

AGENTS EXTRAORDINARY 12: FAWKES HUNT

By Nathan Alderman

PAGE ONE

Eight equal-sized panels.

1.1

PARRY LORD, hatless, shirtless, gloveless, revealing the scarred, glassy skin of his hands and forearms, sits cross-legged on a pillow in the narrow, curtained alcove in his apartment -- the one we last saw in issue 2. The one containing his shrine to his dead wife.

LORD: Hello, **Chaaya**.

LORD: It's been a while.

1.2

A small TV set, crammed perilously onto one corner of a battered, junk-covered IKEA-type dresser in CELIA CHANCE's (previously unseen) bedroom. A smiling BBC presenter is delivering the evening news on the telly.

TV (elec.): ... **big night** for London, as **Bonfire Night** coincides...

CHANCE (o/p): Stupid, stupid, stupid.

1.3

LORD's face, calm and a bit sad, reflected in the picture of CHAAYA on the shrine. The picture is surrounded by candles, and rests in front of an Indian statue of elephant-headed Ganesha (as seen in issue 2).

LORD (o/p): **Ganesha**, remover of obstacles. Your **favorite**.

LORD (o/p): I used to **pray** to him -- to take away all that kept me from **you**.

1.4

CELIA CHANCE, in a sports bra and blue jeans, reflected in a mirror hanging crookedly on the back of her door. She's holding one button-up shirt -- an uncharacteristically feminine look for her, with a stylish floral print -- up to her chest. She looks very cross with herself.

CHANCE: For Christ's sake, you're not a sodding **teenager**.

TV (elec., o/p): ... with the **State Opening of Parliament**...

1.5

There's real pain on LORD's face here, in the quiet and the candlelight, but also a sense of profound and unexpected relief.

LORD: I've **missed you** for **so long** -- you and **Mum** and **Dad**.

LORD: But now I... I hear **life** calling to me again, from a far distance.

1.6

Chance turns around, still looking at the shirt as she holds it against her torso. Still cross. In FG, we see a shopping bag from H&M on the bed, spilling out a bunch of other button-down shirts, pants, and even -- gasp! -- a skirt or two.

CHANCE: Just pick one put it **on**. You can **do** this.

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TV (elec., o/p): ... and the latest **North London Derby** match between **Arsenal** and **Tottenham Hotspur**.

1.7

Close on LORD's face. He doesn't want to say this, and there's certainly no anger or malice in it, but he knows somehow that he needs to.

LORD: And I've **realized** ... **life** is not the **obstacle** I need **removed**.

1.8

Close on CHANCE's face, her eyes unfocused, lost in thought. She's thinking of LORD.

CHANCE (small): It's not like he'll even **notice**.

PAGE TWO

2.1

DAISY, age 6, is running through the hallways of The Branch with a huge, irrepressible grin on her face -- this girl's somewhere just past "hyper," and loving every moment. She's wearing a sweater, a kid-sized pair of blue jeans, and -- mostly covering her wild ginger-colored curly hair -- a strange plastic cap strung with wires.

DAISY: PENNY FOR THE GUY! PENNY FOR THE GUY!

2.2

LORD, immaculately dressed (as ever) in his black suit, gloves, umbrella, and bowler hat (plus overcoat), leans against one of the concrete walls of the Branch's lobby as DAISY completes her latest -- but not last -- lap of this level of the complex, watching her in good-natured amusement. CHANCE is just emerging from the elevators, bewildered at the sight of DAISY zipping about. She's wearing a heavy military overcoat, the button-down shirt we saw her looking at earlier, khaki cargo pants, a multicolored scarf, and -- yes -- her combat boots.

CHANCE (off DAISY): Huh. **Somebody's** excited.

LORD: I hadn't noticed.

DAISY (partially off-panel): PEN! NY! FOR! THE! GUYYYYYYYY!

2.3

LORD is complimenting CHANCE's shirt. She's trying to be nonchalant about it, but looks suspiciously self-conscious. LORD is looking at her thoughtfully, and with an unusual sort of warmth.

LORD: Bit of a new look for you, Doctor, isn't it?

CHANCE: What? No. It's just this stupid--

LORD: I like it.

CHANCE (small): Oh.

2.4

Inside the BRANCH's glass-walled conference room, DESMOND QUEEN and REGINA KING are discussing a concept with an unseen third party, displaying no small amount of incredulity. Behind them, we can just see DAISY's arms and the top of her head as she speeds down the hallway outside.

KING: "Transcranial magnetic stimulation?"

QUEEN: **Again**. With **smaller words**, on account of our **aged ears**.

2.5

Opposite them, DANNY and DONNY MACDOUGAL earnestly make their case.

DONNY: The **cap**'ll let 'er go **topside** wi'out her wee skull goin' **pop** on 'er.

DANNY: She... seems tae **fancy** th' concept a bit.

PAGE THREE

3.1

A lovely big hero shot of our entire cast, bundled up for the cold, strolling down Oxford Street on a crisp early November night, on their way to the nearest bonfire to watch Guy Fawkes burned in effigy. LORD and CHANCE lead the way, with a delighted DAISY riding on LORD's shoulders; LORD looks mildly embarrassed by this, which CHANCE is clearly relishing. DAISY wears a bulky coat (to conceal the battery packs) and a big floppy Guy Fawkes hat (to conceal the cap). DANNY and DONNY follow, watching DAISY concernedly -- this is their gambit, after all, and they're not entirely sure how well it will work. DONNY has a hefty satchel slung over his shoulder, containing DAISY's medical supplies, just in case. PORTIA and MAL are sharing a bag of bonfire toffees, while KING and QUEEN bring up the rear, QUEEN escorting KING on his arm in a gentlemanly fashion. All around them are a swarm of pedestrians and revelers, some dressed like Guy Fawkes.

DAISY (awestruck, to the passersby): Hello, people!
TITLE AND CREDITS

3.2

LORD and CHANCE, with DAISY on LORD's shoulders.

LORD: I'm not sure how I got **volunteered** for this.
CHANCE: **Safety**, I'm sure. Your **hat's** got sort of **handles** on.
DAISY: **This** is my **thinking cap**!

3.3

KING and QUEEN, arm in arm.

QUEEN: 'Round this time of year, I'm always reminded of when we met.
KING: Christmas lights, falling snow...
QUEEN: **Automatic gunfire** from the **helicopter**...
KING: You old **romantic**.

3.4

MAL and PORTIA, MAL about to eat some Bonfire toffee from the bag he's holding, caught completely off-guard by what PORTIA is very pointedly saying.

PORTIA: It's **nice**, isn't it? The lot of us going out like this.
MAL: Yes, quite.
PORTIA: Rather like a **date**.

3.5

DONNY is peeking inside the satchel; DANNY is trying to reassure him. PORTIA's voice comes from off-panel.

PORTIA (o/p): ... **Mal?** Mal, are you **choking?**
DANNY: Dinnae worry, brar. She'll be fine.
DONNY: Ah know, ah know. 'S nae like she'd have a **Level 5** on us or anythin'.
DONNY: ... **Right?**

PAGE FOUR

4.1

The group rounds a corner to a public square where the bonfire is burning; at present, all we see is its glow on their faces. CHANCE, a bit of a girl at heart herself, is pointing it out to DAISY.

CHANCE: There it is!

CHANCE: See **Guy Fawkes**, right at the top?

4.2

The bonfire roars upward into the night sky, sparks rising from it, with an effigy of Guy Fawkes burning away at the summit.

NO DIALOGUE

4.3

DAISY stares at it, eyes wide, spellbound. Her face is eerily lit by the glow of the fire.

CHANCE (o/p): What do you **think**, Daisy?

LORD (o/p): **Daisy?**

4.4

In Daisyvision, a nuclear fireball decimates the London skyline.

LORD (unattached, o/p): **Daisy?**

4.5

DAISY is sagging against someone's chest -- CHANCE's, who caught her as she fell backward from LORD's shoulders -- but aside from her, we only see and hear bits and fragments of what's around her. Her eyes have rolled back up in her head, she's convulsing -- and her right hand is shaped as if holding an invisible pencil, writing away into empty air.

CHANCE (partly off-panel): **Doctors!**

PORTIA (partly off-panel): Oh my God! Daisy!

DONNY (partly off-panel): Hoold her steady while ah prep th' **injection--!**

PAGE FIVE

5.1

From absolute chaos to absolute quiet. DAISY, in pajamas, unconscious, curled up in her bed in the cottage back at the BRANCH. A pencil is closed in her fist, resting atop a stack of sheets of paper on a table next to her bed. She's been drawing things this whole time, even during her seizure, even when unconscious afterward. QUEEN's hand is removing the top sheet of paper, covered with something we can't quite make out, gently from the pile.

NO DIALOGUE

5.2

In the dimness of DAISY's cabin, crouching slightly to fit beneath the ceiling beams, KING and QUEEN grimly survey four sheets of paper, all presumably from DAISY's hands.

NO DIALOGUE

5.3

KING and QUEEN emerge from the cabin to find all the others waiting quietly in the tall grass outside, beneath the artificial starlight. QUEEN carries the papers.

KING: It's all right. She's **resting**.

5.4

DANNY and DONNY start to apologize, but QUEEN cuts them off, gently, and with sympathy.

DANNY: Ah'm so **sorry--**

DONNY: Wha'ever hit her, we didnae **calibrate** for it--

QUEEN: It's not your **fault**, either of you.

5.5

QUEEN shows the others the top picture on the stack. It's scratchy, shaky, but with a level of detail usually reserved for the drawings of autistic savants. It shows the same nuclear fireball over London that Daisy saw when her seizure hit.

QUEEN: We've got **bigger problems**.

5.6

Inside the cabin, unobserved, poor DAISY sleeps. And yet her hand, still gripping the pencil, has begun to twitch again...

NO DIALOGUE

5.7

Same angle. And DAISY's hand starts drawing...

SFX: skritch skritch skritch

5.8

Closer on the paper as DAISY's hand draws. The outlines of a BUNNYMAN are beginning to emerge...

SFX: skritch skritch skritch

PAGE SIX

6.1

The conference room. QUEEN is looking at his reflection in the glass, loosening his tie wearily. KING sits hunched at the table. Both look smaller and older than they've ever seemed before.

QUEEN: We don't know **how** she does it. Just that she's **never** been wrong.

KING: Our little **early warning system**.

6.2

LORD, CHANCE, the DOCTORS, MAL, and PORTIA, assembled around the opposite end of the table, looking grave.

QUEEN (o/p): The **worse** the coming event, the **harder** it hits her.

QUEEN (o/p): And the **less time** we have to stop it.

6.3

KING, still seated, is gesturing to the flatscreen behind her, where a sketch of the WHITE RABBIT -- wheelchair, white suit, rabbit mask -- shares space with a similar sketch of the RED QUEEN and a photo of the dead, half-assembled BUNNYMAN from issue 7.

KING: As you all know, for more than a **year**, we've been tracking a criminal known as "The White Rabbit," and his apparent associate, "The Red Queen."

KING: Last **September**, the Red Queen disrupted one of our **sting operations** and stole a control circuit that dramatically accelerates the reprocessing of **nuclear waste** into **weapons-grade** material.

KING: Almost simultaneously, we learned that a train transporting such waste from the **Oldbury** reactor in Avon had **vanished entirely**.

6.4

QUEEN, with KING behind him, pushes the other sheets of paper DAISY drew across the table toward the other assembled agents. One looks like a soccer goal in a major stadium -- there's an ad banner for CELLUNEXT mobile phone service visible through the net behind it. A second looks like some kind of flying saucer -- a weird dome with spires rising around it. And a third seems to be some kind of floor plan of an old castle, with a dark scribble at one particular point in the plan.

QUEEN: **Now**, it seems, we know what he plans to **do** with them.

PAGE SEVEN

7.1

KING steepled her fingers grimly as QUEEN takes a seat next to her.

KING: **Five**, the **police** -- they won't act on **proof** this **thin**.

QUEEN: Most of them don't even know **Daisy exists**.

7.2

LORD and CHANCE look surprised by what KING's saying; the DOCTORS and MAL are uneasy, and PORTIA's positively freaked out.

KING (o/p): We'll need the **lot** of you in the **field** on this.

PORTIA: But -- but we haven't **clearances**, or **training**...

7.3

Again, KING and QUEEN look surprisingly old and beaten-down. Clearly, more than the current situation is weighing on their minds.

KING: I saw you against **Harlequin**, Portia. You've got **courage** and **resourcefulness** to **spare** -- all of you.

QUEEN: We'll coordinate from here if you need us.

7.4

KING and QUEEN stand again, rallying the troops. The assembled agents are all starting to get up as well, a bit less confidently in some cases.

KING: Pair up, two to a drawing. Mal, get everyone **kitted out** and ready in **ten**.

QUEEN: And **Godspeed**.

7.5

As the last of the other agents leaves the conference room, QUEEN shuts the door behind them. He and KING wordlessly share a look, dark and foreboding.

NO DIALOGUE

PAGE EIGHT

8.1

The drawing of the weird flying-saucer spires, seemingly resting atop an establishing shot of the former Millennium Dome, so we can see the similarity. The Dome is brilliantly illuminated and surrounded by scaffolding on a London night turned dense and rainy. In foreground, a large sign reads UNDER RECONSTRUCTION (which, as I write this, it is.) DONNY's voice comes from a point on the sloping roof of the dome.

CAPTION: The former **Millennium Dome**.

DONNY: Ah always said I wouldnae be caught **dead** on this bloody **eyesore**.

8.2

DANNY and DONNY, wearing heavy mackintosh raincoats against the steady drizzle, make their way carefully up the slick white roof of the Dome; behind them, we can see the scaffolding they clearly climbed to get to the top. DANNY has a bag of tools slung over one shoulder, while DONNY carries a portable Geiger counter.

DANNY: Ah, quit yer haverin, Donny. It's nae so bad.

DONNY: Excepting th' **impendin' nuclear armageddon?**

DANNY: Aye, that.

8.3

In FG, we see a large, ominous device, looking like a particularly large suitcase, sitting smack dab in the center of the Dome's roof as the DOCTORS approach from over the rise of the roof. Large metal pipes and other construction supplies are strewn about the white tarp of the roof.

DANNY: Joost fer once, ah'd like it if the wee bairn could be **wrong**.

DONNY: Looks like ye'll 'ave tae keep **waiting**.

8.4

DANNY and DONNY kneel down by the device. DONNY is wielding the Geiger, while DANNY is carefully lifting the device's lid to reveal a tangle of wires, a sealed metal casing, and a digital timer with something on the order of 20 minutes left.

SFX/GEIGER: tiktiktiktiktiktik

DONNY: Th' Geiger's hot.

DANNY: Be givin' birth tae a litter of wee X-Men, ah will.

DONNY: Nae **that** hot, eedjit.

8.5

DANNY and DONNY, understandably nervous, stare into the innards of the device as DANNY digs out tools from the bag and DONNY gets out a PDA from his pocket. Behind them, on the roof of the dome, we see three ominous lumps seemingly rising from the white tarp covering the roof...

DONNY: **Right**. So all we've got tae do is find the right **design** among th' **schematics** Mal gave us, follow th' instructions, snip a few wires...

DANNY: Aye, we can **do** this. It's a **skoosh case**.

8.6

And now we see that the lumps are BUNNYMEN, formerly concealed under white tarps,
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lying in wait... their eyes glowing an eerie, murderous red...

DANNY (o/p): Ah mean, it's nae **brain surgery**, now is it?

PAGE NINE

9.1

The drawing of the floor plan, laid atop an establishing shot of Westminster Palace in the heart of London, by the Thames. Crowds gather around the entrances, and a VOICE comes from inside the palace grounds.

CAPTION: Westminster Palace, home to the Houses of Parliament.

VOICE: I don't know **how** you two got **this** far, but if you haven't **noticed...**

9.2

DI STEWART GILROY, of the Metropolitan Police's Palace of Westminster Division, is in charge tonight, sitting behind a makeshift desk in a dingy little security office that buzzes with activity. He's holding a pair of badges labeled OFFICIAL SECURITY with MAL and PORTIA's faces on them, and he does not look impressed.

GILROY: ... we've a **rather busy** evening before us, **Her Majesty** waiting outside, and **no time** for **school pranks** and admittedly **convincing** bits of **Photoshop**.

9.3

MAL, frustrated, is trying to argue his case. PORTIA, just behind him, is on her mobile, talking quietly and conspiratorially. A lean, observant-looking middle-aged DETECTIVE in a suit and raincoat is watching the two of them calmly, leaning against a wall, sipping tea from a styrofoam cup. We'll get to him in a minute.

MAL: I am **telling the truth**. We are **intelligence agents**, and we have **evidence--**

PORTIA (small): ... just **trust** me, Mum. **Please**.

9.4

PORTIA cuts off MAL and just hands her mobile directly to a bemused and sarcastic GILROY.

PORTIA: I've someone who wants to **speak** with you.

GILROY: Smashing. I could **use** a laugh.

9.5

GILROY's sarcasm as he answers the phone is leaving him rather rapidly.

GILROY: Hullo, is this the **little green men**, then?

GILROY: No, I **haven't** heard of you, and I've had quite--

GILROY: Oh. That... that **does** sound like the correct code.

9.6

MAL is looking mildly amazed, and not a little alarmed. *This* is the mother of the girl he's got an industrial-sized crush on? PORTIA grins back at him with sly familial pride. Behind them, the DETECTIVE seems to have taken an interest in their goings-on.

GILROY (o/p): **Yes**, Madam Undersecretary. **No**, ma'am.

GILROY (o/p): I **do** like them where they are, ma'am. No, I **wouldn't** like them **relocated**, ma'am.

GILROY (o/p): Absolutely. Thank you, ma'am.

PAGE TEN

10.1

GILROY, ashen-faced and shaken, is handing the mobile back to a mildly smug PORTIA, looking as if it might explode at any moment.

GILROY (small): Charming woman. Charming.
PORTIA: And the **badges**, please. Thank you.

10.2

MAL is once more pleading his case, and this time GILROY seems to be taking him seriously.

MAL: Please, Inspector, we do not have much time.

MAL: The **Yeomen of the Guard** -- they are searching the **cellars** now, right?

GILROY: Well, yes, but it's purely **ceremonial**...

10.3

PORTIA looks grim, her arms folded.

PORTIA: Shouldn't they be **back** by now?

PORTIA: I mean, have they even **reported in**?

10.4

Unnerved, GILROY is speaking into a walkie-talkie -- and getting no response.

GILROY: Yeoman team one, what is your status, come back?

GILROY: ... Yeoman team two, status please.

GILROY: Can anyone hear me?

10.5

Somewhere dark and gloomy. A dead YEOMAN of the guard, his neck twisted at an unnatural angle, lies half-in, half-out of the light of his fallen flashlight. His walkie-talkie, batteries dangling half-out of the cracked case, lies on the floor near his head, and a mangled German shepherd on a leash lies beside him on the dusty stone floor. The white-clad legs of a BUNNYMAN stand over his body.

WALKIE-TALKIE (elec.): Yeoman team one, respond!

SFX/BUNNYMAN: kht kht kht kht...

10.6

As GILROY stares at the walkie-talkie, cold fear beginning to curl in the pit of his stomach, MAL and PORTIA plead with him.

PORTIA: There's a **bomb** down there, and maybe something **worse**. You've got to evacuate -- the Queen, **everyone**.

MAL: And you **must** let us go **in** to **find it**.

VOICE (o/p): Not **alone**, he won't.

10.7

The DETECTIVE we saw earlier -- just call him COLDWELL, 'cause the true badasses don't *need* first names -- is stepping forward from the wall, casually checking the magazine in his Glock 9mm pistol.

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COLDWELL: I'm **Coldwell**, with DPG.

COLDWELL: I suspect you'll be needing some **backup**.

PAGE ELEVEN

11.1

The drawing of the football goal, overlaid on an establishing shot of Emirates Stadium, home of The Arsenal. The stadium is brilliantly lit and seems to be packed. A VOICE is coming from inside the stadium.

CAPTION: Emirates Stadium, Islington.

VOICE: I'm **sorry**, it's out of the question.

11.2

In a private box high above the pitch, as the game between the Gunners and the Spurs carries on below, Arsenal executive NIGEL PINROSE is gently but firmly refusing, flanked by LORD and CHANCE in FG (with their backs to us.)

PINROSE: Of **course** we value **Lord Media Group's** advertising, but this is one of the **biggest games** of the season, with a **capacity crowd**.

PINROSE: There is **absolutely, positively** no way you're getting on that pitch.

11.3

Surrounded by the dizzying hugeness and deafening roar of a packed Emirates Stadium, LORD and CHANCE sprint onto the far end of the pitch, toward Arsenal's goal, grinning madly at one another. A trail of groaning, semiconscious CONSTABLES lie scattered in their wake.

LORD: Quite an **elbow** you threw that **last** chap. You've done this **before**, admit it.

CHANCE: **Sober** and **fully clothed?** Never.

LORD: First time for **everything**, then.

PAGE TWELVE

12.1

LORD consults DAISY's drawing as he and CHANCE sprint toward the Arsenal goal. With the action concentrated on the other end of the field for now, the GOALIE -- number 21, which in real life would be the Estonian Mart Poom -- has time to look over and see them approaching.

LORD: ... yes, there's the Cellunext ad. This should be **lively**.

GOALIE: Hey! Is match in play! Why you are on the pitch?

12.2

Several seconds later, the GOALIE is running as fast as his legs will carry him off the field. LORD looks at CHANCE with mild reproach; CHANCE is merely shrugging.

CHANCE: ... What? He **asked**.

LORD: You didn't have to **tell** him.

12.3

CHANCE is beginning to dig with her hands in the center of the turf inside the goal, taking up chunks of earth. LORD, meanwhile, has staked the tip of his broly down in the turf, and is removing his hat.

CHANCE: **Damn**. Score one for Daisy -- there's **something** under here.

CHANCE: You planning to **help**, or just **spectate**?

12.4

LORD is now doffing his jacket, and carefully draping it over the standing umbrella, with his hat ready to go on top.

LORD: Lest you forget, Doctor, there's quite a lot of people **interested** in the space you're presently occupying.

LORD: And they seem to be heading this way.

12.5

LORD squares himself off in front of the goal, in his shirtsleeves, suit pants, and black gloves, a smile playing at his lips. This is gonna be fun. CHANCE looks up, kneeling in the turf behind him, not at all relieved.

CHANCE: I thought you were more of a **cricket** man.

LORD: True -- but I'm **quite** good at **kicking things**.

PAGE THIRTEEN

13.1

A nice little cottage in Surrey. In the kitchen, PASHMINA PARMINDER (PATCH) -- Indian, fiftysomething, still lovely in a willowy way -- is just finishing the washing-up from supper in the sink. She wears sensible khakis and a button-up shirt whose long sleeves are rolled up to the elbows, and her hair is pulled back in an unshowy ponytail. A cordless phone mounted on the wall is ringing, and from door to the living room, a VOICE is bellowing, drawing PATCH's attention.

SFX/PHONE: Deedeedeet! Deedeedeet!

VOICE (from other room): **Patch!** You've got to see this!

PATCH: Just a minute!

13.2

PATCH is delighted to hear from the voice on the other end of the phone. She's got it cradled against her shoulder, drying off her hands with a spare dishtowel.

PATCH: Hello?

PHONE (elec): **Auntie Patch?**

PATCH: **Celie!** How've you been?

VOICE (from other room): Two **idiots** just ran right out onto the **pitch!**

13.3

PATCH, carrying the phone, enters the living room, where BETTY LASTHAM (BLAST), also 50something, cheery, formidably built -- is on the sofa in her ARSENAL jersey, deeply engrossed in the match on the telly.

PATCH: ... Yes, she's right here. **Blast?** It's **Celie** for you.

BLAST: Bloody **officials!** Why don't they **stop the match?**

13.4

Back to CHANCE in the goal. Her hands are filthy, but she's unearthed a buried case and flipped open the lid to reveal a nasty, formidable tangle of wires and a digital readout with about 15 minutes left.

CHANCE: **Auntie Blast?** ... You don't say.

CHANCE: Er... **about** those two idiots...

13.5

Amid a thundering, jostling horde of players, a Hotspur forward blasts a shot toward Arsenal's goal.

NO DIALOGUE

13.6

Pull back to see LORD executing a truly awesome spinning kick, expertly ricocheting an incoming shot on goal back downfield in a high arc. CHANCE can be seen behind him.

SFX: SWAK!

CHANCE: Remember when I said I'd got an interesting **new job?**

PAGE FOURTEEN

14.1

LORD's kick has left him sprawled on the pitch, a bit disheveled. CHANCE is relaying a message from the phone to him.

CHANCE: Er... my **auntie** wants us to wave to the cameras.

LORD: Your **auntie**?

CHANCE: She worked **demolitions** for Daddy in the **SAS**.

LORD: Tell her I'm **busy**.

14.2

CHANCE, phone to her ear, is opening her Leatherman tool as she surveys the tangled mess of wires. She looks a bit indignant at what she's hearing.

CHANCE: Look, if I send you a **picture** of something, can you help me **defuse** it?

CHANCE: ... No, I didn't **build** it! Look, it's **really** important.

14.3

BLAST and PATCH on the couch, a massive dinosaur of a laptop open on the coffee table with cables snaking out the back of it. BLAST has the phone cradled to her ear, and the picture on the screen is not making her happy. PATCH has an eye on the telly.

BLAST: Right, the e-mail's up, and it's coming through now--

BLAST (small): Oh, Jesus.

14.4

As LORD dives to catch another shot on goal, CHANCE gingerly begins to separate the wires of the bomb with her hands and the Leatherman.

CHANCE: Okay. Lifting up the wires.

CHANCE: I see -- it's like a little box with two lights on it...

SFX: THWAP!

14.5

LORD has the ball up over his head, ready to toss it back. He's genially scolding two of the Arsenal defenders, who look at him confusedly.

LORD: Not to be **rude**, but if I could trouble you chaps for some **defense**...

DEFENDER: ... who are you, again?

LORD: Emergency keeper. She's the **turf inspector**. Now give it some **hustle**!

PAGE FIFTEEN

15.1

A cracked pair of eyeglasses, belonging to one of the DOCTORS, lie ominously upside-down on the white tarp roof of the Dome, beaded with rain...

NO DIALOGUE

15.2

... and then a BUNNYMAN, its own lenses and part of its faceplate cracked, falls backward on top of them, smashing them to bits.

BUNNYMAN: HREEEE!

DANNY (o/p): Who's up for another, then?

15.3

DONNY and DANNY are back to back with the bomb between them, fending off the trio of BUNNYMEN with spare lengths of metal pipe from the DOME's reconstruction materials. Both DOCTORS look a bit battered -- DANNY's the one missing the glasses -- but they're very much in the fight.

DANNY: Millions o' pounds in **cybernetics**, but your **joints** are for **crap!**

DONNY: On your **left**, brar!

15.4

DANNY swings, catching the BUNNYMAN in the elbow joint and knocking it backwards. The BUNNYMAN's arm is flopping out at a bad angle, demonstrating the correctness of DANNY's point about the joints.

DANNY: Have a **taste**, ye cut-rate Cybermen!

SFX: SPANG!

15.5

DONNY swings low, snapping another of the BUNNYMEN's knee joints. (It looks painful.)

SFX: KRAK!

DONNY: Ye're dealin' wi' **Glaswegans** now!

15.6

The nerdy brothers, back to back, grin hugely at each other.

DANNY: 'S a bit like **Helm's Deep**, eh?

DONNY: **Better!**

PAGE SIXTEEN

16.1

MAL, someplace dark and gloomy, his face beaded with sweat, intently snipping a wire on his own bomb.

COLDWELL (o/p, whisper): Can he really defuse that?

16.2

COLDWELL, PORTIA and MAL are in the cellars of Parliament, in a tiny room full of old boxes and file cabinets. MAL is in the center of the room, working on the bomb. COLDWELL and PORTIA sit on the floor with their backs braced against the single door to the room. Only the eerie emergency lights are on, leaving deep shadows everywhere.

PORTIA (whisper): I'm pretty sure he could **build** it.

MAL (whisper): I could do **better**. This wiring is **terrible**.

PORTIA (whisper): Have they gone?

16.3

COLDWELL, with his right hand, holds up the mangled remains of his pistol, which looks like a BUNNYMAN tried to rip it to pieces. His left arm is badly broken, and PORTIA's trying to fashion a sling for it from her scarf.

COLDWELL (whisper): Got the **one** before we ducked in here, but -- nnh -- that's it for my **pistol**.

COLDWELL (whisper): Damned things are **strong**.

16.4

PORTIA is looking up at a fire extinguisher mounted on the wall as COLDWELL talks to MAL, who remains intently focused.

COLDWELL (whisper): How's it -- nnh -- going?

MAL (whisper): It depends on how soon the **cyborgs** come to **kill us**.

16.5

The entire door rattles with a blow from outside, and a dent appears in the metal above COLDWELL and PORTIA's heads.

PORTIA (whisper): I think I've got an--

SFX: THUD!

COLDWELL (whisper): **Shhh!**

16.6

And outside, in the dimly lit corridor, we see two BUNNYMEN thudding their fists into the door, creating more and more dents. The hinges of the door are beginning to buckle. If possible, we can see a third BUNNYMAN lying on the ground, several bullet holes in its faceplate.

SFX: THUD! THUD!

BUNNYMEN: kht kht kht kht

PAGE SEVENTEEN

17.1

The cold eye of a video camera, mounted on a tripod, reflects KING and QUEEN, seated, in QUEEN's office.

QUEEN (in reflection): Is it off?

KING (in reflection): I think that's it, yes.

17.2

The camera is now open on the stand, and QUEEN is placing the tape on his desk. KING is checking her watch. Both look grim and resigned and more a bit weary.

QUEEN: What time is it?

KING: It's been a few hours. We should check on her.

17.3

DAISY sleeping in FG, in her cottage, as QUEEN and KING duck into the room from the starlit meadow outside.

NO DIALOGUE

17.4

With grandparent-like affection, QUEEN and KING have seated themselves by DAISY's bed. QUEEN is lightly resting his hand on her head, talking to her softly, and DAISY is stirring.

QUEEN: Hello, little mushroom. How are you feeling?

DAISY: nnn--

17.5

KING moves to grab DAISY as she bolts upright, frantic.

DAISY: **AAH!**

DAISY: We have to go! **WE HAVE TO GO!**

17.6

KING holds onto a frantic, sobbing DAISY as QUEEN looks concerned. Neither of them have yet noticed the last drawing DAISY did while asleep -- of a horde of BUNNYMEN crawling out of a hole in the ground...

KING: Easy, easy. Shhhh. It's all right.

DAISY (whimpering): No it's not. No it's not. No it's not...

PAGE EIGHTEEN

18.1

CHANCE in the goal, mobile to her ear, absolutely filthy now, and sweating as she stares into the guts of the bomb.

CHANCE: **Got it.**

BLAST (over mobile): Good girl, Celie. Now's the **tricky** bit.

BLAST (over mobile): The detonator's got a **motion-sensitive** failsafe.

18.2

BLAST and PATCH are still on the couch, holding hands in an unconscious, white-knuckled display of mutual concern, eyes rooted to the screen of the laptop. BLAST is still on the phone, and the TV continues to blare...

BLAST: You can **do** this, Celie. Nice and steady.

PATCH: Tell her to hurry...

TV (elec.): And Hotspur breaks through Arsenal's **defense** once again...

18.3

The commentary from the TV continues, as we see LORD, considerably dirty and grass-stained, square off for another charge from between the stampeding feet of the onrushing Hotspur forwards.

TV (caption): Still no word on the **mystery keeper**, but he's playing as if his **life** depended on it.

TV (caption): That's probably why they've kept him **in**, Jim...

18.4

CHANCE is positioning the scissors on her Leatherman carefully through a thread of wires to clip one last important cord...

CHANCE (small): Careful... careful...

TV (caption): And what is **she** doing there, anyway?

18.5

A Hotspur forward with the ball dashes toward the left of the goal, luring LORD forward, with CHANCE still engrossed in her work in the middle of the net...

TV (caption): It's 1-0 Arsenal in the final seconds of the match...

TV (caption): Hotspur moving in for one last shot on goal...

18.6

At the last moment, the Hotspur forward passes to a teammate, further back but with a clear shot at the goal, leaving LORD flat-footed and the goal -- and CHANCE -- undefended!

TV (caption): Oh, what a fake-out!

PAGE NINETEEN

19.1

The Hotspur forward rears back to kick, Arsenal defenders swarming in on him...

NO DIALOGUE

19.2

CHANCE's hands are shaking as she prepares to make the last cut...

NO DIALOGUE

19.3

LORD is running flat-out back toward the goal as the Hotspur forward blasts the ball -- directly at CHANCE...

NO DIALOGUE

19.4

The BALL hurtles toward CHANCE, sure to jostle her and set off the bomb...

NO DIALOGUE

19.5

LORD, teeth gritted, his whole world reduced to the ball in flight, leaps -- losing a shoe in the process--

NO DIALOGUE

19.6

Close on CHANCE's sweating, grimy face, her eyes shut tight in nervous anticipation, the readout -- rapidly approaching zero -- reflected in her glasses...

NO DIALOGUE

19.7

White. Nothingness. Just one tiny sound effect:

SFX (small): snip.

PAGE TWENTY

20.1

The Arsenal fans absolutely erupt from their seats, cheering.

SFX: ROAAAAAAAAAR!

20.2

BLAST and PATCH, now watching the TV, are up off the couch, arms raised, beyond exultant.

BLAST: WHOOOOOOO!

PATCH: That's our girl!

20.3

CHANCE, dazed, shaking with adrenaline, looks up from the bomb -- the detonator now blank -- looks up, her hair tangled in the net.

CHANCE: What? What happened?

CHANCE: Are they cheering for me?

20.4

Pull back a bit to reveal LORD, lying on the ground, his outstretched hands having caught the ball just millimeters from the goal line -- and CHANCE.

LORD: I... really don't think so.

CHANCE: Oh.

LORD: Did you happen to see where my **shoe** went...?

PAGE TWENTY-ONE

21.1

In the darkened cellars of Parliament, COLDWELL, bleeding and cut on his face, is pinned down by two BUNNYMEN, staring up at them stone-faced. The door to the room, now dented almost beyond recognition, hangs limply in the doorframe by one of its hinges.

COLDWELL: Not yet...

21.2

One of the BUNNYMEN raises a fist to pulp COLDWELL's face, and still he waits. Behind him, we see a hastily stacked pile of boxes...

COLDWELL: Not yet...

21.3

And PORTIA, popping up from behind the pile of boxes, hits both BUNNYMEN in the face with a blast in the face from the fire extinguisher which she saw earlier. The CO2 streaming out is supercold as it covers the BUNNYMEN's helmets...

COLDWELL: **NOW!**

SFX: FOOOOOOSH

21.4

The BUNNYMEN reel, the plastic of their helmets cracking and steaming under the intense cold...

SFX: krkkkk krk krkkkk

21.5

And PORTIA, giving it everything she's got, swings the emptied extinguisher like a club at their heads, snapping off the BUNNYMEN's now-brittle antenna ears!

PORTIA: HHHHHHHAAAAAAAH!

SFX: SNAPT!

21.6

Like puppets with their strings cut, the BUNNYMEN just drop to the floor, lifeless. Clearly, the WHITE RABBIT's added a few failsafes to the newer models...

SFX: THUD. THUD.

PAGE TWENTY-TWO

22.1

COLDWELL wipes his brow with his gun hand, staring quizzically at the fallen BUNNYMEN. Behind him, PORTIA turning back toward MAL, behind the makeshift barricade as he works on the bomb.

COLDWELL (small): Damndest thing...

PORTIA: Oh. Wow. I'm shaking.

MAL: Can you help me with this?

22.2

PORTIA leans over the bomb. MAL looks peeved -- less like someone about to die, and more like someone with a serious grudge against shoddy technology.

PORTIA: Wait, I thought we had more **time** on this!

MAL: I do not want to talk about it. Hold this.

22.3

PORTIA is holding up a section of wiring as MAL reaches in with a pocketknife.

PORTIA: This?

MAL: That. Just hold it still.

PORTIA: Anything else?

MAL: Hold your breath.

22.4

PORTIA holds her breath. MAL reaches into the works of the bomb.

SFX: snip.

SFX: snip.

SFX: snip.

22.5

PORTIA and MAL look at the bomb, tense. Nothing is happening.

NO DIALOGUE

22.6

MAL leans back slightly, grinning hugely. PORTIA is just beginning to smile.

PORTIA: Is that-- is that it?

MAL: That is it. I did it.

22.7

MAL and PORTIA are gripping each other's arms, increasingly gleeful. They're both giddy, grinning ear to ear.

PORTIA: You did it!

MAL: I did it! I...

22.8

MAL and PORTIA just kiss, big time, caught up in the moment.

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NO DIALOGUE

PAGE TWENTY-THREE

23.1

MAL and PORTIA break the clinch and look at each other, goggle-eyed, neither exactly sure what just happened there.

NO DIALOGUE

23.2

MAL and PORTIA are still just staring at each other, wide-eyed. MAL is saying something, and PORTIA's response is so abrupt that it overlaps MAL's balloon.

MAL: Would... would you like to go to the cinema or--

PORTIA: **YES.**

23.3

COLDWELL, having propped himself up against the nearest wall, is lighting a cigarette that dangles from his lips with a lighter in his good hand (there's a NO SMOKING sign on the wall behind him), just sort of sighs.

COLDWELL (small): **Teenagers.**

23.4

The roof of the Dome. DANNY and DONNY stare at their bomb, disheveled, bleeding, bruised and utterly triumphant.

DONNY: Well... that wasnae so tough, now was it?

23.5

Pull back a bit to see they're surrounded by mangled BUNNYMEN -- one right behind them, lying apparently still.

DANNY: Aye, a right skoosh case.

23.6

The brothers MACDOUGAL look at each other, a bit more grave, absolutely exhausted.

DANNY: Ah'm still all shuglie.

DONNY: You fancy a bevvy?

DANNY: I'd trade our mum for one.

23.7

DONNY puts an arm around DANNY's shoulders in brotherly camaraderie.

DONNY: Sounds aboot right.

DONNY: We did good, brar.

PAGE TWENTY-FOUR

24.1

And that's when a pair of white cyborg hands grab DANNY and DONNY by their collars, jerking the startled men backward.

SFX: tik tik tik

24.2

It's a BUNNYMAN, its legs mangled, its mask cracked, but its arms and torso intact. As DANNY and DONNY struggle, and its ticking grows louder, a single word crackles from the speaker on its neck.

SFX: TIK TIK TIK **TIK TIK TIK**

BUNNYMAN: **Boom.**

24.3

From a distance, we see a pillar of fire erupt from the roof of the Dome. Goodbye, Doctors.

NO DIALOGUE

PAGE TWENTY-FIVE

25.1

LORD, CHANCE, MAL, and PORTIA are all crammed into the BRANCH's elevator, grimy, disheveled, and giddy.

LORD: ... sorry, Mal. If they'd planted the bomb under **Hotspur's** goal, I would have defended **them**.

MAL: I suppose I can forgive you.

CHANCE: You should've **seen** it. They offered him a **contract!**

25.2

All four spill out of the elevator into the lobby. LORD and CHANCE are talking, while PORTIA is quizzically checking her cell phone.

CHANCE: How was it they didn't **recognize** you?

LORD: Maybe **someday** I'll tell you.

CHANCE: Insufferable.

PORTIA: God, I didn't even think -- has anyone heard from the **Doctors?**

25.3

Inside the conference room just off the lobby, CHANCE is already working the remote control for the flatscreen. LORD's entering behind her, with MAL in the doorway. PORTIA can be seen beyond the glass, at her desk, checking her computer with the phone to her ear.

CHANCE: I've **got** to see if we made the **highlights**.

LORD: I doubt the question's "if," so much as "how many times."

25.4

LORD, CHANCE, and MAL all freeze, suddenly stricken, as we hear the TV playing. Behind them, in the lobby, PORTIA is staring at her own computer screen.

TV (o/p): ... live footage of an **explosion** at the former Millennium Dome, where authorities report at least two casualties, identities unknown...

PAGE TWENTY-SIX

26.1

MAL, CHANCE, and LORD wander out, dazed, into the lobby, where PORTIA is frantically working at her computer.

PORTIA: Oh God, oh God...

PORTIA: I can't find them. Mr. Queen and Mrs. King, they're not on any of the video feeds.

PORTIA: And surveillance in the **cottage** is down...

26.2

PORTIA looks up, all confusion and innocence, her own horror about to collide with the others'.

PORTIA: ... Has anyone gotten hold of the Doctors?

26.3

DAISY's cottage, looking out the front door from inside. The cottage is wrecked, all the furniture smashed to bits, DAISY's drawings torn and scattered around. There's no sign of MR. QUEEN, MRS. KING, or DAISY. The door has been torn off its hinges, and outside, on DAISY's "front lawn," we see a huge still-smoking crater, the remnants of an explosion of earth and concrete from below...

NO DIALOGUE

