helmet on, starts it up.

Peels off into the night.

EXT: WICCAN MC HQ - NIGHT

Sergeant stares, facing the closed access door. Humiliated.

Wiccan unload oil barrels from the van. Stop, horrified as they see --

-- Kenwyn's patch.

Sergeant reaches out slowly, touches it. Works the knife from the door - catches the patch before it hits the ground.

Holds it in his fist.

SERGEANT
What's he doing?

The Wiccans ease the barrels down. File awkwardly inside.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)
You can't just resign. You can't.

SCRATCHER (O.S.)
Oh, God.

Sergeant, dazed, walks into the workshop.

INT: WICCAN MC HQ - NIGHT

Alora stands, hands to mouth in dismay. Stares, with everyone else, at the floor.

Sergeant walks slowly up behind, eyes wide in terror.

The floor: littered with hundreds of motorcycle parts.

White noise confusion fades across the poleaxed gathering.

The sound of the War Room phone streams in.

White noise persists.

Malleus, eventually notices --

-- the phone.

He drifts through.

WAR ROOM

Picks it up. The white noise cuts out.

MALLEUS
Hello.

Dialling tone. He hangs up. Vague, flops in his chair.

WORKSHOP

Scratcher, on all fours, distraught, touches pieces of metal. Clicks them hopefully together.

Sergeant stoops, holds Scratcher's shoulder.

Alora sees, gives an uncomfortable look. Turns, strides to the War Room.

A couple of Wiccan gather small pieces to help Scratcher.

SCRATCHER
No. Leave them as they lie.

Solemn, the Wiccan step away.

SCRATCHER (CONT'D)
I'll take care of it.

From his chair, Malleus sees --
-- his club in freefall. Alora steps in front of him.

EXT: RIVERTON STREETS - NIGHT

Kenwyn rides, blasts along. Big smile.

INT: WICCAN MC HQ - NIGHT

One by one, the Wiccan turn to Malleus, hate in their eyes.
He looks to Alora for help.
She stares back, ruthless. Opens her palms - your move.
His gaze wanders to --
-- the phone.

MALLEUS
I've got an idea.

INT: WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Malleus consults The Charter - again. Sergeant loses it.

SERGEANT
Give me a look at that.

Spins it round. Malleus tenses.

MALLEUS
Careful.

Sergeant snatches it up, reads to himself. Not that fast.

SERGEANT
Huh. Huh. Huh.

Everyone waits.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)
Huh. Ha, here it is. Oh, yeah. But,
did anyone show him this?

MALLEUS
Like, give him a copy?

SERGEANT
Please say 'No'.

All shake heads.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)
Well, that gives us...

All think.

Who'll chip in?

The silence stretches...

ALORA
Some kind of advantage.

SERGEANT
That's - you're right.

ALORA
I know.

INT: WYCHWOOD HOUSE, HALL - NIGHT

Tyne, resolved, laces up his boots.

TYNE
You're right. I can't just sit on
my arse.

He stands. Hazel pecks his cheek. He slowly flexes.

TYNE (CONT'D)
Whoa. I'll have to walk, though.

Hazel closes her eyes, nods.

HAZEL
I'm still pretty buzzy myself. How
can he ride his bike?

TYNE
The Nux paste. Would've sucked the
mushroom juice right out.

They kiss goodbye as --

-- Vix drops the stereo needle on a spinning LP.

EXT: RIVERTON STREETS - NIGHT

Tyne, collar up, hunched, hands in pockets. Strides to Town.

EXT: RIVERTON STREETS, PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Kenwyn pulls up on his bike.

Helmet on, yanks the door open. The booth light flickers.

Coins in. Dials. It rings out. Tyne answers.

TYNE
(on the phone)
Hello. Hello? Speak up, please.

Kenwyn sways his head through the routine.

KENWYN
Just answer the phone.

TYNE
(on the phone)
Ha ha. It's a machine. Leave a
message, fool.

INT: WYCHWOOD HOUSE, HALL - NIGHT

Dark, empty. Rock music from the living room.

KENWYN
(on the phone)
Hey. I've fixed it so they know I'm
out for good. So, you guys just
chill. And, I'll dodge back in a
bit for some stuff I need, so...

INT: BOOTH - NIGHT

Kenwyn shrugs.

KENWYN
... maybe see you then. I'll try
not to wake you.

Hangs up.

Back on the saddle, starts her up. Off again.

INT: FIGHTING COCKS - NIGHT

Still lively. Tyne speaks to the now friendly Barmaid. She listens, nods, pumps rum into a glass.

Tyne downs it. Edges out. Pints are raised 'hello' to him.

EXT: RIVERTON STREETS - NIGHT

Tyne, warmed up, strolls up to an entrance.

The battered sign overhead:- 'RIVERTON CHILDREN'S MISSION'.

He peers inside the safety doors. Presses the buzzer.

INT: RIVERTON CHILDREN'S MISSION - NIGHT

A woman, afro and elbows working behind a screen --

-- KATE (50s), slinky jeans, shirt and cowboy boots. Counts bank notes.

EXT: RIVERTON CHILDREN'S MISSION - NIGHT

Tyne waits.

A DELIVERY DRIVER comes to the door from inside. Shoves a bunch of bank notes in his top pocket. Clips it shut.

Tyne spots it.

The Driver opens the door. Blanks Tyne.

TYNE

Hi.

DELIVERY DRIVER

I can't let you in, mind.

TYNE

Ah, no. Is Kate on duty tonight?

The Driver thinks, looks Tyne over.

DELIVERY DRIVER

Black lass?

Tyne squints, nods.

TYNE

I guess so.

DELIVERY DRIVER

She's just feeding the kids.

Tyne, polite smile, waits as the door --

-- clicks shut.

The Driver does a hard walk to his little van. Drives off.

INT: RIVERTON CHILDREN'S MISSION, DINING HALL - NIGHT

An air of basic cheer. A gaggle of young teens surround Kate.

KATE
Chicken Kiev, Cornish pasties and
pizza. That's how to live.

She grins at the kids. One in front, disappointed.

DISAPPOINTED TEEN
Kate. No veggie stuff?

KATE
Pumpkin. Plenty of pumpkin.

She cackles. The kids waits, like - really?

KATE (CONT'D)
Marguerita any good?

The kid, happy, takes the box. Kate hears the door buzzer.

EXT: RIVERTON CHILDREN'S MISSION - NIGHT

Tyne stamps his feet. Smiles as he sees --

-- Kate storm along the bright corridor to the intercom. Just
about to press, she recognises him.

Tyne, little smile, little wave.

Kate beams, buzzes him in. Dances toward him as he gets in.
Big hug.

INT: RIVERTON CHILDREN'S MISSION - NIGHT

Kate, still happy, leads Tyne by the hand into the hall.

KATE
Well, goodness. This is a turn up.
Two Wychwoods in one night.

TYNE
Right. Is he still here?

KATE
Now, you know him better than that.

TYNE
But he was here.

KATE
Who do you think put this on?

Indicates --

-- the take outs being devoured.

Tyne watches, lost in memory. Snaps back, looks around.

TYNE
Could do with a lick of paint.

KATE
Hmm. Paint doesn't feed this lot.
Is he in trouble?

TYNE
Yep.

KATE
He left, half an hour since.

Tyne acknowledges.

TYNE
I'll come back. It's been far too
long. We'll sort something out.

KATE
Hmm. Kenwyn visits quite a bit.
Helps out.

Tyne, quietly surprised, can't help laughing.

TYNE
Okay. Don't rub it in.

Hugs again. Big kiss on the cheek.

The kids cheer.

Tyne smiles a fond warning. Kate laughs. Squeeze each other's hands as he turns to go. She watches him - a long moment.

Her mind's back on the kids.

EXT: RIVERTON CHILDREN'S MISSION - NIGHT

Tyne, alone in the stillness.

TYNE
Where the hell are you?

EXT: RIVERTON CEMETERY FENCE - NIGHT

Kenwyn hangs his helmet on his parked bike. Checks he's alone. Grabs the railings, vaults himself over, and in.

Walks directly along the quiet, empty rows.

Stands in front of a gravestone.

'Elspeth Wychwood

Born 1st May 1944

Died 31st October 1974

Always in our hearts...'

He stares down at it, crouches. Lays a gentle kiss. Senses something nearby. The wind gusts around him, dies off.

He looks back to the stone.

KENWYN

Okay. I'll see you later, Mum.

INT: WICCAN MC HQ - NIGHT

Scratcher stands, bike parts in hand. He surveys row upon row of parts on the floor. Mumbles.

SCRATCHER

Where do you go, little guy?

Steps lightly - respectfully, as if across a children's graveyard. Stoops, gets the right part. Smiles to himself.

ALORA (O.S.)

How's it going, Scratch?

He flicks round, as if caught in the headlights.

Alora, impressed, backs off.

ALORA (CONT'D)

Just, maybe, bit of a hurry?

Gently taps her watch.

Scratcher, a distracted nod. Back to the parts.

INT: WYCHWOOD HOUSE - NIGHT

The stereo needle leaves the LP. The arm rests itself.

Hazel and Vix sit in tense silence. Purk, of course, asleep.

Hazel jumps up as the front door opens, quickly shuts.

Tyne walks in, to his audience.

They wait.

He looks back.

TYNE
What?

HAZEL
Where is he?

VIX
Tyne. Come on.

TYNE
Well, I know where he's been.

HAZEL
They haven't got him?

He shrugs, hopeful.

TYNE
Doesn't look like it.

The girls wait for more.

TYNE (CONT'D)
I reckon he's a step ahead.

Vix, massive exhale.

TYNE (CONT'D)
I mean, he's not daft.

HAZEL
Really?

TYNE
Not a hundred per cent.

They calm a little.

VIX
Ooh. He does have a key to my
place.
(off their look)
Oh, judge ye not.

One guilty eye on --

-- her doll.

INT: APARTMENT BLOCK HALL - NIGHT

An apartment door, nameplate - 'Vixen Brown'.

Kenwyn, an air of safety, lets himself in with a key.

INT: VIX'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A little hippy joint.

He searches - intimate spaces.

Bedside.

Medicine cabinet.

KENWYN

Ah, man. Where is it?

Her mattress.

Underwear drawer.

Through her wardrobe, shakes out boots and shoes.

A thought hits him.

KENWYN (CONT'D)

Oh. Oh, no.

He runs out.

HALL

Races along.

STAIRWELL

Leaps whole flights.

EXT: APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT

Lit in the stair windows, Kenwyn bounds down.

Bursts out into the street.

Speeds away on his bike.

INT: WYCHWOOD HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Vix yawns.

VIX

Anyone feel like a coffee?

Hazel goes to the kitchen.

TYNE

I think we should all get some -

HAZEL (O.S.)
Not tired.

He looks to Vix.

She shrugs.

VIX
Me neither.

Picks up her Rizlas. Hazel comes back.

HAZEL
Did you not get milk?

Tyne, hand to his head.

TYNE
No. Forgot.

The girls chuckle as he flops on the couch, tension eased.

EXT: RIVERTON STREETS - NIGHT

The Wiccan van speeds along. Past the petrol station.

INT: WYCHWOOD HOUSE - NIGHT

Tyne and Hazel hug it out.

TYNE
Better?

HAZEL
Mmm.

Vix skins up. Thinks aloud.

VIX
What if you, you know..?

Chilled, they turn to her.

VIX (CONT'D)
Do some...

Wiggles her fingers.

VIX (CONT'D)
... of your stuff.

TYNE
What stuff?

VIX
I don't know. You're the Witch.

TYNE

Vix. It's not as simple as 'doing stuff'.

VIX

What's the point, then?

TYNE

It's not a TV show. You can't just use magic to solve every little thing.

VIX

Little?

HAZEL

Okay, let's not get into it. Is he ever going to wake up?

Vix sprinkles grass in her joint, glances at Purk.

VIX

It appears not.

EXT: RIVERTON STREETS - NIGHT

Kenwyn rides, breakneck speed. Glances over at --

-- a woman up ahead. She just stands, watches him approach.

He nears. Astonished, seems to recognise her as --

-- Elspeth. She bows her head, turns.

Just past her, Kenwyn jams on the brakes. Weaves to a stop, revs the bike round to go back. Shouts inside his helmet.

KENWYN

Mum.

She walks quickly away, rounds a corner.

He rides back to where she was. She's gone. He dismounts, leaves the bike running.

He runs up and down the side street. Searches, yells.

KENWYN (CONT'D)

Mum.

Bedroom lights come on. He hears his bike cough, and cut out.

KENWYN (CONT'D)

Damn it.

Kenwyn runs back, mounts the bike. Kickstarts. Again. Revs it high. More lights come on. An ANGRY MAN opens his window. Fierce, he yells.

ANGRY MAN
People are trying to...

Kenwyn doesn't hear as he races off again.

INT: WYCHWOOD HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tyne crouches by his Hi-fi. Hazel sits by him.

HAZEL
Can you do anything?

TYNE
I've been thinking about it. We don't know what they're planning, that's the thing. We don't even know if they're sticking to The Charter.

EXT: RIVERTON STREETS - NIGHT

The Wiccan van flashes by. Across the bridge.

INT: WYCHWOOD HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tyne flicks through a stack of vinyl albums.

TYNE
What do you want on?

VIX
Underground.

TYNE
Hmmm...

Flips.

HAZEL
The Dead. Come on.

VIX
Purk would vote Velvet Underground.

HAZEL
He would not.

VIX
I think so.

HAZEL
He'd vote Beatles.

Vix lights another joint.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
Yeah. Everyone likes The Dead. And everyone knows everyone likes them, they just don't know it yet.

VIX
Did you rehearse that?

Hazel, suspicious.

HAZEL
No.

VIX
You can tell.

They giggle.

TYNE
No consensus, so...

VIX
Sweet Jane. So deep, but itchy.

HAZEL
Depends which version.

Vix nods, mulls it over.

TYNE
I'm thinking...

HAZEL
Oh, I don't mind.

VIX
Velvet Underground, then.

Tyne, triumphant, slides an album out, holds up --
-- Copperhead Road, by:-

TYNE
Steve Earle.

Hazel and Vix, sceptical.

VIX
Er, okay then, but after that -

They all jump as a huge thump comes from the front door.

EXT: WYCHWOOD HOUSE - NIGHT

Malleus kicks the front door in. Easy this time.

INT: WYCHWOOD HOUSE - NIGHT

The door splinters off the hinges. Wiccans flood in.

LIVING ROOM

Malleus marches in.

The guys, still frozen where they sit.

VIX
Purk. Wake up.

In a flash, Tyne, Hazel and Vix, surrounded. Malleus shoves a vicious finger at Tyne.

MALLEUS
You lied.

Tyne's eyes flicker. Is it a guess?

Sergeant looks on, waits.

MALLEUS (CONT'D)
I knew it.

Tyne, resigned, waits for his punishment.

Malleus prowls round him. Bends slightly, quickly. Punches Tyne square in the face.

Tyne takes it.

HAZEL
Jesus, man.

Malleus whips round on her.

VIX
Purk, will you wake up.

MALLEUS
Shut it. Both of you.

TYNE
Okay, Malleus. It's my fault.

Malleus, center stage, fumes. Turns to his Wiccans.

MALLEUS
Bring them.

The Wiccans go to seize the guys.

Vix thrashes, like she's in a fit.

Tyne grapples, shoves, avoids being held. Wiccans punch, Tyne fights. They grab his hair, drag him down.

HAZEL

Stop.

Topper takes her arm. She looks like she'll kill him.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

Don't touch me.

He looks to Malleus.

MALLEUS

Just get out.

Hazel, proud, walks ahead.

Vix sees, stops her struggle.

VIX

I need my bag.

Snatches it from the couch.

Tyne still resists in a bundle of limbs.

They're manhandled out of the house.

Reverts to quiet. Malleus, quite proud of himself, surveys the almost empty room.

Slides a folded piece of A4 from his inside pocket.

Slaps it down on Purk's lap.

Ambles out, past --

HALL

-- the answer machine, little red light, flashing dimly.

LIVING ROOM

The A4 paper, fallen slightly open, begins:-

'Kenwyn Wychwood - As an Empty Cut, your obligations to WICCAN MOTORCYCLE CLUB...'

INT: WICCAN VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

The guys sit, sullen amongst the Wiccan, and one oil drum.

Tyne looks over at --

-- Alora, unimpressed.

TYNE
You said -

ALORA
I told you, Tyne. And being mashed
is no excuse.

He looks down, lost.

Hazel's eyes bulge at him.

HAZEL
You could've got us out of this?

Alora, smug.

Tyne screws his face up.

EXT: WICCAN VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

Steadily on, towards --

-- the industrial estate.

INT: WICCAN MC HQ - NIGHT

Scratcher gets off his knees, wipes his brow.

Wheels a finished bike over by the roller door. Parks it. In the zone, he walks back to the parts. Hears the van pull up.

EXT: WICCAN MC HQ - NIGHT

Tyne, arms held, forced inside. Resists.

Sergeant, a hand to Tyne's chest as they pass. Halt. He grabs Tyne's face.

SERGEANT
You'll do as you're told, Witch.

Tyne spits outrage through Sergeant's grip.

TYNE
When Kenwyn finds out, you're as
good as dead.

Sergeant laughs hard, releases him.

SERGEANT
We already knocked the crap out the
kid, so, thanks for the warning.

INT: WYCHWOOD HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The dying fire wheezes in the hearth.

Purk wakes, bleary eyed. Shivers. Whimpers. Half notices --
-- the letter, slide to the floor.

He looks about for the guys.

Checks his watch. Groans. Rubs his arms.

Plods to the kitchen.

PURK
Vix.

Gathers himself a bit.

PURK (CONT'D)
Where you at, you cow?

HALL

Gets his coat on. Knocks his skateboard under his foot.

Puzzled, notices the front door is wide open. Shakes his head
at such a thing. Flips his board up, walks out.

EXT: WYCHWOOD HOUSE - NIGHT

Bangs the door shut. Skates down the path.

The sound of board wheels in empty streets --
-- fades away.

The door drifts open again.

EXT: RIVERTON STREETS - NIGHT

Kenwyn's motorcycle engine, loud.

He rides along, eyes sharp.

The headlight picks out --

-- Purk, weaving along like it's Sunday afternoon.

Kenwyn slows up in front, mounts the path. Left hand up.
Purk skids to a halt.

KENWYN
Where's Vix?

PURK
Eh? I think she's gone home.

KENWYN
Alone? Are you sure?

Purk, grouchy, puffs his cheeks.

KENWYN (CONT'D)
Get on. I'll give you a lift.

PURK
I've got no helmet.

KENWYN
No one can see.

Purk steps back.

KENWYN (CONT'D)
Get on, man.

Purk seated pillion, board between them, Kenwyn roars away.

EXT: WYCHWOOD HOUSE - NIGHT

Kenwyn parks up. Purk dismounts, annoyed.

PURK
I just came from here.

KENWYN
I need to find something.

PURK
You said you were giving me a lift.

Kenwyn takes his helmet off. Fixes Purk sternly.

KENWYN
Stay here.

Sees --

-- the smashed front door.

PURK
It was like that when I left.

Kenwyn, careful up the path. Senses Purk behind him. Turns, points to the pavement.

KENWYN
Stay there.

Purk backs off.

INT: WYCHWOOD HOUSE - NIGHT

Kenwyn, cautious through the house in silence:

LIVING ROOM

Empty - nobody.

KITCHEN

Empty.

HALL

From the front room, up the stairs.

TYNE'S BEDROOM

Empty.

KENWYN'S BEDROOM

Empty. He stands, eyes scan, for... something.

INT: WICCAN MC HQ - NIGHT

Vix stands, forlorn, hugs her bag. A tiny flask, similar to Tyne's, pokes out.

Tyne, dragged to a chair.

Hazel, flanked by Wiccans.

She catches Vix's eye, glances down to --

-- the flask.

Vix hides it.

EXT: WYCHWOOD HOUSE - NIGHT

Kenwyn, troubled, steps out. Pauses.

KENWYN
It's like the Mari Celeste.

PURK
Eh?

Kenwyn, dismissive.

KENWYN
Everyone's gone.

INT: WYCHWOOD HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kenwyn and Purk stand apart.

KENWYN
See.

Purk jumps to life.

PURK
Oh, yeah. There's this.

Picks up the letter, offers it. Kenwyn snatches, flicks it open. Reads. His face drops.

PURK (CONT'D)
What is it?

KENWYN
We've got to leave. Now.

EXT: RIVERTON PARK - NIGHT

Purk sits dumbfounded on a bench. Stares ahead.

Kenwyn, completely healed, stands next to him, by the bike.

KENWYN
So, we, you and me, we've got to get them back.

Purk gazes up at him.

KENWYN (CONT'D)
Right, Purk? Hey.

Clicks his fingers.

KENWYN (CONT'D)
Listen. Right?

Purk's eyelids flicker. He nods. Still vacant.

PURK
Yeah. Yeah, right.

Kenwyn looks him over, concerned whether Purk's up to it.

KENWYN
Okay. Let's go.

Kenwyn walks to the bike, goes to put his helmet on.

Purk drifts after him.

PURK
What about the pigs?

Kenwyn pauses, curious.

PURK (CONT'D)
Kidnapping. Shouldn't we -

Kenwyn puts a hand on Purk's shoulder.

KENWYN
I can't very well go to the police,
now can I?

Purk's thoughts gather.

PURK
No. I suppose, no. Of course.
Sorry. Let's go.

Kenwyn nods - great idea. Passes the helmet over.

KENWYN
Here. You have this.

Purk, touched, happily puts it on.

KENWYN (CONT'D)
I mean, I want it back, though.

Purk smiles, gets on behind Kenwyn.

Bike starts. Off they go.

INT: WICCAN MC HQ - NIGHT

Hazel and Vix, held by Topper. Three more Wiccan try to bind Tyne. They struggle, he goes stiff. They force him down.

He goes limp. They fall in on him.

He bites. They yell. Punch back, kick. Drag him down.

Sergeant nods to Topper, indicates - Hazel.

Topper gets it.

TOPPER

Hey. You want me to break her arm?

Twists Hazel's arm up her back. She stifles the pain.

Tyne, furious, slowly yields. Stares venom into the bikers as he's zip tied.

Sergeant looks at Hazel and Vix, points for them to sit.

They're tied to a chair each. Gags slipped round their heads.

Tyne, head side to side, resists the gag. Sergeant slaps him. Resigned, Tyne laughs to himself.

TYNE

Why do they call you Sergeant all the time?

Sergeant, proud, prods his stripes.

TYNE (CONT'D)

What's your real name, though?

The Wiccans exchange looks, find work elsewhere.

Tyne spots it.

Sergeant, suspicious.

SERGEANT

Sergeant at Arms. What's it to you?

TYNE

I can't call you 'Sergeant', can I?

SERGEANT

At Arms.

TYNE

I'm not patched up, though. It's not right.

Sergeant stands, gag in hand, huffs and puffs. Tries to figure Tyne out.

ALORA (O.S.)

Oggy. Okay?

Sergeant looks to her voice, smiles - his saviour.

Tyne, not satisfied.

TYNE

Og... Oggy. And that's short for..?

WAR ROOM

Alora, seated, closes her accounts file.

Calmly walks through.

WORKSHOP

Sees the girls tied up. Covers her concern.

ALORA

Augustus. It's a very noble name.

Tyne shrugs, like he's no longer interested.

TYNE

Wasn't so hard.

Sergeant, confused, squirms. Curls his lip.

SERGEANT

Are you taking the piss?

TYNE

Mate, I'm called Tyne, so...

SERGEANT

Yeah, yeah. Quiet, now. That goes for everyone. Just... quiet.

Forgets the gag. Broods.

Tyne pulls a cocky face at Hazel and Vix.

They stare back.

Alora stuffs the gag in his mouth.

EXT: RIVERTON STREETS - NIGHT

Kenwyn, Purk clamped behind him, rides like hell.

Intent, through --

-- a long bend --

-- over a bridge.

Knocks down a gear --

-- past the petrol station --

-- clears a roundabout --

-- so close to the kerb.

Purk hugs tighter.

Beneath the bike, the Gremlin Bell rattles on it's fastening.

INT: WICCAN MC HQ - NIGHT

Malleus turns his head, as if he senses...

EXT: RIVERTON STREETS - NIGHT

Kenwyn's motorcycle engine.

He slows, parks up. Engine idles as Purk dismounts.

Kenwyn switches the bike off, pauses. Purposefully, slow kicks the stand out. Leans the bike. Gets off. Looks ahead.

Removes the helmet from Purk's head, onto the handlebars. Reveals --

-- Purk, concerned. Kenwyn whispers to him.

KENWYN
Surprise. Shh.

Softly, backslaps Purk's chest.

KENWYN (CONT'D)
Come on.

Purk picks the helmet up.

They walk smartly, quietly, toward --

-- the edge of Riverton Industrial Estate.

Stride through patches of streetlight. Purk skips a step to keep up. Checks over to Kenwyn.

He senses Purk's eyes on him. Gives a small nod - what's up?

PURK
How's this going to play out,
'cause, you know...

Kenwyn, fatherly hand on Purk's shoulder. He squirms out from under it.

Kenwyn registers a pang of guilt.

KENWYN
Yeah. Well, Purk, pacifism's all cool and Nirvana and all that. But, take it from me, having your head completely kicked in is a lot worse than it sounds.
(MORE)

KENWYN (CONT'D)
Nothing focuses your mind like a
good fight. So fight. Like a goddam
tiger. Okay?

Purk, no better.

KENWYN (CONT'D)
Okay?

PURK
Aw, yeah. Sure thing.

Kenwyn stops. Purk, now a step ahead, stops too. Looks back
at Kenwyn.

KENWYN
You can fight, right?

Purk, bewildered, shakes his head.

Kenwyn takes it in. Holds up his palm.

KENWYN (CONT'D)
Hit that.

Purk lands a flying slap. Kenwyn gives him a hard blink.

KENWYN (CONT'D)
No. Punch it, man. With a fist.

Demonstrates - hard, into his own hand.

Purk tries. Enthusiastic, but weak.

KENWYN (CONT'D)
Hmm. Go harder. Knockout shot.

Purk, zero technique, hits. Winces.

KENWYN (CONT'D)
Better.

Purk looks doubtful. Rubs his wrist.

KENWYN (CONT'D)
Yeah. Not really.

They walk on.

Through the next patch of light.

KENWYN (CONT'D)
Hey. Don't sweat the fight. You
sweep in at the end, like a hero.
Save everyone. Sound better?

Purk cheers up a bit. Gets his strut back.

PURK
It's 'swoop', not 'sweep'.

KENWYN
Ah, so it is.

Kenwyn, wide eyed as Purk saunters ahead.

PURK
That's fine. There is one thing. We
save Vix first.

Kenwyn, reluctant, considers.

KENWYN
Yes. Or, we get Tyne first, then
Vix. Straight away.

PURK
Why not Vix?

KENWYN
'Cause Tyne can actually fight,
mate.

PURK
Oh. Yeah. Okay, then.

Further on, through misty morning darkness.

PURK (CONT'D)
You know, afterwards?

Kenwyn, more focused on their mission.

KENWYN
Mmm.

PURK
You, and Vix. Can you not...

Kenwyn, shocked into shame, stares ahead.

KENWYN
That's, er, I don't -

Looks over at --

-- Purk, honest hope in his eyes.

KENWYN (CONT'D)
Yes, mate. I'm sorry.

PURK
Yeah. It's not just you.

KENWYN
Oh. I see. Sorry, though.

They round a corner. Purk, for the first time, sees --
-- The Clubhouse.

Kenwyn gathers himself.

KENWYN (CONT'D)
Right. Let's sort this out.

Confidently, lays his hands around his neck. Freezes.

KENWYN (CONT'D)
Oh, no. It's gone.

INT: WYCHWOOD BATHROOM - SAME

Kenwyn's talisman on the towel.

EXT: WICCAN MC HQ - NIGHT

Purk watches warily as Kenwyn panics.

PURK
What is?

KENWYN
My talisman. I've got to get it.

PURK
Now?

KENWYN
We're screwed if I don't.

Purk joins the panic.

PURK
Use something else.

KENWYN
It's not that simple, man. I'll get
back. Ten minutes. Roads are empty.

PURK
There, and back.

Kenwyn dashes off. Calls back under his breath.

KENWYN
I'll be quick.

INT: WICCAN MC HQ - NIGHT

Sergeant, grouchy, leaves the War Room, for The Guys.

SERGEANT

Where is he? He should've turned up
by now. And it'll be light soon.

Gagged, The Guys stay silent. He yanks their gags down.

VIX

Ow.

Gets his attention.

Tyne and Hazel exchange a glance as he leans in on Vix.

SERGEANT

Right. So you're the gobby one.

Slaps her round the head. She scowls, cowers.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

When's he going to be here?

TYNE

Lay off her.

Sergeant, mock realisation.

SERGEANT

Of course. If anyone knows what's
going through his mind, it's his
big brother, isn't it?

Sergeant lands some good, square punches. Tyne's head rocks
back and forth.

Hazel fights emotion. Vix can't. She lays eyes on --

-- Tyne's talisman.

VIX

Leave him alone. I can help. I can.

Sergeant pauses, one more punch for luck.

SERGEANT

That's more like it.

Heaves her, still on the chair, dragged into the War Room.

WAR ROOM

Slams her into the table. Makes her tearful.

VIX

Ah, come on.

SERGEANT

Talk.

Kicks the door shut.

Vix, chin out, composes herself. Looks to Alora.

VIX
I need my bag, and -

WORKSHOP

Sergeant bursts out, straight to Tyne. Grabs the talisman.
Tyne, helpless as it's yanked from his neck.

Sergeant leers at Tyne as he grabs Vix's bag from the floor.

The doll silently rolls out, under Hazel's chair.

HAZEL
She's got Kenwyn's flask.

TYNE
What? No. Don't. Vix. Don't let her
touch it wet.

SERGEANT
Shut up, freak.

Shoves the gag in.

Vix calls from the War Room.

VIX
I know what I'm doing.

Hazel, also gagged, watches Tyne struggle. Useless.

WAR ROOM

Sergeant casts the talisman on the table in front of Vix.

Trembling, she unscrews the flask top. Carefully, tips it.

A drop of water lands, clings to the pentangle.

Spellbound, Vix slowly closes her hand over it.

It hurts.

VIX
Aah.

Looks at her hand. Black thorns shoot from the talisman into
her skin. Vix tries to remove it. More quickly, thicker
thorns bind and pierce.

Vix, blind terror, scrapes at her arm to free herself.

The thorns grow, as --

-- Malleus, Alora and Sergeant look on in horror.

Vix screams in pain and fear.

EXT: WICCAN MC HQ - NIGHT

Purk hears her.

EXT: RIVERTON STREETS - NIGHT

Edge of the estate: Kenwyn hears, too - distant.

Stops dead. Looks to where her cry came from.

KENWYN

Vix.

Looks around, torn.

His bike's right there.

EXT: WICCAN MC HQ - NIGHT

Purk, jolted into action. Takes a step toward the Clubhouse.
Another. Breaks into a run.

He's at the front door. Hammers to get in.

INT: WICCAN MC HQ - NIGHT

Tyne and Hazel, terrified as they hear Vix scream, the access
door bashed by Purk from outside.

The Wiccan look to each other in the pandemonium.

WAR ROOM

Thorns continue to envelope Vix. Blood pours from her wounds.
She can no longer speak.

Everyone looks to each other - what the hell?

WORKSHOP

Topper breaks, strides to the door. Yanks it open.

Purk jumps, launches himself. Topper takes one look, smacks
him unconscious.

MOMENTS LATER

Purk, out cold, zip tied. Dragged by one ankle across the workshop floor.

MOMENTS LATER

Purk, unconscious on his back.

TOPPER (O.S.)
Wakey, wakey, little prince.

His eyes slowly open into recovery. Frowns in the glaring strip light, to see he's in --

-- the fight cage.

Nerve wracked, hands bound, struggles to his feet. Wiccans look on, smirk from outside the cage.

Topper walks heavily up the steps. Enters.

Opposite Purk, Topper takes out a bayonet. Walks up, grabs his arm. Cuts straight through the restraints.

Points the bayonet, direct, close to Purk's chest. He's terrified.

Topper flips the knife. Offers it.

Purk, frozen by indecision.

EXT: RIVERTON STREETS - NIGHT

Kenwyn astride the bike.

Kicks the starter down, again and again. No go. Sloshes the tank side to side. Another kick.

Nothing.

KENWYN
Now? That's perfect.

Furious, flings the bike on it's side.

Runs back - flat out.

INT: WICCAN MC HQ - NIGHT

The knife, held out for Purk.

Topper shrugs - don't want it?

Casts it over Purk's shoulder. It clatters to the cage floor behind him.

Topper feigns a punch. Chuckles as Purk flinches.

TOPPER
Get the knife.

Purk, disbelief and fear, looks around. Back to --

-- Topper. He scowls. Slaps Purk hard to one side, back onto the floor.

TOPPER (CONT'D)
Get it.

Purk, all fours, scrambles. Kicked in the belly, over onto his back.

Tyne and Hazel yell through gags. Eyes hurl hate at Topper. The Wiccans cheer as Purk rolls, hands clutched to his ribs. Topper helps him up, dusts him off.

TOPPER (CONT'D)
Aw, that's okay. Okay, now?

Purk, downcast, nods.

TOPPER (CONT'D)
Yeah. Then... get it.

Shoves Purk to the floor again. Where the knife is. His hand shakes, reaches out. He glances back.

Topper gloats. Waits.

The Wiccans whistle, bay for blood.

WAR ROOM

Sergeant, slowly, goes to touch Vix.

Alora watches, to see what might happen. Holds back, until --
-- Malleus shouts.

MALLEUS
Don't.

Alora clenches her jaw.

Sergeant, lost, turns to her.

ALORA

He's right. Don't touch her. It
could go into you.

Sergeant recoils, steps back.

SERGEANT

That's a point.

ALORA

Very funny.

It isn't.

They flop into a chair each. Stare at Vix.

WORKSHOP

Purk wipes tears of frustration and terror. He has the knife.

Topper presents himself, cat and mouse. Purk swipes.

Topper dodges, showboats.

The Wiccans clamour - Topper turns, receives his praise.

Purk runs at him, flails wildly. Slashes Topper's arm, across
tattoos. Furious, he yells. Inspects the cut.

Turns menacingly on Purk, who staggers back.

Topper rushes him. Purk, trembled defence, points the knife.
Runs. Topper lashes out, misses, topples.

Purk runs. Topper gives chase. Ridiculous around the cage.
Purk just out of reach. The Wiccans jeer.

Topper stops, bent double. Out of breath.

Purk appears behind him, leaps. Topper straightens up. Purk
smashes into his back. Bounces off onto his backside.

He no longer has the knife.

Topper drops to his knees, bayonet stuck between neck and
shoulder. Reaches to it, can't turn his head.

Purk, frozen, watches.

Topper sways. Drops onto his face. Dead.

Purk closes his eyes.

PURK

Oh, no.

The Wiccans gawp.

Purk, cautious, looks out at them.

Tyne looks to Hazel. She closes her eyes, bows her head.

PURK (CONT'D)

He made me.

The Wiccans pile in. Purk rolls into a ball. They kick, kick, kick. Purk, grunts of pain, muffled by thuds.

Hazel looks up through tears at Tyne.

Hold each other's gaze.

Purk's voice stops. He lies, limp as feet pummel him.

The kicks grow less eager. Stop.

SERGEANT (O.S.)

What the hell's all this?

Jumps into the cage. Shoves through. Looks down at --

-- Purk, bloody and limp.

Purk, dragged again, like garbage.

His body, dumped at Tyne's feet. Overwhelmed, he stares down.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

Who's next then, eh?

Points at Tyne. At Hazel. Tyne yells. Sergeant pulls their gags down. Malleus shows up.

TYNE

What've you done?

Malleus walks away, conceals his worry.

TYNE (CONT'D)

You're long gone now, Malleus.

MALLEUS

Shut him up.

Tyne, gagged again.

WAR ROOM

Malleus, consoled by Alora. Counselling by Sergeant.

MALLEUS

You know, Michael offered to send a couple of his guys down.

Alora, concerned, looks to Sergeant.

SERGEANT

The last thing we need, is Culprits
in our business, boss. They come
down here, we'll beat their arses
back again.

Malleus sighs.

MALLEUS

It's that kind of blind thinking,
or lack of thinking, that's landed
us here in the first place.

SERGEANT

The kid's no threat. He went out of
here black and blue this morning.

ALORA

What he needs to do is surrender,
according to The Charter.

SERGEANT

Before any more of his stupid
little pals end up the same.

Malleus ponders.

ALORA

Turn it round.

WORKSHOP

Malleus storms out.

MALLEUS

Who's next? That kid didn't get
here by himself.

Tyne and Hazel, resolutely silent.

MALLEUS (CONT'D)

Right. Scratcher, keep at it.
Everyone else, out. If you see
anything, I want to know. Quietly.

EXT: RIVERTON INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - NIGHT

Kenwyn runs hard.

Into the bend to the Clubhouse. Alert, stops, looks for Purk.

Creeps, one spot to another. Whispers.

KENWYN

Purk. Purk, are you there?

Fry, on lookout in the darkness. Peers into the street as --
-- Kenwyn passes.

Amazed at what he sees, Fry slides quietly inside.

INT: WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Malleus, Alora and Sergeant at the table.

Sergeant cajoles.

SERGEANT
We could still use him.

MALLEUS
Too late. In The Charter, he's an
outcast. Forever.

Sergeant, frustrated. Leaves the table. Walks out.

Alora offers Malleus a cigar. He accepts, lets her light it.

ALORA
Malleus, with the kid, under your
command, say...

Checks through the door --

-- Sergeant, far off, chats to Fry.

ALORA (CONT'D)
... as a new Sergeant at Arms,
you'd be...

Malleus, amazed. Closer, she breathes in his ear.

ALORA (CONT'D)
... invincible. All powerful.

Face to face, Malleus' mind works. Alora motions to Vix,
takes the cigar. Smokes.

Sergeant, smug, comes in with Fry.

Malleus turns on him.

MALLEUS
We've got two dead guys out there.
Not to mention whatever that is.

Indicates Vix.

MALLEUS (CONT'D)
But it's freaking me right out.

ALORA
I'll have it... pruned.

Topper, seemingly healed, an ethereal glance in as he passes the War Room. Stops. Glides in, unnoticed, next to Vix.

MALLEUS
You need to start earning those stripes.

Sergeant takes offence.

Topper, still unnoticed, looks at Vix with a curious sorrow.

SERGEANT
Hang on just a minute. I'm sorry about Topper. What can I do about it? And that sappy kid, I'll get it cleared up come morning.

MALLEUS
'What can you do?'

SERGEANT
We'll have a whip round, of course, for his missus. Fundraiser.

MALLEUS
Shut up.

Topper pushes his hand into Vix's branches. Her foliage trembles. A shimmer of her voice echoes - all unnoticed.

SERGEANT
A Ride Out, yeah.

MALLEUS
Are you deaf?

SERGEANT
Fine.

MALLEUS
You've no idea the stress involved in running this place. You know how I spend every first Friday of the month?

Topper grasps Vix. She's stuck inside the cage of thorns. Distracted, Topper leaves her there, walks back out.

SERGEANT
I can talk now? You get pissed with Michael at the Culprits Clubhouse.

WORKSHOP

Purk, unharmed, stands by the closed garage door. Topper reaches him. They vanish, together, into the steel.

WAR ROOM

MALLEUS

No. I take their pay off up. Taxes.

Sergeant, genuinely puzzled. Looks to Alora for help.

SERGEANT

That can't be right.

She looks right back. Hides her contempt beautifully.

Malleus turns his back.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

We're Wiccan Motorcycle Club. We don't pay -

Can't even say it.

MALLEUS

We do. I do.

SERGEANT

You do. It's your fault if that's how you run it.

Malleus, incredulous, in Sergeant's face.

MALLEUS

If you think you can do better.

SERGEANT

I think it couldn't be worse. We are not The Culprits.

ALORA

You can say that again.

SERGEANT

Eh?

Alora, excited for the outcome. Fry waits, just in case.

MALLEUS

Bring it on. Little man.

Yell in each other's faces.

SERGEANT

Don't push it, Malleus.

MALLEUS

No, come on. Let's see you tear my head off.

Alora's eyes sparkle.

SERGEANT

Keep it up and I will.

MALLEUS

Right now.

SERGEANT

Take a swing.

MALLEUS

First punch is yours, remember?

Wiccans at the door, witness the power grab.

Alora, loving it.

SERGEANT

Your precious Charter.

Chest to chest, foreheads begin to butt. Sergeant uppercuts. Malleus sidesteps. Kicks Sergeant's legs out from under him.

He topples forward, foolishly to the floor.

MALLEUS

You getting up?

Sergeant rolls over, hefts himself forward.

Malleus opens his arms, offers the chance to give in.

Sergeant glances at --

-- Alora. Gets nothing.

Sergeant and Malleus fight, grapple --

-- back and forth.

Over the table --

-- against walls.

Trade blows in the background as Wiccans spectate, discuss.

EDDY

What gives?

SCRATCHER

Sarge. He's losing it.

EDDY

How so?

SCRATCHER

Was his idea, the Witch kid.

FRY

The prospect's a Witch?

Scratcher checks to see if he's kidding. Glances at Vix.

SCRATCHER

Yes, mate.

EDDY

Oh, yeah. He's messed right up.

Fry remembers why he's there. Steps between the fighters.

FRY

Hey, boss?

Malleus, distracted. Sergeant, interrupted.

MALLEUS

What the hell is it?

FRY

Outside, boss. It's him.

Malleus and Sergeant straighten up, knackered. Fight over.

SERGEANT

Tell him what you told me.

FRY

Right. There's not a mark on him.

MALLEUS

Impossible. Really?

Sergeant's look - told you so.

MALLEUS (CONT'D)

Well... get him.

EXT: WICCAN MC HQ - NIGHT

Kenwyn chews a piece of branch down, spits it in his hand. Very rough talisman shape.

KENWYN

Uh. Going to have to do.

Looks to the sky. Moonlight sifts from clouds.

Hits a puddle at his feet. He kneels, places the new shape in the puddle. Palms up, eyes closed, faces the moon. Casts a quiet spell.

KENWYN (CONT'D)
 Gods good and bad, Gods bad and
 good...

The Wiccans pile out into the street.

Kenwyn hears. Opens one eye.

The Wiccans creep, scan the street. Stop to listen.

In the puddle, the new talisman strips out of it's own filth.

Kenwyn mumbles faster.

KENWYN (CONT'D)
 Gods good n bad, Gods bad n good...

Eddy spots something, alerts the others.

The puddle boils as the Wiccans close in.

A pentagram scorches into the new talisman, puddle steamed to nothing.

Kenwyn's hand hovers.

Eddy sees Kenwyn behind the steam.

EDDY
 It's him.

Kenwyn grabs the talisman. Drops it, blows his hand. Picks it up again, touches it to his forehead as they reach him. Shoves it in his back pocket.

He's seized. Hauled away.

INT: WICCAN MC HQ - NIGHT

The Kenwyn doll lies by Hazel's chair.

Tyne spots it. Eyes bulge as he realises - it's Kenwyn. He nods at Hazel.

She doesn't get it.

Nods again, more, to the doll.

Still, Hazel's oblivious.

The Wiccan burst in. Kenwyn writhes, carried, arms and legs.

In the commotion, Tyne bucks his chair over to Hazel.

Malleus notices, dashes over.

MALLEUS
What're you up to?

Hazel realises. Slides the doll between her feet.

MALLEUS (CONT'D)
I said -

Stoops to Tyne's face. Using the chairs momentum, Tyne headbutts him. It's weak. Malleus just flinches.

Hazel, wide eyed as he comes back, slaps Tyne about the head.

SERGEANT (O.S.)
Hey, Kenwyn.

Kenwyn glances across, furious, but instantly subdued.

Sergeant gloats next to Hazel, bayonet tucked at her throat.

She fights tears.

Kenwyn, manhandled. Cast into the open work pit.

The Doll. Safe.

Malleus wearies. Attention drifts to Hazel's choked sobs.

MALLEUS
Shut up, woman.

Kenwyn stands, helpless but defiant. The metal cover rolls across, over his head.

Grits his teeth as --

-- he's concealed.

PIT

It clatters overhead. Seals Kenwyn into darkness.

WORKSHOP

Sergeant's gaze crawls across Hazel's body. Takes the blade away. Hazel, relieved, slumps.

Malleus, Alora and Sergeant retire to the War Room.

Scratcher, intense, assembles bike parts at speed. The other Wiccan, at a loss, gather near him. He stops, looks up.

SCRATCHER
Come on, then.

They quietly get stuck into fixing the bikes.

WAR ROOM

Alora, firm lipped, sits at the table. Stares, hands stretched out to --

-- Kenwyn's bedraggled patch.

Malleus watches, see she's taking the kid's offence personally. He grabs the patch, storms out.

WORKSHOP

Malleus stamps his foot on the pit cover. Kenwyn's voice yells back.

KENWYN (O.S.)
Hey. People down here, you know.

The Wiccan pause work, watch cautiously.

MALLEUS
See when we get you out of there,
I'm making you eat this goddam
patch.

KENWYN (O.S.)
Yeah, yeah.

Malleus stamps again. Casts the patch on the pit cover. Spits at it. Turns to walk away.

MALLEUS
You can have your blood back.

Slams the War Room door.

BARROW
So, who do you think'll get the
honours?

The Wiccan resume working. Lift, assemble, tighten.

EDDY
What's that?

SCRATCHER
His leg, Eddy. Breaking it.

EDDY
Ah, the boss. Or Sarge. I don't
mind doing it.

Obviously. The others shake their heads dismissively.

BARROW

I reckon the boss'll get Sarge to
do it. Prove himself a bit.

Scratcher nods, keeps working.

SCRATCHER

It's a shame. I quite liked him.

Barrow laughs.

BARROW

Look at this. The bikes didn't fall
apart by themselves.

SCRATCHER

Oh, they're basically done. It's
just cosmetic now.

Tyne stares intently at the pit. Sees --

-- a glint of light stare back at him from beneath the cover.

PIT

Kenwyn cranes his neck against the cover to see out.

WORKSHOP

His eye darts - across the floor. Back and forth. Lands on --

-- the Doll, squashed between Hazel's feet.

PIT

Squeezes his head up against the cover.

WORKSHOP

Stares at Tyne - the Doll.

Tyne follows his brother's gaze. Takes a moment, gets it.
Motions Hazel to kick the doll toward Kenwyn.

Hazel takes a second, looks down. Catches on. Shuffles round,
quietly as she can. Breathes, builds up one big effort.

Kicks the Doll.

It spins away.

Across the floor.

Not far enough.

Tyne groans quietly.

The Doll - out in the open.

Hazel looks to Tyne. He assures her. They try to look anywhere but --

-- the pit --

-- the Doll.

PIT

Kenwyn takes the talisman from his pocket. Forces it, just through the gap onto the shop floor.

Scrabbles in the filth of the pit floor. Finds --

-- a shard of metal.

Pokes it through to the talisman. Head bent over, with his fingertips, aims the shard.

Lines it up, just in front of his eye.

Shoots.

Hits.

The talisman skitters away from him --

-- across the floor.

WORKSHOP

Tyne and Hazel try not to look.

It stops.

Nowhere near.

HAZEL

Ugh.

Off Tyne's look, goes a bit too casual.

Tyne looks sideways, back to the pit.

Kenwyn's eye, forced to the gap. They lock on to each other.

The talisman shifts, a tiny bit. Shakes. Slowly, moves across the floor. Flips up on it's side.

Hazel, transfixed.

It rolls away, off kilter --

--a steadily decreasing circle.

Round, round.

The brothers hold each other's gaze.

The talisman stops --

-- against the Doll.

PIT

Kenwyn releases his head, stretches his neck out. Sighs.

Stands, palms up. Eyes shut. Like offering peace.

He trembles.

INTERCUT WORKSHOP/PIT

-- The Doll twitches.

-- Kenwyn shakes.

-- Hideously slowly, the Doll sits up.

-- Kenwyn vibrates.

-- The Doll, in a fit.

-- Kenwyn falls backwards, into - a frequency. Vanishes.

The Doll falls from nowhere into the pit.

WORKSHOP

Kenwyn, out. Crouched on one knee on the workshop floor.

Tyne grins madly at him. Hazel, stunned.

KENWYN

Finally. Thanks, Vix.

Winks at them. His face drops as he sees --

-- Purk's body.

The talisman by his knee, slams his hand on top of it, like a goddam hero.

Jaw set.

Scratcher, arms full of bike parts, ambles across behind him. Stops, mid-stride. For a moment, just... stares. Gormless.

SCRATCHER

Oh. Oh, no.

The parts clatter to the floor.

The workshop bursts into life.

Sergeant rushes out from the War Room, stops dead.

Alora, framed in the War Room door. About to follow Sergeant, slams it behind him. He jogs toward the side of the cage.

WAR ROOM

Alora locks herself and Malleus in. Stare at each other. Slowly, she shakes her head - stay safe.

WORKSHOP

Wiccans scramble, arm themselves: spanners, knives, crowbars. Come at Kenwyn.

The talisman bounces under his hand. Extends. Again, again. Becomes a Kendo staff.

He stands in the closing gauntlet, expertly twirls his staff.

They attack - all at once.

Kenwyn, frenzied, battles.

Whack, spin.

Strike.

Block, smack, crack.

Swipe.

Kenwyn breaks bones --

-- faces --

-- skulls.

One by one, each Wiccan's --

-- exposed spot.

They fall, buckle.

In moments, Wiccans lay defeated; moan, hold injuries.

Kenwyn looks about. One left:

Eddy.

Steps across the fallen without looking. Only has eyes for --
 -- Kenwyn's staff.

Kenwyn backs over to Tyne. Eddy paces after.

Kenwyn heaves the staff. Tyne shuts his eyes. Braces himself.

Eddy races across as Kenwyn drives the staff into Tyne's chair. It splinters. Tyne, released, almost free, rolls away.

Eddy leaps. Kenwyn deflects. Eddy, mid air, spins into a scissor kick - side of Kenwyn's head. As they trade blows --

-- Tyne rolls, up onto his feet. Hands still bound in front. With his teeth, clenches the bonds tight.

One knee up, smacks down. Snap. Free.

Runs behind Eddy, sweeps his legs. Onto him, Tyne and Eddy go to ground. Grapple, legs and arms pinned.

Kenwyn, like a spear-fisherman, zeros in on Eddy.

Stab. Advantage Tyne.

Stab. Eddy struggles to go on.

Stab. Arm bar - twist.

EDDY

Aa - aah.

Tyne twists Eddy's shoulder. Kenwyn's staff cracks Eddy's head. He passes out.

Kenwyn, hand out to Tyne, yanks his brother from the floor.

They stand. Victorious.

Hazel wriggles in protest.

HAZEL

Mm - mmm.

They rush to her.

KENWYN

Where's Vix?

Tyne shakes his head.

TYNE

She tried to use my talisman.

KENWYN

Oh, shit. She got trapped?

KENWYN (CONT'D)
Sorry, mate. Later.

Both free Hazel. All three freeze as --

-- from the back, a box flips open.

They stare - beyond the fight cage. Into the gloom. Something scrabbles around, rummages.

There, in the dark, Sergeant, assault rifle poised on his hip. Frantic, rattles through the box.

Nothing. Next box.

Kenwyn, a cautious step forward. One hand held back to Tyne and Hazel. They stay put.

SERGEANT
Great. No strings. They're not much
use without strings.

Last resort, fixes a bayonet. Readies himself.

Steps out, to face --

-- Kenwyn. Stops dead at the sight of the rifle. Steps to the right, closer look - smirks.

No magazine.

It's on.

Stare at each other, circle, ever closer.

Kenwyn, steady, twirls the staff. Ready to go.

Sergeant prepares. Old sentry drills come back, bayonet out front. Still in persuasive mode.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)
Come on, Kenwyn. You, and me.

Kenwyn's cue - he rushes, yells.

Sergeant, caught out for a moment, charges.

They engage. Clash.

Parry.

Strike.

Sergeant, vicious but slow.

Kenwyn, fast. Calm. Precise. Goes for knuckles.

Knocks the rifle from Sergeant's grip. Jabs his face with the staff.

Sergeant slams back onto his shoulders. Goes to get up. Blood gushes from inside his jaw. He chokes, gurgles.

Kenwyn batters him to the ground. Sergeant uselessly defends.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)
Stop. Stop.

Kenwyn, about to strike, breathless.

Sergeant pleads, hands to his face.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)
You and me. Think.

Kenwyn glances around.

The Wiccan, betrayal sunk in their faces.

Staff point, shoved to Sergeant's face.

KENWYN
If I can beat them, what do I need
you for?

Sergeant winces at the question. Looks to the Wiccan.

KENWYN (CONT'D)
In fact, what do any of us need you
for?

The Wiccan get to their feet. Advance menacingly. Kenwyn stands aside, offers Sergeant up.

SERGEANT
Come on, guys. Wait a sec.

They close in, stomp him.

Kenwyn hoists his staff: One - up. Two - to the side. Three - on his hip. Back to talisman size in his palm.

TYNE
You're a flash twat, you are.

Our three guys use their bonds to tie the War Room shut.

Kenwyn picks up his helmet from where Purk lost it. Tyne slumps Purk over his shoulder.

WAR ROOM

Alora hears Sergeant's cries. Alarmed, old loyalty, unlocks the door but can't open it. Turns away in tears.

Goes to Malleus. They embrace. Malleus comforts her, next to the strangely immortalised Vix.

WORKSHOP

Kenwyn in the cage, goes through Topper's pockets. The Wiccan notice. Lay off Sergeant. Turn away in the shame of defeat.

Kenwyn snatches a set of keys in the air.

KENWYN
Thank you, Topper.

Kenwyn, Tyne and Hazel rush to the front door.

EXT: WICCAN MC HQ - NIGHT

Open the van up.

INT: WICCAN VAN - NIGHT

Tyne lays Purk down with dignity in the back, next to --

-- a drum of motor oil. Half notices, shoves it to one side. Makes room for Purk's body. Kenwyn leans in, lays his helmet on Purk's chest. Sad, closes the door softly. Doesn't shut. Irritated, slams it. Twice.

INT: WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Malleus holds Alora. Nuzzles her. She lets him. They kiss.

Alora grabs his head, pulls away. Looks him in the eye.

ALORA
Later. Now, show strength.

WORKSHOP

The Wiccan hear Malleus and Alora hammer the War Room door.

EXT: WICCAN VAN - NIGHT

The guys pile in the front, Hazel in the middle. Doors slam. Kenwyn throws the keys to Tyne.

KENWYN
Drive.

Tyne starts the van. Lurches away.

INT: WAR ROOM -

Malleus emerges, fronts out the humiliation.

MALLEUS
You let him leave? After today?

PRELAP

Bike engines roar to life.

EXT: WICCAN MC HQ - NIGHT

The garage door flies up. Wiccans roll out on their bikes.

EXT: RIVERTON STREETS - NIGHT

The van careens around a bend.

INT: WICCAN VAN - NIGHT

Tyne crunches down a gear. Kenwyn cringes, best to ignore it.
They speed on.

Kenwyn's helmet rolls off Purk, clatters about the floor.

Ahead, through the windscreen, traffic cones. A sign:-

'CLOSED FOR REPAIR'.

TYNE
Ah, what?

Kenwyn grabs the wheel, steers straight.

KENWYN
Go through.

Tyne checks if Kenwyn's mad.

KENWYN (CONT'D)
Go through, man.

Tyne floors it. They brace.

EXT: RIVERTON STREETS - NIGHT

Smash the sign to pieces. The sound of Wiccan bikes closes.

Roar through after them.

INT: WICCAN MC HQ - NIGHT

Alora crouches by Sergeant, unconscious on the floor.

He comes to. Staggers painfully to his full height. Alora steps back. Sergeant takes a moment. His face darkens.

SERGEANT
Where is he?

Alora, a flicker of something - guilt, or preservation.

ALORA
Who?

Sergeant closes his eyes in frustration.

SERGEANT
The kid. KEN - WYN.

Heads to the door, stumbles. Alora goes to him. Checks --
-- his eyes. Dazed.

ALORA
You need a doctor.

Charged with anger, he tries to rise. Cannot. Alora touches his arm, cradles. Stays him. Reluctant, resigned, he nods.

EXT: RIVERTON STREETS - NIGHT

Malleus leads his squad. Fast as hell.

VAN

Wing mirror. Bike headlights come into view.

TYNE
Here they come.

ROAD

The van swerves into lines of cones. Closer - hits them.

They scatter, bounce. Leap into the air. Fall, crazy all over the road.

VAN

Kenwyn turns to watch out the back.

The Wiccan come.

ROAD

Slalom, weave, like water through the cones.

TYNE

Damn.

Kenwyn, disappointed, spots something he likes in the van.

KENWYN

Hang on. Keep driving.

TYNE

Thanks. I will.

Kenwyn grins. Climbs the seat into the back.

Looks for a moment at Purk. Affectionately, lays a hand on his face. Drags him up, out of the way.

KENWYN

Rest easy, Purk.

Back to business, tries to prise the lid off the oil drum.

Stuck.

KENWYN (CONT'D)

Ah, give me a break, man.

Van sways, steadies himself. Takes his talisman from his pocket. It springs into a stout, sharp tool. Levers it into the drum lid.

Still stuck. Shoves, hard.

Sees --

-- the Wiccan gain.

Desperate, plunges the tool into the lid. Pierced, hisses.

Kicks the door open. Shoves the drum over to face out.

As it hits the van floor, the lid explodes outward. A cannon of oil, hurled onto the road. Kenwyn, victory cry.

KENWYN (CONT'D)

Yeah. Get some of that.

Amongst the oil, dope bundles bounce along.

ROAD

Malleus grabs his front brake.

Front wheel forks dive.

He holds on, unable to turn.

The other Wiccans fan out, overtake --

-- toward the oil.

Malleus pitches to a halt. Watches the chase escape him. From in front of the van, daybreak hits his eyes. Glances away. Shields his eyes to look back in horror as --

-- what's left of his crew ride on.

The front wheel of the first bike hits. The revs, sky high.

VAN

Kenwyn's smile turns to a sickened look.

ROAD

The four riders lose control --

-- topple, slide --

-- smash --

-- crash, into --

-- each other's bodies, faces.

A cacophony of skids, screams, metallic crunches.

Churned, crushed. Broken as machines impact. Men turned to rag dolls, somersault --

-- to a stop, amid a grotesque chorus of engines running.

Malleus' engine idles. Consumed with the fury of defeat, he stares after the van.

Kenwyn yells over the chaos.

KENWYN

It's finished.

They watch --

-- each other --

-- disappear from view.

Kenwyn contemplates. Accepts it.

KENWYN (CONT'D)

Ah, well.

Gathers the doors shut.

INT: VAN - DAY

Climbs back in the front.

TYNE
Are we cool?

KENWYN
Of course we are.

Hazel rests her head on Tyne's shoulder.

They drive through early traffic.

Red light fills the cab. Tyne slows. Stops.

Hazel sighs... chooses... now.

HAZEL
I'm pregnant.

He glances at her. Smiles. Really pleased.

TYNE
Oh. Okay.

Kenwyn reaches over, ruffles Tyne's hair.

KENWYN
Hey, hey. Nice one, kiddo.

HAZEL
I think, Wolfgang.

TYNE
For a boy?

HAZEL
No, stupid. Yes, for a boy.

Tyne laughs.

TYNE
And..?

HAZEL
Vixen. I do want her back.

Kenwyn and Tyne look at each other, nod.

In the back, shaded, sits the silhouette of Elspeth.

Kenwyn, facing forward, senses her. Wide eyed and open mouthed, daren't look round.

ELSPETH (O.S.)
I'm proud of you, Kenwyn.

He slowly looks to the passenger wing mirror. She turns her face to the light. It's her - his mother.

Kenwyn spins round in his seat. Face to face.

ELSPETH (CONT'D)
All of you.

She vanishes into the morning sunlight.

Hazel glances over to him.

HAZEL
Okay, mate?

Elsbeth's gone.

Tyne and Hazel watch, concerned as Kenwyn slowly sits back down. He looks to Hazel, gives her a big kiss on the cheek.

KENWYN
Yeah. I am. We'll get her. I owe
Vix, and Purk. We'll definitely get
her back.

All three gaze, wait for the light to change.

HAZEL
Oh, hey. A pinch -

Pinches Tyne's arm.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
- and a punch.

Thumps Kenwyn as hard as she can.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
It's November.

KENWYN
Ow, by the way.

HAZEL
Er, you deserve that.

TYNE
Yeah, you do.

Kenwyn nods, accepts that indeed he does.

TYNE (CONT'D)
Still, it could've been worse.

The light goes green. Puts the van in gear.

TYNE (CONT'D)
You could've joined The Culprits.

INT: WICCAN MC HQ - DAY

Alora, like daily drudgery, wheels a pallet trolley to the fight cage.

Drags Topper. Heaves, her full weight, like a tug of war.

Bit by bit --

-- shifts him across.

Piles him out, onto --

-- the workshop floor.

Sergeant, propped against Scratcher's tool box, looks on.

She tries to get Topper on the trolley. It just wheels away.

SERGEANT
The brake. Put the brake on.

She looks over sharply. Doesn't need criticism.

He makes a clamping motion, points to the top of the trolley.

Brake on, same tug of war.

Topper's on. Alora wheels him under the cage.

EXT: WICCAN MC HQ - DAY

Sergeant hobbles, rests on PARAMEDICS' shoulders. Alora climbs in an ambulance with him.

Blue lights twirling, it quietly pulls away.

INT: WICCAN MC HQ - DAY

Silent. Empty.

Blood drips from the side of the cage.

Sunlight sifts in dust motes from the skylight.

EXT: WICCAN MC HQ - DAY

A lone biker pulls up across the street.

Engine off. Steps off his bike. Removes sunglasses, helmet.
His back: CULPRITS across the top; broken handcuffs patch.

Lower patches: RIVERTON; MC.

It's MICHAEL, late 50s. His left breast: the PRESIDENT patch.

He looks over, a touch of suspicion at the Clubhouse.

Walks across, in front of traffic, which stops for him.

Hits the yard, nears --

-- the door, slightly open. He pauses. Crouches slowly. Draws a stiletto blade from his boot.

Touches the door open with the knife. Cautiously, steps in.

INT: WICCAN MC HQ - DAY

Michael treads quietly.

WAR ROOM

Empty, apart from Vix. He regards her closely, with wary curiosity. His hand extends. Thinks better of it.

WORKSHOP

Steps over the closed pit.

Sees the track of blood lead under the cage. Closer, sees --

-- Topper's stored corpse.

MICHAEL

What?

Moves more quickly. Looks about for --

-- the black boxes.

Puts his knife away.

Opens a box, like it might hide a snake. Admires the contents, eyes scan end to end. Lifts out a rifle.

The front door swings shut as Michael steps outside.

EXT: WICCAN MC HQ - DAY

Michael stands in the yard. Takes an ammo magazine from his jacket. Snaps it into the rifle.

A roar of motorbikes springs to life from nearby.

Michael yanks the rifle charging handle back. Loves it. His finger curls around the trigger as the sound of bikes approaches. Loud. Deep. Completely fills the air.

FADE TO BLACK.