

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

**PAGE ONE**

1.1

Perhaps a half-hour after the end of part 1. Night, a steady drizzle, on a motorway in the commuter belts outside London. PARRY LORD's jet-black Peraves Monotracer roars through traffic, trailing lights in the rain. SHARON PRICE and PARRY LORD's voices come from inside the aerodynamic shell of the cycle.

PRICE (from inside): ... okay, **two questions**.

LORD: Yes, Sergeant?

PRICE: One: Why do you smell like **smoke**?

LORD: I was recently on **fire**. Not my first time. Next?

1.2

Inside the cockpit, LORD keeps his eyes on the road, as PRICE, squeezed somewhat uncomfortably into the rear seat, asks questions. There's a lot going on that she doesn't understand, and she doesn't like it. LORD is still damp from the rain, and doesn't seem to care.

PRICE: Two: If that thing took **Chance**, and you **know** what it is...

PRICE: How come we've been heading **away** from London for the past half-hour?

LORD: I have a **theory**...

1.3

Broadmoor Hospital, Britain's most secure facility for the criminally insane. Behind thick, towering brick walls and curving razorwire fences, a curving drive leads up to a squat, solid Victorian edifice of red brick with a high, arching entryway. The Monotracer is parked out front as the steady drizzle continues.

LORD: "... I need it **confirmed**."

CAPTION: Broadmoor Hospital. Crowthorne, Berkshire.

1.4

Inside. The room is sterile, blank white walls, no windows. Cuttings from newspapers have been plastered up everywhere: pictures of trains, and pinups of attractive young women, all blonde, all blue-eyed. On the wall opposite the door through which LORD enters, PRICE following, a desk is bolted to the wall, covered in messy sheaves of paper. To the left of the door, a thick slab with a mattress and secured bedsheets provides a bed; opposite it is a steel toilet. Both, we may notice, are equipped with rails for handicapped access.

In FG, an old man is hunched at the desk in some kind of high-backed chair, scribbling with a black crayon. His face is in

shadow.

SFX/CRAYON: skritcha skritcha

MAN: I **told** you, I don't want that **slop**.

MAN: I know your filthy **wog attendants** have been **adulterating** my food.

LORD: Hello, **Dodge**...

**PAGE TWO**

2.1

Reverse angle. The wall above the desk is similarly covered in tacked-up pinups (all blondes) and pictures of trains. The man at the desk wheels about – literally, one hand gripping the wheel of the wheelchair in which he sits. As he rotates, we can see two things. One, both his legs end above the knee, orange hospital shorts revealing surgically attached metal caps that seem to be docking sockets of some sort. And two, though he's grizzled and considerably less nattily dressed, this is unmistakably CARROL DODGE – THE WHITE RABBIT. He glares at the visitors with annoyance that's just about to dawn into recognition.

LORD (o/p): How's life **down the rabbit hole**?

2.2

DODGE's features twist into a sneer, as if supremely unimpressed.

DODGE: Oh, **you**. The jumped-up **mongrel**.

DODGE: And what's **this** with you? Where's the **violent blonde**? You've **traded down**.

2.3

PRICE knows her way around an interrogation. Not knowing the subject, she thinks maybe she can relate to him. She's crouching slightly, pulling up her right trouser cuff enough so that he can see her artificial leg beneath, smiling in what she hopes is an understanding way.

PRICE: Losing a limb can **piss you off**, I know.

PRICE: The war took mine. What about you?

2.4

DODGE, as if explaining this to the most simple-minded of children. He's still incredibly proud of this.

DODGE: I lost **my** legs trying to kill every last **colored** like **you** in **London**.

DODGE: With **rockets**.

**PAGE THREE**

3.1

Lightning-fast, a deeply pissed-off PRICE has hooked her foot in DODGE's wheelchair and is tipping it backwards to the floor.

DODGE: Wait—

DODGE: Aaa—!

3.2

The chair slams to the floor, and PRICE has the bottom of one boot resting across DODGE's neck. She's not choking him. Yet. She leans down over him, steadying herself with a hand on his desk, her eyes narrowed.

PRICE: My **granddad** said it was **wrong** to **hit a cripple**.

PRICE: But he didn't say **anything** about **cripples** hitting cripples.

3.3

LORD now crouches on the opposite side of DODGE, outwardly calm and focused. But it's clear that there's some small, scary, very dark part of him that's enjoying seeing the old bastard suffer.

LORD: Still **making friends**, I see.

LORD: You're **so** good at it, your **doctor** let us have a few minutes **alone** with you. **Unsupervised**.

3.4

DODGE, genuinely indignant at the thought LORD is raising.

LORD (o/p): Now, all your **Bunnymen** are **dead**, yes?

LORD (o/p): **Blew themselves up** rather than live a **mutilated half-life** as your **zombie bombs**.

DODGE (raspy): The **ingrates**. I took them off the **streets**, gave them a **purpose**...

3.5

LORD twists the knife, a calm little smile on his face.

LORD: Ah, but we did some **checking**.

LORD: Your **father** was the **surgeon**. The most **you** ever handled was a **martini glass** and a **racing form**.

3.6

LORD reaches out to straighten a stray wisp of hair on DODGE's mostly balding pate — a gesture that says, "I'm doing this precisely because I can."

LORD: Who **unfroze** your **bank accounts**? Who performed the **surgeries**?

LORD: And where were you keeping your **protoypes**?

**PAGE FOUR**

4.1

DODGE just looks back at him, impassive, for a moment.

NO DIALOGUE

4.2

Same angle. A terrible smile now, DODGE's mouth full of rotten teeth. The smile of a man who's one step ahead of the game.

DODGE: Oh, **now** you ask.

DODGE: He let me **watch**, you know. The arteries and veins, like little **rail junctions**...

4.3

LORD crouched over DODGE, definitely not playing games here. PRICE's boot still on DODGE's neck.

LORD: Give me a **name**. A **face**.

DODGE: I never **knew** his name. And **faces**? Heh.

DODGE: He has **so many**.

4.4

LORD, eyes narrowed in disgust, looms over the old man. DODGE, in some distress as PRICE's boot presses down on his throat, gives up the goods.

LORD: We found your **Putney Hospital** operation. Where **else** did you do the surgeries?

DODGE: Ggk— all right —

DODGE: The **Regent Palace** — Soho.

4.5

LORD is willing himself to contain his rising anger as DODGE gloats.

DODGE: Our **first** — hkk — was a bit **violent**. Has he got the **blonde**, then?

DODGE: I do — gk — hope there's any **left** of her...

**PAGE FIVE**

5.1

LORD stands, PRICE steps off DODGE's neck, glowering down at him. The old man is gasping.

DODGE (weak): HUUUUH! Kaff kaff

PRICE: Pleasure hitting you. Let's do it again sometime.

5.2

A single question from DODGE, struggling up onto one elbow, stops LORD in his tracks, rigid. PRICE is noticing this.

DODGE: What? You don't want to ask about my **friend in red**?

DODGE: She seemed quite **interested** in **you**...

5.3

LORD, seen from inside DODGE's cell, as he closes the door. LORD's eyes burn through DODGE (and us) with laser intensity, like this is a very difficult thing for him to say.

LORD: **Another time.**

5.4

DODGE lies on his back, winded, giggling darkly to himself. From this angle, we can see the papers on his desk, ream after ream, scrawled in black crayon, all filled with line upon line of the same densely written phrase: HIS KINGDOM COME, HIS WILL BE DONE.

DODGE: Henh.

DODGE: Best **hurry**...

**PAGE SIX**

6.1

Establishing shot of the Regent Palace Hotel, dark and deserted amid the light and noise and clamor of Piccadilly Circus.

CAPTION: London. **The Regent Palace Hotel**, Piccadilly Circus.

6.2

DR. CELIA CHANCE, her nose and mouth still bloodied, one lens of her glasses cracked, alarmed but not frightened. She's propped up on her elbow on the steel surgical slab where we left her last time. JACK's voice – rough and distorted, as it will be for the entire issue – comes from off-panel.

JACK (o/p): You're safe here, **Trudy**.

6.3

JACK, the prototype BUNNYMAN, looms over CHANCE in the tiny room where we left them at the end of last issue. In one huge metal claw, he holds out a roughly torn-open packet of biscuits.

JACK: No one's going to hurt you.

TITLE AND CREDITS

**PAGE SEVEN**

7.1

CHANCE, looking deeply pissed, kicks out and catches JACK in the neck – one of his few unarmored areas.

JACK: KXXXXXK!

CHANCE: Can't say the **same**.

7.2

CHANCE leaps away, ducking into the maze of surgical tables, as JACK effortlessly flips the table on which she'd lain into the air.

JACK: RRRRAAH!

7.3

The table smashes down onto another of its like, creating a godawful racket. JACK suddenly looks bereft, remorseful.

SFX: KTANGANGANG!

JACK: **Trudy?** Trudy, **wait**, I'm **sorry!**

JACK: I– I didn't mean to scare you.

7.4

CHANCE, crouched low in the shadows underneath a table, calls out. She looks incredulous and mildly disgusted. JACK's turning, trying to pinpoint the sound.

CHANCE: **Trudy?** I'm not a **Trudy**.

CHANCE: Who's **she** supposed to be?

7.5

JACK, given pause, stops to think about this. He looks sort of forlorn and pathetic here.

JACK: I–

JACK (small): I don't know anymore.



**PAGE EIGHT**

8.1

CHANCE, in FG, crawls carefully through the rows of steel tables, looking for something, anything. JACK, under one of the hanging lights, calls out.

JACK: I'm sorry, Trudy! Please don't be angry...

JACK: I've forgotten so much...

8.2

JACK puts his big metal claws to his plastic faceplate as if trying to remember.

JACK: I heard a **little girl screaming** in my head.

JACK: And I woke up and – and –

8.3

CHANCE, crouched by a steel table, looks up at the cheap, hasty tangle of electric lights. She's getting an idea. JACK continues o/p.

JACK: The **list**. The list said they were **part** of it, and I had to **know**.

8.4

JACK, shadowed in FG, looking down. CHANCE, in BG, climbing up onto a table quietly as she can, reaching up for the electrical wiring...

JACK: And I didn't mean to hurt them, but I'm so **strong** now, and I get **angry**...

8.5

Close on CHANCE as she reaches up and rips the cluster of lights off the dangling wire, leaving bare wires exposed...

SFX: BZZT!

8.6

CHANCE turns, electrical cable in hand ... and JACK is right there. Looking at her. Not making a move. Oh, crap.

NO DIALOGUE

8.7

JACK looks up at CHANCE, and in the odd shadows from the lights, the mask looks almost pleading.

JACK: Do it.

JACK (small): Please.

**PAGE NINE**

9.1

CHANCE reluctantly lowers the wire. Something about JACK has touched her, and she just can't attack him.

CHANCE: Well, hell.

CHANCE: Go and take all the **fun** out of it, then.

9.2

CHANCE has let go of the wire and is crouching down on the steel table, eye-to-eye with JACK. She's setting down the cluster of lamps on the table.

CHANCE: My name's not **Trudy**, first off.

CHANCE: I'm **Dr. Chance**.

9.3

JACK becomes agitated, looking around, and CHANCE is trying quickly to calm him down.

JACK: **Doctor?** No, no, no more doctors!

JACK: Are you on the **list**? Where did I put the **list**?

CHANCE: Whoa, whoa! **Celia**. I'm **Celia**.

9.4

JACK fixes his gaze on her, staring more out of one eye than the other, like the other Bunnymen used to do. CHANCE has her hands up, palms open, placating.

JACK: **Celia**.

CHANCE: Yes. Good. And you are...?

JACK: ... I don't know. I used to. I **did**.

9.5

CHANCE very gently puts a hand on one of JACK's big metal gauntlets. She looks like she's silently praying for all the social skills she can get.

CHANCE: Let's pick a name, then. We'll call you - um - **Jack**.

CHANCE: Short. Easy to **remember**. You like it?

JACK: Jack. Yes. Hello.

9.6

CHANCE hops down off the table, using JACK's arm for support.

CHANCE: Now that we've both **proper names**—

CHANCE: What's this about a **list**?

**PAGE TEN**

10.1

CHANCE's hand, holding a tattered, grubby dot matrix printout. We see a list of names, including Roderick Stevens and Vijaya Alsop. The list is labeled MATERIAL SUPPORT – PROJECT WATERSHIP. CHANCE's thumb conceals the last name on the list. JACK's voice comes from off-panel.

JACK (o.p.): I knew I had it – aah – round here somewhere.

10.2

CHANCE is looking up from the list at JACK, who is sliding some sort of red cannister into a housing in an opened-up compartment of his left arm. We're in another corner of the basement; small medical refrigerators with glass doors and shelves inside sit on a grimy, paper-strewn lab bench against which CHANCE leans.

JACK: They must have left it **behind**. The ones who **did** this.

JACK: Some were **dead**, I found, some out of the **country**.

JACK (small): Does everyone get the **Internet** in their head?

10.3

CHANCE watches JACK as he removes another, similar-looking green cannister into another housing on his right arm.

CHANCE: Just you, and maybe **David Icke**. Can... can I **help**?

JACK: Almost **done**. The other one's **food**, I think. This one keeps the **fever** down...

10.4

We see CHANCE from inside one of the refrigerator units, staring concernedly through the glass. Inside, the shelves are nearly bare – only a handful of red and green cannisters remain. From her face, she's clearly thinking: What happens to JACK when they run out?

CHANCE: I know **people** – I think we can **help** you find these other names.

CHANCE: **Without** hurting anyone.

10.5

JACK is closing the right arm compartment, head bowed.

JACK: **Stevens** – I was **too strong**. I didn't know.

JACK: And Alsop, I **scared** her. She **slipped**, and I couldn't **catch her**.

JACK: I tried –

10.6

JACK's head snaps up. CHANCE, in BG, looks baffled and alarmed.

JACK: What's that?

JACK: Who's — **who's** talking in my head?

**PAGE ELEVEN**

11.1

CHANCE is trying to calm JACK down, but JACK is freaking out, grabbing her by the shoulders.

CHANCE: I don't hear anyone—!

JACK: Red team, blue team, **Dr. Chance** — they're talking about you!

JACK: Why are they talking about **you**?

11.2

Oh, crud. CHANCE is beginning to realize this could go very badly, as JACK gets increasingly angry.

CHANCE: Jack, **listen** to me...

JACK: You're with **them!** With **them!**

JACK: Going to send me **back**, turn off my **brain!**

11.3

CHANCE, craning her neck is looking at JACK's arm, and the side of his face, where a series of red dots of light have appeared...

CHANCE: No, I'm not, Jack. I'm a friend, and... you've got... red spots on...

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

11.4

A full COMMANDO TEAM in black uniforms and full body armor targets JACK with their guns from positions of cover around the lab tables. JACK is dropping CHANCE, who's holding up her hands wildly, and going into a bestial crouch, claws wide...

LEAD COMMANDO: **DO NOT MOVE!**

JACK: RRRRAAAAAAHHH—!

11.5

Surprising everyone, possibly including herself, CHANCE throws herself bodily between JACK and the COMMANDOS, arms spread wide, her own shirt now covered with red dots.

CHANCE: **HOLD FIRE, DAMMIT!**

CHANCE: You want to **shoot him**, you do it through **me.**

CHANCE (small): So... please **don't.**

**PAGE TWELVE**

12.1

LORD bursts into the room behind the COMMANDOS, his suit jacket off, a flak vest over his shirt, clutching a walkie-talkie, shouting frantically. He's just caught sight of CHANCE.

LORD: — I said **do not engage!** Who gave the order to—  
LORD: Oh.

12.2

CHANCE, still spread-armed in front of JACK, the red dots still on her shirt, is looking back up at JACK with stern reproach. JACK's posture has drooped slightly — he looks a bit like a scolded child.

CHANCE: **Now.** Men with guns, this is **Jack**, who's going to **quit roaring** and act like a **civilized human being.**

CHANCE: **Isn't** he?

12.3

CHANCE turns back to the COMMANDOS, scowling, as they begin to lower their weapons.

CHANCE: And Jack, these are the **nice men** who were **just** about to **lower their guns.**

CHANCE: Or have them **shoved piece by piece** into **very uncomfortable places.**

12.4

The COMMANDOS look back at LORD, their body language and faces suggesting, "Is this bird for real?" LORD is smiling with admiration and mild disbelief.

LORD: I'd **listen** to her.

LORD: She knows **maths.**

12.5

LORD is striding past the perimeter of COMMANDOS as they lower their guns, obviously glad to see CHANCE all right, and just as obviously trying to keep a stiff upper lip about that. CHANCE is shouting at him, genuinely upset.

LORD: Doctor, are you—

CHANCE: **Now?** You pick **this specific instance** to go the **full tactical?**

CHANCE: What the **hell** kind of **cowboy heroics—**

(cont'd)

12.6

LORD can't get upset – he's just too glad that CHANCE is OK. And he's calmly, quietly defusing her with just one sentence, her anger deflating.

LORD: I thought you were in **danger**.

CHANCE: ...

CHANCE (small): Well, I **wasn't**.

**PAGE THIRTEEN**

13.1

A mollified CHANCE is introducing LORD to JACK. In the BG, the COMMANDOS file around, baffled but at ease. LORD is holding out a hand for JACK to shake, completely unfazed, as if he were meeting anyone off the street.

CHANCE: Um. Anyway, **Jack**, this is—

JACK: **Parry Lord!** From the **Clarion!**

LORD: You're a **reader!** Terribly sorry about the lasso...

13.2

As CHANCE watches, amused, JACK's big claw gingerly shakes LORD's gloved hand.

JACK: I... I fancy the **Page Four** girls.

LORD: They're very **popular**, yes. Now, Jack, what exactly are we to **do** with you?

CHANCE: I've an **idea** on that...

13.3

And suddenly it's morning, and we're in the central open area of Branch HQ, from the dark low basement to bright open space. And DAISY, rather adorably, is riding around delighted on JACK's shoulders, as LORD looks on, bemused.

DAISY: EEEEEEE!

DAISY: Faster, horsey, faster!

JACK: Ha ha ha!

13.4

And in the infirmary off the lobby, CHANCE, in her undershirt with her glasses off, sits on the lab table while CHARLES KING shines a flashlight in her eyes.

CHARLES: Wellllll, your **specs** are a loss, but there doesn't seem to be a **concussion**. Nothing **broken**, either.

CHANCE: Good thing my **skull's** not half **thick**.

CHARLES: Wasn't going to **say** it.



**PAGE FOURTEEN**

14.1

CHARLES leans back against a counter, inclining his head in the direction of the door to the atrium, as CHANCE puts her shirt back on.

DAISY (o/p, from atrium): Whee! Giddyup!

CHARLES: Now, I'm **dying** to know about the **Terminator** out there..

CHANCE: Oof. **Long story**, that.

14.2

CHARLES is making an offer, casually, that's taking CHANCE completely aback. Is... is he asking her out?

CHARLES: Tell me **another time**, then.

CHARLES: Maybe down the **pub**? First pint on **me**?

CHANCE: Um. I—

14.3

Out in the atrium, JACK, DAISY (still on JACK's shoulders), and LORD are all turning as a new arrival clears her throat very definitively. LORD and JACK look vaguely hand-in-the-cookie-jar, but DAISY's still delighted.

KING (o/p): **Ahem**.

LORD (small): Oh dear.

14.4

REGINA KING stands with arms folded, one eyebrow raised imperiously, taking all this in.

KING: If **anyone** would care to explain to me **exactly** what's going on here I'll be in my office.

KING: **Waiting**.

KING: **Eagerly**.

14.5

KING icebergs off, as JACK looks guilty up at DAISY on his shoulders.

JACK: I should put you **down** now.

DAISY: Oh, she's not **really** cranky.

DAISY: She just likes to **pretend**.

**PAGE FIFTEEN**

15.1

JACK is setting DAISY down, gentle as a lamb; DAISY's still holding on to one of his big metal claws. LORD is heading after KING to explain as CHANCE comes out of CHARLES' infirmary, hastily buttoning her shirt. Still no glasses.

LORD (to CHANCE): Off to get **shouted at**. Mind those two for a bit, would you?

CHANCE: What? Oh. Yeah, sure...

15.2

JACK is kneeling down to look DAISY in the eye. She's still holding tight to his arm, as CHANCE wanders over.

JACK: **There** you go. **Thank you**. That was **fun**.

DAISY: You planted **violets**.

JACK: ... what?

15.3

DAISY looking up into JACK's face, all earnestness. She's having one of her little insights...

DAISY: At the bottom of the **garden**. You and Trudy planted **violets**. You let her dig the **holes**.

DAISY: It was **raining** when you picked her up from **school**. You didn't see the **lorry**.

15.4

JACK, stricken, looking down at this little girl as she unfolds his hidden life for him.

DAISY: Your **wife** shouted a lot, and your **boss** shouted a lot, but it **wasn't** your fault. **Really**.

DAISY: And you snuck back in and **tore up** the violets, but you couldn't **forget**.

DAISY: You **never** forgot, not even **now**, not **really**.

15.5

DAISY is giggling now, honest and childish, still holding JACK's hand, as CHANCE looks on in freaked-out amazement.

DAISY: It's **all right**.

DAISY: You can **let go now**.

**PAGE SIXTEEN**

16.1

Later. Dusk, on an overcast day. JACK lies on a sturdy labtable in MAL's lab in BRANCH HQ, his big red eyes dark, wires trailing from various opened ports in his chassis to a variety of computers, which display vital sign readouts. MAL's lab is like the other offices – one slanted wall mostly transparent, affording views of the London skyline. We see that the last of JACK's food and medicine cannisters have been moved to a small portable refrigerator crammed on the bench along with the computers. LORD and a weary-looking CHANCE watch him; CHANCE holds a steaming mug of coffee with the words I LOVE CHALDEAN POETRY (a math/cryptography joke) on it.

LORD: Is he **asleep**?

CHANCE: "Recharge cycle," Mal said. Sometimes he **twitches**.

16.2

LORD and CHANCE emerge into the dimmed atrium of Branch HQ, its lights on the lower night cycle. DAISY's "treehouse" in the center is softly aglow.

LORD: And **you**?

CHANCE: Caught a few hours on the **sofa** in my **office**. I'm fine.

CHANCE: There's a **name** on that **list** of Jack's you may want to see.

16.3

CHANCE's office, the whiteboard-wall of equations as we last saw it in issue 2.2. LORD, standing, studies the tacked-up photocopies of the weird writing from ELBA's office in issue 2.1. CHANCE, seated at her desk – the cold cup of Pot Noodle she was eating still there, now well on its way to becoming a science experiment – tapping at the computer.

CHANCE: See, **my** office has **proper furniture** in, unlike **some** people's.

LORD: Just haven't figured out how I **want** it. I was thinking a **rock garden**...

CHANCE: Right. Here we go...

16.4

CHANCE is turning away from the screen, which shows a file on MERCER JOVE, the businessman whose party LORD attended in issue 2.2.

CHANCE: Jack was **right**. Most of the names on the list – doctors, money men, cutting-edge scientists, are **dead**.

CHANCE: Motor wrecks, a **drowning**, a few **nasty spills**... all very **convenient**.

CHANCE: Leaving only your **friend**, Mr. **Fuel Cells**.

16.5

LORD, frowning, leans over to stare at the glow of the monitor.  
CHANCE is looking away, out into the atrium, distracted by a noise.

LORD: **Mercer Jove** is no **friend** of mine.

LORD: I go to his **parties** to see whose **back** he's stabbing lately.  
Lest he begin to fancy **mine**.

CHANCE: Sounds like – wait. Did you hear that?

**PAGE SEVENTEEN**

17.1

We're floating outside the back glass wall of the Branch HQ, looking through a massive hole that's been smashed in the glass from the inside out, which frames CHANCE standing flatfooted, looking out the glass. Behind her, LORD is sprinting across the HQ toward MAL's lab.

CHANCE (small): oh, bugger.

17.2

LORD is stopping short in the doorway of MAL's lab, in grim realization; the wires are all disconnected, the table is empty, and JOVE's file – the same one CHANCE was looking at on her computer – is on every screen.

NO DIALOGUE

17.3

And loping straight down the scaffolding that covers the outside of the Branch HQ, his claws digging into the metal and plastic, JACK bounds toward vengeance.

NO DIALOGUE

**PAGE EIGHTEEN**

18.1

LORD and CHANCE meet up in the middle of the atrium. LORD is baffled and alarmed; CHANCE embarrassed and worried.

LORD: How in the **world** did he—

CHANCE: He... might... have the **Internet** in his head.

LORD: ... I suppose he **would**. But at least we know...

18.2

Establishing shot of the high-rise penthouse, surrounded by the balcony LORD stood on last issue, where JOVE lives in Olympian splendor, as twilight shades toward night. JOVE's voice emerges from the vicinity of his flat.

LORD/CAPTION: "... where he's **headed**."

JOVE (from inside): Hello, **maintenance**? I'd like to know exactly which **ape** you **hurled** at my flat today.

18.3

MERCER JOVE, indignant, business-suited, sets down his briefcase on his modernist glass dining table. Behind him, we can see dim emergency lighting in the atrium where his private elevator accesses his flat; otherwise, his sleek, modernist digs are lit only by the fading light from outside. The Degas sculpture from the previous issue is somewhere about; on one wall, we also see (a replica of?) Francois Boucher's portrait of Marie-Louise O'Murphy (age 14.) In short, there's a slightly creepy bent to JOVE's taste in art...

JOVE: Damn **right** I'm unsatisfied! The power's off, my balcony door's been left **wide** open...

18.4

JOVE is turned, still complaining into his phone. Behind him, in shadow, two familiar red eyes loom over him.

JOVE: And... listen, do you **hear** that? The bloody A/C's going like a **tank!**

JOVE: Hello? **Hello?**

18.5

JACK's massive clawed fist reaches out and closes around JOVE's phone hand with an unsettling CRUNCH. JOVE is screaming in pain and fright.

SFX: KRUNCH!

JOVE: AAAAAA!

**PAGE NINETEEN**

19.1

JACK wades through JOVE's furniture like a tank, slamming him painfully into the wall where the aforementioned painting hangs. One claw still holds JOVE's ruined hand, and the remains of his phone; the other is around JOVE's neck.

JOVE: GGRK!

19.2

JACK's face very close to a terrified JOVE, the glow of JACK's eye casting light on JOVE's face as JACK swivels his head slightly to get a closer look.

JACK: Last on the list. Last. List.

JACK: You helped them do this. Tell me.

JACK: Tell me who **cut out my life**.

19.3

JOVE squirms, panicking, frantic. JACK grows angrier, his fist unconsciously tightening around JOVE's throat. CHANCE's shout intrudes from off-panel.

JOVE: I- I don't- I swear- hkkkk-

JACK: **TELL ME!**

CHANCE: **STOP IT, JACK!**

19.4

CHANCE, nearly bent double, out of breath, in the doorway from the atrium. LORD just behind her, leaning on the wall. Clearly, they've been running. The private elevator doors behind them are just starting to close.

CHANCE: What - hhah -

CHANCE: What would **Trudy** think of you?

19.5

JACK, desperate, angry, grieving, turns to plead with CHANCE, but she's having none of it.

JACK: **Everything I was** - they, they **peeled it off me in strips!**

CHANCE: Not **everything**. Not **Trudy**.

CHANCE: Not unless you go ahead and **be their killing machine**.

**PAGE TWENTY**

20.1

For a long, terrible moment, JACK holds up a crying, sniveling JOVE against the wall, looking at him.

NO DIALOGUE

20.2

Then JACK turns his face away in disgust, and lets JOVE drop hard to the ground, sobbing with relief.

JOVE: hhhhUHhhh!

JOVE: Nuh.

JOVE: Nuh.

20.3

JACK stalks back into the shadows, fists clenched; CHANCE moves to put herself between JACK and JOVE; and JOVE looks up startled as LORD crouches down next to him.

JOVE: Puh –

JOVE: **Parry?**

LORD: Hello, Mercer. Now, let's see. Can't have been **money** – you've **plenty**.

LORD: Nice fat **contracts** from **Her Majesty's government**, and those new factories humming along in **Thailand**..

20.4

JOVE stares at LORD, uncomprehending, as LORD fishes his smartphone out of his jacket pocket and begins to flip it open.

JOVE: What – what are you...?

LORD: Just trying to figure out how they **bent** you, Jove.

LORD: Or – hmm –

20.5

LORD looks up at the painting askew on the wall.

LORD: Were you **bent** to begin with?

LORD: All those trips to **Thailand** – were they **strictly business**?

20.6

LORD has the phone out now, displaying a photo of ELBA to JOVE, who's starting to realize just how sunk he is.

JOVE: I don't...

LORD: **Shush**. Look **carefully**, Mercer. This was the man who came to you, right? Wanting– what? Money?

JOVE: ... No. Not money. Not my money.



**PAGE TWENTY-ONE**

21.1

JOVE talks, smudging snot away from his nose.

JOVE: He wanted to move – someone **else's** money, through the **construction contracts** on the new factories.

JOVE: And he wanted my **schematics**, for the **fuel cells**...

21.2

LORD points to JACK, looming angrily, fists clenched. JOVE is hastily trying to deny.

LORD: For **him**, and other poor bastards **like him**.

JOVE: I didn't **know** what, I swear I didn't!

JOVE: He said... he had **pictures** from... from...

21.3

CHANCE, in BG, is visibly disgusted. LORD stays icily calm. JOVE, cradling his ruined hand, seems pathetically hopeful that if he explains, they'll understand him perfectly...

JOVE: It looks so **sordid** in the pictures – it was a **beautiful thing**. It was!

JOVE: They don't **understand** that here. I **had** to go abroad. The, the men who **arranged** it – they were very **proper**...

21.4

LORD stands up, turning away, not looking at JOVE. JOVE is pathetic, pleading.

JOVE: What... what happens now?

LORD: We call the **police**. For a start.

21.5

JOVE gets indignant. LORD is ice, still not looking at him.

JOVE: But– but you **need** me. I'm one of your **biggest advertisers!**

LORD: I can live without **your** business.

21.6

JACK sways on his massive feet, one claw to his head. CHANCE is concerned, trying (unsuccessfully) to steady him.

JACK: Nnn–

CHANCE: Jack? What's wrong?

CHANCE: Do you need your **cannisters**?

**PAGE TWENTY-TWO**

22.1

As LORD and CHANCE try to support his massive body, JACK puts both hands to his head.

JACK: Can't you **hear it?**

JACK: The walls have ears, and they're talking to the floor, and the floor is...

22.2

JACK looks down at the floor, in horror, as LORD and CHANCE exchange baffled glances.

JACK: The floor is **counting down...**

22.3

JACK snatches LORD and CHANCE up effortlessly, their eyes bugging out with shock and surprise, and starts racing toward the elevator alcove.

NO DIALOGUE

22.4

MERCER JOVE, still slumped against the wall, very alone with his fabulous wealth.

JOVE: Wait! Where are you going?

22.5

JACK drops into a crouch, skidding along the floor toward the elevator in the narrow alcove, squeezing LORD and CHANCE together, shielding them with his body.

CHANCE: Jack, what—

**PAGE TWENTY-THREE**

23.1

Exterior of the building, as the entire PENTHOUSE blows out in a fireball!

SFX: WHOOOM!

23.2

Inside the penthouse, floors torn up, furniture shattered, everything in bits and tatters, most of it on fire. If there's anything left of JOVE, it's not recognizably human.

NO DIALOGUE

23.3

The elevator alcove. Close on LORD and CHANCE, dazed but unhurt, as they gingerly push JACK away from them. The elevator door's to their backs.

CHANCE: \*koff\* Jack?

LORD: Jack, are you all right?

JACK: I...

23.4

And now we see that JACK's back is warped, blackened – crushed in places, punctured by shards of rebar in others. He's clearly in bad shape.

JACK: I don't think so.

**PAGE TWENTY-FOUR**

24.1

CHANCE has grasped hold of JACK's big claw with both of her hands, and she's looking at him earnestly. JACK looks back sadly. LORD is frustrated – there's nothing he can do, and he knows it.

JACK: I feel it... things in me are... **scraping...** and **leaking...**

JACK: But I'm a **human being**, aren't I? ... Nobody's **machine**.

CHANCE: Damn right you are, Jack.

24.2

Even as she says it, CHANCE knows it's hopeless, but she's stubborn. JACK knows better.

CHANCE: You **hold on**, Jack. Just **hold on**.

JACK: It's all right. It's all right.

JACK: I can let go.

24.3

The lights in JACK's eyes go dead, and he freezes stock still. CHANCE is still hanging on to him.

CHANCE: Jack?

CHANCE: **JACK!**

24.4

Pull back on the elevator alcove, smashed and burned, and JACK's smoking remains. CHANCE just sits there, holding JACK's dead hand. LORD has removed his jacket, and is putting it over CHANCE's shoulders kindly.

CAPTION/LORD: "Last stop, everyone out."

**PAGE TWENTY-FIVE**

25.1

CHANCE, coming out of a reverie, in the back seat of LORD's Monotracer. The gullwing door is open, and LORD's gloved hand is extended to her. She's still got his jacket draped over her shoulders.

CHANCE: Huh? Wait, this isn't **my** place.

CHANCE: Why are we at **yours**?

25.2

We're in a belowground garage; we see LORD's Tesla Roadster parked on one side, the Monotracer in the empty space on the opposite side. A steel door is closing on a ramp leading up to the back alley of LORD's townhouse. LORD stands, hand extended to CHANCE, outside the Monotracer, smiling gently.

LORD: Because **you've** had a **rough few days**.

LORD: And I've a **dining table** I never use, and an **excellent** recipe for **chicken curry**.

25.3

CHANCE thinks about it a moment, scowling...

LORD (o/p): Or would you rather **Pot Noodle**?

25.4

And then gets out of the bike on her own, ignoring LORD's proffered hand, just the shadow of a grin on her face.

CHANCE: I'd **rather** a **hot shower**.

25.5

LORD, followed by CHANCE, climbs a spiral staircase in the far corner of the garage, leading up to the private entry to his flat. (Remember, the first floor's an empty chip shop – LORD's quarters start on the second floor, and go up through the third – bedroom and guest rooms – and fourth – training space.)

LORD: Got one of **those**, too.

CHANCE: And a **lock** on your **medicine cabinet**.

LORD: Didn't stop **you** from trying to **break** it.

CHANCE: I didn't **succeed**...

**PAGE TWENTY-SIX**

26.1

The tastefully lit hallway on the second floor that leads to the main entrance to LORD's flat; the spiral staircase comes up right next to another solid steel industrial door from the outside (where non-driving visitors can come up, up exterior stairs), and then just down the hall is the sturdy steel door, with a numerical keypad lock, that leads to LORD's flat. LORD is approaching the door, looking at the lock quizzically. CHANCE is trailing along, also looking at the lock, not seeing yet what LORD does.

CHANCE: Still haven't **changed that lock?**

LORD: Just because **you** cracked it doesn't—

LORD: Doesn't...

26.2

Close on the keypad. Smearred with bright red blood.

NO DIALOGUE

26.3

LORD and CHANCE, illuminated in the light of the hallway, as the door opens on LORD's darkened living room. LORD looks thunderstruck – or maybe just stricken. CHANCE is equally baffled and furious.

VOICE (o.p., weak): **There** you are...

26.4

Big panel. She lies on LORD's couch – his living room is pretty much how we remember it from last season – in tattered red robes, her left arm ending in a ragged, broken mechanical stump. Several of the fingers on her right hand look twisted and broken, and the stomach of her outfit is soaked through and bleeding onto LORD's couch. Her face has been beaten to a pulp, one eye swollen shut, bleeding from her mouth and a cut on her forehead. But there's no mistaking the scars all along the left side of her face, or the defiant, slightly mad light in the one eye still open. It's CHAAYA – once the RED QUEEN, and still technically LORD's wife.

CHAAYA (weak): Hello, **darling**.

CHAAYA (weak): **Miss me?**