

AGENTS EXTRAORDINARY: EMPIRE
5: A TOUCH OF FROST

By Nathan Alderman

PAGE ONE

1.1

Close on the face of DR. CELIA CHANCE. She looks intent, annoyed. Something's different about her – she's done something fancy with her hair. She does not seem pleased about this. She's got her hand to her ear, as if speaking into an earpiece.

CHANCE: Right, Portia. Tell Mr. Lord I'm in position. No sign of our target.

CHANCE: And my feet feel **disturbingly light**.

1.2

Close on the face of PARRY LORD, equally stern, equally irritated. Dark circles under his eyes – he hasn't been sleeping well since his little chat with Chaaya.

LORD: Mal, please tell Dr. Chance to keep the **personal comments** to a minimum.

LORD: **One** of us is trying to **concentrate** on the **job**.

1.3

Back to CHANCE, now looking, if such a thing is possible, even more indignant.

CHANCE: Portia, tell Mr. Lord that it's easier to **concentrate** when you're not **sneaking off** to **secretly interrogate** your crazy, murderous **ex-wife**.

CHANCE (small): And not **telling** anyone about it.

1.4

MAL AMEBE and PORTIA LONGLEY in the back of a surveillance van. PORTIA is resting her palms against her temples, beyond exasperated. MAL looks like he's under a certain amount of stress to keep the peace.

PORTIA: I'll go **mad** if they keep this up.

PORTIA: I. Will. Go. Mad.

MAL: **Parry, Doctor**, please...

1.5

Big panel. This whole time, LORD and CHANCE have been standing shoulder to shoulder in the Great Court of the British Museum, in the midst of a high-society party, both dressed to the nines. LORD looks perfectly at ease in a tuxedo, its lapels and cuffs embroidered with Indian embellishments; CHANCE, looking spectacular (yet NOT magically like she now has supermodel dimensions) in a jade green floor-length dress slit moderately up one thigh, wobbles a bit on high heels. You can tell she'd give anything for some comfortable trousers and her boots. LORD and CHANCE face away from each other; there's a palpable chill between them. Behind them, hanging from the sides of the Reading Room in the center of the court, banners advertise an exhibit of Aztec artifacts, sponsored by Oculauris Pharmaceuticals.

MAL: ... This is hardly the time or place.

TITLE AND CREDITS

PAGE TWO

2.1

Flashback. The conference table near the back of Branch HQ. MRS. KING and MR. QUEEN address the assembled staff in front of the wall of Daisy's drawings (lots of red-faced men in black suits). They don't look happy. The flatscreen shows a nervous, balding-looking man in an expensive suit, and the swoopy logo of Oculauris Pharmaceuticals.

CAPTION: Twelve hours ago.

QUEEN: — has been moved **offsite**, to prevent ... **further security breaches**.

QUEEN: Breaches that will, in future, be met with the **firm application** of my **boot** to the responsible party's—

KING: **Right**. On to **proper business**.

2.2

KING points to the flatscreen, which now shows the nervous man and a downward-spiking stock chart.

KING: **Liam Fennig**, CEO of **Oculauris Pharmaceuticals**. There's a **reason** he looks **ill**.

KING: The **EU** and the **FDA** just **torpedoed** his only **blockbuster drug candidate**. He needs **immediate capital** to avert a **hostile takeover**.

2.3

QUEEN's turn to point to the flatscreen, showing a highly magnified view of a virus.

QUEEN: We hear **chatter** that he's using the company labs **off the books** to build **customized viruses** for the **highest bidder**.

QUEEN: And now he has a **buyer**.

2.4

The flatscreen now shows the British Museum, and the logo for a fancy charity gala.

KING: We don't know **who**, but we know **where and when**. Oculauris is sponsoring a **charity gala** for malaria eradication at the **British Museum** tonight.

KING: A gala to which the otherwise **suspended** Mr. Lord has a regrettably convenient **invitation**.

2.5

MR. QUEEN places both hands on the table, leaning forward for emphasis. MRS. KING, arms folded, looks equally forbidding behind him.

QUEEN: **Shadow** Fennig. Identify his buyer. **Quash** the deal.

QUEEN: I trust you can all behave like **professionals**, for once?

2.6

The windows behind the opposite side of the conference table reveal a gray, drizzly sky over London. MAL and PORTIA on one side, CHARLES KING and SHARON PRICE on the other, both cast nervous glances toward the two center seats on their side of the table, where LORD and CHANCE sit (in their usual, less formal attire.) LORD sits up straight, gazing ahead in impassive defiance.

CHANCE slouches, leaning as far away from LORD as possible, looking deeply pissed off.

NO DIALOGUE

PAGE THREE

3.1

Back to the Gala. LORD looks dismayed as CHANCE, her mouth full, hoards a tiny plate precariously piled with hors d'ouerves.

LORD: You're... not exactly **blending in**.

CHANCE (mouth full): Piff off. Umm huggwy.

3.2

The surveillance truck. PORTIA and MAL, looking equally miserable, sit at the controls. PORTIA glares at MAL; MAL looks wounded.

LORD (over intercom): At least **chew** your food, Doctor?

LORD (over intercom): ... Not that I need to **see** the process...

PORTIA: Won't even get to see **Dancing With the Stars**, on account of **someone** scattered bits of my **DVR** all across the carpet.

MAL: I was trying to **upgrade** it...

3.3

At the gala, CHANCE's eyes narrow in recognition. LORD is looking over at her, alerted by her comment.

CHANCE (mouth full): Oi, famffy. Iff imm.

LORD: Beg pardon.

CHANCE: It's **him**. By the ice sculpture.

3.4

Across the crowd of well-dressed people mingling, we see LIAM FENNIG, balding, nervous-looking, but in a really nice suit, giving a quiet but vehement dressing-down to a pair of hapless CATERING STAFF carrying an ice sculpture that looks like a caduceus over to the central banquet table.

CHANCE (o/p): Mal, Portia, we've **spotted** the weaselly git.

CHANCE (o/p, small): Also, the **spinach puffs** are a bit **soggy**.

3.5

Again from LORD and CHANCE's perspective. The CATERERS have set down the ice sculpture, and are giving an oblivious FENNIG dirty looks, as he turns to shake hands with a sleek, cruelly handsome man in a tuxedo – NIXON FROST.

CHANCE (o/p): And – hold up, this **might** be his **buyer**.

3.6

Back to LORD and CHANCE now; LORD looks grim, CHANCE concerned.

LORD: That's not his **buyer**, Doctor.

LORD: That's the man who's come to **kill** him.

PAGE FOUR

4.1

CHARLES KING, preparing a microscope slide in the Branch's lab/infirmary. SHARON PRICE sits on the opposite side of the room at an open laptop, tapping a pencil thoughtfully against one of her temples.

CHARLES: ... Oh, I bet they're having **loads** of fun, fancy soiree like that.

PRICE: Eh, I'm fine staying here. Trying to keep a **low profile**.

4.2

CHARLES looks up quizzically. PRICE smiles at him, but the grin is shaded with regret. It's only been a few months, but they've become good friends.

CHARLES: A charming creature like you? Whatever for?

PRICE: If you're ever in a **war zone**, and you find **evidence** that some **contractor thugs** massacred a whole bunch of civilians, and someone asks you to **testify** to that...?

CHARLES: Yes?

PRICE: **Don't**.

4.3

PRICE gets up, stretches. CHARLES sticks the slide under his microscope.

CHARLES: Oh.

PRICE: Stupid thing is, I'd do it all over again. What's that you've been frowning at?

CHARLES: This? **Cell cultures**. Remember that **Dr. Elba** fellow a few months back?

4.4

PRICE leans over the microscope, standing, as CHARLES peers through the lens.

PRICE: My first day. Hard to forget.

CHARLES: Right. Lots of messy bits from the cranial region. Some of which looked ... **unusual**.

CHARLES: I took some **cultures** just to be sure, and they should be just ... about ...

4.5

CHARLES straightens up, suddenly, shocked. PRICE is intrigued.

CHARLES (small): That's not right. That can't be right.

PRICE: What? **What?**

4.6

CHARLES looks at PRICE, amazed. PRICE is startled, recognizing the name.

CHARLES: **Henrietta Lacks**.

PRICE: Henrietta Lacks? You mean —

CHARLES: We need to call the **bosses**.

PAGE FIVE

5.1

NIXON FROST, in all his suave charm, is sipping from a glass of champagne, as FENNIG laughs at FROST's joke.

LORD (o/p): **Nixon Frost** is a **hand grenade**.

5.2

LORD and CHANCE have moved closer, appraising the situation. LORD looks grim; CHANCE, sizing FROST up, seems to think he's not bad to look at.

LORD: **Six** pulls the pin, drops him in, and lets **someone else** clean up the **ensuing mess**.

CHANCE: I thought Six couldn't operate on **British soil**.

LORD: He's ... not **particular** about rules.

CHANCE: You've **worked** with him?

5.3

Flashback. A healthy, vibrant COLIN MULWRAY and PARRY LORD in a narrow alley, leaning against a brick wall, exhausted. They look like they've been through hell – cut, bruised, once-elegant suits torn, LORD's bowler hat (he's back in his garb from Series One) dented. COLIN is wearily ticking off the things they've been through; LORD is looking at someone off-panel, asking a question with some concern.

CAPTION: Three years ago. Luxembourg.

COLIN: ... the dogs, that lot with the **Uzis**, the bloke with the **ninja swords**, the **other dogs**...

LORD: Where's your **contact**? Where's **Dr. Neclasse**?

COLIN: ... the **tank**...

5.4

NIXON FROST grins wolfishly, lighting a cigarette. He looks immaculate, his tuxedo spotless. In the distance behind him, a large building burns.

FROST: **Pearl** won't be joining us. **Hated** to lose her, but **snipers** just don't flush **themselves** out, you know.

FROST: I think there's a bit of her on my **shoe**, if you'd like to say **goodbye**.

5.5

Back to the gala. LORD's disgust with FROST is visible. CHANCE, however, seems to take this as a challenge. She's got a vaguely wicked little smile on her face as she shoves her hors d'oeuvre plate into LORD's hands.

CHANCE: **Lovely**. Does he fancy **women**?

LORD: He fancies **everything**.

CHANCE: Right. Hold this.

5.6

LORD, irritated and concerned, reaches out to grab CHANCE by the upper arm and haul her back. CHANCE does not appreciate this, to put it mildly.

LORD: Doctor, **wait**. You can't **trust**—

PAGE SIX

6.1

CHANCE whirls on LORD, her eyes blazing, yanking her arm away.

CHANCE: Who can I trust?

CHANCE: Go on. **You** tell me who who I can **trust**.

6.2

LORD looks hurt. CHANCE is still angry.

LORD: Me. **Always**.

CHANCE: Which is why you ran off for a chat with the **missus** and didn't bother to **tell** me.

LORD: I didn't tell **anyone**. I – I didn't want to get you in **trouble**.

6.3

CHANCE is having none of it. Now LORD is starting to get angry, too.

CHANCE: **Bollocks**. You weren't **thinking straight** at all.

LORD: So **you're** the only one allowed to have **emotions**? To act on **impulse**?

CHANCE: And **you're** the only one allowed to **call** people on it?

6.4

CHANCE gets as serious as we've ever seen her.

CHANCE: She's a **killer**. And she knows you **inside and out**.

CHANCE: All the buttons to press. All the strings to pull.

CHANCE: It's not just **your** life at risk – if she'd got loose, it could've been **Portia**. Or **Mal**. Or **Daisy**.

6.5

LORD looks indignant – CHANCE's words cut deep.

CHANCE: Or **me**.

LORD: She wouldn't do that. She's – I saw it in her eyes.

CHANCE: Or maybe you just saw what she **wanted** you to. **Again**.

6.6

PORTIA interrupts over the commlink. LORD and CHANCE both snap at her in unison, nerves rattled.

PORTIA (elec., over comms): ... Parry? Doctor?

LORD AND CHANCE: **What?**

PORTIA (elec., over comms): Um... d'you ... still have **visual** on the subject?

6.7

Pan out to show LORD and CHANCE in the crowd – and no sign of FENNIG or FROST where we last saw them.

LORD (small): ... Well, damn.

PAGE SEVEN

7.1

The vast rotunda of the Reading Room, once the museum's library, now a spectacular exhibition hall. The same banners we saw on page 1, advertising the Aztec exhibition, drape from the balconies that orbit the central space, in which glass cases house a variety of golden and turquoise jewelry, statuary, and masks. FROST, in FG, stares into a case in which a vaguely skull-like mask seems to reflect him. FENNIG, in BG, is gesturing expansively to the space around them; he seems equally nervous about getting caught, and eager to impress FROST.

FENNIG: Of course, it's, ah, not supposed to **open** for another **few** days, but since I **am** the **sponsor** of the exhibit...

FENNIG: ... ah, **which** bank did you say you were with, again?

7.2

FROST turns toward FENNIG, smiling a smile that does not quite reach his eyes.

FROST: You've got to appreciate the **irony**, don't you?

FROST: A pharmaceutical company sponsoring an **exhibition** on a culture **eradicated** by disease.

7.3

FENNIG chuckles nervously, but he's trying to get back to the subject at hand: money.

FENNIG: Well, yes, but I think the **conquistadors** had a fair go at it, too.

FENNIG: So, ah, about this **investment** you said you were considering?

7.4

FROST, still smiling, moves closer to Fennig. He's reaching inside his coat.

FROST: I love being surrounded by **history**. By the **dead**.

FROST: It makes me feel really quite ... **alive**, you know.

7.5

FROST is now uncomfortably close to FENNIG, almost amorously so. FENNIG is a little intimidated ... and clearly a little turned on.

FENNIG: Yes, I ... I suppose that's...

FENNIG (small): Is - is something **poking** at me?

7.6

Pull back to reveal a syringe in one of FROST's hands, capped for now, poking at FENNIG's ribs through his suitcoat - and a pistol in the other.

FROST: Well, this would be my **gun**, of course.

FROST: Among other things.

PAGE EIGHT

8.1

FROST whispers in a suddenly terrified FENNIG's ear, uncomfortably close.

FROST: You've been a **bad boy**, Liam. With which I can **sympathize**.

FROST: There's a lot of **travel** in my line of work. And all those lonely hotel bars ... all those **girls** ... all those **boys**...

FROST: Well, you're in **pharmaceuticals**. I hardly have to tell **you** how that sentence ends, do I?

8.2

The syringe, filled with bright red fluid, now uncapped, rests gingerly against FENNIG's neck.

FROST: Of course, people like **you** have made it **easy** for people like me. One pill a day, and we're almost **normal**.

FROST: Almost.

FROST: And as it turns out, I'm a **universal donor** – type O negative. So a little shot of **this** should be **no trouble at all**, really.

FENNIG (small): Oh God.

8.3

FROST smiles thinly; FENNIG's eyes are clamped shut in terror.

FROST (whispers): Unless you'd care to tell me where the **virus** is.

8.4

Same angle; FROST is whirling, startled; FENNIG has opened one eye.

CHANCE (o/p): I may quite possibly **vomit**.

8.5

CHANCE and LORD make their heroic entrance. Well, almost. LORD is trying to look tough and imposing, but that's somewhat undercut by CHANCE's indignant, grossed-out disbelief at what she's just seen.

LORD: Hello, Frost. Let him go.

CHANCE: You put **your own** ... in the ... and you were going to ... and **that's** how you **threaten** people?

CHANCE: You just **carry that thing** around, do you, in case you might need it?

CHANCE: I think I'll **punch** you just on **general principle**.

PAGE NINE

9.1

Branch HQ. This is the first time we've seen the inside of DAISY's "treehouse," the little room she has just under the apex of HQ's pyramidal roof. It's a cozy, rounded little space, furnished much like her cottage from series one, with circular windows of different sizes letting her look out onto the floor below, and a door to the spiral staircase that winds around the support column down to the main floor. There's cozy kid-sized furniture, a big table with paper and crayons, a flatscreen TV with a shelf full of videos, a little doorway to a bathroom, a mini-fridge for snacks and juice, and toys and stuffed animals strewn cheerfully around. DAISY lies in her cozy bed, a phalanx of stuffed critters marshalled around her. She's pulled her pillow down over her head, but here eyes are wide open, and just a little frightened.

CAPTION/CHARLES: **Henrietta Lacks** died in 1951. The **tumor** that killed her **never did**.

9.2

The infirmary. CHARLES, still looking slightly dazed, and a very intrigued-looking PRICE sit in front of a speakerphone, as CHARLES explains into the phone.

CHARLES: Most cells can only **divide** somewhere around **80 times**. Henrietta's **tumor** just **kept going**.

9.3

DAISY in her pyjamas, dragging a stuffed badger along with her, opens the door out to the spiral staircase.

CAPTION/CHARLES: For **decades**, "HeLa" cells have been a mainstay of **medical research**. There's probably **more** of them now than there **ever were** in Henrietta's **entire body**.

9.4

MRS. KING, at home in a dressing gown, sitting in an easy chair before a roaring fire. The table beside her has an old-fashioned rotary phone on it, into which she speaks.

KING: I assume you're coming to a **point** here, dear.

CHARLES (on phone): The late **Dr. Elba** had a **brain tumor**, Auntie. And the cells I cultured from it...

9.5

Back to the infirmary. CHARLES runs his hands through his hair. We see the microscope and the petri dish behind him.

CHARLES: ... Well, they make HeLa look like a gaggle of **layabouts**.

CHARLES: The rate of mitosis is **unprecedented**. There are levels of **telomerase** present I've **never seen**.

9.6

DAISY reaches the bottom of the staircase. PORTIA's desk is unoccupied, the main floor of HQ eerie and empty.

CAPTION/CHARLES: These cells ... they're basically **immortal**.

PAGE TEN

10.1

MR. QUEEN, in a kitchen, in a dressing gown of his own, pouring himself a modest shot of Scotch. He's got a cordless phone receiver crooked to one ear. There's a full glass of wine on the counter behind him..

QUEEN: Fair play to you, but how does this justify **interrupting my evening?**

PRICE (on phone): The DNA from the **tumor cells** doesn't **match** that from Elba's **blood, skin, or hair.**

10.2

The infirmary. PRICE speaking now into the phone, CHARLES chiming in.

CHARLES: He could be some sort of **natural chimera**, but that's **highly** unlikely.

PRICE: At the rate this thing was **growing**, Elba would have shown symptoms **months** ago, if not **years.**

PRICE: But there's **no record** he ever sought treatment.

10.3

KING and QUEEN, both on their respective phones, are revealed to be in the same room! They've been playing a game of chess together, in opposing armchairs, by the roaring fire we saw in KING's panel. QUEEN is handing her that glass of wine, the glass of Scotch in his own hand. Interesting..

CHARLES (on phone): I can pull an **all-nighter**, run some more tests..

KING: Nonsense, dear. Get your rest, start fresh in the morning. The both of you.

QUEEN: We'll want **reports** by end of day tomorrow.

10.4

Back in the infirmary, PRICE and CHARLES are turning to see DAISY behind them in the doorway with her stuffed badger, looking sleepy and slightly scared.

DAISY: ... I can't get back to sleep.

10.4

PRICE picks DAISY up sweetly, CHARLES smiling fondly at her. DAISY's pointing past PRICE's shoulder.

PRICE: All right, baby. Let's get you back to the **treehouse**, and I'll do a **sweep** for **hobgoblins**, 'kay?

DAISY: Not goblins. It was all the **shouting.**

CHARLES: Sorry, pet. I ... got a little excited. I found something new.

DAISY: Not you - **him.**

10.6

DAISY's pointing at the petri dish of cell samples from DR. ELBA. She's really freaked out - and now, so are PRICE and CHARLES.

DAISY: Can't you **hear** him **screaming?**

PAGE ELEVEN

11.1

FROST has the syringe at FENNIG's neck, but is now pointing the gun at LORD and CHANCE.

FROST: Oh, **look**. It's the **head boy**, come to tell me I've got **demerits**.

FROST: I'm surprised it was **Mulwray** who got done in, **Lord**. I thought you'dve **cracked up** long ago.

11.2

LORD and CHANCE spread out, giving FROST two targets instead of one.

LORD: You shouldn't **be here**, Frost. We cleared our operation with the **Home Office**.

LORD: Which means **Hammersmith's** got you doing some **dirty private business**, hasn't he?

CHANCE (small, to LORD): How come I never know **any** of the people you're **talking about**?

11.3

FROST leers at CHANCE, who glowers back.

FROST: New girl, eh? She's better-looking than the Irishman, at least.

CHANCE: Ooh, proper ladykiller, you are.

FROST: But I've half a mind to **stuff** something in that **mouth** of hers.

11.4

LORD's putting the pieces together. FROST turns the gun straight at him, the syringe momentarily moving away from FENNIG's neck.

LORD: You're not here for the virus's **buyers**, are you? You're here for the **virus**.

FROST: We **commissioned** it. We **paid** for it. And he was going to **sell it out** from under our noses.

FENNIG (small): In my defense, they **did** make the **higher bid**...

11.5

FROST flinches, his grip on FENNIG loosening, as one of CHANCE's high-heeled shoes, flung through the air, clonks him on the side of his face.

FROST: Gah!

11.6

As FENNIG slips free, and FROST turns the gun toward her, CHANCE charges forward, barefoot, wielding her other shoe in one hand, the point of the heel now a deadly weapon.

CHANCE: I **knew** these damned things were good for **something**.

PAGE TWELVE

12.1

As FROST swings the gun toward CHANCE, she nails him with the point of her high heel on the inside of his forearm, making him drop the gun. FENNIG is crawling away.

SFX: SWUD!

FROST: Nggh!

12.2

FROST pivots, using his momentum to kick CHANCE hard in the ribs, knocking the wind from her. He's still got the syringe, ready to stab her with it! Behind him, LORD is running toward FROST.

CHANCE: Houlph!

12.3

FROST turns just in time to get a flying knee to the face, Tony Jaa-style, from LORD! On the floor behind him, CHANCE is regaining her wits, hugging her ribs with one hand.

FROST: Pfuh!

12.4

As LORD lands in a crouch, CHANCE lashes a foot into the back of FROST's knee, knocking him off balance. FROST is finally dropping the syringe.

SFX: THAP!

12.5

FROST lies flat on his back; LORD, his eyes gone a bit scary, stands with his foot against FROST's throat. CHANCE, still hugging her ribs, is sitting up against one of the railings around the exhibits. The syringe lies on the floor nearby.

LORD: Try to get up. **Please.**

CHANCE: Wait, wait - *kaff* --

12.6

Pull back to reveal that the three of them seem to be alone in the huge, empty gallery.

CHANCE: Where's **Fennig**?

PAGE THIRTEEN

13.1

CHANCE's bare feet on the Reading Room floor, treading toward a silver case that lies open, spilling out a small pile of white pills. A brochure stand has been knocked over, fanning pamphlets about the Aztec exhibition out among the pills.

CHANCE (o/p): Mr. Fennig?

13.2

CHANCE, still rubbing her ribs gingerly where FROST kicked them, follows the trail of pills around the corner of an exhibit case. She doesn't quite like what she sees.

CHANCE: It's all right, Mr. Fennig. The horrid man with the **syringe** has been **thoroughly punched**.

CHANCE: You can –

CHANCE (small): Ohhhh, bollocks.

13.3

LORD still has FROST pinned by the throat – but FROST seems to be enjoying himself more than LORD is.

FROST: You know, I heard about the **little missus**. Shame, that.

FROST: You'd think **divorce by car bomb** would be **more permanent**.

LORD: Shut up, Frost.

CHANCE (o/p): I'm afraid I've some **bad news**...

13.4

CHANCE is helping a thoroughly dazed FENNIG, his eyes wide, pupils the size of saucers, stumble his way back toward the other two.

CHANCE: I don't think **viruses** are all he's been **cooking up**.

FENNIG (totally high): It's strictly for **medicinal purposes**! I've been under so much **stress**...

13.5

CHANCE cups FENNIG's jaw with one hand, trying to focus his attention on her.

CHANCE: Mr. Fennig? Listen – Listen to me.

FENNIG (high): You're awfully **rainbow-colored**...

CHANCE: Mr. Fennig, where is the **virus**? Where did you **put it**?

FENNIG (high): It's right here. It's – it's –

13.6

The surveillance van. PORTIA and MAL look at each other, baffled.

FENNIG (over the speakers): It's in the **cabooses**.

PAGE FOURTEEN

14.1

LORD and CHANCE exchange equally mystified looks as LORD reluctantly releases FROST from underfoot. FENNIG is cheerfully explaining (to empty air.)

CHANCE: "The cabooses"?

FENNIG: Well, I had to keep it **cold**...

14.2

FENNIG checks his watch, looking mildly perturbed. CHANCE doesn't like the sound of this. FROST is getting to his feet, brushing himself off. He seems to be tucking something back into his jacket – the syringe, we can just barely make out...

FROST (small, to himself): **Bastard** creased my suit...

FENNIG: Oh dear. Oh dear oh dear.

CHANCE: What?

FENNIG: I'm late for a **meeting**. Wait. No.

14.3

And then LORD, CHANCE, and FROST realize they're surrounded by a small army of shadowy figures.

FENNIG: I arrived **early**.

14.4

Let's call them the EMPYREANS. Black suits, black shirts, bright red ties, bright red gloves, bright red fabric masks covering the entirety of their heads, making them faceless, identical. All male, as far as we can tell. And on the upper left sleeve of each suit, sloppily adorned in red paint, a big savage letter M. They wield claw hammers, straight razors, garden shears, power drills; all very ordinary tools, the sort you'd get at a hardware store, and the very last things you'd want to imagine used on a human body.

FENNIG (o/p): So that's all right.

14.5

As LORD, CHANCE, and FROST take this scene in, LORD puts one hand to his ear discreetly.

LORD: Ah... Portia?

14.6

PORTIA and MAL in the surveillance van, worried now, MAL working the controls.

PORTIA: Hello? Parry? Dr. Chance?

PORTIA: It's all just ...

MAL: Static. Someone is **jamming** us.

PAGE FIFTEEN

15.1

LORD, CHANCE, a still-high FENNIG (the only one who looks happy), and FROST all turn to look up toward the back of the Reading Room, as a voice (ROMAN) issues down to them.

ROMAN (o/p): **Mr. Fennig**. I thought you'd be coming **alone**.

FENNIG: Mr. **Roman!** Hello! And I didn't think you'd bring these ... who are these people?

FENNIG: Can one of them bring me a glass of **wine**?

15.2

ROMAN stands on the second tier of balconies around the periphery of the Reading Room, looking down at LORD, CHANCE, FROST and FENNIG surrounded by the Emphyreans. We only see his silhouette from behind, but we can tell several things. He's tall and powerfully built, with broad shoulders and thick hands, and bald and bearded. He seems to be leaning on some sort of cane.

ROMAN: A fair point. About the **company**, not the **wine**.

ROMAN: These lads see to my **security**. And **your** friends?

15.3

FENNIG, with one arm slung over CHANCE's shoulder in a manner far more friendly than she'd prefer, is staring at her as if he's trying to work out where he knows her from. CHANCE is thinking fast, looking up at ROMAN.

FENNIG: Oh, of course, this is ... this is...

CHANCE: We're his **solicitors**. Mr. Fennig is ... somewhat **indisposed**, as you can see.

CHANCE: We're here in the interests of the **company**.

15.4

Same angle. FENNIG is copping a feel on CHANCE through the upper portion of her gown, more whimsically than lecherously. CHANCE's smile has just gone very tight, her teeth clenched; it's taking a superhuman effort of will for her not to punch FENNIG's lights out.

FENNIG: **Honk**.

FENNIG (small): ... Oh, you haven't got much there, have you? Poor thing.

CHANCE: ... He ... said something about a **transaction**?

15.5

ROMAN looms over the railing, looking down. He stands just beneath the clock on the far wall of the Reading Room, under the huge arched windows. He is indeed bald, a strange spidery tattoo working its way down from his scalp around the eye socket and cheek of one side of his face. A thick black beard, neatly trimmed, covers the lower half of his face, but we can just make up a thick, ugly scar running down his neck. He wears a long, heavy wool coat over a black three-piece pinstriped suit and a crisp white shirt, unbuttoned at the collar. He leans on a heavy wooden Victorian walking stick, a globe in solid silver mounted on the top of it.

ROMAN: A Ph.D, a master's, **and** a degree in law? Why, **Dr. Chance**, that's quite

accomplished.

ROMAN: And here I had you all pegged as **British Intelligence.**

ROMAN: Fennig can live. For now. Have fun, lads.

PAGE SIXTEEN

16.1

LORD seems to be adjusting his bowtie, eyes set, just the faintest hint of a smile on his lips. FROST is politely declining; CHANCE, still holding FENNIG, scowls. She doesn't like this plan.

LORD: **Frost**, I don't suppose I could ask for your help?

FROST: **Love** to, really. Only **someone** threw away my gun and surrounded me with **psychopaths**.

LORD: Doctor, get Fennig to safety. **Please**. Also, I owe you an **apology**.

CHANCE: What? What are you doing?

16.2

LORD, still looking at the advancing Empyreans, takes off his bowtie and undoes the collar of his shirt. *Oh, it's on now.*

LORD: Being **unprofessional**.

16.3

The EMPYREANS close in, wordless. LORD speaks to them, smiling amiably, his gesture conciliatory.

LORD: Gentlemen, I've had a **really** bad few months. I'd appreciate it if we could keep this **civilized**.

LORD: Anyone care to open a **dialogue**? Anyone?

LORD: ... Fair enough.

16.4

The EMPYREANS mob LORD. He's flying at them through the air, his foot connecting with the lead EMPYREAN's face in a way that conjures visions of extensive dental surgery, and makes it absolutely clear that LORD is going to kick each and every one of their asses clear across the English Channel. (At which point they'll technically be France's problem.)

NO DIALOGUE

16.5

In BG, FROST is obligingly slugging an EMPYREAN whilst swiping the length of lead pipe he's carrying. In FG, a still-high FENNIG is tugging petulantly at CHANCE's arm. She remains riveted to the sight of LORD unleashing unholy kung fu beatdown hell on the EMPYREANS, in a manner that suggests she really needs to go someplace quiet and stick her entire head into a large bucket of ice water, and then maybe lie down for a bit.

FENNIG: Are you **coming**?

CHANCE (small): In which sense of the term?

CHANCE (small): Because, yes.

PAGE SEVENTEEN

17.1

LORD wrecking shop among the EMPYREANS. He's flipping one of them over his shoulder into one of the other ones, and lashing out with his unplanted foot to kick a third in the stomach.

NO DIALOGUE

17.2

MAL and PORTIA in the van. PORTIA's had a brainstorm, which is getting MAL's attention.

PORTIA: Cabooses... cabooses... **I know where he hid it!**

PORTIA: Cases! Do we have any cases for this equipment?

17.3

With one hand, CHANCE drags FENNIG along behind her; with another, she's smashing a punch into an EMPYREAN's face. Behind her, FROST is decking another EMPYREAN with the lead pipe.

FROST (to CHANCE): You go to **all** the best parties, darling.

CHANCE (to FROST): Too bad they're full of the likes of **you**.

17.4

MAL and PORTIA at the entrance to the BRITISH MUSEUM, lugging a huge plastic case – the type you'd use for sound equipment – between them. PORTIA is sweet-talking a security guard, MORRIS, who looks way too tired to put up with this.

PORTIA: ... of course, if you **want** the deejay to get all cross and start **screaming** at me, and at my mate, and at **you** when we tell him it was **you** wouldn't let us in, all because he didn't have his very favorite **preamp** –

MORRIS: All right, all right ...

17.5

CHANCE, FENNIG and FROST, somewhat disheveled from combat, stop at the same intersection of exhibits where CHANCE found FENNIG earlier; his pillbox, pills, and brochures are still scattered on the floor.

FROST: Have we **lost** them?

CHANCE: Think so. For the moment.

17.6

And then FROST punches CHANCE in the solar plexus, doubling her over, swift and ugly.

FROST: **Good.**

PAGE EIGHTEEN

18.1

CHANCE is on the floor, in a ball – she just took a hit to the solar plexus, which would put anyone out of commission for a good little while. FROST is grabbing a still-dazed FENNIG by the hand and leading him away.

CHANCE: huk

CHANCE: gkk

FENNIG (small): Why is everyone **fighting**?

FROST: Come along, Liam ... you're going to have a nice chat with **Uncle Nix** about where you like to **hide** things.

18.2

LORD, back amid the EMPYREANS – he's painfully disarming one who came at him with a pair of garden shears, and palm-striking the throat of another slinging a straight razor.

NO DIALOGUE

18.3

PORTIA and MAL, just inside the entrance to the Great Court. PORTIA's pointing at something across the room.

PORTIA: Not **cabooses**.

PORTIA: **Caduceus!**

18.4

Portia's finger points all the way across the crowded Great Hall, thronged with well-dressed people performing an elaborate, old-fashioned waltz, to where the ice sculpture of the caduceus sits on a catering table, near the stairs that lead up to the Reading Room.

PORTIA (o/p): Of course, **spotting** it isn't the problem...

18.5

FROST leads FENNIG through the exhibits, toward one of the exits.

FROST: Do try to hurry. I have a **girl** coming round at **two**, and the service still **charges** whether I'm there or not.

ROMAN (o/p): Mr. **Frost**.

18.6

ROMAN stands before the exit doors, walking stick at the ready in his hands like a club.

ROMAN: Your reputation **precedes** you. I expect a **challenge**.

ROMAN: I hope you won't **disappoint**.

PAGE NINETEEN

19.1

CHANCE, pushing herself up off the ground (and crushing some of FENNIG's pills under the heel of her palm in the process), hurting but furiously determined to catch up FROST.

CHANCE (weak): **Oh** no.

CHANCE (weak): No no no you don't.

19.2

CHANCE looks at her palm – chalky white powder from a crushed pill, spread out on the skin. She's getting an idea.

CHANCE: Hmm.

19.3

MAL and PORTIA at the edge of the dancing throng – PORTIA's trying to push her way in, but is thwarted by the density of the crowd. MAL's looking back over his shoulder, slightly worried.

PORTIA: Excuse me –

PORTIA: Pardon me –

PORTIA: If we could just –

PORTIA (small): How do this many people even **know** how to waltz?

MAL: Oh dear.

19.4

MORRIS the guard is approaching them reluctantly from the entrance, looking chagrined, trailing a slightly older, more determined, clearly less rule-bending guard, STEWART, who is giving MAL and PORTIA the stinkeye.

MAL (o/p): What is the phrase?

MAL (o/p): I believe we have been **rumbled**.

19.5

PORTIA is surprised to find MAL sweeping her into his arms.

PORTIA: Mal, what are you –?

PORTIA: **First**, this isn't the **time**, and **second**, I'm still **cross** with you, and

–

MAL: I have been **practicing** – they have lessons at my **church**. I meant to **surprise you**.

19.6

MAL smiles, very sweetly, at PORTIA, and she completely forgets to be cross. He's squared his shoulders, elevated one set of their hands, and is about to get his waltz on.

MAL: Portia Longley, may I have this dance?

PAGE TWENTY

20.1

FROST smashing a fist into ROMAN's face.

NO DIALOGUE

20.2

The LAST EMPYREAN standing is tall and lean, taller than LORD himself. He and LORD face off across a floor strewn with the unconscious, bleeding bodies of his compatriots. LORD is in a kung fu stance, waiting. The LAST EMPYREAN has a straight razor in each hand.

NO DIALOGUE

20.3

MAL and PORTIA waltz gracefully through the crowd, PORTIA a bit unsure, MAL confident and laughing, as MORRIS and STEWART are flummoxed at the edge of the sea of dancers.

MAL: **one** two three **one** two three

20.4

ROMAN wiping away blood from his nose, smiling. FROST looks slightly daunted.

NO DIALOGUE

20.5

ROMAN swings his stick like a baseball bat, the heavy silver tip catching FROST across the face, reeling him backward toward a steel railing around one of the exhibits.

NO DIALOGUE

20.6

FROST sags against the railing; he's kicking out with one foot, but ROMAN has seized it firmly. This isn't going to end well.

NO DIALOGUE

PAGE TWENTY-ONE

21.1

ROMAN swings FROST around by his leg, as easily as if he were throwing a hammer, and smashes him into one of the other exhibits, shattering the glass case!

SFX: KRASH!

21.2

MAL and PORTIA moving through the crowd of waltzers, closer to the buffet table, their eyes on the ice sculpture of the caduceus.

MAL AND PORTIA: **one** two three **one** two three

21.3

The LAST EMPYREAN slashes, the razor cutting a wide arc. LORD leaps backward, the blade missing by inches.

NO DIALOGUE

21.4

While LORD is off-balance, the LAST EMPYREAN kicks LORD square in the chest, sending him stumbling backward over one of the other fallen EMPYREANS.

NO DIALOGUE

21.5

LORD lands flat on his back. The LAST EMPYREAN looms overhead, drawing back one of the razors to slash down and across LORD's throat. Near LORD's outstretched arm, one of the fallen EMPYREANS is holding a cordless power drill...

NO DIALOGUE

21.6

ROMAN, still holding his walking stick under one arm, grabs a dazed and bleeding FROST by the shirtfront with both hands, hauling him up to look ROMAN in the eye. ROMAN seems amused, scornful.

ROMAN: The fearsome Nixon Frost? **Really?**

21.7

And then ROMAN's face contorts with pain as FROST jams his syringe into the side of ROMAN's neck!

FROST (weak): **Really.**

ROMAN: NNNNAAAAAH!

PAGE TWENTY-TWO

22.1

LORD grabs the POWER DRILL and jams it into the meat of the LAST EMPYREAN's calf! Yes, it's running. Yes, it's horrible.

SFX/DRILL: VRRRRRRRRR—!

22.2

The LAST EMPYREAN's body contorts in pain. LORD is doing a backward roll out from beneath him.

LAST EMPYREAN: NGAAAAH!

22.3

From his crouch, LORD springs up, grabbing a fistful of the LAST EMPYREAN's tie —

NO DIALOGUE

22.4

— And absolutely DROPS the LAST EMPYREAN with a roundhouse kick to the side of his head.

NO DIALOGUE

22.5

LORD, alone, breathing hard, wiping sweat from his brow with the sleeve of his dress shirt. Surrounded by fallen Empyreans.

NO DIALOGUE

PAGE TWENTY-THREE

23.1

ROMAN hurls FROST to the floor like a ragdoll with one hand, wrenching the syringe from his neck with the other. Blind animal rage.

ROMAN: RRRAAAH!

23.2

ROMAN kicks FROST in the ribs as the latter lies on the floor, curling FROST up into a ball.

NO DIALOGUE

23.3

ROMAN brings his stick down on FROST's body, with great force and equal relish.

NO DIALOGUE

23.4

CHANCE peers around the corner of an exhibit at the scene; one of the exhibit brochures is folded like a cone in one of her hands.

NO DIALOGUE

23.5

Wider shot. ROMAN thrashing FROST with his cane; FENNIG cowering, freaked out of his mind, next to an exit door from the Reading Room.

NO DIALOGUE

23.6

FENNIG in FG, curled into a ball himself. CHANCE in BG, looking at him.

FENNIG (small): I wanna go home I wanna go home

23.7

ROMAN raises the walking stick again, the tip of it coated in FROST's blood, ready to make the killing blow -

NO DIALOGUE

PAGE TWENTY-FOUR

24.1

– And ROMAN stops, startled, as someone taps him on the shoulder.

CHANCE (o/p): Excuse me.

24.2

ROMAN has turned – just in time for CHANCE, using the brochure like a tube, to blow a cloud of FENNIG's powdered-up happy pills directly into ROMAN's face!

SFX: FFFFOOOPH!

ROMAN: Gah! *kaff kaff kaff*

24.3

MAL and PORTIA, grinning at each other, a crowd of curious onlookers behind them, each with one foot raised as if just about to kick down a door ...

MAL: One...

PORTIA: Two..

24.4

Or a buffet table! MAL and PORTIA's mutual kick knocks the table over, sending shrimp platters flying, and the caduceus crashing into a million pieces!

MAL and PORTIA: **Three!**

24.5

MAL and PORTIA, on their hands and knees, scrambling through the chunks of ice.

PORTIA: Come on, where is it...

MAL: I – wait, no. That is a cocktail sausage.

24.6

PORTIA holds up a small, sealed steel vial triumphantly.

PORTIA: Found it!

24.7

And finds her wrist firmly encircled by an unsmiling STEWART. PORTIA's hiding the vial in her palm.

STEWART: Funny thing. The deejay says he's never **seen** you two.

STEWART: If you'll both just come with us, please...

PAGE TWENTY-FIVE

25.1

CHANCE stands, fists at the ready, as ROMAN staggers back from her, coughing, trying to smear away the white powder covering his face.

ROMAN: You stupid – what did you do –?

ROMAN: What did you – I –

25.2

And the drug takes hold, ROMAN batting at imaginary insects like a child.

ROMAN: So many fireflies out tonight –

ROMAN: And you're ... growing wings ...

25.3

Uh oh. Foam begins to form at the corners of ROMAN's mouth. His eyes are rolling back in his head. Perhaps he got too large a dose...

ROMAN: You remind me of – offfhhhuh shnhuh –

ROMAN: Ffff! Ffff!

25.4

And ROMAN collapses out of frame, one meaty paw of a hand still hanging in the air.

ROMAN (diminishing): Fffffff- *

25.5

CHANCE turns to FROST, cautiously reaching out a hand as he stirs on the floor.

CHANCE: Right. Just say no, then.

CHANCE: Frost, are you –

25.6

FROST, his face a bloody mess, snarls at CHANCE through a fog of pain and anger.

FROST: You **shhhtupid bitch!**

FROST: Why did you **do** that?

FROST: ... What made you think I was **worth it?**

PAGE TWENTY-SIX

26.1

FROST turns away from her, angry and – not that he'd ever admit it – ashamed. CHANCE looks on him with something like pity. Behind them, we see ROMAN twitching on the ground.

FROST: You could've got **Fennig**. Gotten out. Completed the mission.

CHANCE: Are you saying you'd have done that to **me**?

FROST: ... I'm a **professional**.

26.2

In FG, we see LORD from behind, dragging one of the unconscious EMPYREANS with him. In BG, CHANCE and FROST turn to see his arrival.

LORD (o/p): **Doctor**. I see you've got everything **sorted** without me.

CHANCE: Mr. Lord! Are you all right?

26.3

LORD, sweaty, disheveled, but with not a mark on him, lifts one arm of to show off the clean gash through the fabric of the shirt (but not through him).

LORD: I'll be sending them a **bill** for the **shirt**.

LORD (small): I really **liked** this shirt.

26.4

CHANCE approaches LORD, looking curiously at the EMPYREAN he drags with him. LORD is beginning to remove the EMPYREAN's mask.

CHANCE: **That** thing? Please. It made you look a right **ponce**.

CHANCE: So who is it, exactly, will be **getting** this bill from you?

LORD: No one, apparently.

26.5

Close on the face of the EMPYREAN as LORD removes the mask. It's ... barely a face at all. No hair, no eyebrows, the bones of the face and the nose all curiously blunted, as if half-formed. Like a generic template for a human being. Two strange symbols – like the writing CHANCE found at DR. ELBA's office – tattooed on one of its temples. Curiouser and curiouser.

LORD (o/p): **No one at all**.

PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN

27.1

Dawn breaks over Bloomsbury. We see at last the SURVEILLANCE VAN, black and anonymous, parked with its back doors open outside the gates of the British Museum on Great Russell Street. PORTIA's voice comes from inside.

PORTIA (inside van): Yes, Mr. Queen – we've got it **safe** and **sound**.

27.2

Inside the van, staring out toward the open back doors, we see MAL sealing the lid on a sturdy-looking silver case about the size of a laptop computer. PORTIA, her back to him, leans fondly against his back, smiling, as she talks into her mobile phone.

PORTIA: Mal's just putting it into **containment** for transport. And Fennig and the **rest** of them are on their way to a **secure hospital**.

PORTIA: Oh. You, uh, you may also get a call from **security** at the **British Museum**...

27.3

Outside, idling near the van, a patched-up and bandaged FROST sits behind the wheel of a silver Aston Martin (what else?). LORD, his arms folded, and CHANCE, slightly more neutral in attitude, stand nearby, talking to him. CHANCE has LORD's suit jacket draped over her shoulders.

LORD: Tell **Hammersmith** that if he wants his precious **virus**, he'll have to talk to **King and Queen**.

FROST: **Virus**? What virus? Haven't the **faintest** what you're talking about.

LORD: Naturally.

27.4

CHANCE interjects with a question. FROST scoffs.

CHANCE: Um. That **needle**. Was that **really** your blood?

FROST: What? God, no. Just some saline solution with a bit of red color in. **Remarkably** effective.

CHANCE: So the things you said to Fennig ... none of that was ...?

27.5

The shadows across FROST's face make him look eerily gaunt, even a little skeletal, and his grin seems just a bit too toothy. And perhaps just the tiniest bit sad.

FROST: **Really**, darling.

FROST: Do I **look** like an **unwell man** to you?

27.6

CHANCE hollers defiantly as FROST peels away in his sports car. LORD looks over at her, fondly amused.

CHANCE: I am **not your darling!**

LORD: You'd be about the **only** one, statistically.

PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT

28.1

CHANCE folds her arms, determinedly looking after the departing FROST. LORD looks at her, calm and conciliatory.

CHANCE: If **that's** professional, I've changed my mind. Be as **sloppy** and **reckless** as you like.

CHANCE: Just like **me**.

LORD: No, no. You're right. I haven't been ... I'm not **right** inside.

28.2

CHANCE is trying to laugh this off as a joke, but LORD is serious.

CHANCE: Could've told you that **ages** ago.

LORD: I'm serious. You were right about my ... about **Chaaya**.

LORD: She gets me all **twisted about**. Makes my **head** wrong.

28.3

LORD massages the palm of one gloved hand with the thumb and forefinger of another, thoughtful.

LORD: I **know** she's different. I **know** she's **more** than a **killer**.

LORD (small): I saw it in her eyes.

LORD: But right now, I can't **trust** that. Can't trust **any** of it.

28.4

LORD turns to CHANCE, completely serious. She's gone sober, too.

LORD: I can't deal with this alone. I know that now.

LORD: So it's a good job I'm **not alone**, isn't it?

CHANCE: ... Not a chance, rich boy.

LORD: Right. Then the way I see it, we need a plan.

CHANCE: To do what?

28.5

LORD, just the faintest smile on his lips.

LORD: What you do best, Doctor.

LORD: Save me from myself.

28.6

LORD and CHANCE stand on the empty street, watching the sky turn colors.

LORD: Lovely **dress**, by the way.

CHANCE: It's **horrid** and **drafty**. I very much want to **burn** it.

LORD: Terrible shame, that.

CHANCE: Only for the **dress**.