

## AGENTS EXTRAORDINARY 13: HARE'S BREATH

By Nathan Alderman

### PAGE ONE

1.1

LORD and CHANCE are standing in DAISY's meadow, looking grimly into the hole blown in the ground in front of the cottage. Artificial stars shine faintly overhead. Captions appear over the panel.

QUEEN/CAPTION: "-- and **that's** recording."

KING/CAPTION: "Lens cap."

QUEEN/CAPTION "... Every bloody time."

1.2

We're watching a videotape, the one recorded by QUEEN and KING last issue. They sit in chairs in QUEEN's office, side by side, looking like we last saw them -- tired, and dour. KING is sitting, composed; QUEEN is just lowering himself into his chair. Both look straight into the camera.

KING (elec): If you're seeing this, it means something's gone wrong.

QUEEN (elec): It also means we have an **apology** to make.

1.3

The conference room, dimly lit, the glow from the flatscreen monitor (which we don't see) illuminating the faces of CHANCE (sitting on the edge of the table), LORD (standing next to her), MAL (seated near the front of the table, with the camera in front of him, wires trailing out of it toward the screen), and PORTIA (seated behind MAL.) All are watching the monitor intently.

QUEEN (o/p): We've been **hoping** we were **wrong** -- that it wouldn't **come** to this.

KING (o/p): Hoping that this has not been, as it now appears, **entirely our fault**.

1.4

Back to the videotape. KING and QUEEN, sitting side by side.

KING: Our current troubles, it seems, stem from a case that **never officially happened...**

QUEEN: ... and a man who ought to be **dead**.

## PAGE TWO

### 2.1

Flashback! It's the swinging '60s, and the WHITE RABBIT is displeased. He wears a simpler, more stylized version of his familiar full-head rabbit mask, and an elegant all-white summer suit (complete with vest and pocketwatch chain), both of which are liberally spattered with bright red blood. There are similar stains, much more copious, around the knuckles of his white gloves. The RABBIT is examining the stains with annoyance.

CAPTION: Four decades ago.

RABBIT: Uch. Look at this.

RABBIT: You've gone and **ruined** my suit.

### 2.2

The young DESMOND QUEEN sags against a steel chair to which he has been chained, his arms behind his back, his legs shackled. He's been beaten badly -- one eye swollen, cuts on his cheeks and forehead, blood running from his nose and mouth -- but despite his considerable pain, he remains cool and defiant. His white dress shirt has been torn almost completely open; the sleeves are ripped, with one beginning to come away at the seam, and he's got his own blood all down the front of it. He also wears the pinstriped trousers of a neatly tailored suit and leather Mod boots.

QUEEN (weak): So sorry...

QUEEN (weak): To **inconvenience** you.

### 2.3

QUEEN and the RABBIT are in the art deco control room of Battersea Power Station, Station A. One wall is all consoles and dials, while the other has windows, each with a meter emerging from the wall next to it, that look down onto the multilevel turbine hall. The WHITE RABBIT isn't the only one here with him; there are two burly men in white turtlenecks, white slacks, and cheap plastic rabbit masks, standing guard with submachine guns. The RABBIT is standing -- no wheelchair. He doesn't need it. Yet.

CAPTION: Battersea Power Station, London.

RABBIT: It speaks like **people!** How **deliciously** quaint.

### 2.4

The RABBIT has turned away from a seething LORD to check the pocketwatch he's removed from his vest.

RABBIT: You and your **slatternly partner** nearly threw me off **schedule**.

RABBIT: Nearly. But the **V-2s** are in the air now.

### 2.5

The RABBIT turns back to QUEEN, fixing him with an eerie, gloating stare from the dead plastic eyes of his mask.

RABBIT: You can't hear them coming, you know. They fall from **space** at four times the speed of sound.

RABBIT: And they're going to **burn London clean**.

## PAGE THREE

3.1

The RABBIT, ranting in front of QUEEN, who responds with dry disdain.

RABBIT: Since I've **got you** here, I have a **question**.

RABBIT: What **is** it with you people and the way you **breed**? You're like -- like--

QUEEN: **Rabbits?**

3.2.

The RABBIT takes out his pocketwatch again, polishing the crystal inside with a handkerchief from his suit pocket.

RABBIT: Yes, **exactly**. Remarkably fecund beasts, you are.

RABBIT: And yet the government's throwing open the **gates** for **more** of you.

3.3

The RABBIT consults a map of LONDON pinned to one wall of the control room. Red Xs are marked in various neighborhoods.

RABBIT: Neighbourhood after neighbourhood, overrun.

RABBIT: Good, hardworking Englishmen being slowly **bred out of existence**.

3.4

The RABBIT crosses to the windows that look down into the turbine hall.

RABBIT: I hope your mongrel people are **enjoying** the dark we've made.

RABBIT: The **rockets** will sort them soon enough.

3.5

And then he looks over, pressing a hand lovingly against a previously unseen glass case -- holding the well-preserved corpse of a teenaged girl! She looks around 17, with lovely features and a flowing white gown to match her long blond hair. A ring of ugly, mottled bruises around her neck stands out against the pallor of her skin.

RABBIT: And then we'll have **justice** for you, won't we, **Emmeline**?

RABBIT: (small) My lovely Emmeline.

## PAGE FOUR

4.1

QUEEN studies the RABBIT with cool contempt.

QUEEN: Shame she had to go falling for your **gardener**.

4.2

The RABBIT whirls, plucking off his mask to reveal a handsome, chiseled, aristocratic face, topped with a wave of blond hair. (From here through the rest of the flashback, he'll go maskless.) His features are twisted with mad contempt. Dead Emmeline is suspended in her case behind him.

RABBIT: You... will **shut your lying gob**.

RABBIT: My **sister** was **purity itself**. She would never **willingly** -- she...

4.3

The RABBIT, seething, gets up in QUEEN's face, but QUEEN coolly stares him down.

RABBIT: He **seduced her!** With his-- his **carnal wiles!**

QUEEN: So you **beat him to death**, and **strangled** her after.

4.4

The RABBIT cracks QUEEN hard across the face. Ouch.

NO DIALOGUE

4.5

As QUEEN recovers, smarting, the RABBIT straightens his hair, composing itself.

RABBIT: It was for her **own** good. Couldn't be helped.

RABBIT: Kind of like that **grocer's** some of my lads **burned out** in Brixton a few years back.

4.6

The RABBIT gloats, his smile terrible, as QUEEN stares at him in horror and disbelief.

RABBIT: Oh yes. Didn't even know it at the time, but then, I funded so **many** of those little excursions.

RABBIT: Small world, eh, **Queen?**

## PAGE FIVE

5.1

QUEEN spits a stream of blood from his freshly-punched mouth right in a repulsed RABBIT's face.

SFX: SPLT.

RABBIT: Gihhh!

5.2

The RABBIT backs off, wiping his face clean with a handkerchief, looking daggers at QUEEN.

RABBIT: I'd left room in the **schedule** for you to watch the **fireworks**.

RABBIT: But no. You're going to join your **partner** at the bottom of the **Thames**.

5.3

A slim, black-gloved hand reaches into frame to tap the RABBIT gently on the shoulder.

KING (o/p): Tch.

KING (o/p): **Wishful thinking**.

5.4

The young REGINA KING, soaked to the bone, her auburn hair stringy and plastered about her lovely face, absolutely lays out the RABBIT with a smartly executed karate kick. She's got a pair of submachine guns strapped across her torso -- she's wearing a sopping wet, form-fitting black ensemble -- that were clearly lifted from the two now-unconscious guards slumped by the door. She's got a small, practical pouch strapped to her belt at one hip.

SFX: SWAK!

KING: Nice to see you're making **friends**, Mr. Queen.

## PAGE SIX

6.1

With the RABBIT sprawled groaning on the floor, KING has moved over to QUEEN, and is deftly removing a barette from her hair to serve as a lockpick. KING, as usually, looks vaguely put out, but there's a certain glint of fun in her eye as well.

QUEEN: Nice to see you at **all**, Mrs. King.

KING: My **hairstyle** seems to be the only casualty. And I **just** had it done...

6.2

Insert panel, as KING deftly works the barette to pop the padlock holding QUEEN's chains in place.

SFX: Klik!

6.3

QUEEN rises from the chair, sloughing off his chains. Replacing the barette with one hand, KING is taking two thick metallic objects from the pouch at her waist with the other, looking at QUEEN with affectionate concern.

KING: And **you?**

QUEEN: Better than I look.

KING: Which reminds me-- I believe these are **yours**.

6.4

The RABBIT, head spinning, begins to get up off the floor, withdrawing a pistol from inside his jacket...

RABBIT: Urr...

RABBIT: Filthy little--

6.5

... and then QUEEN's FIST, wearing a set of brass knuckles, slams out and catches him on the jaw, sending him reeling back to the floor.

SFX: THWUD!

6.6

As KING looks on, smirking with good-natured exasperation, QUEEN regards his fists, bedecked in his signature brass knuckles. Each is encrusted in jewels, with one hand spelling out MUM and the other, DAD. QUEEN looks deeply satisfied.

KING: Can we **go** now?

QUEEN: Right on.

## PAGE SEVEN

7.1

KING leads the way, a submachine gun in each hand, as she and QUEEN race through the narrow hallways of the power station.

QUEEN: The **rockets?**

KING: I managed to change the **coordinates** before they went up. They should splash down harmlessly in the **Thames**.

7.2

KING and QUEEN burst through a door into the generator hall, only to find they've drawn the attention of various armed BUNNYMEN.

QUEEN: So much for a quiet exit.

KING: Next time, feel free to rescue **yourself**.

7.3

KING opens up with both guns, taking out two of the guards -- yes, she shoots people -- as KING clobbers the nearest BUNNYMAN with a brass-knuckled punch.

SFX: Budda budda budda

SFX: THWACK!

7.4

As more guards open fire from a balcony above, QUEEN vaults the railing to the lower level of the generating hall, in the shadows of the massive turbines. KING is close behind, emptying her guns at the shooters as covering fire.

SFX (ricochets): sping! spang!

7.5

KING and QUEEN huddle in the shadow of the walkway, up against the generators, as gunfire from above rakes the concrete floor on either side of them. KING has tossed down her empty guns. They look concerned, but not frightened.

KING: Damn! They've got us **pinned**.

QUEEN: Always thought I'd die in a **far** better **suit** than this.

KING: Chin up. There's always the **funeral**...

## PAGE EIGHT

8.1

In FG, we see the barrel of a submachine gun aiming down at KING and QUEEN from a catwalk one level up.

RABBIT (o/p): If I absolutely **must** throw off my **timetable** so **grievously**...

8.2

The RABBIT, mad-eyed, prepares to empty the gun into KING and QUEEN.

RABBIT: ... at least I'll have the satisfaction of hanging what's **left** of you on my **w--**

8.3

And then the ceiling explodes as a V-2 rocket falls directly on the generating hall, shredding the walkways, sending steel girders tumbling down upon the generators, and engulfing the upper levels in a searing cloud of fire!

NO DIALOGUE



## PAGE NINE

9.1

KING and QUEEN, knocked to the floor by the force of the blast but otherwise unharmed. They're dazed, sooty, and disheveled, and seem amazed to be alive. They're also a bit temporarily deaf.

QUEEN: (faint gray squiggles, illegible)

KING: (fading from faint gray into full legible black): **WHAT?**

9.2

QUEEN helps KING to her feet, giving her some good-natured grief as she scowls at him.

QUEEN: **I SAID**, "harmlessly into the Thames?"

KING: Well, there **was** a **slight** margin of **error**...

RABBIT (o/p, weak): Please...

9.3

KING and QUEEN turn to see the RABBIT, ashen-faced, reaching out to them, his lower half buried beneath a pile of flaming debris from the collapsed walkway he was standing on. His pocketwatch lies smashed on the ground in front of him.

RABBIT: Help me.

RABBIT: I can't feel my legs.

9.4

The RABBIT, panicked and pleading, reaches out to them.

RABBIT: **Please!**

RABBIT: You can't just **leave** me here!

9.5

From the RABBIT's perspective, looking up, QUEEN and KING look at each other, stone-faced.

NO DIALOGUE

9.6

Same angle. QUEEN and KING are both looking down at the RABBIT, with no pity whatsoever on their faces.

QUEEN: Your men left my **family** to burn, **Dodge**.

QUEEN: So yes -- I really think we **can**.

## PAGE TEN

10.1

KING and QUEEN turn and begin to walk away, QUEEN leaning slightly on KING as his injuries begin to catch up with him. Behind them, the RABBIT begins to scream -- a keening, childish, soul-scrapingly horrible sound.

RABBIT: IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIEGGGH!

10.2

KING and QUEEN are making their way through narrow corridors now, the glow of firelight behind them, the RABBIT's screams still echoing. Their expressions have changed just slightly -- we now see that they both look slightly uncertain, slightly sick at heart. But they keep walking.

RABBIT (o/p, from a distance): IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIEGGHH!

10.3

They're outside now, smoke beginning to curl from the door that let them out, still walking, still with that grim, haunted look on their faces. There's no satisfaction in what they've done. And inside, fainter but still audible, the RABBIT is still screaming.

RABBIT (o/p, from inside the building): IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIEGH!

10.4

Pull out to show Battersea Power Station burning, surrounded by a London gone dark. (Fun fact: On April 20, 1964, a fire at Battersea Power Station really did black out all of London.)

TITLE AND CREDITS

## PAGE ELEVEN

11.1

MAL's lab. LORD and MAL hover by the computer as MAL taps away, searching for something. In the background, PORTIA, her sleeves rolled up and her hair a bit frazzled from the effort of searching, stands next to CHANCE as she pores through an old paper file folder.

PORTIA: Some of the **closed cases** didn't get **scanned** into the computers, but we still have them down in the **archives**.

CHANCE: "**Carrol Dodge?**" Pffft. Name a boy **that**, you're just **asking** for a **sociopath**.

11.2

LORD is turning to CHANCE as she shows him some of the files in the folder. She's in deep research mode, reading the documents intently.

CHANCE: Grandson of **Sir Halifax Dodge**, the railway baron.

CHANCE: Son of **Dr. William Porter Dodge**, transplant surgeon and -- oh, **lovely** -- "noted **eugenics** advocate."

LORD: Explains a **lot**, doesn't it?

11.3

CHANCE and PORTIA walk over to LORD and MAL at the computer.

CHANCE: Any luck **following the money?**

LORD: Rather **too much**. It seems his **front companies** have been **multiplying** like--

CHANCE: **Don't** say it.

11.4

PORTIA pushes hair out of her face and bends close to the computer, pointing something on the screen out to MAL.

PORTIA: Hold on. Look at all the **zeroes** on that one **purchase**.

MAL: Some kind of **land deal**... what is this "**Burlington?**"

11.5

LORD and CHANCE look at each other in surprise and mild alarm. LORD is getting his mobile out of his jacket pocket.

CHANCE: Burlington? You don't think that's--

LORD: I rather **do**.

CHANCE: Oh, **sod me**.

11.6

LORD has his mobile to his ear, speaking intently into it.

LORD: Yes, **Sylvia?** Call **transportation**. I'll need the **chopper**.

LORD: And one other thing...

## PAGE TWELVE

12.1

The shelves of DANNY and DONNY's infirmary, lined with model robots and toy monsters and other geek detritus. There's a clear gap in one row of shelves where a figure's gone missing.

MAL (o/p): **Portia?**

12.2

PORTIA stands between the Doctors' two empty examining tables, holding a model Japanese robot and looking at it, dazedly. MAL has stopped in the doorway behind her, tentative.

PORTIA: I was on my way to **reception** and I... I saw the door was open.

PORTIA: I just need a minute, okay? I just...

12.3

PORTIA turns to look at him over her shoulder, eyes red and puffy, welling with tears.

PORTIA (small): I was always so **horrid** to them.

12.4

MAL, a little awkwardly, puts his arms around PORTIA, who leans her head on his shoulder and cries.

MAL: Shhh. Shh.

MAL: They would **forgive** you.

PORTIA: No they **wouldn't!** How do you **know?**

12.5

Closer on MAL, as he smiles gently at PORTIA, and she's smiling through her tears, in spite of herself.

MAL: **Okay.** They would **never** forgive you for **touching their stuff.**

MAL: But the rest? I think you would be all right.

PORTIA (small): Stop. You're mucking up my **grieving.**

MAL (small): Sorry.

## PAGE THIRTEEN

13.1

CHANCE sits on a central bench in the Branch's sparse, utilitarian locker room, her button-down shirt off (she's got a tank top on underneath). She's got some kind of bulky vest clutched in one hand, and with the other, she's looking sadly at a much-folded old photograph.

CAPTION: "Dr. Chance?"

CAPTION: "Dr. Celia Chance?"

13.2

A pub, noisy and packed, at night. A younger CHANCE, wearing a mortarboard and a graduate's gown, slumps drunkenly at the bar, with a rolled-up diploma in one hand and a half-empty pint glass in the other. She looks very cross, and the wet rings left on the wood of the bar before her show that this latest pint is hardly her first. She's looking straight ahead and growling out a response to the speaker coming from off-panel to her left.

CAPTION: The Stumble Inn, University of London, Royal Holloway.

CAPTION: Three years ago.

CHANCE: Who wantsa know?

VOICE (o/p): I... was wondering if I might buy you a drink.

13.3

CHANCE just slouches lower in her seat, surly.

CHANCE: Look, whoever y'are, I'm **not in the mood**.

CHANCE: So if y're **on the pull**, well, y' can just go **pull yourself--**

VOICE (o/p): What? No, no, no.

13.4

CHANCE reacts to the VOICE's latest comment with sudden, amusing indignation. She's finally turning to look at the speaker.

VOICE (o/p): No offense, but you're **entirely** not my **type**.

CHANCE: What? Why **not**?

13.5

And at last we reveal that an entirely sober and good-humored DR. HIRAM LOWELL, looking far less tired than he did way back in issue one, is the one sitting next to CHANCE.

LOWELL: Well, for one thing, you haven't got a **willy**.

LOWELL: Dr. **Hiram Lowell**. Congratulations on your **graduation**.

## PAGE FOURTEEN

14.1

CHANCE pulls herself upright, looking like she's willing herself to sober up, with limited success. LOWELL is clearly one of the few professors she respects.

CHANCE: Dr. Lowell? From the **physics** department?

CHANCE: I don't -- I'm sorry -- I really liked your **paper** on --

CHANCE (small): I should stop talking now.

14.2

LOWELL is signalling the barman with one hand as he smiles reassuringly at CHANCE.

LOWELL: Nonsense.

LOWELL: I quite enjoyed your **thesis** defense, by the way.

LOWELL: Especially at the **end**, when you **flipped off** Professor Marley.

14.3

CHANCE is still caught off-guard, but LOWELL's clearly trying to put her at ease.

LOWELL: Look, I'm here to offer you an **entirely dreadful** job.

CHANCE: Your **cold fusion** project?

LOWELL: So you've **heard**.

14.4

LOWELL is beginning to win CHANCE over.

CHANCE: I've heard it's **career suicide**. Not exactly **flattering**.

LOWELL: Yes, but I hear you're **brilliant**. And **stubborn**.

LOWELL: And you clearly **enjoyed** shooting Marley the "V."

14.5

We see a grin beginning to form on CHANCE's face, and we already know what her answer will be.

LOWELL (o/p): Imagine doing that to the **entire scientific community**.

LOWELL (o/p): Give it some thought, eh?

14.6

Back to the present. CHANCE's hand holds the battered photograph, and we now see it's a candid, happy shot of her and DOCTOR LOWELL, to whom CHANCE is surreptitiously giving bunny ears.

LORD (o/p): Doctor?

## PAGE FIFTEEN

15.1

LORD enters the room as CHANCE composes herself, stuffing the photo hastily into her jeans pocket. We see that he's wearing a vest under his suit jacket, like the one CHANCE was holding.

LORD: Mal and Portia are getting **kitted out**. We're meeting the chopper in **five**.

LORD: Are you **all right**?

15.2

CHANCE scowls and holds up her vest.

CHANCE: Fine. Just trying to sort out Mal's **Magical Vest of Not Dying Horridly**.

LORD: The **multiple impact vest**?

CHANCE: We never needed **these** before.

15.3

LORD looks doubtfully at CHANCE, who relents.

CHANCE: ... Fine, we never **used** these before.

LORD: I always had **you** to watch my **back**.

LORD: I've... been meaning to **thank** you for that.

15.4

CHANCE turns. She and LORD are looking into each other's eyes.

CHANCE: Don't you **dare** get **soppy** with me. It was a **fair exchange**.

CHANCE: I needed things to **hit**. You **gave** me **plenty**.

CHANCE: Admittedly, most of them were ...

15.5

An uneasily intimate moment passes between LORD and CHANCE. They're not touching, they're standing on opposite sides of the bench, and they both look somehow vaguely terrified -- the one exception I'll allow to the "Lord and Chance should never look scared" rule. But still...

CHANCE: ... **you**.

15.6

And then the moment passes, and they back away, but they're smiling.

LORD: When this is **finished**... we should **talk**.

CHANCE: **Talking**. Yes.

CHANCE: Shall we hit some more **bad people** first?

LORD: Let's **do**.

## PAGE SIXTEEN

16.1

Bell Helicopter calls the 407 “a sports car in the air” -- fast, sleek, maneuverable. What else would LORD fly? This particular model is black, with the Lord Media Group logo painted on the side, and its streaking through the air at top speed, high above the greenfields west of London. Voices come from within the helicopter.

PORTIA (from inside): You can fly a **helicopter?**

LORD (from inside): Well, if I **can't**, we're **clearly** in a lot of trouble.

16.2

Inside the cockpit, LORD's in the pilot's seat, with CHANCE in the jump seat, and MAL and PORTIA seated behind them in the roomy, comfortably appointed cabin. A few duffel bags of gear are piled on the floor next to them. PORTIA, wearing the leather jacket MAL made for her back in issue 7, has a laptop open on her lap. CHANCE is fiddling with a sleek black umbrella with a distinctively long handle.

LORD: Broad vehicular experience -- one of the benefits of the **daredevil** lifestyle.

CHANCE: **This** is new.

LORD: Yes, yes, I have **nice things**. Can we **focus?**

16.3

MAL asks a question; CHANCE responds.

MAL: What is this **Burlington?**

CHANCE: It started as a **mine** in Corsham. In the War, they made it an **aircraft factory**, and in the '50s, Wilson had it fitted out as a **bunker** for the **government** in case of **nuclear war**.

CHANCE: One Cold War and change later, it got **declassified**. Last I'd heard, it was **up for sale**.

16.4

PORTIA is typing on the laptop, frowning.

PORTIA: And guess who **bought** it.

PORTIA: I've **records** here of the Rabbit's companies ordering **generators, food, communications gear** -- all to the same **address**.

PORTIA (small): **And** the complete **Benny Hill Show** on DVD. Ugh.

16.5

LORD and CHANCE up front, sharing a look; a slightly worried MAL behind them.

CHANCE: Portia, see if you can find **schematics** -- I remember reading about **guest quarters** and a **hospital**.

MAL: How are we to **sneak in?**

LORD: We're **not**. But **you two**, on the other hand...



## PAGE SEVENTEEN

17.1

A grassy field, ringed by hedges and trees, with LORD's empty helicopter touched down in the center. A sign in the foreground reads NO TRESPASSING - BY ORDER OF RAF - RUDLOE MANOR; it has been mostly covered by a newer, commercial sign with a pleasing logo and the words COMING SOON - WARREN ESTATES - A CONEY & HARE DEVELOPMENT. The RABBIT's influence again.

CAPTION: Corsham, Wiltshire.

17.2

LORD and CHANCE stand in an open hallway with walls of rough-hewn rock, a circular stairway behind them leading up. They're looking around, slightly in awe.

CAPTION: 120 feet down.

CHANCE: Cozy.

17.3

The corridors, well-illuminated from lights strung along the pipe-slung, rocky ceiling, are utterly deserted. Electric carts are parked, almost at random, at various points along the corridor. There's no one here but LORD and CHANCE.

CHANCE: If the **rest** of this mission is as easy as **getting in...**

LORD: Shh. Do you **hear** that?

17.4

From loudspeakers high on the wall, music drifts. LORD and CHANCE are looking up at the speakers.

SPEAKER (music): ... *such a jolly little picnic out for two...*

17.5

LORD and CHANCE, suddenly very alone and isolated in this large, threatening space. Wary. On guard.

SPEAKER (music): ... *with a loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and you...*

LORD (small): Someone's home.

## PAGE EIGHTEEN

18.1

LORD and CHANCE make their way through the halls. LORD is pointing to the walls.

LORD (small): **Curious**. The **walls** don't touch the **ceiling**.

CHANCE (small): Only in the **PM's** suites. It's for **ventilation**, I think.

MUSIC (floating): ... *like a gay and fancy dream, in a meadow by the stream...*

18.2

LORD and CHANCE stop, suddenly cautious. The music seems to be... multiplying.

MUSIC (multiple sources, from above): ... *there's no better way, to spend a day ...*

LORD (small): Wait, do you **hear** that?

18.3

Our heroes look up -- to see hordes of BUNNYMEN, red-eyed, menacing, clambering over the tops of the surrounding walls and pouring into the hallway behind them.

MUSIC (multiple, from the speakers in the BUNNYMEN's necks): ... *than holding hands with you...*

LORD (small): **Run**.

CHANCE (small, annoyed at such an obvious statement): You **don't** say.

## **PAGE NINETEEN**

19.1

LORD and CHANCE dash for the nearest doorway off the main corridor as the BUNNYMEN swarm like a living wave after them. Some of the BUNNYMEN are making pneumatic-assisted leaps in LORD and CHANCE's direction.

NO DIALOGUE

19.2

LORD and CHANCE run through the old bakery section, dodging around giant industrial mixers, as the BUNNYMEN clamber after them.

NO DIALOGUE

19.3

Emerging from the bakery into one of Burlington's two canteens, LORD and CHANCE vault the serving line into the main eating area.

NO DIALOGUE

19.4

LORD slams through a door from into the hallway beyond -- North West Ring Road -- while CHANCE, behind him, is stopping short, alarmed.

NO DIALOGUE

19.5

Another phalanx of BUNNYMEN has flanked them, and is waiting just outside in the hallway.

NO DIALOGUE

## PAGE TWENTY

20.1

LORD and CHANCE fight, fists and elbows flying, as the BUNNYMEN jump them. They're giving it their all, but the odds just aren't against them.

NO DIALOGUE

20.2

The AGENTS disappear under a writhing swarm of BUNNYMEN...

NO DIALOGUE

20.3

And when at last the mass clears, both LORD and CHANCE are being held off the ground, a BUNNYMAN clinging to each of their limbs, leaving them utterly helpless, face to face.

NO DIALOGUE

20.4

As LORD and CHANCE struggle, several BUNNYMEN lean in close to their faces, with the WHITE RABBIT's voice coming out of the speakers in their necks.

BUNNYMAN 1 (speaker, elec.): I thought that as a **gentleman** I'd

BUNNYMAN 2 (speaker, elec.): at least give you a proper chance

BUNNYMAN 3 (speaker, elec.): to say **goodbye**.

20.5

LORD and CHANCE look at each other, their faces spelling out mutual concern, and defiance. But they don't speak.

NO DIALOGUE

## PAGE TWENTY-ONE

21.1

Abruptly, the BUNNYMEN yank LORD and CHANCE in separate directions, carrying each off to an unknown fate.

BUNNYMAN 1 (neck): Hup, too late.

BUNNYMAN 2 (neck): Time's up.

21.2

As LORD is hauled away, he musters a grin, and shouts:

LORD (loud): Don't make **too** much of a mess!

21.3

CHANCE replies, grinning with only partly false bravado, as her captors carry her off:

CHANCE (loud): I promise **nothing!**

21.4

Somewhere else. Somewhere big, and dark and circular, occupied by a couple of small, silhouetted figures with flashlights.

PORTIA (whisper): Did you **hear** that?

21.5

MAL and PORTIA, hunkered down in the gloom of the complex's huge airdrift tunnels, consulting a map with small flashlights. PORTIA's still wearing the jacket, while MAL's got on a polarfleece zip-up sweatshirt, with a manageable-sized duffel bag slung around his body. PORTIA's looking up and around while MAL concentrates on the map.

PORTIA (whisper): I thought I heard **Dr. Chance...**

MAL (whisper): Let us hope it was the **good** sort of shouting.

MAL (whisper): Come on. I think the **stores** are not too far ahead.

## PAGE TWENTY-TWO

### 22.1

Amid shelves of boxes and good-as-new detritus, MAL and PORTIA are emerging from a large ceiling-mounted ventilation duct through an open, hinged grating that hangs down. PORTIA stands on a massed pile of paper-wrapped pillows and blankets below the vent, steadying MAL as he clambers down. The duffel bag has been tossed down already, and rests next to PORTIA.

PORTIA (whisper): Steady... steady...

### 22.2

MAL and PORTIA, having composed themselves, creep through the warehouse. MAL wonders at all the objects on the shelves as PORTIA consults the map.

PORTIA (whisper): The **hospital** should be just through here. If they're keeping **Daisy** anywhere...

MAL (whisper): I did not know a **nuclear holocaust** required so many **jelly molds**.

PORTIA (whisper): To say **nothing** of the **Weetabix**.

### 22.3

The hospital wing. Eerily bright and empty. Neat painted signs on the plain white walls direct visitors to the different wards. MAL is peering into an opened door on one side of the hallway as PORTIA carefully opens another on the opposite side.

PORTIA (whisper): I just keep telling myself this is a **harmless bit of fun**...

MAL (whisper): Keep looking. She must be here **somewhere**.

### 22.4

PORTIA is testing the knob of a room labeled X-RAY DARK ROOM, and looking at MAL affirmatively. MAL is warming up a portable butane hand torch.

PORTIA (whisper): **Locked**. We may have a **winner**.

MAL (whisper): **Stand back**.

### 22.5

From within the room, we see MAL and PORTIA through the gap in the doorway as it swings open. MAL holds the torch, which has been extinguished; we see a still-glowing hole burnt through the lock on the opposite side of the doorknob. Both MAL and PORTIA look startled and amazed by what they see.

NO DIALOGUE

## PAGE TWENTY-THREE

23.1

The walls of the small room are painted black; once, it was where patients would have gone for x-rays. DAISY lies unconscious in a bed installed in the center of the room, in a white nightgown, her head shaved, electrodes attached to her scalp, trailing upward into a rats' nest of wires that snake into the ceiling. Monitors clustered on either side seem to be monitoring her brain activity. KING and QUEEN sit in chairs on opposite sides of the room, flanking DAISY's bed; they sport cuts and bruises, and the outfits in which we saw them last are considerably more scuffed and torn, but they look otherwise OK. Each loosely holds a wicked-looking large-caliber revolver in their respective lap. They're looking up at MAL and PORTIA (and at us, given the POV) with calm, mild interest.

NO DIALOGUE

23.2

KING and QUEEN raise their revolvers in MAL and PORTIA's direction, and cock back the hammers. Their faces look much like COLIN's did in issue 3 -- cold, calm, and quietly horrified at their own actions.

SFX: Ka-click.

SFX: Ka-click.

23.3

MAL and PORTIA, horrified, rooted in their bosses' line of fire. To either side of them, in FG, we can see KING and QUEEN from behind -- and we can see the tiny red dots glowing at the bases of their respective necks. They've been implanted with the RABBIT's nasty mind-control devices.

PORTIA (small): Oh God.

## **PAGE TWENTY-FOUR**

24.1

PORTIA hurls herself around, grabbing tightly to MAL, as the gunshots slam into (and presumably, through) her back.

SFX: BLAM! BLAM!

24.2

MAL and PORTIA, clinging together, slam hard into the opposite wall of the corridor, propelled by the impact of the bullets.

NO DIALOGUE

24.3

Both MAL and PORTIA slide down the wall until they're slumped on the floor, PORTIA cradled against MAL, MAL's head down against PORTIA's shoulder. Limp. Unmoving. Smoke curls from two points in PORTIA's back.

NO DIALOGUE

24.4

KING and QUEEN, both with the same look of helpless horror on their faces, survey what they've done, and calmly pull back the hammers on their respective pistols again.

SFX: Ka-click.

SFX: Ka-click.

24.5

And then KING and QUEEN point their pistols directly at one another, fingers on the triggers.

NO DIALOGUE.



## PAGE TWENTY-FIVE

25.1

QUEEN's face, contorted with concentration, mouth trying to spit out sounds, as if fighting this action with every fiber of his being. Sweating. His hand shaking as it holds the revolver.

QUEEN: Ffff.

QUEEN: Nnn.

25.2

KING, likewise, teeth clenched, visibly fighting the programming, revolver shaking in her hand, trying to spit the RABBIT's influence out of her.

KING: Tt.

KING: Ffft.

25.3

QUEEN's finger tightens on the trigger.

NO DIALOGUE

25.4

KING's does likewise.

NO DIALOGUE

25.5

Both pistols fire.

SFX: BLAM!

SFX: BLAM!

25.6

KING and QUEEN stare at each other, hands shaking even more now, smoking pistols extended, but unharmed. In the concrete and plaster walls behind them, we see tiny craters, just inches to the side of their respective heads, where the bullets hit. They forced themselves to miss -- but only just.

NO DIALOGUE

25.6

And then they both draw back the hammers again.

SFX: Ka-click.

SFX: Ka-click.

## PAGE TWENTY-SIX

26.1

And then MAL and PORTIA are there beside them, crouched on the floor to stay out of the line of fire, yanking the implants out of KING and QUEEN's necks with a pair of pliers (PORTIA) and a Swiss Army Knife (MAL). KING and QUEEN sag forward as the implants get yanked.

MAL: **Now!**

26.2

KING and QUEEN topple to their knees, heads bent, recovering. MAL and PORTIA slump against their respective walls, utterly winded.

KING (weak): nnn...

QUEEN (weak): **Damn.**

PORTIA: Ow. Ow. Ow.

MAL: Are you all right?

26.3

PORTIA smiles weakly -- she's hurting and out of breath, but all right. Beside her, KING is regaining her wits, brushing her hair back out of her face and scowling.

PORTIA: This jacket-- you really **did** make it **bulletproof**.

PORTIA: I thought you were just trying to **impress** me.

KING (weak): I'm **just** fine, thank you. Don't **anyone** help us up.

26.4

PORTIA stays on the floor, still catching her breath, as KING steadies herself up on the arm of her chair, and MAL helps QUEEN to his feet.

QUEEN (weak): When I **find** the bastard set off this **hand grenade** in my skull...

KING (weak): Good work, the **both** of you.

KING (weak): Shall I ask about **Parry** and **Dr. Chance**, or can that wait until the **room** has stopped **spinning?**

26.5

MAL is gently unplugging DAISY from the machinery, trying to figure out what each bit of it does. Behind him, QUEEN leans against a wall and KING helps PORTIA up.

QUEEN (to PORTIA): You'll have quite the set of **bruises**.

PORTIA: Better than the **real thing**.

PORTIA: I've... got some **bad news**. About **Danny** and **Donny**...

26.6

MAL's hand gently rests on DAISY's bare scalp, free of wires. Her eyes are fluttering open, and she's smiling.

DAISY (sleepy): Hello, Mal.

DAISY (sleepy): I had a bad dream.

MAL (o/p): **Shhh**. It is OK. We are going home now.

## PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN

27.1

KING and QUEEN, looking stronger -- and ready to put some **serious hurt** on somebody -- check their pistols, poised at the doorway to the X-ray room. PORTIA's just behind them, filling them in; MAL is carrying DAISY, bringing up the rear.

PORTIA: ... **chopper's** waiting above, and the map says there's a **lift** not too far from here.

DAISY (small, in background, to MAL): Where did my **hair** go?

MAL (small, in background, to DAISY): I do not know.

27.2

KING and QUEEN take the lead out into the hallway, guns at the ready. PORTIA and MAL, carrying DAISY, trail behind.

QUEEN (whisper): quietly now...

27.3

KING and QUEEN round a corner, guns leveled, and their faces fall at what they see.

QUEEN: ... Well, **bollocks**.

KING: **Seconded**.

27.4

The hallway they've just entered is full of BUNNYMEN, heads identically cocked, staring at them.

NO DIALOGUE

## PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT

28.1

CHANCE is dragged, struggling, by the BUNNYMEN through a maze of dusty offices, desks shrouded by plastic tarps, toward a door from which a flickering light is spilling.

CHANCE: ... clearly **someone's** not taught you how to handle a **lady**.

CHANCE (small): That's assuming you're not **also** ladies...

28.2

As the BUNNYMEN drag CHANCE through the doorway, she stares, startled, at what she's seeing.

VOICE (o/p): Ah, you're **early**. I can **appreciate** that.

28.3

The room may once have been some sort of map room or command center. It's large, vaguely cavernous compared to the other rooms in the complex, a wide open space with a blank white screen painted onto one wall. There's a glass booth high up on the wall on one side of the room, looking down into it. BUNNYMEN seem to be manning some kind of control center up there. In the center of the room, a long table has been set for an elegant dinner for two, and at the end closest to the screen, the WHITE RABBIT sits in silhouette, his back to us and CHANCE, with his white rabbit mask resting puckishly on his dinner plate, staring toward us. The RABBIT seems enraptured by the images playing across the screen -- Leni Riefenstahl's *Triumph of the Will*.

RABBIT: Sit down, sit down. It's just getting to the good part.

28.4

The RABBIT turns in his wheelchair, his real face -- a ravaged, withered, puckered caricature of his former good looks, crowned by a few sickly wisps of remaining hair -- grinning unnervingly at us. The rabbit mask is again visible on the plate.

RABBIT: I hope you don't mind, my dear.

RABBIT: I've grown accustomed to a **show**before dinner.

## PAGE TWENTY-NINE

29.1

The RABBIT rotates his chair around with a hum as a pair of the BUNNYMEN roughly and insistently seat CHANCE at the opposite end of the table. She glowers at the RABBIT.

SFX/CHAIR: VMMMMMMMM

CHANCE: **Carroll Dodge**.

RABBIT: Oho. Some clever girl's done her **homework**.

29.2

The RABBIT is moving his mask to one side of his plate. A BUNNYMAN has appeared by his side, refilling his water glass from a pitcher.

RABBIT: That's been your problem from the **beginning**, hasn't it, Doctor Chance?

RABBIT: Too clever by half. But not **nearly--**

29.3

CHANCE, sarcastic, makes a "get on with it" motion with her hand. The BUNNYMEN stand sentinel at either side of her -- she's not going anywhere.

CHANCE: Yes, yes, **blah blah** you're so smart.

CHANCE: Can we skip to the part where the **crazy** starts spilling out of your **head**, and you tell me your **brilliant plans?**

29.4

The RABBIT freezes, midway in the act of tucking a white cloth napkin into his collar. His glare is poisonous.

RABBIT (small): Mm.

RABBIT (small): We shall have to do something about that **mouth**.

29.5

And then he smiles again, all ghastly charm, and resumes talking.

RABBIT: Ehem.

RABBIT: Do you know what Hitler's **problem** was?

29.6

CHANCE gives him a you-must-be-kidding me look.

CHANCE: You're asking me to pick just **one?**

29.7

The image of Hitler looms large on the screen as the RABBIT responds.

RABBIT: Well, for one thing, his **bombing** wasn't **selective** enough.

## PAGE THIRTY

30.1

The RABBIT calmly picks a bit of lint off his white suit jacket as he talks.

RABBIT: Dozens of London boroughs just **crawling** with the lesser races, and he has to go dropping **rockets** on the people of **quality**.

RABBIT: **Terribly** sloppy.

30.2

CHANCE furtively eyes the large, heavy fork set beside her place setting as she responds.

CHANCE: So that's what you were up to **forty years back**? Trying to **one-up** him?

30.3

The RABBIT leans back in his chair and grins. He's no longer in possession of all his teeth, not that he seems to mind. Or notice, for that matter.

RABBIT: More of a **homage**, really. But it's too late for such **surgical** measures now, four decades on.

RABBIT: Too much **interbreeding**. Harsher measures are, alas, required.

30.4

CHANCE looks shaken, putting the pieces together.

CHANCE: ... you mean **nuclear**, don't you? You've got more of those **bombs**.

CHANCE: You'd **nuke** your own **bloody country**?

30.5

The RABBIT just smiles, very pleasantly, and very horribly.

RABBIT: Not **my** country any more. Not fit for **real** Englishmen.

RABBIT: There are **weeds** all through the garden, and I'm afraid there's nothing for it but **burning out**.

## PAGE THIRTY-ONE

31.1

CHANCE, still looking boggled by just how crazy this man is.

CHANCE: And what **then?** When the whole island's **radioactive**, fit for the **roaches?**

CHANCE: You'll just hunker down **here** and have a jolly little **picnic?**

31.2

The RABBIT replies in the manner of a teacher correcting an endearingly incorrect pupil.

RABBIT: Once we clear out all the **diluted blood**, well, with the right attitude and a bit of English **pluck**, I'm sure we'll get on just fine.

31.3

A BUNNYMAN in an apron wheels a serving cart next to the RABBIT and removes the cover to a large silver dish, revealing a delicious-looking dinner steaming underneath.

RABBIT: Ah, and here's **supper**.

RABBIT: A **lovely** pheasant, some **suckling pig**, proper English potatoes, and a **deliriously good** bottle of wine.

RABBIT: But **first...**

31.4

The two BUNNYMEN attending CHANCE suddenly grab her, each pinning one of her hands to the table, one of them roughly gripping her hair, the other shoving her face down against the table, leaving her neck exposed. She's startled and struggling. A third BUNNYMAN is approaching with some kind of injector gun.

RABBIT (o/p): ... we should teach you some **table manners**.

31.5

CHANCE, eyes wide, glasses askew, strains to see the needle gun -- bearing one of the RABBIT's mind control implants, a nasty, sharp little sliver of a thing with a bulbous, glowing red tip -- as it bears down upon the back of her neck.

RABBIT (o/p): Let's play **Pygmalion**, shall we? See if we can make a **proper lady--**

31.6

The RABBIT's smile is thin and twisted.

RABBIT: -- of a **trouser-wearing whore** like **you**.

## PAGE THIRTY-TWO

32.1

There's an underground reservoir at the far end of the Burlington complex. The RED QUEEN stands at the edge of it, reflected in the water, staring down into the black depths as she runs the tip of her curving sword in patterns along the water's surface.

NO DIALOGUE

32.2

In BG, the RED QUEEN turns, silhouetted, the surface of the reservoir behind her. Large pumping and storage tanks rise like monoliths from the dark water, dimly lit by lights burning from the cavern roof far overhead. In FG, LORD's umbrella is being tossed down on the concrete floor with a hollow, echoing clatter. All of the RED QUEEN's dialogue is in the same hoarse, eerie voice she's spoken with in her previous appearances.

SFX: CLATTER

RED: Ah.

RED: I wondered when you'd show up.

32.3

LORD, struggling against the grip of the BUNNYMEN who've pinned back his arms on either side, glares back at her with pure determined spite.

LORD: It's **you**, isn't it? It's always been **you** to blame -- you and **Murkhjee**. I should've known back at the **wedding**.

LORD: And here I was **hoping** you'd **stayed dead**.

32.4

The RED QUEEN swings the point of her blade up against LORD's chin. The BUNNYMEN are stripping off his jacket and his impact vest, leaving him in his shirtsleeves.

RED: How **disappointing** for you.

RED: Not to get **everything** you want.

RED: **Down**.

32.5

LORD glares up at the RED QUEEN with pure hatred as the BUNNYMEN force him to his knees before her.

LORD: Not **yet**, anyway.

RED: Then I hope you use the next **ten seconds** wisely.

RED: How does it go in the **book**?

32.6

The RED QUEEN raises her sword to strike.

RED: "Off with his head."



## PAGE THIRTY-THREE

33.1

KING and QUEEN, guns raised, confer as the BUNNYMEN advance. PORTIA is digging in MAL's duffel bag behind them.

KING: Joints?

QUEEN: **Eyes.**

PORTIA: I've a better idea...

33.2

PORTIA flings a round, basketball-sized device from MAL's bag up, over KING and QUEEN's heads, into the crowd of BUNNYMEN.

PORTIA: **Catch!**

33.3

One of the BUNNYMEN obligingly catches the device -- and we realize it's the foam-bomb gadget we've seen MAL working on since the series began. There's a big red button on the top of it.

SFX: snag!

33.4

The foam-bomb starts beeping quietly, and all the BUNNYMEN look down at it with an identical, quizzical head-tilt.

SFX: bip bip bip bip bipbipbipbipbip

33.5

PORTIA and MAL (carrying DAISY) know what's coming, and they're pulling KING and QUEEN back around the corner.

PORTIA: Run run run run run!

MAL: **Yes.**

33.6

Our heroes huddle against the wall, just around the corner, as a great torrent of quick-hardening foam bursts, spattering thick goeey gobs all over the walls.

SFX: SPOOSH!

## PAGE THIRTY-FOUR

34.1

MAL, PORTIA, and DAISY peer back around the corner. DAISY is elated, while MAL just looks impressed and slightly bewildered. PORTIA is looking at him, slightly annoyed.

DAISY: **Smashing!**

MAL: It **works**.

PORTIA: You didn't **know** for certain?

34.2

The BUNNYMEN struggle in vain, trapped in the midst of a giant glob of disgusting-looking foam goo. They chitter, annoyed.

BUNNYMEN: kht kht kht kht kht

34.3

In FG, KING and QUEEN recoil in pain as a multitude of sharp needles suddenly blast into their respective gun hands and forearms, causing them to drop the guns. In BG, MAL, PORTIA and DAISY are turning back, looking startled.

SFX: FFT FFT FFT FFT

QUEEN: Gah!

KING: Aah!

34.4

Another phalanx of BUNNYMEN have snuck up behind them, and the foremost BUNNYMEN have their fingers extended, opened to become pneumatic flechette guns.

NO DIALOGUE

34.5

KING and QUEEN cradle their bleeding hands, trying to shelter MAL, PORTIA, and DAISY with their bodies.

KING: You don't by chance have **another--**

MAL: Sorry.

KING: Never hurts to ask.

34.6

Close on DAISY's young face. Angry. Very, very angry.

NO DIALOGUE

## PAGE THIRTY-FIVE

35.1

DAISY screams at the top of her lungs, an ear-piercing shriek that seems to go on endlessly. MAL, PORTIA, KING and QUEEN are all wincing and covering their ears at her sudden screech.

DAISY: eeeeeeeEE

35.2

DAISY's scream continues as the BUNNYMEN begin to flail about in apparent agony, sparks erupting from the antennae of their facemasks.

DAISY: (screaming continues over panel)

35.3

In the RABBIT's dining room, we see that the BUNNYMEN holding CHANCE, and the ones behind her, are also convulsing; the one about to inject her is dropping the needle gun, and the others are letting her go.

NO DIALOGUE

35.4

In the reservoir, the RED QUEEN is stepping back, startled, as the two BUNNYMEN holding LORD, and the ones behind him, also begin to contort in pain and erupt in sparks.

NO DIALOGUE

35.5

DAISY's screaming finally dies down as, back in the hospital wing, we see the hallway is now littered with collapsed, dazed BUNNYMEN.

DAISY: (screaming slowly tapers off)

## PAGE THIRTY-SIX

36.1

KING, QUEEN, MAL, and PORTIA are flabbergasted. MAL is looking down at DAISY, who's now slumped against his shoulders as if momentarily unconscious.

MAL: Daisy... what did you **do**?

MAL: **Daisy?**

36.2

The BUNNYMEN stir. They look at themselves, their hands, their bodies, as if awakening from a dream.

NO DIALOGUE

36.3

And then one of them starts screaming -- from its mouth, not the speaker in its neck.

BUNNYMAN (rough, distorted): IIIIIIAAAAAAAAAAGGGH! IIIIAAAAAAAAAAGH!

## PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN

37.1

Big panel. It gets worse. Some of the BUNNYMEN are huddled on the floor, hands on their heads. Some are just screaming at nothing. One is slamming his head into the wall, again and again, his faceplate beginning to crack. And one is toppling, having pulled out a chunk of cords, wiring, and something considerably redder and wetter from his own neck.

BUNNYMEN: (screaming continues)

37.2

KING, QUEEN, MAL, and PORTIA are horrified, backing away slowly from the nightmarish scene. In MAL's arms, DAISY is stirring.

DAISY (small): I made them...

37.2

DAISY looks up at MAL, and we see that she's bleeding from her nose and ears. She looks weak, but her small face is frighteningly grave and determined.

DAISY (small): I made them all **remember**.

## PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT

The page is divided into two halves; CHANCE on the right, LORD on the left.

38.1

CHANCE glares down the table in the RABBIT's direction, rising deliberately from her chair as the BUNNYMEN huddle on the floor behind her.

CHANCE: **Table manners?**

38.2

LORD lunges free from the BUNNYMEN's grip as they topple backwards, antennae smoking, and reaches for his umbrella on the ground.

NO DIALOGUE

38.3

CHANCE grabs up the fork as she begins to climb up onto the table.

CHANCE: To the contrary...

38.4

LORD, having rolled up into a kneeling crouch, faces off with the RED QUEEN. He's thumbing a button on the handle of the broly, and it's sliding into two pieces...

LORD: Let's **even the odds**, shall we?

38.5

CHANCE begins to sprint across the table toward the RABBIT, kicking over candlesticks and goblets, fork clutched determinedly in one fist, grinning in an intimidating manner.

CHANCE: ... I know **exactly** where this **fork** goes.

38.6

LORD's umbrella concealed a long, slender, extremely sharp-looking sword (whose handle is the curved umbrella handle). He's got the sword in one hand, and the shaft of the umbrella grasped like a club in the other, and he's smirking like Errol Flynn.

LORD: *En garde.*

## PAGE THIRTY-NINE

39.1

As CHANCE's boots clomp along the table toward an imminent date with his face, the RABBIT just chuckles condescendingly.

RABBIT: Oh, *really*.

39.2

And then the table a few feet in front of the RABBIT just explodes upwards, the wood splintering, severing the table completely in half. CHANCE is sent flying sideways off the table, arms up to shield herself from the flying debris.

SFX: KRAKK!

39.3

CHANCE lands hard on the concrete floor, rolling with the impact.

CHANCE: Houlph!

39.4

And before she has time to catch her breath, the smaller half of the table, the one closer to the RABBIT, tumbles out of the air and smashes down right next to her on the floor! CHANCE is looking up, startled.

SFX: KRASH!

RABBIT (o/p): And here I thought I could **civilise** you.

39.5

The RABBIT is *standing*, up out of his wheelchair, and from his upper thighs (which remain clad in specially hemmed white suit trousers) down, he has a pair of thick, pneumatic-powered, vaguely rabbitlike *mechanical legs*. Hoses running up out of the floor into his legs are popping off them, hissing compressed air. The RABBIT has a nasty smile on his face.

RABBIT: I suppose it's **too late** for that now.

## PAGE FORTY

40.1

LORD slashes out at the RED QUEEN, who parries his blow with her own sword...

NO DIALOGUE

40.2

... and when LORD strikes with the umbrella shaft in his other hand, the RED QUEEN's mechanical arm comes up , a wickedly curved long knife blade springing out from a compartment in the forearm, to block that as well.

SFX: svikk!

40.3

The RED QUEEN kicks LORD in the midsection, sending him tumbling backwards.

SFX: THWUD!

40.4

As LORD rolls back to his feet, two *more* mechanical arms spring forth from beneath the RED QUEEN's robes, one on either side of her midsection, each ending in a nasty-looking knife blade.

SFX: SVIKK!

SFX: SVIKK!

40.5

LORD looks as if his sense of fair play has been greatly, greatly offended.

LORD: Oh, that's *just not cricket*.



## PAGE FORTY-ONE

41.1

The RABBIT's legs, with a hiss of pneumatic gas, launch him up into the air toward CHANCE!

SFX: PSSSHT!

41.2

CHANCE just barely manages to roll to one side as the RABBIT smashes down on the remains of the piece of table he kicked at her, reducing it to bits and splinters.

SFX: SMASH!

41.3

The RABBIT smiles, his eyes mad embers in his horrible, bony old face.

RABBIT: When I was **lying** in a **burning power station**, my legs **pinned**, bones ground to **powder** and **splinters**, I never **dreamed** I'd see this day.

RABBIT: You can't imagine, my dear, how very **sweet** it is.

41.4

And then the RABBIT kicks CHANCE hard, in the torso, her impact vest inflating to cushion the blow. (This one, I made up. The vest is made of bulletproof kevlar, with a layer of modular ceramic armor plates underneath, and inflatable pockets beneath those. When sensors on the outside of the vest detect an impact above a certain force, tiny compressed-air tanks dump into the vest, flooding it with air and helping to cushion the blow. After several seconds, a tiny electric pump in the back of the vest sucks the air out of the pouches and back into the tanks, deflating it.) The force of the kick -- which still hurts like blazes -- sends CHANCE airborne.

SFX: THWUD!

CHANCE: Huhhn!

## **PAGE FORTY-TWO**

42.1

LORD dodges back, a sword blade just grazing his shirtfront, as the RED QUEEN swipes at him with her various limbs.

SFX: SWITTT

42.2

The RED QUEEN charges, and LORD dives to one side.

NO DIALOGUE

42.3

LORD sprints toward the water's edge, toward the jutting pipes and looming tanks, as the RED QUEEN recovers, crouched, half-turned to track him through her veil.

NO DIALOGUE

42.4

LORD leaps nimbly onto one of the pipes sticking out of the water, bracing for another jump...

NO DIALOGUE

42.5

And leaps for the top of a nearby water tank, the RED QUEEN hot on his heels...

NO DIALOGUE

## **PAGE FORTY-THREE**

43.1

LORD has just landed in a crouch on the top of the tank, half-turning, as the RED QUEEN leaps after him, her red robes fluttering in the air.

NO DIALOGUE

43.2

LORD turns just in time to block her saber blow with his own sword, and jab the point of his umbrella shaft with his other hand right into the RED QUEEN's solar plexus, doubling her over.

SFX: KLANG!

RED: Houlph!

43.3

LORD, following through on his own momentum, catches the RED QUEEN with a leaping knee to her face!

SFX: KRAK!

43.4

But it costs him -- the QUEEN drives the butt of her sword into his rib cage, knocking LORD off-balance...

SFX: THWUD!

LORD: Aagh!

43.5

And as he stumbles forward, trying to get some breathing space, the RED QUEEN's secondary arms lash out, making two shallow but painful slashes across his back.

SFX: SVIKK! SVIKK!

LORD: Nnnahhh!

## PAGE FORTY-FOUR

44.1

LORD, desperate, leaps for the top of a neighboring tank. The RED QUEEN watches him.

NO DIALOGUE

44.2

As LORD lands, the RED QUEEN is still standing there, on the top of the opposite tank.

NO DIALOGUE

44.3

Close on the RED QUEEN, her head tilted in a confident, mocking fashion.

RED: I'm sorry -- is this too **difficult** for you?

RED: Should I drop an **arm** or two?

44.4

LORD shoots back his best sarcastic smile, but he's clearly hurting and outmatched.

LORD: Actually, **yes**, would you? That'd be **lovely**.

44.5

And the RED QUEEN leaps toward LORD, sabers flashing.

RED: **No**.

## **PAGE FORTY-FIVE**

45.1

LORD slashes with his sword, but two arms effortlessly block his attack as the RED QUEEN lands.

NO DIALOGUE

45.2

LORD strikes with the shaft of the umbrella, but the RED QUEEN blocks with her primary arm on that side.

NO DIALOGUE

45.3

One of the RED QUEEN's secondary arms slashes LORD across the stomach, shallow, but drawing blood. She's toying with him now, and he still hasn't even touched her.

SFX: SLASH!

LORD: Aahh!

45.4

And then the butt of her sword smashes into the side of his face, driving him down...

SFX: THWUDD!

45.5

And LORD is dazed, flat on his back, and the RED QUEEN has the point of her sword leveled at his throat.

NO DIALOGUE

## PAGE FORTY-SIX

46.1

CHANCE smashes into a wall, back first, her vest inflated, so hard the plaster cracks and chips on impact. She's roughed-up, bleeding; one lens of her glasses has cracked.

SFX: THUD!

CHANCE: Aah!

46.2

As she struggles to get to her feet, her vest slowly deflating, the WHITE RABBIT clomps toward her on his giant robot logs, steadily, ominously.

CHANCE (small, pained): Ahh. Ahh.

RABBIT: Really, my dear. Don't get up on **my** account.

46.3

CHANCE lunges forward with a punch, but it's sloppy, pained, and the RABBIT neatly sidesteps.

RABBIT: It's not that you haven't been good **sport--**

46.4

The RABBIT swiftly and cruelly kicks CHANCE's legs out from under her, sending her sprawling to the floor.

CHANCE: Oof!

RABBIT: -- but quite frankly, it's getting **tedious**.

46.5

CHANCE rolls over onto her back and tries to push herself back up, but the RABBIT's big metal foot comes down squarely on her chest, forcing her back down. CHANCE's eyes are wide with alarm and anger.

CHANCE (small, weak): Really? I'm having a **lark**, me.

RABBIT: It seems that clever little **vest** of yours puffs up on **sudden impacts**.

46.6

The RABBIT, bent over CHANCE, her hands scrabbling furiously for purchase on his giant metal legs as he proceeds to squeeze the breath out of her chest with one great iron foot.

CHANCE: Hhh-- hhhkk--

RABBIT: Let's see how it does with a **steady application** of **increasing pressure**.

## PAGE FORTY-SEVEN

47.1

The tip of the RED QUEEN's sword rests just on the soft part of LORD's throat, just under the chin. LORD breathes, forcibly calm, and makes himself stare back at her levelly. His collar has come open, and we see the glimmer of the gold chain around his neck.

NO DIALOGUE

47.2

And then the sword blade dips deftly -- snags the chain to hold it up, the half-squashed, half-melted ring dangling on the end of it.

NO DIALOGUE

47.3

There's something about the RED QUEEN's posture -- the way she tilts her head. Where once she was all deadly poise, now she's caught off-guard.

RED: ... What is **this**?

47.4

LORD looks back at her along the length of the sword blade, anger burning in his eyes... thinking. The blade has pulled back from his neck, almost unconsciously -- and it's trembling just in the slightest.

LORD: It's my **wife's ring**. They found her **arm** near the **blast site**, you see. Still holding onto a **door handle**.

LORD: I wear it for **her**.

47.5

And then LORD's foot lashes out, knocking the RED QUEEN's sword blade safely to the side, his opposite hand coming up to thrust the umbrella shaft at the RED QUEEN's midsection...

SFX: SWAK!

47.6

LORD thumbs the catch on the umbrella hatch, and it flumphs open, temporarily blocking the RED QUEEN's view -- even as her two secondary arms punch through the fabric, slashing blindly.

SFX: FUMPH!

SFX: SHRIPP! SHRIPP!

## PAGE FORTY-EIGHT

48.1

LORD has let go of the umbrella shaft and is using his free hand to grab one of the RED QUEEN's secondary arms -- and jam the blade at its point directly into the other arm!

SFX: CHUK!

48.2

LORD scrambles back, shielding his eyes, as a torrent of sparks erupts from the secondary arms, and the RED QUEEN shrieks from the feedback.

SFX: FZAAAAAAK!

RED: NNNNAHHH!

48.3

The RED QUEEN drops to her knees, the secondary arms, smoking and wrecked, disengaging from her sides and thunking to the flat metal of the tank roof, taking the ruined umbrella shaft with them. LORD is getting back to his feet, heading for her as she reels.

SFX: THUNK.

SFX: THUNK.

RED (small): Hhah. Ahh.

LORD: And I wear it...

48.4

LORD slashes with his sword, cutting the RED QUEEN's robotic left arm in half at the elbow as she stumbles back. His eyes are furious now, half-mad with vengeance and triumph.

LORD: for my **FATHER!**

48.5

LORD kicks the RED QUEEN in the face, hard.

LORD: And my **MOTHER!**

48.6

LORD advances, arms wide, daring her to strike.

LORD: I'm surprised you care. After all...

LORD: **You're** the one who killed them.



## **PAGE FORTY-NINE**

49.1

The RED QUEEN pours all her hate into one big swing with her remaining (human) arm, and the still-deadly sword it's holding...

RED: rrrrrRRRRRR**AAAAH!**

49.2

LORD catches her by the wrist, the blade centimeters from his face. Holds her arm there, staring her down, both their arms trembling from the effort.

SFX: tup.

49.3

And then LORD brings her arm down and his knee up, popping the blade straight up out of the RED QUEEN's hand.

SFX: THUP!

49.4

LORD has released his grip on the RED QUEEN's arm and is reaching up to neatly snag the RED QUEEN's sword by the handle in midair...

NO DIALOGUE

49.5

And then he's got the swords crossed, one blade at either side of the RED QUEEN's neck. With one swipe, he can take her head off if he wishes. He's won.

NO DIALOGUE

## PAGE FIFTY

50.1

LORD, the blades crossed, stares at the veiled face of the RED QUEEN.

LORD: I don't keep the ring to **remember**. I could never **forget**, you see.

LORD: Not with all the drugs, all the doctors, all the **time** in the world.

50.2

Close on LORD's face -- part fury, part anguish, part abiding relief.

LORD: I keep the ring because they wouldn't let me **keep her arm**.

LORD: **Yield**.

50.3

The RED QUEEN just stands there, her head bowed.

RED: ... Go on. **Kill me**.

RED: Put me out of my **misery**.

50.4

One of LORD's sword blades stirs, slipping under the long fabric hood of the RED QUEEN's veil. The RED QUEEN is looking at it, startled, recoiling.

RED: You've got what you wanted!

RED: **KILL ME!**

50.5

LORD is grim as he holds the sword, poised to flick back the veil.

LORD: Not yet, **Kali**.

LORD: Not until I've **looked you** in the **eye**.

## PAGE FIFTY-ONE

51.1

The WHITE RABBIT bends over, steadily increasing pressure with his metal leg as he crushes CHANCE to death. We see her fingers scrambling on the inside of the metal leg's thigh, futilely.

RABBIT: ... I mean, the girl I've **got** is all right -- doesn't say much, knows her place, does a good line in **decapitations**...

CHANCE (o/p, weak and wheezing): hhhhh! hhhhh!

51.2

CHANCE hasn't stopped fighting, her face turning purple, her teeth clenched in pure defiance.

RABBIT (o/p): But I was rather hoping for a **dance partner**.

CHANCE (weak): hhh! hhhhh!

51.3

Close on CHANCE's fingers against the metal of the RABBIT's legs. There's some kind of odd groove in the metal, an indentation...

RABBIT (o/p): And you're a **blonde**.

RABBIT (o/p): Like dear **Emmeline**.

51.4

Same angle, as CHANCE's hands grip the indentation -- and we realize it's a *handle*.

RABBIT (o/p): Ah, well. **Spilled milk**, and all that.

51.5

The RABBIT looks down in alarm as CHANCE's hand inexorably drags the handle down and way from the rest of the leg. There's a hissing sound coming from that leg...

RABBIT: Now I'll just have to..

RABBIT: What-- what are you **doing**?

SFX: psssssssss

51.6

With a blast of released pneumatics, the WHITE RABBIT's mechanical leg pops loose from the rest of him, topping to the side as he reels back, arms flailing, on his one remaining leg.

SFX: PSSSSSSSSSHT!

RABBIT: Aaaah!

51.7

CHANCE clutches her chest, gulping great greedy breaths. The WHITE RABBIT totters.

CHANCE: HHHHUH! \*kaff kaff kaff\*

CHANCE: hhhuh. hhhuh. hhuh.

RABBIT: You -- you give that **back!** It's **expensive!**

## PAGE FIFTY-TWO

52.1

Check your watches, ladies and gentlemen, because now it's the time when Dr. Celia Alice Chance delivers *serious payback*. She's up on one knee now, one hand still clutching her chest, the other getting a grip on the RABBIT's detached leg.

CHANCE: **When--**

CHANCE: \*kaff kaff kaff\*

CHANCE: **When** you were lying in that **burning power station**, legs **trapped** under the rubble...

52.2

Gripping the detached leg with both hands now, CHANCE is shakily rising to her feet. The RABBIT sways nervously, trying to look reproachful.

CHANCE: ... you probably told yourself, "Well, if I ever get **another** set, it'd be a good job if they were **detachable**, just in case."

53.3

In FG, CHANCE's hands drag the heavy leg across the floor toward the RABBIT, who looks fussy and cross as he tries to keep his balance.

SFX: SKRUNNNNNK

RABBIT: Give it -- **careful**, now! The **servos!**

CHANCE: And knowing your **penchant** for **crap engineering**...

54.4

CHANCE gets a rather nasty smile on her face.

CHANCE: ... I'll bet the **gyros** aren't calibrated to **balance well** on just **one**.

CHANCE: Go on. Tell me you'll **bite my legs off**.

54.5

The RABBIT is scared now, his face drawn and pathetic.

RABBIT: I was going to do **so much** for you.

RABBIT: So many **pretty dresses** and **hats**.

54.6

And that's when CHANCE, giving it everything she's got, hauls off and smashes the RABBIT off his feet -- using his own damn leg as a club.

CHANCE: HRRRAAH!

SFX: SMACK!

## PAGE FIFTY-THREE

53.1

The RABBIT, his face bloodied, flails on his back like a turtle as CHANCE approaches, tossing the leg to the floor.

RABBIT (dazed): Uhn...

RABBIT (dazed): Don't--

53.2

CHANCE just pounces on him, slamming a fist into his face.

CHANCE: **Shut up.**

SFX: THWUD!

RABBIT: Ahhh!

CHANCE: You don't get to **talk** anymore.

53.3

The RABBIT looks up at her, pathetic, pleading.

RABBIT (weak): Please.

RABBIT (weak): I'm an old man now.

53.4

CHANCE's expression wavers, tears of anger welling in her eyes, her upraised, blood-spotted fist trembling.

CHANCE: **Dr. Lowell...**

CHANCE: He'd want me to **forgive you.**

53.4

Same angle. Tears flow down CHANCE's filthy, bloodied cheeks. Her fist is unclenching.

CHANCE: He was the -- he was --

CHANCE: \*snnff\* He'd tell me to **let it go.**

53.5

Same angle. CHANCE's face hardens again, and her fist closes so tightly, you can almost hear the knuckles crack.

CHANCE: \*snf\*

CHANCE: Only he's not **here** right now.

CHANCE: It seems **someone** threw him out a **window.**

## PAGE FIFTY-FOUR

54.1

Time has passed. CHANCE's combat boots trudge across the concrete floors of BURLINGTON. We see her fist gripping an unconscious, legless, and considerably bloodied and beaten WHITE RABBIT by the collar, dragging him along with a horrid scraping sound from the metal caps on his leg stumps.

RABBIT (unconscious): nnn...  
SFX: screeeeeeeeee

54.2

LORD's polished dress shoes, now somewhat scuffed, and dirty trouser cuffs, as he, too, walks with slow and weary steps, dragging the blade of his umbrella-handle-sword carelessly along the floor.

SFX: screeeeeeeeee

54.3

Filthy, bedraggled, utterly exhausted, LORD and CHANCE meet at a crossroads of corridors, LORD dragging his sword, CHANCE hauling the RABBIT. They stare at each other as if they haven't seen one another for years. LORD looks dazed, shellshocked.

CHANCE: You **made** it.  
CHANCE: Are you--

54.4

LORD struggles to answer, unsure of what the proper reply is.

LORD: I'm **fine**. Well. **No**. No, I'm not.  
LORD: I don't know, really. You?

54.5

CHANCE jerks her head in the RABBIT's direction, tired but triumphant.

CHANCE: Bruised, but I think my **innards** held up.  
CHANCE: Plus I beat up a **horrid old man**. With his **own robot leg**.  
CHANCE: So, pretty good day, yeah.

54.6

LORD and CHANCE's heads both turn -- "what now?" -- as a weak, raspy, eerie voice comes at them from the direction they were both heading.

VOICE (o/p): Guh. Guh-give.  
VOICE (o/p): G-give huh-himmm...

## PAGE FIFTY-FIVE

55.1

BUNNYMEN fill the hallway ahead. Some are slumped against the walls. Others are crouched on the ground, hugging themselves. Still others seem to be holding up others of their number, as if offering some consolation. All of them have scorched and blackened antennae on their facemasks. The frontmost BUNNYMAN is speaking.

BUNNYMAN: ... tuh-to **usssss**.

55.2

Close on the BUNNYMAN's face, LORD and CHANCE reflected in the red lenses of his mask, uncertain and uneasy. Behind him, the ranks of BUNNYMEN stare out, grieving, hungry. Murderous.

CHANCE: ... What are you going to **do** to him?

BUNNYMAN: Wuh-what we muh-- muh-- **must**.

55.3

As one, CHANCE and LORD step forward, putting themselves between the BUNNYMEN and the RABBIT.

CHANCE: **No**. I'm sorry. It's not **right**.

LORD: He's not **dying forgotten**, down in a **hole**.

55.4

LORD speaks steadily, and sympathetically, and sadly. He's unconsciously toying with the ring around his neck as he does so.

LORD: Things done in the **dark**, in secret, in **blood** --

LORD: They don't **go away**. They **fester**. They get **worse**. They **come back**.

55.5

CHANCE pushes her hair back from her face, incredibly tired, so full of pity.

CHANCE: He'll have a proper trial, in front of **everyone**.

CHANCE: So **everyone** will know what a **monster** he is. What he **did** to you.

CHANCE (small): ... and **then** he can **die forgotten**, down in a **hole**.

## PAGE FIFTY-SIX

56.1

The BUNNYMEN remain still and silent, considering this.

NO DIALOGUE

56.2

And then slowly, as one, they shuffle to the sides of the corridor, making a path.

BUNNYMAN: Puh-**promise**.

BUNNYMAN: Promise usss.

56.3

LORD and CHANCE make their way through the ranks of BUNNYMEN, CHANCE still dragging the RABBIT. The lead BUNNYMAN is following by their side.

LORD: You have our **word**.

CHANCE: You... we could take you all **with us**.

CHANCE: There are **doctors**-- we could try to...

56.4

The lead BUNNYMAN hangs his head sadly, the ranks of the BUNNYMEN, wounded, pitiful, behind him. He -- she? -- is reaching slowly for the clock face on his midsection.

BUNNYMAN: **Nnot**... Not enough... luh-left.

BUNNYMAN: Yuh-you had bbb... better **hurry**.

56.5

And LORD and CHANCE stare back at him with quiet horror as, all around them, the BUNNYMEN move their clock hands to about five minutes to midnight. The ticking starts up...

BUNNYMAN (o/p): It's ahlll-- almost... muh-**midnight**.

SFX (multiple sources): tik tik tik tik...



## PAGE FIFTY-SEVEN

57.1

In the meadow above, huddled by the chopper, PORTIA and MAL tend to MR. QUEEN and MRS. KING's wounded hands, wrapping bandages and applying hydrogen peroxide. DAISY is fast asleep, curled up between KING and QUEEN. All of them save DAISY are looking up at "us."

NO DIALOGUE

57.2

Large panel. LORD and CHANCE walk across the meadow, beat-up, bruised, exhausted, and alive. Behind them, from the entryway to a squat concrete bunker set into the meadow, a gout of fire boils up into the sky. CHANCE is dragging the RABBIT, still unconscious, across the grass. LORD stares straight ahead, still seeming dazed. The two of them are holding hands, but it's not certain whether either of them even realizes it.

CAPTION/CHANCE: "Oh! Couldn't **sleep?**"

CAPTION/LORD: "I... sorry, I came by to **talk.**"

CAPTION/CHANCE: "No, no. Come in."

## PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT

58.1

CHANCE, in a t-shirt and pajama pants, shuts the door to her flat behind LORD as he comes in, wearing his overcoat and a fresh suit. Both look cleaned and patched up, fresh bandages covering equally fresh cuts and bruises on their respective faces. CHANCE is wearing a slightly different pair of glasses, the lenses intact -- her spare pair. LORD is taking off his hat.

LORD: Uh... the **hospital** -- I trust you're **all right**?

CHANCE: Cracked ribs, they said, but nothing wrong **inside**.

CHANCE: Doubt I'll be able to **move** tomorrow.

58.2

LORD peels off his overcoat, looking around in vain for a coatrack, as CHANCE heads off to the flat's small kitchen.

LORD: You're up **late**.

CHANCE: Adrenalin, I guess. Sit yourself.

CHANCE: I just **remembered** -- something I was **saving**.

58.3

CHANCE emerges with two plastic cups and a foil-wrapped bottle of champagne, a bit self-consciously.

CHANCE: **Dr. Lowell** and I were going to **open this** when we cracked **cold fusion**.

CHANCE: Sorry I haven't the **glassware**.

58.4

LORD, having draped his overcoat over a nearby chair, is sitting down uneasily on CHANCE's grotty couch. His hat rests on her coffee table. CHANCE is handing him a cup of champagne.

LORD: I don't **always** stand on ceremony.

CHANCE: It just... it seemed **appropriate**.

58.5

CHANCE sits down beside LORD, weary but smiling, and they toast. LORD still seems stiff, uneasy.

CHANCE: Here's to **hitting bad people**.

LORD: Cheers.

58.6

As CHANCE sips, looking at LORD over the rim of her cup, he hesitates, staring straight ahead.

LORD: Doctor, I--

LORD: I think it's time I told you about my **wedding day**.

## PAGE FIFTY-NINE

59.1

Flashback! Under a billowing white tent, on a beach in Kerala, India, in the golden light of dusk, a younger, joyous PARRY LORD, in shirtsleeves, black suit trousers, and his bowler hat tipped at a rakish angle, is smiling warmly at “us.” Behind him, the tent is awl with dancers in bright, colorful outfits, and an Indian brass band in military pomp and finery.

CAPTION: Varkala Beach, Kerala, India.

CAPTION: Six years ago.

LORD: ... I know you're **cross** that you could **only** find **five elephants** for the **parade**, but that's **no reason** to **duck out early**.

59.2

SIR PERCIVAL LORD -- “Percy” to friends and enemies alike -- has Parry's slender build, sharp features, and blue eyes. MADSUMITA CHAUDRY LORD -- “Maddi” -- has his dark complexion and lopsided grin. They are a handsome couple in their late fifties, obviously in love with one another, and visibly proud of their fine, decent son.

PERCY: **Next** wedding you have, son, I'll round up **eight**.

MADDI: Don't **listen** to him.

MADDI: I'm **sorry**, Parry, but there's the **vote** coming, and **coalitions** don't **build themselves**.

59.3

LORD embraces his mum and shakes hands warmly with his dad, in parting.

PERCY: See you in a **fortnight**, Parry. We **love** you, son.

LORD: I'm glad you were **here**, the **both** of you.

MADDI: Be **safe**.

59.4

As LORD's parents leave, CHAAYA runs up behind him, grabbing his arm. She's radiant, in a brightly colored sari -- the same one from LORD's dream in issue 5 -- with flowers in her long, flowing hair.

CHAAYA: **There** you are! Come on, you're missing out.

LORD: Just seeing off **mum and dad**.

CHAAYA: Oh! Just remembered -- I need to **talk** to them.

59.5

PARRY and CHAAYA are embracing, grinning, face to face, almost kissing.

LORD: Can't it wait?

CHAAYA: Silly. I'll just be a minute.

LORD: I'll save you a dance.

59.6

CHAAYA sprints out of the tent, bare feet flapping on the sand, toward where PERCY and MADDI are climbing into a sleek black Jaguar sedan parked not too far away.

NO DIALOGUE

## PAGE SIXTY

60.1

LORD stares after her, blissful, dreamy-eyed. Behind him, we see KALI from issue 11, dressed as a caterer, making her way through the crowd. Her scars are just visible behind a brightly colored scarf, but her short hair is recognizable.

NO DIALOGUE

60.2

As LORD turns around, he catches sight of KALI in the throng of people. His face registers alarm.

LORD: Wait--

60.3

LORD begins to push through the crowd of dancers, pursuing KALI, eyes narrowed in suspicion.

LORD: Wait, stop her--!

60.4

And then a hot wind roars through the tent, napkins swirling, papers flying, scarves fluttering loose, a sudden gritty wave of sand in the air. LORD and the other guests throw their hands up instinctively against the force of the blast.

NO DIALOGUE

60.5

LORD stares, horrified, in the direction of his parents' car. Behind his eyes, something in his brain is breaking, burning, dying. Half a hubcap has lanced down through the roof of the tent, tearing a flap in the cloth, to stick in the sand at LORD's feet. The guests behind him are shrieking in horror, but we don't hear a sound.

NO DIALOGUE

60.6

Where once there was a car, there's now a flaming pyre, roaring and intense. We can see the tiny figure of LORD sprinting out from the tent toward the car.

CAPTION/LORD: "They tell me I **dug through the wreckage** until I barely had **hands left.**"

CAPTION/LORD: "They say **three men** had to drag me off."

## PAGE SIXTY-ONE

61.1

LORD sits on the couch, one gloved hand cradling the other in front of him. CHANCE sits next to him, legs tucked up under her casually

LORD: I... I don't remember **any** of it.

LORD: Next I knew, I was in **hospital**, bandages for hands...

CHANCE: I'm... I'm so **sorry**.

61.2

CHANCE takes LORD's hand in hers, and to his quiet surprise, she begins pulling off his glove.

CHANCE: But at least you've **avenged** them now.

CHANCE: It's **over** -- much as it can be.

CHANCE: We **won**.

61.3

CHANCE studies the fine glassy skin, the mesh of scars, on LORD's bare hand, holding it gingerly, tenderly. LORD looks at her, hesitant.

CHANCE: And here we are. Friends. **Partners**.

CHANCE: Dr. Lowell was like another **dad** to me. A **better** one.

CHANCE: I -- I think losing him would have **broken** me.

61.4

CHANCE and LORD's faces lean closer to each other, lips slightly parted, expectant...

CHANCE (small): But for you.

61.5

Their lips... just... brush...

NO DIALOGUE

## PAGE SIXTY-TWO

62.1

And then LORD pulls away, sad beyond measure.

LORD: I'm sorry. I-- I can't.

LORD: I'm **married**.

62.2

CHANCE looks at him, disbelieving, smiling in mock annoyance.

CHANCE: You **were**. And I don't doubt you **loved** her.

CHANCE: And I'm not trying to **replace** her. I'm just--

LORD: No, no. I can't-- I've been trying to **tell** you...

62.3

Flashback to the WHITE RABBIT's lair. LORD atop the water tank, backing away, horror and disbelief on his face, the RED QUEEN's sword falling from his fingertips.

NO DIALOGUE

62.4

LORD has taken CHANCE's hands in his own. It's killing him to say this. CHANCE looks hurt and confused.

LORD: I saw the **Red Queen**'s face. Under her hood.

CHANCE (small): ... and?

62.5

Flashback. And we see, revealed, the face of the RED QUEEN. Long-healed scorches and gashes consuming what was once the left ear, part of the left scalp, the left side of the neck, and in long score marks across the left cheek. But still, unmistakably framed in short-cropped curling hair, the face of CHAAYA LORD. Staring back at "us" and LORD with a gut-wrenching mixture of mad hate, corrosive shame, and terrible, pleading longing.

CAPTION/LORD: "It was Chaaya."

## PAGE SIXTY-THREE

63.1

CHANCE pulls away from LORD, reflexively. He can't look at her.

CHANCE: What did you-- how--

CHANCE: Did you... kill her?

63.2

Flashback. CHAAYA stands on the edge of the tank, her back to the dark water below. She's taking one step back into empty space. Her face is full of hate, but whether it's for LORD or herself, we do not know. When she speaks, her voice is still unearthly and ragged.

CHAAYA: I **curse** the day I met you.

63.3

Flashback. As LORD tries in vain to grab her, CHAAYA falls backward off the tank, into the water below.

NO DIALOGUE

63.4

LORD in profile, dark, miserable, grieving anew.

LORD: She just sank. I couldn't--

LORD: She's out there, somewhere. And I have to **find** her.

LORD: I have to **know**.

## PAGE SIXTY-FOUR

64.1

CHANCE is regaining her determination, a hand on LORD's shoulder, but he's gently moving to remove it.

CHANCE: We'll -- we'll find her **together**.

LORD: I can't **do** this with **you**. I'm not even sure I can do it **myself**.

LORD: This isn't **your life**.

64.2

CHANCE's face is heartbreaking, angry and anguished and hopeful all at once.

CHANCE: It **could** be.

64.3

LORD stands up, looking down at her. He can barely speak.

LORD: I'm sorry. I have to go.

64.4

CHANCE stays, curled up on the couch, staring, saying nothing. Behind her, LORD has collected his coat and is standing in her open doorway, turning back to look at her.

NO DIALOGUE

64.5

Same angle. And then the door is closed, and CHANCE is alone, and her eyes fall on the bowler hat LORD left on her table.

SFX/DOOR: click.

64.6

Same angle. CHANCE folds her arms across her knees, and puts her head down on them. Her shoulders are shaking, but we don't hear her cry.

NO DIALOGUE

The AGENTS EXTRAORDINARY will return in AULD ACQUAINTANCE.