

**AGENTS EXTRAORDINARY  
9: THE HUNTING OF THE SNARK, PT. 2**

**By Nathan Alderman**

**PAGE ONE**

1.1

Flashback, to later on the same day we flashed back to in issue 8. Night in a cozy cottage. Children's hands -- those of eight-year-old CELIA CHANCE and her 13-year-old brother CECIL -- reach across a scattered pile of gun parts on a carpeted floor, picking various bits out of the pile. CELIA's smaller hands are considerably smudgier and dirtier than CECIL's.

CAPTION: Nineteen years ago.

CECIL (o/p, whispering): No, no, that one goes to the **Mauser**.

CELIA (o/p, whispering): I know what I'm doing.

1.2

CECIL and CELIA sit Indian-style on the floor of their father's study, reassembling the pile of their father's guns that CELIA disassembled in the previous flashback. They're whispering to each other, working covertly. CECIL's clearly not supposed to be here. CECIL looks around at the mess, but he's more sympathetic to CELIA than upset with her.

CECIL (whisper): **Cor**, Ceelie. Cracking his **safe**, taking apart the **guns**...

CECIL (whisper): You don't do a thing by **halves**.

1.3

CELIA keeps her head down, sliding a barrel back onto a rifle stock.

CELIA (whisper): I'm not **useless**.

CELIA (whisper): He **shouldn't** have **said so**.

1.4

A light from the hallway outside switches on, and a shadow from the doorway falls across CECIL, CELIA, and the guns. The look on CECIL's face shows he knows he's busted.

SFX/lightswitch: click.

COLONEL (o/p): So **that's** where you'd got to.

1.5

COLONEL CYRIL CHANCE looks stern, but not cruel, as he regards his children. With the light from the hallway behind him, his features are visible but shadowed.

COLONEL: **Up**, Cecil.

COLONEL: Your sister did this **alone**. And that's how she'll **mend** it.

## PAGE TWO

2.1

CECIL gets up, turning back to make eye contact with CELIA. He's winking at her bravely.

CECIL: Yes sir, Colonel.

2.2

Out in the hallway, CECIL stands at attention against the wall, looking appropriately guilty. Behind him, we see framed pictures of his father in the military, and framed patches and commendations from the British Special Air Services. His father's face is reflected in the glass of at least one of these pictures as he lectures CECIL. They're talking in low voices.

CECIL: I'm sorry, sir. I--

COLONEL: You looked after your **own**, Cecil. Don't **apologize**.

COLONEL: But **she's** got to do this.

2.3

In the study, illuminated by the light from the hallway, CELIA grudgingly reassembles rifles. She's listening to her dad's voice filtering in from the hall.

COLONEL (o/p): You can **train** men. You can **lead** them into battle. You can even **trust** them.

COLONEL (o/p): But you can never let yourself **rely** on them. Expect them to **pick up** where you **stumble**.

2.4

Close on young CELIA's face as she absorbs this information grimly, wheels turning in her young mind.

COLONEL (o/p): You're always **alone**, in your way.

COLONEL (o/p): And in the end, you can only rely on **yourself**.

2.5

Flashback over. We're back in the present, the dark hallway of the PROSPERS' country estate, where a full-grown CHANCE and young ARI PROSPER peer cautiously around the edge of a doorway. Their faces are illuminated by a faint, eerie green glow from within the room. They, too, speak in whispers. ARI clutches her laptop computer, whose cover has the word "NANERL" written on it on a scrap of tape.

CHANCE (whisper): You said your brother doesn't like **contact**, right, **Ari**?

ARI (whisper): The... the slightest **touch** and **Cal** screams his **head** off.

CHANCE (whisper): Right. Guess this'll be **noisy**.

## PAGE THREE

3.1

And we're right back where we ended issue 8: autistic young CAL sits in the middle of a mostly dark room, fiddling obliviously with the broken remains of the Lego GREETERBOT he built, as three of his father's artificially intelligent, roughly hound-shaped BOTS -- ACE, LAD, and VIXEN -- slowly circle him, fixing him in the glow of their green night-vision eyes. There's an open doorway on the opposite side of the room, and some stairs faintly visible beyond.

NO DIALOGUE

3.2

LAD, closest to CAL, raises one huge metal paw slowly, as if it's going to swipe the boy's head off.

NO DIALOGUE

3.3

CAL looks up, blankly, straight into the glowing green face of the BOT.

NO DIALOGUE

3.4

The three BOTS all turn in unison to something bright and noisy as it skids across the wood floor to the far corner of the room. It's ARI's laptop, open to reveal its glowing screen, and it's playing music.

SFX: Skrrrrrrrk!

SFX/laptop: (loud music, preferably something from Mozart)

3.5

ACE leaps onto the laptop, the others just a half-step behind it, and crushes the laptop under its metal paw. Behind the bots, just a few feet away, we see the shadowy figures of CHANCE and ARI racing into the room toward CAL.

SFX/laptop: ssskkkkkkrrrrrrrk--\*

SFX: SKRUNCH!

3.6

In FG, CHANCE has ARI by one hand and has scooped up a startled and flailing CAL in the other. CAL is screaming his head off, and CHANCE and ARI are just booking it hell-for-leather through the doorway at the opposite end of the room. CHANCE has her teeth gritted against CAL's wailing. Behind them, the BOTS have turned to spot them.

CAL: AAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

## PAGE FOUR

4.1

CHANCE, ARI, and the struggling CAL are halfway up the stairs -- the same ones CHANCE and LORD climbed to their guest rooms in the previous issue -- as the BOTS come skidding out of the room behind them, in hot pursuit like a pack of loping wolves. If possible, show the two sabers mounted on the wall that we saw last issue.

CAL: NNNNAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

4.2

On the landing above, CHANCE, CAL, and ARI are ducking into CHANCE's guest room as the BOTS surge up from the top of the stairs, gaining ground.

CAL: AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

4.3

Inside the room, CHANCE has set down CAL and thrown herself bodily against the door, locking it with one hand. She's shouting at ARI to be heard over CAL's wailing.

CAL: AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

CHANCE: **Chair! Dresser! ANYTHING HEAVY!**

4.4

CHANCE and ARI wedge a stout-looking chair under the knob of the thick oak door. The door is vibrating as the BOTS slam into it from outside. CAL? Still screaming, but diminishing to more of a low wail.

SFX/door: THUD! THUD!

CAL (o/p): AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

CHANCE: Take your brother and get in the wardrobe. **Hide!**

4.5

CHANCE dives across the room and begins tearing open the birthday parcel she brought with her last issue as ARI drags CAL past the guest bed toward the wardrobe on the opposite end of the room. Under the paper, CHANCE's parcel is some sort of black plastic case.

CHANCE: **Please**, Daddy, let this be as **predictable** as **last year's gift...**

## PAGE FIVE

5.1

Close on the door, the chair wedged against it. It's beginning to crack as the BOTS slam their bodies against it.

SFX: THUD!

5.2

Same angle. The midsection of the door has begun to split and buckle with the latest blow.

SFX: THUD!

5.3

The door is cracking open now, and in the gap, we can see a glint of green mechanical eyes...

SFX: **THUD!**

5.4

The door bursts open in a hail of splinters as ACE leaps into the room!

SFX: **KRAAK!**

5.5

And then ACE's head and midsection EXPLODE, the impact twisting the bot around in midair, in a hail of withering buckshot!

SFX: BLAM!

5.6

CHANCE is sitting on the floor, her back braced against the far wall to counteract the recoil, aiming a smoking Remington 870 pump-action shotgun grimly at the gap in the door. There are wood splinters stuck in her cheeks and forearms, drawing blood, but she looks slightly dazed and relieved. ACE's mangled remains lie inches from her feet; the open case for her gun and torn wrapping paper lie nearby, as does a hastily opened box of shotgun shells, a few of which are scattered on the floor within CHANCE's easy reach.

CHANCE: Oh, **Daddy.**

CHANCE: It's **just** what I **wanted.**

TITLE AND CREDITS

## PAGE SIX

6.1

The greenhouse, just where we left LORD and DR. PROSPER. Close on a large puddle on the soaked wood-chip floor of the greenhouse, and the live electrical cable dropping directly toward it. The puddle reflects the hulking figure of BRUTE crouched on the metal rafters of the greenhouse directly above.

CAPTION: Five minutes ago.

SFX/CABLE: Fzzzzzzzz

6.2

As BRUTE watches from his perch, LORD runs toward PROSPER, who's just turning around to see what's going on. CHAMP, the small BOT with the damaged leg, sits in a puddle just in front of PROSPER. LORD is shouting a warning to PROSPER, waving his umbrella in one hand and his flashlight in the other.

LORD: **Doctor--!**

6.3

The cable hits the wet ground with a splash, sending electricity arcing across the puddles on the greenhouse floor. LORD's throwing himself bodily onto one of the wood-lined planters, where he'll be insulated from the charge. PROSPER's not so lucky-- the force of the charge causes such a violent contraction in his legs that he's literally blown up and off his feet, flying through the air toward the opposite wall of the greenhouse. CHAMP's tiny body is exploding with violent electrical sparks.

SFX: FZZZRRRK!

PROSPER: Hggglkkk

6.4

PROSPER smacks hard against the metal supports of the greenhouse wall, landing in the midst of the planter opposite from LORD's. His feet and lower legs are scorched and smoking, and he seems semiconscious at best.

SFX: THWUD!

6.5

LORD, crouched, with his hat askew, leans over the edge of the planter, calling out to PROSPER. He does not yet see that, behind him, BRUTE has just jumped down onto a planter a few rows down -- and seems to have LORD in his sights.

LORD: **Dr. Prosper!**

LORD: ... Doctor?

## PAGE SEVEN

7.1

BRUTE leaps, effortlessly crossing half the greenhouse in one bound, and LORD somersaults backwards to dodge the BOT's pounce. LORD keeps his umbrella, but loses his hat and flashlight.

NO DIALOGUE.

7.2

LORD lands in a crouch, his umbrella raised like a sword. He's now disheveled and hatless. He and BRUTE size one another up from opposite ends of the (fairly large) planter.

LORD: You'll have to do **better**.

LORD: I've spent summers in **tiger country**.

7.3

BRUTE charges, decimating a stand of tomato plants, taking a swipe with a massive front paw -- but LORD's already gone, vaulting backwards through the air, over the gap to the next planter. On the ground in the gap below, we can see sparks of electricity still crackling along the bubbling, steaming puddles on the ground.

LORD: *Hup!*

7.4

LORD lands as BRUTE springs, crossing the gap.

LORD: *Hnf!*

7.5

LORD sidesteps, using his umbrella to mask his movements, as BRUTE barrels past. The broly loses a chunk of its fabric, but otherwise LORD's OK -- grinning, even.

LORD: Too slow!

SFX/FABRIC: skrrrrrp

7.6

BRUTE whips his tail suddenly into the back of LORD's knees, knocking his feet out from under him!

LORD: Gah!

## **PAGE EIGHT**

8.1

LORD lies in the dirt, the wind knocked out of him momentarily, as BRUTE looms over him. The umbrella lies just out of LORD's reach... but there's a wooden stake from a garden planter sticking up out of the dirt nearby...

LORD (small): Then again...

8.2

LORD grabs the wooden stake as BRUTE raises one massive paw to crush LORD's skull.

NO DIALOGUE

8.3

LORD jams the wooden stake fiercely into the joint between BRUTE's upraised leg and its torso!

LORD: HhhhAA!

SFX: CHOK!

8.4

LORD rolls out of the way, scooping up his umbrella as BRUTE flails about, trying to dislodge the stake.

NO DIALOGUE

8.5

BRUTE manages to shake the stake loose and turns toward LORD. With his back to the edge of the planter, LORD has once again raised the umbrella like a red cape. LORD's back is to the edge of this planter.

LORD (small): Come on... come on...



## PAGE NINE

9.1

BRUTE springs -- and LORD sidesteps again, inverting the umbrella so that the handle faces toward BRUTE, and the fabric of the umbrella is poised to envelop BRUTE's face.

NO DIALOGUE

9.2

As BRUTE's momentum carries it forward, LORD draws the umbrella closed around its head, blinding it, and gives it a shove in the direction of the ground.

NO DIALOGUE

9.3

BRUTE, paws flailing at the umbrella over its head, hits the electrified ground! Sparks fly! In the background, we can see the figure of DR. PROSPER, still sprawled on the opposite planter.

SFX: SPLASH!

SFX: FZZZZRRRRK!

9.4

As LORD watches, BRUTE writhes and dies, fire erupting from his joints as he's cooked by the electric current. LORD's now-mangled umbrella is also catching on fire.

SFX: Spak! Spak!

SFX: FZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ

9.5

If possible, let's take in the whole scene here; the electrical cable at the opposite end of the greenhouse, still dangling through a smashed hole in the glass roof; DR. PROSPER slumped in a planter on one side of the aisle, stirring faintly; LORD, exhausted, kneeling on the edge of an opposite planter, looking down at BRUTE; and the unmoving husks of BRUTE and CHAMP, still sparking and burning, on the wet and electrified ground in between.

LORD: Lie down. **Play dead.**

LORD: Good dog.

## PAGE TEN

10.1

Back upstairs in CHANCE's room. In FG, she's kneeling now, loading more shells into the shotgun from the open box nearby, looking down at the mangled remains of ACE. In BG, we see ARI peeking out from behind one of the doors of the thick wooden wardrobe.

CHANCE (small): Like **K-9** and the bloody **Daleks** in one...

CHANCE: You two all right?

10.2

ARI, rattled but hanging in there, opens the wardrobe door a little wider to show a placid CAL, liberally wrapped in blankets (think E.T. in the bicycle basket), staring blankly out. The two children are crouched at the bottom of the wardrobe.

ARI: I... I think so. **Cal** likes the **blankets**.

ARI: Is it dead?

10.3

BOOM! The BOT labeled LAD bursts through the relatively thin sheetrock wall just beside the wardrobe, sending chunks of wall, wood, and plaster dust flying. ARI screams.

SFX: CRUMPF!

ARI: **Aaaaa!**

10.4

CHANCE brings up the shotgun as LAD vaults up and off the bed, making straight for her, and blows it to bits.

SFX: **BOOM!**

SFX: SHRAKK!

10.5

CHANCE winces a bit at the noise of the blast still ringing in her ears. Plaster dust is raining ominously down from the ceiling onto her head and shoulders. LAD's remains, if we can see them, are strewn about the shredded bedspread.

CHANCE (small): **Damn**, that's loud.

CHANCE: Two down... so where's the last?

SFX (from ceiling, small): creeeeek.

## PAGE ELEVEN

11.1

In an explosion of plaster, VIXEN drops straight down through the ceiling onto CHANCE's back, knocking her to the floor and sending the shotgun skidding across the carpet toward the wardrobe.

SFX: SMASH!  
CHANCE: **Uhn!**

11.2

CHANCE, on the floor, tries to fight off VIXEN's weight with one hand while reaching out for the shotgun with the other. It's too far to reach, and VIXEN's too heavy to shake off.

CHANCE: **Ari!**  
CHANCE: Get the **gun**, Ari!

11.3

But ARI's paralyzed with fear, cowering in the wardrobe and hugging CAL. It's understandable -- this is a lot for anyone to deal with, much less a sheltered 12-year-old.

CHANCE (o/p): Ari, the **gun!**  
ARI: I -- I--

11.4

VIXEN puts a paw down on the back of CHANCE's neck... and begins to press down... CHANCE's grimacing face shows just how much this hurts. She's still clawing for the gun...

CHANCE: Nnnnnnggggh--!

11.5

LORD leaps through the hole in the door -- created by ACE, but enlarged by CHANCE's shotgun blast -- with his arms crossed across his chest. He's got a saber in each hand (the ones we earlier saw mounted on the hallway wall) with the blades trailing behind him. His eyes are falling on VIXEN as the BOT attacks CHANCE.

NO DIALOGUE

11.6

VIXEN turns to see LORD, and in one neat motion, LORD uncrosses his arms, swinging the blades and neatly decapitating VIXEN at the vulnerable cables in her neck. LORD, disheveled but alert, looks like he's getting a little more enjoyment out of this than might perhaps be healthy.

LORD: Hhhhhh**haah!**  
SFX: Shvikk!

## PAGE TWELVE

12.1

LORD inspects the blades of his swords with some measure of satisfaction. CHANCE, on the floor, is up on her knees, rubbing the back of her neck.

LORD: I honestly didn't think they'd keep these things **sharpened**.

LORD: Are you **hurt**, Doctor?

CHANCE: **Took** you bloody long enough.

12.2

LORD has set aside one of his swords to offer CHANCE a hand up, but she's shrugging it off. They're both a mess -- his suit is ripped and muddy, and his hat looks a bit the worse for wear; she's still got splinters stuck and bleeding in her face and arms, and is frosted liberally with plaster dust.

LORD: That **can't** be your **birthday gift**.

CHANCE: Last year it was a **Glock**. Daddy has **concerns** about my **neighbourhood**.

CHANCE: Where's Prosper?

12.3

LORD talks to CHANCE quietly, his eyes focusing past her to ARI and CAL in the wardrobe, as she pumps the shotgun, ejecting the spent shell from the chamber.

SFX/SHOTGUN: SHAK-CHAK!

LORD: I left him in the **hall**.

LORD (small): Nasty **electric burns** on the legs and feet. He's **in and out**.

LORD (small): The robots set a **trap** for us.

12.4

ARI leads CAL cautiously out of the wardrobe. CHANCE looks at her sympathetically as ARI apologizes. LORD, in BG, is fishing his cellphone out of his jacket pocket.

ARI: I'm sorry. I just, I just **couldn't**--

CHANCE: It's OK. Would have rattled **anyone**.

CHANCE: You looked after your **own**.

12.5

LORD has his cellphone to his ear, looking out the window to the front lawn. He doesn't entirely like what he sees. CHANCE is stooping down to collect the unused shotgun shells from the floor.

LORD: No reception. I really **must** look into a **satphone**.

CHANCE: **Bugger** the phone. Let's get in your **car** and **get out**.

LORD: That... might be **difficult**.

## PAGE THIRTEEN

13.1

We're out front of the house now, and it's dark, and still pouring down rain. In the foreground, LORD's car has been overturned into the mud of the front lawn. It's a wreck -- smashed and dented all around, all four tires shredded, bits of the undercarriage torn out. All, evidently, the work of the BOTS. In the background, our heroes make their way warily out of the front doors of the house. LORD is in the lead, with the semiconscious DR. PROSPER slung over his shoulders and his swords ready in his hands. In the middle, ARI leads CAL, still bundled up in blankets. Bringing up the rear, CHANCE peers around warily with the shotgun at the ready.

NO DIALOGUE

13.2

LORD turns to look in amazement at the ruins of his car as CHANCE edges up next to him, still keeping her eyes peeled for anything nasty and robotic headed their way. We see the barn in the background-- their obvious destination.

CHANCE: **Please** don't tell me you **really** wanted a **blue** one.

LORD: I'm... I'm just sort of **impressed**, really.

13.3

Inside the barn. CHANCE guards the door, peering out into the dark and rain, as LORD, still carrying PROSPER, leads the others inside. LORD, beginning to tire a bit under PROSPER's weight, is turned back to talk to ARI.

CHANCE: I don't **see** anything, but...

LORD: Let's get you lot -- \*hnf\* --- up to the **hayloft**.

13.4

Up in the hayloft, CAL has shucked off the wet blankets and is toying with bits of straw; ARI looks stricken, watching her father; LORD is tucking a big, scratchy-looking horse blanket over PROSPER, who's semi-conscious. (LORD does not have his swords here.)

LORD: There. Safe as houses.

PROSPER (weak): **Gamekeeper's shed**-- two kilometers **east** through the woods...

13.5

PROSPER reaches up to grab LORD's suitcoat, feebly but with determination. LORD is looking down at him with all seriousness.

PROSPER (weak): Every **hour** they **recompile** -- get **smarter**.

PROSPER (weak): I won't have them **killing**. You've got to **pull the plug**.

LORD: Easy, Doctor. Just you rest.

13.6

As LORD climbs down the ladder to the main level of the barn, ARI, crying, grips her dad's hand. PROSPER's looking at his daughter's guilty face, and realization is slowly dawning on him.

ARI: I'm sorry, Dad. I'm **so** sorry.

PROSPER (weak): Shush. 'S not your fault, Ari.  
PROSPER (weak): ... Ari?

## PAGE FOURTEEN

14.1

Tears stream down ARI's cheeks as she confesses to her dad.

ARI: \*snf\*

ARI: I changed the **code**. I taught it how to **hide** how **smart** it was getting.

ARI: I just... I wanted to **show** you I wasn't **dumb**.

14.2

PROSPER, heartbroken that his daughter would feel this way, pulls her into a hug.

PROSPER (weak): Oh, my girl.

PROSPER (weak): I've **always** been **proud** of you.

PROSPER (weak): I should have shown **you** that.

14.3

In BG, LORD climbs down from the hayloft, his head craned to look at CHANCE. His swords lean against the bottom of the ladder. In the FG, CHANCE sits on a crate, holding the shotgun, staring off into space as she listens to PROSPER's voice drift down from above. She's still got those splinters stuck in her face, and she's clearly remembering her own relationship with her dad.

LORD: How many **cartridges** left?

CHANCE: ... What? Oh.

CHANCE: Eight to the box. I've fired **two**.

14.4

LORD walks over to CHANCE, who turns her head away from him.

LORD: Still **bleeding**? Let me have a look.

CHANCE: I'm fine. I'll take care of it.

14.5

LORD is reaching out now to lay a hand on her shoulder. CHANCE is whirling, angry, knocking his arm away.

LORD: Don't be **silly**. I'll just--

CHANCE: I said I'm **fine!** I can do it **myself!**

14.6

CHANCE lets loose on LORD, who stands there calmly, taking it all in.

CHANCE: I don't need your **patronizing** or your **condescension** or your **sympathetic ear!**

CHANCE: My **problems** are **my problems**, and I damn well don't need **you** to **fix** them!

## PAGE FIFTEEN

15.1

Similar to 14.6. As CHANCE glares at LORD, LORD looks calmly back at her and says his piece.

LORD: **Fine.**

LORD: You go **pick out** the bloody great bits of wood that are **stuck in your face** and **bleeding**. Then go on and mop up those **killer robots** out there. All by yourself.

LORD: I'll just put my feet up ... and wait for the **screaming**.

15.2

LORD's expression softens, and he gently reaches out with one gloved hand as if to touch CHANCE's face. Her face is turned partly away, but her eyes are on LORD. There's real hurt, and weariness, on her face -- the expression of someone who's been carrying a weight for too long, but doesn't know how to put it down.

LORD: Or...

LORD: You could let me have a look.

15.3

CHANCE shuts her eyes, but lets LORD's hand take her face and turn it gently toward him, so he can see the splinters. She looks as if she's letting out a breath she's been holding for a long time. It's a strangely tense and tender moment.

NO DIALOGUE

15.4

LORD gingerly picks a splinter out of CHANCE's face. She's looking at him now, half-wincing, half-scowling, but her earlier anger is gone. LORD looks kindly, almost apologetic.

CHANCE: **Ow.**

LORD: Sorry. These aren't exactly **surgeon's** hands.

CHANCE (small): **Understatement** of the sodding year.

15.5

LORD plucks out another splinter, as CHANCE composes herself and tries to get back to business. LORD is smiling one of his enigmatic smiles. In the background, we see the horse in her paddock, the one CHANCE encountered last issue.

CHANCE: **So.** Ari told me about some kind of **shed** where they keep the **brains** of these things.

CHANCE: How do we **get** there without becoming oversized **chew toys**?

LORD: Given our **surroundings**, Doctor, I'm **surprised** you even have to **ask**.



## PAGE SIXTEEN

16.1

LORD is astride the saddled horse with the confidence of an expert rider. He's got a sword tucked on either side of his belt, and he's reaching a hand down towards us. CHANCE's voice is coming from off-panel, in the direction LORD is looking.

CHANCE (o/p): **Oh** no.

CHANCE (o/p): No thank you.

16.2

CHANCE is clearly highly reluctant to even consider this plan. Behind her, ARI sits on one of the lower rungs of the ladder, having climbed down from the hayloft.

CHANCE: It's not that I'm **scared**. I'm **not**.

CHANCE: It's just they're so... with the **teeth**... and...

CHANCE (small): **Bloody hell**.

16.3

Maybe a minute or two later, CHANCE is nervously astride the horse, sitting on the saddle behind LORD. She's got one arm awkwardly around LORD's midsection, the other wielding the shotgun. She looks deeply unhappy with the situation. LORD, on the other hand, can scarcely contain his amusement. ARI is rubbing the horse's nose and checking the bit in the horse's mouth.

LORD: Hold **tight**, now.

CHANCE: Don't you **dare** enjoy this.

LORD: Wouldn't **dream** of it.

16.4

ARI has opened the barn doors to the pouring rain outside. LORD is addressing her from astride the horse.

ARI: **Priscilla's** sweet, and she knows the way, but she's nearly **deaf**. You'll have to use your **legs**.

LORD: Bar the door. Keep an eye on your **father**.

LORD: We'll be back.

16.5

Mud flying, LORD and CHANCE charge off into the rain astride Priscilla, past the ruined remains of LORD's car and the dark and empty manor house.

NO DIALOGUE

## PAGE SIXTEEN

16.1

LORD and CHANCE ride Priscilla at a gallop along a path through the dark and rainy wood.

NO DIALOGUE

16.2

The horse stops short at the edge of a clearing. A flash of lightning illuminates a small, cozy-looking cottage at the opposite end, across a stretch of ground turned to mud by the rain. A high antenna sprouts incongruously from the tiled roof of the cottage, stretching high above the treetops.

LORD: Looks about right.

CHANCE: You **think**?

16.3

LORD turns back in the saddle to talk to CHANCE, rain dripping from the brim of his hat. CHANCE is wiping wet, straggly hair away from her face. In the shadows of the treetops above, unseen by either, something with softly glowing green eyes prepares to spring.

LORD: Think it's a **trap**?

CHANCE: I was rather hoping we'd **finished** them back at the--

16.4

A huge, blurred shadow leaps down upon LORD and CHANCE, knocking them both off Priscilla as the terrified horse bucks and rears. The shotgun is flying from CHANCE's hand.

CHANCE: **Aah!**

LORD: Unf!

16.5

LORD and CHANCE are sprawled in the mud. CHANCE is groping around in the muck for her glasses, which have been knocked off. LORD, catching his breath, is moving to draw his sort, sizing up this new opponent, which looms shadowed in the foreground.

LORD: You **all right**, Doctor?

CHANCE: What in hell **was** that?

LORD: From the looks of it...

## PAGE SEVENTEEN

17.1

The newest BOT is built like a gorilla -- smaller hind legs, huge and powerful elongated forearms, a more simianlike head -- and a pair of fully formed robotic hands, complete with opposable thumbs. The BOT -- with "JOE" stenciled on its breastplate, is charging through the mud toward LORD and CHANCE, wielding a thick branch like a club. CHANCE is down in the mud -- LORD is up on one knee, drawing his swords.

LORD: ... **nothing good.**

CHANCE (small): That's not terribly **specific.**

17.2

LORD, now thoroughly covered in mud, rolls to one side as JOE brings its makeshift club down on where LORD was kneeling. In the background, CHANCE has found her glasses, and is trying frantically to wipe the mud off them. Priscilla has wheeled and is galloping back into the forest the way she came.

LORD: That's it...

17.3

JOE charges LORD, its arm up with the club poised to strike. LORD is preparing to swing his sword...

LORD: Keep your attention on **me**...

17.4

LORD slashes and rolls under JOE's swing as the BOT charges past, severing the arm that held the club at the joint where it connects to JOE's torso!

LORD: **Hhhah!**

SFX: SVIKK!

17.5

There's a pause. JOE and LORD have both turned around, both looking at the severed arm-- still clutching the club -- that lies in the mud between them.

LORD: Don't feel so **clever** now, do you?

17.6

JOE uses his remaining arm to pick up the club, with the BOT's severed arm still dangling from the end of it. What was once a club has now become a flail-- with a much longer reach. LORD's shoulders slump -- this is not going quite how he'd planned.

LORD (small): I stand **corrected.**

## PAGE EIGHTEEN

18.1

LORD, with swords crossed, just barely manages to deflect a blow from JOE's new weapon.

SFX: CLANG!

LORD: Ngggh!

18.2

Another swipe with the flail sends LORD stumbling backward, knocking the swords from his hands.

SFX: CLONG!

LORD: Houlph!

18.3

As LORD scrabbles backwards in the mud, a flash of lightning illuminates JOE about to strike a killing blow!

SFX/lightning: K-KRROOM!

18.4

BLAM! A shotgun blast reduces JOE's upstretched arm to bits and shrapnel, splintering the handle of the BOT's club.

SFX: BLAM!

SFX: SPANG!

18.5

Another blast tears a chunk out of the side of JOE's torso, spinning the beast almost completely around as its legs try to maintain its balance.

SFX: BLAM!

SPX: SP-KANG!

18.6

And through the debris cloud caused by JOE's exploding head, we see CHANCE kneeling in the mud, firing the final round from her shotgun.

SFX: **BLAM!**

## PAGE NINETEEN

19.1

CHANCE gives LORD a hand up from the mud. They're both absolutely filthy-- muddy, disheveled, clothes a bit tattered.

CHANCE: Took me a bit to get the **mud** out of the **barrel**.

LORD: 'Twas **beauty** killed the beast.

CHANCE: Don't you start.

19.2

CHANCE kicks at JOE's twitching remains as LORD straightens his hat and gathers up the one remaining sword that wasn't bent by the force of JOE's blows. We see the cottage in the background, not far away.

CHANCE: **Artificial intelligence** and **opposable thumbs**.

CHANCE: Seriously -- **who** thought **that** was a **good combination**?

LORD: Let's get **inside** and **end this**.

19.3

With the door to the cottage kicked open, and CHANCE taking point with the shotgun, the AGENTS peer into the gloom inside. LORD is reaching along the inside wall for a light switch.

LORD: I hear **generators**...

CHANCE: Wait... do you **smell** that?

19.4

The light clicks on, illuminating the inside of the cottage. It's been completely gutted to make room for a large antenna, covered with routers and thick bundles of wire, running up from the floor through the ceiling. A hatch at the base of the antenna leads underground. Bundled-together tangles of wires droop from the antenna as it climbs toward the shadowy ceiling -- and dangling from these vinelike extensions are the mangled corpses of four men. We see LORD and CHANCE from behind as they step into the room.

CHANCE: I... I guess there **were** five burglars.

## PAGE TWENTY

20.1

CHANCE kneels down by the hatch, resting the butt of the shotgun on the floor, and lifts open the lid. She's looking down into the hatch.

CHANCE: Looks like the **servers** are **belowground**. I could fire a few **rounds** into them, see if that **pulls the plug**.

CHANCE (small): Anything to get away from the **smell**.

20.2

LORD's voice is coming from off-panel. CHANCE is just starting to turn around to look at him.

LORD: Or **perhaps** we could--

CHANCE: Yes? Could **what?**

CHANCE: I really can't **stand** it when you...

20.3

It's got a head that looks like all the rest of the other BOTS', with the same eerie glowing green eyes. But where the other BOTS had torsos and limbs, this one has a sleek and undulating flexible coil for a body -- a snake-bot. Its identical reinforced segments are roughly the diameter of a basketball, and it must be a good 20 feet long. It's uncoiling from the ceiling, where its front end has been curled around the top of the antenna, and its tail end is wrapped tightly around LORD, pinning his arms and squeezing the air out of him.

CHANCE is taking this in in shock and amazement.

CHANCE (small): trail...

CHANCE (small): off...

## PAGE TWENTY-ONE

21.1

LORD, struggling as he tries to free his arms from the snakebot's coils, manages to grit out a few words.

LORD (weak): **Shoot-- the-- antenna--!**

21.2

The snakebot's front end zips out, headfirst, rushing through the air. We can see the name "KAA" stencilled onto one of the coils near its head.

NO DIALOGUE

21.3

CHANCE has raised the shotgun, but KAA has already coiled its front end around it, crimping the barrel into uselessness. CHANCE, startled, finds herself staring down KAA eye to eye.

SFX: KRRRRRRNNNNN!

CHANCE: **Oi!** That's a **birthday gift!**

21.4

KAA headbutts CHANCE, loosing her grip on the mangled shotgun and sending her stumbling backwards!

SFX: THWOK!

CHANCE: **Oww!**

21.5

As a dazed CHANCE regains her balance, KAA begins to encircle her, too!

NO DIALOGUE

21.6

With LORD and CHANCE both ensnared, KAA proceeds to crush the life out of both of them. Its midsection is now draped around the far side of the antenna; its back end has LORD, while its front end has CHANCE. Their feet scrape on the concrete floor as KAA drags them both struggling toward the antenna.

LORD: Hgggggk!

CHANCE: Nnnnngggh!

## **PAGE TWENTY-TWO**

22.1

LORD and CHANCE are being dragged across the floor toward KAA, the soles of their feet scraping against the concrete floor.

SFX: Skkkkkfffff...

22.2

LORD and CHANCE reach for one another, hands outstretched and almost touching...

NO DIALOGUE

22.3

LORD and CHANCE solidly clasp hands!

NO DIALOGUE

22.4

Hand in hand, the AGENTS dig their heels in and begin to pull together, away from the antenna! It's working -- the antenna's beginning to bend in the middle, where KAA's midsection is wrapped around it...

NO DIALOGUE

22.5

The antenna begins to buckle as KAA's midsection is pulled over, attached cables snapping loose under the strain...

SFX: CREEEEEEAKKK!

SFX: snap! snap! snap!

22.6

LORD and CHANCE keep a tight grip on each other's hands, pulling with all their might. They're beginning to black out from lack of oxygen...

NO DIALOGUE



## PAGE TWENTY THREE

23.1

With a tremendous CRASH, the antenna SNAPS, collapsing on itself! The bodies suspended from the wires on the ceiling come tumbling down, the antenna breaks into pieces, bits of the roof cave in, and LORD and CHANCE, still in the coils of KAA, go sprawling to the ground!

SFX: KKKKKKKKRRRRRRRRRRRAKKKK!

23.2

Close on the “face” of KAA, lying near a struggling CHANCE, green eyes glowing...

NO DIALOGUE

23.3

Same as 23.3, except that the green light has faded, and KAA’s coils have gone limp around CHANCE, allowing her to breathe again.

CHANCE: hhhhUUUH!

CHANCE: \*kaff kaff kaff\*

23.4

LORD and CHANCE lie in the wreckage, shoving KAA’s coils off them, gulping huge breaths. They’re still clasping hands, but they’re not looking at one another.

LORD (weak): **So...** \*kaff\* do you feel like \*kaff kaff\* erasing some **hard drives**?

CHANCE (weak): Ask me \*kaff kaff\* when the **spots** have gone \*kaff\* from my eyes...

## PAGE TWENTY-FOUR

24.1

The storm has stopped. The sun is rising. The front lawn of the PROSPERS' country estate has become a muddy mess, with three British Army Air Corps Bell 212 helicopters set down, and armed troops roving everywhere, performing cleanup operations. In the foreground, medics load a woozy but alive PROSPER into a helicopter marked with a red cross. A female MEDIC is already in the chopper, along with ARI and a blanket-wrapped, oblivious CAL. ARI's eyes are on her dad; she looks sad and exhausted and relieved. In the background, two SOLDIERS are reining in Priscilla the horse, who's apparently returned to her stables.

NO DIALOGUE

24.2

LORD, wrapped in a thick, scratchy military blanket, rests against the upturned wreck of his car, exhausted. CHANCE, also draped in a blanket, is plodding over to him. They're both still filthy and bedraggled.

CHANCE: **There** you are. Two **cracked ribs**. Beat **that**.

LORD: I've **three**. Ow.

CHANCE: **Showoff**.

24.3

CHANCE flops herself against the carcass of LORD's car and just watches the circus unfolding around them. LORD is gingerly reaching up to take off his hat.

CHANCE: The army'll be **right furious** when their **robot data** comes up all **zeroes**.

LORD: You heard what **Prosper** said. Didn't want them **killing**.

24.4

CHANCE pointedly looks away, a little embarrassed, as LORD probes the various dents in his hat.

CHANCE: So... uh... I was wondering, next time I'm at the pub...

CHANCE: ... if you'd want to join me for a **drink**.

CHANCE: **A** drink. **Singular**. And **don't** get any **ideas**.

24.5

LORD is smiling, in his usual genteel way. CHANCE is looking at him and grinning back.

LORD: Are there **darts**?

CHANCE: Darts, a **pub quiz** Thursdays...

LORD: I'm **rubbish** at darts.

CHANCE: Oh. **Good**. Then we'll play for **money**.