

**AGENTS EXTRAORDINARY  
6: BLACK & WHITE & RED ALL OVER**

**By Nathan Alderman**

**PAGE ONE**

1.1

The back alley of Club Silencio, a trendy Carnaby Street nightspot dedicated to the art of mime. An unfortunate MIME in full costume and makeup seems to have gotten a little too into his "trapped in a glass box" act-- he's frozen, seemingly in midair, pressed up against an invisible wall, having run so hard into it that his mouth and nose are smeary with blood. He holds a gun in one hand. Behind him, an entire squad of BOBBIES are pouring out of the open stage door of Club Silencio (there's a sign hanging over it to identify it) in pursuit of the MIME.

CAPTION: Forty years ago.

TITLE appears in the space between 1.1 and 1.2

1.2

Reverse angle. Our first glimpse of MRS. REGINA KING and DESMOND QUEEN in their youthful glory days. They're both in their mid-20s, ridiculously good-looking, and dressed in trendy Mod outfits. MRS. KING, quite the wholesome bombshell, has some kind of swoopy checkerboard number on involving a delightfully absurd hat, a jacket, miniskirt and black tights; MR. QUEEN-- think Michael Caine in *Get Carter* crossed with Sidney Poitier in *In the Heat of the Night* -- wears a dark purple pinstriped suit, skinny Mod tie, white dress shirt, and little round sunglasses. His sideburns can only be described as "resplendent." MRS. KING and MR. QUEEN are smiling knowingly at one another.

The MIME is on the opposite side of the "invisible wall" from them, slowly sliding down the wall in a daze, leaving a faint smear of blood from his mouth and nose. MRS. KING is knocking on the "wall" with the backs of her knuckles; in it, we see the faint reflections of the pursuing bobbies.

SFX: nok nok nok

KING: **Transparent plexiglass**, Mr. Queen.

SFX/MIME SLIDING DOWN GLASS: squeeEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

QUEEN: **Clearly**, Mrs. King.

CREDITS follow 1.2

## PAGE TWO

### 2.1

The modern-day MRS. KING's office might as well have been decorated by Andy Warhol. (It may, in fact, be the same office she's had since her glory days four decades earlier.) Stylishly dressed as always, MRS. KING sits behind her desk listening to an off-panel VISITOR sitting opposite her. She's not amused.

VISITOR: ... utter lack of **safety protocols** in your organization to be **absolutely inexcusable**, Mrs. King!

MRS. KING: Which **obviously** explains why **you** pulled strings to get **Portia** here in the first place... **Marjorie**.

MRS. KING: Or have you forgotten **Mr. Queen's** and my **opinion** at the time?

### 2.2

The Permanent Undersecretary for the Ministry of Defence is a still-beautiful but severe woman in her late forties. She's glaring across the desk at MRS. KING with undisguised contempt. The wild, Mod-ish visitor's chair she's sitting in doesn't seem to put her any more at ease.

MARJORIE: Yes, I can **absolutely** be blamed for thinking she'd be safe **answering phones** in a **fortified bunker** two hundred meters under **Oxford Street**.

MARJORIE: She was **shot, Regina**. By one of your **own people**.

MRS. KING: And **saved** by another.

LONGLEY: She's a **delicate girl**, and I'll not have her--

### 2.3

Angle to reveal that PORTIA LONGLEY, the Branch's teenage secretary who took a bullet in issue 3, has been sitting off to the side in another chair the whole time. She's wearing casual clothes, and looks glum, and hesitant, and a little annoyed at her mother.

PORTIA: Don't **talk** about me like I'm not in the **room**. Please.

### 2.4

PORTIA sits on a bench outside MRS. KING's office, having obviously been kicked out by her mother. The door is shut; the blinds along the glass walls of MRS. KING's office are shut. PORTIA is fuming silently, staring at the floor.

VOICES (from inside the office): [inaudible, but with lots of exclamation marks]

VOICE (off-panel): Hello.

## PAGE THREE

3.1

PORTIA jumps a little, but it's only DR. CELIA CHANCE, with a laptop computer tucked under her arm, at a nearby intersection in the corridor. Yes, she's wearing her combat boots.

CHANCE: Sorry, sorry-- didn't mean to **startle** you.

CHANCE: I heard you'd be back today.

3.2

PORTIA looks at CHANCE, trying to remember...

CHANCE (o/p): D'you **remember** me?

3.3

A brief flash of the opening scene of issue 3 from PORTIA's perspective. CHANCE and LORD's faces are hazy, shadowed as they hover above her.

CHANCE: You're very lucky.

3.4

CHANCE sits down next to PORTIA on the bench.

PORTIA: You must be **Dr. Chance**.

PORTIA: What kind of doctor are you? Surgeon?

CHANCE: **Mathematician**. Long story.

CHANCE: Let's see the damage, then.

3.5

PORTIA pulls up her shirt enough to show a neat, coin-sized scar in her side where the bullet hit her. If we can see her face, she's looking at it shyly, as proud as she is embarrassed.

PORTIA: I've one on the back, too. Mum wanted **plastic surgeons**, but I said no.

CHANCE: The boys'll be **mad** for it. **Trust** me.

3.6

CHANCE nods toward MRS. KING's closed door. PORTIA looks away, embarrassed.

CHANCE: Sounds like quite the **row** in there.

CHANCE: Who's **Mrs. King** tangling with now?

3.7

PORTIA speaks. CHANCE is surprised at the answer.

PORTIA: The **permanent undersecretary** for the **Ministry of Defence**.

PORTIA: My **mum**.

## PAGE FOUR

4.1

The door to MRS. KING's office bangs open. MARJORIE stands there, looking frosty.

MARJORIE: We're **going**, Portia.

4.2

As CHANCE watches, mystified, MARJORIE drags an embarrassed and reluctant PORTIA off by the hand.

PORTIA: Mum, can we just --?

MARJORIE: It's not open for **discussion**.

4.3

CHANCE stands as an equally sour-looking MRS. KING emerges from her office, wrapping a scarf around her neck.

CHANCE: She seems pleasant.

MRS. KING: As does **drowning**, I'm told.

CHANCE: Where's she off to?

4.4

MRS. KING sizes CHANCE up, turning over a notion in her mind.

MRS. KING: Lunch. I'd meant to take **Portia** as a welcome-back.

MRS. KING: It appears we'll be **plus one**.

MRS. KING: ... you're reasonably **fit**, aren't you, Doctor?

4.5

CHANCE looks at MRS. KING, confused. MRS. KING is looking off after MARJORIE and PORTIA.

CHANCE: Beg your pardon, Mrs. King?

MRS. KING: Were I to try to drive a **butter knife** through that woman's **eye**, could you **stop** me?

CHANCE: I... don't see why not.

4.6

MRS. KING heads briskly down the hall. CHANCE falls into step behind her-- she likes the way this woman thinks.

MRS. KING: We've really had no chance to get acquainted, dear.

MRS. KING: Do come with us, won't you?

## PAGE FIVE

5.1

We're in a hospital room. PARRY LORD, his face still a bit bandaged and bruised from his ordeal in issue five, sits in a guest chair on one side of a plastic tray -- the sort clipped onto a hospital bed-- on which a chessboard has been set up. A game is in play; Parry is playing black. He's in a robe and black silk pajamas (clearly acquired from home) and looks as neatly groomed as ever. He looks tired, but he's at least attempting a smile. We don't see his opponent.

LORD: The Falkbeer Variation? Awfully novel of you.

5.2

LORD moves a piece on the board, one far from the others. His smile is beginning to thin.

LORD: But I've got your number.

LORD: What do you say to **that**, old man?

5.3

Same angle. LORD waits. His expression darkens.

NO DIALOGUE

5.4

In a single angry move, LORD sweeps the pieces off the board.

SFX: SWAK!

5.5

LORD slumps back in his chair darkly, and we see who he's been "playing" against -- a clearly comatose man in a hospital bed, half-buried in tubes and probes. The man's head is entirely bandaged. Monitors show a steady EKG. It's COLIN MULWRAY from issue 3.

LORD: ... you always **were** rubbish at chess, **Colin**.

5.6

Someone (MR. QUEEN) has just entered the room in a dark suit, walking with a metal cane. We see only his impeccably shined shoes and trouser cuffs, the end of the cane, and scattered chess pieces on the linoleum tile -- most prominently a black queen. (Ha, ha.)

MR. QUEEN (o/p): He was **winning**, wasn't he?

5.7

MR. QUEEN, dressed in a suit and leaning on a metal cane to favor the leg he was shot in back in issue 3, wears a wry sort of stonefaced expression as he holds up a bottle of expensive Irish whiskey.

MR. QUEEN: Hello, Parry.

MR. QUEEN: I brought his favorite.

## PAGE SIX

6.1

A mime. Outdoors, near the banks of the Thames. He mimes holding up a bottle and a wineglass. This is not, of course, the same mime we saw on page one.

NO DIALOGUE

6.2

The mime mimes pouring wine from the bottle into the imaginary glass.

NO DIALOGUE

6.3

The mime mimes drinking from the imaginary glass.

NO DIALOGUE

6.4

MRS. KING, CHANCE, PORTIA and MARJORIE sit at a table at a sidewalk bistro. MRS. KING and MARJORIE stare coldly at one another, saying nothing. PORTIA looks around, uncomfortable to be literally caught between her mother and MRS. KING. CHANCE is looking off at the mime, her face wrinkled with exaggerated disgust.

CHANCE: Well.

CHANCE: There goes **my** appetite.

6.5

MRS. KING looks over at the mime, who stands on the sidewalk on the opposite side of the quiet street, nearer to the river. A faint smile creases her lips.

MRS. KING: Brings back **memories**, actually.

MRS. KING: We had this case, Mr. Queen and I, about forty years back...

6.6

MARJORIE glowers across the table.

MARJORIE: Do you always **digress** to avoid **unpleasant subjects**?

MARJORIE: No wonder you've so many friends in **Parliament**.

6.7

MRS. KING has picked up her butter knife and is fingering it coolly. CHANCE looks over at her, not so much alarmed as sort of interested in what might happen.

MRS. KING: As I was **saying...**

MRS. KING: We had a case forty years ago. With **mimes**.

## PAGE SEVEN

7.1

Another flashback. MRS. KING, in a different but equally splashy ensemble, snaps photos with a long lens from the passenger seat of a sporty convertible. MR. QUEEN, in his customary suit, watches from the driver's seat. A mime is reflected in the camera lens. MRS. KING's recollection appears in captions.

MRS. KING/CAPTION: **Secrets** were passing to the **other side**. We'd found the **leak**, but not the **method**.

MRS. KING/CAPTION: Until we hit upon the **mimes**.

7.2

We're just behind the front row of an audience standing and applauding a troupe of mimes as they take their bows on stage. One of them is the man from page one. The audience member closest to us, a balding nondescript man in a long coat, carries a prominent bouquet of flowers in the crook of one arm.

MRS. KING/CAPTION: The **Théâtre de Silence**, just back from a **goodwill tour** behind the Iron Curtain.

MRS. KING/CAPTION: Our mole passed **information** in congratulatory **bouquets**.

7.3

A series of photos on a light table show a mime making various elaborate motions. MRS. KING's hand -- slim and shapely -- and MR. QUEEN's -- thick and calloused, with elaborate gold rings -- rest on opposite sides of the table, as if they were poring over the photos.

MRS. KING/CAPTION: **Pierrot Deburau** and his troupe translated it into a sort of **coded semaphore**, disguised as **street theater**.

MRS. KING/CAPTION: The enemy just had to know where to **look**.

7.4

Back to the present. PORTIA, her curiosity getting the better of her, pipes up. MRS. KING answers her question with an expression of wry good humor. A WAITRESS has appeared, and is pouring them all cups of tea. We don't see the WAITRESS' face.

PORTIA: All that just to **smuggle secrets**? It seems a bit silly.

MRS. KING: It was a **silly decade**, dear.

7.5

MARJORIE picks up her cup of tea and its saucer and stares across them at MRS. KING, frosty.

MARJORIE: Indeed. **Reckless**. Entirely **out of touch** with **reality**.

MARJORIE: And now, thankfully, **discarded** as a **relic**.

7.6

MRS. KING, giving as good as she gets, offers a toast as all at the table sip their tea.

MRS. KING: Only by **some**.

MRS. KING: Here's to the **past**.

## PAGE EIGHT

8.1

They really shouldn't have drunk the tea. As unconsciousness steals over them, MRS. KING looks somewhat peeved.

MRS. KING: Wait... wait, this isn't--

MRS. KING (small): Well, **damn**.

8.2

THUNK. MRS. KING, CHANCE, PORTIA and MARJORIE are out cold, slumped in their seats. The WAITRESS hovers nearby, unfazed.

NO DIALOGUE

8.3

The WAITRESS, her face still unseen, props open one of MRS. KING's eyelids to make sure she's out cold.

WAITRESS (o/p): To the **past**, indeed.

WAITRESS: This is **Harlequin**. Move in.

8.4

Suddenly the table is surrounded by a swarm of MIMES, visible from the neck down, their striped shirts forming an eerie sort of fence around the unconscious MRS. KING, CHANCE, PORTIA and MARJORIE. Gloved mime hands are reaching for them...

NO DIALOGUE



## PAGE NINE

9.1

The hospital room. LORD, sitting in his chair, has a faraway look in his eyes, a plastic pill-cup full of good Irish whiskey paused just at his lips.

QUEEN (o/p): Parry?

LORD: Mm?

QUEEN (o/p): I asked how you're **doing**.

9.2

The thing looks like a metal-and-porcelain spider, some weird alien thing lying belly-up on MAL AMEBE's workbench. From an oval-shaped base, eight long, thin metal probes poke up into the air. This is the implant we saw on COLIN's head in issue 3, cleaned and removed and ready for dissection. MAL's long, skinny fingers are unscrewing a panel in the thing's "belly," revealing circuit boards inside. A note rests on the table next to the implant, in MRS. KING's flowing handwriting: "MAL - FOR ANALYSIS. -- K."

NO DIALOGUE

9.3

LORD attempts a smile, but it's dark and bitter. QUEEN, sitting in the next chair over, studies him with a grave but sympathetic expression.

LORD: **Marvelous**.

LORD: Couldn't be better.

9.4

MAL's hands place a removed circuit board from the implant beneath the lens of an extremely powerful microscope.

NO DIALOGUE

9.5

LORD looks over at COLIN, lying in the bed.

LORD: I've been **sitting** here for **days** watching the **telly**.

LORD: Not -- not **contributing**.

LORD: They **cut his head open**, sir.

9.6

MAL is looking through the lens of the microscope, and has just seen something that makes him recoil in surprise.

NO DIALOGUE

9.7

LORD's face twists in anger and disgust. He's looking at the floor.

LORD: Someone stuck **electric probes** in his brain. Like a **lab animal**.

LORD: Flicked his **switches** on and off. My **friend**.

(cont'd)

9.8

A printer spits a printout into MAL's hand. It's an extreme close-up image of the circuit he was analyzing, labeled MAGNIFICATION 200X. There's a crude, blocky image inscribed dot-by-dot onto one of the chips from COLIN's implant, much like the graffiti engineers used to sneak onto chips in the 80s. It looks like a rabbit -- a white rabbit.

NO DIALOGUE

9.9

LORD, his head bowed, looks up at QUEEN. There's something cold and awful in his eyes.

LORD: So tell me.

LORD: When exactly do I **stop** losing the people I **love**?

LORD: And what am I supposed to do in the **meantime**?

## PAGE TEN

10.1

MR. QUEEN talks to LORD as he pours himself another shot.

QUEEN: ... This was in my senior year at Oxford.

QUEEN: Finals week, and I'm up late, neck deep in **economics** books.

QUEEN: And the **phone** rings.

10.2

MR. QUEEN looks at the whiskey in his little plastic pill-cup.

QUEEN: For the life of me, I can't tell who's on the other end.

QUEEN: It's a lot of whooshing and crackling and people screaming things. Some nutter having a laugh.

QUEEN: So I hang up. And next morning, the **police** call.

10.3

MR. QUEEN downs the whiskey in one shot.

NO DIALOGUE

10.4

MR. QUEEN sets down the cup. His eyes are looking inward, remembering.

QUEEN: They'd found my **mum and dad** at the **front** of the shop, where the **fire** started.

QUEEN: And another at the back, near the phone. My **little sister**. Still holding the handset.

QUEEN: I'd hung up on her.

10.5

LORD is asking MR. QUEEN a question. QUEEN is chuckling ruefully.

LORD: How -- how do you **carry** that?

QUEEN: **Well**. You and I and half of **Scotland Yard** know what **I** did.

QUEEN: But speaking from **experience**, now...

10.6

We can see that QUEEN's words have gotten through to LORD somehow.

QUEEN (o/p): You **live** through it, Parry.

QUEEN (o/p): **Emphasis** on **live**.

## PAGE ELEVEN

11.1

Black. Nothingness. CHANCE, KING, PORTIA and MARJORIE are sitting at the same table, same chairs, same general positions as when they lost consciousness. Except now, instead of being outdoors on a pleasant spring day, they're someplace dark and huge and seemingly endless. There doesn't appear to be anything around them -- just a pool of soft light illuminating them from above, a hard concrete floor, and blackness all around.

NO DIALOGUE

11.2

CHANCE stirs, a hand to her temple (she's got quite the headache). She says something - and we can't hear what. Her voice balloons, and everyone else's for the next few pages, is entirely empty. I'm putting in dialogue so that you'll have an idea of facial expressions, though.

CHANCE: Uhn... what?

11.3

CHANCE's eyes snap open. What the hell is this?

CHANCE: Hello?

CHANCE: HELLO?

11.4

CHANCE shakes KING by the shoulder, rousing her from unconsciousness.

CHANCE: Hey! Hey, wake up!

CHANCE: Can you hear me?

11.5

KING is startled to hear no sound coming out of her own mouth. Behind her, we see PORTIA and MARJORIE coming round.

KING: What?

KING: Oh, good heavens.

## PAGE TWELVE

12.1

Our four reluctant companions have gotten up from the table and begun to explore their surroundings. PORTIA and MARJORIE are both checking their cellphones, and not liking what they see. MARJORIE is moderately freaking out, in an entirely understandable way. KING is calmly surveying the space around them. And CHANCE, in background, appears to be plugging her ears and humming, experimentally.

PORTIA: Hello? Hello? Echo! Echo!

MARJORIE: Oh, God. I've gone deaf. Kidnapped and deaf.

12.2

MARJORIE turns on KING, barking a threat. KING is unfazed. Behind them, CHANCE is fishing in her jacket pockets, looking like she has an idea.

MARJORIE: This is *it*, King. If we get out of this...

KING: Oh, good. A silver lining.

12.3

CHANCE has a beat-up cheap spiral-ring notepad and a well-chewed disposable pen in her hands. She's scribbling something on the pad.

NO DIALOGUE

12.4

CHANCE thrusts a piece of paper directly between KING and MARJORIE. Both, surprised, are reading it. It says HEY. WE'RE NOT DEAF. Her handwriting is scratchy and sloppy, surprising no one.

NO DIALOGUE

12.5

CHANCE holds up the notepad. The top page reads PLUG EARS. HUM. YOU'LL HEAR IT. KING, catching on quickly, is drawing a slim, elegant pen from a pocket inside her jacket.

NO DIALOGUE

12.6

CHANCE and KING huddle together over the same notepad. Their "dialogue" appears as handwriting above them; KING's handwriting is neat flowing cursive. In the background, we see MARJORIE and PORTIA testing out the humming theory, and looking slightly relieved.

KING: Active noise cancellation?

CHANCE: I think so.

12.7

PORTIA is tapping CHANCE on the shoulder, motioning. Look, I've got something to show you. Over here.

## NO DIALOGUE

12.8

A few meters away, PORTIA presses her hands against solid air-- and something blocks them. We see this from the opposite side, PORTIA's hands smudging up against what looks for all the world like an invisible wall. She's looking back over her shoulder, "speaking" in a blank balloon. Behind her, KING, CHANCE and MARJORIE look on, baffled.

PORTIA: Look at this.

## PAGE THIRTEEN

13.1

CHANCE, KING, PORTIA and MARJORIE are spread out, seen from above as they explore with their hands what glints of light from above reveal to be the contours of a maze -- with transparent plexiglass walls.

NO DIALOGUE

13.2

The four regroup again. CHANCE and KING have their notepads out and are scribbling an exchange back and forth.

CHANCE: Plexiglass walls?

KING: Long story. How do we get out?

CHANCE: With ease.

13.3

CHANCE writes on the pad.

CHANCE: Solution to every maze:

CHANCE: Pick one wall and follow it.

CHANCE: Takes a while, but it works.

13.4

PORTIA peers at the notepad, digging in her purse as KING writes a response.

KING: We need a way to mark our path.

13.5

PORTIA holds up three different shades of lipstick from her purse, as if to say, will these work? MARJORIE is looking on, slightly confused.

NO DIALOGUE

13.6

CHANCE and KING look at each other, mildly impressed. They're both thinking, hey, good idea.

NO DIALOGUE

## **PAGE FOURTEEN**

14.1

The walls of the maze. A trail of vividly colored arrows (Autumn Cherry, or perhaps Blue Hawaii) mark the foursome's progress through the maze.

NO DIALOGUE

14.2

The group emerges from a passageway. KING and PORTIA are looking forward at something strange ahead of them. MARJORIE is glaring silently at KING. CHANCE is checking her cellphone, as if not for the first time, and scowling at an apparent lack of reception.

NO DIALOGUE

14.3

They've reached the center of the maze -- a large open space, sporadically lit by spotlights from far above, and filled with neat rows of department-store dummies dressed up in mime gear and posed in various stiff positions. Creepy.

NO DIALOGUE



## PAGE FIFTEEN

15.1

Cautiously, the four enter the ranks of the mannequins, weaving between the dummies. CHANCE is poking at them suspiciously, experimentally, to make sure they're not real. KING has a look of growing suspicion and certainty on her face -- something is beginning to make even more sense to her.

NO DIALOGUE

15.2

Similar to 15.1, except that the "sound" has abruptly come back on -- and the tune CHANCE has been humming under her breath makes PORTIA and MARJORIE jump, and KING quirk an eyebrow.

CHANCE (singing quietly): --man Pat, and his black-and-white...  
CHANCE (small): cat?

15.3

Similar to 15.1 and 15.2. MARJORIE and PORTIA are glaring at CHANCE, who reacts defensively. KING, as ever, seems dryly amused.

CHANCE: What?  
CHANCE (small): It's been stuck in my head.

15.4

A sudden voice from above makes everyone look ceilingward.

HARLEQUIN (o/p): I'll bet you're wondering what this is about.

15.5

HARLEQUIN seems to hang suspended, like a puppet, from the blackness above. There must be strings, but we can't see them against the dark, making the whole effect quite spooky. She's lean, fit, somewhere between her thirties and forties. It's hard to tell from the white mime makeup and slim black garb she wears. There's a smile painted on her face, but her mouth is a hard line, and her eyes glitter with malevolence.

HARLEQUIN: Well, **most** of you.  
HARLEQUIN: Isn't that **right**, Mrs. King?

## PAGE SIXTEEN

16.1

A spotlight behind HARLEQUIN reveals an old man, PIERROT, in full mime garb standing below her (and in front of CHANCE, KING, etc.) among the mannequins. He looks old, much older than he is, and considerably the worse for it, but we can vaguely recognize him as the man caught fleeing on page one. There's a nasty little smile on his face and a far-off, halfway-gone look in his eyes.

HARLEQUIN: You might not **recognize** him now, after everything you've done to him.  
HARLEQUIN: **Pierrot Deburau. My father.**

16.2

HARLEQUIN looks down at MRS. KING, relishing the confrontation.

HARLEQUIN: He was an **artist**, with the **courage of his convictions**.  
KING: He sold **state secrets** for money. Good men died.

16.3

HARLEQUIN's eyes narrow in hatred.

HARLEQUIN: Your government held him for **years** without trial. He had a **wife** -- a **daughter** on the way.  
HARLEQUIN: So he cut a **deal**. Told the **authorities** everything he knew.

16.4

Flashback panel. DEBURAU, younger and without makeup, cowers in the corner of a dank concrete prison cell in a bland gray jumpsuit. The imposing shadows of two knife-wielding men fall across him.

HARLEQUIN/CAPTION: His **masters** were ... displeased.  
HARLEQUIN/CAPTION: They **found** him somehow, even in the **hole** you'd stuck him in.  
HARLEQUIN/CAPTION: Perhaps you **let** them.

16.5

Close on the mad-eyed, nasty face of the aged DEBURAU, staring with silent, murderous glee. His mouth is shut tight, to the point where it suggests what HARLEQUIN is saying.

HARLEQUIN (o/p): And they **cut out his tongue**.

16.6

HARLEQUIN drops down, eerily, puppetlike (and still a few feet off the floor) to confront MRS. KING.

HARLEQUIN: I spent **years** tracking you down, Mrs. Regina King. You and your old partner.  
HARLEQUIN: I don't care about your **friends**. They can go free. But you...  
HARLEQUIN: I'm going to **watch you die**.

## PAGE SEVENTEEN

17.1

KING looks, if anything, bored.

KING: If I had a **pound** for everyone who's told me that, I'd be the **Bank of England**.

KING: And none of **them** were dressed like clowns.

17.2

CHANCE steps up beside KING.

CHANCE: I **dated** a mime once. **Worst** four hours of my life.

CHANCE: You want **her**, Judy, you'll go through **me**.

17.3

MARJORIE holds PORTIA protectively. She looks frightened, but also surprisingly cool and calm. PORTIA is looking at her mum, shocked. It's important that MARJORIE not look over-the-top evil here. She's making the smart choice, and her own safety isn't her primary concern.

MARJORIE: Good luck to you, King. I've a **daughter** to think of.

MARJORIE: Which way to the **exit**?

PORTIA: **Mum!**

17.4

PORTIA pulls away from her mother, who's trying to yank her back.

MARJORIE: When you're older, you'll understand.

MARJORIE: I've got to keep you **safe** --!

PORTIA: Let **go**, mum!

17.5

PORTIA turns on her mother, taking a stand.

PORTIA: We're all of us in danger. **Running away** won't change that.

PORTIA: I'm **scared**, Mum. **Every day** I'm scared. That's **why** I have to keep doing this.

17.6

PORTIA, frightened but putting up a brave front, steps up behind CHANCE and KING, looking back at her mother. If we can see MARJORIE, she looks devastated, and more than a bit ashamed.

PORTIA: It's what **needs doing**.

PORTIA: Even if I'm only answering **phones**.

## PAGE EIGHTEEN

18.1

HARLEQUIN stares down at the group as she's lifted back up off the floor, momentarily silent in the wake of that little speech.

NO DIALOGUE

18.2

Then, with a shrug ...

HARLEQUIN: Well, at this rate, we might as well kill the lot of you.

18.3

MARJORIE stares daggers at a thoroughly nonplussed KING, who stands particularly close to one of the mannequins. KING is shooting her back a pointedly innocent look.

KING: ... What?

18.4

And then the MIME mannequin behind MRS. KING is moving, and grinning nastily, and there's a very long, thin knife in his upraised hand, just inches away from her...

NO DIALOGUE

18.5

MRS. KING has grabbed the MIME by the wrist, without even looking backward, and is casually breaking some of the delicate bones in his hand. The MIME, needless to say, is not enjoying this.

SFX: krak krak

MIME: Ghaaaaah!

KING: **Sloppy.**

KING: I could smell the **mint** on your breath.

18.6

As a startled MARJORIE and PORTIA watch, MRS. KING smartly executes an old-school judo throw that tosses the MIME over her shoulder and into the concrete floor. In BG, CHANCE has her fists up, eyes alert, waiting for more.

SFX: THWUD!

## PAGE NINETEEN

19.1

CHANCE looks up as WHITE FACES with nasty grins, and matching sets of WHITE GLOVES with nasty knives, appear falling out of the darkness above her.

CHANCE (small): What the--?

19.2

The MIMES are on bungee cords, and the first one drops out of the air nearly atop CHANCE, lashing out with a savate (that's the French kick-intensive martial art, not a misspelling of "savage") kick as she throws herself out of the way. The second is a few seconds behind, plunging headfirst with a knife...

CHANCE: !

19.3

As the FIRST MIME twangs back up into the darkness, the SECOND MIME slashes out with his knife, hanging upside-down at the lowest point of his jump. CHANCE is rolling to juuuust dodge his swipe...!

NO DIALOGUE

19.4

The SECOND MIME begins to bounce back upward -- but CHANCE grabs the forearm of his knife hand with one hand, and rears back a punch with the other.

CHANCE: **Oh** no you don't.

19.5

The FIRST MIME plunges back down out of the darkness, knife poised to strike...

NO DIALOGUE

19.6

Twang! SMACK! The unconscious body of the SECOND MIME swings up to smack directly into the FIRST MIME, knocking him senseless.

SFX: SMACK!

19.7

DR. CHANCE, looking up at her handiwork, seems enormously pleased with herself.

CHANCE: I could make a **sport** of this.

## PAGE TWENTY

20.1

As MRS. KING karate-chops a MIME in the background, MARJORIE shields PORTIA from two more knife-wielding MIMES coming out of the mass of mannequins. MARJORIE has her keys in her fist, poking out between the knuckles, in proper self-defense fashion.

MARJORIE: **Run**, Portia.

PORTIA: I'm not **leaving** you, Mum.

MARJORIE: Will you **listen to me** for once?

20.2

One of the MIMES grabs MARJORIE, raising his knife. MARJORIE is slashing him across the face with her keys.

MIME: Ahhhg!

20.3

As MARJORIE fights the MIMES, she yells again. PORTIA takes the hint and takes off.. In BG, we see MRS. KING squaring off against an opponent of her own.

MARJORIE: **RUN!**

20.4

PORTIA runs into the thick of the mannequins, blindly, scared but trying to keep control of herself.

NO DIALOGUE

20.5

PORTIA trips on a mannequin, and she and it fall --

PORTIA: Aaa--

20.6

From a tangle of mannequin parts-- including a detached mannequin arm -- PORTIA looks up in fear at the sound of a dry, horrid chuckle.

PIERROT (o/p): Eheh.

20.7

PIERROT, the old man, gazes down at her with a long, thin knife in his hands. There's some terrible vacancy in his eyes -- the demented air of a child about to dissect a fly.

PIERROT: Eheh.

PIERROT: Eheheheh.

## PAGE TWENTY-ONE

21.1

MARJORIE struggles valiantly in the grip of one MIME as the other, his white-caked face slashed with bright red marks from MARJORIE's keys, moves in with his knife. In the background, we see CHANCE tangling with a fresh assailant of her own.

MARJORIE (small): If I get out of this, I **swear** I'll have Paris **bombed**...

21.2

MRS. KING stuns the advancing, knife-wielding MIME from behind with a swift karate-chop to the back of the neck. He's dropping like a sack of cement.

MRS. KING: I wouldn't go **that** far.

21.3

Before the MIME holding MARJORIE can react, MRS. KING has calmly clocked him in the face with the heel of one palm. MARJORIE is slipping free of his grasp.

MRS. KING: I mean, they've got the **Louvre**.

MRS. KING: And some **lovely** cafes.

21.4

MARJORIE just stands there for a moment, recovering her wits. MRS. KING examines a knife-slash in the sleeve of her jacket with distaste. In the background, we can see CHANCE... uh... well, she's kind of stomping on her prone, hapless opponent with her boots. Bad news for him.

MRS. KING: I expect that's good for, what, another **year** of funding?

MARJORIE: ... **Portia**.

MARJORIE: Where's **Portia**?

21.5

PORTIA is scrambling backwards on the floor amidst the mannequins and mannequin parts, too terrified to get a word out-- but PIERROT has a grip on her ankle with his free hand. PORTIA's gripping a mannequin's detached arm with one hand.

PORTIA: ...

PIERROT: Ehehehehe.

## PAGE TWENTY-TWO

22.1

From high above, HARLEQUIN cheers on her father as PIERROT madly raises the glittering knife.

HARLEQUIN: **Get** her, Papa!

HARLEQUIN: **Cut** the little **brat!**

22.2

As PIERROT lunges forward with the knife, PORTIA swings the mannequin arm with all her strength, cracking him across the face!

PORTIA: **No!**

SFX: THWACK!

22.3

As PIERROT stumbles backward, dropping the knife, PORTIA gets to her feet, still holding the arm.

PIERROT (in pain): Gnuuuuuuh!

22.4

Like a child who's been scolded but doesn't understand why, PIERROT looks up at PORTIA, blood dribbling from his nose and mouth, blankly hurt and confused. One hand is on his chest.

PIERROT: Hunnh?

22.5

Same angle. PIERROT is now clutching the left side of his chest, beginning to sway. Too much excitement, too hard a life, and presumably, not enough red wine. His heart is giving out.

PIERROT: Hhhhuh--!

PIERROT: Haaa...\*

22.6

PIERROT collapses in front of a shocked PORTIA. MARJORIE, MRS. KING, and a scuffed-but-glowing CHANCE are emerging through the maze of mannequins behind her.

SFX: thud.

22.7

HARLEQUIN, jerking furiously at her puppet strings, lets out a shriek of rage and horror that, if we could hear it, would break our hearts. And possibly glass.

HARLEQUIN: **PAPA!**



## PAGE TWENTY-THREE

23.1

PORTIA is kneeling down by the old man. MARJORIE is trying to grab her away, but PORTIA's resisting.

MARJORIE: Portia, get **away** from him --

PORTIA: Mum, we can **help** him.

23.2

CHANCE kneels down next to her, hands compressed on PIERROT's chest, as PORTIA tilts his head back (clearing the airway) puts her ear close to his open mouth.

PORTIA: He's not breathing.

CHANCE: You give him **mouth-to-mouth**, then I'll start compressions.

23.3

CHANCE pumps the old mime's chest as hard as she can. PORTIA kneels next to him, cradling his head in one hand and urgently feeling his neck for a pulse with the other.

CHANCE: ... two ... three ... four

PORTIA (small) Come on, come on...

23.4

CHANCE just looks at PORTIA, hopeless. Nothing more to do. PORTIA's getting frantic.

PORTIA: Don't **stop!** Why've you **stopped?**

PORTIA: **I'm** the one that hit him! It's my f-- it's my ...

23.5

MARJORIE kneels down next to her and wraps PORTIA a hug, the first real tenderness we've seen from her, as PORTIA just breaks down sobbing. The look on MARJORIE's face is filled with sadness, and surprise, and more than a little maternal pride.

MARJORIE: It's all right, dear.

MARJORIE: Hush. Shhhh.

23.6

MRS. KING looks up into the darkness above. No HARLEQUIN. She's gone.

MRS. KING (small): And the rest is silence ...

## PAGE TWENTY-FOUR

24.1

Outside a warehouse on the docks of the East End. Black MI-5 tactical vans and police cars everywhere. A line of bloody, battered MIMES being led out by tough-looking government commando types. In midground, PORTIA and MARJORIE sit wrapped in blankets in the open back of a police lorry, while MRS. KING stands nearby. In foreground, CHANCE talks on a cell phone, tired but smiling a bit.

CHANCE: ... sound **much** better, **Mr. Lord**. Which means I haven't been visiting **nearly** enough.

CHANCE: **My** day? Beat up a whole **load** of grotty **mimes**. So that's number 47 on the "things to do before I die" list sorted...

24.2

PORTIA with KING and MARJORIE. She's quiet, thoughtful. The two older women seem to have reached some sort of detente.

MARJORIE: So you're **sure** you want to go back?

KING: I won't go **easy** on you, Portia. No **light duty**. I'll expect you back **full steam**.

24.3

PORTIA's face. She looks scared, yes, and exhausted. But almost glowing with quiet determination.

PORTIA: **Understood**, ma'am.

24.4

MARJORIE looks up at KING. Dead serious, but without her earlier venom.

MARJORIE: You'd best take good care of her, Regina.

MARJORIE: This is my **daughter**. I'm very **proud** of her.

24.5

There's the faintest ghost of a smile on MRS. KING's ever-cool face.

KING: You've raised a **fine** young lady, Marjorie.

KING: I'm **quite** sure she can take care of herself.

## PAGE TWENTY-FIVE

25.1

Somewhere else. Somewhere eerily stylized to the point of surrealism. A kitchen, where nearly everything, *everything*, is either black or white or some checkerboard pattern. Here and there are hints of bright red -- a kettle on the stove, a dish in the sink. A woman's gloved, shaking hands are loading bullets into a revolver.

HARLEQUIN (o/p): Take **care** of you... oh yes...

HARLEQUIN (o/p): I'll take care of you, Regina King...

25.2

HARLEQUIN's makeup is running, her eyes smudged by a dark web of mascara from her tears. Her eyes are almost completely mad as she snaps the chamber shut and sights down the barrel of the gun. A VOICE -- creepy, hoarse-- is coming from over her shoulder.

HARLEQUIN: No more **tricks**. No more **theater**.

HARLEQUIN: I'll walk right up behind her and **shoot** the bitch.

VOICE: **No**. You **won't**.

25.3

HARLEQUIN whirls, her eyes wide in fear. A woman's left hand, wrapped completely in bits of bright crimson fabric, is reaching out to put one index finger on HARLEQUIN's lips, as if to silence her.

HARLEQUIN (small): Who--?

VOICE: **Shhhhhh**.

25.4

The sound we hear is something large and sharp cutting through flesh and bone with astonishing speed. But all we see is a thin, vaguely diagonal spray of red blood spatter itself across the walls and cabinets of the kitchen.

SFX: SHVIK.

HARLEQUIN (o/p, horrible): Hggggh--\*

SFX: THUD.

SFX: THUD.

## **PAGE TWENTY-SIX**

Splash panel.

She wears a burqa the color of blood. It covers her from head to toe; a thick red veil drapes over her head, completely obscuring her face. In her right hand, she holds up a sword that looks vaguely South Asian or Arabian in design, her head cocked as if to study it. The sword is covered in blood, as are the walls just behind her. If any blood got on her, well, we can't really tell the difference. Her left hand, similarly wrapped, holds a slim cell phone up to about where her ear would be, if we could see her face. She speaks in an unsettling, whispery voice.

Meet the RED QUEEN.

RED QUEEN: ... Yes, sir. No, sir.

RED QUEEN: She won't be a problem.