

AGENTS EXTRAORDINARY 3: THE LIVING AND THE DEAD

By Nathan Alderman

PAGE ONE

1.1

DR. CELIA CHANCE and PARRY LORD are kneeling on the floor of the Branch's entryway, giving first aid to PORTIA LONGLEY. LORD stands by with bandages from a medical kit as CHANCE applies pressure to PORTIA's wound, her hands covered in sterile disposable latex gloves. We're seeing all of this from PORTIA's POV, looking up at the gray concrete ceiling with its exposed utility lines.

CHANCE: It's clean. Through the muscle and out the other side.

CHANCE: You're very lucky.

1.2

Big panel. Looking down from above, we see CHANCE and LORD working on a woozy PORTIA, who is still in a whole bunch of pain. LORD's umbrella lies on the floor nearby, next to the open medical kit they've retrieved from a bottom drawer of PORTIA's desk.

PORTIA (weak): I don't... **feel**... lucky.

1.3

We're about floor level now as CHANCE straps the bandage to PORTIA's wound. LORD looks deadly serious as he leans over Portia.

LORD: Portia, can you tell us who did this?

PORTIA (weak): I don't understand... he walked in and...

LORD: "He"?

1.4

Close on CHANCE and LORD's faces. LORD is absolutely shocked-- one of the few unguarded moments we've yet caught him in. CHANCE is looking over at him, and is clearly worried by the expression on his face.

PORTIA (weak, o/p): **Colin**...

PORTIA (weak, o/p): It was **Colin**.

PAGE TWO

2.1

LORD is sliding headfirst, on his back, down a steel-sheeted rooftop at great speed, high in the air. He's looking back over his shoulder at the fast-approaching edge. He looks, not frightened, but sort of mildly peeved.

CAPTION: Two years ago.

SFX: VSSHHHHHH

LORD: Oh

LORD: bloody

2.2

Pull back to reveal just how bad LORD's situation is-- just as he tumbles off the edge of the roof! He's atop a four-story townhouse in a ritzy urban area of London-- and the only thing between him and the ground is a nasty-looking pointed iron fence around the front of the building.

LORD: Hell.

2.3

A hand reaches out and grabs LORD's before he can fall any further.

COLIN (o/p): Got yez.

PAGE THREE

3.1

Ladies and gentlemen: he's smooth, he's dashing, he's COLIN MULWRAY, agent of the Branch. Belfast born and raised, loyal to queen and country, and-- understandably, given his rugged good looks and stylish Saville Row suits-- something of a devil with the ladies. COLIN's stretched out full length on his stomach to catch LORD with one hand. With the other, he's aiming a 9mm pistol down at the street below. If we can see up the pitch of the roof to its peak, there should be a burly, unconscious thug having a bit of a lie-down halfway into the chimney. COLIN and LORD are doing what they do very well-- giving each other grief.

COLIN: That's **how many** times now I've saved your arse?

LORD: I can't **believe** you're **keeping count**.

COLIN: I figure they're redeemable for **pints**, on a **one-to-one basis**.

3.2

Over COLIN's shoulder, a dangling LORD points down to the street, where a tiny figure is fleeing toward a car.

LORD: **Winthrop's taking a runner--**

COLIN: I see 'im.

3.3

COLIN carefully sights down the barrel of his pistol, completely unruffled.

LORD: If he gets away, **Colin--**

COLIN: I **see** 'im.

3.4

Close on LORD's face as he gets a two-handed grip on the edge of the roof and looks up at COLIN.

LORD: **Twenty quid** says you miss.

COLIN (o/p): Well, then--

3.5

COLIN fires the gun once, eyes on the target, but with the shadow of a grin on his face.

SFX: BLAM!

COLIN: You owe me **twenty quid**.

PAGE FOUR

Throughout the issue, COLIN wears the same clothes we saw him in on page one of issue 2: A black knit watch cap, a tattered Hawaiian shirt and jeans, ratty old tennis shoes, and a winter coat with a furry collar. He looks no less sickly and exhausted than he did before. Except where otherwise noted, COLIN should go through the entire issue with a sick-at-heart, almost apologetic look on his face. He's a man who doesn't understand what he's doing or why, but knows that he ought to be incredibly sad about it.

4.1

MR. QUEEN's office. COLIN is sitting right on MR. QUEEN's desk, next to the telephone. In one hand he has the same 9mm Glock pistol we saw on page one of issue 2. In the other, he's holding a framed picture we can't see. We're close-up on only his two hands, one with the picture and the other with the gun. The two glasses and the bottle of wine are on MR. QUEEN's desk, same as last issue; the glasses have turned over and spilled, but the bottle is intact and still standing up in the middle of the desk.

COLIN (o/p): Who's this?

COLIN (o/p): In the picture here. Is he new?

4.2

There's a couch along one wall of MR. QUEEN's office. MR. QUEEN and MRS. KING are huddled together on the couch. MR. QUEEN is bleeding through his slacks from a gunshot wound on his inner thigh-- MRS. KING has her fingers jammed directly into the wound, using a handkerchief with her other hand to try to stem the bleeding. MR. QUEEN is gritting his teeth in pain, but neither he nor MRS. KING look frightened-- just alert, and defiant, and more than a bit surprised.

KING: That's **you**, Colin.

COLIN (o/p): **Is** it?

4.3

Close on MRS. KING and MR. QUEEN, whispering to each other.

QUEEN (whisper): What are you **waiting** for? Take him out.

KING (whisper): If I move my hand, all the **blood** I'm holding in will **fall out of you**.

KING (whisper): I won't **ruin** a perfectly good **manicure** in--

4.4

Same angle. A bullet hole appears in the wall directly between their heads. KING and QUEEN are both startled.

SFX: BLAM!

KING (whisper): ...vain.

4.5

And for the first time we see COLIN fully, gun hand outstretched with the barrel of his pistol smoking. He's still holding the picture in the other hand.

COLIN: You're... not... **listening**.

TITLE AND CREDITS

PAGE FIVE

5.1

LORD and CHANCE crouch by PORTIA, behind the desk in the foyer of the Branch. Both have clearly heard the gunshot. CHANCE is peeling the bloody latex gloves from her hands.

LORD (whisper): Sounds like he's **still here**.

CHANCE (whisper): Portia's **out**. We need to get her to **hospital**.

5.2

LORD points to the elevator, almost distractedly. There are gears turning in his head.

CHANCE looks exasperated.

LORD (whisper): Where'd you learn to **mend wounds**, anyway?

CHANCE (whisper): Don't change the subject. Can we get her **out**?

LORD (whisper): We're in **full lockdown**. It's a failsafe.

CHANCE (whisper): Bloody **marvelous**.

5.3

LORD is hastily writing something down on a scrap of paper he's nicked from PORTIA's desktop as CHANCE questions him.

LORD (whisper): **Mr. Queen** or **Mrs. King** can cancel lockdown.

CHANCE (whisper): And that **gunshot** just now...?

LORD (whisper): Came from their **offices**.

5.4

LORD is handing the paper to CHANCE, who's barely noticed it because she's getting angry with him.

CHANCE: **Right**. Where do you keep the **guns**?

LORD: We **don't**. Not on the premises. **Security** reasons.

CHANCE: ... Can I **quit** before I'm actually **hired**?

5.5

LORD has pressed the paper forcibly into CHANCE's hand. They're locking eyes.

LORD: **Forget** the guns. Take this.

CHANCE: What is this?

LORD: This week's **code**. First left, end of the hall, all the way down the staircase. You'll know what to do.

CHANCE: But what--

5.6

Close on LORD's determined face.

LORD: Later. Just **hurry**.

CHANCE (o/p): Wait. **Wait**. Who's this **Colin**?

LORD: That's exactly what I'm off to **find out**.

PAGE SIX

6.1

A narrow corridor, dimmer and smaller than the other ones we've seen in the Branch thus far. If it's visible, we see a steel spiral staircase at the far end of the corridor. In one hand, CHANCE has the scrap of paper LORD gave her, with a sequence of numbers on it. With her other hand, she's punching those numbers into a large, glowing keypad set into the wall next to a thick steel door.

CHANCE (whisper): "... five... seven... two."

SFX/keypad: breedeet!

CHANCE (whisper): Would it **kill** him to be a bit less...

6.2

The door WHOOSHES open-- and, inexplicably, CHANCE finds herself standing on the threshold of a forest glen. Pine needles carpet the ground, and a brook runs through a rocky crag, heading away from the door, deeper into this bizarre forest. CHANCE looks deeply surprised.

SFX (door): vvvvsssh!

CHANCE (small): ... cryptic?

6.3

The door slides shut behind CHANCE as she picks her way cautiously through the forest, touching the bark of a tree, looking up at the canopy as if to convince herself it's all real.

SFX (door): vvvvsssh!

CHANCE (small): Real dirt... real trees...

CHANCE (small): **Sod me**, they've a **holodeck**.

6.4

CHANCE emerges from the shadowy forest to find herself on the edge of a bright, sunny field full of knee-high grasses, waving gently in a light breeze. She's squinting in the change of light.

NO DIALOGUE

6.5

Reverse angle. CHANCE looks across the field of grass and sees a small, cozy cottage straight out of a fairy tale, sitting in the middle of the grassy field, which is ringed by dense forest.

CHANCE: Curiouser and curiouser...

PAGE SEVEN

7.1

CHANCE, slightly bent over, is framed in the smallish open doorway of what we now realize is a pleasantly decorated child-sized cottage. We can see dolls and stuffed toys scattered around the room and a kid-sized table and chairs spilling over with paper and markers.

CHANCE: Um... hello?

7.2

CHANCE's combat-boot-clad foot crinkles one of many sheets of paper littering the floor of the cottage as she steps inside. They appear to be child's drawings-- including figures that look like LORD, QUEEN and KING, and COLIN.

SFX: rustle

CHANCE (o/p): ?

7.3

CHANCE has picked up the sheet she stepped on and is examining it-- and for once, she looks kind of unnerved.

NO DIALOGUE

7.4

It's a scribbly drawing, signed "BY DAISY AGE 5" in big, childish handwriting. One of the figures looks eerily like DR. CHANCE-- blonde hair, glasses, big black boots. The other three figures are white, with pointy ears and red eyes-- the BUNNYMEN, from issue one. There's a voice coming down from the top of the panel, away from CHANCE.

VOICE (o/p): Hello.

7.5

CHANCE, startled, looks up. There's a little girl-- DAISY-- perched in monkey-bar fashion on the big wooden beams that support the cottage's roof. She's wearing a Grover T-shirt and kid-sized blue jeans, and has bare feet. She's the same red-haired little girl we saw on page one of issue 2. She peers down at CHANCE, not frightened, just pleasantly curious.

DAISY: I know you.

DAISY: You're **Parry's** friend.

PAGE EIGHT

8.1

QUEEN's office. COLIN is still holding QUEEN and KING at gunpoint.

COLIN: ... ticking in my head now, gears spinning round and round, and little mice running and scratching and chewing, I can't be late, mudn't be late, he says.

COLIN: ... And that's why I have to kill yez.

8.2

QUEEN and KING on the couch, about as composed as possible given the circumstances.

QUEEN (small): I've heard worse.

KING: We're your **friends**, Colin. We've always been your friends.

KING: Do you remember us?

8.3

COLIN and KING and QUEEN. COLIN looks angrier, agitated.

COLIN: I remember **everything**.

COLIN: **Issac Needle** stuck a **newton** in his own **eye** to see how it **worked**, he said.

COLIN: And then he did it to **me**.

8.4

It's almost as if COLIN's pleading with them now.

COLIN: He says... he says if I do this, he'll let me **die**.

COLIN: He **promises**. And I--

8.5

The stillness of the room is broken by the ringing of QUEEN's desk phone. COLIN, QUEEN and KING all look at it.

SFX/phone: BREEDEEDEEDEEET

PAGE NINE

9.1

COLIN hesitates, suspicious, just about to pick up the phone, as it rings again. Behind him, QUEEN and KING look on uncertainly.

SFX (phone): BREEDEEDEEDEEDEET

COLIN (small): Ringin' in my ears...

9.2

COLIN has picked up the phone now and holds it to his ear as if he expects it to bite him.

COLIN: ... Is it **you** again?

PHONE: Stay right where you are.

9.3

With a sudden crash of shattering glass, a heavy mechanical component-- looking a bit like a small engine-- comes flying through the glass wall of MR. QUEEN's office, directly at COLIN's head!

SFX: SKRASH!

9.4

The engine hits COLIN directly in the head, sending him toppling backwards like a rag doll.

COLIN: Gnuh--*

9.5

In FG, COLIN, lies on the ground, apparently out cold. The engine rests on the floor beside his head. In BG, LORD steps through the hole in the glass wall, using his umbrella to push the blinds aside. He seems grimly satisfied.

LORD: Remind me to thank **Mal** for rebuilding his **scooter engine** at the office.

PAGE TEN

10.1

LORD kneeling next to COLIN, taking a pulse on his neck with one gloved hand, looking at him with a mixture of horror, sympathy and anger.

LORD: There's a **pulse**, I think.

LORD (small, to Colin): We thought you were dead, old man.

10.2

Reframe to reveal LORD standing up in FG, KING and QUEEN on the couch-- QUEEN still visibly in pain, but hanging in there-- in background.

QUEEN (to KING): See? **This** is why I haven't **fired** him.

KING (to QUEEN): Tell me this when you're **not bleeding to death**, please.

QUEEN (to KING, small): Don't be **dramatic**.

10.3

In BG, LORD moves toward the couch. In FG, COLIN lies on the floor.

LORD: **Portia's** hurt too. Unless the **twins** are due back, we'll need to get you **both** to hospital.

LORD: Have you the **lockdown codes**?

10.4

Same angle-- except COLIN's eyes have snapped open, and every muscle in his body is tensed in some unnatural way. As if he's being... remotely restarted, somehow.

QUEEN: There **aren't** any.

KING: **This** is news.

QUEEN: **Mal** swapped in **biometrics** while you were on **holiday**. You're not in the system yet.

10.5

Close on LORD's face as he thinks.

QUEEN (o/p): The **palm scanner's** hidden next to the door in the **lobby**.

LORD: We can't **move** you like **this**, can we?

LORD: If I can get you **patched up**, we should...

10.6

COLIN, his pupils dilated to pinpricks, his face twisted in almost inhuman rage, is smashing MR. QUEEN's wine bottle savagely across the back of LORD's head, sending LORD sprawling. In COLIN's other hand, he has the gun, in prime pistol-whipping position.

COLIN: HRRRRRAAH!

SFX: KRASH!

PAGE ELEVEN

11.1

Small panels for these first three-- tiny fragments of the scene. The butt of COLIN's gun, smashing into LORD's cheekbone. LORD is already unconscious by this point.

SFX: WHUD.

11.2

Bits of blood spattered against COLIN's mad-eyed face. His pupils are still dilated.

SFX: WHUD.

11.3

QUEEN and KING looking on in anger and helpless horror.

SFX: WHUD.

11.4

Pull back a bit now. COLIN, his face and shirtfront lightly specked with LORD's blood, has the broken bottle high up in the air as if to stab downward at the unconscious LORD, off-panel. His eyes are still blind and full of rage.

COLIN: *huff*

COLIN: *huff*

11.5

Same angle. Just like someone flicked a switch, COLIN snaps out of it. He seems mildly surprised to find himself where he is.

COLIN: ...

COLIN: Huh.

COLIN (small, to LORD): Look what yez made me do.

11.6

COLIN in BG is framed between the heads of QUEEN and KING in silhouette in FG. He's got that confused/sad look back on his face. He's got the gun still in one hand, pointed at MR. QUEEN, and is letting the broken wine bottle slip from his fingers with the other.

COLIN: He... he wants me to ask about the code.

KING: Colin, **don't--**

COLIN: **Gimme the code**, Missus King.

COLIN: Or I'll put **more holes** in 'im than you've got **fingers**.

PAGE TWELVE

12.1

CHANCE is sitting Indian-style on the floor of DAISY's cottage. DAISY sits next to her, leaning over, pointing out details in the picture we saw earlier. The light outside the cottage, coming in through the open door, is late afternoon turning to dusk.

DAISY: ... and those are the **Bunnymen**. These are their **tears** because they're **sad**.

CHANCE: It's a... its a very nice picture.

DAISY: It's for you. I did it like a whole **month** ago.

12.2

DAISY is scribbling away on another sheet of paper as CHANCE lets that last fact sink in. She's absent-mindedly folding up the drawing and sticking it into a jacket pocket.

CHANCE: Do you **live** here, Daisy?

DAISY: It's my **pretend outside**. I can't go to the **real** one.

DAISY: I'm going to draw you a new one.

12.3

CHANCE looks around the cottage as DAISY continues to draw. The playroom has a stuffed animal-covered bed set up in one far corner, and a mini-fridge for DAISY's juice boxes and snacks. A flatscreen TV hangs on one wall, and appears to double as a computer-- there's a keyboard on a little desk set in front of it, with discs scattered around it. There's also a small door in the back wall with a sophisticated-looking lock on it.

CHANCE: Why can't you go outside?

DAISY: I get **bloody noses**, and my **head hurts**.

DAISY: And I remember things that **didn't happen yet**.

12.4

CHANCE looks at DAISY, even more oddly. DAISY just keeps drawing.

CHANCE: Daisy... what can you tell me about **Colin**?

DAISY: He was Parry's friend too.

DAISY: Now he's all sick. It's not his fault.

12.5

DAISY is putting the finishing touches on her drawing as CHANCE looks around anxiously.

DAISY: I can spell my own name. See?

CHANCE: I... I think Colin wants to hurt you, Daisy. I think we need to leave.

DAISY: We can't do that.

CHANCE: Why not?

12.6

DAISY shows CHANCE her new picture. It's of COLIN, standing in the field of grass that leads to DAISY's cottage.

DAISY: Because.

DAISY: He's already here.

PAGE THIRTEEN

13.1

Just like DAISY's picture, COLIN has just emerged from the shadowed woods and stands at the edge of the field of tall grass. It's a creepy image.

COLIN (singing): *Dai-sy, Da-isy...*

COLIN (singing): *Gimme yer answer do...*

13.2

CHANCE is staring out the door, on high alert. DAISY has picked up on this, and is playing along, exaggerating her seriousness. COLIN's voice drifts in from outside, across the field.

COLIN (distant, o/p): C'mere to me, Daisy!

CHANCE (whisper): We have to hide.

DAISY (whisper): We can't. You're too big.

13.3

COLIN is walking across the grassy field now. He's checking the ammo in his pistol. There are tears running down both his cheeks.

COLIN: I've got sweets for yez, Daisy!

COLIN: All your favorites.

13.4

CHANCE and DAISY are now beside the door in the back of the cottage. DAISY is calmly working the imposing-looking lock.

CHANCE (whisper): What's in here?

DAISY (whisper): Promise you won't tell.

DAISY (whisper): I'm not allowed to open this.

13.5

The door opens to reveal a small closet absolutely crammed with medical equipment--everything from tongue depressors and needles to mini-fridge units stocked with agents labeled ANTICONVULSANT. A large, heavy-looking steel briefcase in the middle shelf should catch our eye. In FG, CHANCE and DAISY look at each other.

DAISY (whisper): Sometimes I get sick.

CHANCE (whisper): All this is for you?

DAISY (whisper): Sometimes I get **very** sick.

13.6

CHANCE is crouched down to about DAISY-height, hefting the steel case experimentally. A plan is forming in her mind. DAISY is trying to tell her something important, tugging at the sleeve of her jacket.

DAISY (whisper): Listen. **Listen.**

CHANCE (whisper): What is it?

DAISY (whisper): It's important.

13.7

DAISY, in complete seriousness, has put her tiny fists up against either side of CHANCE's head, as if she were clanging a pair of cymbals together. CHANCE is looking at her, mystified, but looking as if she realizes that this has got to mean something important.

DAISY (whisper): Like this.

DAISY (whisper): You've got to do it like this.

PAGE FOURTEEN

14.1

COLIN, framed in the doorway of the cottage. It's dark inside and hard to see. He's not crying anymore. Outside the light is shading deeper into dusk.

COLIN: Little pig, little pig, let me in...

14.2

Crouched low, gun out, COLIN makes his way across the cottage. It appears to be empty. But, of course, we can't see the beams in the ceiling...

COLIN: Or I'll **huff**...

14.3

POV shot from COLIN. One hand is reaching out for the door of the closet, which is slightly ajar.

COLIN: An' I'll **puff**...

14.4

COLIN yanks open the door, but there's no one in the closet. The steel case we saw earlier is gone.

COLIN: An' I'll--

COLIN: I'll...

14.5

And from the beams in the ceiling, CHANCE is leaping down, lugging the heavy case, making ready to smash it on COLIN's head with some truly righteous fury. DAISY is curled up in the corner of the rafters, hugging one of her stuffed animals, with her hands over its ears.

NO DIALOGUE

PAGE FIFTEEN

15.1

COLIN dodges aside at the last minute, but he's thrown off-balance. CHANCE lands in a crouch, and she's got the case ready to swing.

SFX: THUD!

15.2

CHANCE swings-- and it's a big, heavy case-- and manages to knock the pistol out of COLIN's hands!

CHANCE: Hhhah!

SFX: THWACK!

15.3

COLIN brings a knee up into CHANCE's stomach. The wind goes out of her. The CASE leaves her hands and goes flying.

SFX: THWUD!

CHANCE: Houlph!

15.4

In the background, the case hits a wall and pops open. Two squarish objects on springy cords come dangling out. In foreground, COLIN has grabbed a handful of CHANCE's hair with one hand, and is coolly punching her in the face with the other.

SFX: WHAP!

CHANCE: Gahh!

15.5

Still holding CHANCE by the hair, COLIN slams her headfirst into the opposite wall, right into one of the cottage's thick wooden beams! (Ouch.) This is, it's important to note, the same wall against which the case was flung...

SFX: WHACK!

CHANCE: Unh!

PAGE SIXTEEN

16.1

CHANCE is in bad shape, dazed, as she stumbles backward and falls on her bum, breaking DAISY's kid-sized table in the process. One lens of her glasses has cracked.

SFX: CRACK!

16.2

As CHANCE lies there amidst the shattered table, COLIN's hand, holding his gun, appears from the top of panel. The gun is pointed at her head.

COLIN: I... I can't remember.

COLIN: Y' have to help me remember.

CHANCE (weak, dazed): Remember... what?

16.3

COLIN looks down at her, holding the gun, looking about as sympathetic-- and pathetic-- as a man in his position possibly could.

COLIN: Whether or not I'm s'posed to kill yez.

16.4

COLIN, CHANCE and (if possible) even DAISY all turn at the sound of a voice coming from just outside the cottage. DAISY's the only one who doesn't look surprised.

LORD (o/p): No, Colin.

16.5

LORD stands in the tiny garden in front of the cottage. He looks like he's seen better days, and he's leaning a bit on his umbrella, but he's standing up. He looks almost scarily calm.

LORD: You're supposed to kill **me**.

PAGE SEVENTEEN

17.1

LORD lets the umbrella go and raises his hands up to about shoulder height as COLIN makes his way out of the cottage door.

LORD: I was down in those tunnels a **week**. A whole team from **Six** and I.

LORD: I'm sorry we didn't **find** you, Colin.

LORD: But I'm here now.

17.2

COLIN and PARRY size each other up. COLIN has his gun aimed at LORD's face, and looks like he hates what he's about to do. He seems confused that it would be this easy.

COLIN: My head, Parry... it's all spiders and porcelain...

LORD: Portia. Mr. Queen. All those **non-fatal** wounds.

17.3

Inside the cottage, CHANCE is starting to get her wits back. Still lying on the floor, she looks over at the metal case, which lies open against the nearby wall. Inside there's a bright red plastic device with a dial, the two plastic paddles on cords we saw earlier, a sturdy-looking shoulder strap for carrying, and a brand name: DEFIBRILIFE. It's a home defibrillator.

LORD's voice comes from outside the cottage.

LORD (o/p): The **Colin Mulwray** I know-- he's a better **shot** than that.

LORD (o/p): Remember **Winthrop?** Three hundred meters, from a rooftop.

LORD (o/p): You got him clean through the **knee**.

17.4

COLIN's crying now, trying to choke back some terrible emotion. He's got the gun raised in a two-handed grip, but his hands are shaking. LORD's black-gloved hands are carefully reaching out from off-panel, looking like they're going to close around the gun.

LORD (o/p): That's how I know it's still **you**, Colin. Because they're still **alive**.

COLIN: Parry... don't-- don't lemme do this...

LORD (o/p): On the contrary. I'm going to make it **easy** for you.

17.5

PARRY guides the muzzle of COLIN's pistol *right up against his own left eye*. Still frighteningly calm. A little eager, even, in a very disturbing kind of way. This should be as big a panel as possible, with a sense of terrible stillness.

LORD: There you go. That's it.

LORD: Come on, old man.

LORD: **Twenty quid** says you **miss**.

PAGE EIGHTEEN

18.1

And then, all of a sudden, CHANCE is behind COLIN. She's got the defibrillator slung over her shoulder, the paddles clamped on both sides of his head, and a look of cold satisfaction on her face. At the bottom of the panel, an electronic whine is slowly rising in pitch and volume.

SFX: veeeeeeeeEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

COLIN (small): What's that--?

CHANCE: **Clear.**

18.2

Big panel. LORD's falling backwards as the charge hits COLIN. COLIN's whole body is convulsing as blue electricity arcs hugely around his head. His gun arm's jerking up and his trigger finger's squeezing, firing into the air. CHANCE is getting jerked backwards, her hair prickling on end from the residual charge. (Why such a big charge, especially for a defibrillator? We'll soon see.)

SFX: FZAT.

COLIN: *

18.3

COLIN just drops, right there into the grass in DAISY's front garden. The gun has fallen from his fingers. His cap is actually on fire from the charge, and his eyes have rolled back into his head. CHANCE and LORD sprawl on opposite sides of him. CHANCE looks, well, shocked. Her hair's still a bit prickly. She's holding the paddles up limply, as if she's forgotten she even has them. LORD's face is a mixture of horror and resignation as he looks at COLIN.

CHANCE: Bloody **hell.**

CHANCE: That's... that's quite a **defibrillator.**

PAGE NINETEEN

19.1

On their hands and knees on the grass, LORD is reaching for COLIN's cap as it smolders. CHANCE has grabbed his arm as if to prevent him. LORD looks as if he really, really does not appreciate this.

LORD: Help me.

CHANCE: Are you **daft?** Don't touch him!

LORD: His **head's** on fire. **Help me.**

19.2

CHANCE has peeled off her jacket and wrapped it around COLIN's head, smothering the flames. LORD's trying to check COLIN's vitals, and a residual spark is jumping out to zap his fingers. Behind them, DAISY has appeared in the doorway.

CHANCE: All right, all right...

SFX: Fzzt!

LORD: He's still **breathing**, but-- ow!

CHANCE: **Told** you.

19.3

LORD, CHANCE and DAISY look down on COLIN as CHANCE pulls away the jacket and PARRY snatches off the still-smoking wool cap. We don't see COLIN's head, but LORD and CHANCE look horrified. DAISY just seems curious.

LORD: We need to--

LORD (small): To--

CHANCE (small): My God.

19.4

COLIN's unconscious, lying on the ground, eyes rolled back into his sockets. Now that the cap's off, we can see that his head's been shaved bald-- and some sort of metallic device has been surgically implanted all along the top of his skull, with probes appearing to run down through the skull into his brain. The flesh around the edges of the device has been scorched and burnt by the electric charge.

NO DIALOGUE

19.5

LORD looks more distraught than we've ever seen him before, staring down at his friend. DAISY has her arms around LORD's neck in a hug, and is leaning her head on his shoulder, looking at him sadly. CHANCE looks sick at heart, her eyes on LORD.

DAISY: I told you.

DAISY: It wasn't his fault.

PAGE TWENTY

20.1

The lobby of the Branch, unexpectedly swarming with paramedics whose dark uniforms (unmarked save for a red cross on their arm) seem quasi-military. MR. QUEEN lies on a portable, wheeled gurney with a thick bandage wrapped around his injured thigh and a bag of blood on an attached stand running into his arm. MRS. KING stands next to him, her hand (still wet with blood) gripping his. They're looking into each other's eyes. A PARAMEDIC stands on the periphery, looking uncomfortable.

QUEEN: ... I'd imagine Portia's **mum** was none too pleased.

KING: **Livid**. Even **after** she heard the good **prognosis**.

PARAMEDIC: Er...

QUEEN: I believe they have to **operate** on me now, Mrs. King.

KING: I'll be there when you wake.

20.2

As QUEEN gets wheeled into the elevator by the last of the paramedics, KING cleans her hands with a towel. We now see that the couch from MR. QUEEN's office has somehow been pushed out into the lobby, right next to a flatscreen behind an opened panel on the wall. The screen has the outline of a handprint and the word "CONFIRMED" on it. LORD is sitting on the couch, patting its armrest with one hand, looking gently exhausted. He's still wearing his bowler hat. He's regained a bit of his composure, but not all of it.

LORD: I think I rather **like** it out here. Or maybe I'm just not up to **moving** it again.

KING: **Loath** as I am to admit this... you did us **proud**, Parry.

KING: How's your **head**?

20.3

LORD has taken off his bowler hat and is rapping on it with his knuckles. It makes a metallic clanking sound. KING stands opposite from him, still cleaning her hands.

LORD: Not as bad as it **could** be. The **hat** took the worst.

SFX: CLANK CLANK

KING: You're **still** going to **hospital** to get it checked. That's an **order**, Mr. Lord.

20.4

LORD gets a distant expression in his eyes-- he's thinking about COLIN.

LORD: ... Why **Colin**?

LORD: Why one man, with one gun?

LORD: They could have strapped a **bomb** to him...

20.5

MRS. KING looks equally grave. She holds the towel bunched in her hands. It's covered in dark red bloodstains.

KING: They didn't want to **kill** us, whoever they were.

KING: They wanted to **hurt** us.

PAGE TWENTY-ONE

21.1

The Branch's conference room is as sleek and glassy as the rest of the complex, with two doors on opposite sides of the room, large windows looking out onto the halls, a flatscreen monitor at one end of the room, and a long transparent tabletop with chairs clustered around it.

CHANCE is sitting blithely on that tabletop as LORD enters the far end of the room. She's been caught in the act of biting one of her thumbnails (a nervous habit) but doesn't seem especially self-conscious about it.

LORD: I didn't know you **chewed** your **nails**.

CHANCE: **I don't**.

21.2

LORD comes around to CHANCE's side of the table, a mock-earnest expression on his face. She sits there, very surly, glowering at LORD.

CHANCE: I also don't have **three distinct** groups of people try to **kill** me in the **SAME SODDING WEEK**.

LORD: Ah. Well, that's not exactly typical.

CHANCE: Oh?

LORD: More like **once** a week, in general.

21.3

There's a beat. LORD stands there, grinning. CHANCE can't decide whether to keep on being mad. She's looking away from him.

LORD: ... so how's **Daisy**?

CHANCE: Juicebox. **Spongebob**. Dreamland. Why is she even--?

LORD: **Later**, Dr. Chance.

LORD: That is, assuming you **still** want to **work** with me.

21.4

CHANCE has taken her broken glasses halfway off her nose, and is tilting them toward LORD, who's smiling in his usual enigmatic way.

CHANCE: How many weeks of **holiday** do we get?

LORD: **Three**.

CHANCE: I'm **taking** one. Starting **right bloody now**.

CHANCE: And you owe me new **specs**.

21.5

LORD says something in an unusually cheery fashion. CHANCE looks at him as if to say, "What have I gotten myself into?"

LORD: Well, if **that's** settled, would you mind terribly coming with me?

LORD: I've got to go to **hospital**, lest I **die in my sleep**.

PAGE TWENTY-TWO

22.1

LORD and CHANCE walk through the empty corridors of the BRANCH. CHANCE looks almost apologetic. LORD is a little too dispassionate.

CHANCE: I... I'm sorry about your **friend**.

LORD: It's all right. You did what you **had** to.

CHANCE: I still wish I'd **known** him.

22.2

Close on LORD's face. He's grim.

LORD: After today? **Trust** me.

LORD: It's best that you **didn't**.

22.3

They've reached the lobby now, and are waiting for the elevator. CHANCE is saying something that doesn't come easily to her. LORD is looking over at her calmly.

CHANCE: Also, I... I wanted to **thank you**. For **distracting** him like that.

CHANCE: It was **stupid** and **brave** and it probably **saved my life**.

LORD: It's nothing, really. Would've done it for **anyone**.

22.4

CHANCE looks back at him thoughtfully, even kindly, as if something about him is beginning to dawn on her. The elevator's arrived.

SFX: Ding!

CHANCE: **Yes...**

CHANCE: You **would** have, wouldn't you?

22.5

From inside the elevator, looking through the opened doors, we see LORD and CHANCE together. LORD is smiling and gesturing for CHANCE to enter the elevator. CHANCE is grinning somewhat smugly and pointing back at him.

LORD: **After you**, Dr. Chance.

CHANCE: Oh, no, no, no, Mr. Lord.

CHANCE: **Ladies first**.