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Byzantium

By Moira Buffini

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My story can never be told.
I write it over and over
wherever we find shelter.
I write of what
I cannot speak...
...the truth.
I write all I know of it
and then I throw the
pages to the wind.
Maybe the birds
can read it.
This yours?
I often find them here,
these scraps.
Must float down from
someone's window.
"She had meant to smother the
baby as soon as it was born,"
but something made
her look at it.
She heard the thundering heartbeat,
she smelled the
"baby's bloodied head
and love confounded her. "
It's just a scrap,
like you say.
But there's a story there.
You can feel it.
Shall we walk a little?
My story starts
with Clara.
One day,
it will end with her.
Clara... full of secrets.
My savior.
My burden.
My muse.
Won't you come and be with me
and see what I've got?
'cause what I've got
is what you need
what I got is what
you need...

Hey!
Fucking hell... Wendy!
I'll call you back.
You!
You bastard!
Did you see that?
He fucking attacked me!
What's she done?
Really fucked his nose.
Yeah, well,
he deserved it.
- Come on.
- Oi...
Ernie, get him out of here, will you?
My nose!
My nose...
Would you care for tea?
Please come in.
I have been working here
for 14 nights...
I want my pay!
You're not on the books.
What pay?
Don't you wanna, wanna,
don't you
don't you wanna see
me flaunt what I got?
Don't you, don't you
wanna, wanna...
Excuse me.
Have you seen this girl?
No... sorry, mate.
Sorry.
Flaunt
what I got...
No.
Oi, what are you doing?
Sorry, babe, but they owe me.
No! Stop, you can't take
money out of the till!
Hello, Clara.
We get a lot of bitches in here,
but she took the fucking prize.
Shame.

She was morbidly sexy.
Move!
Aah!
No...
Clara...!
Shit! Fuck!
The tedium I've experienced
in this pursuit!
My time you have wasted!
You would sell nations
with your whoredoms.
Come on.
You know who I'm looking for.
Where is she? Huh?
Where is she?!
I was him once.
And that girl...
Love confounded me for her.
I loved her my
whole life through.
Your wife?
She was married to
my brother John...
Most happily.
She never knew the way I felt.
Nor did he.
There come a time in life
when secrets should be told.
You've got secrets,
haven't you?
There was a story told
when I was a boy
about the neamh-mhairbh,
the revenants.
Neither dead nor alive.
The priests used to tell it
to frighten us.
My name is Eleanor Webb.
Eleanor Webb.
I am ready.
Are you sure?
I've spent quite enough time here.
Believe me.
I feel at great peace.

As if order is about to be restored.

She is an aberration.

I don't know what that means, sir.

Where do you think you're going?

I was going to clean the wound, sir.

You've been cut, it's conspicuous.

All the time you've had

and you've learned nothing.

Truly you're base.

Close your eyes.

Clara?

Get out.

- How could you bring someone here?

- He was stronger than I thought.

This is our home.

Eleanor...

We have to leave.

- I'm not moving on again...

- I had to do it!

- One day you'll understand.

- What, when I'm older?

You have no idea, no fucking idea
of what I do for you!

- You did that for me? - Pack!

- I liked it here.

I said pack!

- Who was he?

- No one.

Mother was bathing

her baby one night

youngest of 10

and a poor little mite

Mother was fat

and the baby was thin

it was nought but a

skellington

wrapped up in skin

Mother turned 'round

for the soap from the rack...

- Thank you!

- All right, see you, girls.

You'll have a look at

the greenhouse, eh?

Aye.

We've been here before.
Oh, don't be silly.
Come on.
But don't you remember?
It's going to be good for us here,
I can feel it.
You said that about
the last place.
What, that dump
that we just left?
I've forgotten it already.
What's the matter?
You can't throw the past
away as if it didn't happen.
My concern is now, O.K.?
Silly sod.
Why don't you go and play
on the amusements, yeah?
Gonna make us some money.
Go on.
Clara is never alone.
She finds money and
company every day.
It comes easily to her,
like lying.
Who's that?
- You know her?
- No.
- You seen her?
- No.
But I like solitude.
I walk and the past
walks with me.
It lives.
- Hi. - It's 50 for a blow,
100 for a full whack.
Did they hire you?
You're busking.
You could pass the hat around.
I don't mind.
That... was great.
Can you speak?
I haven't got a hat.
How do you remember

all those notes?
I remember everything.
It's a burden.
So...
You know anything else?
Try and liven them up.
It's the valley of
the stiffs in here.
I have to go.
I finish at 10!
Come in. Come in.
50. Lovely.
- So, are you on
holiday then? - No.
Oh, you live around here?
Yeah.
Fancied a bit of company.
She...
Who?
Mum.
She, she died.
Oh, I'm so sorry.
There was a funeral.
I couldn't.
I ran away from it.
I've not been out.
I've not been out since.
But your grief, that shows
how much you loved her.
And love is a very good thing.
I bet she'd be proud of you.
A lovely son like you?
No, I never made her proud.
I just...
I don't even answer the phone.
You know?
I messed up the business,
I can't pay her debts.
Found 50 quid in one of her old books
and what do I spend it on?
Human contact.
- Are you O.K.?
- Yeah.
Yeah?

I'm sorry, love.

I'm Camilla.

Noel.

So what sort of a business did your mum have then, Noel?

It was a guesthouse.

I trashed it.

Was it a big place?

Yeah, it was fairly big.

Well... do you... should we go back to your place then?

- Yeah?

- Yeah.

Be nice.

- Yeah, you could come back to mine. - Yeah.

- Glad you waited for me.

- I didn't.

How did you learn to play like that?

I practiced.

For how long?

200 years.

That's how it feels anyways, doesn't it?

Passed around a teacup.

Raised some cash for you.

It's not much.

Thank you.

That piece of paper.

That's my phone number.

I don't have a phone.

So... ni... nice to meet you.

Good-bye.

Ella! Look who I found!

We're damsels in distress.

Oh.

Do you know what Noel is, Ella?

He's a knight in shining armor come to deliver us from evil, aren't you?

This is my little baby sister.

- Hi.

- Hello.

There we go. Ah...
Been looking for you everywhere.
- Can't find my keys.
- Oh...
Oh... I'll just open up.
Come in.
Look, I'm trusting you, Camilla.
- Don't.
- I won't.
Look, I'm not saying it's tidy.
It was a hotel once.
And a boarding house.
My mum had the top three floors.
Used to do B-and-Bs, you know?
Families and that.
Then it was more,
you know, the welfare lot.
It's a bit run down now,
but she wouldn't let it go.
Loved the views,
you should see.
Fantastic view of the
pier from up here.
Lovely.
This is the dining area.
Well... it's nice.
Yeah... it's lovely.
It's a bit of a state, like I said,
but I wasn't expecting company.
Tell my sister where
her room is, love.
Yeah.
Ella?
I'll show you to your room.
I went 'round the house and...
Smashed things up.
I didn't wanna look at myself.
Camilla said that, um,
you lost your mum too.
She's your legal guardian.
How brave of her.
I understand what
she's had to do.
Do you?

Well, she needs money.

Well, what I'm saying is,

um... I don't care.

You can stay.

Thank you.

Only those prepared to
die will find eternal life.

Go on, go on.

- This is the end.

- Of what?

Of time.

Good boy...

Ooh...

- Who was he?

- It's in the past, Ella, let it go.

- Who was he?

- He was a fucking monster.

I should get a medal
for what I did to him.

- Will we move on today?

- Are you tired, my love?

Well...

I reckon that we should hang on
here for a few days, don't you?

Yeah, we can lay low,

get some rest, get some money.

I could start up one of my old
businesses like in the old days.

- You don't have to do that.

- Oh, come on, Ella.

Look at this place, it's perfect.

We'd rake it in.

Why don't we find another way?

It's all right, angel.

I'll make sure you're not involved.

I'm sorry, Noel.

Oh...

I was worried I dreamt you.

I thought I'd wake up

and you'd be gone.

Why would I leave?

You've got everything I need.

Eleanor Webb.

Look at you.

Fair as a lily.
I know your mother.
My mother is dead.
Is that what they told you?
They fed you on lies.
Your mother, your mother stole
something from me.
Now I'll steal something from her.
My disease has no cure.
When I'm finished with you,
you'll be a child no longer.
Look at me!
Eleanor?
You okay?
Camilla's told me about
how you were in a care home.
She said that...
She said that bad things
happened to you there.
I want you to know that
nothing bad will happen
while you're living here.
I promise, okay?
Her name's not Camilla
and she's not my sister, she's...
My name's Claire.
It's Clara, she was born Clara.
I prefer Claire.
Mmm...
Claire.
Don't.
You lie about me all the time.
If you tell him, I will kill him.
Don't you sometimes
crave to tell the truth?
There is a code that we
survive by, Eleanor.
Keep it.
So, in a week say,
how much would
your mum make?
Uh, what, high season?
About a thousand.
Oh, we could make

that in a night.
You could clear all
your debts, Noely.
Yeah, but...
I want to save
you from that life.
Well, it wouldn't
have to be me.
We could get
some girls in.
This is my mother's house.
He's so fair
none can compare
Oh, but his blood runs ruby
Come, rosy day
come quick, I pray
let dreams of love
be over...
Once upon a time,
there was nothing here.
There was no hotel,
no promenade.
Just a beach,
nets hanging out to dry,
great warships
in the bay
and children picking
cockles for their bread.
My mother was one of those children,
barefoot in the sand.
Can you hear me?
My mother lives
on human blood
and has done for
two centuries.
But once she was
a girl like you.
She's never spoken
of her family.
They're in the store
of things she must forget.
So her tale begins with two officers
waiting to be called to war.
Are they sweet? May I try one?

One was midshipman Darvell.
Mmm.
Here.
Pearl for a pearl.
And the other, his superior,
was captain Ruthven.
May I offer you a ride?
She's only a child, Ruthven.
She knows how to ride,
I dare say.
Don't go with him.
The pearl stays
pure forever
while the oyster's
flesh rots around it.
I have a gift for you.
Captain Ruthven!
Here's a treasure I
found on the beach.
Welcome, my dear.
There's nothing to
be afraid of.
Come on.
Let me show you to the
captain's favorite room.
You'll find only friends here.
You gave me nothing, sir.
You took.
I've given you your profession.
Welcome to your adult life...
How many stories
start that way?
Whore.
Thousands upon
thousands.
I shall return...
To see what you have learnt.
Come now.
Why do you cry?
I have a gentleman here
who will soon have
you smiling again.
No children in this household.
You know the rule.

Once upon a time,
I was born.
It is still a fact that the day
you are born is the day you
are most likely
to be murdered.
More human souls are killed
by mothers' hands
than by the hands
of strangers.
My mother tried
to murder me...
But love confounded her.
Her note said,
"This is my daughter, Eleanor Webb."
I wish her to live
a clean life.
I shall pay for her upkeep
with gold, which I will leave
every month that
she lives.
I wish to spare her
a life like my own,
which has been despoiled
from the start.
"Please tell her I'm dead. "
So I led that clean life.
I sang the orphan's song.
I learned that virtue and modesty
would be my path to bliss.
Northaven Private Orphanage
was my abode.
I wish I could have
called it home.
I'm sorry!
Fuck...
Oh, that's gross.
I've got to get home.
Let me get help.
I've got your bicycle, don't worry.
You need stitches.
Were you there to enroll?
What?
Have you joined the college?

I don't know.
Leave the bike there.
I hate blood. Could you get
the doorbell, please?
- Oh, my God, what happened?
- He fell.
Oh, my God. Mark! Mark!
He's bleeding!
- Frank, oh, Frank.
- It's O.K., it's O.K.
I got him, I got him.
Get the keys.
Are you his girlfriend?
Where are the keys?
Has he told you?
Oh... Got the keys?
Yeah.
Keep it up,
keep it up, Frank.
Oh, God, Frank!
Don't cry...
Good girl.
Baby, don't cry
You could do so much better.
Dry your eyes
let's be sweethearts
again
oh...
Oi...
Would you like to kiss me?
What the fuck...?
Why?
In celebration of my wickedness.
Come on,
come on, sweetheart
and let's try it over again
oh, don't cry
don't cry, baby
don't cry,
don't cry
dry your eyes
and let's be sweethearts again
oh...
'cause you know,

you know I didn't mean...
To treat you so mean
come on, come on...
let's try it over again
oh, don't cry
don't cry,
don't cry, baby...
The world'll be more
beautiful without you.
Don't cry, don't cry,
don't cry
dry your eyes
let's be sweethearts again
It's all right.
Gotcha. It's O.K.
- I want to die.
- No, you don't.
Not today.
If you still want to die tomorrow,
I'll finish you off myself.
- Hello?
- Oh, hi.
Is it still visiting?
Thanks for bringing him home.
He hasn't told me
anything about you.
That's boys for you, isn't it?
You been going out for long?
We just met.
Oh, oh.
I'm glad.
What's your name?
Eleanor.
Gabi.
He takes anti-coagulants.
That's why he bled so much,
that's what you're
wondering.
He's been fighting
leukemia for years.
It's in remission now,
so we're hoping it's all over.
So full of life.
Please don't tell him I was here.

Angel...
Peace be with you.
May light shine upon you.
You came for me...
Forgive me for
what I must do.
Oh, hi.
Hi.
Do you speak?
Speak English?
You schoolgirl thing?
She better pay like she say
or I'll say no further.
Maybe we do lesbian thing.
I don't mind.
That's my little baby sister.
She doesn't drink,
she doesn't join in.
You leave her be,
do you understand?
Now, your gentlemen
are waiting for you.
Now, you be professional, O.K.,
otherwise you're back sucking
cocks on the street... out!
I'll try and keep you
out of this, O.K.?
- In case you shock me?
- Look, we need the money.
- I'm not complaining. - Well, then
wipe that prissy look off your face.
How can I be prissy when I've seen
it all a thousand times before?
Well, what else are
we supposed to do?
I know I won't get your thanks
or your gratitude or your respect.
- You could do so much better.
- I put money on the table.
That's what mothers do!
Mothers care about the
lives their children live.
What kind of life is this?
Care for ya

just remember,
I... lo... lov... love...
love ya.
Humans need to
tell stories.
It's a fundamental
and uniting thing.
It's through stories that we come
to understand ourselves and
we come to understand the world.
So, close your eyes.
It's our own experience
that is the starting point for all
our creativity.
Think about your
early childhood.
And when I say your name,
give me a memory,
a, a detail,
a sensation, a feeling...
The first thing that comes
into your mind, O.K.?
Eleanor.
Mother.
What about her?
She would come to
the skylight at night.
I was afraid.
Why?
They told me since infancy
that she was dead.
And then?
The face at the window had
more substance than a ghost.
O.K., thanks.
- And yet...
- Frank.
I knew it could not live.
Yeah, um, my friend,
David Atkinson.
I'm the only person
who can see him.
Um... I was probably too
much alone, whatever,

and David Atkinson
used to appear...
in my room.
And we'd play.
And I guess
I grew out of him.
He came till I was about
seven or eight.
Yeah.
Thank you. O.K.
The really funny thing is that...
Years later, I found out
that the family before us in the
house were called Atkinson.
They lost a baby,
like a cot death.
And the baby's name...
was David.
Uh-huh.
Good story.
So, everyone up.
Now, I want you to think about
who you are,
and next time,
I would like an essay
entitled...
"I am."
And there's only one rule.
It has to be true.
You don't belong here.
This is my mom's hometown.
We came when I got ill.
The healthcare over
here is free
and I was...
something of a, um,
drain on our limited resources.
My dad commutes.
I don't think he likes it much,
but... what are you gonna do?
My mom said you came to see me
when I was in hospital.
She, um, she thinks...
That you're my girl.

Would that be so bad? Because I...
It would be fatal.
Look...
I know I'm, I'm ill and all, but...
No...
For me.
If you lived with a secret
and the secret meant
that you must
always lie and be alone
and you'd always
lived that way
and yet you longed for change,
what would you do?
I'd tell the secret.
Tell me.
My mother did three
things for me.
One, she spared my life the
day that I was born.
Two, she paid for my upkeep
on her knees and on her back.
And three, she gave me
the story I can never tell.
By the time I was six,
she was dying.
Girls like Clara didn't last.
Her lungs were rotting,
but she clung steadfastly
to her brutal life.
Where have you been?
The captain's been waiting.
Captain Ruthven had
returned from the wars.
Make sure you punish her, sir.
Of all the harlots he had ever made,
Clara was his favorite.
You'll like this one.
She fights.
Then, one winter dawn,
a stranger came.
- Are you unwell?
- No, sir.
- I remember you.

- I'm much changed, sir.
And what of me?
Have I changed?
I have.
More than you could imagine.
Open the curtains.
Curse you, whore!
- Give me the dark!
- Does the light offend you?
Darvell...
My friend.
But I was with you.
I saw you dead.
And I thank you for your service.
What do you want?
I have not come to take from you.
I come to give.
I will return at nightfall.
Like you, I prefer the dark.
- No!
- Bitch!
He answered her
questions with blows.
As usual, she endured them.
And she waited for
the storm to pass.
What kind of time
do you call this?
Linear time.
...as the relentless day crept on,
the captain told his tale
of events beyond
his understanding.
There was a
rebellion in Ireland.
We were sent to crush it.
Both of us were wounded
by the beggarly horde.
My wounds were superficial,
but Darvell developed fever.
It decimated him.
I tried to persuade him
to come home.
That was good of you.

I knew the journey would
quicken his decline.
Darvell was rich and naive.
He had no heir.
I had begun to
wish him dead...
...But before the grave took him,
two men entered his life.
Scholars, I presumed,
of dead
languages and
aged manuscripts.
As if ancient knowledge might
keep his death at bay.
You have been looking
in the wrong place, my son.
Here it is.
Thank you.
He told me we must find
a shrine, an ancient myth
said it had healing powers.
It was on an empty island
off a barren coast.
I thought it the desperate
quest of a dying man.
It was a sinister black thumbnail
sticking out of the ocean,
more rock than island.
The oarsmen wouldn't
set foot on the place.
Said it was cursed.
The way was steep, but Darvell
kept on climbing regardless.
I thought... well, maybe I hoped...
his heart would give way.
Is this what you've
dragged us here to find?
A hermit's hut?
I hated that place.
So many birds in the sky.
Almost darkened the sun.
They seemed to know
something we didn't.
He sent me to fetch water,

but that was just a ruse.
I found the corpse.
His breath had gone.
His soul had fled.
And I ran.
I've never spoken of it since.
I took his rings...
- Hey!
- And when I returned,
I took his property.
Everything I own is his.
What will he do?
Bear in mind, Mr. Kent, this woman is
not your sister-in-law... she's dead.
This is a shell and what it
contains is pure evil.
Oi! Shh!
You destroy only the evil.
- I'll get it.
- No, no, no, no. I'll get it.
Aren't you a little young?
Eleanor, is she in?
Why, what's it to you?
I read her story.
Can you tell her please?
Well, she's not in.
Go on.
Off you go.
Ella.
Look, I understand what
Claire's had to do, right,
'cause there's money
to be made, but...
If you don't like what
Clara's doing, tell her.
You don't like it either, do you, eh?
Why she's like that?
Why's she so...
What happened to her, Ella?
She got bitten by a vampire.
Did I?
There was a boy for
you at the door.
I sent him on his way.

He says he's read your story.
- What story, Ella?
- The one we always tell.
About the care home and
how my sister rescued me.
It's homework.
You frighten me sometimes.
Don't.
I won't.
- Fucking brilliant story.
- Thank you.
But the assignment
asked for truth.
I didn't write it as
an assignment.
I wrote it for you.
I don't want to lie anymore.
Something has to change.
But this?
It's crazy.
I thought...
If I told, all the walls would
come tumbling down.
Yes.
I think I get that you're using
the story to say that
bad things happened.
But... why don't you
just say the truth?
I am Eleanor Webb.
I've given you my secret.
I've told you how I live.
Hello.
Would you put the record on?
It's called
"Nacht und Trume. "
Peace be with you.
May light shine upon you.
I think you should read this.
I set this every year.
It's a simple autobiography
and then I get this amazing piece.
It's as if Edgar Allan Poe and
Mary Shelley got together

and had a very strange little child.

"A true account of my
making and my life and death
from the year of my birth, 1804."
Kidding.

If that was a piece
of fiction, you'd say
it was dark, passionate, violent,
sick, brilliant bit of writing.
But she's saying,
"this is who I am."
Which makes me think
there's something going on with her.
She's a very closed-off kid.
Well, she wants to communicate,
obviously.

I mean, look at the
effort she's made.
Her handwriting.
Turn of phrase.
Who writes like
this these days?
"As darkness fell,
the souciant returned. "
And Captain Ruthven
prepared for the worst.
I took these for safekeeping.
Forgive me, my friend.
Forgiveness is a
Christian value, Ruthven.
My gods are older...
More ruthless.
You died.

How else does one
find life eternal?
I sent you to fetch water.
And I met the
nameless Saint.
This is what happens.

- When?

- When you pray for it.

I arose and saw
with different eyes.
Everything I looked on

was a source of wonder.
But my vision had a price.
My soul was lost.
The price of my existence
is this sacrifice.
It flows from...
It flows from blood.
His blood is yours.
Drink, my son.
Mine is a cruel
existence...
But, you do have the
qualities one needs.
You are ever... a survivor.
I would give my soul
to be as you are now.
So be it.
Eternal life will only come
to those prepared to die.
- Hello?
- You want up?
Thanks.
Have some fun now.
Hello?
- Mr. Minton.
- Hello, Noel, how are you?
- What, have I got detention
or something? - No.
I'm actually trying to
get some information
on one of our current
students... Eleanor Webb.
- She gave this as her address.
- Eleanor? Is everything O.K.?
We're trying to set up a meeting with
all the parties interested in her welfare.
Sure.
Are her parents here?
Um... you need to speak to Claire.
She's Eleanor's big sister.
Claire's her legal guardian.
- Is Claire here?
- No, she's, um... busy.
It's not what you think.

It's Claire's business.
She saves girls from the streets.
The thing is, Noel, Eleanor's
written a story and in her story,
she says that she
lives with vampires.
So can you please pass
this letter on and tell Claire that
if I don't hear from her today,
then I'll be in touch with
social services and the police.
Shit...
So Darvell gave the map and
passage to your mother?
No, to captain Ruthven.
My mother saw her
chance and took it.
Aah! Bitch!
Bitch! Bitch!
She stole the map and
rode into the night
towards her
unknown future.
And she made her way to where,
to this ruin and this...
Souciant thing took her?
I didn't give you my story.
I've been betrayed into this.
You can leave anytime you like.
So when did Clara
come back for you?
When I was 16.
And what did she do
in the meantime?
- She's never talked about it.
- Really?
She says she can't recall,
but I expect she's lying.
Lying is a way of life to her.
But I was raised in an orphanage
where I was taught to tell the truth.
Are there others like you?
I've never met one.
And Clara never speaks of any.

I think we're the only
two who still endure.
How often do you feed?
I'd rather not talk about it.
Thank you.
That's the distasteful part
of being an immortal, isn't it?
If you don't believe a word I say,
why this pretense?
Eleanor, how can you
be two centuries old?
By, by what miracle of science?
You see,
that's the tricky thing,
because it's only over
time that I can prove it.
30, maybe 40 years from now,
when you're pruning roses
from your wheelchair, I'll stroll by
your garden gate and say,
"Hello, Morag."
And nothing will
have changed.
I am 16 forever.
And you'll realize this and
it will hurt your heart
and I'll say,
"May peace be with you."
And I'll help you
with the pain.
Why don't you do it now?
I'm not strong, you could...
Overpower me.
You're not ready.
How do you do it?
Where are your fangs?
Why don't you die
in the daylight?
How could you give my
story to those people?
I wrote it for you.
How do you kill?
I never...
People have to consent.

They have to want.

- Want death?

- It has to be an...

Who the fuck wants death?

Sometimes it releases people.

- So you're moral.

- No.

I'm ruthless.

Bullshit.

All this "I'm 206, I remember everything and it's a burden."

It's pathetic.

My mom's giving me

a birthday party.

It's not really a party

'cause I'm only inviting you.

- Will you come?

- Yes.

Good.

- Hi.

- Happy Birthday.

For you.

Do I have to invite you in?

You'd better come in.

- Hello again, Ella.

- Hello.

Seriously, you can

try if you like.

I was hoping to arrange

a more official meeting,

ideally with the school counselor

and with Eleanor herself.

Well, what's the problem?

'Cause, you know,

usually she sails

through school.

Well, um, Eleanor

wrote her life story

and uh, she's quite

insistent that it's true.

I don't expect you to be

flattered by this, but in it

she describes you as a soucriant,

which I believe is a sort of vampire.

Well, she has got a
great imagination.
I hope she gets top marks.
Who else has read it?
You have sole care of her,
don't you?
That boyfriend,
I bet he's read it.
Lot of responsibility for
somebody so young.
I'm doing just fine,
thank you.
So, I shoot the bastard Ruthven
and I nick the map...
and then what?
- Well, it ends. She doesn't say, does she?
- That's 'cause I never told her.
Should we arrange a more formal...
I saw that Ruthven wasn't dead.
I should have killed him then,
but I had mercy on the cunt.
Now, hold that thought because
I'll tell you what he did.
But first, shall I tell you
what it was like for me?
- O.K., yeah.
- It was wonderful.
I had eyes that cut through lies,
lungs that breathed eternity.
I felt I'd lived my
whole wretched life,
just to prepare me
for that moment.
It was easy.
Where's Ruthven?
He wasn't worthy of your gift.
You stole it?
Are we thieves now?
Do we steal time?
We buy it.
With blood.
We are a brotherhood.
There are no women
amongst us.

- What is her parentage?

- It is low.

- And her life before?

- She made ends meet.

I was a harlot.

But that is in the past.

Some things are eternal.

You were to find a man of good blood who
appreciates this brotherhood and what we do.

What is it you do?

We are the pointed nails of justice.

How will you use this gift?

To punish those who

prey on the weak.

To curb the power of men.

We should not permit

her to survive.

We have no choice unless

she breaks our code.

- You have no part in our order.

- Truly you're base.

Will you not speak for me?

They banished me.

I learned that immortality
is unendurable alone.

So I came back.

I watched my daughter grow.

She was my only link

with everything alive.

Back to sleep!

Back to sleep!

You!

Come on.

It was because of Eleanor

I broke their code.

How did you do that?

A woman's not permitted to create.

I took my darling to the nameless
island, I let that thing save her.

And for that, they would

annihilate us both.

You see, I had made a fatal error.

I'd been merciful.

I'd let Ruthven live.

Eleanor!
Eleanor!
Give my regards to your mother.
- Welcome to a slow death.
- Eleanor!
Welcome... Whore...
No!
Die! Die!
Die! Die!
Now you know everything.
I'm never merciful.
And knowledge is a fatal thing.
When I was born,
there were only seven planets.
Neptune hadn't been discovered,
so nobody believed in it.
Heaven and earth are full of things
we don't yet understand.
I had a year of chemotherapy.
Spent too much time
lying in my bed, so...
I made this.
That's you. Near the sun.
Where it's warm and bright.
And that's me.
Where light barely penetrates.
And it's cold.
Time moves so slowly.
You're not cold.
Everything outside
of time is cold.
If you kiss me right now,
would I live forever?
I'm sorry!
Wait!
Stop!
Why do you always
run away from me?
If you stay with me, you'll die.
I'm dying anyway.
It isn't life I offer you.
Do you understand that?
You'll take life.
By consent, like you do.

It's still monstrous.
You'll leave everything behind.
Except you.
The gift I gave you, open it.
Wait until I knock.
Kevin?
Do you want to come to...
There you are.
I've been worried sick.
Claire's not happy.
I've made changes.
Sent the girls home.
Bought them tickets
on the EuroStar.
It's going to be a
clean house now.
- No, I'm leaving.
- What are you talking about?
What do you think you're doing?
Telling that fucking
school who we are.
I hate the way you speak,
it makes me sick!
How dare you put
us in such danger!
You told that fucking
teacher our story!
I listened to his crap about
your fantasies of death and all
the while, he was
implying my neglect!
Neglect, Eleanor, of you!
Stop it, Claire!
There is a rule that we
live by and you broke it!
- What if I broke free?
- No!
To tell another is forbidden.
Those with knowledge
have to die.
You made that rule so
you could isolate me.
No, I kept you safe!
You stupid fucking cunt,

mother, I hate you!
No, no, no, leave her!
Just leave her!
Don't leave!
Come back, Ella!
Get off!
- Eleanor!
- Claire!
- No, you can't leave!
- You're making it worse!
It's not safe, Eleanor!
You can't leave!
Just leave her be!
- No!
- Clara?
- You can't leave, it's not safe!
- Clara!
- She has every right to go!
- No!
Know where she lives?
Yes, I believe it's the
hotel on the seafront.
- Does she trust you?
- Maybe.
- I've never lied to her.
- That's good.
What will happen?
She'll be taken somewhere safe.
We just want to talk to her.
- You've told your little boyfriend
all about us, haven't you? - No!
You know what happens
to those with knowledge, Ella!
No, Clara, don't!
It's like a virus... it's deadly,
it needs to be stamped out.
- Clara, please, don't!
- I know where he lives.
Don't! Clara, don't go!
Clara! Clara!
Hello... Frank.
Where's Eleanor?
She's got a message for you,
can I come in?

Well, you're going to have to come
out here then, aren't you?
I must say, you are
definitely Ella's type.
Earnest, clueless,
'bout sexy as a pair of shoes.
I knew you wouldn't let
her go without a fight.
Oh... is that what you're
suggesting, Frank?
A fight?
Go on. Finish me.
I still have the advantage.
She's going to leave you anyway.
Frank! Clara's coming.
Don't answer the door,
don't let her in.
I'm trapped here.
She caught me.
- Just don't let her get you.
- It's too late, my love.
I will never forgive,
I will never, ever forgive!
Eleanor, what the hell is going on?
It's Clara, you have to stop her!
These men are looking for her,
where she is?
She's here. Ella.
Eleanor, you have to tell us the truth...
something terrible has happened to Kevin.
- Clara Webb?
- Who is this?
You know who we are,
whore mother.
I will take care of Eleanor now.
Ella!
Ella!
These men are from
the police, Eleanor.
They've come to, to help.
We have to get to Frank!
We will get to Frank,
we need to get you to a doctor,
Eleanor, don't run!

What are you doing?
We need to get to Frank!
You don't need handcuffs,
she's a child!
Eleanor, I'm coming with you.
Certainly, come.
I will be with you whatever happens,
there's no need to be afraid.
Of course not.
It's a privilege to meet you, Eleanor.
I thought Clara and I
were the only ones.
Surely she told you
of the brotherhood.
- Excuse me, what are
you saying to... - Darvell.
You're just as I imagined.
Help me.
Where exactly are you taking us,
because we've just
gone right past the police
station and the hospital.
Seriously, where are we going?
Eleanor! Ella!
- Ella!
- Mother!
They'll destroy you, Ella!
They'll destroy you!
Darvell, let her go!
Mother! Please!
Now I'm going to show you,
piece of whore.
Yes!
Oh, my God, you killed her!
Nothing is that easy.
Mother! Mother!
- With this act, I cleanse the earth!
- Mother! No!
Be calm, be calm.
- Who are you people?
- I said be calm!
I hate these crying women.
Damn you.
I've followed you for many years.

You take only those who are ready...
and that has a certain grace.
You have been condemned
from the moment Clara made you.
Our code does not permit
women to create.
In her stories,
you are wonderful.
You had compassion and respect.
You gave her life.
She stole her life.
Please. Please, stop him.
She killed one of the brethren.
And that's unforgivable.
Don't go...
Amazing how two little girls
with no money and learning
slipped through your
fingers for an eternity.
- Hold her down.
- Ella!
Hold her down.
No, no, no...!
No! Eleanor! Ah!
Ella! Eleanor!
Bring it here. Bring it here!
Isn't the present everything?
Ella!
- This is your last night, witch.
- No...! - Last night!
Eleanor!
This blade is from Byzantium.
My souvenir of the crusades.
May it send you to eternity.
It was on a beach like
this that we first met.
But I went with Ruthven,
for all my damnation.
But it was you,
you were the pearl.
See how the bitch uses
her arts to the last.
The honor is yours.
Do what you like with me,

but let her go, please!
- Hold her still.
- Please, I beg you, Darvell!
- Still, I said!
- She's going to die anyway!
She can't survive on her own!
Eleanor... My baby!
You truly are a wonder.
I've been following
you for years...
So assiduously.
Because if I wasn't the one to find you,
they certainly would have killed you.
What will they do, the others?
The brotherhood is strong,
unchanging.
They will come.
With their pointed nails of justice.
Will he travel with us now?
You're not coming with us.
What?
I'm cutting you loose.
You can't stay with your mother
all your life, can you?
Come on.
Come here.
Go on.
Look forward, not back.
Always.
Your instinct is to hunt the
powerful and protect the weak.
I'd like to try and live that way.
Live your life how you choose,
it's no concern of mine.
If you could have anything,
what would it be?
Your pardon?
In time.
Maybe.
Your company, then?
We have time.
I'm afraid.
Don't be.
I am Eleanor Webb.

I throw my story to the wind
and never will I tell it more.
Another one begins.