

# HIS DARK MATERIALS

**SEASON 3**

**EPISODE 1**

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1

EXT. SUBURBS OF THE DEAD. ROAD. DAY 1

1

We're on a long, misty stretch of empty road.

A GIRL lies asleep.

ROGER (O.S.)

Lyra...

LYRA wakes up and looks around herself, a puzzled sleepy frown on her face.

She stands, trying to understand where she is.

Mist obscures the horizon in every direction and no light comes from the iron-dark sky.

And then she realises that PAN is not there.

LYRA

Pan?

VOICE (O.S.)

Lyra!

LYRA looks up, searching for the source of the voice. There is no-one to be seen.

LYRA

Hello?

ROGER (O.S.)

Can you hear me?

Her face changes.

LYRA

Roger! Is that you?

She turns on the spot, searching the mist.

ROGER (O.S.)

I need you!

It sounds like he's up ahead. She starts to run.

LYRA

What do you mean? Need me how?

She runs deeper into the mist.

LYRA (CONT'D)

Where are you??

The road seems to go on forever.

2	INT. LW. MRS COULTER'S HIDEOUT. DAWN 1	2
	LYRA's face, deeply asleep. Not the restless, fluttering eyes of REM. She looks unconscious.	
	Beside her, curled into her body as an ERMINE, is PAN.	
	His drowsy eyes are struggling open. He is awake.	
2A	OMITTED SCENE MOVED TO SC 11B	2A
3	OMITTED - SCENE MOVED TO SC 11C	3

3A OMITTED 3A

4 OMITTED - SCENE MOVED TO SC 5A 4

5 EXT. LW. MRS COULTER'S HIDEOUT. BEACH. DAWN 1 5

The sun is beginning to edge over the horizon but the sky is still dark.

MRS COULTER is standing on the edge of the biting cold sea water, flinching at the temperature. She smiles, seized with the memory of a childhood holiday.

A little way behind her, sitting on the wet sand of the empty beach, is the GOLDEN MONKEY. We see a fluttering movement as a YOUNG BAT darts around above him.

The GOLDEN MONKEY reaches up and catches the BAT in his hand. We hear the BAT SCREECH as the MONKEY begins to tear at its wings.

Wherever they are, it's isolated. MRS COULTER glances up at the cliffs that stand behind her.

Then turns and strides out of the water, and up the beach.

5A EXT. LW. THE NORTH. DAWN 1 5A

On the determined face of WILL.

Alone, marching away from a serenely empty arctic landscape.

He's aged beyond his years since we last saw him. He's stronger, fitter, wearing his Dad's coat and snow boots, a bag on his back. He's been doing this for some time.

He's consumed by the necessity of what he's doing. He must find Lyra.

WILL stops, momentarily looking out at the sweeping landscape before him.

He puts his hand on the hilt of his knife in his belt. We see he is wearing a GLOVE over his injured hand. In the other, he holds the alethiometer.

Even in his loneliness, his breath is taken away by the beauty of the world he is surveying.

5B INT. BLACK.

5B

We hear a rattling metallic noise, the sound of WHISTLING -

ASRIEL (O.S.)  
Come on. Come on.

5C INT. INTENTION CRAFT. DAWN 1

5C

We cut to ASRIEL in a tight close up, he is inside a small enclosed space. An enclosed space that makes part of ship. He is sweating and being shaken around. He looks around for the noise and hits something, the noise stops.

STELMARIA  
Asriel...

ASRIEL  
I know. I know. I bloody know.

He looks around himself. He closes his eyes.

ASRIEL (CONT'D)  
OK. Again.

Out of the window, we see mechanical parts of the ship starting to rotate and causing a disturbance of light. A sound is building.

But then one of the pieces loses position and the craft misfires. There is a loud BANG and then silence.

ASRIEL's eyes open, he looks around the craft with renewed focus, what is happening here.

STELMARIA  
This may not work...

ASRIEL  
Then that is on the pair of us,  
is it not?

STELMARIA shoots him a knowing look.

STELMARIA  
Stop thinking about her.

ASRIEL  
Again.

This time there is something different about the ship's movement. This time there is power within it.

ASRIEL's focus is absolute.

The craft shoots upwards at great speed, we can see the G-force on his face.

And then - with a BANG it is gone.

5D EXT. OGUNWE'S WORLD. INTENTION CRAFT CRASH SITE. DAWN 1 5D

A peaceful world. We look across green and pleasant fields.

And then there is a sudden crack, the INTENTION CRAFT appears, spinning like a top towards the ground.

5E INT. INTENTION CRAFT. DAWN 1 5E

ASRIEL's trying to stay calm as the ship rapidly rotates towards the ground.

ASRIEL

BRACE!

STELMARIA growls hard.

The ship PLUMMETS down and SMASHES into the floor.

It creates a trench in the ground.

There is silence.

HIS DARK MATERIALS

THE AMBER SPYGLASS

Episode One.

The Enchanted Sleeper.

5F EXT. OGUNWE'S WORLD. INTENTION CRAFT CRASH SITE. DAY 1 5F

ASRIEL stands outside the wrecked INTENTION CRAFT.

He examines himself for wounds.

He stretches out one limb, then the other, and then he looks back into the craft as STELMARIA climbs out of it.

STELMARIA

That - went - well -

ASRIEL starts to examine the ship.

ASRIEL  
That went perfectly.

STELMARIA  
And if we ever want to get back  
to the Republic?

ASRIEL raises an eyebrow.

STELMARIA (CONT'D)  
Is it repairable?

ASRIEL  
I wouldn't think so.

He walks to the side of the craft.

He opens a hatch.

And we look back out of the hatch at the sweating ASRIEL.

Strangely, we seem to be looking over the shoulder of a  
small, out of focus creature.

ASRIEL smiles.

ASRIEL (CONT'D)  
Good. You're OK. Let's go get him.

6 INT/EXT. LW. THE NORTH. CHECKPOINT. DAY 1

6

WILL emerges from the woods. He's looking up at something,  
moving towards it.

A little farmhouse.

There is an ELDERLY WOMAN sitting on the porch. Beside her  
stands her LEMUR DAEMON. We are, of course, in LYRA'S WORLD.

The WOMAN looks kindly.

ELDERLY WOMAN  
Can I help you?

WILL is cradling his hands to his chest, as though he's  
holding something.

WILL  
Sorry to bother you. I'm looking  
for a girl. A little younger than  
me, dark hair, brown eyes, medium  
height. Her name's Lyra and her  
daemon's called Pan. She's missing.

The WOMAN looks sympathetic.



ELDERLY WOMAN

Sorry, love.

She glances at WILL's hands. He cradles them closer to him.

WILL

Thanks anyway.

As WILL turns back, he sees a MAGISTERIUM GUARD on the path behind him, approaching. They catch each other's eye.

WILL starts to move towards the house.

MAGISTERIUM GUARD (O.S)  
Alright there, son?

WILL  
Yes, I'm just going.

The MAGISTERIUM GUARD looks suspicious and follows WILL.

MAGISTERIUM GUARD  
I had a report of a boy passing  
down the coast, harassing people.  
They said he doesn't have a daemon.

WILL still walking, looks over his shoulder.

WILL  
That's somebody else. I live in the  
next village.

MAGISTERIUM GUARD  
Where is it?

WILL  
We're just not feeling very well,  
she's freezing.

MAGISTERIUM GUARD  
Prove it, now, or I'm taking you in  
for questioning.

WILL pauses as the MAGISTERIUM GUARD raises his gun slightly.

WILL opens his jacket and peers in, putting his hand inside  
gently.

WILL  
(into jacket)  
OK, come on. Stop trembling.

As the GUARD lowers his gun very slightly, WILL takes his  
opportunity and sprints off through the house.

A few GUARDS are playing cards inside. WILL runs past them,  
startling them - and straight into a Magisterium Checkpoint  
with several more GUARDS.

MAGISTERIUM GUARD  
Stop him!

WILL turns quickly, and runs back into the woods, now pursued  
by several GUARDS.

As the GUARDS enter the woods, they look around, confused.  
The boy is nowhere to be seen - but he seems to have left  
behind a short trail of white sand, which leads nowhere.

7 OMITTED SCENE MOVED TO SC 22B 7

8 OMITTED SCENE MOVED TO SC 32A 8

8A EXT. LW. COAST. DAY 1 8A

A YOUNG GIRL drags a small rowing boat onto the rocks.

She makes her way along a steep cliff, with her BUTTERFLY Daemon, KULANG, alongside her.

This is AMA.

She's carrying a wicker basket of produce - freshly dug vegetables, as well as bread and a bunch of wild-looking flowers.

She has a hardened but kind face.

8B EXT. LW. MRS COULTER'S HIDEOUT. DAY 1 8B

AMA descends a set of ancient looking steps down towards a tiny roof built into the rocks.

AMA reaches the doorway and looks up: this tiny building is a CHAPEL. Through its dark doorway we see movement. MRS COULTER appears almost out of the darkness.

She pushes the door fully open and the light lands on her: incongruously perfect against the dank stone chapel in which she stands.

And then MRS COULTER does something extraordinary. She signs the following exchange.

MRS COULTER  
*I could smell the flowers when you  
came down the path. How are you?*

She reaches out to accept AMA's things but AMA hesitates.

MRS COULTER (CONT'D)  
*What's wrong?*

AMA looks over at the GOLDEN MONKEY - who is watching her intently - then puts the bag down.

MRS COULTER looks at her a moment.

MRS COULTER (CONT'D)  
*Is there a problem?*

AMA considers.

AMA

*The people - I buy from - are asking questions.*

MRS COULTER

*What questions?*

AMA

*This chapel has stood empty for years. Now there's someone hiding here -*

MRS COULTER

*I'm not hiding.*

AMA just looks at her. She may be young but she's not stupid.

MRS COULTER (CONT'D)

*Tell them I am not their concern.*

AMA

*What if it's me that's asking?*

MRS COULTER processes this and smiles.

AMA (CONT'D)

*Why are you here?*

MRS COULTER thinks, analyzing AMA.

MRS COULTER

*Do you believe in magic?*

AMA frowns.

AMA

*Sometimes.*

MRS COULTER

*Follow me.*

The GOLDEN MONKEY's eyes flick to MRS COULTER: What is she doing?

MRS COULTER turns into the chapel. After a beat, AMA leaves her things outside and follows her in.

8C

INT. LW. MRS COULTER'S HIDEOUT. CHAPEL. DAY 1

8C

The chapel is ancient and damp. MRS COULTER leads her towards a stone archway.

They walk past a single table, and beside it two ancient looking stools. The only furniture in here.

MRS COULTER picks up one of the stools as they pass it.

8D INT. LW. MRS COULTER'S HIDEOUT. CRYPT. DAY 1 8D

MRS COULTER emerges into the room from a stone spiral staircase. AMA follows.

Unlike the chapel above, MRS COULTER's quarters are homely. There's a little wash stand and cooking equipment, some books and a fire.

It's warm, and she's filled the place with little jars of flowers.

MRS COULTER pushes a heavy door and AMA walks through.

8E INT. LW. MRS COULTER'S HIDEOUT. LYRA'S CHAMBER. DAY 1 8E

AMA looks around the room, which is more lived in, and then she sees LYRA.

She takes a step backwards. Bumping into MRS COULTER as she does.

MRS COULTER

*She's under a spell that made her  
fall asleep. We have come here to  
hide.*

MRS COULTER's urgency is clear.

MRS COULTER (CONT'D)

*There will be people coming for us.  
A dangerous enchanter.*

Ama nods warily. MRS COULTER's urgency is clear.

AMA

*She looks ill.*

MRS COULTER

*Yes. And I need time to cure her.  
You need to help me keep people  
away from here.*

AMA ventures closer to LYRA. Her empathy is instant.

AMA

*You can't wake her up?*

MRS COULTER

*I haven't worked out how to break  
the spell yet.*

*(pause)*

*I told you this because I trust you  
- I need you - she needs you.*

AMA looks back once more at the vulnerable LYRA. Her mind begins to whirl as to how she can help.

AMA

*I'll do anything to help her.*

MRS COULTER

*Thank you.*

AMA comes closer to MRS COULTER and then suddenly reaches out and gives her a hug.

MRS COULTER receives it, unsure what it means.

AMA

*Keep her safe, please.*

MRS COULTER

*I will.*

AMA walks out of the room and away.

MRS COULTER looks after her. Still trying to work out what happened.

The GOLDEN MONKEY appears. He came in via a different entrance and has been watching.

Then she picks up the stool and smashes it to pieces. She can feel the MONKEY is watching her, concerned by what she's doing.

MRS COULTER (CONT'D)

*We'll find more wood.*

She uses it to refill the fire.

LYRA stirs in her sleep.

LYRA

*Roger.*

MRS COULTER and the GOLDEN MONKEY look over to her.

MRS COULTER turns to a pot on the fire, heating a small amount of liquid.

She takes a ladle full. She pours the ladle in a cup and goes to LYRA.

She checks Lyra's temperature briefly, then holds the cup to LYRA's lips. LYRA tries to resist but MRS COULTER remains gentle.

PAN is asleep beside her.

MRS COULTER

*If you don't take your medicine,  
how will you get better?*

LYRA desperately tries to pull back. But she has no strength.

MRS COULTER (CONT'D)

There we go. Good girl.

MRS COULTER strokes the back of her head and gently coaxes the liquid down her throat, until the cup is dry.

She watches as LYRA becomes still.

Then she walks away, and PAN opens his eyes - he was pretending to be asleep - and watches her.

9

EXT. LW. THE NORTH. WOODLAND. DAY 1

9

WILL steps through a window in some woodland further up the hillside, where he's safe.

He looks down - from here we can see a number of Magisterium Checkpoints continuing along the roads. Beyond them is a snowy mountain.

WILL sits amongst the trees. He looks at a worn map in his hands. It's covered in small crosses where he has checked off locations he's already visited. He adds another, then folds it and returns it to his bag.

And then he hears movement in the trees and stops.

Not again. He quickly scrambles back into the shadow of a large tree, preparing himself for Magisterium guards. He peers out.

Two FIGURES stand a little distance away amongst the trees. They are not entirely visible and there is something strange about them; they're unusually tall and broad. And not wearing Magisterium Guard uniform.

They are staring at WILL, but they don't move.

One of the FIGURES takes a step into the light and WILL sees something glimmer and glitch in the air around him.

WILL grabs his bag and thrusts his things back inside.

As the two FIGURES begin striding towards him, WILL runs.

He ducks out of view, then takes out the knife.

We can see instantly that WILL has more control of it now. It's part of him. He cuts a window with nimble ease.

10

EXT. HARVEST WORLD. LUSH FIELDS. DAY 1

10

WILL stands alone in a wide open, lush field. Safe, but yet more isolated than ever.

He looks about himself - nothing but tall grass for miles around - and begins to walk.

WILL finds a stream. He sits down by it.

His situation suddenly hits him and he's never felt more alone.

WILL reaches into his bag and pulls out the alethiometer.

He places it down on the floor. He places the Subtle Knife beside it. Two objects that are infested in the personalities of those that bear them. And yet they have been pulled apart.

WILL

Tell me where she is...

But there's nothing. It's clear he has tried this many times before now. Still, he tries again, picking the alethiometer up.

He shouts into it like a mobile phone in pure, distraught desperation.

WILL (CONT'D)

I said help me, HELP ME, HELP ME -

Suddenly he sees something in the reflection of the water. He gets up and whirls round.

The two FIGURES are there again, a few feet away.



WILL (CONT'D)

How did you-?

He can clearly see their faces now. They are almost human but not quite, their eyes are strange and their bodies glitch with some kind of ethereal matter. The effect is unnerving.

BARUCH puts his hand up to calm WILL but WILL moves away.

BARUCH

We're not going to hurt you.

It sounds genuine but WILL is uncertain.

WILL

What are you?

The two FIGURES hesitate.

BARUCH

Bene Elim. Angels, in your language.

WILL

Angels??

BARUCH takes a step closer but WILL backs away again, and puts his hand to the knife, breaking into a run.

BARUCH goes to follow but BALTHAMOS puts a hand to him and stops him.

They watch on as WILL cuts a window, and disappears again.

BARUCH

Æsahættr.

BALTHAMOS

It's real.

11 OMITTED SCENE INCORPORATED INTO SC 10. 11

11A EXT. BONE WHITE WORLD. DAY 1 11A

WILL emerges from a window.

He walks a little way across the landscape, taking in this new world.

This place is vast and empty and white.

He stops, looking up at the sky. Something about the light here feels like we are on another planet.

11B INT. OGUNWE'S WORLD. PRISON CORRIDOR. DAY 1 11B

Two ARMED GUARDS stand near double doors at one end of a corridor.

They hear something. FOOTSTEPS approaching. They turn to look down the corridor. Out of the darkness, STELMARIA suddenly emerges. She roars.

And then ASRIEL comes out of the shadows, a bit battered from the crash but still walking at pace.

As the GUARDS reach for their guns, what appears to be some kind of 'BAT' flies at the GUARDS, who start to drop to the floor, dead.

ASRIEL walks past the bodies, before smashing open the large metal doors with the butt of a gun and entering -

11C INT. OGUNWE'S WORLD. PRISON COMPOUND. DAY 1 11C

A dark warehouse space, which has been re-purposed as a prison: with cages, inmates, makeshift lights and a dozen GUARDS.

Seeing ASRIEL, the closest GUARD moves towards him quickly. ASRIEL kicks him in the stomach, the GUARD reacts, but ASRIEL is too fast.

They wrestle to the floor, ASRIEL smashes him on the wind pipe and the GUARD is unconscious.

Then, before the others can react, a number of 'BATS' fly in and attack the GUARDS.

There is a SHOUT of pain as a GUARD drops to the floor. Then another, then another - they drop like dominoes.

ASRIEL grabs a set of keys off a fallen GUARD and starts moving between the cages.

ASRIEL  
Commander Ogunwe? Which of you is  
Commander Ogunwe?

An outstretched arm appears from between the bars of one of the cells. It grabs ASRIEL's wrist.

OGUNWE  
I am.

OGUNWE takes the keys from ASRIEL's hand and unlocks himself from the cell.

He steps forward, a powerful man. He sizes up ASRIEL.

OGUNWE (CONT'D)

Who are you, and what do you want?

ASRIEL

I am Lord Asriel Belacqua and I am waging a war against the highest, most tyrannical power of all. I am going to march on the Kingdom of Heaven itself and I want you to join me.

There's a beat - OGUNWE's mouth twitches - is this guy serious?

OGUNWE

Good luck to you.

There is laughter. But ASRIEL stands firm.

OGUNWE (CONT'D)

Do you think those guards are all there is? You've just made war with the Temple. I'll let you fight alone.

ASRIEL

I am not from this world. Your Temple means nothing to me. And I came here for you, not them.

OGUNWE looks at ASRIEL, intrigued despite himself.

OGUNWE

(highly sceptical)

You're not from this world...

ASRIEL

I know who you command. I know what you represent. I am fighting against the only true enemy there is. I need your soldiers and your leadership. You have a choice, Commander, stay here and rot, or come with me with me, work with me. Let me show you what I'm building.

OGUNWE looks carefully at ASRIEL, the SNOW LEOPARD that stands beside him. He's not following this man anywhere just yet.

OGUNWE

No. You can come with me.

ASRIEL looks at him and nods, this is what he intended to happen all along.

ASRIEL

Of course I can.

12	OMITTED - SCENE MOVED TO SC 8A	12
13	OMITTED - SCENE MOVED TO SC 8B	13
14	OMITTED - SCENE MOVED TO SC 8C	14
15	OMITTED - SCENE MOVED TO SC 8D	15
16	OMITTED - SCENE MOVED TO SC 8E	16

17 INT/EXT. LW. GENEVA. CAR/MAGISTERIUM HQ ENTRANCE. DAY 1 17

FATHER PRESIDENT MACPHAIL sits in the back of a chauffeured vehicle as it drives up the long road towards the Magisterium Headquarters in Geneva.

He glances towards his lizard daemon OCTAVIA, coiled in his lap. A convoy of other vehicles follow him.

The Magisterium architecture rises up before us and its scale nearly takes our breath away.

It's a gigantic mass of concrete buildings, beautiful and sleek and imposing.

18 INT. LW. GENEVA. MAGISTERIUM HQ. DAY 1 18

A ceremony to welcome the new Father President is taking place. A SENIOR PRIEST is leading MACPHAIL through the hallways of the Magisterium. All the other priests are present, to bow heads in allegiance as he passes.

Among them we see FRA PAVEL.

SENIOR PRIEST  
Welcome to Geneva, Father President  
MacPhail.

MACPHAIL looks up at his new home as he moves through.

One of the priests is almost in tears, such is his faith and devotion. This is FATHER GOMEZ. His eyes meet briefly with MACPHAIL as he passes.

MACPHAIL is a little overcome.

Finally. This is where he should be.

19 OMITTED 19

20 OMITTED 20

21 OMITTED 21

22 OMITTED 22

22A	OMITTED - SCENE MOVED TO SC 26A	22A
22B	EXT. OGUNWE'S WORLD. RESISTANCE CAMP. DAY 1  OGUNWE's RESISTANCE CAMP is a collection of temporary dwellings within stone buildings, all swathed and camouflaged by vegetation.	22B
22C	INT. OGUNWE'S WORLD. TUNNEL/RESISTANCE CAMP. DAY 1  ASRIEL follows OGUNWE as they make their way through a subterranean tunnel.  They emerge into a courtyard area. OGUNWE looks around and spots his daughter. People begin to turn as word spreads through the camp of his return.  Ogunwe's young daughter MACHI runs through and throws herself at OGUNWE.  ASRIEL watches on as a father is reunited with his daughter - and he's already scheming.	22C
23	OMITTED	23
23A	OMITTED - SCENE MOVED TO SC 11A	23A

23B INT. LW. GENEVA. MAGISTERIUM HQ. MEETING ROOM. DAY 1 23B

MACPHAIL stands before a row of four young PRIESTS.

Unlike the old guard in London, these PRIESTS are young and dynamic, with alert expressions that speak of extreme discipline and devotion.

FATHER PRESIDENT MACPHAIL  
Tell me of this arrest.

FATHER JEROME hands MACPHAIL the book.

FATHER JEROME  
We recovered this material from the site. It was recited before an audience - many inebriated - and followed by feverish discussion and a grotesque exchange of ideas.

MACPHAIL twitches with contempt.

FATHER HEYST  
There were dozens more like it hidden throughout the building.

MACPHAIL flicks through it in disgust.

FATHER PRESIDENT MACPHAIL  
*Poems.*  
(then)  
What do you think should be done?

FATHER JEROME  
The author must be imprisoned for heresy.

MACPHAIL tilts his head - a start, but not enough.

FATHER HEYST  
All attendees imprisoned, as well as anyone found in possession of the author's work.

MACPHAIL wants more. He stops in front of the only PRIEST who has not yet spoken.

He is dressed more simply than the rest, except for what appears to be a glittering brooch on his robes. FATHER GOMEZ.

FATHER PRESIDENT MACPHAIL  
Father Gomez. What would you do, were you in my position?



FATHER GOMEZ  
Physical atonement.

The other PRIESTS are shocked, as he continues matter of factly.

FATHER GOMEZ (CONT'D)  
In public. For those charged with possession, I'd choose perhaps the whip. For the author, something which leaves a little more... lasting damage.

He looks to MACPHAIL.

FATHER GOMEZ (CONT'D)  
Fear is a gift. It allows people to learn.

MACPHAIL looks at him with undisguised curiosity.

23C INT. LW. GENEVA. MAGISTERIUM HQ. MACPHAIL'S QUARTERS. DAY 1

MACPHAIL regards his new quarters.

The space is unbelievably grand and magnificent in its proportions.

He feels a little overwhelmed.

He takes off his overrobe.

MACPHAIL looks up at a wall, which shows a sequence of oil paintings of former FATHER PRESIDENTS.

He stares up at them, observing each one.

OCTAVIA appears on his shoulder as he stops in front of one. The face seems to be staring right down at MACPHAIL.

For a moment, he cannot seem to look away.

Suddenly he feels movement behind him and turns in panic, breath catching in his throat.

Behind him an ATTENDANT waits quietly.

MACPHAIL looks at him, caught off guard.

ATTENDANT  
May I?

MACPHAIL realises he is still holding his sash. He hands it to the ATTENDANT, who bows deeply, and takes it to a dressing room.

MACPHAIL is left alone in the room.

24

EXT. BONE WHITE WORLD. DAY 1

24

WILL is slightly hidden behind a crop of rocks, up a bit of hill.

WILL watches as, a little distance away, BARUCH and BALTHAMOS appear, first as glitching translucent shimmers, and then - as they step onto the ground - becoming their humanoid selves.

They check each other over, after their entry into the world.

BALTHAMOS gently touches BARUCH's face - this is an intimate relationship.

WILL watches with curiosity as he realises that the two beings are lovers.

WILL can just make out their conversation.

BARUCH  
Is he watching us?

BALTHAMOS  
(urgent)  
Baruch, we don't have the time for  
this. If they find us they'll make  
examples of us. We'll be imprisoned  
-

BARUCH  
But we need the boy!

WILL appears behind them.

WILL (O.S.)

I told you to stop following me.

BARUCH and BALTHAMOS turn. WILL has the knife in his hand.

The two ANGELS stay still - they weren't expecting this. But they are transfixed by the knife.

WILL (CONT'D)

How are you doing it?

BALTHAMOS

There are invisible places in the air, gateways into other worlds. We can see them but you cannot.

BARUCH

(cutting in)

Balthamos and I have been searching for Æsahættr - for you - because there is a war coming. Angels, humans, all conscious beings are engaged in a battle already, though not all of us know it. The enemy's power is growing stronger every minute and you have the weapon that can enable us to win. You must come with us to Lord Asriel, he's gathering an army, with the purpose of -

WILL

(interrupting)

I know who he is. My da- someone told me about all of it, the war, and that I'm supposed to fight on Asriel's side, with this. But I can't go with you, I'm sorry.

The ANGELS are confounded.

BALTHAMOS

This knife could change the fate of the worlds. The rebel angels fell before because they did not possess anything like that knife, but now...

WILL

I can't go with you. I'm looking for my friend Lyra. She's Asriel's daughter -

BARUCH reacts to this.

WILL (CONT'D)

- not that he cares. She's lost and she needs my help.

BALTHAMOS

You don't understand. This knife is  
more important than you can imagine

-

WILL

No, you don't understand. Lyra is  
the most important thing to me and  
I'm going to find her.

(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)

I've got to go back to her world,  
where I was before you started  
following me!

BALTHAMOS is losing his temper.

BALTHAMOS

This is absurd. You will come with  
us now or-

WILL

Or what?

He grips the knife in his hand.

BARUCH

Balthamos, please.

BARUCH gives BALTHAMOS a meaningful look, and turns to WILL.

BARUCH (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about your friend, I can  
see she means a lot to you. Do you  
know what happened to her?

WILL is reluctant to open up, but BARUCH's expression is  
kind. And WILL hasn't spoken out loud about this before.

WILL

We were - attacked. She was taken.

BARUCH

By who?

WILL

I don't know. I wasn't there.  
Lyra was helping me look for my -  
my father.

He falters. This is emotional for him. He has been living  
with it all, alone, for months.

WILL (CONT'D)

I went ahead. Without her. I  
thought she'd be safe, but when I  
got back she was gone.

There's a silence.

WILL (CONT'D)

So, I'm sorry. Asriel can wait.  
I've got to keep looking.

WILL starts walking.

BALTHAMOS

You do realise we are just going to keep following you until you change your mind.

WILL

You can follow me all you want because-

WILL stops. He turns around, an idea striking him.

WILL (CONT'D)

You've found me each time I cut through. How?

BALTHAMOS

The knife attracts Dust. We have senses that humans do not.

WILL almost laughs to himself at the mention of Dust.

WILL

Help me find her.

BALTHAMOS

Boy, we do not take orders from humans-

BARUCH

Balthamos, wait.

(to WILL)

What is your proposition?

WILL

If you can find me, you can find my friend Lyra. Take me to her, and then I will go with you.

BALTHAMOS glances fearfully up at the sky.

BALTHAMOS

We do not have time! It will not take them long, Baruch.

BARUCH

So, we will be quick.

(off his expression)

Balthamos, we don't have a choice.

They look to WILL, who smiles victoriously, as he pulls the alethiometer from his bag.

BARUCH takes the alethiometer, marveling at it.

WILL  
Lyra said it worked the same way as  
the knife - maybe you can use it to  
sense where she is?

BARUCH  
It's powered by Dust.

He looks back up to WILL.

BARUCH (CONT'D)  
We will need a little time.

25	OMITTED SCENE MOVED TO SC 23B	25
26	OMITTED	26

26A EXT. LW. MRS COULTER'S HIDEOUT. VEGETABLE PATCH. DAY 1 26A

MRS COULTER is working at a little vegetable patch.

She's planting up a new patch of soil. She's working up a sweat, on her knees, digging by hand.

She stops, exhausted. She sits back on her haunches in the dirt.

She looks out at the water. We see the GOLDEN MONKEY is sitting at the edge of the cliff, watching the horizon.

He turns back to look at her. She's got soil on her face, and is still catching her breath.

He's worried about her.

She turns back to her digging.

27 OMITTED - SCENE MOVED TO SC 23C 27

28 EXT. BONE WHITE WORLD. DAY 1 28

BARUCH and BALTHAMOS are sitting with the alethiometer, in deep concentration.



We see a series of fleeting, dream-like visions as Baruch works:

29 EXT. BARUCH'S VISION. 29

*The inner workings of the alethiometer.*

*Soaring above the ocean.*

*A rugged coastline.*

*MRS COULTER'S HIDEOUT coming into view.*

30 INT. LW. MRS COULTER'S HIDEOUT. LYRA'S CHAMBER. DAY 1 30

LYRA lies restlessly in her bed.

Beside her, PAN struggles awake.

He turns to LYRA: she is in as deep a sleep as ever.

PAN can hardly move but he turns to see MRS COULTER returning to the bed, with a bowl of soapy warm water and a cloth.

PAN secretly watches as MRS COULTER carefully washes LYRA as she sleeps. She is gentle and caring.

MRS COULTER

All these men after you. I tell you  
- it'll never change.

She allows herself a smile.

PAN watches her, horrified by her proximity but unable to move.

MRS COULTER (CONT'D)

I wish you wouldn't look at me like  
that. Would you rather I didn't  
keep her clean?

She looks to PAN and their eyes meet. This moment, of PAN alone with MRS COULTER while LYRA sleeps, feels transgressive and unnatural.

PAN

Let us go.

MRS COULTER looks away from him. This is causing her pain.

MRS COULTER

I'm afraid I can't.

31 EXT. BARUCH'S VISION. 31

*We're hovering, watching the scene from the window.*

*Quick as a flash we are drawn backwards the way we came, along the coastline, over the ocean, back inside the alethiometer.*

32 EXT. BONE WHITE WORLD. DAY 1 32

BARUCH's eyes open. He looks across at BALTHAMOS, who's looking back at him with concern.

BARUCH looks over to WILL, who is cleaning his knife. BARUCH walks to him.

BARUCH  
You were right, she is in the world of the daemons.

WILL  
You've found her?

BARUCH hands the alethiometer back.

BARUCH  
She's with a woman who is holding her against her will - in a house carved into the rocks. You will need passage on a ship.

WILL  
What can you tell me about the woman?

BARUCH  
Her daemon is a golden monkey.

WILL's face falls.

WILL  
Her mother. I knew it.

BALTHAMOS  
(not understanding)  
Her mother?

WILL  
Lyra's mother is the worst possible person she could be with.

BALTHAMOS is shocked by this.

BARUCH  
Balthamos will take you to her.  
(then)  
(MORE)

BARUCH (CONT'D)

I must go to Asriel and tell him  
about you and Æsahættr.

BALTHAMOS looks to him - he's clearly unhappy about this  
arrangement.

BALTHAMOS

Are you sure this is safe?

WILL

Are you in danger?

BALTHAMOS

Not in the way that you are. We  
cannot be killed, for we are  
spirit. But we could be captured  
and imprisoned for eternity.

BARUCH

Go straight to Lyra and we will be  
together again before long.

BALTHAMOS growls with displeasure.

BALTHAMOS

I don't remember agreeing I would  
accompany the boy...

BARUCH

Stay close to Will. As soon as the  
children are re-united, you will  
both come to me in Asriel's  
Republic?

WILL nods. The two ANGELS embrace tightly. They kiss.

WILL watches again for a moment, curious and moved.

BARUCH takes off up into the air and is gone.

BALTHAMOS turns to find WILL watching him.

WILL looks away, embarrassed.

He then takes hold of the knife and moves it through the air  
until he finds the right join. It's beautiful. He and the  
knife are one now. When he finds the right string, he cuts  
through with total conviction and parts the worlds.

WILL looks down at the alethiometer in his hand and then  
looks up determinedly through the window.

An arctic wind blows through.

32A INT. OGUNWE'S WORLD. RESISTANCE CAMP. QUARTERS. DAY 1 32A

ASRIEL is sat at a table. STELMARIA sits outside the room.

ASRIEL glances over where OGUNWE is smiling and talking with MACHI.

MACHI - delighted - laughs at something her father says.

ASRIEL watches as OGUNWE kisses her and tells her to play outside.

OGUNWE comes over to ASRIEL, ready to talk. He pours him a drink.

ASRIEL  
How long has it been since you saw  
her?

OGUNWE  
Ten months, sixteen days.

OGUNWE stares at ASRIEL.

ASRIEL  
What is it?

OGUNWE  
I'm trying to decide whether you're  
a mad man or a genius.

ASRIEL  
Hate to disappoint you but I'm  
neither.

Beat.

OGUNWE  
So, 'Lord' Asriel, tell me who your  
war is really against, and what you  
want from me.

ASRIEL  
I am fighting The Authority himself-

OGUNWE  
(interrupting)  
You said that before and it's  
impossible. Humankind cannot stand  
against its Creator.

ASRIEL  
But he is not the Creator.

OGUNWE looks unconvinced but doesn't interrupt this time.

ASRIEL (CONT'D)

Yes, he calls himself the Creator,  
just as he calls himself the  
Authority and has us bow before him  
- both are lies. He is an angel -  
the first angel, the most powerful,  
true, but he created nothing and he  
can be beaten.

OGUNWE

How would you know this, even if it  
were true?

ASRIEL smiles, he knows he's getting somewhere.

ASRIEL

Some millennia ago another angel  
discovered the Authority's secret.  
That angel, Xaphania, is part of my  
council. I am assembling the  
greatest from every world, from  
even the heavens above, to wage my  
war.

OGUNWE

Then I should be flattered?

ASRIEL

You can be. I'm not saying it will  
be easy.

A beat as OGUNWE takes this in. As he does, MACHI comes back  
into the room, handing her father a drawing before running  
back outside. OGUNWE watches her leave.

OGUNWE

(gesturing outside)  
Lord Asriel, I can't help you.  
Machi is my youngest daughter. But  
I have another.

He moves to a door behind him, which he pushes open gently.

OGUNWE (CONT'D)

The Temple have been targeting our  
children for some time now but in  
recent years, they have begun  
taking them away. For "training."

On the other side of the door stands OGUNWE's ELDEST  
DAUGHTER, of 18 or so. She is turned away, hands clasped in  
prayer and WHISPERING words we cannot hear.

OGUNWE (CONT'D)

Aria is 'Property of the Temple'. To  
her, I do not exist. There is only  
the Authority. The girl I know is  
gone. But she is still my child.

At their noise she stops and turns around. She does not fully register them. She looks at them with a kind of passive disinterest before turning back to the window to resume her prayer. OGUNWE watches her for a moment, in unspeakable pain.

OGUNWE (CONT'D)

I understand what you offer. But I have my own battles here to fight, an obligation to save as many sons and daughters as I can...

ASRIEL watches ARIA carefully.

ASRIEL

What has been done to your daughter has been done by mankind, and it's been done in his name. I've seen this many times - her daemon has been severed.

OGUNWE

She is not demonic.

We see now the bitterness of a father who can't and won't accept his daughter's change.

ASRIEL

I didn't say she was. Stelmaria...

STELMARIA approaches ASRIEL.

ASRIEL (CONT'D)

...is my daemon. She's part of me. My soul on earth. That's how it is in my world. The energy that links us is immensely powerful. And when it is cut, very little remains. If they take our humanity, we're far easier to control -

Suddenly there's a BUZZING sound and OGUNWE looks up.

ASRIEL (CONT'D)

Drones.

OGUNWE is on his feet.

OGUNWE

Machi! Come in, now.

SOLDIERS move quickly into action and we see - in a matter of moments - the camp begins to disappear. Fires are put out, structures collapsed and huge canvases drawn down.

MACHI runs to her sister's side as OGUNWE motions for ASRIEL to get down. The camp is enveloped in a tense silence.

33

INT. LW. GENEVA. MAGISTERIUM HQ. CHAPEL. DAY 1

33

MACPHAIL is standing in the chapel. OCTAVIA observes him from the plinth. It's dark and atmospheric in here, but for the shaft of light pouring in through a crack-like window.

He stares intently up at a painting. It shows Adam and Eve, in the garden of Eden.

FATHER GOMEZ enters.

FATHER GOMEZ  
You sent for me?

FATHER PRESIDENT MACPHAIL  
Sin, like a snake, moves quietly  
and stealthily. It strikes without  
warning.

He exhales deeply.

FATHER PRESIDENT MACPHAIL (CONT'D)  
And in its bite, poison.

GOMEZ joins MACPHAIL in looking up at the painting.

MACPHAIL turns to him, his voice lowered.

FATHER PRESIDENT MACPHAIL (CONT'D)  
Fra Pavel's alethiometer has  
revealed to me a prophecy, Father  
Gomez, which - if it is true, and I  
believe it is - risks plunging us  
into a darkness the likes of which  
the world has not experienced.

FATHER GOMEZ turns to him.

FATHER PRESIDENT MACPHAIL (CONT'D)  
There is a girl, wandering the  
earth at this very moment, and she  
is Eve.

FATHER GOMEZ does not flinch, only a slight frown adorns his young forehead. His calmness is unnerving.

FATHER PRESIDENT MACPHAIL (CONT'D)  
The instrument says that if the  
child is tempted by the serpent,  
then she is likely to fall. And if  
she does fall, then Dust and sin  
will triumph. This cannot happen.

FATHER GOMEZ  
So we stop her. Where is she?

MACPHAIL falters. This man, twenty years his junior speaks with such authority... But, then, that's why MACPHAIL has come to him.

FATHER PRESIDENT MACPHAIL  
Unfortunately we are at the mercy  
of the instrument, and its user.  
Fra Pavel's work is unbearably  
slow.

MACPHAIL's lips twitch in irritation. FATHER GOMEZ notices.  
He notices everything.

FATHER PRESIDENT MACPHAIL (CONT'D)  
As soon as he locates the girl, we  
will send troops to retrieve her.  
And I would like you to bring her  
to me. Personally.

FATHER GOMEZ  
It would be an honour.

FATHER GOMEZ bows, turns to go - then stops.

FATHER GOMEZ (CONT'D)  
I could perhaps drop in on Fra  
Pavel. Pray with him, to see if we  
can speed him up a little?

He tilts his head, inquiringly.

FATHER PRESIDENT MACPHAIL  
Please.

FATHER GOMEZ nods, and leaves.

FATHER PRESIDENT MACPHAIL watches him go.

33A	INT. LW. GENEVA. MAGISTERIUM HQ. ATRIUM. DAY 1	33A
	GOMEZ walks away from the chapel and pauses, he takes a deep breath. His BEETLE daemon emerges from his collar and flutters around. GOMEZ composes himself, now he has his task.	
34	OMITTED	34
35	EXT. LW. THE NORTH. FOREST. DAY 1	35
	We are following WILL and BALTHAMOS crossing through a forest in the North.	



BALTHAMOS glances at WILL.

BALTHAMOS  
Do you know how she reads it?

He nods at the alethiometer, which WILL is holding tightly in his hand.

BALTHAMOS (CONT'D)  
Readers of those instruments have normally studied for many years, and even then they can only understand them with the help of books...

WILL looks up at him and reads the scepticism in his face.

WILL  
She wasn't making it up, if that's what you're wondering.

BALTHAMOS shrugs.

BALTHAMOS  
She might be a very skilled... inventor.

WILL looks at the alethiometer. It's so infused with his memories of her.

WILL  
I watched her read it. It told her things about me she could never have known... Like where my father was. It's part of her, just as the knife is part of me.

He puts the alethiometer into his pocket. They keep walking.

35A INT. SUBURBS OF THE DEAD. WAREHOUSE. DAY 1

35A

LYRA is walking through a vast warehouse. The light is eerie and grey.

It seems to be some sort of processing centre, with long, crowded, queues of PEOPLE waiting to get through some sort of checks.

She finds herself coaxed into a queue.

ROGER (O.S.)  
Lyra, up here!

LYRA looks up to the front of the queue, where ROGER is being edged to the front by the crowd against his will.

LYRA  
Wait, I'm coming!

LYRA desperately tries to move past, but there are too many PEOPLE.

LYRA (CONT'D)  
What is this place?

But he keeps disappearing from view.

LYRA (CONT'D)  
Slow down, I can't see you!

She begins pushing past PEOPLE.

LYRA (CONT'D)  
Excuse me. Excuse me.

She can just make out ROGER once more. He's being dragged into some other space she cannot see, but there is a distant SCREECHING sound.

LYRA (CONT'D)  
Roger!

35B INT. LW. MRS COULTER'S HIDEOUT. LYRA'S CHAMBER. DAY 1 35B  
PAN is desperately trying to wake up LYRA.

PAN  
(whispering)  
Lyra, wake up. Please.

LYRA wakes up with a jolt of adrenaline, gasping.

LYRA  
Roger?

She can hardly speak, her throat is so dry.

She tries to look for Roger but her vision is blurred. Her movement slow. The drugs MRS COULTER has administered are clearly having a monstrous effect. She looks around for PAN, and sees him awake beside her.

PAN  
Look.

He points across to MRS COULTER, asleep.

LYRA closes her eyes and opens them again, unsure if she's in a dream.

She tries to get out of bed, but her legs won't work. She struggles to put a foot in front of the other.

She just about succeeds.

Then she notices something watching her, it's the GOLDEN MONKEY.

He thinks about shrieking out, but - he - doesn't. Instead he just closes his eyes: see no evil, hear no evil.

LYRA frowns, and crawls from the room.

35C EXT. LW. MRS COULTER'S HIDEOUT. DAY 1

35C

LYRA emerges from the house, fighting to keep her limbs moving forward as she continues her slow progress. This young woman has more spirit in her than anyone you'll ever meet.

She looks around herself. She looks out. She sees the wide beyond, her ears adjust to the sound of CRASHING WAVES. The sea.

She's surrounded by cliffs on all sides.

She pulls herself to her feet. PAN rises up on his hind legs beside her, but he can barely do it. He's wobbling on his paws.

LYRA knows she doesn't have long, she desperately pulls herself behind a large rock.

PAN settles beside her.

PANTALAIMON  
We're going to be alright.

And then MRS COULTER emerges from the house.

MRS COULTER  
Lyra?

LYRA tries to focus, woozily.

LYRA  
Where is - she?

PANTALAIMON  
I can't see.

MRS COULTER looks out at the beach. She knows LYRA will not be able to go far. The drugs are too strong.

She half-smiles at the idea of her daughter hiding from her. It feels almost like childhood mischief.

MRS COULTER  
(sing song)  
Lyra!

She turns towards the GOLDEN MONKEY, nodding at him to find LYRA on the beach.

He looks back at her, reluctant and unnerved by her playfulness.

In the silence, PAN cuddles into LYRA.

The GOLDEN MONKEY moves around the beach.

MRS COULTER (CONT'D)  
I know how strange it must be,  
being here like this. With me.

LYRA does nothing. But her face is punched with pain. She tries to gather her strength.

The GOLDEN MONKEY jumps up on a rock. He creeps over the top and looks down.

He spots LYRA below.

MRS COULTER (CONT'D)  
But there are people - dangerous  
people - coming for you.

LYRA looks up, and her and the GOLDEN MONKEY meet eyes.

She shakes her head. He hesitates.

MRS COULTER (CONT'D)  
I haven't brought you here to keep  
you jailed, I've done it to keep  
you safe.

The GOLDEN MONKEY looks fleetingly sorry.

Then he turns, and signals to MRS COULTER.

LYRA gets up and makes to run. But she falls to the ground. MRS COULTER walks to her.

MRS COULTER (CONT'D)  
You're so strong, so capable. You  
never cease to amaze me, Lyra.

LYRA's trying to drag herself. MRS COULTER holds her gently down.

MRS COULTER takes a handkerchief from her pocket and quickly adds a liquid to it.

She puts a drugged handkerchief on LYRA's face.

LYRA struggles but MRS COULTER holds her, trying to calm her but also pinning her down.

As LYRA starts to go limp, MRS COULTER sits, holding LYRA in her arms. Suddenly desperate to be believed by her daughter.

MRS COULTER (CONT'D)  
I know you won't believe this Lyra,  
but I'm doing this for you.

LYRA  
I'll never be safe with you.

These words crush MRS COULTER.

MRS COULTER  
I'm sorry.

She holds her still until LYRA goes limp.

PANTALAIMON  
Stay awake. Stay awake, Lyra.  
Stay...

MRS COULTER stands, looking down at her unconscious daughter. Something in her gives way.

The GOLDEN MONKEY is looking at her, fearful. They meet eyes. They both know they cannot keep doing this.

MRS COULTER's panic begins to creep in. Up on the cliffs AMA is crouched watching, her gardening tools jettisoned nearby.

She has seen the entire scene on the beach. She is shocked. She knows she's been lied to.

35D INT. OGUNWE'S WORLD. RESISTANCE CAMP. QUARTERS. DAY 1 35D

The inhabitants of the camp are still in hiding when a female SOLDIER appears at the door of OGUNWE's quarters.

SOLDIER  
They are heading for the mines,  
Commander. They will miss us by  
four miles.

OGUNWE  
We'll stay covered until sundown.

She nods and leaves. There is a moment of silence. ASRIEL gestures to their surroundings.

ASRIEL  
You are doing a fine job,  
Commander, but the battle you're  
fighting is too small.  
(MORE)

ASRIEL (CONT'D)

Even if you manage to defeat this Temple, the Authority will send more servants in their place to chase you into hiding. They're in every world, I've seen it.

OGUNWE

You keep saying other worlds like you expect me to believe it....

ASRIEL pauses. He knows that this knowledge is the key to changing OGUNWE's mind.

ASRIEL

I don't lie. This is just one world of many. And I've seen the same thing in all of them. People cowering under the sky.

ASRIEL can see he's getting under OGUNWE's skin here.

ASRIEL (CONT'D)

I was the same as you. In my world, they call themselves the Magisterium. I dedicated my life to finding ways of destroying them. Until I realised they were too weak to be worth fighting. The real war is elsewhere. Marching on the Kingdom is the only way to win. If we can bring down the head, the rest will crumble.

But OGUNWE has reached his limit. His agitation erupts.

OGUNWE

No. No. What you ask me to believe is too great.

ASRIEL

You're right. It is. Why would you take what I offer on trust? Let me show you.

OGUNWE

Show me?

ASRIEL

I will make a window to another world. Then you can decide if you wish to come with me.

Beat. OGUNWE considers.

OGUNWE

My people stay here. If you can prove to me what you say is true, then we can talk war.

We close on ASRIEL, OGUNWE holds out a hand.

ASRIEL  
With any luck the Temple will be  
watching.

The two men shake.

36

INT. LW. GENEVA. MAGISTERIUM HQ. LIBRARY. DAY 1

36

FRA PAVEL stands staring vacantly at his books, covered in  
scribbled workings.

Behind him on his desk is the alethiometer.

JACINDA looks over at him from the desk.

JACINDA  
(imploring)  
You've had a rest. We must keep  
going.

But FRA PAVEL does not reply. He looks exhausted.

FATHER GOMEZ (O.S.)  
Fra Pavel.

FRA PAVEL turns in surprise. FATHER GOMEZ stands in the  
doorway.

FATHER GOMEZ (CONT'D)  
Father President MacPhail sent  
me.

FRA PAVEL quickly returns to his desk.

FRA PAVEL  
I am close, Father. I assure you.

FATHER GOMEZ moves into the room. He exudes compassion and  
warmth.

FATHER GOMEZ  
I see this task has weighed  
heavily on you.

FRA PAVEL is surprised, not expecting this sympathy.

FATHER GOMEZ (CONT'D)  
The pressure, such great  
responsibility... it must muddle  
the mind terribly?

GOMEZ puts his hand gently on the desk, reaching out to  
JACINDA. She takes a few tentative steps towards it.

FRA PAVEL falters, fussing with the alethiometer, as JACINDA walks to the edge of the desk.

She is looking up at FATHER GOMEZ with vulnerable eyes.

FRA PAVEL  
(truthfully)  
It is this final part of the  
reading, it's meaning eludes  
me... I just need a little more  
time...

FATHER GOMEZ nods - the answer he was expecting.

FATHER GOMEZ walks slowly up beside JACINDA. He extends his hand gently.

JACINDA extends her nose and allows FATHER GOMEZ to touch her.

FRA PAVEL briefly closes his eyes, before looking up at FATHER GOMEZ with a small nod.

FATHER GOMEZ  
We can only do that of which we are  
capable. The Father President has  
advised that if the co-ordinates  
are not forthcoming, the time has  
perhaps come to ... terminate your  
position.

FRA PAVEL shrinks back as FATHER GOMEZ moves towards to him.

FRA PAVEL  
(desperate)  
No - no - I will find her, I  
promise -

FATHER GOMEZ smiles, before taking a seat uncomfortably close to FRA PAVEL.

FATHER GOMEZ  
I have no doubt that you will.



36aA OMITTED 36aA

36A OMITTED SCENE MOVED TO SC 35C 36A

36B EXT. LW. THE NORTH. HILL. DAY 1 36B

WILL and BALTHAMOS stand on a hill, looking down at a PORT  
TOWN in the distance.

37 EXT. LW. THE NORTH. OUTSKIRTS OF PORT TOWN. DAY 1 37

BALTHAMOS, with his hood up, watches from a short distance as WILL speaks to a LOCAL MAN as they near the PORT TOWN.

As BALTHAMOS watches, he notices a number of TOWNSPEOPLE appear to be moving away from the port - something is amiss but it's not clear what.

WILL returns to BALTHAMOS.

WILL  
There's a boat we should be able to  
get on.

BALTHAMOS nods and they start to move into the town.

38 EXT. LW. THE NORTH. PORT TOWN. DAY 1 38

This is a remote, bleak place.

As WILL and BALTHAMOS reach the back of the PORTMASTER's house, more TOWNSPEOPLE rush past them.

BALTHAMOS  
Something's wrong here.

But WILL is not listening, he's distracted. He's looking at the PORTMASTER's house more closely. The large shutter has a huge indent in it and claw marks. He puts his ear closer to the shutter and hears LOUD BANGING coming from inside.

And just then, they hear an almighty ROAR, and more PEOPLE running.

IOREK (O.S)  
Release her, now!

BALTHAMOS  
We should turn back.

WILL starts to move to the front of the building - where the ROAR came from.

IOREK (O.S)  
You will pay for this.

BALTHAMOS  
Will!

Coming round the corner, WILL finally sees the huge form of IOREK, unleashing a huge ROAR in the face of the TOWNSMEN, who have guns and spikes.

BALTHAMOS tries to stay hidden, not wanting to attract unwanted attention to them.

TOWNSMAN

Iorek Byrnison, wait.

WILL registers this. He's heard that name before...

Other TOWNSPEOPLE are gathered to watch, and are jeering.

TOWNSWOMAN

VERMIN!

IOREK swings his great head, knocking some people to the ground.

The men begin shooting at IOREK. IOREK is ready to unleash fury.

This conflict is not about to end.

IOREK

You have dishonoured me and abused  
my people.

More TOWNSPEOPLE - including women and children - begin fleeing back to safety.

BALTHAMOS

We have to leave. Now.

WILL

I think I know who that bear is. I  
can speak to him.

BALTHAMOS

What? No, you can't!

WILL

This is the only port for miles. I  
need to get on that boat, and that  
boat will need a crew.

WILL steps forward calmly, right into the fray.

BALTHAMOS stays back in his hidden position.

BALTHAMOS

What are you doing, Will?

WILL

Talking to him in the only way  
he'll understand.

WILL walks right out in front of IOREK.

WILL (CONT'D)

Stop! Stop fighting!

IOREK turns to him, fury rising.

IOREK

Get out of my way, child!

Standing closer to him, WILL is suddenly horribly aware of IOREK's catastrophic size.

WILL

You have to stop, there are  
innocent people here-

IOREK

They have taken one of my bears!

IOREK turns back to the town, about to wreak more  
destruction..

WILL

Wait!

WILL steps right out in front of IOREK.

IOREK

(enraged)

What do you want?

Beat.

WILL

To fight you, in single combat. And  
if I win, you leave these people  
alone.

IOREK

Impossible. It would be shameful to  
fight someone so weak.

WILL

But you don't think anything of  
destroying all this? That's not  
exactly a fair fight either.

TOWNSMAN

There's no reasoning with  
savages.

IOREK responds to this by swinging his great head, butting a  
piece of debris and sending it hurling across the quay.

WILL just turns back to IOREK. Suppressing his fear.

WILL

Let's even things up then. You've  
got all that armour, I have none.  
Give me a piece. Anything you want.  
Your helmet, for example. Then  
we'll be better matched, won't we.

WILL stands tall, a boxer facing a boxer.

There's a pause. No one can quite believe what's happening.

Without taking his eyes off WILL, IOREK reaches up with a  
great claw, unhooks his helmet, and throws it to the floor.

It's so heavy, WILL can't lift it.

IOREK

Do you know what you're doing, boy?

WILL

Sky iron, right?

IOREK says nothing. He's preparing for a kill he's not sure  
he wants to be part of.

WILL (CONT'D)

I heard it was impenetrable. It  
doesn't look that strong to me.

IOREK's face flickers with doubt. He watches WILL take his  
knife out.

WILL carefully slices the helmet down the middle, the blade  
gliding through it like butter.

The two halves fall away from each other.

WILL (CONT'D)

That's surprising...

BALTHAMOS watches in amazement as the crowd hushes obediently. WILL is in complete control.

IOREK is astounded.

WILL (CONT'D)  
Maybe I have to fight without  
armour after all. Are you ready?

IOREK looks at WILL, and then the knife, and then the two halves of his helmet. He growls softly to himself.

IOREK  
I can't fight that knife. It's too  
strong, and too strange. Boy, you  
win.

The crowd that's now gathered behind, erupts in cheers. Eager to acclaim their new waterfront hero.

WILL  
Stop. Free that bear now.

His tone is so forceful they immediately quieten. This is a different WILL.

WILL (CONT'D)  
You call him a savage, but look  
what you've done.

The TOWNSMAN sees WILL standing there, his eyes fall to the knife in WILL's hand, glinting dangerously. He nods to WILL warily, who nods back.

TOWNSMAN  
You heard the boy. Do it.

The MEN immediately go to action. They open the shutter: inside we see a drugged, groggy BEAR lying at the back of the room.

39 OMITTED - SCENE MOVED TO SC 35A 39

40 OMITTED - SCENE MOVED TO SC 35B 40

41 EXT. LW. THE NORTH. PORT TOWN. DUSK 1 41

WILL stands on the harbour watching all the action.

IOREK signals WILL to walk away with him. WILL does.

WILL

There's a bear I've heard of. He's king of the bears, a good friend of the girl I'm looking for. Her name is Lyra Silvertongue. The bear is called Iorek Byrnison.

IOREK

I am Iorek Byrnison.

WILL

I'm Will Parry. Sorry about your helmet.

IOREK

You're looking for Lyra?

WILL

She's with her mother. She's holding her against her will.

IOREK's whole demeanour is changed. He turns back to WILL.

IOREK

Then we must go to her.

42	OMITTED	42
43	OMITTED	43
43A	OMITTED	43A



44 INT. LW. GENEVA. MAGISTERIUM HQ. MACPHAIL'S QUARTERS. NIGHT 1

MACPHAIL is alone at his desk with OCTAVIA.

There is a knock on the door.

FATHER PRESIDENT MACPHAIL  
I believe I made it clear I was  
not to be disturbed -

FATHER GOMEZ stands in the door way.

FATHER PRESIDENT MACPHAIL (CONT'D)  
Father Gomez. Come in.

FATHER GOMEZ closes the door behind him, and steps inside.

FATHER GOMEZ  
I visited Fra Pavel. I helped him  
to... focus his mind, a little.

MACPHAIL's nerves sharpen.

FATHER GOMEZ allows a brief pause.

FATHER GOMEZ (CONT'D)  
He has since divined that the  
child is with her mother.

MACPHAIL's optimism curdles into fury.

FATHER PRESIDENT MACPHAIL  
Marisa.

FATHER GOMEZ  
With this information I am  
confident I can locate her  
myself. But I will need to use  
methods that aren't officially  
sanctioned-

FATHER PRESIDENT MACPHAIL  
(cutting in)  
You must do what you need to do.  
The second you have their position  
go to them. Get the girl, get her  
mother, and bring them directly to  
me. Marisa Coulter is wicked but  
she is masterful, they will not  
make capture easy.

FATHER GOMEZ speaks simply.

FATHER GOMEZ

Father President. I have done pre-emptive penance every day of my adult life.

(then)

I will do - whatever - is required to get them here.

MACPHAIL hesitates.

FATHER PRESIDENT MACPHAIL

Your dedication to the Authority will not go unnoticed.

FATHER GOMEZ nods and turns to leave.

44A EXT. OGUNWE'S WORLD. INTENTION CRAFT CRASH SITE. DAY 1 44A

ASRIEL is hard at work. Modifying and repurposing pieces off the INTENTION CRAFT. He is making something using the INTERCISION FIELD CAPACITOR.

OGUNWE

Do you know what you're doing?

ASRIEL

Not exactly...

Beat. OGUNWE examines the remnants of the craft. He watches ASRIEL, who has begun to pull out wires from the IFC, with some suspicion.

ASRIEL (CONT'D)

But I've found - too much human endeavor is obstructed by fear.

OGUNWE laughs.

OGUNWE

That's supposed to reassure me...

ASRIEL

Fear is what stops us. That is what they rely on. Obey a Lord above and we surrender our own judgement, our own agency. There is safety in that. But if we release our minds - greatness will come.

ASRIEL looks at him with a smile.

OGUNWE

Asriel - my people are counting on me. Are you walking me to my death?

ASRIEL

Entirely the opposite. Somewhere up there is the origin of all the death, sin, misery and destructiveness in the world. Those that made the ideas of heaven and hell - ideas that have done so much damage. Death is a lie pedalled by the Authority, a drug for all our people. Imagine what would happen if that belief was broken. The freedom that this would bring. That we are Dust and will return to Dust. Death is going to die, Commander. It truly is.

He begins to connect himself. STELMARIA picks up one of the connectors spooling out from the IFC.

ASRIEL (CONT'D)

But until that point. You should probably stand back.

He finishes assembling the device.

ASRIEL looks to OGUNWE, OGUNWE steps back.

ASRIEL grabs the IFC and then, suddenly, there is a huge release of energy and OGUNWE & ASRIEL are hit with a blast of air.

STELMARIA lies slumped on the ground.

And then OGUNWE looks up, his face shrouded in Dust.

There is large tear between the worlds, altogether cruder than the windows cut by Will and his knife. Its edges almost seem to be flapping in the wind.

ASRIEL turns to OGUNWE.

ASRIEL (CONT'D)

Welcome to my Republic.

OGUNWE approaches the tear with astonishment. He puts his hand through, before turning to look at ASRIEL. He cannot decide whether to be awestruck, or furious.

ASRIEL (CONT'D)

Gather your people. The war has begun, Commander Ogunwe. And we will win it.

We close on ASRIEL's mercurial face.



47 EXT. LW. SEA. SHIP. DAWN 2 47

WILL, BALTHAMOS and IOREK are on the deck of a boat, watching the sun appear over the water.

The boat pulls out of the harbour and into the vast ocean, beginning its new journey.

48 OMITTED 48

49 OMITTED 49

50 OMITTED 50

51 OMITTED 51

52 OMITTED 52

53 OMITTED 53

53A INT. LW. GENEVA. MAGISTERIUM HQ. LIBRARY. DAWN 2 53A

A trunk sits on the floor. Clothes are spilling from it; women's clothes. Jewellery. Books.

A dress we recognise from another series - these are MRS COULTER's things.

FATHER GOMEZ crouches surrounded by the items - so jarring in this austere room - but focused only on something directly before him. He crouches, to get a better look:

A metallic beetle, not dissimilar to the one on his robes, but mechanic in nature. A SPYFLY.

We watch the SPYFLY crawl over one item to the next, inhaling the scent of MRS COULTER.

And then it rises into the air to face FATHER GOMEZ, clearly no stranger to this process.

He nods once, and watches as the SPYFLY lifts up and away from him, flowing through a window and out into the dawn morning.

54 INT. LW. MRS COULTER'S HIDEOUT. LYRA'S CHAMBER. DAWN 2 54

We watch from above as LYRA lies sleeping. We close in.

MRS COULTER sits in the chair beside her.

Her eyes fixed upon her child.

She is deep in thought. She knows their time together is nearing its end.

CREDITS.