

AGENTS EXTRAORDINARY 7: SMALL ARMS

By Nathan Alderman

PAGE ONE

1.1

The PRIME MINISTER is a handsome man, late forties, graying at the temples, with a face careworn in all the right ways. As he walks through the kitchen of his home in the second-floor flat at No. 10 Downing Street, tugging at his collar with one hand, he reaches over to affectionately muss the hair of his eight-year-old son JAMIE, eating a bowl of Weetabix with banana at the cook's table. JAMIE wears a school uniform -- blue blazer and gray slacks, white shirt and tie with a school crest on the blazer. In the background, MRS. HUSTON, his chief housekeeper, has started the breakfast dishes at the sink. His chief advisor, ROYCE, older and wiser and considerably shrewder, consults a Palm Pilot, walking in step with him.

PRIME MINISTER: ... tell him I'll authorize it when he gets me a **full** report.

PRIME MINISTER: Morning, **Jamie**.

PRIME MINISTER: What else?

ROYCE: The Chinese delegates at four, supper with the Labour Secretary at five-thirty ...

1.2

The PRIME MINISTER walks out into the dining room, where, at a table covered by a long, draping white cloth, a place has been set for his breakfast: toast points, scrambled eggs, a few sausages, sliced tomato and coffee. ROYCE looks the sort of man who, if he ever needs sustenance, doesn't actually get it from food, per se.

ROYCE: ... and the **President** called to schedule a round of golf at **Camp David** for next week.

PRIME MINISTER: Bloody **wonderful**. I've told you the man **cheats**, right?

1.3

The PRIME MINISTER starts to eat standing up, nibbling on a neat triangle of toast. JAMIE's voice comes from the door to the kitchen behind him.

PRIME MINISTER: He's not even **good** at it.

JAMIE (o/p): Dad?

PRIME MINISTER: "What's that over there?" he says, and then he --

JAMIE (o/p): Dad?

PRIME MINISTER: Jamie, I'm having a conv--

1.4

The PRIME MINISTER stops dead, because JAMIE is just behind him, tears streaming down the boy's face. JAMIE is about to plunge a very large kitchen knife into his father's stomach.

JAMIE: I'm really sorry, Dad.

TITLE AND CREDITS

PAGE TWO

2.1

PORTIA LONGLEY, back in businesswear and back at her reception desk in the Branch's lobby, takes off her phone headset long enough to ponder a question that's been put to her. She's smiling as she thinks of an answer.

CAPTION: **Portia Longley**, Administration.

PORTIA: Hmm... **three**, I think.

PORTIA: **Four**, if they're not allowed to **bite**.

2.2

DRS. DANNY and DONNY MACDOUGAL look up from opposite sides of back-to-back computer screens in the narrow office off their examining room. Their computer monitors are both covered with action figures from various anime and movies. DONNY looks at DANNY incredulously.

CAPTION: **Danny and Donny MacDougal**, Forensic Medicine.

DANNY: Five.

DONNY: **Six**.

DANNY: Eight.

DONNY: Oh, ye could **nae**.

2.3

MALCOLM AMEBE keeps his head bent over his work, tinkering with a more sophisticated version of the foam-releasing gadget we first saw in issue 4. There's a sad, distant look in his eyes.

CAPTION: **Malcolm Amebe**, Technology.

MAL: Please do not ask me that.

2.4

MRS. KING and MR. QUEEN are consulting some documents in MR. QUEEN's office. MR. QUEEN is looking up with a mischievous glint in his eye; MRS. KING, who doesn't seem to think much of the question, doesn't even bother.

CAPTION: **Regina King** and **Desmond Queen**, Section Chiefs.

MRS. KING: What a perfectly **horrid** question.

MR. QUEEN: **Twelve**.

2.5

DAISY, the little girl last seen in issue 3, sits at the big glass table in the Branch's conference room, looking up from yet another of her crayon drawings. Her face indicates this is the most ludicrous thing she's ever heard.

CAPTION: **Daisy**. Classified.

DAISY: But I **am** a 5-year-old.

2.6

CELIA CHANCE sits on the opposite side of the table from DAISY, looking her usual rumpled and casual self. Framed between them at the end of the conference table: PARRY LORD in yet another stylish suit and bowler hat, carrying an umbrella, and grinning.

LORD: Bit **early** for the **census**, isn't it, Dr. Chance?

PAGE THREE

3.1

As LORD strolls around the table toward DAISY, CHANCE shoots him a cheerfully sarcastic greeting.

CHANCE: Look who's back from **holiday**. What was it this time, Mr. Lord -- **cliff diving?**

LORD: **Skiing**, actually.

CHANCE: Just skiing? That doesn't sound --

3.2

CHANCE rolls her eyes -- "I *knew* it." LORD just smiles, reaching into his inner jacket pocket with one gloved hand.

LORD: Down an **active volcano**.

CHANCE: I stand corrected.

LORD: Now, **Daisy**, what did I **bring** you?

3.3

DAISY shuts her eyes, as if concentrating. In FG, hidden from DAISY by the curl of his fingers, we see a chunk of black obsidian in the palm of LORD's hand.

DAISY: It's... a shiny little black rock.

DAISY: You found it on a **walk** at sunset.

LORD: Volcanic **obsidian** -- that's right. Careful, it's sharp.

3.4

As DAISY happily examines her obsidian, LORD and CHANCE casually converse.

DAISY: It's **lovely**.

LORD: So tell me, Doctor, did I miss anything exciting?

CHANCE: An enterprising **hacker** got the **launch codes** for our nuclear missile silos...

3.5

More conversation between LORD and CHANCE.

LORD: I notice none of us are presently **radioactive**.

CHANCE: Mm. Turns out he was just **upset** with his **mum** for **grounding** him.

LORD: **Ah**. "It's not the end of the world," right?

CHANCE: Indeed. I think someone at **Six** gave him a **job**.

3.6

LORD is asking CHANCE something, but the conversation's getting interrupted by a voice from off-panel.

LORD: And that **survey** you were taking earlier, what's --

QUEEN (o/p): There you are. **Go. Now.**

PAGE FOUR

4.1

LORD and CHANCE look over as a visibly shaken MRS. KING and MR. QUEEN enter the conference room. QUEEN has a closed manila file folder tucked in the crook of one elbow.

LORD: Hello to **you**, too.

CHANCE: What's this about, then?

QUEEN: We'll explain by **mobile**. Just get the **twins** and **go**.

4.2

LORD and CHANCE are both startled to hear the destination.

KING (o/p): The address is **Downing Street**.

KING (o/p): Number **Ten**.

4.3

In BG, LORD and CHANCE leave quickly, talking quietly to one another. In FG, framing them, KING leans almost imperceptibly toward QUEEN, who has opened in the manila file folder and is brooding over its contents. They speak in quiet tones, so as not to disturb DAISY.

KING: What makes you think it's **him**, after all these years?

QUEEN: Just a **hunch**, Mrs. King.

4.4

Close on KING and QUEEN's worried, guarded faces. Their expressions and body language scream "secret."

KING: And if you're **right?** What do we **tell** them?

4.5

Close-up on the contents of the open folder in QUEEN's hand. On one side, there's a blown-up printout of the white rabbit pattern on the circuit board from the device removed from COLIN's head, as seen in issue six. On the opposite side, a neatly typed report from MAL about his findings, headlined ANALYSIS OF IMPLANT REMOVED FROM MULWRAY, COLIN. The paper is stamped CONFIDENTIAL.

QUEEN (o/p): As **much** as we need to.

QUEEN (o/p): As **little** as we can.

PAGE FIVE

5.1

The PRIME MINISTER sits in a wooden chair in one corner of the dining room we saw on page one, his jacket off, his shirtsleeves rolled up and his tie undone. A young female MEDIC is bandaging a bleeding cut on his forearm. The PRIME MINISTER looks stunned -- as you'd be, naturally, if your own child had just tried to murder you.

ROYCE, who seems completely unperturbed, stands next to the chair, talking on a cellphone with forced good cheer. Behind them both, dark-suited security men do their best to blend in with the wallpaper. One of them is eyeing the MEDIC suspiciously.

PRIME MINISTER (small): My **son**...

ROYCE: ... yes, **Mr. President**, the Prime Minister wants you to know he's **entirely** well.

ROYCE: Though he may have to **pass** on the golf.

5.2

The same dining room. DANNY and DONNY are kneeling down next to the table in their white coats. DONNY is holding the tablecloth up, and both of them are peering underneath -- at what, we can't see yet. We see LORD, CHANCE and BENTLEY, the crisp young head of the prime minister's security detail, in the background.

BENTLEY: ... just in the other room when I heard the **yell**.

BENTLEY: He **holed up** soon as I got the knife from him. Hasn't come out since.

DONNY: **Well**, now.

5.3

We see young JAMIE curled up in a fetal ball underneath. The kid looks feverish, completely out of his head.

JAMIE (small): Will you tell him? Will you tell him God said it was okay?

DONNY (o/p): Ah think we've **foond** the problem.

PAGE SIX

6.1

Close-up on a terrified JAMIE, struggling deliriously as the DOCTORS gently try to restrain him. They've got him sitting in a chair in the dining room.

JAMIE: No... don't...!

DANNY (o/p): Easy, now. We're **nae** guin to hurt ya.

6.2

Pull back a bit to see that DONNY stands behind the JAMIE, while DANNY kneels in front of him. Both of the DOCTORS seem gentle, concerned.

DANNY: My name's **Donny**, and that ugly fella's me brar **Danny**.

DONNY: That's **nae** right. **Ah'm** Donny, **ye're** Danny.

DANNY: Right he is. 'S why our mum makes us wear **tags**.

6.3

As DANNY continues talking to the boy, DONNY spots something odd on the back of JAMIE's neck.

DANNY: We're just havin' a **shuftie** at ye, a'right?

JAMIE: God told me... he said the **devil**'d got in my dad.

6.4

The back of JAMIE's neck. DONNY's hands have lifted up the boy's hair to reveal a tiny metal implant, almost indistinguishable from a mole, right at the base of the skull. In BG, we see DANNY looking up, making eye contact with his brother -- confirming that DONNY's found something.

JAMIE: He was going to **nuke** the world -- God said I had to **stop** him.

JAMIE: Now he's saying my **mum's** going to **burn up**...

6.5

Behind JAMIE, DONNY has gripped the implant with a pair of gleaming steel forceps. In front of the boy, locking eyes with him, DANNY is holding up a thumb toward JAMIE.

DANNY: Jamie. **Jamie**. Ah want ye tae **do** somethin' for me, a'right?

DANNY: When ah count **three**, ye **blow** hard as ye can on m' **thumb**.

DANNY: Ready? One... two...

6.6

DONNY yanks the (thankfully small, but needly) implant out of the back of JAMIE's head. As he blows on DANNY's thumb, the boy's wincing with a sudden brief flare of pain.

DANNY (o/p): Three!

DONNY: hnf

JAMIE: Nggh--!

PAGE SEVEN

7.1

The DOCTORS cradle JAMIE gently as he lapses into unconsciousness. DONNY is holding a gauze pad to the back of JAMIE's head.

JAMIE (sleepy): He... where did he go?

JAMIE (sleep): God stopped **talking**...

DONNY: Shhh. Ye just rest a bit.

7.2

CHANCE examines the small, bloodied probe -- with a long, thin needle extending from a small, bulbous tip -- in an evidence baggie that DONNY is handing to her.

CHANCE: If this is **body modification**, it's gone **too far**.

DONNY: We'll get it back tae the **lab** an' have a crack at it.

7.3

LORD approaches CHANCE, closing up his mobile phone. His face is grim.

LORD: That was Mrs. King. There's been **another** attack.

LORD: The **opposition leader**, over in Notting Hill. By his nine-year-old **daughter**.

CHANCE: Is he all right?

7.4

LORD looks over to where the PRIME MINISTER is taking an out-cold JAMIE gingerly from DANNY's care. The PRIME MINISTER looks shaken, and baffled, and immensely relieved that his son is OK.

LORD: He wasn't so **lucky**.

LORD: It seems she found a **gun**.

PAGE EIGHT

8.1

The Branch's conference room. DANNY and DONNY stand on either side of the video screen at the end of the room, which is currently showing a BBC news broadcast about opposition leader Roger Hadley's death by shooting -- officers carrying a body on a stretcher out of a Notting Hill townhouse, a news crawl at the bottom of the screen, etc. DANNY is holding up a glass vial containing the implant he removed from JAMIE earlier.

DANNY: It's **schizophrenia**, in a wee handy package.

DONNY: **Low-grade hallucinogens** pumped straight intae th' **brain**, an' a **bone-conductive** speaker.

DANNY: "**God**" was broadcastin' **directly** tae our young Jamie's skull.

8.2

LORD, CHANCE and MAL on one side of the table,

CHANCE: Can we **trace** the signal?

MAL: I have **tried**. The device is only a **receiver**, and it now picks up **nothing**.

8.3

KING (standing) and QUEEN (sitting) on the other side of the table. PORTIA stands against a wall at the back of the room, ready to take notes on a legal pad.

QUEEN: The **shooting's** kept attention **off** the PM, at least.

KING: Thank heaven for **small favors**.

8.4

As the DOCTORS take seats, MRS. KING moves toward the video screen with a controller in her hand. The screen now shows a photograph of a dazed-looking girl, NINA, bits of blood spattered across her face, staring directly into the camera.

KING: Nina Hadley, age **eight**. She shot her dad **twice** in the chest with his old **service pistol**.

KING: Sources from the hospital say **she** had an implant, too.

8.5

Close on KING, with the same image on the screen behind her.

KING: Whoever did this gained **intimate access** to two of the most **heavily guarded** children in the nation.

KING: We need to find some **common link** between them,.

8.6

LORD is leaning back in his chair as CHANCE looks at him, interested at what he has to say. LORD's got a hint of that Cheshire smile on his face.

LORD: Then you're lucky I go to **all** the best **fundraisers**.

LORD: I happened to meet **both** their **parents** at the last **Friends of Westminster School** event.

PAGE NINE

Westminster School is a real-life private school near Westminster Abbey in London. I'm fudging facts here somewhat -- the real school wouldn't admit girls as young as Nina, but if there's a prestigious "public" school in London that does, I can't find it.

9.1

It's a beautiful spring day as LORD and CHANCE stroll through Little Dean's Yard, the central courtyard of Westminster school (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Image:Westminster_school_arch_view.jpg) with MRS. ROWENA CHALK, who pretty much matches the description of "aged British schoolmistress" to a T. MRS. CHALK looks sincerely upset by the morning's traumatic news

CHALK: ... all **very** upset to hear of it, of course. We'll have **counselors** in tomorrow for the pupils, Ms., er ...

CHANCE: **Murtaugh**. And this is my **associate**, Mr. **Riggs**.

LORD: The **DfES** appreciates your **preparedness**, Mrs. **Chalk**.

9.2

MRS. CHALK squints appraisingly at LORD, who seems to be changing the subject as breezily as possible.

CHALK: Do pardon me, Mr. Riggs, but I'd **swear** I'd seen you before...

LORD: I'm told I have that sort of **face**. Did you **know** Nina?

9.3

LORD and CHANCE look at one another, noting an interesting fact, as MRS. CHALK talks, lost in thought. They're walking up the steps to one of the administrative buildings.

CHALK: Well enough, yes. She was in **Wren's House**. Such a sweet girl.

CHALK: I saw her just **last week**, actually. With **Jamie**, the Prime Minister's boy...

9.4

As they enter the corridor of the building, CHANCE asks a question, and CHALK answers helpfully.

CHANCE: Are you **sure** it was him?

CHALK: Of course. I thought it was **funny**, you see, given their **parents**.

CHALK: They were on their way to the **nurse**. Something about a **lice screening**. It goes around, you know...

9.5

CHANCE asks another question of an unsuspecting CHALK, wheels turning in her head. LORD seems to be studying something mounted up near the ceiling.

CHANCE: D'you think we could **chat** with the nurse?

CHALK: Oh, Maria was on **holiday** last week. We had a **girl** sent round off the list. I could fetch her name from the office...

9.6

LORD points up to a SECURITY CAMERA mounted near the ceiling, scanning the

hallway. He's giving CHALK his most charming smile.

LORD: That would be **lovely**. And one more thing...

LORD: Can you tell us a bit about the **cameras?**

PAGE TEN

10.1

In a dimly lit security room, LORD and CHANCE sit at a console surrounded by stacks of videotapes, their faces bathed in the whitish glow of multiple security monitors. They're reviewing footage from the school's security cameras. CHANCE is working the controls and looks profoundly bored; LORD is folding up his mobile with one hand and holding a printout in the other.

LORD: ... and of **course**, Mal says the name's a **fake**.

CHANCE: So far I've caught **littering**, **gum** in the **water fountain**, and a bit of **clandestine snogging**. No sinister nurses.

10.2

LORD asks CHANCE a question as he tucks away his phone and hands CHANCE another tape.

CHANCE: **Next**, please. She's got to be on **one** of these.

LORD: So that **survey** you were conducting earlier...

CHANCE: More like a **thought exercise**, really. Got it off the **internet**.

10.3

CHANCE stares at the screen as she talks to LORD, who watches her with interest.

CHANCE: OK. Supposing you were all locked in a gymnasium, and they'd all had training in taking down a larger opponent--

CHANCE (small, to the screen): Oh, **do** pick your nose, there's **nobody** watching...

CHANCE: -- how many **five-year-olds** could you take in a **fair fight**?

10.4

LORD leans back, contemplatively. CHANCE's dialogue comes from off-panel.

LORD: Hmm. Do I have access to **sweets** of any sort?

CHANCE (o/p): No.

LORD: Can I call their **mums**?

CHANCE (o/p): No.

LORD: In that case, I'd have to say...

10.5

LORD sits up abruptly, eyes on the screen; he's laying a gloved hand on CHANCE's forearm to alert her, and she's looking for something onscreen that she doesn't see yet.

LORD: **Wait**. There.

CHANCE: Where?

LORD: Go back, go back.

10.6

On the screen, in grainy but discernible black-and-white, a young woman with shoulder-length dark hair, dressed in a white uniform with a black medical bag, is seen greeting JAMIE outside the nurse's office. NINA is taking a seat on the bench outside.

LORD (o/p): Hello, nurse.

PAGE ELEVEN

11.1

In BG, MAL's computer monitor shows a facial recognition program in progress. There's a grainy, magnified still frame of the NURSE's face from the security video LORD and CHANCE were looking at, with red dots mapping the eyes, nose, and points along the mouth. The program is comparing the distance ratios of these areas against the faces in a series of databases; it's already run through LONDON ID CARDS and is currently on LONDON TRANSIT CAMERAS, with HEATHROW CAMERAS still to go. In FG, MAL is turning around from the monitor to face us as PORTIA speaks from off-panel.

PORTIA (o/p): Was this **you**?

11.2

PORTIA stands in the doorway to MAL's lab. There's an opened box with bits of wrapping paper still sticking to it under one of her arms. She's holding up a stylish black leather jacket, just her size, with a very serious expression on her face.

PORTIA: It's not from Mr. Queen and Mrs. King. Parry would've **teased** me, it's too **thoughtful** for Dr. Chance, and if it's from the **twins**, I'll have to **burn** it.

PORTIA: Plus there's **no note**. That points to **you**.

11.3

MAL in FG, seated, turned away from PORTIA in BG. Here he looks guilty, miserable. He's looking down.

MAL: ... I was supposed to **remove** Colin from our **security database**. The elevator would never have let him in. And he never would have **shot** you.

MAL (small): I just hoped he would **come back**.

11.4

Same angle. PORTIA is holding the jacket up now, out to MAL. From her face, we can see she's clearly touched. She's not just saying this because she feels bad for him. MAL is looking up, with the faintest hint of happy surprise on his face.

PORTIA: I never **blamed** you, Mal.

PORTIA: And I ... I really **like** it.

11.5

MAL has turned around in his chair, meeting PORTIA's eyes for the first time. They're both smiling kind of shyly.

MAL: I... um... sewed a **kevlar composite** into the lining.

MAL: It is **bulletproof**.

PORTIA: **Brilliant**.

11.6

No time for love, Dr. Jones. MAL's computer has begun to beep, and he turns back to see MATCH -- 99.1% flashing on the screen.

COMPUTER/SFX: Beebeep. Beebeep. Beebeep.

PAGE TWELVE

12.1

LORD and CHANCE stand near a newsstand in Central London. LORD's on his cell phone; CHANCE is hastily gobbling a chocolate bar and perusing an issue of LORD's tabloid, the DAILY CLARION. Its headlines blare *HEADLESS MIME IN KITCHEN HORROR!* in reference to poor Harlequin from issue 6.

LORD: ... right, so you've got her at the **turnstile**. Now cross-check the **time stamp** with the **Oyster Card** logs for that station...

LORD: ... she **is**?

CHANCE: Is **what**?

12.2

HANNAH LEWES is indeed the woman from the security tape -- early 20s, pretty, with short dark hair and a friendly face. She's a waitress at a small Central London cafe, in a simple uniform of a white shirt and black pants, casually carrying one of those circular black trays (empty save for a few used napkins and the residue of a few spills.) She's at the back of the restaurant, near the restrooms and the kitchen.

HANNAH: I'm an **actress**, yes.

12.3

CHANCE and LORD question HANNAH, who's starting to get defensive. LORD is smiling pleasantly; CHANCE seems a bit more skeptical and sarcastic. She thinks this girl's a bad egg.

CHANCE: Just until the **waitressing** takes off, I suppose.

HANNAH: Look, what's this about?

LORD: I'm Mr. **Marlow**, and this is Miss **Bacon**, from the **Actors' Equity**.

12.4

LORD continues his questioning. HANNAH's smiling, relieved

LORD: **Hannah**, someone told us you'd done some work **out of shop** last **Tuesday**, at the Westminster School.

HANNAH: Then it **can't** have been me. I had an **audition** over in **Putney**.

12.5

HANNAH explains eagerly. She's clearly excited about this opportunity, though trying not to get her hopes up too high.

HANNAH: It was at the old hospital -- some kind of **horror** thing.

HANNAH: Got it through my **agency**. **Weird** audition, but I got the part.

12.6

LORD and CHANCE begin to look concerned as HANNAH, troubled, finds she can't quite remember. She's absentmindedly rubbing the back of her neck.

CHANCE: Weird **how**, exactly?

HANNAH: It was... it... I went out to **celebrate** after. Had a bit **too much**, I think.

HANNAH: I remember a **voice**...

PAGE THIRTEEN

13.1

HANNAH's getting woozy now, swaying. LORD steps behind her to steady her; CHANCE, wary but concerned, is snapping her fingers in front of HANNAH's face.

HANNAH: And then... then...

LORD: **Steady**, now.

CHANCE: Hannah? Can you hear me?

13.2

Close on HANNAH's face as she sags against LORD; she's really not feeling well all of a sudden.

HANNAH (weak): I can't... I know I should **remember** this...

HANNAH (weak): Does anyone else hear a **beeping**?

13.3

CHANCE is propping up HANNAH's chin and looking at one of her eyes. She's curious, but not completely concerned yet.

CHANCE: Good **God**. Her pupils've gone completely **dilated**.

HANNAH (weak): 'S getting **louder**...

13.4

LORD looks down at the base of HANNAH's neck and skull. He doesn't like what he sees.

HANNAH (weak): Can I... can I get an **aspirin**?

CHANCE (o/p): We need to get her to **hospital**...

LORD: Dr. Chance...

13.5

From LORD's POV: Along the base of HANNAH's spine and up the back of her skull, tiny pinpricks of red light are blinking, implanted just under the skin...

HANNAH (weak): My head's just **killing** me.

SFX: bip bip bip bipbipbipbipbipbip

13.6

LORD is moving quickly now, letting HANNAH sag against the wall and grabbing CHANCE as if to drag her away.

HANNAH: Nnnnnnghhh--

LORD: **Move**, Doctor!

CHANCE: What in --?!

PAGE FOURTEEN

14.1

Um... well... poor HANNAH's head explodes. The back of it, mostly, as all the little subcutaneous implants detonate in a cluster. This most definitely does not need to be graphic . LORD is shielding CHANCE with his body as they hit the floor, falling out into the restaurant proper.

NO DIALOGUE

14.2

What's left of HANNAH drops to the floor, falling in a way that shields most of the grisly bits from our view. LORD and CHANCE, profoundly shaken, look over at her from their position on the floor.

SFX: THUD.

14.3

LORD and CHANCE begin to sit up and collect themselves. Both of them, especially LORD, are spattered with red bits of something it's best not to think about. They don't look frightened -- just shocked and sort of appalled. Behind them, the patrons of the restaurant are starting to look over. The noise wasn't that loud, and they can't see what just happened... yet...

LORD: ... Are you **all right**, Doctor?

CHANCE: I really don't think so.

CHANCE (small): There's a bit of... there's something on your **face**.

14.4

PUTNEY HOSPITAL (<http://www.derelictlondon.com/id747.htm>) at twilight. Deserted. Sinister. A metal gate, looped with a chain, bars vehicle traffic. There's a tattered sign on the gate, dated from 2000: **CLOSED BY ORDER OF METROPOLITAN POLICE**. We see the silhouettes of CHANCE and LORD, beyond the gate, walking across the cracked and weedy parking lot toward the hospital.

NO DIALOGUE

PAGE FIFTEEN

15.1

LORD and CHANCE walk across the parking lot towards the hospital. If we can see their hands, they're carrying flashlights. CHANCE still looks a bit shaken. LORD is grim, as if he's remembering something deeply unpleasant.

CHANCE: **Why** aren't we going in with a **full tactical squad**?

LORD: They tend not to be all that **discreet**. Or **subtle**.

15.2

The doors of the hospital. There's graffiti on the glass, which is boarded over on the inside; a handwritten note peeling away from the door reads THIS HOSPITAL IS NOW CLOSED. LORD is using the tip of his umbrella to lever open the (fairly flimsy) chains securing the door.

CHANCE (o/p): Neither is **someone's head exploding**.

SFX/CHAINS: Snap!

15.3

LORD and CHANCE, silhouetted against the fading light, enter the darkened waiting room. Their flashlight beams cut through the dark.

LORD: This was a **children's hospital** before it closed.

LORD: They'd started **renovations** when the **red tape** rolled in.

15.4

LORD and CHANCE walk down a hallway, playing their beams along the walls, illuminating children's drawings stuck on the walls.

CHANCE: Any idea what we're **looking** for?

LORD: I expect we'll know it when we--

15.5

From inside one of the rooms along the hallway, we see LORD shining his flashlight beam in. He looks alarmed. Behind him, CHANCE is turning to look over his shoulder.

LORD: ... **see** ... it.

LORD: Doctor...?

PAGE SIXTEEN

16.1

LORD and CHANCE's flashlight beams illuminate a grisly scene: a dead man on an operating gurney, naked save for a sheet, limbs splayed off the table. Surgical tools, some clean, some lying in a bowl of bloodied water, rest on a nearby tray. Parts of the corpse have been cut out and replaced with blood-smearred cybernetic components-- especially on the legs, one of the arms, and in the chest cavity, where some kind of large socket or receptacle has been implanted. The body's face is completely covered by a familiar white mask with circular red eyes -- the mask of the BUNNYMEN from issue 1.

NO DIALOGUE

16.2

CHANCE and LORD study the body with a mix of curiosity and horror. CHANCE is gingerly reaching out to touch its skin.

LORD: It looks like the things that **attacked** you in the **Tube**.

CHANCE: The **Bunnymen**, Daisy called them.

CHANCE: It's... **still warm**.

16.3

LORD's gloved hands hold up the non-cybernetic arm of the poor dead BUNNYMAN. We've got a close-up on his fingernails, which look grimy, loose, and vaguely bloody around the cuticles, and a years-old tattoo -- a scroll with the word "Jasmine" on it -- on the inside of the forearm.

LORD: **Blood** under the fingernails. **Scurvy**. He was **malnourished**.

LORD: And this **tattoo**...

16.4

LORD and CHANCE look up suddenly as a VOICE comes over the crackling hospital intercom (from a speaker on the ceiling.) A familiar anger is creeping across CHANCE's face.

SFX/INTERCOM: Skkkkrrkk--

VOICE: **Do** excuse the **mess**.

VOICE: I should have **expected** company, but I hadn't **time** to **tidy up**.

CHANCE (small): I **know** that **voice**...

16.5

We're looking down the hallway from the opposite end, as LORD and CHANCE in BG emerge at a run from the room they were just in. The hallway is lined with doors leading to other patient rooms; there's a wheeled gurney against one wall near LORD and CHANCE, next to a large wheeled laundry bin full of linens. The VOICE carries to them from all the way at the far end, though we don't yet see who's speaking.

VOICE: You're **earlier** than I thought.

VOICE: I can **appreciate** that.

PAGE SEVENTEEN

17.1

At the far end of the hallway, eerily backlit by a single flickering fluorescent array above, a man in a crisp, old-fashioned white suit sits in some sort of elaborate wheelchair. A blanket lies across his lap. In one gnarled hand, he holds a pocket watch whose chain snakes back inside his suit jacket. Though his face is mostly in shadow, we can see that he's wearing what looks like a disturbingly lifelike rabbit mask -- long ears, whiskers, and dark, staring eyes. Meet the WHITE RABBIT.

And standing next to him, wrapped head to toe in billowing scarlet cloth, with the deadly stillness of a statue -- the RED QUEEN.

RABBIT: Tell me, **Dr. Chance** -- how is your **dear mentor**?

RABBIT: I heard he'd had **such a nasty fall**.

17.2

Horrible realization is dawning on CHANCE, her hands clenched into fists, as LORD physically restrains her from charging off down the hallway.

CHANCE (small): It was you...

CHANCE (shouting): It was **YOU!**

LORD: Doctor, **don't**.

17.3

The WHITE RABBIT idly studies the face of his ticking pocket watch.

RABBIT: And **you**, Mr. Lord -- has your friend **Colin** learned his **lesson**?

RABBIT: He shouldn't go **poking** into **strange holes**. You never **know** where they lead.

17.4

LORD's eyes narrow in cold contempt as he continues to hold back a furious CHANCE.

LORD: All those **homeless** gone missing in the **Tube tunnels**...

LORD: **You** were **using** them. As ... as **raw materials**.

17.5

Pull back a bit to show CHANCE in LORD's grip, practically spitting mad as she glares at the WHITE RABBIT. It's clear she means precisely what she says.

CHANCE: I'm going to **kill** you.

RABBIT (o/p): Heh. I'm afraid you've got that **reversed**, my dear.

CHANCE: You and **what bloody army**?

PAGE EIGHTEEN

18.1

The RABBIT gestures to the RED QUEEN, who has produced some kind of control device from beneath her robes (with her right hand) and is hitting a button on its surface.

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

RABBIT (to RED QUEEN): If you'd be so kind...?

SFX/BUTTON: beebEEP.

18.2

Small feet, in ragged clothes and bare feet or hole-eaten sneakers, shuffle out onto the tiled floor of the hallway from the various doors along the corridor between LORD and CHANCE and the WHITE RABBIT. *Lots* of small feet.

SFX (overlapping): shuf shuf shuf shuf shuf shuf shuf

18.3

In FG, we see a sea of small heads and shoulders coming up to about waist height on LORD and CHANCE, facing toward them. A single red dot glows on the back of each one's neck, in the same place as JAMIE's implant. LORD is loosening his grip on CHANCE as they both look at what's happening in alarm -- a sort of "oh, what *next?*" expression.

LORD (small): **Really**, Doctor...

LORD (small): You just don't **say** things like that to **this sort** of people.

RABBIT (o/p): The **truly** useful thing I've found is...

18.4

An army of about 20 CHILDREN, ragged boys and girls between the ages of five and eleven, stare blankly out at LORD and CHANCE. They're hefting knives, bits of lead pipe, chunks of glass, surgical saws -- all sorts of nasty makeshift weapons. The RABBIT, behind them at the end of the hall, spreads his arms grandly.

RABBIT: ... **adults** aren't the **only** ones **homeless**.

18.5

Close on the shadowed, eerie mask covering the WHITE RABBIT's face.

RABBIT: Children, this is **God**. Cut them to bits.

RABBIT: If you're done in **under five minutes**, there's a **treat** for you.

PAGE NINETEEN

19.1

The CHILDREN charge, screaming, weapons raised, faces filled with pure, blank-eyed hate.

SFX/CHILDREN: RRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH

19.2

LORD and CHANCE back up as the mob of CHILDREN swiftly encircles them. CHANCE is in a foul temper; LORD's trying to remain calm.

CHANCE: Yes, I'm **so** glad we took the **subtle approach!**

LORD: **Not helping**, Doctor...!

19.3

The CHILDREN attack, clawing at LORD and CHANCE, tearing their sleeves, slashing with knives at their arms and legs. We can see that the children all have the small external implants, like JAMIE's, on the backs of their necks/bases of their skulls. LORD, in the center of the hallway, has dropped his flashlight and is trying to fend them off with his umbrella; CHANCE, closer to the wall and the hamper full of old linens, is trying to push or kick them back without hurting them, swinging her flashlight at them.

CHANCE: Aaah! **Dammit!** They're not **allowed to bite!**

LORD: I don't think they **know** that!

19.4

A young GIRL in the midst of the crowd gracelessly throws a sizable aluminum container at LORD. It sloshes in midair.

SFX: Slosh slosh slosh

19.5

LORD makes a neat one-handed catch of the bottle before it can strike his head. The label is catching his eye, and he's having an idea.

LORD: **Hello...**

19.6

LORD flips the bottle to CHANCE, who reaches out to catch it as she kicks away at the swarm of children.

LORD: **Doctor! The linens!**

19.7

CHANCE's hand catches the bottle. The label reads ISOFLURANE ANAESTHETIC -- CAUTION -- VOLATILE.

NO DIALOGUE

PAGE TWENTY

20.1

With LORD providing cover with his umbrella as best he can, CHANCE dumps the contents of the unscrewed flask all over the linens in the hamper. She's got her face turned as much away from the liquid as possible, trying to not to breathe the vapors.

NO DIALOGUE

20.2

CHANCE begins hauling the anaesthetic-soaked sheets out of the hamper and flinging them over the heads of the children.

CHANCE (to LORD): Right. Try not to **breathe deeply!**

20.3

LORD and CHANCE use the sheets as a sort of net, scooping up as many CHILDREN as they can. On the floor, some of them can be seen flailing around underneath the linens.

CHANCE: **Slippery** little devils...

LORD: I think it's working!

20.4

LORD and CHANCE catch their breath as the last of the CHILDREN, flailing about under a sheet, sinks to his knees. They're bruised, cut, tattered and exhausted.

LORD: ... eighteen, nineteen ... twenty-one. **Twenty-one.**

CHANCE: What?

LORD: There's my answer to your **survey.**

20.5

Similar angle. LORD and CHANCE's eyes go wide as, from beneath the blankets all around them, things begin to beep steadily -- a sound not unlike they heard just before HANNAH's head blew up. Beneath the sheets, we can see little dots of red light flashing.

SFX: (multiple instances) bip. bip. bip. bip.

CHANCE (small): D'you **hear** that...?

PAGE TWENTY-ONE

21.1

The RED QUEEN has taken up position behind the WHITE RABBIT's chair as if to push it. The RABBIT is waving goodbye down the hall to LORD and CHANCE.

RABBIT (small): **Children.** Bloody **useless.**

RABBIT: You'll think me a **poor sport**, I'm sure, but I can't have you **following.**

RABBIT: I'll give you, say, **90** seconds. Then their little **heads** pop like **Christmas crackers.**

21.2

In FG, LORD and CHANCE look at one another in horror. In middle ground, we see the children sprawled out in the hallway under the anaesthetic-soaked sheets. In BG, the distant figures of the RABBIT and the RED QUEEN disappear into the gloom at the end of the hall.

RABBIT (fading): Give my **best** to Mrs. King. And the **colored** one.

21.3

CHANCE pulls out a Leatherman multitool, flicking out the pliers with a practiced motion. With her other hand, she's holding a Swiss Army Knife out to LORD. She's got a look on her face like, "I'm not sure I can do this." He just looks deadly serious.

SFX/Leatherman: Ka-click.

SFX (multiple): bip. bip. bip. bip.

CHANCE (small): Oh, God. Okay.

CHANCE: Here. **Base** of the **skull.**

21.4

CHANCE yanks a beeping implant out of a young BOY's neck. He's semiconscious and drooling (side effect of the anaesthetic). In the background, LORD is lifting a young girl's hair away from the back of her neck.

CHANCE: That's **one.**

BOY (weak): nnnnn...

SFX: bip. bip. bip.

21.5

LORD has just plucked an implant out of a different girl, and is tossing it back over his shoulder. CHANCE is hastily yanking a sheet off another cluster of children.

SFX: bip. bip. bip. bip.

21.6

In extreme FG, we're down on the tile floor a few yards behind LORD and CHANCE, where we see a scattering of bloodied implants flashing and beeping (where LORD and CHANCE have tossed them.) In BG, we can see the figures of LORD and CHANCE, half-lit by the beams of their flashlights resting on the floor, frantically working.

LORD: **Seven!**

CHANCE: **Eight!**

SFX: bip. bip. bip. bip.

PAGE TWENTY-TWO

22.1

CHANCE gets her pliers gripped on another implant in a GIRL's neck. She's pushing her glasses back up from where they've slipped down her nose.

SFX: bip. bip. bip. bip.

22.2

LORD plucks an implant out of a young BOY, focused on his task.

SFX: bip. bip. bip. bip.

22.3

The pile of implants on the floor behind LORD and CHANCE. It's significantly larger. A fresh one is pinging and skittering into its midst.

SFX: bip. bip. bip. bip.

CHANCE (o/p): **Nineteen...**

LORD (o/p): **Twenty...**

22.4

CHANCE, frantic, on her knees, looks around the scattered forms of the children.

CHANCE: **Twenty-one!**

CHANCE: Where's **twenty-one?**

22.5

LORD has just plucked it from the neck of a child lying against one wall, and is hurling it back down the corridor. His face shines with sweat, and he's clearly stressed.

LORD: **Got it!**

22.6

CHANCE is grabbing the gurney that was up against the wall and throwing it to the floor to form a barrier against the detonation. LORD is rushing up to join her.

CHANCE: How much **time?**

CHANCE: How much --

PAGE TWENTY-THREE

23.1

LORD all but tackles CHANCE, and they're silhouetted in light as they drop to the floor behind the kicked-over gurney as a small but significant explosion blooms on the opposite side.

SFX: FOOMF!

23.2

Silence. Beyond the gurney, there's a small, smoking black hole in the tile floor, with a few smaller scorch marks outlying, where the implants went off. Bits of tile are raining down from the ceiling. LORD and CHANCE just lie there, staring ahead, exhausted, trying to process what a close call they've just had.

NO DIALOGUE

23.3

Pull further back along the hallway to show the CHILDREN scattered about, stirring faintly in their anaesthetic stupor. LORD and CHANCE, in BG, are looking at each other now.

NO DIALOGUE

23.4

And even further back down the hallway, with LORD, CHANCE and the CHILDREN small figures in the distance, we see the WHITE RABBIT's mask lying tauntingly on the floor, in the lone pool of fluorescent light.

NO DIALOGUE

PAGE TWENTY-FOUR

24.1

LORD and CHANCE are outside on the concrete hospital steps, illuminated by two exterior lights near the hospital's front door. CHANCE is sitting, her face in shadow, one fist clenched around the WHITE RABBIT's mask. LORD is standing, on his cell phone. For now, all we see is the MASK in CHANCE's fist.

LORD (o/p): Right. **Thank you.**

24.2

LORD snaps shut his phone and talks to CHANCE. He's leaning against a railing on the steps, more out of weariness than any attempt at style. She just sits there, looking at the mask in her hand. They both look battered all to hell.

LORD: They're sending **ambulances.**

LORD: And **Mal**, and the **twins**. A full **evidence** team from **Five**.

24.3

CHANCE stands up, dropping the mask to the cracked asphalt. LORD looks at her, concerned.

LORD: They might be able to...

LORD: Dr. Chance? Are you **all right?**

24.4

CHANCE stomps on the mask, hard, grinding it with the heel of her boot. LORD watches, a bit shocked, but mostly sympathetic.

CHANCE: He dropped the most **decent** man I knew out a **window**. And then he made a **joke** about it.

CHANCE: **And** the waitress. **And** the children. **And** that poor git on the **table...**

24.5

CHANCE turns back to LORD, and in the light on her face we can see that she's crying.

CHANCE: We **find** him. **Promise** me. No matter how **deep** the hole.

CHANCE: We **find** him and we **shove** him in a **cage**.

24.6

CHANCE sits down again, hard. LORD is sitting down beside her, sympathetic, not sure what to do. With one hand, CHANCE is taking her glasses off; with the other, she's trying to wipe her eyes with the heel of one palm. The mask remains crushed under one of her boots.

CHANCE: Ahh. *snff* God.

CHANCE (small): **No**. I am bloody well **not all right**.