

AGENTS EXTRAORDINARY 10: WRONG NUMBERS

By Nathan Alderman

PAGE ONE

1.1

It's the end of August. Sunday morning in the West End of London, and outside the cool shade of this concrete parking garage, the sun blazes brightly, and the day is already murderously hot.

A girl of about 17 -- the names have been changed to protect the innocent, but let's call her EMMA -- wanders through the rows of cars, dressed for a day out in the summer heat, chatting away on the mobile phone she's got pressed to her ear. It's a new model, slim, one-piece; not a flip phone. Which is probably for the best, as it may ultimately save a great many lives.

EMMA: ... chicken pox is the **worst**. At least you've got the **telly**.

EMMA: And I'll be your **eyes and ears**, right?

1.2

As EMMA approaches the door to the stairwell down to the street, it bangs open, and a young man of about 19 in a tattered hoodie, grimy t-shirt, cargo pants and trainers comes flying out, crashing into her. His name is DAVID.

EMMA: Of **course** I'll--

EMMA: **Oof!**

1.3

EMMA and DAVID pick themselves up from the asphalt. DAVID has picked up EMMA's phone in one hand, and seems to have his own in the other. He's not half bad in looks -- a bit skinny, a bit pale, but handsome -- and EMMA can't quite decide whether to be angry.

EMMA: Oi! Watch yourself!

DAVID: Sorry, sorry. Too much of a hurry.

DAVID: You dropped your **phone**.

1.4

In FG, the screens of the two phones in DAVID's hands; DAVID's reads BLUETOOTH FILE TRANSMISSION... and EMMA's displays RECEIVING FILE... In BG, EMMA scowls, but self-consciously pushes a lock of hair away from her face.

EMMA: No thanks to **you**.

DAVID: Looks new. It's, uh, it's very cool.

EMMA'S PHONE (faint, electronic): Hello? Hello?

1.5

DAVID is helping EMMA to her feet, pressing the phone back into her hand. They're making an awkward, kind of sweet eye contact.

DAVID: I'm **really** sorry. You've no idea.

EMMA: Yeah? Well... uh... you **should** be.

1.6

EMMA watches DAVID take off running again down the garage. She's got the phone back to her ear, and she's staring after him, not entirely disinterested.

EMMA (shouting): **Slow down!**

EMMA: What? No, not you. Just... just some stupid **boy**.

1.7

And then BANG! the stairwell door flies open, and PARRY LORD (with broly) and CELIA CHANCE, each with a microphone earpiece fixed in one ear, come flying out, jostling EMMA as they narrowly dash on either side of her. LORD and CHANCE are a bit disheveled, looking like they've been running for a while in the heat. EMMA is suitably indignant.

EMMA: Uch!

EMMA: **RUDE!**

PAGE TWO

2.1

LORD veers off and begins clambering through the wire-string gap that divides one level of the garage from the next; CHANCE charges up the ramp.

CHANCE (seemingly to herself): ... not an **expert, Portia**, but I really **do** think he's **sweet** on you.

2.2

The lobby of The Branch. PORTIA LONGLEY is hunched over her desk, looking busy, conspicuously talking to CHANCE on her mobile phone.

PORTIA: Okay, so he made me the **jacket**.

PORTIA: But I can barely get him to say **two words** to me!

2.3

LORD has hauled himself up to the next level and is crouched between two cars, cautiously keeping watch for something. He's speaking quietly into his headset.

LORD: It's only **natural** to feel **shy, Mal**.

LORD: But you've got to say **something** eventually.

2.4

The Branch. MALCOLM AMEBE's lab. MAL's talking into a hands-free headset while he tinkers with a more sophisticated version of the foam-bomb gadget we first saw in issue 4.

MAL: I **know** this. I just...

MAL: She is so **pretty**. My mind goes **completely** blank.

2.5

LORD is crouched between the cars, ready to spring, as a figure we can't entirely see runs along the concrete of the garage toward him. He looks surprised by something he's hearing over the phone.

LORD (quiet): No offense, but I'm hardly **qualified** to give advice here.

MAL (over the phone): Well... I just thought... since you and **Dr. Chance**...

LORD (quiet): Beg your pardon?

2.6

CHANCE dashes around the end of the ramp and up through the car park, in hot pursuit of... well, someone. She's got one hand to her phone earpiece, and seems just as shocked as LORD about what she's hearing.

PORTIA (over the phone): Oh, **come on**. Don't **tell** me you and Mr. Lord haven't...

CHANCE: What? Haven't **what?**

CHANCE: Wait, forget it--

2.7

CHANCE hits the fleeing DAVID with a flying tackle from behind, just as LORD steps out from his hiding place between the cars to clothesline DAVID with his umbrella.

LORD and CHANCE: I'll have to call you back.

PAGE THREE

3.1

LORD and CHANCE, picking herself up wearily, stand over the prone and pained DAVID, who still clutches his mobile phone in his hand. LORD is lifting up his hat with one hand to run a gloved hand through his hair with the other.

CHANCE: For *huff* a **computer geek**, *huff* you know how to **run**.

LORD: It's **over**, David. For you and your whole little **group**.

3.2

DAVID, bleeding from his lip, has dragged himself into a sitting position against the front bumper of one of the parked cars. Tears well in his eyes, but he has the unsettling smile of a martyr.

DAVID: It doesn't matter what you do to us.

DAVID: We're scrubbing the **sky** clean. No more **electromagnetic babble**, choking the spectrum one end to the other.

DAVID: **God**'ll be able to **hear us** again. You'll see.

3.3

As LORD and CHANCE look on warily, DAVID stands up, leaning heavily against the bonnet of the car.

DAVID: I wanted to be the one to do it, and I'm **sorry**, I really am.

DAVID: But now she's got it, and she'll spread it, mobile to mobile to mobile...

3.4

CHANCE is leaning in to grab DAVID, to make him tell them more, but he's pulling away. His phone is chiming, and he's lifting it to his ear, still with that terrible sad smile.

DAVID: All she has to do is **hang up**.

CHANCE: Wait, what are you on about?

SFX/PHONE: (ringtone)

DAVID: Excuse me. I have to take this.

3.5

DAVID has the phone to his ear, and his phone body is going rigid, eyes rolling clear back to the whites, as the phone erupts in sparks in his hand.

SFX (phone): TMMMMMP.

SFX: FZZT! SPAK!

PAGE FOUR

4.1

LORD and CHANCE step back as DAVID falls heavily to the ground between them, twitching and insensate, the smoldering phone still clutched in his hands.

SFX: THUD.

4.2

LORD and CHANCE look at one another, trying to take this in, startled and unnerved.

CHANCE: I **really** wish people would stop **doing** that.

LORD: What was that about **infecting mobiles**...?

4.3

And both Agents look down, suddenly uneasy, as the mobiles clipped to their belts both start chiming simultaneously.

SFX: (ringtones)

4.4

And EMMA, now outside, well down the block, stands at the periphery of a crowd of summer-dressed revelers, locals, and tourists, queuing up for city buses. She's still on her mobile, talking. On the wall behind her, row after row of freshly pasted handbills advertise the Notting Hill Carnival, THIS WEEKEND! A few of the people in the crowd around EMMA also seem to have mobile phones.

EMMA: The queue here's positively **mad**.

EMMA: You'd just **die** if you could see it.

TITLE AND CREDITS.

PAGE FIVE

5.1

CHANCE is smacking LORD on the arm, upset at him, but only just. She's got her earpiece out of her ear. LORD is shrugging her off, one hand to his ear, listening to his earpiece.

CHANCE: I can't **believe** you! It could've been that-- that **death** call!

LORD: I very much doubt **death** sounds like **Mal**.

LORD: Yes, go on, Mal.

5.2

MAL is in his lab, having set aside his tinkering. He's hunched over his computer, talking into a wireless headset.

MAL: The **Bluetooth** in mobiles -- it is not **secure**. Easily **hacked**.

MAL: No, **yours** are fine. I built a **trap** into them.

MAL: It has just **caught** something.

5.3

The BRANCH. MR. QUEEN's office. He sits at his desk, as a grave-looking MRS. KING hovers nearby.

QUEEN: ... just got off with **Five**, Doctor. That little **group** of his had a **virus**, designed for **mobiles**.

QUEEN: They're saying it **kills**. With **sound**.

5.4

The flat shared by DRS. DANNY and DONNY MACDOUGAL. Donny, hair akimbo, freshly awakened from sleeping in, sits upright in his messy bed in his messy bedroom. There are posters on the walls -- *Blade Runner*, Einstein sticking his tongue out -- and a truly outstanding selection of Japanese model robots on the bookshelves.

DONNY: ... Well, aye, everythin's got its **res'nant frequency**, Parry. **Shake** it proper, it falls all tae bits.

DONNY: For people it's... ah think **seven hertz**.

DONNY (louder): Oi! **DANNY!** Izzit **seven hertz** for people, then?

5.5

DANNY had fallen asleep on the couch the night before, playing video games. He sports an equally wicked case of bedhead and bleary eyes, and the distinct imprint of couch cushions on one cheek. He's talking on his own mobile.

DANNY: **AYE, DONNY!** Seven, eight -- summat in there.

DANNY: Right tae th' ear like that, ah s'pooose it'd make a right **slaister** o' yer **brains**.

DANNY: Kill ye **quick** at best. A' worst? **Cerebral hemorrhage** ... an' that's no' **pretty**.

5.6

Back to the parking garage. LORD and CHANCE are hanging up their mobiles and looking at one another with growing concern. Imagine a big exclamation point hanging in the air between them, and

LORD: So it **tries** to **spread** to every phone in range. And it couldn't get **ours**...
CHANCE: Wait -- we passed a girl going out. With a **mobile**.
LORD and CHANCE: "All she has to do is **hang up**..."

PAGE SIX

6.1

LORD and CHANCE are practically *flying* down the stairwell of the parking garage. LORD is talking into his earpiece intently.

LORD: ... **right**, now **crosscheck** our coordinates with the **mobile** records, about **five minutes** back.

CHANCE (small): I hope she's paid up her **minutes**...

6.2

PORTIA is at MAL's computer now, talking on the headset. In the background, MAL's hastily throwing various bits of gear into a rucksack (the components of his bluetooth sniper rifle, and a laptop). He's got a brightly colored motorbike helmet tucked under his arm.

PORTIA: I think -- yes! I've got a **signal**. She's not far -- **Picadilly Circus!**

MAL: Tell them I am **coming**. I have something that could **help**.

6.3

LORD and CHANCE burst out of the door to the garage, racing onto the pavement.

CHANCE: Look, if it spreads when she **hangs up**, why can't we **call** her?

LORD: What if it **also** spreads when she **switches lines?**

CHANCE: Now you're just being **paranoid**.

6.4

LORD and CHANCE keep sprinting, across a crosswalk. The streets are getting more full of people.

CHANCE: Oh, **bugger**. I just **thought** of it.

LORD: Do I want to **ask?**

CHANCE: She's off to the **carnival**.

6.5

And as LORD and CHANCE sprint out into Picadilly Circus, we see that the streets are crowded with people, hundreds of people, all queued up to catch the No. 94 bus to Notting Hill Gate, which has just arrived.

LORD: ... That would seem to be **our luck**.

PAGE SEVEN

7.1

EMMA's still talking on the phone, bless her, shuffling in the queue toward the open doors of the bus.

EMMA: ... thank God, the bus just came.

EMMA: I'm half **melting** already. You're **so** lucky to be in with the **air conditioning**...

7.2

LORD and CHANCE push through the crowds, eyes roving, looking for EMMA. They're jostling a bunch of the other folks waiting, some of whom look irate. CHANCE is sulking a bit at LORD's killjoy nature.

CHANCE: Stop all the buses?

LORD: Start a **riot**, most probably.

CHANCE: Stop just the **one**?

LORD: She might **hang up**.

CHANCE: Get a **cab** and beat her there?

LORD: They've closed the **streets** for the carnival.

CHANCE: **Must** you think of everything?

7.3

EMMA in FG, just stepping onto the bus, still chatting, still oblivious. CHANCE and LORD in bg, too far away in the crowd, just spotting her.

CHANCE: **There!** Mr. Lord!

PAGE EIGHT

8.1

LORD and CHANCE push through to the edge of the crowd into the street, giving chase. The bus is already rumbling away. They're running flat out, but they won't catch it.

LORD: Odd. I'm put in mind of a **Beatles** song.

CHANCE: Oh, shut up and **run**.

8.2

LORD and CHANCE dash down the middle of the traffic lanes, dodging cars -- angry DRIVERS yelling and honking. The bus is already growing distant. LORD is entirely focused, sprinting like a track star. CHANCE is trying to keep up with him, flipping the "V" sign right back to an irate DRIVER.

DRIVER: Bloody **maniacs!**

CHANCE: National interest! **Piss off!**

8.3

LORD's close enough to the back of the bus he can almost touch it -- his fingers outstretched...

NO DIALOGUE

8.4

CHANCE grabs the back of LORD's jacket and yanks him backward at the last moment, as a LORRY from a cross street barrels through the space between him and the bus.

LORRY (horn): VREEEEEEOW!

CHANCE: Houlph!

LORD: **Dammit!**

8.5

As the bus rumbles away, LORD stands in the middle of traffic, staring intently. By his side, dusting him off a bit, CHANCE is half concerned, half sarcastic.

LORD (small): I nearly **had** it.

CHANCE: Rich. **Invincible**. There **is** a **difference**, you know.

LORD: ... sorry.

PAGE NINE

9.1

Dodging the last of the traffic, LORD and CHANCE make it out of the street and safely onto the pavement. LORD's already got a plan, thinking. He's noticing a sign in the window of a nearby bicycle shop -- RENTALS.

CHANCE: So, **vehicular suicide** not being an option, what next?

LORD: We **improvise**.

9.2

SIMON is wiry, middle-aged, the clerk behind the counter of the bicycle shop. He's tired, the air conditioner's not working, and he's just gotten to Page Four in his *Daily Clarion*, which means this is probably not the best time to vie for his attention.

SIMON: ... And I told **you**, they've all been **rented**.

SIMON: All wanting to see the **Carnival**, same as **you**.

9.3

LORD, cool but annoyed, has his arms folded on the opposite side of the counter, CHANCE beside him. We can see that there are only a few on the shop's otherwise empty racks, and most of them are children's models.

LORD: Fine. How much to **buy** a pair?

SIMON (o/p): None to buy. All these models are **reserved** for customers.

9.4

CHANCE gently pushes LORD aside and leans forward over the counter coquettishly, smiling with what is, for CHANCE, an unsettling amount of sweetness.

CHANCE: Are you **certain**? I'd be **awfully** disappointed.

CHANCE: Our **friends** told us your shop was the **very** best.

SIMON: Well... I suppose there's the **one**...

9.5

CHANCE looks at LORD, grinning proudly, as SIMON heads to the back to check. LORD looks half-bemused, half-impressed.

CHANCE: ... and **that's** how I passed **English** at university.

LORD: **Diabolical**.

LORD: Here I'd assumed you were simply going to **hit** him.

9.6

LORD and CHANCE pedal through crowds of pedestrians -- on a bicycle built for two! LORD's steering, looking vaguely mortified; CHANCE is in back, apparently having a grand time -- and yes, there's a bell affixed to her set of handlebars.

LORD: ... I think I wish you **had** hit him.

CHANCE: You're just cross because **you** didn't get the **bell**.

SFX/BELL: Ding ding! Ding ding!

PAGE TEN

10.1

The bus. We don't hear any of what EMMA's saying, but we see her animatedly continuing her phone conversation on her mobile, crushed standing up in the midst of a lot of hot, uncomfortable people who look none too pleased to have to listen to her. One woman in particular, a middle-aged mother in her 40s -- let's call her DARLA -- is standing right up against EMMA, hugging her very tired and cranky-looking five-year-old son to her chest, and looking like she's just about had enough. We notice that a lot of the other folks on the bus have mobiles on their persons, but they're not using them.

CAPTION: "You're awfully quiet."

10.2

Back to LORD, who spoke the preceding words, and CHANCE, pedalling away on the bike. They're both working hard, sweat on their brows, biking as fast as they can. LORD is looking back briefly at CHANCE, a bit more amiably than before; he can't quite see that CHANCE is staring somewhat thoughtfully at, well, we assume it's somewhere in the general vicinity of his bum.

CHANCE: Just... contemplating the **view**.

LORD (oblivious): Tell me something about **maths**.

CHANCE: What?

LORD: It's just that I'm beginning to think you got your **Ph.D.** in **fisticuffs**.

10.3

CHANCE talks cheerily as the bike zips through the crowded streets.

CHANCE: Hm. Well... you know **prime numbers**, right?

CHANCE: There's this **equation** called the **Riemann Hypothesis**, and it's so **complex** that you can **graph** it in **three dimensions**.

10.4

CHANCE's face is falling a bit as she comes to a realization.

CHANCE: And it turns out that the **zero points** on this graph can predict a nearly **infinite** sequence of **prime numbers**. And **best** of all--

CHANCE: ... you've gone all **glassy-eyed**, haven't you?

10.5

Back to LORD, grinning a bit to himself, and a rather sour-looking CHANCE.

LORD: I was **fine** up through **prime numbers**.

CHANCE: **This** is why I don't talk about **maths**.

LORD: Maybe you're just **rubbish** at **explaining** it.

10.6

Back to the bus. EMMA has the phone away from her ear and is covering the microphone with her hand, as a disapproving DARLA begins to scold her.

EMMA: I'm sorry, **what?**

DARLA: You **heard** me. Do us all a help and **hang up** already.

PAGE ELEVEN

11.1

EMMA is shocked and offended, as only a teenaged girl can be.

EMMA: It's not against the **law**, now is it?

DARLA: We're packed in like **sardines**, and it's only **you** flapping your gums.

11.2

DARLA, trying to work within the constrained space, is pointing out other people on the bus, some of whom look like they quietly agree with her.

DARLA: We've all of us got mobiles, but you don't see us chatting away, do you?

DARLA: It's positively **rude**.

11.3

EMMA shoots back, but DARLA won't budge.

EMMA: Look, my friend's **sick** in bed, and I'm **all she's got** for company...

DARLA: She hasn't the **telly?** She can't **survive** for a few **minutes?**

11.4

EMMA now seems very much isolated, and she's starting to realize the disapproving stares of the people around her, who seem a lot more open in their hostility now.

DARLA (o/p): It's simple **consideration**, it is. Minding your **fellow riders**.

DARLA (o/p): You ought to be **ashamed**.

11.5

EMMA is wavering under DARLA's withering glare. She's got one hand creeping up to the handset to press the disconnect button.

PHONE (small, electronic): **Hello?** Are you **there?**

EMMA (to the phone): I... I think I'll have to--

11.6

Similar to 11.5, but the BUS DRIVER's voice is loudly intruding. EMMA looks relieved, while DARLA looks robbed of her triumph.

BUS DRIVER (o/p): **Notting Hill Gate!**

BUS DRIVER (o/p): Everybody out!

11.7

As the crush of people carries them out of the bus, EMMA flashes DARLA a smug, triumphant smile. DARLA looks ready to slug her.

EMMA (on phone): ... Never mind.

EMMA (on phone): It was this **horridly inconsiderate** woman...

PAGE TWELVE

12.1

Crowds of people, dressed for the sun and heat, men, women, and children. They surge through the blocked-off streets, from Notting Hill Gate up Pembridge Road, past constables in bright yellow safety jackets, on their way to the Notting Hill Carnival. Is that EMMA we see, if we look closely enough, all but lost in the crowd? CHANCE's voice comes from off-panel.

CHANCE (o/p): **Needle**, meet **haystack**.

12.2

LORD and CHANCE, both sweating and slightly winded, hop off the bike as it coasts to a stop near the police sawhorses.

LORD: **Optimism**, Doctor. We live in an age of **GPS** and **satellites** and many other **exciting-sounding** things.

CHANCE: Fine, so it's a very **shiny** haystack.

MAL (o/p): I never **understood** that saying.

12.3

It's MAL, sitting astride a canary-yellow Vespa motor-scooter that looks held together by liberal quantities of duct tape. He's got a bulging rucksack on his back -- the same one he was filling up earlier -- and is removing a checkered, Mod-ish helmet from his head. His shirt is unbuttoned and his tie is loosened, but he seems largely unaffected by the heat.

MAL: I am here to help you **find** your **needle**.

12.4

As MAL rummages through his pack, LORD and CHANCE look on, glad to see him. LORD is teasing him good-naturedly about his scooter.

LORD: I'm amazed that thing's still **running**.

MAL: It **helps** when you do not throw the **engine** at people.

MAL: I have a laptop, a program to **shut down** the phone, and...

12.5

MAL holds open the duffle bag to reveal the parts of a Bluetooth sniper rifle (http://www.tomsnetworking.com/2005/03/08/how_to_bluesniper_pt1/) inside. He seems somewhat shy, somewhat proud of it.

MAL: ... a **Bluetooth Sniper Rifle**. Line-of-sight access and control of any Bluetooth device.

MAL (small): I saw it in **Wired**.

12.6

LORD is turning to chance to poke a bit of fun at her, but the grin on her face says she's taking it a bit more seriously.

LORD: Ah, **good**, Doctor. You'll get to **shoot** something.

CHANCE: My day just **improved**.

PAGE THIRTEEN

13.1

LORD, CHANCE, and MAL (shouldering the bag) plunge into the crowds as they approach the parade route. Food stalls are beginning to line the streets.

LORD: You've never been to the **carnival**?

CHANCE: I'm... not good with **crowds**.

CHANCE: How are we to **find** her? Hold up a **sign**?

MAL: I believe **Portia** can help...

13.2

The BRANCH headquarters -- MAL's lab. PORTIA's still at the computer, still with the headset on, and with a relieved and slightly nervous expression on her face. Behind her, we see that five-year-old DAISY is now keeping her company, scribbling away with crayons on yet another piece of paper. (The Branch's Crayola budget is considerable, let me tell you.)

PORTIA: **There** you are! Yes, she's still on the line -- going for the **world record**, I think. Lucky us.

DAISY (working on her drawing): **This is you...** and **this is Mal...**

13.3

DAISY is showing PORTIA her handiwork with mischevious glee, and PORTIA, amused but busy, is shushing her and trying to concentrate on her screen.

DAISY: You're **kissing**!

PORTIA (small): Oh, *shush*.

PORTIA: Not you, not you. I've got her **triangulated** at Kensington Park and Westbourne -- she's headed for the **viewing area**.

13.4

LORD is putting a hand to his phone and turning to CHANCE with a satisfied grin. The crowd is growing ever denser around them; they're on a street with multi-story residences running in rows on either side.

LORD: **See?** Shiny haystack.

CHANCE: She'd better **keep** talking, with this mob. We're barely **moving**.

13.5

CHANCE is looking up; there's a building under reconstruction nearby, its front all scaffolding. LORD's thinking too, with one of his typical cryptic smiles.

CHANCE: We're going to need some **height** to get a line of sight.

LORD: And we'll need her to stay **still** long enough to **transmit**.

CHANCE: Going to put her in a **half nelson**, then?

LORD: I was rather hoping to rely upon **charm**.

PAGE FOURTEEN

14.1

Carnival in full swing. Dazzlingly dressed dancers parade through the streets of Notting Hill, swirling flags, followed by sound trucks where DJs blare Caribbean music from speakers. On either side of the road, low metal barriers allow spectators a clear view of the parade; higher, green plastic barriers block off the viewing area from the pavement and buildings behind it. It's Sunday, the children's carnival, so there are lots of kids lining the route with their parents.

NO DIALOGUE

14.2

LORD, looking out of place (and sweating) in his dark suit and hat, edges through the crowd of revelers with his cellphone up to his ear. He's talking with PORTIA on the other end.

LORD: Where is she **now**?

PORTIA (on phone): Same as **before**. Maybe she's queued for the **loo**?

LORD (small, to folks in crowd): pardon me, pardon me, beg your pardon...

14.3

EMMA, in a lengthy queue at one of the food booths, waiting for some fresh, hot samosas. A couple spots behind her, there's a skinny, kind of dodgy-looking KID keeping a bit too close an eye

EMMA: ... **smells** absolutely **incredible**, really.

EMMA: You're not **missing** much, though -- the **costumes** were **much** better last year, and they haven't that **pan** group with the one **really** fit boy...

14.4

CHANCE and MAL, with the bag slung over his back, climb the scaffolding of the building CHANCE saw earlier. MAL looks a bit winded.

CHANCE: I think we can cut across the **rooftops** and -- oi, you all right?

MAL: I **tested out** of school **precisely**... to avoid... this sort of thing.

14.5

CHANCE is looking back at MAL as he explains something calmly. CHANCE looks surprised. She didn't know this.

CHANCE: All that time you spend in the **lab** ... a bit of **exercise** will do you good.

MAL: When I was **seven**, my **brother** and I walked to **Ethiopia**. I have had **plenty** of **exercise**.

14.6

CHANCE has a very awkward moment here, but MAL is smiling, courteously moving past it.

CHANCE: ...**oh**.

MAL: I think we should... **keep moving**.

PAGE FIFTEEN

15.1

EMMA has finally reached the front of the queue, and a pair of samosas all wrapped up in bright green paper are sitting on the counter in front of her. That dodgy KID is still just behind her, and his eyes are on her phone. In the queue behind her, we see a few other people talking on their own mobiles.

VOICE FROM BEHIND COUNTER (o/p): Two pounds thirty.
EMMA (to phone): Just a moment -- I've got to pay.

15.2

In FG, EMMA sets down the phone on the counter with one hand and goes fishing through her purse with another. In BG, we see LORD's head bobbing up through a sea of revelers, still on his mobile with PORTIA.

LORD: I see a girl at the head of a food queue -- might be her.
LORD: Send me her **school photo**.

15.3

On the rooftop of a nearby building, CHANCE is looking down at the crowd through a set of tiny pocket binoculars, seeming very impatient. MAL is assembling the Bluetooth Sniper Rifle from the components in his bag.

MAL (small): ... attach the antenna coupler...

CHANCE: Aren't you **finished** yet?

MAL: This does not **fire** anything, you know. It does not even have a **trigger**.

CHANCE: Oh, **details**.

15.4

EMMA is rummaging through her purse, two bills already in the hand of the increasingly impatient woman behind the counter. LORD's gloved hand is reaching into frame with the necessary coins.

EMMA: Hang on, I **know** I've thirty here...

LORD (o/p): **Allow me**.

15.5

EMMA turns to look at LORD quizzically. LORD is putting on his most charming grin, and offering her a business card.

EMMA: Uh... thanks, Mister--

LORD: **Bell**. B.T. Bell, of the Cellunext Corporation. Say, was that one of **our** models you're using?

EMMA: Yeah, it's the--

15.6

EMMA and LORD both turn to the counter, and realize -- with varying levels of alarm -- that the phone EMMA had placed there is gone. In LORD's jacket pocket, his phone is ringing.

EMMA: -- wait. Where is it?

EMMA: Someone's **nicked** my **mobile**!

PAGE SIXTEEN

16.1

Through binoculars, from above we see the DODGY KID fighting his way through the crowd, turning to look over his shoulder nervously.

CHANCE (o.p.): ... Yeah, some skinny git with floppy black hair and an absolutely crap jacket!

16.2

CHANCE crouched on the roof's edge with binoculars in one hand and her phone in the other, talking urgently to LORD. Behind her, a worried-looking MAL has just finished assembling the Bluetooth rifle.

CHANCE: He's heading for the parade! Go! **Go!**

16.3

LORD is folding up his mobile with one hand as he plunges into the crowd, leaving a startled and confused EMMA behind him. He's left his umbrella at the food stand.

EMMA: Wait! Where are you **going?**

EMMA: Is this your **broolly?**

16.4

The DODGY KID fights his way through the crowds, EMMA's mobile clenched in his hand. We hear a faint voice coming from the mobile.

VOICE ON PHONE (small, elec.): Hello? Hello, are you still there?

16.5

The KID makes it to the green barriers surrounding the parade and begins to climb frantically. The VOICE from the phone is still speaking. LORD is behind him, still pushing through the crowd.

LORD: **Stop him!**

VOICE ON PHONE (small, elec.): Come on, this isn't funny...

PAGE SEVENTEEN

17.1

The KID drops from the fence into the midst of the people lined up on the other side of the route. LORD's getting close to the green fence on the opposite side.

NO DIALOGUE

17.2

CHANCE and MAL sprint across the rooftops, CHANCE carrying the rifle, MAL with a laptop under one arm.

CHANCE: Come on! We've got to keep him in a line of sight!

17.2

LORD leaps, reaching for the fence...

NO DIALOGUE

17.3

LORD grabs the fence and vaults up and over, acrobatically, passersby staring goggle-eyed, thinking this is some street act--

NO DIALOGUE

17.4

And lands in a crouch beyond the lower steel railing, hands down to steady himself, in the midst of the parade. Dancers in elaborate costumes twirl flags, and a Caribbean pan band plays on a sound truck.

PAN BAND: (music)

17.5

In FG, the DODGY KID scampers through the dancers; in BG, LORD's finally glimpsed him, with a shock of recognition.

NO DIALOGUE

PAGE EIGHTEEN

18.1

LORD, on the run, grabs one of the long, sturdy wooden flagpoles from a very startled looking dancer.

LORD: May I **borrow** this? Thanks **ever**.

18.2

The KID's legging it for the opposite side of the street, set to jump the barriers and vanish into the crowd.

NO DIALOGUE

18.3

With a running start, LORD plants the flag pole like a pole vault...

NO DIALOGUE

18.4

And vaults through the air, coming down hard on the KID's back! This kid is sprawling, and several objects are flying out of his jacket.

KID: Whoulf!

18.5

And as LORD perches on the KID's back, he realizes he's got another problem -- EMMA's mobile wasn't the only one the KID nicked today, and now all his ill-gotten goods -- cell phones, wallets, watches -- are scattered in a confusing pile on the street!

LORD (quiet): Oh.

LORD (quiet): Well, of **course**, it can't be **easy**...

PAGE NINETEEN

19.1 and 19.2

Two panels side by side: LORD on his hands and knees, digging through the scattered mobiles and other stolen goods looking for the right phone; CHANCE prone on the edge of a rooftop, looking through the rifle scope attached to the Bluetooth rifle, which she's aiming down at the street, with MAL sitting behind her with a laptop connected by a cord to the rifle.

LORD and CHANCE (word balloon straddles the space between the two panels): Come on, come on...

19.3

LORD has a phone up to his ear, fruitlessly, when he sees another model lying on the ground -- EMMA's -- with a faint, inaudible voice from coming from it.

PHONE: (faint, inaudible)

19.4

LORD has all but lunged for the phone, scooping it up to his ear, speaking VERY URGENTLY.

VOICE ON PHONE (elec.): ...**said**, I'm hanging **up** now! I'll call you--
LORD: Whatever you do, **don't hang up!**

PAGE TWENTY

20.1

LORD leaps to his feet, holding the phone high above his head.

NO DIALOGUE

20.2

CHANCE on the rooftop, looking through the rifle scope. MAL frantically typing on the laptop.

CHANCE: Got it **zeroed!**

CHANCE: Shut it down! **Shut it down!**

20.3

MAL's computer, his long, skinny fingers flying over the keys. The screen reads:

MAC ADDRESS CAPTURED
CONNECTION ESTABLISHED
INITIALIZING VIRUS SCAN...
TRANSMITTING...

20.4

Close on EMMA's phone in LORD's hand. The screen reads BLUETOOTH OFF. Phew.

PAGE TWENTY-ONE

21.1

LORD is still holding EMMA's mobile phone above his head, and now has his own phone to his ear. He looks flushed, adrenalin-charged, in a good way.

LORD: **Yes?**

CHANCE (over his phone, elec.): You can put your **arm** down now.

CHANCE (phone): You look a right **idiot** like that. I wish I had a **camera**.

21.2

LORD sits down heavily, breathing a sigh of relief -- right on the back of the DODGY KID, who was trying to get to his feet. The KID's not pleased with this.

KID: Oi! Gerroff, **pervert!**

LORD (to the KID): You don't realize it yet -- because it's only just **begun** -- but this is, in fact, the very **worst** day of your life.

21.3

CHANCE has set down the Bluetooth rifle and is looking at her mobile phone somewhat thoughtfully. MAL, looking suddenly exhausted, is taking note of what she's saying.

CHANCE: To think this stupid thing could **kill** you, just like **that**.

CHANCE (small): All the things you'd **never** get to **say**...

21.4

A short time passes. The PARADE continues, a pair of CONSTABLES are hauling the struggling KID away, and LORD, composed and smiling, is handing EMMA's phone back to her, as she hands him his umbrella. EMMA seems a bit impressed with LORD's apparent gallantry.

LORD: Seems a fair **trade**.

EMMA: You didn't have to **do** that, you know.

LORD: **Customer service**, miss. It's the hallmark of any good business.

21.5

As LORD watches, bemused, EMMA heads off into the crowd, phone once again plastered to her ear.

EMMA: **Hello?**

EMMA: Yeah, sorry, it's **me**. You wouldn't **believe it** -- it was the **strangest** thing...

PAGE TWENTY-TWO

22.1

More time passes. It's a bit later in the afternoon, and a sudden rainstorm has sent most of the revelers at the parade running for cover -- except LORD and CHANCE, who stroll together under LORD's umbrella. LORD's got the umbrella securely in the crook of his elbow, and is eating pad thai from a paper dish, with chopsticks. CHANCE is eating samosas with a plastic spork.

CHANCE (regarding the umbrella): About **time** this came in **handy**.

LORD: At least the **crowds** have thinned out.

LORD: Say, where'd **Mal** get to?

22.2

MAL is under the scaffolding we saw earlier, Bluetooth sniper rifle components jutting out of his bag, sitting and talking on his mobile phone.

MAL: Hello? **Portia**?

MAL: I... I just wanted to say...

23.3

The BRANCH headquarters. PORTIA's listening on her headsets with a quiet mixture of happiness and disbelief. DAISY, beside her, is grinning in the way only five-year-olds can, and busy coloring another picture.

MAL (on phone): I thought you looked very **pretty** today.

DAISY: **Told** you.

22.4

Under the umbrella, LORD and CHANCE are smiling, looking at one another with a certain amount of meaning.

LORD: So -- did I **tell** you? I think **Mal**'s got the impression that you and I... that we...

CHANCE: That we're **at it** like **rabbits**? Yeah. **Portia**, too...

22.5

CHANCE attacks LORD's pad thai with her spork, scooping up some noodles.

LORD: ... **Preposterous**, of course.

CHANCE: ... **Absolutely**. You going to **finish** that?

LORD: Well, I **was**, until someone stuck her **whole hand** in.

22.6

They walk on together, under the umbrella, into the rain.

CHANCE: Tragic about that. More for **me**, I guess.

LORD: I take it your **doctorate** wasn't in **table manners**...