

AGENTS EXTRAORDINARY 2: UNRAVELED, SEWN UP

By Nathan Alderman

PAGE ONE

1.1

A weary, ragged-looking man sits at a battered wooden table in an otherwise pitch-black room. He looks exhausted and too skinny, and sick. He wears a black knit watch cap that covers his head, a tattered Hawaiian shirt, and an incongruously puffy winter coat with a thick fur-lined collar. His eyes are dead, haunted, dark circles under them. This man used to be COLIN MULWRAY.

There are several items on the table. A 9mm Glock semiautomatic pistol. Three photographs we can't entirely see yet. And a child's play tea set. There are cups and saucers before COLIN and the five-year-old LITTLE GIRL sitting on one of the sides of the table closest to him, pouring imaginary tea into his cup. She looks healthy and well-cared for, with a shock of curly red hair and a neat gingham dress, but she's talking urgently to COLIN, as if she's upset about something. He's looking back at her as if he doesn't entirely recognize her, or believe she's real.

An electronic VOICE is coming out of the darkness, with no particular origin.

VOICE: Good morning, **Colin**.

LITTLE GIRL: Colin, you **mustn't listen**. He's **wicked**, Colin.

VOICE: **Colin?**

1.2

Same angle. The little girl and her tea set are gone. The gun and photographs are still there. COLIN's eyes have snapped upward at the voice's urging, with the aspect of an obedient dog hearing its master's voice.

VOICE: **Colin**, do you **hear me?**

COLIN: Yes.

VOICE: Good lad. Do you see the **photographs**, Colin?

1.3

Angle on COLIN. He's picked up the photos, mug shots of faces, and is looking at them. We can just recognize two of the faces: PARRY LORD and DESMOND QUEEN. We can't quite see the third. The LITTLE GIRL is back, as is the tea set, and she's even more insistent now, pleading with COLIN. She looks like she's close to tears. He's not looking at her, though. If possible, make sure the gun on the table is prominent in this panel.

VOICE: Do you **recognize** the people, Colin?

LITTLE GIRL: Colin, **please!** You **musn't!**

COLIN: ... They're my **friends**.

1.4

Close on COLIN. The LITTLE GIRL is gone once more. COLIN is staring beyond the photos now, letting them drop carelessly between his still-upraised fingers. Behind the blankness of his face, his eyes look excruciatingly sad, as if he's being forced to do something he desperately doesn't want to.

VOICE: That's right. And what are you going to **do**, Colin?

COLIN: I'm gonna **kill** 'em.

VOICE: **Yes**, Colin. Yes you are.

PAGE TWO

2.1

Close up on the face of DR. CELIA CHANCE. Her glasses are off, her hair is a mess, and she's curled up on a couch, covered in a blanket, just waking from a deep sleep. We see a few mostly-healed cuts on her face from the events of issue one-- this would be about three days later.

CHANCE: *

CHANCE: Mnuh?

2.2

Same angle. CHANCE's eyes begin to flutter open.

CHANCE: Whuzzah--?!

2.3

WHAM. As if from CHANCE's POV, close-up on the bizarre, grimacing face of a brass Indian statue-- Satyanarayana, the Hindu god of the home.

2.4

Pull back to reveal that CHANCE is lying on a couch, bare feet peeking out from under a beautifully woven Indian blanket, looking at the statue sitting on a glass coffee table opposite her. Her long jacket is draped on a nearby chair; her boots rest at the foot of it. Her glasses are lying on the coffee table. It's morning. All the furniture is sleek, elegant, clean-lined, and very expensive-looking.

Startled but recovering, CHANCE has instinctively hugged the blanket up against her. She's looking around, bewildered.

CHANCE (small): ... Well.

CHANCE (small): I've woken up to **worse**.

PAGE THREE

3.1

CHANCE has risen from the couch, yawning, leaving the blanket behind. We see she's wearing a black tank top and rumpled camouflage trousers. She's looking around. It's clear that wherever this is, she's never been here before.

The room is minimalist, but with ornate touches around the tops of the walls and the four steel support columns that rise evenly from the hardwood floors. Besides the couch, chair and coffee table, the room contains a table for dining, a flatscreen TV, recessed niches near the ceiling that let in light (otherwise, no windows), a heavy industrial-looking door, and, in a corner behind CHANCE, a steel staircase spiraling up to a floor above.

NO DIALOGUE

3.2

From behind CHANCE, we see her looking at the rest of the room-- an entrance to a white-tiled kitchen, bookshelves, a cricket bat hanging from the wall, and-- capturing CHANCE's attention-- a small alcove closed off by black curtains. There seems to be a faint, flickering orange light visible through the crack in the curtains.

NO DIALOGUE

3.3

CHANCE stands opposite the curtains, hesitant but curious, reaching a hand out to juuust begin to part them and look inside.

NO DIALOGUE

3.4

From inside the alcove, we see that CHANCE has stuck her head and one hand through the curtains. Her face is lit by a soft orange glow. She looks surprised and a little uneasy.

NO DIALOGUE

PAGE FOUR

4.1

Inside the alcove is a small Hindu shrine, with a statue of Ganesha, the elephant-headed remover of obstacles, and many tall white candles, lit and in various stages of burning down. In the center of the shrine is a photograph of a strikingly beautiful young Indian woman, laughing for the camera, obviously caught in a casual and tender moment. There is a lock of her hair-- well, presumably it's hers-- curled inside the frame.

NO DIALOGUE

4.2

Busted. An embarrassed CHANCE has yanked her head out of the alcove and is whirling around to the noise behind her.

LORD (o.p.): And **good morning** to you too, **Dr. Chance**.

4.3

Large panel. PARRY LORD, neatly dressed in another black suit, is just stepping off the spiral staircase we saw earlier. He carries his bowler hat tucked under one arm, and is fastening one last shirt cuff on his sleeve. He looks dryly amused, if not entirely pleased. His face, too, is still a bit scuffed from the brawl in issue one.

LORD: I don't suppose you'll be needing the **tour**, then.

TITLE AND CREDITS

PAGE FIVE

5.1

CHANCE is caught off guard, but quickly tries to change the subject. Her body language indicates that while she may be a bit embarrassed, she's not intimidated by LORD.

CHANCE: I-- **Mr. Lord--**

CHANCE: That is--

CHANCE: How did I **get** here, exactly?

5.2

CHANCE approaches the couch, where LORD is neatly folding the blanket that CHANCE slept under. It's clear that CHANCE only hazily recalls the events LORD is recounting.

LORD: You held a **press conference** about your **cold fusion** discovery.

CHANCE: Yes...

LORD: And then I threw a **wake** for your departed **colleague**, poor **Dr. Lowell**.

CHANCE: And...?

5.3

LORD shoots CHANCE a sly sort of smile as he neatly folds the blanket into a square. CHANCE just nods matter-of-factly.

LORD: Where I **foolishly** had an **open bar**.

CHANCE: ... Ah.

CHANCE: Well, that'll teach you, won't it?

5.4

LORD drapes the crisply folded blanket over the back of the couch, sighing.

LORD: **Quite**.

LORD: I couldn't find anyone to take you **home**.

LORD: And when I asked for your **address**, you just started **reciting pi** to **27 digits**.

5.5

CHANCE runs a hand through her hair, just a little bit sheepishly.

CHANCE: **That bad**, was I?

CHANCE: I... suppose I ought to...

5.6

LORD begins to move toward the kitchen, smiling in his enigmatic way. CHANCE is caught off guard by what he says.

LORD: You ought to **freshen up**.

LORD: We've an **errand** to run today.

PAGE SIX

6.1

An increasingly indignant CHANCE follows LORD across the room as he heads toward the kitchen. LORD is clearly enjoying this.

CHANCE: Wait just a bloody minute, now.

CHANCE: I appreciate the **hospitality**, but what makes you think I'm going to run **any** sort of errand for you?

6.2

As if from CHANCE's POV, we see LORD pause on his way to the kitchen. His back's turned to us.

LORD: D'you remember what you said the night we **met**, Doctor?

LORD: About how I knew an **awful lot** for a media baron?

CHANCE (o/p): Yes...?

6.3

Same angle. LORD turns back to look at CHANCE (and us) and just sort of grins-- the maddening, teasing grin of someone who knows something you don't know.

NO DIALOGUE

6.4

LORD heads on into the kitchen, leaving a stymied and frustrated CHANCE behind. The look on her face says she can't believe she's actually going to go along with this.

LORD: I'll have **eggs and coffee** in a few minutes. Bath's just up the stairs, on the left.

LORD: Just so you know, I've a **lock** on the **medicine cabinet**.

6.5

CHANCE casts a glance, half-guilty, half-curious, at the black-curtained niche on the wall as LORD's voice floats back to her from the kitchen.

LORD: With a **very loud alarm**.

PAGE SEVEN

7.1

In the kitchen, LORD fries eggs while talking on a hands-free cellphone.

LORD: --right, so move the Vicar's Knickers to page 12, the Mad MP to page 11, and the Footy Fiasco to--

SFX/PHONE: Beebeep.

LORD: Other line. Hang on.

7.2

Close on LORD as he answers the phone. He's rolling his eyes in a sort of genial exasperation.

LORD: Hello?

VOICE ON PHONE: I'm **taking your office**, you know.

LORD: And a **lovely** morning to you too, **Portia**.

7.3

The Branch. (We glimpsed their offices at the end of issue one.) Tasteful lighting, lots of steel and glass, but a concrete ceiling with thick industrial pipes running across it. PORTIA LONGLEY is smart for a sixteen-year-old girl, but not nearly as smart as she thinks she is. In the classic fashion of all interns, she's dressed in slightly too fancy business clothes that are just slightly too big for her. She sits at a sort of reception desk next to an elevator door, wearing a telephone headset and studying a computer screen. Behind her on the wall is the same symbol we saw in MR. QUEEN's office in issue one.

PORTIA: It's not like **you're** ever **in it**.

LORD (on phone): Haven't you some terribly important **homework** to do?

PORTIA: It's a **Sunday**. What's **your** excuse?

7.4

Angle on PORTIA, clearly having a fine old time making fun of Parry. The elevator door next to her dings and begins to open.

SFX/ELEVATOR: ding!

LORD (on phone): I'm **recruiting**.

PORTIA: Is **that** what you call it?

LORD (on phone): **Goodbye**, Portia.

7.5

In extreme foreground, a WOMAN's hands can be seen-- she's pulling off a set of leather driving gloves. In background, PORTIA's still on the phone.

PORTIA: Oh, don't be-- hello?

PORTIA: Hello?

WOMAN: **Really**, Portia--

PAGE EIGHT

8.1

Ladies and gentlemen, meet the impeccably stylish MRS. REGINA KING. For a woman in her 60s, she looks damn good-- striking silver hair with a few remaining streaks of auburn, fiery eyes, and a faint, intelligent smile playing across her lips. She's dressed in a classy, vaguely '60sish leather driving ensemble-- jacket over a yellow blouse, pants, and a wispy patterned scarf tied around her neck. She holds her pair of driving gloves in one hand, and has a large satchel bag over the other shoulder.

KING: I **do** hope that was strictly **official** mockery.

8.2

PORTIA snaps to attention. It's clear that she's awed and somewhat intimidated by MRS. KING. MRS. KING, in turn, is trying to hide her amusement behind an expression of grave severity.

PORTIA: M-**Mrs. King!** How was your **holiday**, ma'am?

KING: Don't **change the subject**, Portia. What have I **told** you about bothering **Parry?**

8.3

PORTIA responds hopefully; MRS. KING looks wryly pleased.

PORTIA: That it's **entertaining?**

KING: **Strictly in moderation**, my dear.

KING: Are the **others** in?

8.4

PORTIA consults her computer screen.

PORTIA: **Mal's** probably off at **church**.

PORTIA: The **twins** are at that **forensics** conference in **Wales**, thank God.

PORTIA: And there's not been a **peep** from the **cottage**.

8.5

PORTIA makes a somewhat nervous face, but MRS. KING simply smiles.

KING: And **Mr. Queen?**

PORTIA: Wanted to see you straightaway.

PORTIA: **Careful**, though-- he's in one of his **moods**.

PAGE NINE

9.1

Close-up of a walnut in the palm of MR. QUEEN's outstretched hand. From the surroundings, we can tell we're in his office, and it sounds like he's talking on the phone.

QUEEN (o/p): Now you listen to me, and listen **good**.

9.2

MR. QUEEN broods at his desk, one hand holding the phone to his ear, the other holding out the walnut. There's a small glass bowl of them on the desk in front of him.

QUEEN: If this happens again, you will **not** enjoy the consequences.

QUEEN: ... No. No it's not.

9.3

MR. QUEEN suddenly closes his fist, and we hear the walnut shell audibly

SFX: CRACK.

QUEEN: It's a **promise**.

9.4

In FG, we see QUEEN's hand hanging up the phone. In BG, MRS. KING is framed in QUEEN's doorway, looking affectionately amused.

SFX: Click.

KING: Trouble with **MI-6**?

9.5

QUEEN visibly relaxes, and holds out the cracked nutshell in his hand. He's got just the ghost of a smile on his face.

QUEEN: Ruddy **dry cleaners**.

QUEEN: Too much **starch** on my **shirts** again.

QUEEN: **Walnut?**

PAGE TEN

10.1

KING sits casually on the edge of QUEEN's desk and picks a walnut half out of his palm. We get the sense that she's about the only person who could get away with this.

KING: **Mm.** Now I know what to get you for **Christmas.**

QUEEN: A **nutcracker?**

10.2

MRS. KING pops the nut in her mouth with a certain *je nes sai quois*. If we didn't know better, we'd say she were flirting.

KING: A **sense of humor.**

KING: So **Parry's** bringing in a **new girl?** Is she good?

10.3

QUEEN reaches gruffly into a lower drawer of his desk as KING brushes the last bits of walnut off her hands.

QUEEN: Good enough, I think. File's on your **desk.**

QUEEN: Reminds me a bit of **somebody else**, actually.

KING: Oh, **does** she?

10.4

And suddenly the grave attitude drops away, and we see a kinder, more gallant side of MR. QUEEN. He's pulled out a bottle of expensive-looking wine and two glasses. MRS. KING, however, seems momentarily distracted by something coming from the direction of the lobby.

QUEEN: Which, in turn, reminds me--

KING (small): Did you hear that?

QUEEN: A little something to **welcome** you back.

10.5

MRS. KING, delighted, smiles back at MR. QUEEN with reserved but obvious affection. (Just what *sort* of affection, we're not entirely sure...) This gift has some sort of personal significance to her. She's picked up the bottle and is tracing a finger along its label.

KING: Chateau Montblanc '62.

KING. Why, **Mr. Queen.** You **remembered.**

PAGE ELEVEN

11.1

The window reads RUKOVSKY TAILOR SHOP - ALTERATIONS - SHOE REPAIR. Sitting in the window, we see a beautifully cut man's pinstripe suit jacket, hanging on a dummy. Reflected in the window-- a smiling LORD and a scowling CHANCE, looking in at the jacket, and the usual busy activity of a London street on a Sunday morning. LORD has his umbrella tucked under his arm; CHANCE is wearing the same clothes as before, and her hair is still a bit wet and spiky from the shower.

CHANCE: **Forget it.**

LORD: It'll just be a minute.

CHANCE: I'm not your bloody **fashion consultant.**

12.2

As LORD pushes open the door, a reluctant and surly CHANCE argues with him. LORD, as ever, is unflappable. What he's saying sounds mean, but his expression should be cheerful and good-humored.

LORD: That would imply I wanted your **opinion**, wouldn't it?

CHANCE: Then what **do** you want?

LORD: A **new suitcoat.** Coming?

12.3

Inside the shop, amongst the racks of elegant suits, partially-clad mannequins and displays of hats and bow ties, a tiny, sweet-faced old lady of Eastern European origin sits behind the counter, knitting a sweater. This is MIRNA RUKOVSKY. Two impeccably dressed younger men, who look to be her sons, are at work in the back of the shop. Skinny, wild-haired YEVGEVNY is opening boxes with a boxcutter, while large, bald-headed ILYA sorts measuring tapes.

MIRNA: Ah, good morning!

MIRNA: Please excuse mess-- we just open for business.

12.4

With a sullen CHANCE behind him, arms folded, LORD greets MIRNA, and points back to the suit jacket displayed in the window.

LORD: Good morning, madam.

LORD: How much for that marvelous **coat** in the window?

12.5

MIRNA smiles pleasantly.

MIRNA: Oh, that? Is only display, not for sale.

MIRNA: Handsome man like you, I find **much** better one.

PAGE THIRTEEN

13.1

CHANCE, bored, wanders away from LORD as he stays at the counter, talking with MIRNA. She's idly toying with the sleeve of one of the jackets on a rack, but something in the back of the shop has just caught her eye.

LORD: Are you certain? It's such a superb cut.

LORD: I saw it in the window, and thought, I've just **got** to have it.

13.2

From CHANCE's POV, we see YEVGEVNY and ILYA working in the back of the shop. ILYA's sleeve is pushed back as stretches out a length of tape measure, and there's a bit of ink, in the tattoo sense, on his fingers.

MIRNA (o/p): Is family heirloom. First suit ever made.

MIRNA (o/p): Come back one week, I make you perfect copy, OK?

LORD (o/p): Ah, but I've a meeting with the board on Wednesday...

13.3

Closer on the tattoo on ILYA's fingers. It's a Russian prison tattoo, although we don't know that yet. Cyrillic letters spell out ILYA on three of his digits, and the third finger has four tiny skulls on it.

LORD (o/p): I'm quite willing to meet any price for it.

MIRNA (o/p): I'm sorry. I cannot sell.

13.4

CHANCE, somewhat nervously, moves back toward LORD to touch his sleeve. She's keeping one eye on the folks at the back of the shop. There's a definite sense that whatever she's figured out, she doesn't like it.

LORD: Nonsense. How does five thousand sound?

MIRNA: My **sons**, they show you something in the **back**, perhaps?

CHANCE: **Mr. Lord...**

13.5

In background, CHANCE and LORD at the counter are framed by the menacing hands of YEVGEVNY and ILYA as they approach-- YEVGEVNY's fist clenching his box cutter, and ILYA's with a taut length of measuring tape wrapped around it.

CHANCE: I **really think** we should be **going...**

LORD: **Nonsense**, Dr. Chance! What about **ten** thousand?

13.6

In foreground, MIRNA sits at her stool behind the counter, reaching for a large gun in a holster just beneath the desk. Behind her, we see CHANCE and LORD realizing they're about to get jumped-- and just behind them, the looming forms of YEVGEVNY (behind LORD) and ILYA (behind CHANCE).

MIRNA: Will cost you **more than that**, I think.

PAGE FOURTEEN

14.1

ILYA and YEVGEVNY grab CHANCE and LORD from behind-- ILYA wrapping the measuring tape around CHANCE's throat garrotte-style, while YEVGEVNY makes to slit LORD's throat with the boxcutter.

NO DIALOGUE

14.2

LORD grabs YEVGEVNY's wrist, the one with the box cutter, just before it can reach his throat.

NO DIALOGUE

14.3

LORD flips YEVGEVNY over his shoulder, hard into the counter.

SFX: CRASH!

14.4

Looking up from his effort, LORD finds himself held at gunpoint.

MIRNA: Is shame, truly.

14.5

MIRNA, looking mildly put-out at worst, holds a very large Russian-made pistol on LORD. In background, CHANCE is getting hauled away, choking, by ILYA.

MIRNA: It would look good on you, I think.

PAGE FIFTEEN

15.1

ILYA tightens the measuring tape around CHANCE's neck.

CHANCE: Ghhhh-- ghhh--

15.2

Close on CHANCE's hand, as she fishes a Swiss Army Knife out of her pocket and flips the blade open.

SFX/KNIFE: Klik!

15.3

CHANCE slashes with the blade, cutting through the measuring tape! ILYA looks surprised as she drops from his grip.

SFX: Snap!

CHANCE: Guuuuuh!

CHANCE: koff koff

15.4

CHANCE has dropped into a crouch, driving the knife back behind her and RIGHT THROUGH ILYA'S PALM!

CHANCE: Hhhhhaah!

15.5

ILYA stops and just sort of looks at the knife sticking out of his palm.

NO DIALOGUE.

15.6

Same angle. ILYA looks back at CHANCE and grins, revealing a mouth dotted with gleaming steel teeth.

NO DIALOGUE

15.7

Back to CHANCE's face. She's far from happy.

CHANCE: Oh, **bugger**.

PAGE SIXTEEN

16.1

MR. LORD, held at gunpoint. His hands are raised, one of them holding the umbrella. Behind him, YEVGEVNY is beginning to get up from the counter-- still gripping his box cutter. And yes, Mr. Lord's speech is going to end as abruptly as you see below.

LORD: My dear lady...

LORD: **Surely** there's some **reasonable** way we can

16.2

And just like that, LORD clocks MIRNA. Hard. In the face. She's gone limp, and is beginning to drop backward, unconscious.

SFX: THWUD!

MIRNA: *

16.3

LORD pivots and gives YEVGEVNY a neat elbow to the larynx, interrupting the perfectly good slash YEVGEVNY was about to make with his box cutter.

LORD (looking at MIRNA, genuinely apologetic): **Terribly** sorry, madam.

YEVGEVNY: gak

16.4

As YEVGEVNY stumbles backward, LORD swats the box cutter from his hand with a swipe of his umbrella.

SFX: Thwak!

LORD: Really now, this what you call **service**?

16.5

YEVGEVNY grabs LORD's umbrella, and the two begin to wrestle over it.

YEVGEVNY: Raaaaah!

LORD: I thought the **customer** was **always right**.

PAGE SEVENTEEN

17.1

ILYA looms over CHANCE, who's dropped to a fighting crouch. ILYA has pulled her tiny Swiss Army Knife from his bloody palm and is casually tossing it aside.

CHANCE: **Right.**

CHANCE: The way I see it, you've **three things** I haven't.

17.2

CHANCE throws a punch with her right fist. It's blocked and swallowed by ILYA's left hand.

CHANCE: **Size...**

SFX: THWAP!

17.3

Same thing-- CHANCE throws a punch with her left, and ILYA traps it in his other hand. CHANCE is now effectively pinned.

CHANCE: **Strength...**

SFX: THWAP!

17.4

Close on CHANCE's face. She grins with grim satisfaction.

CHANCE: ... and **external genitalia.**

17.5

And with that, CHANCE and her steel-toed combat boot kick ILYA, hard, in the ol' bits-and-pieces. ILYA's eyes are bugging out as he hunches over.

SFX: WHUMP!

ILYA: eep

PAGE EIGHTEEN

18.1

CHANCE is half-running, half-hurling a barely-conscious ILYA in one direction...

NO DIALOGUE

18.2

LORD is hauling a dazed YEVGEVNY in the other...

NO DIALOGUE

18.3

And with a resounding THUD, LORD and CHANCE smack the two thugs into each other headfirst!

SFX: THUD!

18.4

As LORD and CHANCE watch, exhausted and disheveled, YEVGEVNY and ILYA topple backwards to the floor in opposite directions, down for the count.

SFX: Thump.

SFX: Thump.

18.5

Same angle. CHANCE is scowling at LORD, who seems entirely pleased with himself.

LORD: **Prison tattoos** were a giveaway, were they?

CHANCE: You **knew**.

PAGE NINETEEN

19.1

CHANCE gets up in LORD's face, furious with him.

LORD: I beg your pardon?

CHANCE: You **knew** this was going to happen! You **endangered my life** and **didn't bother to tell me?**

CHANCE: What the **sod-all** is **wrong with you?**

19.2

LORD. He's not smiling. He's calm and deadly serious.

LORD: **Yes**, I knew.

LORD: **No**, I didn't tell you. You wouldn't have come.

LORD: And I... I **needed** someone to **watch my back**.

19.3

CHANCE is taken aback by what LORD's saying.

LORD (o/p): I needed **you**.

LORD (o/p): Will you **hear me out?**

CHANCE: ... On **one condition**.

19.4

LORD and CHANCE talk. There's something between them. Some faint, grudging spark of mutual trust.

CHANCE: Answer **three questions**, honestly, and I'll hear you out.

LORD: You have my word.

19.5

CHANCE lets off a bit of steam, as LORD jauntily picks up YEVGEVNY's discarded boxcutter and checks the blade.

CHANCE: To begin with...

CHANCE: Who the **bloody hell** are you, and what's so bloody **special** about that **jacket?**

LORD: I thought you'd **never ask**.

PAGE TWENTY

20.1

As CHANCE watches, LORD neatly strips the jacket in question off the dummy in the window with one hand, hoisting the boxcutter with the other.

LORD: What makes the **world run**, Dr. Chance? What **wins wars**?

LORD: Is it **guns? Food? Oil**?

20.2

LORD lays the jacket flat on a counter and begins to neatly cut into the inner lining. Something faintly glimmers where he's cutting.

LORD: **Ideas**, Doctor. **Secrets**.

LORD: But ideas are **slippery beasts**. Hard to keep, easy to lose.

20.3

LORD tears away the lining of the coat. A mesh of intricate gold circuitry has been sewn under the fabric of the jacket, and it gleams in the light.

LORD: Like this **flexible circuitry**. One-of-a-kind prototype. Utterly **priceless**.

LORD: Stolen by the **Russian Mob** two days ago, to be shipped overseas.

20.4

LORD gingerly holds up the circuitry and begins to roll it up, as CHANCE watches, fascinated (kind of against her better judgment.)

LORD: Which is where **we** come in. The **Branch**.

CHANCE: **Which** Branch?

LORD: **Precisely**.

20.5

LORD is handing the rolled-up circuitry to CHANCE, who has her hands out, looking like she's just on the verge of accepting it.

LORD: We keep the **secrets** that need **keeping**, Dr. Chance. We keep **ideas** in the proper **brains**, where they can **do no harm**.

LORD: And when I say **we**... I mean **you** as well.

LORD: That is... if you **accept**.

PAGE TWENTY-ONE

21.1

In a vertical panel running the entire length of the page, an elevator sinks down an old brick shaft into darkness. Voices come from inside the elevator.

CHANCE: This is **Down Street Station?**

LORD: Yes.

CHANCE: That **Churchill used** during the **war?**

LORD: Yes.

CHANCE: The one they let anybody **visit?**

LORD: Oh, **that**. No, **that** one's just for the **tourists**.

21.2

Inside the elevator. It's small, but clean and modern. CHANCE is looking around her. LORD is looking over at CHANCE.

CHANCE (amazed, small): Bloody hell.

LORD: You said **three questions**. What's the **third?**

21.3

Same angle. CHANCE looks at LORD, who seems not entirely pleased to hear the question.

CHANCE: Who was she?

CHANCE: The woman in the **picture?** Behind the black curtains?

21.4

Same angle. LORD looks away, his face in shadow. CHANCE watches him closely. There's a silence.

NO DIALOGUE

21.5

Same angle. LORD's face is still shadowed. CHANCE looks surprised.

LORD: My **wife**.

LORD: For a little more than an **hour**, she was **my wife**.

21.6

Same angle. LORD is clearly making an effort to change the subject. CHANCE is only too happy to let him.

LORD: **So**. There'll be some **paperwork** for you...

LORD: And I don't like to think what **Portia** will say...

21.7

Same angle. Blithe conversation.

CHANCE: **Portia?**

LORD: Our **work experience girl**, of sorts.

LORD: **Don't ask**.

PAGE TWENTY-TWO

22.1

Same angle as most of page 21. CHANCE is teasing, LORD is making a show of denying it. The elevator reaches its destination, and we can tell from the changing light on our heroes' faces that the doors the doors are opening with a cheerful

SFX: **Ding!**

CHANCE: Don't tell me she's **taken** with you.

LORD: **Hardly.**

22.2

LORD and CHANCE step out of the elevator, and are immediately startled by something lying on the floor just to their right.

LORD: Honestly, some days I'd just like to...

LORD (small): To...

22.3

Big panel. PORTIA lies on the floor in a puddle of blood, her face dead white, her eyes red from crying. She's clutching a messy, bleeding wound in her left side. She's clearly in a great deal of pain.

PORTIA (weak): P-please...

PORTIA (weak): Please, it hurts...