

GOOD OMENS - IN THE BEGINNING



EPISODE ONE
"IN THE BEGINNING"

by

Neil Gaiman

Based on the novel "Good Omens"
By Terry Pratchett and Neil Gaiman

THIRD DRAFT
July 25th, 2015

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GOOD OMENS

Episode 1

FADE IN:

Title Card: **The Beginning**

EXT. THE GARDEN OF EDEN - DAY

Almost a montage:

A huge black SNAKE slips along a tree branch.

The Snake's head whispers into EVE's ear.

A hand, Eve's, picks an apple from a tree. She takes a bite. Grins. Passes it to ADAM. (They are both tastefully naked. I would not make them white people.) Adam also takes a bite...

And then he grins lecherously at Eve. Tasteful blackout...
Time lapse...

A rumble of supernatural THUNDER!

An angel in white robes (AZIRAPHALE but we can't see his face), holding a flaming sword, gestures impressively towards an exit gate: they have to leave...

EXT. OUTSIDE THE GARDEN OF EDEN - DAY

The Garden is walled. Inside, a perfect place of greenery. Outside, something more like a desert or an African plain.

Adam and Eve, now wearing leaf-based clothes, in tears, are running, desperately away from the Garden. Adam is holding something we cannot see. Eve is pregnant.

Animals roar...

EXT. ON THE WALL OF THE GARDEN OF EDEN - DAY

Watching Adam and Eve leave, are the angel, AZIRAPHALE, and beside him, on a tree, a very, very large black SNAKE. The Snake HISSES loudly.

AZIRAPHALE
Sorry. What was that?

The snake TRANSMUTES into a male Demon. He's dressed in black robes, as opposed to the Angel's white robes, and his eyes look like the eyes of a snake. (IF WE DO WINGS his are grey feathers, the angel's are white.)

CROWLEY

I said, Well, that one went down like a lead balloon.

AZIRAPHALE

Oh. Yes, it did, rather.

CROWLEY

Bit of an overreaction, if you ask me. First offense and everything. And I can't see what's so bad about knowing the difference between good and evil, anyway.

AZIRAPHALE

It must BE bad. Otherwise you wouldn't have tempted them into it.

CROWLEY

They just said, Get up there and make some trouble. So I did.

AZIRAPHALE

Obviously. You're a demon. It's what you do.

CROWLEY

Not very subtle of Him, though. Fruit tree in the middle of a garden, with a don't touch sign. If He really didn't want them to eat the apples, He could have put it on the moon.

AZIRAPHALE

Best not to speculate. It's all part of the ineffable plan. I don't like the look of that weather.

Low rumble of non-supernatural thunder on the horizon.

CROWLEY

Didn't you have a flaming sword?

AZIRAPHALE

Er...

CROWLEY

You did. It was flaming like anything. What happened to it?

AZIRAPHALE

Er...

CROWLEY

Lost it, have you?

AZIRAPHALE

(mutters inaudibly)

I gave it away.

CROWLEY

You what?

AZIRAPHALE

I gave it away. They looked so miserable. And there are vicious animals, and it's going to be cold out there, and she's expecting already, and I said, here you go, flaming sword, don't thank me, and don't let the sun go down on you here.... I do hope I didn't do the wrong thing.

CROWLEY

You're an angel. How can you do the wrong thing?

AZIRAPHALE

It's been bothering me.

In the distance, Adam uses the flaming sword on some poor lion. Aziraphale winces. *NB it's pronounced Azeerafail.*

CROWLEY

...I've been worrying too. What if I did the right thing, with the whole eat-the-apple business. A demon can get into a lot of trouble for doing the right thing. Funny if we both got it wrong, eh?

AZIRAPHALE

Not really. Not funny at all.

The Thunderstorm begins in earnest.

TITLE CARD: **ELEVEN YEARS AGO.**

Buddy Holly's song "Every Day" plays, beginning with a tick tick tick and... *Every day, it's a-getting closer...*

EXT. SOHO - AFTERNOON

Establishing shot of Aziraphale's Bookshop. It's a run-down Secondhand/antiquarian Bookshop of the kind you used to see lots of in London...

INT. AZIRAPHALE'S BOOKSHOP - AFTERNOON

AZIRAPHALE is answering the phone. He has not changed since we saw him as an angel. He looks like a happy, affluent, used-book dealer. He's a kind-looking gentleman whose sartorial style runs to bow-ties. He thinks a little tartan is nifty, and would use the word *nifty* with pride. His bookshop is chaotic, crowded, glorious, dusty. He is sitting at a table at a desk piled high with books.

AZIRAPHALE

First edition of Gibbons' Decline and Fall? Yes, I definitely have a set here somewhere. Six volumes, let me see, 1776... No, I don't know where it is, but you're welcome to come in and have a root around. And if I come across it, I could telephone you.

He writes down a phone number.

AZIRAPHALE (CONT'D)

Happy to help.

He puts down the phone. Makes an "I'm a bit naughty but am profoundly lovable" face (a la Boris Johnson). Sits back in his chair, returns to reading his copy of Gibbons's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire volume I, and drops the phone number in the bin.

CUT TO:

EXT. BT TOWER - EVENING

It's 7:30pm in Midsummer, the streetlights are going on, and people are leaving their offices. One person is going to work: CROWLEY is wearing stylish very black sunglasses, and a very nice suit. He is carrying a clipboard and a Thermos flask.

His hairstyle is perfect for somewhere around a decade ago. He glances around a little theatrically. He puts on a dayglo orange donkey jacket.

He hangs an Identity Card on a lanyard around his neck. Then he walks in to the BT Tower building lobby.

INT. BT TOWER LOBBY - EVENING

A security desk. Behind it, a bored female SECURITY GUARD does a crossword.

CROWLEY
Rataway Pest Control.

SECURITY GUARD
I thought your lot weren't due in until tomorrow morning.

CROWLEY
Preliminary inspection. Traps go down tomorrow. My job's to tell them where.

SECURITY GUARD
Bloody everywhere. I've never seen anything like it. I put down a tuna sandwich yesterday, never saw it again. Health and safety closed off the upper floors as a health hazard until you lot get here.

INT. BT TOWER LIFT - NIGHT

Crowley and another Security Guard are in the lift.

GUARD 2
Sunglasses?

CROWLEY
It's my eyes.

GUARD 2
I'm afraid I'm not going to be able to let you wander around on your own up here. Unescorted. Lot of communications go through here. All the mobile phone services, for a start.

CROWLEY
Is that right?

INT. TOP FLOOR BT TOWER. LIFT - NIGHT

The lift dings, and Crowley and the Guard step out. The floor is empty. Night lighting. But we hear a SCRATCHING.

Crowley looks around.

Every surface is alive. A nose. Sharp teeth. A twitch of a tail. RATS. Hundreds of them! Tiny sinister red eyes glowing at us from all over. A beat, then they move -- they are coming towards us! The Guard steps back into the lift.

GUARD 2

You know. I'm just going to wait here.

CROWLEY

I don't blame you.

The lift door closes. Crowley walks forward. He takes out his thermos, unscrews the top, pours himself a cup of steaming tea.

And Crowley... smiles.

CROWLEY (CONT'D)

Beautiful job! Thank you all, so much men!

A lady rat chirps angrily.

CROWLEY (CONT'D)

And, yes, obviously, ladies too. Nice job! You can all go home. And, yeah, stay cool.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

He walks into a room filled with computer and BT equipment. All of it old-fashioned and out-dated equipment: the computers of yesteryear, and some cables.

Lots of green and red lights flashing.

Crowley pours his tea onto the unit. Then he pours the rest of the tea from the thermos.

All around the room CONSOLE Lights start to flicker. Something electronic buzzes.

INT. BT TOWER LIFT - NIGHT

Crowley enters the lift.

GUARD 2

That was quick.

CROWLEY

Left something back in the van.

CUT TO:

INT. COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

CONSOLE Lights flickering. And then they start to GO OUT.

EXT. BT TOWER STREET - NIGHT

Crowley walks out of the lobby. On the pavement is a BUSINESSMAN on an old-fashioned pre-smartphone phone.

BUSINESSMAN

No, I understand. That's why we have to close this now. So. Seventy grand. Our final offer. What do you say?

And then he shakes the phone. Tries redialling, and we follow Crowley, who is taking off his jacket, past people on the pavement, a WOMAN,

WOMAN

No Arthur, you can pick me up here. I'm on the corner of... can you hear me? Hello?

...a TEENAGE BOY...

TEENAGE BOY

Look, I know I kissed her at the party. But I mean, that doesn't mean I wanted to dump you. I'm really sorry. I'm really hullo? Hullo?

Over this we can hear a telecom voice saying "*We are sorry. All circuits are busy.*"

And Crowley is smiling. What a wonderful day. Checks his beautiful black watch, and stresses a little. He's late.

He reaches his car, a beautiful vintage Bentley Sports Car , and pulls out onto the road.

INT. CROWLEY'S BENTLEY - NIGHT

He fumbles with the radio, and to the beat of either KILLER QUEEN by QUEEN, or a seriously rocking cover of Buddy Holly's "EVERY DAY", he starts driving through the London streets at ridiculous speeds.

And as he drives, we see a Title Card with GOOD OMENS on it, and hear our NARRATOR:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Good Omens. Being a Narrative of Certain Events occurring in the last eleven years of human history, in strict accordance, as shall be shown, with The Nice and Accurate Prophecies of Agnes Nutter.

CUT TO:

EXT. A GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

A small country churchyard. Possibly ruined. Rather creepy. We move through it slowly...

It's misty, and brrr.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It wasn't a dark and stormy night. It should have been, but that's the weather for you. But don't let the fog, with rain later, fool you. Just because it's a mild night doesn't mean the forces of evil weren't abroad. They're everywhere. That's the whole point.

And by now we've reached two very evil-looking gentlemen, standing in the shadows. One squat and monstrous, LIGUR. One tall, thin and monstrous, HASTUR. They have something -- a box-shaped object -- behind them, in the dark shadows.

Hastur has been hand-rolling a tobacco cigarette. He puts it in his mouth, lights it with a flame from his fingertip. In the flame's light, we get a good look at them.

They don't have horns, they wear vintage suits and shabby raincoats, but they aren't human. Weird eyes.

Skin like frogs, or pitted with terrible acne. They are trying hard to pass for human, but not even the fog is helping.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Take these two. They've been lurking in the fog for an hour. But they've been pacing themselves, and could lurk until dawn.

LIGUR

Gissa drag.

Hastur hands him the cigarette.

HASTUR

Bugger this for a lark. He should have been here an hour ago.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

His name is Hastur. He is a Duke of Hell.

LIGUR

You trust him?

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Ligur. Also a Duke of Hell.

HASTUR

Nope.

LIGUR

Be a funny old world if Demons went around trusting each other. What's he calling himself these days?

HASTUR

Crowley.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Back to Titles and Rocking Music. Crowley, still speeding, looks in his rear-view mirror. A POLICE CAR, behind him, turns on its blue light.

CROWLEY

No.

And now the SIREN starts.

CROWLEY (CONT'D)

I do not have time for this.

EXT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Two POLICE OFFICERS are thrilled to be doing a high-speed chase in the fog. No, really they are.

POLICE 1

The nutter's doing a hundred and ten. In the fog. You know what this means?

POLICE 2

We get to do a hundred and fifteen. Brilliant. What the hell kind of car *is* that?

POLICE 1

Vintage Bentley, I think. Come on, nutter. Pull over.

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY'S BENTLEY - NIGHT

The noise of the siren is starting to get to him. Crowley, irritated, snaps his fingers.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

POLICE 2

(into police radio)

In pursuit of a speeding vehicle. Vintage Bentley. And we're...

The Police Car engine makes a whining sound, and then it slows down and stops.

POLICE 2 (CONT'D)

We're having mechanical problems. Over.

EXT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

The police car, on the side of the road. Fog. The car's steaming. They open the bonnet.

We move from police officer to police officer: they look horrified and confused. And now we look at the engine.

Where the engine ought to be is just GREEN GOO, steaming and bubbling gently.

EXT. A GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Ligur and Hastur, still lurking. Hastur crushes the dog-end under his foot. We can see a little more of the object behind him.

A car's headlights approach in the fog.

HASTUR

Here he comes now, the flash
bastard.

LIGUR

What's that he's drivin'?

HASTUR

It's a car. A horseless carriage.
Didn't they have them last time you
was up here?

LIGUR

They had a man walking in front
with a red flag.

HASTUR

They've come on a bit since then.

A car door SLAMs.

LIGUR

What's he like?

HASTUR

Crowley? Been up here too long. And
he wears sunglasses, even when he
dunt need to.

We look from Hastur's TOAD-LIKE eyes to Ligur's FLY-EYES, and we suspect why Crowley might want to wear Sunglasses.

Crowley is Sauntering up the path. He stops. They stare at him.

HASTUR (CONT'D)

All hail Satan.

LIGUR

All hail Satan.

CROWLEY

Er. Hi guys. Sorry I'm late, but,
well, you know how it is on the A40
at Denham, and then I tried to cut
up towards Chorleywood --

Hastur interrupts him.

HASTUR

Now we art all here, we must
recount the Deeds of the Day.

CROWLEY

("we do? Oh, I remember
this.")
Of course. Deeds. Yeah.

HASTUR

I have tempted a priest. As he
walked down the street and saw the
pretty girls in the sun, I put
Doubt into his mind. He would have
been a saint, but within a decade
we shall have him.

Ligur makes approving guttural throaty noises, as if this is
the best thing he's ever heard.

CROWLEY

(politely)
Nice one.

LIGUR

I have corrupted a politician. I
let him think a tiny bribe would
not hurt. Within a year we shall
have him.

Hastur hisses approval. They stare at Crowley. Him next. But
that's good, because he has the BEST one...

CROWLEY

You'll like this.

We look at their faces and know that they won't.

CROWLEY (CONT'D)

I brought down every London area
mobile phone network tonight.

There is a baffled silence.

HASTUR

Yes?

CROWLEY

It wasn't easy. I had to send rats into the BT Tower, and I had to pour tea into the network controller, while the backup system was offline for maintainance...

HASTUR

And what exactly has that done to secure souls for our master?

CROWLEY

Oh come on! Fifteen million pissed-off people? Who take it out on each other? Who take it out on everyone else? Ruined days. Ruined nights. The knock-on effects are incalculable...

LIGUR

It's not... craftsmanship.

CROWLEY

Head office don't seem to mind. They love me down there. Guys, times are changing. So, what's up?

Hastur reaches down and picks up the object at his feet. Some kind of wicker basket. He hands it to Ligur, who grins unpleasantly...

HASTUR

This is.

CROWLEY

No.

LIGUR

Yes.

CROWLEY

Already?

HASTUR

Yes.

CROWLEY

And it's up to me to...?

LIGUR

Yes.

CROWLEY

You know. This sort of... well, it really isn't my scene.

LIGUR

Your scene. Your starring role. Take it.

HASTUR

Like you said. Times are changing.

LIGUR

They're coming to an end, for a start.

CROWLEY

Why me?

HASTUR

They love you down there. And what an opportunity. Ligur here would give his right arm to be you tonight.

LIGUR

Somebody's right arm, anyway.

Hastur has produced a clipboard.

HASTUR

Sign here.

Crowley writes *A. J. Crowley* on the clipboard.

LIGUR

No. Your real name.

Crowley uses the tip of his finger, and writes a sigil which burns where he's touched it. The entire sheet of paper goes up like flash paper.

Ligur holds out the large wicker basket. It could be a dog-basket, but it's the wrong shape... Crowley looks dejected.

CROWLEY

Now what?

HASTUR

You will receive instructions. Why so glum? The moment we have been working for all these centuries is at hand!

CROWLEY
Centuries.

LIGUR
Our moment of eternal triumph
awaits!

Crowley is forcing a smile. It does not convince anyone.

CROWLEY
Triumph.

HASTUR
And you will be a tool of that
glorious destiny!

CROWLEY
Glorious. Tool. Yeah.

He takes the basket from Ligur

CROWLEY (CONT'D)
Okay. I'll, er, be off then. Shall
I? Get it over with. Not that I
want to get it over with.
Obviously. But you know me. Keen.

Two implacable Demon faces. Crowley backs away down the
path.

CROWLEY (CONT'D)
So I'll be popping along. See you
guys ar- see you. Er. Great. Fine.
Ciao.

In the mist. We hear the Bentley car door slam.

LIGUR
Wossat mean. Ciao?

HASTUR
It's Italian. It means "food".

INT. JAPANESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Aziraphale walks in. The Waitress points to his favourite
table, kept free for him.

The Sushi Chef behind the counter says,

SUSHI CHEF
 (in japanese)
 Here is a selection of your
 favourite rolls, Honoured
 Aziraphale-San.

The waitress, who puts them, along with a cup of steaming tea, on the table, and bows. Aziraphale bows back.

AZIRAPHALE
 (In fluent Japanese)
 You honour me. Thank you Suzuki-San.

He sits at his table. Smiles as he eats his first nibble. Life is good.

INT. CROWLEY'S BENTLEY - NIGHT

Crowley is driving. He looks miserable, stressed and upset. The mystery basket is on the back seat. He turns on the radio.

CROWLEY
 Oh. Shit....

NEWSREADER (V.O.)
 And the FT index finished up 5 points today, after vigorous trading.

CROWLEY
 ...Ohshitohshitohshit. Why me?

NEWSREADER (V.O.)
Because you earned it, Crowley. Didn't you?

CROWLEY
 Leave it to me, Lord.

NEWSREADER (V.O.)
That is what we are doing, Crowley. But if anything goes wrong, then those involved will suffer greatly. Even you, Crowley. Especially you.

Crowley nods. He's terrified.

NEWSREADER (V.O.)
Here are your instructions.

And Crowley FREEZES for a moment, as information is downloaded directly into his brain. (Perhaps, from behind the dark glasses, his eyes could glow for a moment.)

A bad idea to do this while he's driving, because a LORRY is heading towards him in the fog.

At the last moment, he gets his brain back, and TWISTS THE STEERING WHEEL HARD, slamming out of the Lorry's way, a maneuver that throws the wicker basket across the back seat.

And now, for the first time, we can see what it is: a wicker bassinet. And the sleeping NEWBORN BABY inside it opens its eyes, and it WAILS...

TITLE CARD: Bringing about Armageddon can be dangerous.

TITLE CARD: Please do not attempt this in your own home.

Now we get the rest of the

TITLE CREDITS. And these occur, being dealt out while we are in

THE NARRATOR'S WORLD.

A darkened space, like a studio or a warehouse belonging to a rich madman who can afford anything he wants.

We can see a big, beautiful, globe of the world, and a newspaper on a table. Other things that are on the table right now include a pack of cards and a little wind-up dinosaur skeleton.

A hand comes out of the darkness, and starts to rotate the globe. Our narrator is authoritative and reassuring: the voice of history, of science, of wisdom.

As he speaks things ANIMATE: We see, first, the BIG BANG, and SCIENTISTS. The CERN particle accelerator.

NARRATOR

Current theories on the creation of the Universe state that it came into being about twenty billion years ago. By the same token the earth itself is generally supposed to be about four and a half billion years old.

(beat)

These dates are incorrect.

Now we see ancient scholars, working with abacuses, scrolls and scraps of parchment...

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Medieval Jewish scholars put the date of the Creation at 3760 BC. Greek Orthodox theologians put Creation as far back as 5508 BC.

(beat)

Also incorrect.

Now, Ussher and his assistants, with a huge genealogical list of the line of Adam, and how long everyone lived...

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Archbishop James Ussher claimed that the Heaven and the Earth were created in 4004 BC. One of his aides took the calculation further, and was able to announce that the Earth was created on Sunday the 21st of October, 4004 BC, at 9.00 a.m. This too was incorrect. By almost a quarter of an hour.

We're back in the Narrator's space. His face is in the shadows, but he's talking to us directly.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

This proves two things: Firstly, that God moves in extremely mysterious ways. God does not play dice with the universe; He plays an ineffable game of His own devising, which might be compared to playing poker in a pitch-dark room, for infinite stakes, with a Dealer who won't tell you the rules.

(beat)

Secondly, the Earth's a Libra.

The Narrator leans into the light and picks up the newspaper. Reads to us:

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The astrological prediction for Libra in the 'Your Stars Today' column of the Tadfield Advertiser. *LIBRA. You may be feeling run down and always in the same old daily round. A friend is important to you. You may be vulnerable to a stomach upset today, so avoid salads. Help could come from an unexpected quarter.*

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A green Morris Traveller is driving cautiously along the Road outside the hospital. Inside the Car are Deirdre Young and her husband, Arthur Young. He is in his forties, she is in her late thirties and hugely pregnant. This is her first child. But everything's very normal...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

This was perfectly correct on every count except for the bit about the salads.

DEIRDRE

Are we there yet? Arthur? Seven minutes apart.

MR YOUNG

It's definitely this way. It's just the roads look all different in the dark...

DEIRDRE

The nuns said to come in when they were seven to ten minutes apart.

MR YOUNG

It's a bit, um. Well. Nuns.

DEIRDRE

Do we have any egg and cress sandwiches?

Mrs Young reaches for a sandwich, and as she does so, has a contraction...

A Sirening MOTORCADE zooms past them -- an ambulance, followed by three black cars.

DEIRDRE (CONT'D)

Arthur. Just follow them.

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Suddenly Rapid-cutting, ultra-adrenaline: The Ambulance is going at speed. In it is HARRIET DOWLING, the movie-star-beautiful wife of the American Cultural Attache to London. Very pregnant. Standing near her, and being thrown around are TWO SECRET SERVICE AGENTS. Holding a video screen, and a video camera. It's a pre-skype Video hookup from the old days.

On the video screen we can see TAD (THADDEUS J) DOWLING, cultural attache, back in the US, soon to be presidential hopeful, in a White House meeting. He's talking to her:

TAD DOWLING
Breathe, honey. Just breathe.

HARRIET
I am breathing, goddammit, Tad. Why aren't you here?

TAD DOWLING
Honey. I'm with you. I'm just also here with the President.

PRESIDENT BUSH
Hey Harriet. Sorry we had to borrow your husband.

TAD DOWLING
Hon, I'd better get back to the strategy conference.

HARRIET
You are meant to be with me, you useless sonofabitch (Contraction).

TAD DOWLING
Honey, you're going to the best place we could find at short notice. The, uh...

SECRET SERVICE #1
St Beryl's Convent Birthing Hospital, sir.

TAD DOWLING
St Beryl's. Right. Honey, you just keep on having the baby. I'll be right here with you. Birth is the single most joyous co-experience that two human beings can share, and I'm not going to miss a second of it.

PRESIDENT BUSH
Tad. If we can return to the matter in hand?

TAD DOWLING
I'll get back to you honey.

And the screen goes blank. Mrs Dowling bites back some really impressive swearing.

INT. ST BERYL'S CONVENT - NIGHT

An old convent, part of which has been converted into a small birthing hospital. We are looking at a dozen NUNS. The Mother Superior is facing them. The SATANIC nature of the place is given away by the upside-down Cross on the wall beside the Mother Superior.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

The child of the American Cultural Attache. Everything is ready. Tonight, it begins.

SISTER MARY LOQUACIOUS

Excuse me Mother Superior but I was wondering where the other baby was going to come from, not the American baby, I mean that's obvious, that's just the birds and the bees, but the, you know --

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Mr Crowley is on his way with our dark master to be, Sister Mary Loquacious. Now. We are Nuns of the Chattering Order of Saint Beryl. And tonight is what our order was created for.

We can hear the ambulance Siren drawing up outside.

MOTHER SUPERIOR (CONT'D)

Places!

And the Nuns begin to move, and as they do, they begin to chat to each other, each one saying whatever's on her mind. Mother Superior reaches out and tips the upside down cross right-way up. And she SMILES.

EXT. ST BERYL'S CONVENT - NIGHT

Behind the Ambulance and the Motorcade of Black Cars, we see a Green Morris Traveller.

DEIRDRE

Right.

INT. ST BERYL'S CONVENT RECEPTION - NIGHT

We watch as two things are happening at the same time. Harriet Dowling is wheeled in, followed by a secret service man with a video camera, OTHER SECRET SERVICE MEN saying things like "Clear!" into their earpieces, and all is commotion...

Meanwhile Mr and Mrs Young walk up to the front desk. He's carrying a little suitcase.

DEIRDRE

Excuse me. Deirdre Young. I phoned. Contractions now five minutes apart.

SISTER TERESA GARRULOUS

Welcome to St Beryl's. We're all ready for you. Room Three.

Deirdre turns to Mr Young, takes the Suitcase.

DEIRDRE

Obviously Arthur will be with me, while I'm in labour...

SISTER TERESA GARRULOUS

I don't think so. We believe fathers just... complicate the process for everybody.

DEIRDRE

But--

Mr Young looks relieved.

MR YOUNG

Not going to argue with Nuns. Nurses. Know what they're doing, Deirdre. I'll be. Um.

He produces his pipe, from his pocket.

Deirdre glares at him as she is swept off in a storm of nuns...

CUT TO:

EXT. ST BERYL'S CONVENT - NIGHT

Mr Young walks out into the driveway to smoke his pipe. He tamps down some tobacco -- clearly a man for whom the rituals of smoking are more important than actually smoking itself. He starts looking for his lighter...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It may help to understand human affairs if you notice that most of the great triumphs and tragedies of history are caused, not by people being fundamentally good or fundamentally bad, but by people being fundamentally people.

And a Vintage Bentley pulls up. Crowley gets out, grabs the carry-cot, and heads towards us.

CROWLEY

Has it started yet?

MR YOUNG

They made me go out.

CROWLEY

Any idea how long we've got?

MR YOUNG

I think we were, er, getting on with it, Doctor.

CROWLEY

Got it. What room is she in?

MR YOUNG

We're in Room Three.

INT. ST BERYL'S CONVENT CORRIDOR - NIGHT

We're in the Corridor. Looking at Sister Mary, from the POV of the baby in the carrycot.

SISTER MARY LOQUACIOUS

Is that him?

CROWLEY

Yup.

SISTER MARY LOQUACIOUS

Only I'd expected funny eyes. Or teeny-weensy little hoofikins. Or a widdle tail.

She's taken the baby out of the carrier and is turning it over...

CROWLEY
It's definitely him.

SISTER MARY LOQUACIOUS
Fancy me holding the Antichrist.
And counting his little toesy-
wosies... Do you look like your
daddy? I bet you do. I bet you look
like your daddywaddykins....

CROWLEY
He doesn't. Take him up to Room
three.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM THREE - NIGHT

Watching Sister Mary outside the room, with a three on it -- from further down the corridor the Secret Service Men glare at her suspiciously. Mary goes in, with the antichrist baby, to the room in which Deirdre Young is asleep.

Mrs Young has BABY B in a bassinet sleeping soundly beside her.

Sister Mary carefully takes the ID tag off the Young's baby, and just as carefully attaches it to the Antichrist Baby.

Sister Mary looks at the two babies. They look quite similar, don't they?

She puts on the kettle.

A HESITANT KNOCK on the door. Mr Young.

MR YOUNG
Has it happened yet? I'm the
father. The husband. Both.

MARY
Ooh yes. Congratulations. Your lady
wife's asleep, poor pet.

Mr Young looks down at the babies. Baby B and the Antichrist baby.

MR YOUNG
Twins? Nobody said anything about
twins.

MARY

Oh, no! This one's yours. The other one's... someone else's. Just looking after him. No, this one's definitely yours, your ambassadorship. From the top of his head to the tips of his hoofywoofies - which he hasn't got.

MR YOUNG

All, er, present and correct, is he?

MARY

Oh, yes. Normal. Very, very normal. You don't have much of an accent. Have you been over here long?

MR YOUNG

About ten years. The job moved, you see, and I had to move with it.

MARY

It must have been very different where you were before.

She's making tea.

MR YOUNG

Er...

MARY

Taller buildings, for one thing.

MR YOUNG

There's the Alliance and Leicester offices.

(he's given tea)

Oh, thank you.

MARY

And I expect you go to a lot of HER garden parties.

MR YOUNG

Well, fetes mainly. Deidre makes jam for them, you know. And I sometimes have to help with the White Elephant.

MARY

I expect they're tribute. I read where these foreign potentates give her majesty all sorts of things.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

Are you sure you want tea? There's actual coffee in one of the vendible machines on the second floor.

MR YOUNG

Tea's fine.

MARY

My word. You have gone native, haven't you...?

INT. DELIVERY ROOM FOUR - NIGHT

Everything in this delivery room is fast-cut, with adventurous camera moves and POUNDING MUSIC: we see the sweat on foreheads, sharp lighting. It is a much bigger delivery room, which is good because it has to fit a lot of people. We have our SECRET SERVICE MEN, one of them with his video camera, one of them holding up a small screen, a couple of MINOR US OFFICIALS, nurse nuns, and Harriet Dowling, in the process of giving birth to Baby A, loudly and angrily.

SECRET SERVICE #1

The Eagle is Landing. Repeat. The Eagle is Landing.

Two nuns give each other significant looks. One of them, Sister Teresa Garrulous, nods and leaves. More POUNDING MUSIC.

CUT TO:

INT. A CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

An intimate classical concert, somewhere nice, like an art museum.

A String Quintet (two cellos) is playing Schubert's String Quintet.

The melody washes over a beaming and well-fed Aziraphale, sitting happily in the well-dressed audience, at perfect peace with the world.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Pounding music. Sister Teresa Garrulous isn't actually running down the corridors, but she is moving as fast as she can, scanning every open room as she passes...

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM THREE - NIGHT

Sister Mary is presenting Mr Young with a selection of pink iced biscuits.

SISTER MARY LOQUACIOUS

Now these are what we call "biscuits", but you'll be looking at them and going
(fingerquotes)
"cookies"!

MR YOUNG

No, I definitely call them biscuits.

BLAM! The door opens, Mrs Young stirs in her bed, and Sister Teresa enters, to see:

Sleeping Baby B... Mr Young... Sleeping the Antichrist Baby... Sister Mary... Sleeping Mrs Young...

Her puzzled glance returns to the babies...

Sister Teresa looks furious, but only for a second.

She looks at Sister Mary and WINKS.

Sister Mary points at Baby B and WINKS.

Sister Teresa looks happy, wheels the bassinet with baby B in it out of the door, and TAKES OFF DOWN THE CORRIDOR WITH IT...

Sister Mary smiles happily. FREEZE FRAME.

The Narrator walks in front of the frozen frame, holding a long pointer.

NARRATOR

As methods of human communication go, the wink is quite versatile. For example, Sister Teresa's wink meant,

Sister Teresa comes through the door, furious:

SISTER TERESA GARRULOUS

Where the hell have you been? We're ready to make the switch, and here's you in the wrong room with the Adversary, Destroyer of Kings, Angel of the Bottomless Pit, Great Beast that is called Dragon, Prince of This World, Father of Lies, Spawn of Satan, and Lord of Darkness, drinking tea. Do you realize I've nearly been shot?

NARRATOR

And, as far as she was concerned, Sister Mary's answering wink meant:

Sister Mary looks up from her tea, and says, sharp, sexy and out of character (the voice could be done by Sister Teresa):

SISTER MARY LOQUACIOUS

This child is the Adversary, Destroyer of Kings, Angel of the Bottomless Pit, Great Beast that is called Dragon, Prince of This World, Father of Lies, Spawn of Satan and Lord of Darkness. But I cannot speak freely now because there's this outsider here.

NARRATOR

Sister Mary, on the other hand, had thought that the orderly's wink was more on the lines of:

Sister Teresa is now voiced by Sister Mary.

SISTER TERESA GARRULOUS

Well done, that Sister Mary - switched over the babies all by herself. Now indicate to me the superfluous child and I shall remove it and let you get on with your tea with his Royal Excellency the American Culture.

NARRATOR

And therefore her own wink had meant:

SISTER MARY LOQUACIOUS

There you go, dearie; that one's Baby B, now take him away and leave me to chat to his Excellency. He's telling me all about the Queen and her elephants.

Back to reality:

SISTER MARY LOQUACIOUS (CONT'D)

Have you picked a name for him yet?

INT. DELIVERY ROOM FOUR - NIGHT

Sister Teresa hands Baby B to Mrs Dowling:

SISTER TERESA GARRULOUS

Here's your little man back. All cleaned up and weighed.

The Secret Service men edge forward nervously. One is still filming: Mrs Dowling shows the baby to his camera.

MRS DOWLING

Look, honey. Our son.

THADDEUS DOWLING

He's beautiful, hon. What a little tyke, huh? Seeing him makes me understand what's important in life. It's not work. I'm going to teach him to play baseball, and on Sundays we'll go fishing and, sorry hon, that's someone on the other line.

The awkwardness of the moment is increased as the Mother Superior, whom we had not seen enter the room, says, ominously:

MOTHER SUPERIOR

You must name the child.

HARRIET

Well, we were going to name him Thaddeus, after his pop. And his pop's pop...

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Damien's an excellent name.

HARRIET

Damien Dowling? Too alliterative.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
 Warlock, then. It's an old English
 name. A good name.

Harriet looks down at little Warlock.

HARRIET
 Hello, Warlock.

INT. ROOM THREE - NIGHT

Deirdre Young is still asleep, as is the Antichrist Baby.
 Sister Mary is getting into the naming.

MR YOUNG
 Damien? No, I had fancied something
 more, well, traditional. We've
 always gone in for good simple
 names in our family.

SISTER MARY LOQUACIOUS
 Cain. Very modern sound, Cain,
 really.

MR YOUNG
 Hmm.

SISTER MARY LOQUACIOUS
 Or there's always . . . well,
 there's always Adam.

MR YOUNG
 Adam? Hm. Adam...

And at that moment, the baby wakes, and opens its eyes, and
 starts to cry... and the baby, waking, wakes Deirdre Young,

DEIRDRE
 Oh. Give him here, George. Come on
 little one...

She reaches for the crying baby and prepares to breastfeed.

MR YOUNG
 You know, Deirdre, I think he looks
 like an Adam.

INT. CROWLEY'S BENTLEY - NIGHT

Crowley has a hands free calling system: He's driving and
 says,

CROWLEY
Call Aziraphale.

CARPHONE SYSTEM
Calling Aziraphale.

PHONE SYSTEM
We are sorry. All circuits are
busy. We are sorry. All circuits
are...

INT. THE BOOKSHOP - NIGHT

Aziraphale enters, humming Schubert. Hangs up his coat.

The phone on the desk rings... Aziraphale glares at it. He wants to let it ring. Then he picks it up.

AZIRAPHALE
I'm afraid we're quite definitely
closed.

INT. VILLAGE PHONE BOX - NIGHT

Crowley is standing in the last village phonebox in England to have a working payphone in it.

CROWLEY
It's me. We have to talk. It's the
Big One.

AZIRAPHALE
Crowley. "The Big One". Really?
Isn't that a little melodramatic,
even for you?

CROWLEY
Don't be like that, Aziraphale.
I'll explain when I see you. Usual
place. Usual time.

AZIRAPHALE
What's the usual time?

CROWLEY
Whenever I get up.

AZIRAPHALE
Ten thirty?

CROWLEY
One-ish.

AZIRAPHALE

When you say "The Big One.." you DO mean...?

CROWLEY

Armageddon. Yeah.

He breaks the connection.

INT. AZIRAPHALE'S BOOK SHOP - NIGHT

Aziraphale looks like someone's punched him in the stomach...

AZIRAPHALE

Oh dear.

CUT TO:

EXT. AFRICAN ROAD - DAY

A dusty red-painted truck rumbles along a dusty road that's little more than a track. African music, African animals. A beautiful establishing shot.

Title card: I

EXT. AFRICAN VILLAGE - DAY

A quiet, perfect village. Children run, laughing through the streets. A woman sits beside her wares in the market. And there's a gunshot...

...no. It's a truck, backfiring. We see it limping through the main road, and then it makes some noises trucks should not make, and STOPS completely.

The DRIVER gets out and lifts the trunk: thick smoke comes out. An African PASSER-BY walks over.

PASSER-BY

That does not look good.

The driver looks up, and we discover that she is a white woman in her 20s with the most amazing flame-red hair. She has an American accent. She's called SCARLETT. She is WAR.

SCARLETT

Nope. It's not. Is there a bar around here? Somewhere I can make a phone call?

PASSER-BY

Over there. But you can't just
leave your truck here.

Without a look back, she walks over to the bar...

INT. AFRICAN BAR - DAY

Scarlett opens a bottle of beer by casually slamming it and her hand against the counter, and drains it. The Bartender is a bored African woman in her mid 30s.

SCARLETT

I got a truck. The Engine's shot.
Anyone around here I can talk to?

BARTENDER

Only Nathan. But he's gone back to
Kaunda to his father-in-law's farm.

SCARLETT

When's he coming back?

BARTENDER

A week. Perhaps two weeks.

EXT. AFRICAN ROAD

The Passer-by walks around the truck. Then he peeks inside...

There are a lot of boxes in there. And the boxes are all stencilled with WARNINGS. High explosive. Ammunition. Guns. Rocket launchers...

INT. AFRICAN BAR - DAY

A elderly payphone in the corner. Scarlett is talking.

SCARLETT

Yeah, I know you paid for the
shipment. You'll just have to wait
another two weeks to start your
war.

There are TWO MEN sitting at a corner table, having an easy-going conversation, drinking and laughing.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

Don't be like that. No, you listen
to me. No.

(MORE)

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

You may have bought the equipment,
but it begins when I get there...
Really? REALLY?

She puts down the phone, sits down at the table with the men.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

Hey. When was the last war in these
parts?

The two men look at each other.

BAR CUSTOMER 1

I don't think we've ever had one.

BAR CUSTOMER 2

We don't go in for things like that
here.

BAR CUSTOMER 1

No! 1952. In the town square...

BAR CUSTOMER 2

That was not a war. And they both
felt a bit silly when they woke
up...

Scarlett gets up and walks out of the bar...

EXT. AFRICAN ROAD - DAY

She looks out at the lazy African paradise.

SCARLETT

Oh, what the hell. I needed a
holiday anyway.

TIME SHIFT...

EXT. AFRICAN ROAD - EVENING

It's 24 hours later. An explosion rocks the street. A GROUP
OF MEN in improvised uniforms come charging down the street.
A Rattling of sub-machine gun fire takes them out. They fall.
A WOUNDED BOY behind them lobs a grenade...

We follow the grenade behind improvised sandbags. The PEOPLE
BACK THERE see the grenade, and look horrified, as it blows
up...

We look at the Corpses on the street.

And then we see the Empty Truck.

Five Women, one of them the Bartender, are up on the truck. They have a rocket launcher.

BARTENDER

If the Rebels want War, we will
give them war, my sisters...

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

A busy African airport. Scarlett, not a hair out of place, is talking to a an African businessman in the lounge.

BUSINESSMAN

...which is why microeconomics is
much more interesting than people
believe. And what about you, Miss?

SCARLETT

You know, I think maybe it's time
for a new profession... I think I'd
like to be a journalist.

BUSINESSMAN

An agony auntie?

SCARLETT

A war correspondent.

EXT. ST JAMES'S PARK DUCKPOND - MORNING

It's morning in St James' Park. It feels like a spy movie. Our narrator is sitting on the park bench. He is eating a sandwich.

NARRATOR

They say the ducks in St James's
park are so used to being fed by
secret agents, that they've
developed Pavlovian reactions to
them.

We pull back from him. There are people around the pond, all pretending that they are not secret agents having clandestine meetings. We can see a Russian and an American having a meeting, a British agent and a Chinese, a French and a Brazilian. In each case, they are pretending to feed the ducks.

RUSSIAN AGENT
 (tossing black bread)
 Rudnitsky's gone triple.

BRITISH AGENT
 (cucumber sandwich)
 If the treaty is signed, it will
 have global repercussions...

FRENCH AGENT
 (baguette)
 We will match their offer...

NARRATOR
 The Russian cultural attache's
 black bread is particularly sought
 after by the more discerning duck.
 Crowley and Aziraphale have been
 meeting here for several hundred
 years.

Aziraphale is tossing his breadcrust to a drake. The drake
 pecks at it, then squawks, and DIES.

Crowley has come up behind Aziraphale. They talk without
 looking at each other, like the other spies do.

AZIRAPHALE
 Really, my dear. Was that
 necessary?

CROWLEY
 Sorry.

The drake RETURNS TO LIFE, quacks and paddles off.

AZIRAPHALE
 We knew something was going on, of
 course. I've made enquiries. An
 American diplomat. Really? As if
 Armagedden were a cinematographic
 show you wished to sell in as many
 countries as possible.

CROWLEY
 The Earth and all the Kingdoms
 thereof.

Aziraphale looks at Crowley for the first time.

AZIRAPHALE
 We will win, of course.

CROWLEY

You really believe that?

AZIRAPHALE

Obviously. Heaven finally triumphs over hell. It's all going to be rather lovely.

Crowley starts walking through the park. Aziraphale reluctantly follows him.

CROWLEY

Out of interest, how many first class composers do your lot have in Heaven? Because Mozart's one of ours. Beethoven. Schubert. All the Bachs...

AZIRAPHALE

They have already written their music...

CROWLEY

And you'll never hear it again. No more Albert Hall. No more Glyndebourne. No more proms. No Compact Disks. Just celestial harmonies.

AZIRAPHALE

Oh dear.

CROWLEY

And that's just the start of what you'll lose if you win. No more fascinating little restaurants where they know you. No gravlax with dill sauce. No more old bookshops. No more Regency Silver Snuffboxes.

AZIRAPHALE

But after we win, life will be better for everybody.

CROWLEY

You'll be about as happy with a harp as I'll be with a pitchfork.

AZIRAPHALE

We don't play harps.

CROWLEY

And we don't use pitchforks. You know what I mean.

AZIRAPHALE

But it has to happen. The Four Horsemen will ride out. The Seas will turn to blood...

CROWLEY

The seas are fine just as they are. It's where your sushi comes from.

They've reached Crowley's Bentley. He's parked it on the Mall, somewhere you can't park. It already has a wheelclamp on it, and a Traffic Warden is walking around it, writing things down in his notebook, because this is the past, when they had notebooks.

CROWLEY (CONT'D)

We've got about a decade. Then it's all over. You have to help me.

AZIRAPHALE

No.

CROWLEY

I'm serious. It's the end of the world we're talking about. Not some little temptation I've asked you to cover for me while you're in Edinburgh for the festival. You can't just say no.

AZIRAPHALE

No.

CROWLEY

We can do something. I've got an idea.

AZIRAPHALE

I. Am. Not. Interested.

A breath. Crowley is about to fall apart. But he pulls himself together.

CROWLEY

Fair enough. Let's have lunch. I still owe you one from...

Aziraphale glares at him. Then softens...

AZIRAPHALE

Paris. 1793.

CROWLEY

Oh, yes. The Reign of Terror. Was that one of yours or one of ours?

They get in to the car... The WHEELCLAMPS VANISH.

AZIRAPHALE

Can't recall. Quite a nice restaurant though.

The Traffic Warden, who is looking triumphant, is startled when his notebook bursts into flames as the Bentley drives away.

CROWLEY

I didn't mean to do that.

AZIRAPHALE

That was me. I thought your people invented them.

CROWLEY

Really? I thought they were yours.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - DAY

We pan across a restaurant. It's a fancy restaurant. Dry ice and liquid nitrogen. Molecular Gastronomy. It's very fancy...

Aziraphale and Crowley are looking around.

CROWLEY

Ah. Sorry about this. Under new management. Still the most expensive restaurant in London. Just now it's molecular gastronomy. Apparently they use, er, molecules.

AZIRAPHALE

Not really my kind of thing.

CROWLEY

What is your kind of thing?

AZIRAPHALE

Well, they always do a lovely high tea at the Ritz.

Crowley sighs and turns around. They leave....

But we remain in the restaurant. We pan across until we meet the owner of the restaurant...

RAVEN SABLE, who is American, dressed in black, and has the kind of beard popularised by the late Roger Delgado, or failing that, Max Maven. He looks sinister without trying. He is FAMINE.

Title Card: II

Sable looks on with approval as a WAITER brings his dining partner, FRANNIE, his accountant and Financial Manager, a nearly empty but beautiful plate...

WAITER

Your main course, madam. Chicken froth, on a reduction of broccoli gel, with a mushroom foam. And the chef recommends this, first...

He hands her a balloon...

FRANNIE

What is it? It looks like a balloon.

WAITER

A balloon filled with lavender-scented air. Inhale it, then eat your dinner.

FRANNIE

I need another glass of wine.

WAITER

Of course.

SABLE

Bon appetite, Frannie. So. You saw the latest royalty statement?

Frannie is hungry. The molecular gastronomy is lost on her...

FRANNIE

12 Million copies, Dr Sable.

SABLE

C'mon. Eat hearty. Molecular gastronomy. Amazing, huh?

FRANNIE

It's a lot of copies...

SABLE

I was thinking about this place.
All the money these folks pay to
stay hungry. Yeah. I think it's
time to expand.

FRANNIE

A new line of diet books?

SABLE

Much more than that. It's time to
go corporate. A chain of fast food
outlets. Factories. The whole
schmear.

They are interrupted by SHERRYL, a FASHION MODEL.
Horrendously underweight. Beautiful but dear god how can a
human being be that thin...?

SHERRYL

Uh. Dr Sable. I hope you don't mind
me interrupting you. But your book.
It changed my life... Sherryl. Two
Rs. And a Y.

She puts the book down on the table. Sable's photo is on the
cover -- "THE D-PLAN DIET." And the subtitle "SLIM YOURSELF
BEAUTIFUL -- TERMINALLY!"

He signs, saying:

SABLE

Why indeed? There. A quote from the
book of the revelation of St John.

SHERRYL

You don't know how much this means
to me.

She backs away.

FRANNIE

That girl looks like she's starving
to death.

SABLE

She is. She's dying of hunger right
now. So. Corporate...

Frannie has an ultrathin, ultralight black laptop. She's
stabbing at it...

FRANNIE

Already on it. We can buy into Holdings (Holdings) Incorporated for the initial Lichtenstein toehold. We use the Cayman Islands as a... Dr Sable? Are you listening?

SABLE

Sorry -- It just occurred to me. I've never seen a room full of rich people so hungry...

EXT. AZIRAPHALE'S BOOK SHOP - DAY

Crowley and Aziraphale are heading down the pavement to the Book shop.

AZIRAPHALE

I have several very nice little Chateuneuf De Papes in the back. I picked up a dozen cases of them in 1921, and I still have a couple of bottles left, for special occasions.

CROWLEY

Not very big on wine in Heaven, are they? Not going to get any more nice little Chateuneuf De Papes in Heaven. Or Single malt scotch. Or little cocktails with umbrellas.

AZIRAPHALE

I told you, Crowley. I'm not helping you. I'm not interested. This is purely social. I'm an angel. You're a demon. We're hereditary enemies. Get thee behind me, foul fiend!

He unlocks the door to the bookshop.

AZIRAPHALE (CONT'D)

After you.

EXT. OIL TANKER - DAY

WHITE is in his twenties. He's beautiful, in a dirty sort of way. Everything about him, overalls, face, hair, is slightly grimy... He's mopping a deck of an oil tanker... FREEZE on his face.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He's called White, or Albus, or Chalky, or Snowy. He's had lots of interesting jobs in lots of interesting places... He's helped design the petrol engine, plastics and the ring-pull can... He can turn his hand to anything, Mr White.

Title Card: **III**

White is walking through the Tanker's decks. He passes the Captain's Cabin:

SHOT, CAPTAIN in bed, a hand releases an empty bottle to the floor of the cabin. It rolls away and back.

White passes a toilet. The NOISES of someone having a miserable time being sick emerge as he passes.

White walks through the galley, where the SECOND MATE is passing the time by tossing peanuts into the air and catching them in his mouth. Or failing to catch them...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The captain is drunk in his cabin. The first mate is sick with a tummy bug. The second mate is in the galley. And that doesn't matter, because the tanker is almost entirely automated.

White reaches a door marked RESTRICTED ACCESS. The door swings open as he gets there.

NARRATOR

There's almost nothing left for a person can do.

There's a small Video Cam Unit in a corner, and a black and white monitor showing what's going on inside. White ISN'T on it.

INT. RESTRICTED AREA - DAY

WHITE walks to the Emergency Cargo Release Switch. It says "Insert KEY to Initialise EMERGENCY CARGO RELEASE". He licks a finger, thoughtfully, and twirls it in the air...

As if in sympathy, lock turns, with no key in it.

White flicks the Cargo release switch into the RELEASE position.

WHITE
(gently. Wistfully.)
Oops.

BIRDSEYE VIEW: THE TANKER - DAY

We see the tanker below us, and, all around it a huge black oil spill spreading out across the blue of the sea.

NARRATOR
Afterwards, there was a huge amount of discussion as to whose fault it was. Neither the captain, the first or the second mate ever worked again...

EXT. TANKER DECK - DAY

The CAPTAIN, FIRST MATE and SECOND MATE are led off, dazed, in handcuffs, by POLICE...

A tiny ship, a little steamer, as different as can possibly be from the gleaming huge tanker, IS PASSING IN THE BACKGROUND. We zoom in on it....

NARRATOR
But no-one gave any thought to Able Seaman White...

EXT. SMALL SHIP - DAY

And there is White, eating crisps on the deck of the steamer. He tosses the empty crisp packet overboard. Behind him, we pan up to see, are rusting barrels each stencilled with WEEDKILLER -- TOXIC -- EXTREMELY DANGEROUS and Death's heads...

NARRATOR
Nobody ever does.

EXT. AZIRAPHALE'S BOOK SHOP - NIGHT

Establishing shot of the outside of the shop. Soho...

INT. AZIRAPHALE'S BOOK SHOP

We move through the bookshop, listening to their conversation, until we reach the back room. There are a LOT of bottles of wines and spirits on the various surfaces, along with the teetering piles of books, the regency snuff box display. Crowley is Drunker than Aziraphale, but they are both drunk.

AZIRAPHALE

So what. Exactly. Is. Your. Point?

CROWLEY

My point is. My point is. The point I'm trying to make is... the dolphins. That's my point.

AZIRAPHALE

Kind of fish.

CROWLEY

Nononono, 'S mammal. Your actual mammal. Difference is...

Neither of them are very clear on the differences.

AZIRAPHALE

Mate out of water?

CROWLEY

Don't think so. Something about their young. Not the point. The point is. Their brains.

He pours himself a huge glass of wine. It takes a lot to get supernatural beings drunk.

AZIRAPHALE

What about their brains?

CROWLEY

Big brains. That's my point. Size of. Size of. Size of damn big brains. Not to mention whales. Brain city, whales, take it from me.

AZIRAPHALE

Kraken. Great big bugger. Supposed to rise to the surface right at the end, when the sea boils.

CROWLEY

That's my point, whole sea
bubbling, dolphins, whales,
everybody turning into bouillab,
bouillab, fish soup. Not their
fault. Same with gorillas. Whoops,
they say, sky gone all red, stars
crashing to ground, what they
putting in the bananas these days?

AZIRAPHALE

All creatures great and small. Poor
little, big...

CROWLEY

And you know what makes it worse.
When it's all gone. You are going
to have to deal with... ETERNITY!

Crowley makes a huge gesture and sends a glass and contents
flying. It smashes, loudly. Aziraphale gestures, and it
reforms, slightly drunkenly.

AZIRAPHALE

Eternity?

Crowley has found Aziraphale's collection of Theatre
programmes.

CROWLEY

It won't be so bad at first. No
Stephen Sondheim first nights in
Eternity. But I've been assured He
has a fondness for Andrew Lloyd
Webber musicals. And He really
loves the Sound of Music. Fancy
spending Eternity watching that?
You could literally climb every
mountain over and over and over...

Crowley walks around the back room...

AZIRAPHALE

I don't like it any more than you,
but I told you. I can't disod - not
do what I'm told. 'M a'nangel. I...
(pause)
I can't cope with this while 'm
drunk. I'm going to sober up.

CROWLEY

Me too.

He closes his eyes, and jerks: We watch the all bottles around the room refill with alcohol. Crowley and Aziraphale look like people who have just become un-drunk and don't like it.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Mr Young drives the car up to the Main Door. Deirdre comes out, with the baby. A bunch of chattering nuns wave goodbye, still chattering. Over this we hear Crowley and Aziraphale talking.

INT. AZIRAPHALE'S BOOK SHOP - NIGHT

Crowley is pacing, impatiently. Putting corks back into wine bottles, perhaps. Aziraphale is agitated. They are both sober. And Aziraphale is coming over to the dark side.

AZIRAPHALE

Look! It's not that I disagree with you. But I'm an angel. I'm not allowed to disobey.

CROWLEY

You think I am?

AZIRAPHALE

You're a demon. You love to disobey.

CROWLEY

My people are only into disobedience in general terms. Not when it applies to them.

AZIRAPHALE

Even if I wanted to help, I couldn't! I can't interfere with divine plans.

Crowley gets an idea...

CROWLEY

What about diabolical ones? My lot have put the baby in play, after all. You can interfere with that!

AZIRAPHALE

But... It's still part of the overall divine plan. It's all part of the divine plan.

CROWLEY

Then you can't be certain that thwarting me isn't part of the divine plan too. I mean, you're supposed to thwart the wiles of the Evil One at every turn, aren't you?

AZIRAPHALE

Well...

CROWLEY

You see a wile, you thwart. Am I right?

AZIRAPHALE

Broadly. Actually I encourage humans to do the actual --

CROWLEY

The Antichrist is here. But birth is just the start. It's the upbringing that's important. It's the Influences. And the evil influences -- that's all me!

AZIRAPHALE

If you put it that way, Heaven couldn't actually mind me thwarting you...

CROWLEY

It'd be a real feather in your wing.

Aziraphale looks at him, doubtfully. Then he reaches out a hand, and Crowley and Aziraphale shake hands on it.

CROWLEY (CONT'D)

We'll be godfathers, sort of. Overseeing his upbringing. He won't be evil. He'll be normal.

AZIRAPHALE

You know, I'd never have thought of that. Godfathers. Well, I'll be damned.

CROWLEY

It's not that bad. Once you get used to it.

We hear a crack of thunder...

EXT. A HILLSIDE ABOVE THE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A storm has begun. There's a motorcade, ready to take the Dowling baby away. Mrs Dowling comes out of the Door, with the baby.

We pull back: From the top of a nearby hill, Hastur steps from the shadows. The Mother Superior and Sister Grace Voluble runs up the hill.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
Our Mission is done, Lord Hastur.
The baby is in place.

HASTUR
No need for the convent any longer,
then. Or for the Order.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
I'm afraid I --

HASTUR
Your order is dissolved.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
We're what?

SISTER GRACE VOLUBLE
Now hang on a moment. We did
everything that was asked of us.
What about our rewards?

HASTUR
You irritate me. You talk too much.

SISTER GRACE VOLUBLE
We are a chattering order. We say
exactly what is on our mind, and
right now, what's on my mind is
that you can't treat us like --

Hastur reaches out and puts his hand over Sister Grace's mouth, and squeezes. She dies. Hastur looks at the Mother Superior.

HASTUR
Do you want to tell them the order
is dissolved? Or do you want them
all to perish in the fire.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
(shaken)
Fire?

Hastur gestures. Lightning strikes the roof of the Hospital.

The Mother Superior looks at him, and then runs back down the hill. Hastur begins to laugh, and it's absorbed by the thunder.

The lights of the fire brigade are coming...

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE:

We hold on the fallen body of the late Sister Grace Voluble.

And then we move from her to the fallen bodies in the African Village Square.

From there to Sherryl the supermodel from the restaurant, in bed, dead.

From there to dead fish, floating in an oil spill...

And from there back to the Weedkiller boat, and we close in on the death's head on the POISON signs. The sign of the grinning skull.

Title: **IV**

Over all this:

NARRATOR

And there's a Fourth. He's everywhere, and what he does is what he is. He isn't waiting. He's working. Although in a manner of speaking, he's waiting for us all.

CUT TO:

EXT. WARLOCK'S RESIDENCE - DAY

It's fancy, and there are secret service men outside. We see a Mary Poppins style NANNY walking towards the house, with her back to us.

The doorbell is pressed. The door is opened. And the Nanny, wearing dark glasses, reminds us of Crowley. She's sexy and domineering.

NANNY

I understand you need a nanny.

EXT. WARLOCK'S BACK DOOR - DAY

The back door is opened. A saintly friar-like GARDENER, big victorian gaffer sideburns, angelic, with a spade, who perhaps reminds us a little of Aziraphale, possibly chewing a grass-blade, raises his hat and says,

GARDENER

They do say as you moight be
lookin' for a gardener.

EXT. WARLOCK'S RESIDENCE GARDEN - DAY

TITLE CARD: **SIX YEARS AGO**

A small boy in a garden. Brother Francis, the gardener, is feeding the birds...

YOUNG WARLOCK, aged about 5, wanders over:

YOUNG WARLOCK

Hello Brother Francis.

GARDENER

Hullo, Young Warlock. My, you're
growing fast. You must be all of...

YOUNG WARLOCK

Five. I'm five. What's that?

GARDENER

Brother Sparrow. And here's Brother
Snail... Sister Slug. Remember,
Warlock, as you grow, to have love
and reverence for all living
things.

YOUNG WARLOCK

Nanny says Living things are only
fit to be ground under my heels,
Brother Francis.

GARDENER

Don't listen to her. Listen to me.

INT. WARLOCK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nanny has wound up the SPOOKY MUSIC BOX and the thing that casts SCARY SHADOWS ON THE WALL. Young Warlock is in bed.

YOUNG WARLOCK

Will you sing me a lullaby, Nanny?

NANNY

Of course, dear.

(sings)

*Go to sleep and dream of pain/ Doom
and darkness, blood and brains/
Sleep so sweet, my darling boy/ You
will rule, when Earth's destroyed.*

YOUNG WARLOCK

Francis says that I must be kind
and nice to everybody. And hug
them. Even Brother slug. And not
destroy the earth.

NANNY

Don't listen to him. Listen to me.

EXT. LONDON BUS - DAY

The top deck of a bus. Aziraphale is reading a paper. Crowley
sits down next to him.

CROWLEY

He's too normal.

AZIRAPHALE

Not at all. It's working. The
Heavenly influences are balancing
out the hellish. A no score draw.

CROWLEY

I hope you're right. Six years to
go.

INT. LIFTS - DAY

Cut between Crowley and Aziraphale entering lifts, and
pushing buttons for the top floor and the bottom.

INT. OFFICE HELL - DAY

Crowley gets out of the lift. He saunters over to reception.
Muzak in background.

CROWLEY

Er. Crowley. Annual report.

RECEPTIONIST

Room Five.

Crowley walks down a dull corridor, past identical doors. Door Four opens, and Hastur comes out, along with a blast of fire and screams from inside. He's dusting himself off.

CROWLEY

Hastur.

HASTUR

Crowley.

They both go through door 5.

INT. DOOR 5 - NO DAYLIGHT

It's an office. It's shadowy, which is good, as we do not want to see the entities to whom Crowley is reporting in too much detail.

DAGON

Tell uss about the boy Warlock.

CROWLEY

He's a remarkable child.

HASTUR

Is he evil?

CROWLEY

Fantastically evil.

LIGUR

Killed anyone yet?

CROWLEY

Not yet. But there's more to evil than just killing people.

Vague noises of agreement from hellish entities: Crowley has a point.

LIGUR

Yeah. But it's fun.

INT. HEAVENLY OFFICE - DAY

We're at the top of a skyscraper, looking out over London. Aziraphale's meeting is very similar. Nicer decor. The incredibly well-dressed, nice men and women he's talking to have faces that seem slightly burned out by light.

AZIRAPHALE

And I feel that, on a deep level,
the child is being influenced
towards the light. By me.

ANGEL #1

That sounds very commendable.
Excellent work, Aziraphale. As
usual.

ANGEL #2

Yes. But Aziraphale. We will be
most understanding should you fail.
After all, wars are to be won.

ANGEL #1

Not avoided.

ANGEL #2

Still. As he likes to say. Climb
every mountain.

ANGEL #1

Ford every stream.

And we finish on Aziraphale's face, as he winces.

TITLE CARD: **THE PRESENT DAY.**

TITLE CARD: **TUESDAY.**

INT. BRITISH MUSEUM - DAY

WARLOCK, a couple of days before his 11th birthday, is being
dragged about the British Museum by his mother.

MRS DOWLING

Honey. Look. It's old. And
educational.

WARLOCK

It's dumb.

MRS DOWLING

It's not dumb, sweetie. It's
thumbscrews.

WARLOCK

Dumbscrews more like. Can we talk
about my birthday party?

Mrs Dowling drags him over to the next exhibit. We pull back to see that Crowley and Aziraphale were both watching.

CROWLEY

Thumbscrews! What normal kid doesn't like torture?

AZIRAPHALE

But it's good he's not interested in torture! Isn't it?

CROWLEY

I don't know.

AZIRAPHALE

So. I hear that your people will be sending him a Hell Hound.

CROWLEY

It's the start of it all. He has to name it: Stalks By Night, or Throat-Ripper or something. But if we've done our job, properly, he'll send it away, unnamed.

AZIRAPHALE

And if he *does* name it?

CROWLEY

Then you and I have lost. He'll have all his powers, and Armageddon will be just around the corner.

AZIRAPHALE

At his birthday party?

CROWLEY

Yes.

AZIRAPHALE

We should be there. In fact... (He's just had an idea) I could. Entertain.

CROWLEY

No. Please, no.

AZIRAPHALE

(wiggling his fingers)
I'd just need to get back in practice.

Attempts a French Drop with a coin. Drops it. Fumbles around to pick it up, irritating tourists.

CROWLEY

Don't do this. Please. I am actually begging you, and you have no idea how demeaning that is. Please.

EXT. WARLOCK'S PARTY - DAY

We are in a huge tent in Warlock's back garden. It's a party! Birthday balloons. We have a couple of dozen eleven year olds, all very well dressed. Warlock is wearing an 11 Badge, the kind you get off a birthday card.

We also have some SECRET SERVICE OFFICERS. The same ones we saw eleven years ago, just a little older.

We have caterers, all wearing white food-serving jackets, even Crowley, who seems to be in charge of them, and is waiting by the cake. There are trifles and jellies and such.

Crowley looks down in embarrassment.

The Kids all look bewildered -- horrified -- saddened. Because, up on a little stage...

It's AZIRAPHALE! Dressed in the style of a Victorian conjurer, top hat and tails and all, in clothes he bought a hundred and fifty years ago and has not work for fifty, and has never dry cleaned, proud as punch.

THE AMAZING MISTER FELL AND HIS REMARKABLE FEATS OF PRESTIDIGITATION is painted on a peeling old canvas in front of him. He has a little collapsible table, a magic wand, and he's in heaven. Right now, he's showing them his hat.

AZIRAPHALE

Now you sees my old top hat? Where did you get that hat, as you young uns do say? Well, you also see that there is nothing inside my perfectly normal top hat such as any of you might wear on a trip to the confectioners. But wait! What is this? Could it be our furry friend, Harry the Rabbit?

A rabbit is produced from the hat. The kids are unimpressed.

WARLOCK

Dumb. It was in the table.

GIRL 1

You said there were going to be cartoons. I got cartoons at my birthday. An I got an Ipad an I got an Iphone an I got a smartwatch an I got a...

GIRL 2

You're rubbish.

BOY 1

Excuse me. Excuse me. She's right, you know. You are actually rubbish.

Crowley is looking around for the Black Hound. He looks at the Clock -- 2 minutes to 3. Checks his watch: almost 3...

AZIRAPHALE

(pressing on)

Do any of you young'uns have such a thing as a thruppeny bit about your persons? No? Well, what's that behind your ear?

Crowley is counting the seconds now. Five, four, three, two...

INT. HELL, DOG HANGAR

Hastur and Ligur. They are standing in a huge aircraft-hangar like building in Hell. A huge portcullis-like gate behind them. We can't see the animal in there, but it would appear to be about thirty feet high and terrifying. It GROWLS.

They are eyeing it nervously. A DISPOSABLE DEMON near them, eyes it with stark terror.

HASTUR

That's... that's a hell hound all right.

LIGUR

It's big.

HASTUR

It'll be what he wants it to be. You! Get in there. Open the gate!

DISPOSABLE DEMON

Me?

HASTUR

You. Yeah. Watch out for his teeth.

Hastur and Ligur watch, as the demon vanishes off. Hell Hound growls. The Sound of a winching gate lifting...

Then a SCREAM from the disposable Demon. Hastur and Ligur wince. Sound of a disposable demon being eaten.

LIGUR

It's not like you didn't tell him
to look out for the teeth.

HASTUR

Point. Now. He's free to find his
master...

They look up, scared, as the shadow of something huge goes past them...

INT. WARLOCK'S PARTY - DAY

Crowley's watch says 3 pm. Crowley looks around. Nothing.

BOY 1

This sucks.

AZIRAPHALE

And for my next remarkable
illusion, I will need a pocket
handkerchief. A perfectly normal
one. Does anyone have a pocket
handkerchief?

Blank kids. Some of them have pulled out their phones and are playing video games.

AZIRAPHALE (CONT'D)

I do. I really *will* need a
handkerchief. I...

He blinks and performs a miracle. *Ping!* Turns to a Security Guard...

AZIRAPHALE (CONT'D)

You, my fine young jack-sauce. If
you look in your pocket, I have no
doubt you will find a handkerchief.

GUARD

M'afraid not, sir.

AZIRAPHALE

No. You do. Just look. Please look.

The guard reaches into his inside pocket, and looks puzzled. Then pulls out AN ENORMOUS LACE-EDGED HANKIE which goes not into his pocket, but into his shoulder holster... and which, as he pulls it out, snags his gun.

The gun ARCS slowly and gracefully and in slow motion through the air.

It splashes down in a bowl of trifle near Warlock.

The kids applaud. This is more like it!

GIRL 2

Not bad.

Warlock grabs the gun. Covers the room.

WARLOCK

Hands up lowlife scumbuckets! I got a gun.

A beat. The Guards look around, panicky, and aren't sure what to do...

GIRL 1

S'not fair. Why have you got a gun and we don't?

WARLOCK

I'm not stopping you.

Girl 1 is next to a Security Guard, and grabs at his gun...

The Guard doesn't quite know how to deal with this.

Boy 1 throws a lump of cake at Warlock, who whirls around, and reflexively, squeezes the trigger...

FREEZE IMAGE.

INT. NARRATOR'S WORLD

We are in the Narrator's World, and the scene is on a big Screen. The Narrator is standing beside it.

NARRATOR

The .357 Magnum Hollow point cartridge, coming out of a secret service Sig Sauer P229 at 1,430 feet per second, is capable of blowing anyone away, leaving only a red mist in the air, a messy corpse and a certain amount of paperwork.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

It would have taken a miracle to avoid a massacre.

INT. WARLOCK'S PARTY - DAY

Close up on Aziraphale's face. He does a Miracle Blink, and --

A STREAM OF WATER comes from the nozzle of Warlock's gun. Which is now a water pistol.

Aziraphale looks rather proud of himself.

And then a huge lump of birthday trifle HITS HIM IN THE FACE.

Guards are (puzzled) firing water pistol guns.

Kids are (enthusiastically) firing water pistol guns.

Perfectly timed lumps of jelly and trifle and cake are being thrown around. IT'S A FOOD FIGHT!

WARLOCK

Best Eleventh Birthday ever!

And through the chaos and the flying food, Crowley walks perfectly unharmed, untouched, barely paying attention to the chaos, checking his watch, removing his white caterer's jacket, and dropping it onto the ground...

EXT. WARLOCK'S RESIDENCE - DAY

The street outside. Crowley is standing, looking worried.

Aziraphale joins him. He's reaching into his sleeve.

AZIRAPHALE

It was all a bit of a mess, I'm afraid.

CROWLEY

Nonsense. You gave them all a party to remember. Last one they'll ever have, mind...

Aziraphale has removed the dove from his sleeve. He's prodding it, but it's dead.

AZIRAPHALE

It's late.

CROWLEY

Comes of putting it up your sleeve.

AZIRAPHALE

No. The Hell Hound. It's late.

Crowley irritably taps the dead dove, which flutters and flies off. He reaches into the Bentley and turns on the radio. It's JUST A MINUTE...

NICHOLAS PARSONS (V.O.)

And you have Just a Minute to tell us all about Fish Fingers starting *Hello Crowley. Is sssomething wrong?*

CROWLEY

Um. Hi. Who's this?

NICHOLAS PARSONS

Dagon. Lord of the Files. Master of Torments.

CROWLEY

Yeah. Just checking in about the Hell Hound...

NICHOLAS PARSONS

We freed him. He walks to find his master. Is something wrong, Crowley?

CROWLEY

Wrong? No.... Nothing's wrong. What could be wrong? I can see it now. What a lovely big helly hell hound. Hey, great talking to you.

He turns off the radio.

AZIRAPHALE

No dog.

CROWLEY

No dog.

AZIRAPHALE

Wrong boy.

CROWLEY

Wrong boy.

There's a gunshot.

AZIRAPHALE

(not swearing)

Oh sugar! I must have missed one.

CROWLEY

Armageddon is days away. And we've lost the Antichrist. Get in.

Aziraphale just stands there, shocked.

AZIRAPHALE

How can you lose the Antichrist?

INT. CROWLEY'S BENTLEY - DAY

They are both shocked.

AZIRAPHALE

You said it was him.

CROWLEY

It was him. I should know. I delivered the baby. Not delivered-delivered it. You know. Handed it over.

AZIRAPHALE

Someone else must be interfering, then.

CROWLEY

Who? There isn't anyone else. There's good, that's your lot. There's evil. That's mine. One side or the other. And between us, we've lost the antichrist.

AZIRAPHALE

I can't believe it. Even Heaven was certain that the Hell Hound would be showing up today.

CROWLEY

It was sent. And the boy was meant to have named it. You have to name the beast: it gives it its purpose and its function. It'll be stalks by night, or throat-ripper or something.

AZIRAPHALE

Perhaps he won't name it.

CROWLEY

He'll name it. I'm screwed. Do you know what they can do to you down there?

AZIRAPHALE

The same sort of thing they can do
to you up there.

CROWLEY

Yeah, but you lot get ineffable
mercy.

AZIRAPHALE

Remember Sodom and Gomorrah? That
was my team.

CROWLEY

Oh, the good times. There was a
little bar you could get a
fermented date palm cocktail...

AZIRAPHALE

I mean, after.

(pause)

So if that appalling child wasn't
the antichrist, where in blessed
blazes is he? And where's the Hell
Hound? And what do we do?

EXT. TADFIELD - DAY

Still a beautiful little village in England. We are moving
through it.

The clock on the village steeple is striking Three.

EXT. TADFIELD: THE ROAD TO THE QUARRY - DAY

Look! There's a sort of an abandoned quarry down there,
through the bushes. It's a perfect place for kids to play. An
area of natural beauty that adults have forgotten. And
there's a lane above it.

Birds are singing. A lazy bumble bee buzzes in the flowers at
the side of the lane.

Down in the quarry we can see CHILDREN, four of them, all
about eleven, playing.

They are a gang of Four, called The Them, and we will meet
them next episode.

They look harmless and sweet and VULNERABLE...

And one of them is swinging down a rope, in a repeat of the Zip-Line incident, only rather more successful: Golden-haired, glorious, the ultimate 11 year old. It MUST be ADAM.

And now we hear something, as the last of the bell chimes fades away. Something metallic and disturbing, rumbling and nightmarish.

A ripping, rumbling noise, and now, LOOK! There's a beat and in front of us, on the lane, appears, from Hell --

THE HELL HOUND.

If we can, this should be a REAL big black dog, possibly CGI enhanced. It's huge: a terrifying monster of a dog. The Hound of the Baskervilles would take one look at this brute and flee, whimpering. The Dog's eyes are glowing red. It drips saliva.

It looks at the kids below, hungrily and evilly...

And it opens its mouth and GROWLS terrifyingly, showing huge and awful teeth as we -

FADE TO BLACK.

OVER END CREDITS, BUDDY HOLLY'S "EVERY DAY", THIS TIME DONE BY A BOYS' CHOIR, IN THE STYLE OF CARMINA BURANA.