

**AGENTS EXTRAORDINARY: EMPIRE**  
**4: ME AND MY SHADOW**

**By Nathan Alderman**

**PAGE ONE**

1.1

CHAAAYA SUDWARNA LORD, newly married, flies through the air, borne on the shockwave of an explosion. Her face is turned to the right, the left side beginning to scorch and sizzle from the heat of the blast, and her green sari is tattered and burning. Her eyes are shut – she's already unconscious, limp, oddly suspended in this moment. And her left arm is just completely gone.

PARRY LORD's voice is suspended over this, in a balloon with no tail.

LORD: Good morning.

1.2

CHAAAYA SUDWARNA LORD, six years later, and greatly changed. She lies in a completely white room, full of neutral lighting, strapped securely into a hospital bed, wearing a red hospital gown whose left sleeve hangs limp and empty. Her hair is short, cut with regard for function, not style, and a track of scars cover the left side of her neck and head, encroaching on her cheekbones. She has no left ear. Her eyes and face are calm and quiet and emotionless. Her face bears the faint, healing traces of the cuts and bruises she'd sustained when we saw her at the end of issue 2.3.

CHAAAYA: Is it?

**PAGE TWO**

2.1

PARRY LORD is sitting in a plastic chair at the end of her hospital bed, a manila file folder open in his black-gloved hands. He looks composed as can be, his suit neat, his shirt crisp, a white carnation in his lapel, his hair shaved close and monklike to his scalp. But there are dark circles beneath his eyes, betraying too many nights of bad sleep. Behind him, in the white wall, we see the outline of the door through which he entered the room.

LORD: You'll have to take my word for it.

LORD: I have a series of questions for you here.

2.2

We've just jumped backward in time a moment. CHAAYA is handcuffed to a metal chair, in a dark room under a spotlight, wearing her RED QUEEN outfit with the mask off. She lacks her robotic left arm. She's looking at someone we can't see with her face set in grim determination.

CHAAYA: Do your worst.

2.3

Match CHAAYA sitting up in the hospital bed now, back in the timeless white room. Cold, just the hint of a nasty smile at the corner of her mouth.

CHAAYA: You're no longer wearing the **ring**. After you made such a big **speech** about it.

CHAAYA: Is the **honeymoon** over, darling?

2.4

LORD is maintaining his composure, with difficulty, as CHAAYA needles him.

CHAAYA: Don't you want to know if I **killed your parents?**

CHAAAYA: Aren't you **dying** to know whether it was all one **big lie**?

2.5

LORD looks down at the file, outwardly calm, but his hands are gripping the edges of the file tightly.

LORD: If you **cooperate**, we guarantee you fair treatment and all the protections of the law.

LORD: If you **refuse**, well ... the **Americans** seem **quite** interested in you.

2.6

CHAAAYA seems unimpressed.

CHAAAYA: Ha. You'd never let them **black-bag** me. Whether the choice was **in your hands** or **not**.

CHAAAYA: Because then you'd **never know**.

2.7

LORD doesn't take the bait, stays calm. For now.

LORD: Go on, then. Surprise me. **Shock** me.

LORD: I've lived with **not knowing** for six years now.

LORD: The only thing you can **hurt** me with is the **truth**.

2.8

CHAAAYA stares back at him, flinty and just a little big smug.

CHAAAYA: You honestly think so? Oh, Parry.

CHAAAYA: You really don't know me at all.

## PAGE THREE

### 3.1

Seven-year-old CHAAYA, in a loose, comfortable shalwar gamiz, her curly hair about shoulder length, is flung hard to ground, raising clouds of red dust. She's dirty and bruised; she's been doing this for a while. Her clothes are red; throughout the issue, until the end, red will be used to signify her presence.

CHAAYA: Houlph!

CAPTION: Twenty years ago.

CAPTION: The hills outside Islamabad, Pakistan.

### 3.2

Young CHAAYA smudges dirt off her face, weary. A man's arm, older, strong and well-muscled, reaches down toward CHAAYA, offering her a hand up. She's in a patch of dirt in the middle of a wide, sprawling courtyard of a two-story house; fruit trees and flower bushes ring the periphery of the courtyard.

SALAH (o.p.): **Again.**

CHAAYA: It's not **fair!** You're bigger than me!

### 3.3

SALAH is an aging warrior, slipping away from the peak of his useful fighting years. Late 40s, bearing scars from years of hard combat against the Indians and the Soviets, his sternness does not entirely conceal a firm, parental benevolence toward CHAAYA. He hauls CHAAYA up. Behind him, we see NANA, his elderly mother, calmly sitting and smoking a cigarette in the shade as she cleans the barrel of one of several disassembled handguns laid out on a cloth in front of her.

SALAH: Life doesn't care about **fairness**, little **Zia**.

SALAH: It sees its chance and takes it. So must you.

3.4

SALAH kneels down and looks stubborn young CHAAYA in the eye.

SALAH: I won't have you be weak and helpless. I won't have you be **property**.

SALAH: You're **special**, Zia. You deserve to be **more**. To have **control** of your life. Do you understand?

CHAAYA: ... Yes, **Uncle Salah**.

3.5

SALAH assumes a fighting stance, and CHAAYA matches him, squaring off.

SALAH: Good. Again.

SALAH: And this time, watch my shoulder to see how I will move...

## PAGE FOUR

### 4.1

That night. CHAAYA's modest but cozy bedroom; the shelves overflow with books, and a few pictures she has drawn are taped to the walls. SALAH sits by CHAAYA's bed, reading to her from a book of folktales.

SALAH: ... "Then," the other jackals said, "if you're not a jackal, clearly you're not a peacock, either." And they drove him away forever.

SALAH: The end.

### 4.2

SALAH sets the book down on the bedside table and lays an affectionate hand on CHAAYA's forehead. The girl closes her eyes contentedly.

SALAH: Soon you'll be too old for bedtime stories.

CHAAYA: Never. Never ever ever.

SALAH: Good night, **little shadow**. Sleep well.

### 4.3

SALAH closes CHAAYA's door; there's another man waiting for him out on the balcony, a colleague, ZHILL, smoking a cigarette. ZHILL wears Western dress, and looks generally more slick, more political.

SALAH (whispering): She'll be asleep soon.

ZHILL (whispering): You spoil that girl rotten.

SALAH (whispering): I owe her that much.

### 4.4

ZHILL and SALAH walk down a series of stairs into the cool, earthen basement of the house, where bare bulbs provide the lighting. ZHILL seems calm and good-humored; SALAH seems to be steeling himself for a chore he'd rather not tackle.

ZHILL: That **conscience** of yours is just **adorable**.

ZHILL: Oh, I got you a new set of **tools**. You'll like the **pliers**. Swiss design.

SALAH: \*sigh\* What did this one do?

4.5

In the basement, a man in a black hood and disheveled shirt and pants sags handcuffed in a steel chair that's been bolted to the concrete floor. There's a table waiting, with a series of shining tools laid out. SALAH strides into the space confidently; ZHILL hangs back, letting the expert work.

HOODED MAN (muffled): Muh? Muhhhhh!

ZHILL: That's **my** job to worry about.

SALAH: You just have to get him to **talk**.

**PAGE FIVE**

5.1

Ten years pass. NANA, cigarette drooping from her lips, older but no less indomitable, is fussing and fretting over a 17-year-old CHAAYA's appearance in a ground-floor room adjacent to the courtyard. CHAAYA's wearing a much nicer, bright red shalwar qamiz, ornate and embroidered, her head covered in a hijab. NANA seems far more concerned than CHAAYA, though CHAAYA's clearly a little nervous.

CAPTION: Ten years ago.

NANA: Wait, wait, let me adjust the collar—

CHAAYA: **Nana**, I'll be **fine**.

NANA: No you **won't**. Not with **this** one. **Remember** that.

5.2

CHAAYA breezes through the doorway into the courtyard, apparently not seeing a large, grim-looking man moving out of hiding from the side of the door to aim a silenced 9mm pistol at her head.

CHAAYA: Uncle Salah?

CHAAYA: Hello?

5.3

At the last possible moment, CHAAYA pivots, grabbing the ATTACKER's gun hand! He's firing two shots off by reflex.

SFX/PISTOL: phut phut

5.4

CHAAYA hurls the ATTACKER over her shoulder, hard to the ground!

SFX: THWUD!

5.5



CHAAYA strips the gun from the ATTACKER's hand as a GUNMAN steps out from behind a tree, leveling another pistol at her. CHAAYA's eyes indicate that she sees him.

NO DIALOGUE

**PAGE SIX**

6.1

CHAAYA spins and drops into a crouch, planting one knee squarely on the ATTACKER's throat, firing off three shots with the ATTACKER's silenced pistol toward the GUNMAN.

SFX: phut phut phut

6.2

The shots hit the GUNMAN square in his chest and he falls backward.

GUNMAN: AHN!

6.3

CHAAYA whirls again, all deadly focus, aiming the gun at the sound of a new voice.

ZHILL (o.p.): Oh, she's good, Salah.

ZHILL (o.p.): Everything you said and more.

6.4

ZHILL and SALAH are emerging from the house; SALAH looks both proud and a little nervous, ZHILL is visibly pleased. CHAAYA's lowering the gun.

ZHILL: Didn't even **hesitate** to fire.

CHAAYA: **Rubber bullets**. I could tell from the **weight**.

ZHILL: Would you please release my man? I promised his wife he wouldn't be **too** badly hurt.

6.5

CHAAYA is standing up, smartly at attention; on the ground, the ATTACKER is rubbing his throat; in the background, the GUNMAN is sitting up, gingerly probing his chest and abdomen. SALAH and ZHILL stand before CHAAYA, sizing her up.

SALAH: Zia, this is **Mr. Zhill**. I've told him all about you.

ZHILL: Salah has raised you well.

CHAYYA: Thank you, sir.

6.6

SALAH has a moment with CHAYYA; she's all youthful enthusiasm, while his words have the weariness of experience behind them.

SALAH: Are you **sure** this is what you want, Zia? I've told Zhill how you were accepted to IIUI...

CHAYYA: I want to **serve my country**, Uncle. Like **you** did.

6.7

ZHILL, satisfied, puts a hand on CHAYYA's shoulder. His smile has the faintest trace of insincerity about it. CHAYYA clearly thinks she understands what she's in for, but she doesn't really. SALAH looks on, troubled.

ZHILL: You'll need to **prove** yourself one more time, I'm afraid.

ZHILL: This time for **real**. It will be dangerous. Ugly.

CHAYYA: I understand, sir.

ZHILL: I'm sure you do.

**PAGE SEVEN**

7.1

Night. A walled compound in the suburbs of Islamabad. Guards in military uniforms stand guard outside the lavish front gate; behind the high stone walls, gardens lead up to a three-story palace of a home, built in Islamabad's modern-Islamic hybrid style.

CAPTION/ZHILL: We believe a certain **general** in the military – powerful, well-connected – sold the **Indians** details about our recent **nuclear tests**.

CAPTION/ZHILL: He lives far more **lavishly** than even his **salary** could provide.

7.2

Inside, in a lushly appointed hallway, the GENERAL – middle-aged, big squarish glasses, neatly trimmed mustache and beard, is unbuttoning the collar of his military uniform, dictating orders to his two AIDES, clean-shaven young men in similar military uniforms.

GENERAL: If my **wife** calls, tell her I'm out on **maneuvers**. Same for my **mistress**.

GENERAL: For the next two hours, I am not to be disturbed.

CAPTION/CHAAYA: You want me to get proof that he's a traitor?

7.3

The GENERAL closes two big double doors behind him, and turns to greet a guest. His initial pleasure is turning to surprise.

GENERAL: My apologies for keeping you waiting. I–

GENERAL: What are you doing there?

7.4

The GENERAL's study is filled with bookshelves, but one

senses they're mostly for display. Swords and guns hang on the walls, along with military commendations and photos of the General and other important men. A TV mounted in the bookshelves is tuned to CNN International. A VEILED WOMAN – gauzy red veil concealing her face, long, draping red robe – stands over the GENERAL's lavish wooden desk, as if looking at the papers on it.

CAPTION/ZHILL: Not exactly.

VEILED WOMAN: F-forgive me.

VEILED WOMAN: I was curious... about the work of a great man like you.

## PAGE EIGHT

8.1

The GENERAL takes the VEILED WOMAN firmly by the arm, smiling at her with strained courtesy, and pulls her gently but insistently away from the desk, toward the center of the room.

GENERAL: You were not invited here to **sate your curiosity**, my flower...

GENERAL: But to satisfy **mine**.

8.2

The WOMAN stands in the center of the room, clutching her robe nervously. The GENERAL eases himself into a seat, thumbing a remote control toward a stereo cabinet.

GENERAL: Now. I hear you're a **most accomplished** dancer.

GENERAL: I happen to be quite an ... enthusiast.

GENERAL: Go on. Don't be shy.

8.3

MUSIC begins to play from the stereo. The WOMAN shrugs off her robe hesitantly. Underneath, she's wearing considerably less. A spangly top and a long loincloth-type bottom preserve her modesty. Her figure is fairly amazing.

WOMAN: Would – would you like me to remove the veil?

WOMAN: I– I can do that. If you like.

SFX: (soft music)

8.4

The GENERAL, in his chair, leans back with wolfish expectation.

GENERAL: No, no... that would terribly **immodest**.

GENERAL: Now, a **private performance**? Please?

SFX: (soft music)

8.5

The WOMAN begins to belly-dance, gyrating enticingly.

SFX: (soft music)

8.6

The GENERAL watches hungrily, the WOMAN reflected in his glasses.

SFX: (soft music)

8.7

The WOMAN dances closer, and the GENERAL reaches out one trembling hand to almost brush the bare skin of her stomach...

SFX: (soft music)

8.8

There's a knock on the wooden door behind the GENERAL, at the back of the office. The WOMAN pauses, startled, and the GENERAL turns irritably.

SFX: (soft music)

SFX: NOK NOK

GENERAL: I **told** them ... one moment, radiance.

8.9

The GENERAL opens the door just a crack, looking out through it, blocking the view with his body. Behind him, the WOMAN takes a hesitant step toward him while his back is turned...

GENERAL: **Yes?**

## **PAGE NINE**

9.1

There's the soft report of a silent pistol, and the GENERAL stumbles backward into the room, clutching his abdomen.

SFX: phut

GENERAL: ...

9.2

The GENERAL topples to the floor as an AIDE with a pistol enters the room through the door the GENERAL opens. The WOMAN recoils in terror.

SFX: THUD

GENERAL: buh. buh.

9.3

The AIDE, his hat brim hiding his face, fires one more lethal shot into the GENERAL's head, as the WOMAN slumps to the floor, terrified.

SFX: phut

9.4

As the AIDE's pistol turns toward her, the WOMAN's veil hangs askew – it's not CHAAYA! It's another woman entirely.

WOMAN: Please. Please don't kill me.

WOMAN: I won't tell anyone, I swear to God.

9.5

And the AIDE – yes, it's 17-year-old CHAAYA, her hair tucked up under her hat, wearing a man's uniform, holds the pistol on her for a long moment. The pistol shakes slightly in her hand.



CHAAYA: If you **do...** I'll **know.**

CHAAYA: And I won't **spare you** again.

9.6

And then she's gone, and the traumatized WOMAN is sitting in the study, crying as quietly as possible, hand over her mouth to muffle the sobs, next to the body of the dead GENERAL...

NO DIALOGUE

**PAGE TEN**

10.1

A car, an inconspicuous black Range Rover SUV, parked on a dark street near the GENERAL's palace.

NO DIALOGUE

10.2

In the front seat, SALAH (the driver) and ZHILL (the passenger) wait. ZHILL smokes, relaxed. SALAH checks his watch nervously.

SALAH: She's taking too long..

ZHILL: **Relax**, "Uncle." I see her now. Start the engine.

10.3

CHAYYA, having discarded her uniform for a shalwar qamiz and hijab, climbs in the back of the car, wiping her mouth. SALAH is turned back to look at her, concerned.

SALAH: Are you all right, Zia? Are you wounded?

CHAYYA: He's dead.

10.4

CHAYYA sits in the back seat in the shadows of the darkened car, looking pale, reciting almost robotically.

CHAYYA: I threw the **gun** in a sewer. Uniform in a **trash fire**.

CHAYYA: I – I was **sick**. After.

10.5

SALAH and ZHILL in the front seat, SALAH driving, ZHILL looking back at her.

SALAH: That's **all right**, little shadow. That's **normal**. You did well.

ZHILL: So tell me – do you **still** wish to serve your country?

10.6

CHAAYA looks up at him, fiercely determined.

CHAAYA: **Absolutely.**

**PAGE ELEVEN**

11.1

The Parliament of India is housed in a beautiful circular building in New Delhi, surrounded by splendid gardens. It's a hot, sunny summer afternoon. MADSUMITA CHAUDRY LORD's voice comes from within the building.

CAPTION: Eight years ago.

CAPTION: The Parliament of India, New Delhi.

MADDI (from inside): ... and thank your God of Gods of choice, that's it for this afternoon.

11.2

MADDI is a few years younger than when we glimpsed her in 1.13, at LORD and CHAAYA's fateful wedding, but retains the same blend of confident strength, beauty, and good humor. She sits at the end of a long wooden table, wearing an attractive but businesslike sari, and surrounded by men and women in a mixture of traditional Indian clothes and Western businesswear. They're all laughing good-naturedly. Her staff likes her – she inspires loyalty and trust.

SFX: (laughter)

MADDI: **Raj**, I need that **polling data** by Monday. **Sarita**, same for your report on the latest moves in the **coalition**.

MADDI: And for my **superachieving intern**...

11.3

CHAAYA, now 19, looking more confident and mature, sits at the far end of the table, blushing, wearing a loose and casual red sari.

MADDI (o.p.): ... I'll need that **position paper** on all the things **wrong** about my **Kashmir plan**.

MADDI (o.p.): Provided you can squeeze it in around your **schoolwork**.

SFX: (more laughter)

11.4

As MADDI's staff files out of the room, through MADDI's office to the corridor outside, MADDI puts a friendly hand on CHAAYA's shoulder.

MADDI: My **husband's** flying in tomorrow, **Chaaya**. Please, come out to the house for **dinner** with us, won't you?

CHAAYA: I'd like to, **Mrs. Lord**, but I've I've got a **final** coming up...

MADDI: **Please**. You can talk **cricket** with him so **I** won't have to.

11.5

MADDI sweeps out of the office with a friendly wave, leaving CHAAYA standing by MADDI's paper-strewn desk.

MADDI: I'll send my driver at **eight o'clock sharp!**

CHAAYA: I'd be **delighted**, thank you.

11.6

CHAAYA turns toward the desk, glancing back the way MADDI came with a look of commingled guilt, nervousness, and regret. From within her sari, she's with drawing a miniature spy camera.

NO DIALOGUE

**PAGE TWELVE**

12.1

CHAYA quickly begins to snap pictures of the documents on MADDI's desk.

SFX: Klik!

12.2

She's interrupted midway through turning a page, all but jumping into the air in pure shock, by someone behind her yelling

LORD (o/p): **Surprise!**

12.3

PARRY LORD, age 20, wears a Western-style dress shirt and slacks, the sleeves rolled up, slinging his suit jacket over one shoulder. He looks a bit sweaty, and his hair's spiky and disheveled – he's been walking in the heat to get here. His raffish charm is on display, as always, but here it's unweighted by any thread of darkness. He's a truly happy person.

LORD: Oh. Oh, I'm **terribly** sorry.

LORD: You're most **definitely** not my **mother**.

12.4

As CHAYA hides the camera behind her back, LORD extends a hand to shake hers.

CHAYA: I was just –

LORD: She's got you **working** too hard. You know she stacks her **used-up interns** at the back of her **wardrobe**, right?

LORD: You must be the new one, **Chaaya**. Mum says you're **good**.

12.5

CHAAYA shakes LORD's hand, relaxing. The hand with the camera is still behind her back. Her show of being charmed by him is not entirely an act.

CHAAYA: And **you** must be the infamous **Parry**. You're considerably less **away at Oxford** than I'd heard.

LORD: Flew in early to **surprise** her, before I head out for **summer break**.

12.6

CHAAYA leans against the desk, hiding the camera in the back of her sari, playfully challenging LORD.

CHAAYA: Off to **loll about** on some **beach**, I suppose?

LORD: **Kenya**, actually. **Lord Foundation** relief efforts.

LORD: Same **sun**, fewer **margaritas**, far more **malaria**.

12.7

Now CHAAYA's genuinely impressed, even as she and LORD flirt shamelessly. She's gesturing out the door, and LORD looks amenable to following.

CHAAYA: So you're a **do-gooder**, just like your mum.

LORD: And you're clearly a **know-it-all**, just like she said.

CHAAYA: She did **not**. She **just** left – we can **catch her up** and **set you straight**.

LORD: After you.

**PAGE THIRTEEN**

13.1

LORD and CHAAYA stroll across the grounds of the Indian Parliament, arguing avidly and good-naturedly.

CHAAYA: It's **not** that her Kashmir plan's **ill-intentioned**, it's just **hopelessly naive**.

LORD: Well, perhaps it **looks** that way to an **utter cynic**, but...

13.2

At dinner the next night at the LORD house outside New Delhi, in the cozy, handsomely appointed dining room, LORD and CHAAYA (in different clothes) sit on opposite sides of the table, their food untouched, arguing even more vehemently. Framed between them, SIR PERCIVAL LORD and MADDI, holding hands, smile and exchange a knowing look.

LORD: ... oh, come on, give me **one good reason** why an independent government with **self-determination** wouldn't work.

CHAAYA: It won't **magically address** decades – no, **centuries** of longstanding rivalries...

13.3

Later that same night, long after everyone is asleep, LORD and CHAAYA stand in the kitchen, eating sorbet with spoons out of a tub from the freezer, arguing away.

CHAAYA: ... **Conan Doyle** all but **invented** the genre – well, excepting **Poe**.

LORD: Yes, but **Christie** took it to a whole new level of **surprise and sympathy**. Which you'd **know**, if you weren't **daft**.

CHAAYA (small): **You're** daft.

13.4



Dawn is breaking, and LORD and CHAAYA still at it, sitting on a bench in the LORD family garden, their faces dangerously close...

LORD: ... they're bloody **teddy bears** with **spears!** How the **hell** does that increase the **dramatic tension?**

CHAAYA: When you're facing a **technologically superior** foe—

LORD: **Teddy bears!** With **spears!**

CHAAYA: If you'd let me **finish**, dammit—

13.5

And then they're both kissing like there's no tomorrow.

NO DIALOGUE

13.6

... And then the clinch breaks and they're right back at it.

CHAAYA: What was **that?** What kind of a **brute** are you?

LORD: Brute? Who even **says** that? And **you** made the first move!

CHAAYA: Me? You're **completely** mad! I would never...

**PAGE FOURTEEN**

14.1

Several weeks later. CHAAYA (in her formal business garb) is sitting at a computer in MADDI's office, staring off into space with the look of someone in love, being jolted back to reality by MADDI's voice from off-panel.

MADDI: ... Chaaya?

CHAAYA: Mm? Huh?

14.2

MADDI is sitting at her desk with a cup of tea, smiling knowingly. CHAAYA's composing herself.

MADDI: I said you've seemed a bit **distracted** the last few months.

CHAAYA: Sorry, sorry. A **lot** on my mind.

MADDI: I can only **imagine**.

14.3

MADDI sets down the tea on its saucer and opens a drawer in her desk. Her face is growing more melancholy.

MADDI: I can't really **blame** you, dear. I always get **thoughtful** myself this time of year.

14.4

CHAAYA is rising from the computer, genuinely curious and concerned, as MADDI pulls out a framed photo from the desk drawer and looks at it with sad fondness.

CHAAYA: Are they... family? Did you **lose** someone?

MADDI: A very good friend. **Nadeem bin Naashih**.

CHAAYA: A **Pakistani**?

14.5

MADDI hands the picture to CHAAYA, smiling, recalling

happier times.

MADDI: Former **minister of commerce**. I met him, oh, 20 years ago, at a conference in Bonn.

MADDI: Talked my ear off about **Kashmir**, to my surprise.

14.6

CHAYYA stares at the picture, confused, as if trying to remember something she forgot long ago.

MADDI (o/p): Believe it or not, until I met **him**, I thought it was a **lost cause**.

CHAYYA: What **happened** to him?

14.7

The picture in CHAYYA's hand in FG, MADDI looking at CHAYYA (from CHAYYA's POV) in BG. The picture shows a kindly, mustachioed middle-aged man sitting with his arm around his wife (in hijab and shalwar qamiz), with a familiar-looking little girl of 2 or 3 on their lap.

MADDI: **Bandits**, supposedly. Set their **home** on fire, killed **everyone** inside.

MADDI: Very **precise**, very **efficient** bandits.

14.8

Flashback. The little girl from the photo – a young CHAYYA – sits wailing, surrounded by flames.

NO DIALOGUE

14.9

CHAYYA, holding the photo, looking stricken.

MADDI (o/p): Their **little girl** would have been about **your** age by now...

**PAGE 15**

15.1

SALAH's house back in Pakistan. Night. SALAH, starting to show his years, is smoking a cigarette as he chops vegetables with a cleaver on a cutting board. A block of knives rests on the counter beside him. He's smiling – glad to have CHAAYA home.

SALAH: What did you tell them?

CHAAYA (o/p): I said I was **visiting family** abroad.

SALAH: It's been so quiet here since your **Nana** passed. I'm glad you're home.

SFX: CHOP CHOP CHOP

15.2

CHAAYA, resting against the kitchen table, arms folded across her chest. About to ask maybe the hardest question of her life.

CHAAYA: Uncle Salah ... who is **Nadeem bin Naashih**?

SFX: CHOP CHOP CHOP—\*

15.3

SALAH stops cutting, the cleaver hanging in midair, staring down at the board, his eyes shadowed.

NO DIALOGUE

15.4

SALAH continues cutting.

SALAH: I don't recognize that name.

SALAH: I've read your **reports**. They're good. Very **thorough**. Zhill wants to **debrief** you tomorrow.

15.5

CHAAYA crosses to the opposite side of the island on which

SALAH is chopping veggies. (They've got a nice house; SALAH's unique sort of government work pays handsomely.) SALAH still won't look at her.

CHAAYA: Former **commerce minister**. Killed almost 20 years ago. By **bandits**, I'm told.

CHAAYA: Do you what my earliest memory is, Uncle?

15.6

CHAAYA's face, anguished. She still loves SALAH – she wants him to laugh and say it's all a mistake, so she can get back to the life she's always known. But somehow she knows he won't.

CHAAYA: I'm a little girl, and I'm **terrified**. There are **flames** all around me.

CHAAYA: And then someone comes and **picks me up**...

15.7

Flashback, similar to the one on page 14. Little CHAAYA's in a younger SALAH's arms, cradled, bawling. SALAH wears camo fatigues and facepaint; in one hand he carries an M-16 rifle, in the other he's cradling CHAAYA. He looks at her with genuine sorrow and compassion.

SALAH: Shhh. Shhh.

SALAH: It's all right, little shadow.

15.8

SALAH at the cutting board, face still in shadow. He's too ashamed to look at her.

SALAH: ... I didn't know they had a **child**.

SALAH: I did my **duty**, and afterward, I did my **best** to live with it.

15.9

CHAAYA, shocked and horrified.

SALAH: (o.p.): You'll understand that soon.

CHAAYA: ... What do you mean?

**PAGE SIXTEEN**

16.1

SALAH finally looks at her, and his eyes are so very sad, but he does not waver.

SALAH: It's been **decided**. The order is **sanction**.

16.2

CHAAYA's angry, desperate, trying to argue.

CHAAYA: But you've **read** my reports! She's **harmless**!

CHAAYA: She's chasing a dream that'll **never happen**.

16.3

SALAH slams the knife down on the cutting board angrily.

SFX: SLAM!

SALAH: She has **allies**, more all the time, and they're starting to **listen**.

SALAH: And a **rich husband** with **too many resources**.

16.4

SALAH's dropping a bombshell. CHAAYA's taken aback.

SALAH: If you weren't **in love** with her **son**, maybe you'd **see** that.

CHAAYA: I— I don't...

SALAH: I leaned on your **minders** to keep it from **Zhill**.

16.5

SALAH turns away, still not unsympathetic to her plight. CHAAYA's in anguish.

SALAH: You'll have to **end** it, of course.

CHAAYA: So you— you **agree** with this order?

SALAH: That's not **relevant**.

CHAAYA: **Do you agree with it?**

16.6

SALAH turns back to her. Now calm, cold, rational. He's learned to do this, when he has to.

SALAH: An **independent Kashmir** would weaken our country.

SALAH: And **Mrs. Lord** will not be bribed, distracted, or dissuaded.

SALAH: So **yes**, I agree.

16.7

CHAAYA's turning her back to him, furious, tears welling in her eyes. Behind her, SALAH looks incredibly sad. He seems to be reaching down into a drawer in the side of the island.

CHAAYA: I won't **let** you do this. She's no **threat**. This isn't right.

SALAH: Somehow, little shadow, all your life..

16.8

Reverse angle. In FG, we see SALAH pulling a 9mm handgun from the drawer, below CHAAYA's line of sight. In midground, the block of knives, prominent. In BG, CHAAYA turning, just starting to realize.

SALAH: ... I knew this would happen one day.



**PAGE SEVENTEEN**

17.1

Kenya. Night. A small wooden cabin with a tin roof, one of several, not far from a larger, hastily built warehouse. Floodlights illuminate trucks bearing the Lord Foundation logo on the sides; silhouetted guards patrol. There's a light on in the cabin, and a voice coming from inside it.

CAPTION: Lord Foundation relief center.

CAPTION: Near the Kenya/Sudan border.

LORD (from inside): ... No, no, I'm up. Just reading.

17.2

Young PARRY LORD lies on a simple bed under a drapery of mosquito netting, wearing a plain white T-shirt and cargo pants. An open copy of THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO lies face down on his chest. He's got a big, clunky satphone to his ear, the kind with the huge antenna, and his face shows just-dawning concern.

LORD: It's **amazing** here – there's this **refugee kid, 10 or 11** tops, who's just **brilliant** at fixing things..

LORD: What's wrong? Are you all right?

17.3

CHAYYA sits on the kitchen floor, covered in blood on her shirtfront and hands— all of it SALAH's – bruised and shaking and deeply traumatized. A knife from the butcher block limply hangs out of one of her hands; the other holds the satphone. SALAH's body rests with its head in her lap, staring blindly upward; his chest is covered in blood. The gun dangles loosely in his hand, top slide shot back to expose the barrel, in a way that shows the gun has been fired until empty. CHAYYA's face is streaked with tears; this is the worst day of her life (to date), and she'll never, ever be able to tell anyone about it. Even the man she loves.

CHAYA (small): I just wanted to hear your voice.

**PAGE EIGHTEEN**

18.1

And from that traumatic scene, we leap forward roughly two years. CHAAYA, 21, cosmopolitan, dressed in Western clothes but wearing an Indian scarf, browses the stalls of Borough Market in Southwark, London. It's early summer, and she's currently checking out a stand of apples, chatting happily on a mobile phone. She wears a diamond engagement ring.

CAPTION: Six years ago.

CHAAYA: You **didn't**. No! I **knew** I should have cut this trip short.

CHAAYA: Mrs. Lord, **you** know he's a prat, **I** know he's a prat, but you **still** need his party's **votes**.

18.2

CHAAYA picks up an apple, inspects it. Still smiling and chatting on the mobile.

CHAAYA: Oho – is that an **order**? All right. But when I'm **back** from holiday, it's **right back** to reining you in.

CHAAYA: Yes ma'am, I will. Parry sends his love. **Cheers**.

18.3

As CHAAYA hangs up the phone, a voice behind her startles her.

MURKHJEE: Good morning, **Zia**.

18.4

CHAAYA turns to see COL. ANAND MURKHJEE, last seen in issue 1.11, also dressed in stylish Western clothing. He's smiling in his calm, controlled way, but there's a hint of something cold and calculating in his eyes. CHAAYA does not greet him warmly.

CHAAYA: I'm sorry, you must be **confused**. That's not my name.

MURKHJEE: Of course. Forgive me. My name is **Anand Murkhjee**.

18.5

CHAAYA puts back the apple dismissively, turning to leave. MURKHJEE's standing there, smiling.

CHAAYA: Of **Indian Intelligence**. Yes, I **know** who you are.

MURKHJEE: Good. Then we're on **equal footing**.

CHAAYA: If you'll **excuse** me, I'm really very busy –

18.6

CHAAYA turns and almost runs smack into KALI, MURKHJEE's bodyguard and chief enforcer. She and CHAAYA are about the same height, same build, but KALI (as in issue 1.11) has the sense of a coiled snake about her. Her hair's cut short, and she wears a scarf around her neck to disguise her scarred throat. CHAAYA's startled, but not intimidated; KALI seems unimpressed.

MURKHJEE: ... And this is my **personal aide, Kali**.

KALI (rough and raspy): **Hello**.

**PAGE NINETEEN**

19.1

Buffered between MURKHJEE and KALI, CHAAYA turns back to MURKHJEE as he continues talking, lighting a cigarette.

MURKHJEE: You know, Ms. Sudwarna, I recently had the chance to speak with a **very** interesting prisoner: **Mustafa Zhill**.

MURKHJEE: Now the **late** Mustafa Zhill, alas. I'm sure you **don't know** him, either.

19.2

CHAAYA stares down MURKHJEE coldly as MURKHJEE savors the cigarette.

MURKHJEE: He told me a really quite **amazing** story about how the **Pakistani ISI** got a **mole** in **Maddi Lord's** office. MURKHJEE: Said this mole had gone **rogue** a few years back. Took some **dirt** on him with her to keep him **quiet**.

19.3

MURKHJEE exhales smoke; CHAAYA glances back at KALI, who's standing behind her like a brick wall.

MURKHJEE: Still, can you **imagine** the **damage** that would do to **Mrs. Lord**, if such a story broke?

MURKHJEE: Might even **destroy** that **highly unwise** campaign of hers for **Kashmiri independence**.

MURKHJEE: To say **nothing** of the **personal toll**...

19.4

CHAAYA snatches the cigarette from a startled MURKHJEE's lips! KALI is moving, responding to this threat against her boss—

NO DIALOGUE

19.5

Still with her eyes on MURKHJEE, CHAAYA grabs KALI's hand as it moves and jams the burning cigarette into her palm! KALI is grimacing in pain.

KALI: **Nnnnn!**

CHAAYA: I hear people will say **anything** if you **hurt** them long enough.

19.6

MURKHJEE holds his hands up, calm, conciliatory. CHAAYA has released KALI, who's bent over slightly, clutching her hand. CHAAYA is flicking the cigarette toward the pavement contemptuously.

MURKHJEE: I just wanted to **warn** you that someone might spread such **base accusations**. Purely a **friendly** gesture.

CHAAYA: **Fairy stories** don't scare us, Colonel.

19.7

CHAAYA storms off, her back to MURKHJEE and KALI. For all her bravado, her eyes are sick, haunted. MURKHJEE watches, sanguine; KALI stares daggers after her.

MURKHJEE: No, no. I'm quite sure they don't...

**PAGE TWENTY**

20.1

Night. CHAAYA, wearing a big, baggy LORD FOUNDATION T-shirt (and apparently not much else), lies in bed in a dimly lit room, staring off into space, still with the same troubled look. LORD's fingers are "walking" comically up her arm.

LORD (o.p., singing): Me... and... my... shaaaaaa-dow...

20.2

LORD – in baggy silk pajama pants, his upper body not quite as muscular or defined as it will be in later years – lies happily next to CHAAYA in a bed that can modestly be described as "devastated." They're in a slick, high-end flat; LORD's digs at the time when he's in London. Behind them, the skyline of London at night, and the black empty ribbon of the river Thames. LORD, very happy, is singing sweetly to CHAAYA; she keeps staring off into space.

LORD (singing): Stroll-ling down the ah-ven-nue...

CHAAYA: Mm. What **is** that?

LORD: Just a song my **granddad** liked. And, you know, "Chaaya" translates to "shadow"...

20.3

CHAAYA puts on a smile and looks back at him. LORD is mock-grimacing, playacting...

CHAAYA: I suppose it's better than that American **radio hero**...

LORD: "Who knows what **evil lurks** in the **hearts of men**?"

LORD: Yeah, a bit grim, that.

20.4

CHAAYA looks away, troubled, and LORD grows concerned.

LORD: Hey. Hey, what is it, you?

CHAAYA: Nothing. I'm fine.

LORD: No you're not. You're **lying** to me.

20.5

CHAAYA looks alarmed, but LORD is smiling good-naturedly.

CHAAYA: I – I'm what?

LORD: I can tell. Your eyes go all **funny** when you lie.

CHAAYA: They do not.

LORD: Do **so**. Come on, what's the matter?

20.6

CHAAYA curls up close to LORD, her eyes still sad and troubled. LORD looks at her tenderly.

CHAAYA: If I was someone **completely different** – different **background**, I mean, different **life** leading up to now...

CHAAYA: If I'd **made mistakes**, terrible ones. Done things I **regretted**.

CHAAYA: Would you still **love** me?

20.7

LORD pretends to think about it seriously. CHAAYA can't help but smile.

LORD: I **knew** it. You ate **kittens**. Bloody **sideshow geek**, you.

CHAAYA: I'm **serious**!

LORD: Hmm. Would you still be **brilliant**? Madly in **love** with me? Inordinately fond of **Ewoks**?

CHAAYA: ... Yes.

20.8

LORD puts his forehead against hers, in that intimate moment just before a kiss. CHAAYA's eyes close, relieved. She smiles.



LORD: Then I'd **still** love you. Even if you were from **Mars**.

LORD: Scratch that. **Especially** if you were from Mars.

CHAAYA: You're **daft**.

LORD: **Entirely**.

**PAGE TWENTY-ONE**

21.1

MURKHJEE, dressed like a tourist for warm weather, sits at a table on the patio of a beachside cafe in Kannur, Kerala, India. Someone has just thrown a drink in his face, staining his shirtfront wet, and he's wiping moisture off his sunglasses. He's calm. Smiling.

CAPTION: Kannur, Kerala, India.

MURKHJEE: So good of you to come.

21.2

CHAYYA, indignant, dressed in a breezy summer sari, holds the empty, dripping drink glass, standing next to an empty seat at the table, glaring daggers at MURKHJEE. CHAYYA's referring to the flashback from issue 1.11.

CHAYYA: Last month in **London** wasn't **enough**? You had to **follow** me here? **Harrass** me and my **fiancee** on the eve of our **wedding**?

CHAYYA: "Mindful of our true loyalties"? You absolute **bastard**.

21.3

MURKHJEE motions for KALI, standing nearby in her usual severe Western garb, to come closer. KALI holds a manila folder out to CHAYYA.

MURKHJEE: Yet I **invited** you to **meet**, and **here you are**. Curious.

MURKHJEE: Kali, show her the **photos**.

21.4

CHAYYA, deeply shocked, looks at the contents of the folder. We can't see them. The jig is up.

MURKHJEE (o/p): **Zhill** kept some **dirt** on **you**, too. Took us

a while to find it.

MURKHJEE (o/p): That's **you** in the company of **Salah bin Mansour**. Clandestine operative for the **SIS**. Specializing in **torture**, I'm told.

21.5

CHAAAYA sits almost involuntarily, devastated and ashamed. KALI smirks. MURKHJEE makes conciliatory gestures.

CHAAAYA: I – I'm not –

MURKHJEE: Of **course**. I know that. But others – within your new **family** and without – might not be so **understanding**.

21.6

CHAAAYA looks up at MURKHJEE, devastated, hating him and herself in equal measure.

CHAAAYA: What do you want?

21.7

Jump forward to the present. The white interrogation room where LORD has been talking with CHAAAYA. LORD holds his own manila folder, no less shaken but more in control, mirroring CHAAAYA in the previous panel.

LORD: And what **did** he want?

LORD: What did you **do** for him?

21.8

CHAAAYA stares back at LORD from her hospital bed, cold as ice, smiling horribly.

CHAAAYA: Oh, **honestly**. He wanted me to **kill your parents**.

CHAAAYA: And I **did**.

**PAGE TWENTY-TWO**

22.1

LORD looks like he just took a punch to the gut. It's taking all his concentration just to keep looking CHAAYA in the eye.

LORD: No.

LORD: No, I won't believe that.

CHAAYA: I **warned** you the **truth** would **hurt**.

22.2

Flash back to the beachside cafe. MURKHJEE lays out his proposal while studying a menu.

CAPTION/CHAAYA: **God**, I was sick of **pretending**. Sick of **kowtowing** to your **mum**. Sick of **you**.

MURKHJEE: I simply want an **invitation** to your **wedding**.

MURKHJEE: We want to **gather intelligence** on some of the **allies** Mrs. Lord has enlisted for her **campaign**.

22.3

Younger CHAAYA looks both guilty and relieved.

CAPTION/CHAAYA: He said he'd help me **escape from you**. Start **my own life** again.

CHAAYA: That's it? Just that? And you'll leave me – leave **us** – in **peace**?

MURKHJEE: Absolutely. I'm not a **monster**, Ms. Sudwarna...

22.4

Flash forward to the events of issue 1.11 – CHAAYA as the RED QUEEN on the Millennium Bridge, pulling her sword out of MURKHJEE's dying body as she picks up the case he was carrying. She's whispering to him – but now we can hear what she's saying.

RED QUEEN (rough whisper): "... I simply love my country."

22.5

Jump to LORD and CHAAYA's wedding, under a tent on the beach in Kannur. LORD's wearing the English-suit-with-Indian-accents that CHAAYA chose for him; CHAAYA's wearing the green sari and jewelry she wore when we saw the wedding in issue 1.13. They stand facing each other before an Indian man wearing a Protestant minister's collar. LORD is looking down at CHAAYA's hand as he slips on her wedding band, but CHAAYA is momentarily looking up, scanning the crowd for unfamiliar faces, a flash of worry on her face.

CAPTION/CHAAYA: It was all I could do to keep a **straight face** during the ceremony.

22.6

The reception after the wedding. CHAAYA shakes hands with Indian friends, but she's looking away, at a CATERER in FG; we don't see the CATERER's face, but there's a scarf wrapped around her neck.

CAPTION/CHAAYA: I was so **nervous** it might **go wrong**.

CAPTION/CHAAYA: That I'd be **stuck in a lie** for the rest of my life.

**PAGE TWENTY-THREE**

23.1

The CATERER is, of course, KALI – LORD will glimpse her moments from now, but then, it'll be too late. Across the crush of people separating them, she smirks at CHAAYA.

NO DIALOGUE

23.2

Closer on KALI, as she holds up the palm that CHAAYA burned, the cigarette burn still a small, livid circle against her flesh. KALI's face is pure venom.

NO DIALOGUE

23.3

CHAAYA looks over through the relatively sparser crowd between her and LORD, who is seeing off his parents at the periphery of the tent. Beyond them, the black Jaguar sedan waiting for them..

CAPTION/CHAAYA: That's where I went **wrong**, I suppose.

23.4

CHAAYA fights her way desperately through the whirl of dancing guests.

CAPTION/CHAAYA: I had to **see it** for **myself**.

23.5

Recreating the flashback from issue 1.13, CHAAYA runs up behind LORD, grabbing him by the arm, putting on her biggest smile.

CHAAYA: **There** you are! Come on, you're missing out.

LORD: Just seeing off **mum and dad**.

CHAAYA: Oh! Just remembered – I need to **talk** to them.

23.6

PARRY and CHAAYA embrace, grinning, face to face, almost kissing.

LORD: Can't it wait?

CHAAYA: Silly. I'll just be a minute.

LORD: I'll save you a dance.

23.7

CHAAYA sprints out of the tent, bare feet flapping on the sand, toward where Percy and Maddi are climbing into the car...

CAPTION/CHAAYA: The **timer**, you see.

CAPTION/CHAAYA: I wasn't sure I'd **set it** right.

23.8

CHAAYA runs, urgent, desperate, reaching out a hand. She's trying to save PERCY and MADDI's lives.

CHAAYA (small): Oh please oh God no

CHAAYA (shouts): **Stop!**

23.9

From CHAAYA's POV, her left hand reaching for the passenger's side door handle, her desperate face reflected in the glass as MADDI, completely unaware, looks over at her through the passenger's window...

CAPTION/CHAAYA: **Silly me.**

**PAGE TWENTY-FOUR**

24.1

Recreating the first panel on page 1, the explosion bears CHAAYA through the air.

CAPTION/CHAAYA: Do you want to know my **last thought** before I **blacked out**?

CAPTION/CHAAYA: "Oh, **thank God**. I'll never have to **see them** again."

24.2

LORD standing, shaking, the folder fallen from his hands, his chair turned over, papers still sheafing through the air to the floor. CHAAYA sits up in the bed, looking at him triumphantly.

LORD: You – you –

CHAAYA: Yes. **Me**.

CHAAYA: And what did **you** do after they **died**?

24.3

Remember issue 1.5? LORD strapped down, tortured, turning the tables on Vivian Lashwell? Something ugly and vicious and mad peering out from behind his eyes? Well, it's back in force as CHAAYA taunts him here.

CHAAYA: **Publicity stunts**. Living it up.

CHAAYA: Oh, you must have been **shattered**. Which stage of **grief** involves a **hot air balloon**, again?

24.4

LORD advances on CHAAYA, hands clenching involuntarily. He's losing it, and quickly. She keeps goading him on, even more vehemently.

LORD: You **shut up**.

CHAAYA: Or what? You'll do another **Grand Prix**?



CHAAYA: Go shag the **blonde**, maybe? Cry on her **shoulder**?

24.5

CHAAYA's lying back now, as LORD's gloved hands, trembling, close in around her neck. CHAAYA's eyes are wide, and just the slightest bit, her mask of contempt is starting to slip, as hard as she tries to maintain it.

CHAAYA: Get a new **fetish**, poor little rich boy. You **disgust me**.

CHAAYA: I can't **believe** you **ever** thought I **loved you**!

CHAAYA: Go on! **DO IT!**

**PAGE TWENTY-FIVE**

25.1

And LORD's right there, he's right on the brink, he's going to snap and strangle the life out of her. His hands are shaking..

NO DIALOGUE

25.2

And then he stops – surprised, shocked even – as he realizes something devastating.

LORD: Oh, God.

LORD: Your eyes –

LORD (small): Your eyes go all funny..

25.3

CHAYA stares back at him, and for one moment, it's all there. The jig is up. All the self-loathing, all the disgust and shame, the utter exhaustion, right there on her face.

NO DIALOGUE

25.4

LORD stumbles backwards from the bed, like a blind man. CHAYA's sitting up now, shouting.

CHAYA: **Coward!**

CHAYA: You can't run to **mummy** anymore! I **blew her to pieces!**

CHAYA: I **did!**

25.5

The door slides open at LORD's touch, and he backs out of it into a bare concrete hallway beyond, still reeling.

CHAAYA (o.p.): Come on, you **limp-dicked prig!**

CHAAYA (o.p.): I'm **right here!**

25.6

CHAAYA strains against the restraints, desperate – her words are angry, but her eyes are full of tears, and her face is shameful, almost pleading.

CHAAYA: Kill me, damn you!

CHAAYA: **KILL ME!**

**PAGE TWENTY-SIX**

26.1

LORD, in the bare concrete hallway outside the door to CHAAYA's cell; from the outside, the door is solid steel, with heavy hinges. Similar doors line the length of the hallway, lit from above by caged fluorescent lights. We're several floors down in the unfinished skyscraper whose penthouse houses Branch HQ. On the opposite wall from the row of doors, in stenciled paint, is the word DETENTION, and the Branch symbol. At the end of the hallway are elevator doors. No call button – just a biometric retina scanner mounted at eye level in the wall, same as the scanners next to each of the doors.

LORD is collapsed against the opposite wall, in a heap, his face all in tears, sobbing so hard his whole body's shaking.

NO DIALOGUE

26.2

Night over London. On the south bank of the Thames, near the O2 Dome, the glass pyramid at the apex of Branch HQ's skyscraper is dimly glowing.

NO DIALOGUE

26.3

Back in control, LORD sits crosslegged in the middle of the bare floor of his empty office, off the main atrium of Branch HQ. No furniture, no light beyond the ambient light coming in through the sloping glass wall, and the glow of the open laptop sitting on the floor in front of LORD.

NO DIALOGUE

26.4

The laptop screen shows surveillance video of CHAAYA's cell. She lies on her back, staring at the ceiling.

NO DIALOGUE

26.5

LORD's face, eerie in the glow of the laptop. His eyes are red from crying, but beyond that, his face is completely expressionless. Unreadable. Ominous.

NO DIALOGUE

**PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN**

27.1

CHAYA in her cell, her own eyes red from crying. She lies in bed, looking up at the ceiling. Her face is blank and despondent. The room remains brightly, evenly lit.

NO DIALOGUE

27.2

Faint noise from the direction of the foot of her bed makes CHAYA lift her head, curious. It's singing.

LORD (singing o.p., through door): Me... and... my... shaaaadow...

27.3

From CHAYA's POV, the singing leaks through the seams in the door.

LORD (singing from behind door): Strolling down the avenue...

27.4

Out in the hallway, LORD leans against the door, his forehead to the cold steel, eyes shut. Singing, with complete sincerity.

LORD (singing): Oh, me and my shadow...

LORD (singing): Not a soul to tell my troubles to...

27.5

Inside her cell, CHAYA sits up in bed, amazed and heartbroken, listening.

LORD (singing, o.p.): And when it's twelve o' clock we climb the stairs...

27.6

Flash back and match to CHAAYA, handcuffed to the chair in the dark room, as we saw way back in panel 2.2. She looks calm, resolute, not in any way afraid.

VOICE (elec., o.p.): Forgive the **manacles**, my dear.

VOICE (elec., o.p.): I assure you, you might get hurt **worse** without them.

28.8

Opposite from her, a massive wall of a man – MR. MANOR – stands in a neat dark suit, his face hidden in shadow. With one hand, he holds up a cellular phone from which the VOICE issues.

CHAAYA: I understand.

VOICE (elec.): Do pardon me for not seeing to this in person. I'm ... not quite feeling **myself** at present.

**PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT**

28.1

The VOICE continues over the phone. With his other hand, the still-faceless MR. MANOR draws a pistol.

SFX/PISTOL: CHAK-CHAK

VOICE (elec.): Now, to make this **believable**, I'm afraid **Mr. Manor** will have to genuinely **hurt** you.

VOICE (elec.): Anything **less**, and our friends at the Branch might suspect **deceit**.

VOICE (elec.): Are you **quite sure** you're prepared to **go through with this**?

28.2

CHAYA in the chair. For just a moment, she looks weary, vulnerable.

CHAYA: If I **do** this ... I'll get **everything** we discussed?

28.3

Close on the phone in MANOR's hand. The screen reads simply: "Incoming Call From: M."

VOICE (elec.): **Everything**.

VOICE (elec.): Your face... your life... the **man you love**.

28.4

CHAYA, same as panel 2.2.

CHAYA: Do your worst.

28.5

And back to CHAYA, lying in bed, listening to LORD sing to her through the door. Tears run down her face, out of shame and remorse and fear of what's to come ... and her part in it all.



LORD (singing, o.p.): We never knock 'cause nobody's  
there...

LORD (singing, o.p.): Just me and my shadow, all alone and  
feeling blue...

TITLE AND CREDITS