

**AGENTS EXTRAORDINARY
CHRISTMAS SPECIAL 1: AULD ACQUAINTANCE**

By Nathan Alderman

PAGE ONE

1.1

Solid black. Captions and dialogue appear in the darkness.

CAPTION: Brixton, South London. Forty-odd Decembers past...

VOICE: You're a long way from home, Miss.

VOICE: It's all right, **Wellington**. Take the hood off.

1.2

The very large hand of a very large man -- I'm talking defensive lineman big, major household appliance big -- yanks a black hood off the head of a young woman who is sitting in a plush, ornate chair. The large man's other hand holds a snub-nosed .38 revolver to the woman's head, though the gun looks like a toy in his huge, beefy paw. The young woman is unruffled, aside from a few stray strands of hair out of place, and she stares coolly and calmly ahead at the unrevealed owner of the VOICE. She's wearing a deep red winter coat with a white-fur-lined hood down around her neck and shoulders, and what appear to be black leather leggings and boots. She is, of course, the young REGINA KING.

KING: Ah. Much better.

KING: Am I speaking to **Desmond Queen**, alias G.S. Queen, alias Danny Q?

VOICE: You're speaking to one of them, at least.

KING: I'm here on behalf of **Her Majesty's government**, on a matter of **national security**.

1.3

The young DESMOND QUEEN, lean and grinning and looking switchblade-sharp in a perfectly tailored, hunter-green pinstripe Mod suit and skinny tie, sits in a plush, high-backed chair behind a huge, ornate desk. We can't see his eyes from behind his round black sunglasses, but his mouth is quirked in a grin of deep amusement.

His office is dim, wood-paneled, the main light coming from a pair of green-shaded lamps on either side of his desk. A young black woman about QUEEN's age -- CLEO -- leans casually against the side of his desk, wearing a turtleneck sweater, leather jacket, miniskirt, tights, and a beret over her close-cropped hair, with big hoop earrings.

QUEEN: Is that so? **Well**.

QUEEN: I'd say Her Majesty has **quite** the sense of humor.

TITLE AND CREDITS

PAGE TWO

2.1

CLEO looks over at QUEEN, casually, but with a gaze that bespeaks a certain sense of possessiveness. QUEEN's waving her off.

CLEO: Say the word, **D**, and she's bobbing in the Thames by **Boxing Day**.

QUEEN: Easy, **Cleo**. Let's hear what --

QUEEN: Actually, I'm afraid you have me at a disadvantage, Miss ...?

2.2

KING, we see now, is flanked by an enormous gentleman named WELLINGTON, who wears various circus tents cunningly refashioned into a jacket and a Hawaiian shirt, and a porkpie hat crowning his bowling ball head. His face betrays no emotion, and though he holds the gun to KING's head, he keeps his eyes on QUEEN for a signal.

KING: Call me **Emma**.

KING: As for your **friend**, she's only **too** welcome to try.

2.3

QUEEN pulls a decanter of whiskey and a pair of glasses out of a desk drawer, smiling steadily. CLEO glares daggers in KING's direction.

QUEEN: Not much **Christmas cheer** in this room, I see.

QUEEN: **Emma**. In the Jane Austen sense, I suppose? Bent on **poking your nose in** where it's neither **needed** nor **wanted**?

2.4

In FG, QUEEN's hand pours whiskey into two glasses. In BG, KING in the chair, this close to actually smiling back.

KING: An Austen appreciator among the **Electric Avenue Runners**? I may **die** of shock.

2.5

QUEEN pushes one of the two filled glasses of whiskey across his desk toward CLEO, but his eyes are on KING.

QUEEN: Perhaps you're mistaking **illegal** for **illiterate**.

QUEEN: No need for the gun, **Wellington**. Let us have a chat.

PAGE THREE

3.1

WELLINGTON tips his hat respectfully to KING as he backs out the door behind him. KING is smiling back with genuine courtesy. Her hands are on the arms of the chair, readying herself to stand up. If we see her lap, there's a manila file folder in it.

WELLINGTON: I'll be just outside.

WELLINGTON: Very nice to meet you, Miss.

KING: And you as well, sir.

3.2

KING has stood up, keeping her eyes on CLEO. She's handing QUEEN the manila file folder.

QUEEN: So what can we **loyal, patriotic** citizens do for Her Majesty?

KING: It's about your **lottery man -- Ledger Quill**.

3.3

QUEEN leans back in his chair, paging through the file.

QUEEN: You got **this** far, so I'll spare you the **annoyance** of **playing dumb**.

QUEEN: Quill reached out to us about a year back. Gambling debts left him needing a bit of **extra income**.

3.4

KING sits on the front edge of QUEEN's desk with a casualness that does not endear her to CLEO.

KING: Ah. So you probably still think he works for a **bank**, then.

KING: He's one of **ours**, I'm afraid. And I think he's **using** your outfit for some **dirty business**.

PAGE FOUR

4.1

This is news to QUEEN and CLEO alike, but they're trying to play it cool. KING's adjusting one of her gloves.

QUEEN: Beg pardon?

KING: The **other side** has broken our **code**. We've lost **three agents** in the past month.

4.2

QUEEN pores over official photos of serious-looking men, each stamped DECEASED, as KING keeps speaking. QUEEN's face is turning grim; CLEO, if we see her, is looking at him with concern. She doesn't want him going softhearted; it's bad for business.

KING: They gave us the **last** one **back** when they were done with him.

KING: Wasn't much of him left for his **wife** and **children**.

QUEEN: And how's this **our** concern?

4.3

KING looks QUEEN in the eye.

KING: The **key** to our code is a six-digit cipher, changed **daily**.

KING: Quill's using the **same numbers** for your daily **lottery draw**.

4.4

QUEEN takes off his sunglasses. His eyes have narrowed.

QUEEN: Why haven't you **black-bagged** him by now?

QUEEN: Had **we** known, I promise you ---

KING: We need him **alive**. We need to know who he's **working** for.

4.5

KING and QUEEN coolly regard each other, each smiling without a great deal of warmth.

KING: I suspect you'd be a great help in **persuading** him to **cooperate** with us.

QUEEN: And if I tell you to **bugger off**?

KING: My people come down on you like the **Hand of God**.

4.6

QUEEN stands up from behind the desk, moving with CLEO to a door on one side of the office. He's acting every bit the cordial host. They're taking their whiskey glasses with them.

QUEEN: I think my associate and I need to **confer**.

QUEEN: **Wellington** will show you out.

PAGE FIVE

5.1

The room that QUEEN and CLEO enter is a wood-paneled billiards room, otherwise empty of people, lit by a chandelier hanging over the billiards table. Cues are hung along one wall; the balls are racked neatly on the table. CLEO, closing the door behind them, looks deadly serious, while QUEEN seems more thoughtful.

CLEO: They're pouring **foundation** at the council estates tonight. I can make her **vanish**.
QUEEN: We've come a long way from **cops and robbers**, haven't we?

5.2

CLEO smiles, and QUEEN smiles, too. They have a history. He's different here, with her -- no projected attitude of cool and menace. He's a little more tired, and little more human.

CLEO: Running around out back of your dad's shop, shooting bullets from our fingers.
QUEEN: You never wanted to play **cops**. Fancy that.

5.3

CLEO turns grave again, and QUEEN is refusing her.

CLEO: I'm **serious**, D. We can't have **Six**, or whoever she's from, just walking in here. Bad for business.
QUEEN: I'm going to do it, Cleo.

5.4

CLEO is disbelieving, indignant. QUEEN is patient and resigned.

CLEO: You can't be serious. You're a proper criminal, D.
QUEEN: There's **crime**, and then there's **treason**.
CLEO: Her Majesty didn't do **sweet F.A.** when your dad's shop **burned**, did she?

5.5

QUEEN whirls on her, his eyes blazing.

QUEEN: I'm not in the **business** of making **more orphans**.
QUEEN: I made that **clear** from the start.

5.6

CLEO says it quietly, darkly, as QUEEN storms out of the room the way he came.

CLEO: No, you're not.
CLEO: That's **my** job.

PAGE SIX

6.1

KING is waiting in the street outside what we now see is the ELECTRIC AVENUE SOCIAL CLUB, a staid brick edifice that betrays no trace of its less savory nature. She stands next to a sporty, low-slung two-seater 1962 Lotus Elan -- hers, obviously. QUEEN, now in a long fur-trimmed coat that matches his Mod gear, descends the steps, buttoning his coat against the cold.

KING: I half expected you'd be a set of highly motivated men with guns.

QUEEN: The night's still young. You driving?

6.2

KING climbs behind the wheel, as QUEEN squeezes himself into the passenger's seat. He's looking at the car and grinning bemusedly, and KING is picking up on this.

KING: ... What? Don't tell me you've a problem with **women drivers**.

QUEEN: Just wondering when Her Majesty started springing for such flash wheels.

6.3

As they drive off, KING smiles coolly, and QUEEN returns another amused grin.

KING: I'm not without my **own** resources.

QUEEN: I'll bet. There's no **backup** for you on this one, is there?

QUEEN: You're doing this **off the books**.

6.4

KING betrays no emotion, while QUEEN seems pleased at himself for figuring it out.

KING: That's a **fascinating** theory.

QUEEN: Why come to me otherwise? Your higher-ups would **choke** at doing business with a **hoodlum**.

QUEEN: You **need** me 'cause I'm all the **leverage** you've got with **Quill**.

KING: If that **were** the case, why would **you** ever agree to it?

6.5

QUEEN stares ahead through the windshield, guarded, somber. Now it's KING's turn to look knowing.

QUEEN: Maybe I just needed to **get out**. Get some **fresh air**, I mean.

KING: Where **to**, then?

QUEEN: As if **you** didn't know. I'd say we start with his **club**.

PAGE SEVEN

7.1

The entrance hall to the posh BERMONDLEY CLUB in central London. A snooty, pale concierge, HAWLEY, with weedy hair and a funny little mustache, is putting on his best stonewall face. He's stepping out from behind his little podium to block entrance to the vast, wood-paneled rooms through the doorway behind him.

HAWLEY: I'm **terribly** sorry, but **gentlemen of color** and **ladies** are not permitted in the **Bermondley Club**.

7.2

KING and QUEEN breeze right past him, still in their coats. KING is casually pushing him to one side.

KING: Splendid.

QUEEN: If we **see** any, we'll be certain to **tell** them.

7.3

KING and QUEEN stride into one of the high-ceilinged, wood-paneled salons of the Bermondley club. This is the reading room, with high-backed armchairs occupied by fat, middle-aged or elderly men smoking cigars and reading newspapers. The room is festooned with pine boughs and tinsel garlands for Christmas. KING and QUEEN's intrusion has not gone unnoticed, as the club denizens, too scandalized to say anything, peer at them over their newspapers and magazines. KING is loving it, smiling with prim satisfaction. QUEEN seems a bit less at ease, and his body language suggests he's putting on a show of confidence and intimidation that he doesn't entirely believe.

QUEEN (quiet): You're **loving** this.

KING (quiet): Aren't you? Or did you get enough of **high society** at **Oxford**?

7.4

QUEEN looks surprised and a bit indignant as they walk through a hallway lined with wooden telephone booths. KING just looks cool and amused.

QUEEN: You've a **file** on me, haven't you?

KING: **Grocer's son** turned **economics scholar** turned **criminal boss** -- you **do** get around.

7.5

KING's saying something casually, and QUEEN is cutting her off with a stony glare.

KING: I'm afraid you didn't do **quite** so good a job of **disappearing** after your **family**--

QUEEN: Say **one more word** and I'm **gone**.

PAGE EIGHT

8.1

There in the hallway, QUEEN looms over KING, quiet and cold and angry. She's staring back at him impassively.

QUEEN: I'm sure my life must be **quite** amusing to a spoiled little **rich girl** like you, playing at **secret agent**.

QUEEN: Just see what a **laugh** it is when it's **you** losing what you love.

8.2

KING stares him right back down, and for the first time, we see real emotion beneath her cool facade.

KING: Two years ago in Prague, someone shot my **husband** in the **face**.

KING: I was going to be a **biologist**.

8.3

QUEEN's taken aback for a moment, but KING's already hardened her face again and moved on.

KING: Shall we?

8.4

The casino room of the Bermondley Club. Roulette wheel, craps tables, blackjack, and of course, poker -- but all the tables are empty, save one. LEDGER QUILL, lean, shrewd-featured, gracefully middle-aged, sits with four other club members at a table, his tie undone, the largest pile of chips amassed in front of him. He's got a cigarette in one hand and a drink on the table in front of him, like many of his comrades.

QUILL: So then I said, "Terribly sorry, Miss! I thought you were the **barmaid!**"

SFX: (laughter from the other men)

8.5

Change angle to reveal KING and QUEEN standing just over QUILL's shoulder. KING holds the gruesome spy photos she showed QUEEN earlier fanned out in one hand, like playing cards.

QUEEN: Is it time to lay our **cards** on the table, **Quill?**

KING: Here's **my** hand.

PAGE NINE

9.1

QUEEN and KING pull up chairs on either side of QUILL, who's sweating a bit but clearly thinking fast. The other men around the table, shocked and startled, are reflexively getting up to leave.

QUEEN: We'll be needing the **table**, gentlemen.

QUEEN: And have the **waiter** send by another round.

KING: Hello, Quill. You've been a naughty boy.

9.2

QUILL is speaking to KING, while QUEEN amuses himself by looking at one of the other men's hands of cards. KING has laid the photos down on the table in front of QUILL.

QUILL: Look, I don't know what this man's **told** you, but I'll have you know he's--

KING: Paying you to supervise his **illegal lottery**? I know.

9.3

QUEEN, casually tossing the cards into the center of the table, speaks up, without even looking at QUILL.

QUEEN: You assured us, Quill, that you'd keep everything nice and **discreet**. Now I learn you're **government**.

QUEEN: Did I mention **Cleo**'d got a new set of **knives** last week? I imagine she'd love a **chat** with you...

9.4

QUILL is so totally busted, but he's trying to keep his cool. KING isn't buying it for a moment.

QUILL: I **swear** to you, I've never **met** this-- this--

KING: Don't **insult** my **intelligence**, Quill. You know how this works.

KING: I bring you in, we **turn** you on whoever you're **working for**, everyone **wins**.

9.5

QUEEN and KING are caught by surprise as QUILL brings up a snub-nosed .38 revolver, just above the level of the table, levelled at KING's heart.

QUILL: Sorry, no.

QUILL: I've **another** idea.

PAGE TEN

10.1

QUILL rises from the table, pulling KING up by the arm with his free hand, holding the gun on her with the other. KING looks *supremely* peeved off about this. QUEEN is getting to his feet as well.

QUILL: Move and she **dies**.

QUILL: This isn't the same old **game**, King. It's not about **continents** and **ideologies** anymore.

10.2

QUILL slowly circles around, keeping the gun on KING, putting her between himself and QUEEN, so that the gun's on them both.

QUILL: There's a **change** coming, to **wipe the map clean**. And I'm going to be on the **right side** of it.

KING: What side would **that** be?

10.3

QUILL takes a step back, gun raised. He's preparing to fire.

QUILL: The one **looking down** from **above**.

QUILL: Shame. **Yours** will be rather the **reverse**.

10.4

QUILL fires, and QUEEN is leaping to tackle KING, the bullet whizzing mere inches above them as they fall to the floor.

SFX: BLAM!

PAGE ELEVEN

11.1

KING is glaring up at QUEEN, genuinely upset, and QUEEN is looking back at her with some measure of indignance. In BG, we see QUILL running off.

KING: You bloody **twit!** I **had** him!

QUEEN: **Silly me**, not wanting you to **die**. My mistake.

KING: God **save** me from **chivalry**.

11.2

As QUILL dashes through one of the hallways connecting the rooms, shoving aside a hapless WAITER with a tray of drinks, he's still got the gun in one hand, and is jabbing at a button on a small electronic box with an antenna in his other hand. He's alert, intent, and clearly bent on getting the hell out of there.

QUILL (small): This had bloody well work like he **said** it would...

11.3

As QUILL dashes between the white-clothed tables of the dining room, reasonably full of well-fed, stuffy-looking DINERS, KING and QUEEN appear in the far doorway, giving chase. The DINERS are looking up from their vegetable-deficient meals, shocked at the commotion.

NO DIALOGUE

11.4

KING and QUEEN talk as they dart between tables. KING's still pretty cross with QUEEN.

QUEEN: "King." Is that another **code name**?

KING: **Later**.

11.5

QUILL has reached the hallway on the far side of the dining room, and is slamming through a door to the stairwell as QUEEN and KING come through the doorway in pursuit.

NO DIALOGUE

PAGE TWELVE

12.1

KING and QUEEN ascend the narrow, curling stairway -- whose marble steps and thick wooden bannister speak to the club's age and prestige -- as QUILL dashes ahead several flights above them.

NO DIALOGUE

12.2

KING and QUEEN emerge through a doorway to the roof of the club, back out into the chilly night air with the London skyline lit up around them. They're both momentarily surprised by the tiny snowflakes falling reluctantly from the night sky.

QUEEN: Huh. White Christmas, looks like.

KING: It'll never **stick**.

12.3

Same angle. Two bullets strike sparks from the half-open roof door between them, sending each of them flinching to either side.

SFX: SPANG!

SFX: SPANG!

12.4

QUILL is on the run on the opposite side of the club's roof, having just fired those shots. He's now leaping the small gap between the club's roof and the next roof over. KING and QUEEN are running after him.

NO DIALOGUE

PAGE THIRTEEN

13.1

Pull back to show the long and winding block of buildings across whose rooftops KING and QUEEN pursue QUILL. Christmas lights are strung at intervals from building to building across the street all along the block. The Bermondley Club is at one end, and at the opposite end, another, far hipper club -- The Purple Happening -- is doing its best to bring down the property values of the entire neighborhood. It's bizarrely lit up with all sorts of gaudy Christmas decorations -- giant glowing candy canes, etc. There are giant machines pumping out artificial snow on its roof (snow cannons were invented in 1950!) and a forest of Christmas trees, each strung with lights, atop it as well. This is where QUILL's headed.

NO DIALOGUE

13.2

At street level, we can see CLUBGOERS in their best mod and groovy outfits queued up to get into the multi-story Purple Happening. Revelry glows in every window, and the snow being pumped out from the machines on the roof is showering down in proper Christmas style on the assembled throng, well and truly dwarfing the paltry natural snowfall ineffectually dotting the rest of the city. High above, on the nearby rooftops, we can see the tiny figure of QUILL headed for the concealment of the Christmas-tree forest on the club's roof.

NO DIALOGUE

13.3

As she and QUEEN dash along through the thin and indifferent snowfall, dodging TV aerials and gently smoking chimneys, KING is gazing in distaste at the spectacle just a few buildings ahead.

KING: Good **heavens**. I think a **Bing Crosby** special exploded on their **roof**.

QUEEN: Brave new world, isn't it? **White Christmases** made to order.

KING: And **stranger things** yet.

PAGE FOURTEEN

14.1

KING and QUEEN enter the Christmas-tree forest amid a sudden whirl of fat crystals of snow. They're shielding their eyes against the torrents of artificially made snow pouring out of the snow cannons. The trees and the entire rooftop are covered in a thick layer of snow that slows KING and QUEEN's progress.

KING: See him?

QUEEN: I can't see a bloody thing in all this--

14.2

QUILL, disheveled and out of breath, steps from concealment to take another couple of quick shots at KING and QUEEN. Each of them is diving in opposite directions to avoid the shots.

SFX: BLAM! BLAM!

14.3

QUILL ducks back behind a tree, calling out to KING and QUEEN. He's fumbling in a coat pocket, coming up with a handful of additional bullets.

QUILL: It must be **terrifying** -- being on the **losing side** already, and just beginning to **know** it.

QUILL: **Law** and **crime**, **capitalist** and **communist**, chasing each other's tails. Serving **his** ends.

14.4

KING, crouched low, skulking through the Christmas-tree forest, trying to get a bead on QUILL. She's not going to be stupid enough to talk and give him something to shoot at, so she's just listening. QUILL's voice appears in a tail-less balloon, coming from an uncertain direction.

QUILL (o/p): It was so **easy** to pit both sides against each other.

QUILL (o/p): You people are so truly **stupid**.

14.5

QUEEN, elsewhere, also hunkered down, looking down at a lump of snow in one hand thoughtfully.

QUILL (o/p): I always **knew** it. That I was **so much smarter** than the rest of you.

QUILL (o/p): I knew it even before **he** told me so.

PAGE FIFTEEN

15.1

QUILL stalks through the Christmas trees, his pistol raised high. Behind a Christmas tree in FG, we see QUEEN, standing up straight, watching, cupping something in his hands.

QUILL: You sad, dim little **children**.

QUILL: So pathetically **blind**.

15.2

QUEEN ducks out from cover and hurls a snowball he's made straight at QUILL's face.

QUEEN: Funny about that.

15.3

The snowball explodes in QUILL's face, his arms flinging up reflexively. KING is stepping out from cover on the opposite side of him to grab for his arm.

SFX: PAFF!

QUILL: Gahh--!

15.4

Judo throw! KING tosses QUILL over her shoulder and into the snow.

SFX: THUD!

PAGE SIXTEEN

16.1

QUILL, in the snow, is reaching for the pistol that's slipped out of his hand -- but QUEEN's elegantly shined pointy boot is stepping on his wrist, pinning it.

QUEEN (o/p): Ah ah ah.

16.2

KING, brushing snow from her hair, and QUEEN, standing on QUILL's wrist, surround the fallen QUILL amid the forest of Christmas trees. From a distance, the faint whirling of helicopter blades can be heard.

KING: If you're **quite** done with that **charming** little rant, perhaps you'll tell us who "**he**" is.

QUEEN: Or **don't**. Like I said, Cleo's got those **knives**...

SFX (faint): whuppa whuppa whuppa

16.3

QUILL stares up from the snow, and it's obvious he's thrown a gear loose at some point, because he looks just this side of gone. There's a very creepy smile on his face. Helicopter sounds continue, louder.

QUILL: His **kingdom come**...

QUILL: his **will be done**.

SFX (slightly louder): Whuppa whuppa whuppa

16.4

KING and QUEEN are looking at one another quizzically. Helicopter sounds continue, even louder.

QUEEN: **Lovely**. Now he's found **religion**.

KING: Wait -- do you **hear** that?

SFX (louder still): WHUPPA WHUPPA WHUPPA

16.5

KING and QUEEN are suddenly pinned in a blast of light from a helicopter that's descending toward the rooftop! It's entirely black, save for a stylized insignia, painted on one side -- a rough red "M." The side hatch of the copter is open, and there's a man inside, his face in shadow, manning a side-mounted M-80 machine gun. The snow is whirling all around them as the wind from the chopper's blades distorts the flow of the snow cannons.

SFX (deafening) WHUPPAWHUPPAWHUPPA

PAGE SEVENTEEN

17.1

KING and QUEEN hit the deck as a line of gunfire from the chopper rakes through the Christmas tree forest, severing the tops of several trees.

SFX: BRAK-AK-AK-AK-AK!

17.2

QUILL has risen, snow dropping off in clumps. He's running exultantly toward the chopper as it hovers low over the roof, holding up the little electronic signal device we saw him using earlier in the club.

QUILL: **His kingdom come!**

17.3

QUILL stops short, his face falling, as he realizes that the gun from the chopper is now pointed at him.

QUILL: **His will--**

QUILL: His... his will...

17.4

The shadowed MAN in the chopper finishes the sentence for him -- in a blaze of gunfire!

MAN: His will be done.

SFX/GUN: BRAK-AK-AK-AK!

17.5

QUEEN is crouched low behind a Christmas tree; down the row in BG, we can see the ruined, bloody mess that was formerly QUILL staining the show as the chopper hovers menacingly overhead, sweeping its searchlight around. KING's voice comes from off-panel.

QUEEN (small): I've had **quite enough** of people **shooting** at me.

QUEEN: I suppose **we're** next.

KING: I've a **plan**. But I guarantee--

17.6

QUEEN turns to see that KING, all business, has shucked her coat as she kneels in the snow. And underneath it -- yes -- she is rocking the leather catsuit. Rocking it sensibly and wholesomely, but rocking it nonetheless. More impressively, she's wearing a strappy dual shoulder harness atop the leather catsuit, with two .45 pistols, one of which she has drawn as she checks the magazine.

KING: ... you're **not** going to **like** it.

PAGE EIGHTEEN

18.1

The chopper hovers over the roof, the beam from its floodlight sweeping the Christmas trees, looking for any sign of its quarry.

SFX: WHUPPAWHUPPAWHUPPA

18.2

And then a gunshot smashes the floodlight on the chopper, the MAN inside recoiling from the sudden flare of sparks!

SFX: KRAK!

SFX: SPANG!

18.3

OK, here's how this works. QUEEN is sprinting away from the chopper, out of the Christmas-tree forest, back toward the roof of the Bermondley Club. He's bent forward, more or less wearing KING like a backpack, with his hands gripping the straps of her shoulder harness, which are now around his shoulders as well. KING has her back to his, her legs tucked up to help him balance, and she's got a pistol in each hand, facing back toward the chopper to cover their escape.

KING: Huzzah for **easy targets**.

PAGE NINETEEN

19.1

QUEEN dashes ahead, beginning to huff, as the CHOPPER follows. KING is firing her pistols as she talks with him.

QUEEN: You're *huff* heavier than you **look**.

KING: Just what **every** woman wants to hear.

SFX: KRAK! KRAK! KRAK!

19.2

The bullets strike sparks along the fuselage of the chopper as the MAN at the gun turret returns fire.

SFX: SPANG! SPANG! SPANG!

SFX: BRAK-AK-AK-AK!

19.3

QUEEN zigzags, ducking behind a chimney as bullets stitch along the rooftop and tear away bits of the stone chimney. KING's drawing a bead.

KING: Would you rather **I** did the **carrying**, and **you** did the **expert marksmanship**?

QUEEN: Too late to *huff* **switch**, I suppose.

19.4

KING shuts one eye, cocking her head and sighting along her right arm as she fires.

KING: **Entirely**.

SFX: KRAK!

19.5

The still-unseen MAN inside the chopper catches KING's shot in the chest, and falls back into the darkness of the chopper.

NO DIALOGUE

PAGE TWENTY

20.1

QUEEN running, leaping a gap in rooftops, KING on his back.

QUEEN: Did you **get** him?

KING: Well, yes...

20.2

The copter has now turned full-on toward KING and QUEEN, lowering its blades as it shears forward across the rooftops toward them! TV aerials and metal standpipes are getting shredded by the relentless blades -- and KING and QUEEN aren't far ahead.

KING: ... but we've **another** problem, I'm afraid.

20.3

Reverse to QUEEN, looking ahead, and unhappy at what he's seeing.

QUEEN: Make that **two** problems.

20.4

Pull back to show that they're almost to the roof of the Bermondley Club -- and beyond that, there's nothing but street.

QUEEN: We're coming up **short** on **roof**.

PAGE TWENTY-ONE

21.1

KING fires away with both pistols as the chopper sweeps ever closer.

SFX: KRAK! KRAK! KRAK!

21.2

Some of her shots hit the chopper blades and bounce harmlessly off -- but others strike the dead center of the rotor blades, tearing the mechanism open!

SFX: SPANG! SPANG! SPANG!

21.3

The rotor mechanism of the chopper begins to smoke and spark, and the chopper wheels wildly. The edge of the rotors are now perilously close to striking the roof...

SFX: VREEEEEEEEEEEN...

21.4

As QUEEN, with KING on his back, runs hell-for-leather across the BERMONDLEY CLUB's roof, toward the roof door, the chopper's rotors hit the roof, and it pitches over, smashing into the roof!

NO DIALOGUE

21.5

QUEEN throws himself at the roof door to the Bermondley Club, smashing the door inward off its hinges, as the chopper begins to explode behind them...

NO DIALOGUE

PAGE TWENTY-TWO

22.1

Riding the door like a toboggan, QUEEN (KING still on his back) skids down the first flight of stairs as a cloud of fire and shards of debris boils in through the doorway behind them!

NO DIALOGUE

22.2

The roof of the Bermondsey Club, now adorned with a wrecked and flaming chopper.

NO DIALOGUE

22.3

At the first landing down in the stairwell, smushed up against the wall in a highly undignified manner (and still lying full-out on the door), QUEEN and KING try to regain their wits.

QUEEN: *koff*

KING: You all right?

QUEEN: ... I'm getting **paid** for this, right?

22.4

QUEEN is pulling one last arm out of KING's harness, fully disentangling the two. KING's hair is a mess, and QUEEN is gingerly touching a bruise on his forehead.

KING: Oh, **goodness**, no.

KING: I'll send you a **Christmas card**, though.

QUEEN (sarcastic): **Smashing**.

PAGE TWENTY-THREE

23.1

The roof of the Bermondley swarms with constables and spooks, poking around the smoldering ruins of the chopper.

NO DIALOGUE

23.2

DUDLEY HAMMERSMITH is -- as we see him now -- a slightly pudgy, sour-looking young bureaucrat, in his early 30s, wearing a bad, probably slept-in suit, and a hastily buttoned overcoat. He could not be less glamorous, especially in comparison to KING, who stands next to him on the roof in her leather catsuit amid the gentle trickle of falling snow, lighting a cigarette. Their mutual dislike is evident.

HAMMERSMITH: There's **another** mess of yours left to **me** to clean up, **King**.

HAMMERSMITH: What the **old man** sees in you, I'll never know.

23.3

KING turns, cigarette in one hand -- yes, kids, smoking is bad, but they didn't know that in the '60s -- to regard HAMMERSMITH with a withering glare.

KING: Oh, dry up, **Hammersmith**. The leak's been **plugged**.

KING: Go find some **papers** to **push about**, if it makes you **feel important**.

23.4

HAMMERSMITH fumes as KING crosses the rooftop toward QUEEN, who stands at the edge, looking out at the city.

NO DIALOGUE

23.5

KING joins QUEEN at the roof's edge. They're smiling at each other, wearily, grudgingly.

KING: So. My name's not **Emma**.

QUEEN: I'd somewhat **guessed**.

KING: It's **King**. Mrs. **Regina King**.

QUEEN: **Charmed**.

PAGE TWENTY-FOUR

24.1

KING studies QUEEN as he stares off at the skyline.

KING: So what **now?** I suppose you'll go back to being the **boss** of **Brixton**.

QUEEN: I suppose I will.

KING: Or... you could come work with **me**.

24.2

QUEEN looks at her with a rueful grin, as if she must be joking. She's so not.

QUEEN: **Riiight**. A proper villain like me, serving **Queen** and **country**.

KING: I suppose your **alternatives** are so much better?

24.3

KING lays out his future, firmly, but with a degree of sympathy.

KING: Meet a sudden, **nasty** end, probably too soon.

KING: Or worse -- get nicked, go to jail, and spend a sad, declining **middle age** remembering your days as a **big shot**.

24.4

QUEEN looks skeptical, but he's clearly thinking it over. KING is hesitantly putting a hand on his arm.

KING: You're **better** than that life. You're meant for **more**. I've--

QUEEN: You've **read my file**, yes.

KING: The world's getting **stranger** by the day, and I'm not up to handling it **alone**.

24.5

KING is handing QUEEN a slim business card.

QUEEN: And I **am?**

KING: I never said that.

24.6

KING and QUEEN stand silhouetted against the London skyline, a bright world in the darkness, new and full of possibility.

KING: But at least there'd be **two** of us.

PAGE TWENTY-FIVE

25.1

The Electric Avenue Social Club. Late. Empty. Chairs up on the tables. CLEO sits in front of an empty bar, pouring herself a drink from a bottle of whiskey. QUEEN's voice comes from off-panel.

QUEEN (o/p): I thought I'd find you here.

25.2

QUEEN stands at the far end of the room, his face in shadow. He's holding QUILL's .38 pistol, wrapped in a handkerchief, in his hand -- not pointed at CLEO with intent to use, just holding it.

QUEEN: Merry Christmas, Cleo.

QUEEN: I brought you a **gift**.

25.3

QUEEN strides forward and carefully sets the gun down on the bar, next to a shocked and startled CLEO.

CLEO: **D**, what are you--

SFX: clunk.

QUEEN: Here you go. It's the gun that **killed me**.

25.4

CLEO looks at QUEEN, busted. QUEEN looks back with real affection and regret.

CLEO: The gun that **what?**

QUEEN: Come on, Cleo. We **both** know you've been **thinking** about it.

QUEEN: I don't have the **taste** for this work. I'm not willing to **dirty** my **hands**.

25.5

QUEEN looks around the place one last time, saying goodbye. CLEO can't believe what she's hearing.

QUEEN: I'm going **away**, Cleo. I don't know if I'll **see** you again.

QUEEN: You **killed** me tonight. I'm somewhere under the new **council block**.

QUEEN: I'm leaving it all to **you**.

25.6

Tears are welling in CLEO's eyes. She loves him, always has, and it's breaking her heart to hear him say this.

CLEO: Desmond, you can't do this. We need you.

CLEO: I **need** you here, I need you to **run things**.

CLEO (small): I need you.

PAGE TWENTY-SIX

26.1

QUEEN is gently putting a hand on each of CLEO's shoulders. It's an affectionate gesture, deeply so, but there's a deliberate distance in it.

QUEEN: You needed me at the **start**, to set it up. Get it **running**.

QUEEN: But **keeping** it running? You've **always** been best at that.

26.2

CLEO looks hurt and angry, through her tears. QUEEN is gentle, sad, resigned.

CLEO: It's **her**, isn't it? That woman from the **government**.

QUEEN: It's **me**, Cleo. You remember **cops and robbers?**

QUEEN: I always wanted to be the **cops**.

26.3

CLEO stares at the gun on the bar, angry and grief-stricken, as QUEEN squares his shoulders and walks away.

QUEEN: I'll miss you, Cleo. I truly will.

QUEEN: Keep yourself **safe**.

26.4

CLEO snatches up the gun and points it at QUEEN, furious, hand shaking wildly.

NO DIALOGUE

26.5

She pulls the trigger, again and again. It clicks, empty. QUEEN stands there with his back to her, calm, waiting.

SFX: CLIK. CLIK. CLIK. CLIK. CLIK. CLIK.

26.6

QUEEN turns back, looking both disappointed -- that she'd really do it -- and understanding -- that this is, indeed, the nature of his dear friend.

QUEEN: That's my girl.

QUEEN: Goodbye, Cleo.

26.7

QUEEN lets himself out into the night as CLEO stands at the bar, holding the empty gun, hating him and herself in equal measure.

NO DIALOGUE

PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN

27.1

Young MR. QUEEN stands on the pavement outside the Electric Avenue Social Club, hands shoved deep in his pockets against the cold, as the tiny snowflakes swirl all around him, looking up into the black depths of the night sky.

NO DIALOGUE

27.2

Black panel. Swirling snow.

NO DIALOGUE

27.3

Black panel. Now the snow is a heavy, pelting rain.

NO DIALOGUE

27.4

Modern times. Night. A solitary figure in a hooded sweatshirt, baggy pants, and sneakers splashes through the downpour across a largely empty public square toward the bright, modern Royal London Hospital in East London. (At this writing, it's still under construction, but why not court the future a bit?)

CAPTION: This Christmas Eve.

CAPTION: The Royal London Hospital, East London.

PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT

28.1

As the figure -- HOODIE, for now -- reaches the shelter of the overhanging front portion of the nearest tower, we see in FG a figure in a dark suit, shielded by an UMBRELLA that conceals the figure's face and head.

UMBRELLA: Never a **broolly** when you need one, eh?

28.2

HOODIE peels back the hood of the sweatshirt to reveal -- huh. This is a surprise. It's PARRY LORD, his features a little thinner and more worn than when we last saw him. His hair is almost completely shaved, cut very close to his scalp, giving him an almost monkish look.

LORD: Something like that.

LORD: Hello, **Doctor**. That's a novel look for you.

28.3

And yes, holy smokes, UMBRELLA is DR. CELIA CHANCE, folding up her broolly, dressed in a Dana Scully-esque power suit. She looks slightly ill at ease in it, but heck, that's nothing compared to the awkwardness of seeing LORD again. She's trying to play it cool. Remote.

CHANCE: I could say the **same**, Mr. Lord.

CHANCE: I had a **meeting** with the **UN's science council**. We're hammering out **licensing** for Dr. Lowell's **cold fusion** patents. And you?

28.4

LORD walks past CHANCE, talking to her, and opens the front doors to the hospital.

LORD: Just got in from **Kerala** tonight. I needed... some time to **think**.

LORD: My assistant said you sent me a **parcel**.

28.5

CHANCE follows him inside. This is weird and sad and very awkward for the both of them.

CHANCE: Your **hat**. You left it at my flat when we... the last time we **talked**, last month.

28.6

LORD is turning to look at her. There's a distance in his eyes, a guardedness, but he's nonetheless very sincere.

LORD: Look, about that -- I don't quite have the words.

LORD: I'm sorry. I just...

PAGE TWENTY-NINE

29.1

CHANCE has her own walls up now. She opened up, she got hurt, and by golly, she's not gonna let it happen again.

CHANCE: Forget it. Nothing to talk about.

CHANCE: I'm... I'm glad you're well.

29.2

LORD and CHANCE cross the lobby atrium. There's a Christmas tree up in the middle, and a jumbo menorah beside it, and garlands hanging all around.

LORD: So... how's everyone? Daisy?

CHANCE: She's all right, last I heard. King and Queen have her holed up with them in the countryside.

CHANCE: Mal said he was having **Christmas dinner** at Portia's.

29.3

They get into a glass elevator in the lobby. LORD is shaking his head, grinning despite himself, and CHANCE can't help doing likewise.

LORD: That poor, brave lad.

CHANCE: I heard Portia's mum **likes** him. **Terrifying**.

LORD: Completely.

29.4

And then they realize that they're smiling at one another, and stop, and fall uneasily silent again.

NO DIALOGUE

29.5

The elevator opens to a clean, modern ward, and LORD and CHANCE emerge into a mostly empty hallway, past the nurse's desk. Christmas decorations hang on the walls.

LORD: You don't **have** to be here, you know.

CHANCE: It's only right. I'm the one put **Colin** in a coma to **begin with**.

29.6

LORD is staring ahead, darkly. CHANCE is looking at him, guilt flaring across her face.

LORD: No. You **freed** him from the **White Rabbit's** control.

CHANCE: Still. I ought to be here when you... when...

LORD: When I **pull the plug**.

PAGE THIRTY

30.1

CHANCE is taking a deep breath, steeling herself. LORD's looking over at her, surprised.

CHANCE: I figure it's, you know, **closure**.

CHANCE: Tidying up **accounts** before I **move on**.

LORD: What do you **mean**?

30.2

CHANCE looks at him through her glasses, and there's something probing in her gaze.

CHANCE: I'm **leaving** the Branch. Dr. Lowell's avenged, the **Rabbit's** in jail. I've got nothing more to **stay** for.

CHANCE: ... Right?

30.3

LORD just... can't... say it.

LORD: ... No. I suppose you don't.

30.4

They walk together in painful silence. A nurse passes them, going the opposite direction, wheeling along a sheet-draped body on a gurney.

CHANCE: Exactly.

PAGE THIRTY-ONE

31.1

They've reached the outside of COLIN's room. It's dark inside, through the glass window in the door. LORD is resting his hand on the knob, hesitating, not wanting to go in.

CHANCE: Go on. It's what he would have wanted, right?

LORD: I keep wondering whether we've really tried **everything**.

31.2

LORD looks at CHANCE, weary and resigned.

LORD: That **sleep drug**, electrical stimulation -- nothing's worked.

LORD: The doctors say there's just **too much damage** to the brain.

31.3

CHANCE is leaning against the wall next to the door, arms hugged to herself. She wants to reach out and touch him, subconsciously. So she clings to herself instead.

CHANCE: So let it **end**. Let him go.

CHANCE: Think of it as... as one last **Christmas** gift.

31.4

LORD smiles at that, darkly, with fond remembrance. CHANCE is smiling back, a little, if only for moral support.

LORD: He would've **laughed** at that, I think.

CHANCE: Sounds like a right **bastard** to me.

LORD: You have **no** idea.

31.5

LORD opens the door to the darkened hospital room, CHANCE making ready to follow him.

NO DIALOGUE

31.6

Inside, LORD has flipped on the light, and both he and CHANCE have stopped dead, their eyes wide with shock.

NO DIALOGUE

PAGE THIRTY-TWO

Splash panel. The chart at the bottom of the bed is clearly labeled MULWRAY, COLIN -- but there's no patient to go with it. The sheets are a tangled mess, and the monitors around the bed all trail unhooked wires. The window to the room is open, letting rain in through the billowing curtains. The comatose body of COLIN MULWRAY is gone. And above the bed, on the wall, written in something red that looks like blood, are these words:

HIS KINGDOM COME.
HIS WILL BE DONE.

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