

**AGENTS EXTRAORDINARY: EMPIRE**  
**2: SPRING-HEELED JACK, PART 1**  
**By Nathan Alderman**

**PAGE ONE**

1.1

A miserably rainy evening in late February in Soho, Central London. In this beastly weather, as Sunday stretches ominously toward the coming work week, the traffic's relatively thin. As seen from the roofline of the shops and residences lining this particular street, a lone car passes, headlights conical in the steady drizzle. Voices come from the car. A hunched figure watches in shadow in FG. It might be a gargoyle. It might not.

MARY: Please, Daddy, just tell her I'm sick!

STEVENS: Show your mum some respect, **Mary**.

1.2

MARY STEVENS, 17, amply pierced and slightly pampered, slumps and scowls in the passenger seat of her dad's car, dreading Sunday dinner. Her father, DR. RODERICK STEVENS, mid-50s, a bit on the lumpy side, is trying to mind the traffic. We see them through the rain-dotted windshield, wipers slashing. Reflected dimly in the windshield, we see the looming row of shops – and a figure, vaguely human, leaping down through the air from their rooftops.

MARY: What's to **respect**? I could be at the **show** with Priya and Tosh, but **no**.

MARY: It's **takeaway kebab**, and that horrid new **man** of Mum's with his **sweaters** and his **smug little comments**.

STEVENS: Your mum **loves** you, and she **misses you**. If you can't do it for **her**, do it for **me**, eh?

1.3

Inside the car, looking out through the front windshield, as if we were in the rear passenger seats. STEVENS has taken his eyes off the road for a moment, and he's looking at MARY, who's smirking back at him with the nearest approximation of filial love she can muster. Through the smeary windshield, we see something humanish, trailing a long, flapping shadow – a cloak? Wings? – dropping out of the sky to land in the path of the car, not far ahead of it.

MARY: Why are you so **nice** to her? **She's** the one left **you**.

STEVENS: Yes, but she left me with **you**.

MARY: Ugh. You're positively –

1.4

From outside the car, looking through the windshield again, as both MARY and STEVENS look forward and see the newly arrived obstacle. STEVENS, eyes wide, is swerving as MARY shrieks in horror, clutching at the car door to brace herself.

MARY: **DADDY LOOK OUT!**

SFX/BRAKES: (steadily rising) skreeeEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

**PAGE TWO**

2.1

Night has fallen. The rain continues. STEVENS' car, twisted and mangled, has smashed into a shopfront. The driver's side door is missing, torn off at the hinges. The passenger's door, on the less damaged side of the car, is ajar. Police have cordoned off the end of the block, where few rubberneckers have come out to brave the cold and wet. MARY's voice floats over the scene.

MARY (v/o): Red eyes from the sky.

MARY (v/o): I remember red eyes, and... ears, pointy ears. Claws.

2.2

MARY sits in the back of an ambulance, an EMT patching up a cut on her forehead, bruised and bedraggled and draped in a heavy blanket. Her clothes have cuts and tears in them, with red livid cuts and scrapes showing through. She's talking to someone we can't see. She's dazed and clearly in shock.

MARY: He... he **grabbed** at me. My arm, my... my chest.

MARY: I didn't see where he took my dad. I don't remember. You have to find him.

MARY: ... Do I know you from somewhere? Are you famous?

2.3

PARRY LORD, standing in the rain with his brolly open, gives her a kind, sympathetic smile. He's wearing a long, heavy black overcoat over his black suit with a blue carnation, open-collared deep blue shirt, and blue trainers. DR. CELIA CHANCE could be standing next to him, under the umbrella – but she's not. She's out in the rain, poncho hood pulled up under an Army-style heavy coat, regarding the girl with no less sympathy.

LORD: **Very.**

LORD: Just think. You can tell all your friends.

2.4

LORD and CHANCE have turned away from the ambulance; one EMT is in the back with MARY on the stretcher, holding her hand, while another is sealing up the doors. There's no

hostility between LORD and CHANCE, but still tension, and more than a little awkwardness.

CHANCE: ... Penny for your thoughts?

LORD: Half of me is thinking, 'That poor girl.'

LORD: The other half's thinking how many **papers** I'm going to sell off this.

**PAGE THREE**

3.1

CHANCE is punching LORD, not too hard, in the upper arm. He's wincing in mock outrage. SHARON PRICE's voice comes from off-panel, at a distance, on the opposite side of the street from the car wreck.

SFX: punt!

LORD: **Ow!**

CHANCE: You **deserve** that.

LORD: So much for **honesty**.

PRICE (o/p): Not to interrupt...

3.2

SHARON PRICE stands out of the rain in the alcove of a doorway at a bookshop – Sparrow & Nightingale – all the way across the street. She nods to an entire car door – the driver's-side door of STEVENS' car – embedded in the wooden door as if flung there by great force.

PRICE: ... but I think I found the **missing door**.

3.3

LORD and CHANCE peer at the door, CHANCE keenly, LORD bemusedly. PRICE stands, leaning against the wall, very badly wanting a cigarette, explaining.

CHANCE: **Jesus**. Looks like it was **thrown**.

PRICE: It's an inch, inch and a half into the shop door.

PRICE (small): Or whatever that is in **metric**.

LORD: So they used **tools**? Perhaps a **jaws of life**?

PRICE: **Claws** of life, maybe. Check the handle.

3.4

Sure enough, five deep impressions have been gouged in the metal, roughly in the shape of four fingers and a thumb. BIG fingers and thumb.

PRICE (o/p): I've taken **scrapings** from the cavities for **analysis**.

PRICE (o/p): See the messy shearing on the hinges? Best guess, this was **torn off**. In a **hurry**.

3.5

PRICE is holding out one hand to let the rain drum on her palm. LORD is still studying the door intently. CHANCE is looking back across the street at the car, as if gauging the distance.

PRICE (small): I'm gonna follow y'all's lead and pretend this isn't **weird as hell**.

LORD: So. Empty car. Ripped-off door...

CHANCE: Where's **Dr. Stevens**?

**PAGE FOUR**

4.1

CHANCE, thinking, steps back out into the rain. She's looking up at the rooflines.

CHANCE: "Red eyes from the sky..."

CHANCE: You **know** who this **sounds** like, right?

4.2

LORD is stepping out into the rain after her, shielded by his broolly.

LORD: The **Bunnymen** were **strong**, but not like **this**. And they're **dead and gone**.

CHANCE: Shame it's not that **simple**, eh?

4.3

CHANCE and LORD stand a few feet apart in the rain, awkwardly.

CHANCE: I've a **hunch**. Think I'll **nose about** a bit.

LORD: I could go with you.

CHANCE: ... No. No, thanks. Sit tight. Won't be a moment.

4.4

PRICE is bent over slightly, rubbing her right leg just below her knee with the heel of one palm. LORD has turned back to notice, mildly concerned.

PRICE (small): **Nnf**. Dammit.

LORD: Everything **all right**, Sergeant?

PRICE: Just my damn leg.

4.5

PRICE is smiling a weary, what-can-you-do smile, slightly embarrassed at being caught out like this. LORD isn't quite getting it, and thinks she's joking.

PRICE: I don't think it's fitting right. Probably time I got a **new** one.

LORD: Were it only that **simple**.

4.6

And then PRICE rolls up her pant leg to reveal an

artificial leg attached to her right leg, just below the knee. A molded graphite body in the shape of PRICE's lower leg sits atop a rubberized sleeve that wraps around her knee and the small stump just below, with a cotton stump sock between her skin and the sleeve. The fake leg terminates in a deceptively slender-looking metal apparatus where the ankle should be; a foot-shaped shell, covering the carbon-fiber springlike foot itself, picks up and trails off into PRICE's low-slung construction-style boot. LORD, while not frightened or shocked, is certainly surprised to see this.

LORD: **Oh.**



PAGE FIVE

5.1

PRICE has explained this so many times, it almost doesn't annoy her anymore. She's looking up from the adjustments she's making to her leg, tugging at the edges of the rubber sleeve, and dismissing LORD's courteous apology.

LORD: I'm **terribly** sorry. I didn't—

PRICE: It's all right.

PRICE: **IED**, on the road from the **Baghdad Airport**. So you don't have to **ask**.

5.2

PRICE rolls the cuff of her pants back down over the leg.

PRICE: Before I left the **States**, the doc at **Walter Reed** said the **stump** would **atrophy** over time. Throw off the **fit**.

PRICE: I'm just glad the **bone** stopped trying to **grow back**...

5.3

LORD, with a sort of kindred understanding, offers his aid. He's kind of subconsciously flexing the fingers on his free hand. PRICE listens, caught off guard, and wondering how he'd know about this.

LORD: If you need a **specialist**, I've the name of a good **orthopedist**.

LORD: I... had **occasion** to look into the subject a few years back.

5.4

CHANCE's voice comes down from above, at some distance. LORD is tilting back his umbrella, squinting against the rain to look up the face of the building. PRICE is standing up, looking up and out from under the awning, with a "what now?" sort of expression.

CHANCE (whistling, o/p): FWEET!

CHANCE (o/p): Oi! I can see my **house** from here!

5.5

CHANCE stands at the edge of the roof of the bookshop building, three stories up, grinning mischevously as LORD and PRICE stare up at her. LORD is calling up.

LORD: How did you get **up** there?

CHANCE: It's not **breaking and entering** if **we** do it, right?

LORD: Did you **find** anything?

**PAGE SIX**

6.1

Big panel. We're behind CHANCE on the rooftop as she turns away from the edge, looking back to a broken, huddled mass slumped against a ventilation shaft. It used to be DR. STEVENS. CHANCE's face has gone graver here; the discovery of dead bodies does tend to take the fun out of things. (To one side of the rooftop, we see a ladder leading up from an alley, explaining how CHANCE got up here.)

CHANCE: ... A bit **too much**, really.

6.2

Close-up. Skinny hands – belonging to CHARLES KING – draw a white sheet over what remains of STEVENS' pale, bruised face.

CHARLES (o/p): **Dr. Roderick Stevens**, professor of **mechanical engineering** at **King's College**.

CHARLES (o/p): Dead of a **broken neck**, poor devil. But **here's** the rub..

6.3

It's the next morning, early. The BRANCH infirmary/morgue, where CHARLES KING – hair sticking up from his elongated head, beaky nose and long fingers, white lab coat over a FUGAZI t-shirt and battered blue jeans – sighs and contemplates his latest "customer." CHANCE (wearing a button-up shirt over a tank top, and cargo pants) leans against another exam table, with another (fairly large) body on it; LORD stands nearby, straight and composed, in a slightly different suit – green shirt, carnation, and trainers this time – without the heavy overcoat. PRICE sits in a swivel chair near a lab bench, next to the bank of nine steel hatches where bodies are stored. If we see the slanting glass walls/roof here, they're blurred with steadily falling rain.

CHARLES: The angle at which his **neck** broke is all **wrong** for a head-on collision.

CHARLES: There's **bruising** consistent with a **safety belt**, and the **airbags** deployed.

CHANCE: So it wasn't the **crash** that **killed him**.



**PAGE SEVEN**

7.1

PRICE calmly offers her assessments.

PRICE: No **marks** to suggest **dragging**, on him or the rooftop.

PRICE: It's like he was **set down** there.

7.2

LORD asks a question as CHANCE listens, intently, for PRICE's answer.

LORD: What about the **scrapings** from the car door?

PRICE: **Steel** shavings, some **machine oil**.

PRICE: I even tested it against some samples from that **plastic Bunnyman armor**. No match.

7.3

CHANCE looks curiously at the large sheet-draped figure on the table behind her. CHARLES is approaching, grinning morbidly. He lives and works around dead bodies, so he's learned to cultivate a constant sense of gallows humor.

CHANCE: And who's **this** Goliath?

CHARLES: Ah. Old **friend** of yours, I believe.

CHARLES: You remember **Norma**?

7.4

CHANCE grimaces as CHARLES lifts up the sheet, revealing the pale face of NORMA, the Amazonian henchwoman of the sinister DR. ELBA from issue 2.1. It's still covered with the traces of cuts and bruises from her fight with LORD and CHANCE, and the header she took into a fishtank, though these wounds had somewhat healed before she died.

CHANCE: **Dr. Elba's** beast of a **receptionist**? No forgetting **her**.

CHARLES: Seems she, ah, **bit off her tongue** in a Five holding cell. **Choked** on it before they could get to her.

CHANCE (small): **Eww**.

7.5

CHARLES' face wrinkles in puzzlement as he lays the sheet back down. In BG, PRICE, apparently disinterested, is once

again fiddling with the adjustment of her own leg,  
scowling at it.

CHARLES: Curious thing. Her **joints** and **organs** were in  
**terrible** shape – like, **congenital defect** terrible.

CHARLES: Found some **oddness** with that **boss** of hers, too,  
but the lab's **dragging arse** on the tests...

7.6

LORD leans over STEVENS' sheeted body, hands bracing  
himself on the slab, musing, the ghost of a smile on his  
face. CHANCE, arms folded, is snarking back at him.

LORD: This almost sounds a bit like **Jack**.

CHANCE: Of "the Ripper" fame? Right, like some **Victorian  
fiend's** still **running about**...

LORD: Right era, Doctor – wrong **Jack**.

**PAGE EIGHT**

8.1

MERCER JOVE, late forties, features chiseled, cheeks ruddy, a wry just-us-lads smile on his face, holds up a fresh copy of the tabloid-sized LONDON DAILY CLARION. In huge type, the paper's headline screams, "SPRING-HEELED JACK?" with an artist's depiction of a glowing-eyed, pointy-eared fiend leaping down with a batwinged cloak and long, outstretched claws. The subhead: WAS STRANGE WRECK WORK OF LEGENDARY VILLAIN? – P. 6 And, of course, in the upper-right corner near the logo, there's a smaller picture of a very attractive young woman who may or may not be wearing a whole lot, with the blurb MEET CLARISSA – P. 4.

Behind JOVE, mounted on a pedestal in his elaborate penthouse suite, we see Edgar Degas' sculpture Ballerina of 14 Years – probably the original.

JOVE: I don't know where you **get** this rot, Parry.

8.2

PARRY LORD, in the same clothes we saw him earlier, has just taken a sip from a glass of champagne; he's grimacing with mock disgust, as the assembled captains of industry around him – all male, some older, some as young as Parry, all races and nationalities – laugh. Many are holding their own champagne glasses.

LORD: From the same place you get your **champagne**, evidently.

SFX (crowd): [laughter]

8.3

JOVE laughs and claps a hand on LORD's shoulder. LORD doesn't recoil, but while he's smiling politely, he's not moving to return JOVE's warmth. Clearly, this is a guy whose company he doesn't especially enjoy, but feels compelled to tolerate. LORD has the champagne still held in one hand, but is reaching into his jacket pocket with the other.

JOVE: Really, now! That's some gratitude for one of your **biggest advertisers**.

LORD: Well, I **am** still **drinking** it.

SFX/ringtone (from LORD's pocket): "Waterloo! Finally facing..."

LORD: Pardon me a moment – I appear to be **singing**.

8.4

LORD has excused himself from the party, out the sliding glass doors to the balcony that offers a stunning view of London on another rainy night. It's storming – rain battering down hard against the railing of the balcony. He's talking into the phone.

LORD: Normally I'd be **cross**, but you just saved me from a conversation with **Mercer Jove**.

8.5

CHANCE is in her office at the BRANCH, single desk lamp on, stockinged feet up on her messy, paper-covered desk, rain running down the window-wall. There's a tepid cup of Pot Noodle on her desk – clearly, she's been dining far less lavishly. The entire wall behind her is one big whiteboard, which she's covered with scrawled mathematical equations and plastered with tacked-up photocopies of the strange, coded documents she found in ELBA's office in issue 2.1. In one hand, she's got her phone to her ear; in the other, she holds another copy of the Clarion with the Spring-Heeled Jack cover.

CHANCE: Him with the **fuel cell plants**? I think I saw him on the news...

CHANCE: What, me? Just read the Clarion's piece on **Spring-Heeled Jack**. 19th-century super-perverts – you don't think that's **reaching** a bit?



**PAGE NINE**

9.1

LORD stands near the railing, just out of reach of most of the rain, looking out over the city, a wry smile playing at his lips.

LORD: If the cape fits, Doctor...

LORD: Witnesses described him as having **glowing red eyes**, sharp claws, amazing **leaps** – one said he could **breathe fire**.

9.2

CHANCE has the phone crooked against her shoulder now, still leaning back in her desk chair, paging causally through the open Clarion.

CHANCE: Right, witnesses who were mostly **teenage girls** with their **skirts** on too tight.

CHANCE: "Oh yes, officer, he clawed at my **bosoms!** Pant pant, swoon swoon!"

9.3

LORD is enjoying this, getting into the conversation.

LORD: **Dr. Stevens'** daughter didn't seem terribly **repressed**.

LORD: Look, I'm not saying Spring-Heeled Jack ever **existed**, or that it's **him** doing villainy here.

LORD: But honestly, haven't we seen **odder**?

9.4

CHANCE is rising from the chair now, peering at one of the copies of the strange writing from ELBA's office she's got stuck to her whiteboard.

CHANCE: Speaking of **odder** – remember that **writing** you found at **Elba's**?

CHANCE: I've been having a look at it, and stone me, but it **almost** looks like–

LORD (phone): Just a tick, sorry – got **Price** ringing on the other line...

9.5

LORD is standing ramrod-straight, eyes wide, startled,

with the phone to his ear.

LORD: Sergeant, slow down — I didn't quite —

LORD: You saw **what**?

**PAGE TEN**

10.1

The gleaming green-and-white towers of University College Hospital London, off the Euston Road, on this same rainy night. A voice – DR. VIJAYA ALSOP – is coming from the uppermost of the 16 aboveground stories of the tallest tower.

CAPTION: University College London Hospital.

CAPTION: Five minutes earlier.

ALSOP (from inside): Well, I'd say the diagnosis is clear..

10.2

A warmly painted, friendly-looking diagnosis room in the orthopedic ward of the hospital. Floor-to-ceiling windows on one wall look south over the city; rain drums on them. DR. ALSOP is a handsome woman of middle years, of South Asian extraction, in a white coat over a blouse and conservative slacks and shoes, her hair tied up tightly behind her head and clipped. She sits on a tall rolling stool next to the exam table, where PRICE is just doing up her jeans. DR. ALSOP is smiling, and PRICE is smirking amusedly.

ALSOP: ... you're most definitely missing a lower leg.

PRICE: Now just tell my **insurance** that, and we're all good.

10.3

ALSOP smiles as she writes a prescription down on a pad. Behind her, PRICE is easing herself down off the exam table.

ALSOP: I'll leave the **scrip** general enough to give you and the **prothesist** some latitude. I've a good one, if you need the number.

PRICE: Please, thanks. And I'm grateful you could see me on **short notice**.

10.4

ALSOP hands PRICE the scrip affably. PRICE is answering a bit warily.

ALSOP: Nonsense. **Parry Lord**'s been quite good to the

hospital, poor lad.

ALSOP: I'm glad to help a **colleague** of his. Are you with the **foundation**?

PRICE: Uh... no, just doing some **contract work**.

10.5

ALSOP stands with her back to the window, chatting pleasantly, as PRICE pulls on her jacket.

ALSOP: Don't get many **Americans** in, I must admit. Are you **visiting**, or here to **stay**?

PRICE: I wish I knew. Sorry, it's... complicated. **Politics**.

ALSOP: Oh, **believe me**, I know from —

**PAGE ELEVEN**

11.1

A flash of lighting outside illuminates the sky through the window behind ALSOP. There is something huge, shadowy, vaguely human-shaped, draped in a tattered cloak, clinging to the outside of the building. Red eyes glow from its face. It's drawing back one massive fist to smash against the glass. ALSOP, unaware, is tilting her head quizzically at PRICE, who is just seeing this thing.

ALSOP: – are you all right?

11.2

The thunder and the blow happen at the same moment, the fist bashing into the safety glass, turning it to shining pebbles and falling sheets of spiderwebs. ALSOP is shying to the side, the fist plunging into the room just inches from her head, deeply startled.

SFX: THOOOM!

11.3

And as PRICE runs forward to try to help her, the thing outside – slick with pelting rain – seizes ALSOP, her shoulder disappearing entirely into the clutch of one huge clawed hand, and begins to drag her backward out the shattered window!

ALSOP: AAA—!

**PAGE 12**

12.1

PRICE lunges forward, but can't catch ALSOP as she's hauled screaming out into the rain. The thing, all blurs and bulk and shadow, is crouching down as if to brace for a leap.

PRICE: No, **don't**—!

ALSOP: AAAAAAA!

12.2

The thing leaps straight up the face of the building, impossibly high, impossibly fast, dragging ALSOP along with it.

NO DIALOGUE

12.3

PRICE, framed by the broken glass of the window, stands amid the shards and the growing puddle of rainwater and gives herself one moment to just be freaked right the hell out.

NO DIALOGUE

12.4

CHANCE at a run through the empty lobby of the BRANCH HQ, toward the elevators. She's shrugging into her rain poncho, her mobile to her ear. The "treehouse" where Daisy lives is softly lit, but otherwise, the chamber is largely dark and abandoned.

CAPTION: Now.

CHANCE: ... This is **daft**! No way we'll make Regents Park in anything under a half-hour — if we're **lucky**.

LORD (on phone): Leave that to me. Blackwall station, five minutes.

12.5

Outside Blackwall tube station in East London. CHANCE stands on the pavement amid milling pedestrians in umbrellas, or dashing along with newspapers, taking shelter under the stairs leading to the elevated track. CHANCE is checking her watch, impatient, as the roar of a

motor approaches. Her breath fogs in the air (as it should in outdoor scenes for the rest of the issue.)

CHANCE: "Blackwall station, five minutes."

CHANCE: "Watch me be all **cryptic**. Again. 'Cos I love it **so much**."

SFX (motor, growing louder): vvvvvvVVVVVVRRRRRRRMMMMMM

**PAGE 13**

13.1

Pedestrians scatter and CHANCE jumps back, incredulous, as a sleek black two-wheeled pod zips up onto the pavement, between the safety pylons, and skids to a halt in front of CHANCE. It's a Peraves Monotracer, jet black – a motorcycle enclosed in an aerodynamic shell, just big enough for two.

SFX: VRRRRRRRM!

SFX: SCREEEEEEEEE!

13.2

As stabilizer wheels pop down from the sides of the bike to keep it upright, the gullwing door on the left side of the Monotracer opens, revealing a grinning LORD in the driver's seat, and a second empty tandem seat behind him. He's wearing the same suit we saw him in earlier, and his heavy overcoat.

LORD: Fancy a lift, Doctor?

13.3

CHANCE, wide-eyed, awe-struck, and maybe a little turned on, just stands there.

CHANCE: Oh, **hell** yes.

13.4

CHANCE has squeezed herself into the tandem seat, closing the door behind her. Her eyes are wide and envious. LORD can't help grinning, despite the emergency.

LORD: All strapped in?

CHANCE: **Shush**. You make this go fast now.

LORD: Backseat driver...

13.5

And as quickly as it came, the Monotracer blasts off into traffic, weaving in between the cars, buses, and lorries.

SFX: VRRRRRRRRRRRRRM!



**PAGE FOURTEEN**

14.1

A cellphone on an otherwise neat and spotless coffee table. It's ringing, and vibrating. The room, what looks like a small, tidy, and modest flat, is dimly lit – maybe a single lamp on somewhere.

SFX: BEEDEEDEEDEEDEET.

SFX: BEEDEEDEEDEEDEET.

14.2

The ringing continues, as MAL's hand slaps into frame, awkwardly fumbling for it.

SFX: BEEDEEDEEDEEDEET.

SFX: BEEDEEDEEDEE—

14.3

MAL AMEBE, looking a bit flustered and distracted, the rumpled collar of his Oxford shirt more than a few buttons undone, jerks the phone against his ear.

MAL: **Yes?**

CHANCE (on phone): **Mal?** Sorry to disturb you—

MAL (very quickly, and stridently): That is all right. Yes.

14.4

The cockpit, for lack of a better term, of the Monotracer. LORD's driving, a thin smile of death-defying joy mingling with his usual intense concentration. CHANCE is in the back seat, bracing herself against the walls as the bike hurtles through traffic.

CHANCE: Mal, we need you to —

CHANCE: SODDING HELL **THAT WAS A BUS!**

CHANCE: Sorry, no, not you. We need you to hit the **databases.**

14.5

MAL has grabbed a pen and pencil and is scribbling all this down as CHANCE talks in his ear.

CHANCE (phone): Find any **connections** between Roderick

Stevens and ... right, and **Vijaya Alsop**, A-L-S-O-P.

MAL: Yes, of course.

CHANCE (phone): Thanks. Off now to RED LIGHT RED LIGHT—!

14.6

MAL thumbs the phone off, wide-eyed, still a little awkward. We now see PORTIA curled up behind him on the couch, more than a bit disheveled herself, and very amused at this spectacle. Easy to guess what they've been up to.

SFX/PHONE: deet!

PORTIA: \*snerk\*

MAL: ... what?

PORTIA: Business before pleasure, is it?

**PAGE FIFTEEN**

15.1

The tower of Kings College London Hospital, aglow in the rainy night as the Monotracer races toward it. Just to the south of the tower, we see the rising steel spires of an adjacent construction site.

SFX/MONOTRACER: VRRRRRRM!

15.2

The MONOTRACER has skidded to a halt in the driveway approaching the hospital; an AMBULANCE idles nearby. Its wheels are down and CHANCE is crawling out of the hatch, a bit shakily, as LORD shuts off the engine.

CHANCE: And here I thought you'd **sorted** your little **death wish**.

LORD: **You** said you wanted to go **fast**...

15.3

Inside DR. ALSOP's examining room, an indignant PRICE, flanked by two wary PCs – beefy, thick-necked RUXTON and lean, weary-looking DOLDRIDGE – is pointing to the spread of glass shattered across the floor. The gaping hole of the window looms behind her.

PRICE: **Riiiiight**. Yeah, **I** threw my own **doctor** out the **window** and left **all** this glass **inside** the room.

PRICE: The **hell** they **teach** you people, anyway?

RUXTON (small, to DOLDRIDGE): She's got a point, she does.

15.4

A body-sized object in a white coat – ALSOP – plummets past the broken window behind PRICE and she half-turns, jerking away from the window, as the two PCs start, too.

ALSOP: AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

PRICE (small): ohjesus.

15.5

And then ALSOP's body SLAMS into the front of the ambulance, crumpling it in, all but atomizing the windshield, as a startled LORD and CHANCE look on in horror.

SFX: **SKRASH!**

**PAGE SIXTEEN**

16.1

As the rain pelts down, CHANCE has a hand over her mouth, gazing startled at the wreck of poor Dr. Alsop. LORD is looking up the face of the building, grim.

CHANCE: Oh, God. Bad memories.

LORD: ... I'll grieve later. Look.

16.2

From their perspective on the ground, illuminated by a flash of lighting inside the clouds above, a figure leaps from the roof the hospital, trailing ragged – wings? A cloak?

SFX/THUNDER: THRMMMM

16.3

LORD is still squinting up, head swiveling, looking for the thing. CHANCE, determined, is breaking into a run away from the hospital.

LORD: Lost it in the flash! Did you see where it went?

CHANCE: The builder's site across the way. Come on!

16.4

LORD and CHANCE duck through scaffolding; ahead of them in the open pit at the center of the building, still in the framing stage, an open elevator waits. CHANCE is looking up, pointing, as LORD follows her gesture.

CHANCE: There – look!

16.5

Another flash of lighting, a shadow several stories up through a maze of scaffolding and platforms, clinging to a girder. Red eyes glowing down.

SFX/THUNDER: THRMMMM

**PAGE SEVENTEEN**

17.1

As CHANCE slides open the elevator door, LORD is hustling after her, hefting a coil of nylon rope and a long steel pipe from a pile of building materials.

NO DIALOGUE

17.2

The elevator, rising. CHANCE holds the steel pipe like a baseball bat, testing its heft against her other palm. LORD has the coil of rope over one shoulder, doing something loopy to one end of it.

CHANCE: Thanks. What are you up to?

LORD: I spent a summer once with a **rodeo** in **Texas**...

SFX/ELEVATOR: VMMMMMMMM

17.3

The elevator reaches a platform. Big sheets of sturdy plastic and scaffolding make a safe place to walk between the otherwise barren steel frame of the building. A driving rain sends bullet-splashes up from the puddles that have accumulated on the plastic.

SFX/ELEVATOR: VMMMMMmmmmmm..

17.4

LORD and CHANCE emerge, wary, CHANCE holding the steel pipe, LORD now with the coil of rope trailing in one hand, and one end of the rope in a loop in the other. (He's tied the opposite end of the rope to the cage of the elevator, but we won't see that yet.)

CHANCE (whisper): I thought this was it... do you see him?

LORD (whisper): The bloody rain - I can't-

17.5

In foreground, a dark shape bursts forth, flitting across the panel in a blur as LORD and CHANCE, in BG, catch sight of it.

NO DIALOGUE



**PAGE EIGHTEEN**

18.1

CHANCE is hefting the pipe, shouting. LORD, all concentration, is letting fly with the lariat he's made.

CHANCE: **Christ** he's fast –

18.2

The thing leaps off the building into the night, but LORD's lasso has fallen around its neck–

NO DIALOGUE

18.3

CHANCE and LORD jump back as the line between them goes taut, LORD letting go. The elevator, to which we see the other end of the rope has been tied, is lurching in the direction of the rope, canted at an angle, clanging against the scaffolding.

SFX/ROPE: twannnnng

SFX/ELEVATOR: CLANNG!

18.4

The rope, taut, leads over the edge of the steel girder, into the night – but straight down against the edge, as if pulled down by some heavy weight. CHANCE is looking at LORD, frankly impressed, but he's still all business.

CHANCE: Look at Roy bloody Rogers!

LORD: Not yet, not yet–

18.5

And then they both look back at the elevator, as the rope suddenly goes slack, and the elevator clangs against the opposite side of the scaffolding against. Whatever the rope held, it's now free.

SFX/ELEVATOR: KLONNNG!

CHANCE (small): Oh, **hell**.

18.6

LORD and CHANCE look around, rain pattering down on them, in the silent dark...



NO DIALOGUE

**PAGE NINETEEN**

19.1

And then the SHADOWY THING plows up from the floor beneath them, through a gap in the girders, effortlessly knocking away an entire square of plastic flooring! LORD and CHANCE are whirling, on the defensive. The THING's still all shadows and rags, and two glowing red eyes. It's trailing a severed rope from around its neck.

SFX: KRAKK!

SFX: clatta clatta

19.2

CHANCE swings the steel pipe against what seems to be the THING's outstretched arm, which blocks her blow with an audible

SFX: KLANG!

19.3

The THING lashes out, catching CHANCE with a wicked crack across her face. Her glasses crack, blood flies from her nose and mouth – it's a nasty hit.

SFX: SWUDD!

CHANCE: Oulph—\*

19.4

The THING looms over CHANCE, sprawled unconscious on the plastic.

NO DIALOGUE

19.5

And the LORD, fierce-eyed, is on its back, yanking at the rope around its neck, trying to strangle it!

LORD: RRR~~AAAAH~~!

**PAGE 20**

20.1

The THING flails, LORD clinging the rope and its back like a man possessed.

LORD: **Fall**, damn you—

20.2

The THING's head turns, and LORD has just enough time to shield his face and turn away as a GOUT OF FLAME seems to erupt from its mouth!

SFX: FWOOOOOSH!

LORD: AAAAAAH!

20.3

LORD falls to the puddle-covered plastic sheeting, rolling wildly, the sleeve and part of the back of his heavy overcoat on fire as he tries to smother the flames. The THING has turned back to CHANCE, still unconscious on the sheeting.

LORD: Aah!

LORD: Dammit!

20.4

The THING's shadow falls across CHANCE as she lies, bloodied and insensate, on the plastic.

NO DIALOGUE

20.5

LORD's lying on the ground, having managed to shed his smoldering overcoat. His jacket sleeve beneath looks a little singed, but the coat and the rain seem to have kept him from getting burned. Having just sorted that problem, he's looking up, horror on his face.

LORD: Dammit, dammit...

LORD (small): **No.**

20.6

The shadowy bulk of the THING has its back to LORD, looking back over its shoulder at him with its glowing red

eyes. CHANCE's unconscious form is cradled in its arms.  
LORD's got an arm stretched out, desperate.

LORD: Put her down!

**PAGE TWENTY-ONE**

21.1

LORD scrambles to his feet, skidding on the wet plastic, as the THING starts to bound toward the side of the building, readying to jump.

**LORD: LET HER GO!**

21.2

LORD lunges toward the edge as the thing leaps away into the dark with CHANCE – it looks like LORD is about to go over the edge himself–

NO DIALOGUE

21.3

LORD shoots out to catch himself on the edge of a girder at the last moment, wobbling dangerously over the edge.

NO DIALOGUE

21.4

And as he steadies himself, LORD is alone and tiny, suddenly, framed in the steel skeleton of the building, looking despairingly out into the dark and the rain.

NO DIALOGUE

**PAGE TWENTY-TWO**

22.1

PRICE, at the front of the hospital with the PCs nearby, helping a pair of EMTs cover ALSOP's body with a sheet. She's catching sight of someone, and calling out a worried greeting. This woman has seen a LOT of strangeness tonight, and it doesn't sit well with her.

PRICE: **There** you are! Where's **Dr. Chance**?

PRICE: ... Lord?

22.2

LORD, his overcoat discarded, sopping wet, staring straight ahead like he's in another world. From his pocket, his mobile's ringing. PRICE is looking at him, a bit more freaked out. Who ARE these people she signed up to work with?

LORD (small, to himself): Six months ago, I would've **made the jump...**

PRICE: What?

SFX/MOBILE: Deedeedeedeet. Deedeedeedeet. Deedeedeedeet.

PRICE: ... Uh... you want to **answer** that?

22.3

We see the back of LORD's head, in the rain, as he answers the phone.

LORD: Hello?

LORD: ... Yes, thank you Mal. I thought so.

LORD: Goodbye.

22.4

Same angle. LORD is turning back toward PRICE (and us) now, as if he's just noticed she's there.

LORD (small): I was **wrong**.

LORD: Come with me, Sergeant.

22.5

LORD sets off for the Monotracer, a concerned PRICE behind him, wondering what she's getting herself into.

PRICE: Where's Chance? Am I gonna get a **briefing** at some

point here?

LORD: I saw it. I saw its face.

LORD: **I know what it is.**

**PAGE TWENTY-THREE**

23.1

Close on CHANCE's bloodied face, just coming back to consciousness. She's grimacing. Wherever she is, it's dim, but not entirely dark. Light seems to be coming from above

CHANCE (weak): Nnn...

23.2

CHANCE rolls over a bit, and we see that one lens of her glasses is cracked. She's touching the now-dried blood around her nose gingerly.

CHANCE (weak): Oww.

CHANCE (weak): Wha—?

23.3

And then she hears the voice — rough, distorted — and her eyes snap wide open.

JACK (o/p): **Hello.**

23.4

CHANCE lurches up onto one elbow. She's lying on a steel surgical slab in a low, dim room with exposed piping on the ceiling. Around her, at least a half-dozen other steel slabs sit in neat rows, each illuminated by weird, improvised, dangling clusters of light bulbs.

JACK (o/p): **Please...**



**PAGE TWENTY-FOUR**

Splash page. It looms over CHANCE, huge – seven, maybe eight feet tall – draped in a ragged-edged cloak of old cloth still wet with rain. Its body is huge and clumsy, like a half-finished prototype, exposed pistons and workings where the hands have been augmented as huge, grasping claws, and in the long, inhuman, mechanical legs. In its chestplate, a shallow but wide circular divot suggests some missing component waiting to be installed. The mask it wears is crudely shaped, smudged and scratched, with two tiny nozzles (for flamethrowers) on either side of an electronic-looking grating for its mouth. Big red glowing mechanical eyes stare out from the white plastic, which rises to two pointy earlike antenna on either side.

It's a crude throwback, but the THING now regarding CHANCE – SPRING-HEELED JACK – is clearly some version of a BUNNYMAN.

JACK: Please.

JACK: **Don't scream.**

TITLE AND CREDITS