

ABSOLUTELY SMASHING

Written by

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Registered with WGAw

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TITLE OVER BLACK:

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FADE IN:

EXT. MANSION - NEAR COVENTRY, ENGLAND - LATE AFTERNOON

A large, stately English mansion surrounded by expansive grounds. A two-tone 1959 ROLLS-ROYCE PHANTOM V in Shell Grey over Black Pearl sits in front of the entrance.

TITLE:

Taylor Estate
Warwickshire, England
Friday, 5:00 PM

CLOSER ANGLE

The front door opens and LORD EDMUND TAYLOR steps out. He is 56 and the quintessential English gentleman. He wears an overcoat and bowler and carries a briefcase and an umbrella. His chauffeur, PARKER, a Cockney fellow in his 40's, steps out of the Rolls and opens the rear door for him.

TAYLOR
Back to London, Parker.

PARKER
Very good, sir.

Taylor gets into the back and Parker shuts the door, then Parker gets behind the wheel and starts the car. The Rolls pulls out and heads down the driveway.

INT. ROLLS - MOVING - ON TAYLOR

Sitting in the back, he puts on his reading glasses, then opens his briefcase and brings out several articles of mail.

EXT. STREET - A45

The Rolls travels eastbound on A45.

INT. ROLLS - MOVING - ON TAYLOR

As he sorts through the mail, he finds an envelope that has no return address. Curious, he opens it first and brings out several typewritten pages.

INSERT - THE FIRST PAGE

A large title across the top says "PROJECT IVAN".

BACK TO SCENE

A bit perplexed by this title, Taylor begins reading.

EXT. STREET - A45 TRANSITION TO M45

The Rolls continues eastbound on the M45 motorway.

INT. ROLLS - MOVING - CLOSE ON TAYLOR

As he reads, he reaches something that alarms him. He pauses, clearly disturbed, then resumes reading intently.

EXT. M45/M1 JUNCTION 17

The Rolls takes the M1 motorway southbound.

INT. ROLLS - MOVING - ON TAYLOR

He continues reading, growing increasingly concerned.

EXT. M1 MOTORWAY - ON THE ROLLS

As the Rolls heads south toward London in the center lane, four ROCKERS on MOTORCYCLES come up from behind the car and assume positions around it -- one in front, one in back, and one on either side. The rockers are dressed in their typical attire -- leather motorcycle jackets, Levi's jeans, boots, open-face helmets, and aviator goggles.

INT. ROLLS - MOVING

Parker watches the motorcycles around him and starts to feel uneasy as they seemingly escort the Rolls.

PARKER
What's all this, then?

TAYLOR
(distracted)
What goes on, Parker?

PARKER
Don't rightly know, sir.

Taylor looks up from his papers and watches the motorcycles. He sizes up the situation quickly and dismisses it, much more concerned about what he's reading.

TAYLOR
Pay them no mind, just overtake when
you can.

Taylor returns to his reading, but Parker remains uneasy. The rocker riding beside him looks at him, then accelerates and pulls away. The other three rockers accelerate as well, and Parker watches with relief as all four motorcycles speed down the motorway and recede into the distance.

PARKER
(under his breath)
Bloody rockers. Hooligans.

EXT. TELEVISION STUDIO - LONDON, ENGLAND - DUSK

A building located somewhere in Central London.

TITLE:

Kingsway Television Studios
Central London
Friday, 6:00 PM

INT. STUDIO - CONTROL ROOM - ON TELEVISION MONITOR

The black-and-white INTRO SEQUENCE of *Pop! Goes London* -- a program similar to such 1960s music shows as *Ready Steady Go!*, *Shindig!*, *Hullabaloo*, and the like -- plays on the monitor, accompanied by the INTRO SONG, which is "I'm The Face" by The High Numbers (The Who).

INT. STUDIO

A young STUDIO AUDIENCE dances as the INTRO SONG plays, then the song fades and they applaud as the show's presenter, CHLOE, steps onto the stage. Chloe is early 20's and mod, quite effervescent, and speaks with a pronounced Scouse accent.

CHLOE

Hello, everyone! Chloe Sellers here.
Thank you for joining me this evening
for another edition of "Pop! Goes
London" -- where the weekend starts
early! We've got a really fab show for
you tonight, so without any further
ado, here are Darla Chandler and The
Dollybirds performing "As Tears Go By".

The audience APPLAUDS as the lights come up on an adjacent stage and DARLA CHANDLER AND THE DOLLYBIRDS are revealed. Darla is 25, petite, waif-like, and very pretty, and she stands in front of her two back-up singers. All three of them wear the very same blonde bouffant wigs and costumes and look like clones. The song's instrumental INTRO plays, then Darla SINGS the FIRST VERSE of the Marianne Faithfull/Rolling Stones hit:

DARLA

It is the evening of the day
I sit and watch the children play
Smiling faces I can see
But not for me
I sit and watch
As tears go by.

EXT. M1 MOTORWAY - DUSK

Taylor's Rolls continues south toward London as Darla starts SINGING the SECOND VERSE.

DARLA (V.O.)
My riches can't buy everything

INT. ROLLS - MOVING - ON TAYLOR

He continues reading his papers intently.

DARLA (V.O.)
I want to hear the children sing

EXT. M1 MOTORWAY - ON THE ROLLS

We TRACK with it as it travels along.

DARLA (V.O.)
All I hear is the sound
Of rain falling on the ground

INT. STUDIO - ON DARLA

She continues to SING.

DARLA
I sit and watch
As tears go by.

EXT. M1 MOTORWAY - ON THE ROLLS

It drives by as the song's INSTRUMENTAL MIDDLE begins.

AN OVERPASS

SOMEONE is laying in wait for the Rolls, dressed completely in black and aiming a Soviet DRAGUNOV SNIPER RIFLE at the road below. Whoever it is wears a ski mask and we cannot see the face.

INT. ROLLS - MOVING - ON TAYLOR

He continues reading, completely unaware of the danger ahead.

EXT. M1 MOTORWAY - FROM BENEATH OVERPASS

The Rolls approaches the overpass.

THE RIFLE

fires a single well-aimed shot.

THE ROLLS

One of the front tires blows out, and the car swerves.

INT. ROLLS - MOVING - ON TAYLOR

He is knocked to the side as the car swerves.

EXT. M1 MOTORWAY

The Rolls swerves back and forth as Parker loses control, then careens onto the embankment and starts to flip over. The song's INSTRUMENTAL MIDDLE ends.

INT. STUDIO

Darla begins SINGING the LAST VERSE.

DARLA
It is the evening of the day
I sit and watch the children play

EXT. M1 MOTORWAY

The Rolls lies on its side, its tires still spinning.

DARLA (V.O.)
Doing things I used to do

INT. ROLLS - ON TAYLOR

He lies inside the car, dead, his glasses cracked.

DARLA (V.O.)
They think are new

INT. STUDIO - VERY CLOSE ON DARLA

She looks directly into the camera as she SINGS.

DARLA
I sit and watch
As tears go by.

WIDER ANGLE

Darla HUMS the end of the song and finishes it. The audience APPLAUDS as Chloe steps onto the stage and joins her.

CHLOE
That was wonderful, Darla.
(to audience)
Wasn't that absolutely gear, everyone?
(back to Darla)
But you and the girls aren't known
for singing ballads. How is it that
you came to record this song?

DARLA
Well, when Marianne Faithfull released
it last year I thought it was such a
beautiful song, just lovely, and I
knew right then I wanted to cover it
on our next record. Bit of a departure
from our usual style, but I found it
most rewarding.

CHLOE

And that new LP is due to hit the shops next week, isn't it?

DARLA

Yes it is. "Mods and Sods", our third LP. Took us a bit longer to release than the last one.

CHLOE

I'm sure the fans have been waiting with great anticipation. Tell us about the new single, which comes out tomorrow.

DARLA

It's called "Horses for Courses" and it's a very lively number, not a ballad at all, the kind of tune that will get you up on your feet and snapping your fingers.

CHLOE

And we'll all be doing that later on, I'm sure, when Darla and the girls return at the end of the show to sing their soon-to-be latest hit, "Horses for Courses".

INT. STUDIO - DRESSING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

The show is over and Darla is out of her costume and finishing getting dressed in her regular clothes. The bouffant wig sits on a styrofoam head on the table and her own hair is short and bobbed like Twiggy's, making her look rather impish and pixieish. The door opens a bit and Chloe pokes her head in.

CHLOE

'Ey, Darla, are you decent? I've someone who wants to see you.

Seeing Darla is dressed, Chloe opens the door all the way and steps in, followed by JOHN LENNON. Lennon grins like a mischievous boy sneaking into a place where he doesn't belong; and all throughout the following conversation, he fiddles with various things on Darla's table and even draws a funny face on the Styrofoam head, and Darla repeatedly slaps his hands away whenever she notices it.

DARLA

Oh, Chloe, don't you ever grow tired of trying to match me up?

(sees Lennon)

John Lennon? My word, haven't seen you in a while.

LENNON

What have we got here? A bit of crumpet?

DARLA

Careful, luv. The last bloke who called me "crumpet" didn't live to regret it. So what brings you here? Shouldn't you be on the set of your film?

LENNON

Oh, we're skiving off today. Just got back from Austria and thought I'd pop in and see ya.

(teasing her)

Seems The Dollybirds have another chart-topper on the way.

DARLA

The Beatles aren't the only blooming thing from Liverpool, you know. So what's the new film about?

LENNON

It's called "Eight Arms to Hold You" and --

DARLA

(interrupts him)

Ugh, who thought up that one?

LENNON

It's a send-up of all those spy capers. Goon Show does Bond, sort of like.

DARLA

Bond? Rather chauvinistic bugger. Always gallivanting with the local talent, smarmy git.

LENNON

So you and the birds wanna tour with us again this summer?

DARLA

You mean open for you again?

LENNON

It was a real blast last year.

DARLA

It was sheer bedlam, it was. Nearly drove me potty.

LENNON

(teasing again)

Maybe I can get you a part in our next film, then. As the love interest.

DARLA

Whose, yours or Paul's? Or do you share things like that equally?

LENNON
(puckers his lips)
Give us a kiss.

DARLA
(waves him away
playfully)
Oh, get on.

CHLOE
Darla, we're off to the Ad Lib. Care
to join us?

DARLA
And be a gooseberry? Anyroad, there's
somewhere I need to be... and I don't
wish to be late.

EXT. STREET - LATER THAT NIGHT

Somewhere in the West End. It's around midnight and the street is deserted. A Clipper Blue 1960 MORRIS MINI-MINOR DE-LUXE is parked across the street from an art gallery.

INT. MINI - SAME

Darla sits behind the wheel, watching the gallery. She's dressed completely differently now: long, dark wig; quite a bit of make-up; miniskirt, fishnets, and go-go boots. The SONG "I Just Don't Know What to Do with Myself" by Dusty Springfield plays on the car's RADIO, the volume low.

DARLA'S P.O.V.

Two men step out of the gallery and lock the front door. They are SOMMERVILLE and his BODYGUARD. Sommerville is around 40, a spiffy dresser, and a black marketer who runs the gallery and a dance club to hide his illegal activities.

DARLA

watches as they wait for Sommerville's car to be brought around, and her distaste for this shady character is obvious.

EXT. GALLERY

Sommerville's car pulls up, a Silver Gray 1963 MERCEDES-BENZ 300SE "Heckflosse" sedan, and he and his bodyguard get in. Then the DRIVER pulls out. Darla waits a moment, then starts her car, makes a u-turn and follows the Mercedes.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET

Sommerville's Mercedes drives by, followed by Darla's Mini at a discreet distance.

INT. MINI - MOVING - ON DARLA

She watches the Mercedes as she follows it.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Somewhere in Soho. The Mercedes arrives, turns into a driveway beside the warehouse and disappears behind it. A few moments later, Darla's Mini arrives and slows down in front of the driveway.

THE MINI

Darla looks down the driveway, then drives on, and the car proceeds OUT OF FRAME.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DRIVEWAY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Sommerville's driver stands watch at the opening, listening to a little TRANSISTOR RADIO and bobbing his head to the music as the SONG "I Feel Fine" by The Beatles plays. Darla walks down the street toward him, and as he watches her approach, he assumes she's a streetwalker and senses no threat.

DARLA
(thick Cockney accent)
'Scuse me, guv. May I bum a ciggy?

The driver puts down his radio and brings out a PACK OF CIGARETTES as Darla stops next to him.

DARLA
A proper English lady should never
need to bum a ciggy, but I seem to
'ave lost mine.

The driver chuckles as he pulls out a cigarette and offers it, and Darla takes it.

DARLA
Could we trouble ya for a light as
well? Thank ya kindly.

The driver brings out his LIGHTER and flicks it on. He starts to light Darla's cigarette as she holds it to her lips, but she trembles a little and drops it.

DARLA
Oh! Sorry. Must be this parky weather.
Fingers are a bit numb.

As the driver bends down to pick up the fallen cigarette, Darla suddenly brings out a small HYPODERMIC NEEDLE disguised as a mascara applicator and injects him in the neck. The driver succumbs instantly to the fast-acting tranquilizer and sags to the pavement.

DARLA
Yes, terribly sorry 'bout that.
Pleasant dreams.

Darla leaves him there and heads quickly down the driveway. She arrives at the back of the warehouse and peeks around the building. Sommerville's Mercedes is parked there, along with another CAR. She opens her purse and brings out what looks like a MAKE-UP COMPACT but is actually a two-way radio. She opens the compact and speaks into it quietly in her normal voice.

DARLA
Chandler to base.

HAWTHORNE (V.O.)
Hawthorne here. Go ahead.

DARLA
I've followed him to a disused warehouse in Soho. The others appear to already be here. I'll be in position in a moment.
Chandler out.

She closes the compact and puts it away, then starts walking back toward the street, looking for a way into the warehouse. She finds a fire escape and climbs up to the second floor, then quietly opens a door and sneaks in.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Darla finds herself on a catwalk that runs along one wall of the warehouse. We can hear the VOICES of several men down below but cannot make out their words. Crouched low, Darla creeps along the catwalk and stops behind a concrete column near the voices, then takes a peek.

Down below, Sommerville is talking with two RUSSIAN AGENTS beside a TRUCK filled with WOODEN CRATES. One of the Russians holds a BRIEFCASE while the other carries an AK-47 ASSAULT RIFLE, and they watch as the bodyguard brings out one of the crates. Darla brings out her compact again and speaks quietly.

DARLA
Chandler here. I see Sommerville and his babysitter. The two Russians as well.

(surprised)
It appears the transaction is taking place tonight.

HAWTHORNE (V.O.)
(concerned)
Are you sure?

DARLA
There's a lorry packed with crates, and a briefcase with the cash, I assume. I thought this was supposed to be an introductory meeting.

HAWTHORNE (V.O.)
That was the information.

Down below, Sommerville's bodyguard opens the crate and reveals the STERLING MK.4 SUBMACHINE GUNS inside.

DARLA

Well, they appear to have accelerated things, then. Sommerville is just displaying some of the merchandise.

HAWTHORNE (V.O.)

(a beat)

Alright. Wait for them to finish, then follow the Russians and dispatch them. There's no other choice. Wilkins will never get there in time.

DARLA

Leave it with me.

HAWTHORNE (V.O.)

Scotland Yard can apprehend Sommerville afterwards. Be sure to take sufficient photographs.

DARLA

Righto. Chandler out.

Darla closes the compact and puts it away, then brings out a very small CAMERA and starts taking pictures.

DARLA

Smile, gentlemen. You're on candid camera.

DOWN BELOW, Russian #1 brings out one of the Sterlings and examines it thoroughly.

SOMMERVILLE

I trust everything is to your liking?

Russian #1 completes his examination and appears satisfied.

RUSSIAN #1

Da. Pleasure doing business with you.

SOMMERVILLE

The pleasure is all mine. Do keep my number in the event you should require something else.

UP ON THE CATWALK, Darla watches the transaction with disgust as she continues taking pictures.

DARLA

(under her breath)

Filthy swine... You'll soon be where you belong.

RUSSIAN #1 (O.S.)

You delivered Dragunova to "Katya"?

SOMMERVILLE (O.S.)
 She picked it up this morning. Didn't
 tell me what it was for, though.

DOWN BELOW, Russian #2 notices a small reflection from the
 catwalk and looks up as Russian #1 answers Sommerville.

RUSSIAN #1
 That is not your concern.
 (glances at watch)
 Anyway, task should be accomplished
 by now.

RUSSIAN #2
 (spots Darla's camera)
Kto tam?

RUSSIAN #1
 (looks up too)
Shpion!

UP ON THE CATWALK, Darla stops taking photos and ducks
 behind the column, realizing she messed up in her eagerness.

DARLA
 Oh, dear. I seem to have been spotted.
 How careless of me.

She puts away the camera and brings out her pistol, a
 BERETTA 950B JETFIRE. She peeks around the column and is
 greeted with a blast of fire from an AK-47 which forces her
 to hide again. Then she takes a couple of shots at the men
 below.

DOWN BELOW, Russian #2 returns fire with his rifle as he
 ducks behind the truck, and Russian #1 and Sommerville's
 bodyguard pull out GUNS as they also duck for cover.
 Sommerville ducks behind a nearby column, trying to stay out
 of the fight.

For a few moments, Darla continues to exchange fire with the
 two Russians and the bodyguard, but she is pinned down and
 grows impatient and annoyed.

DARLA
 This is getting tiresome. Time to
 make things a bit more explosive.

She removes the clip from her pistol and slaps a clip of
 explosive rounds into it. Exposing as little of herself as
 possible, she carefully aims at the fuel tank underneath the
 truck and fires once.

The bullet pierces the tank and it explodes, and the
 concussion sends all three men flying. After a moment, Darla
 takes a peek, and the three men are dead, their bodies and
 weapons scattered around the truck. She pumps her fist.

DARLA
 Absolutely smashing!
 (stands up)
 What have I got that Dusty Springfield
 hasn't got? Killer aim, ducky.

She goes to a ladder at the end of the catwalk and descends to the ground floor, then approaches the truck and the dead men. She stops by the corpses and looks at the mess. Sommerville is nowhere to be seen.

DARLA
 Not much left for Special Branch to
 clean up. This should prove to
 Hawthorne I'm up to scratch.

She kneels beside Russian #1, searches his pockets and removes a small CARD. On the card is a strange insignia, but before she can do more than look at it, Sommerville suddenly reveals himself from behind the column and fires at her with one of the Sterlings he was selling to the Russians, and Darla dives behind the mangled truck barely in time to avoid getting hit.

DARLA
 Blimey!

Sommerville fires again, then runs out the rear entrance.

DARLA
 Oh, dear. I saw that one coming not
 at all. Very well, time for Plan B.
 (beat)
 If I had a Plan B.
 (another beat)
 Time to improvise, Darla. It's what
 you're good at.

Darla runs out from behind the truck in pursuit.

EXT. WAREHOUSE

Sommerville runs toward the cars parked behind the warehouse just as Darla emerges and shoots at him. He ducks behind the Russians' car and returns fire, but he runs out of ammo and tosses the machine gun away. He pulls out his own GUN and lays down some more fire as he moves to his Mercedes, and Darla jumps behind a trash bin for cover.

Sommerville opens the door and jumps in behind the wheel, and Darla takes another shot at him, barely missing him. As Sommerville shuts the door and starts the car, Darla takes careful aim at one of his rear tires, but the car pulls out with a screech just as she fires and she misses.

DARLA
 Now that was piss poor! How'd I manage
 to botch that one up?

Suddenly, it starts to rain lightly. She glances up at the sky in exasperation, then comes out from behind the bin and runs after the Mercedes.

THE STREET

The Mercedes pulls out of the driveway and starts heading down the street. Darla arrives at the mouth of the driveway, nearly out of breath, and watches the Mercedes move away.

DARLA
Oh, this is all a shambles! I've
absolutely cocked up my probation
now!

Before she can get discouraged, though, she spots a black AUSTIN FX3 LONDON TAXI stopped at the corner waiting for the green light.

DARLA
Ah! Plan B suddenly materializes.
And not a moment too soon.

She puts away her pistol and runs to the taxi and gets in front of it just as the light changes. The taxi starts to move but instantly stops again as she puts her hands on the hood.

DARLA
Stop! Stop, I say!

The middle-aged Cockney DRIVER is not at all amused, and he pokes his head out the window.

DRIVER
Wot? Git yer arse outa the way, ya
tart!

DARLA
What a potty mouth!

Darla quickly goes to the driver's door and pulls it open.

DRIVER
Oi, you -- !

DARLA
Sorry, luv! I claim this taxi in Her
Majesty's name!

Darla injects him in the neck with her little mascara hypo and pulls him out of the taxi, and by the time he hits the pavement he is out like a light. Darla hasn't yet seen the middle-aged AMERICAN COUPLE sitting in the back, and they watch, startled, as she quickly gets into the taxi.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Darla gets behind the wheel and shuts the door.

AMERICAN MAN

What's going on?

Darla is just about to floor the accelerator, and she stops at the sound of the voice and turns to see the couple.

DARLA

Oh! Hello! Holidaymakers, I assume?
(before they can
reply)

Care for a tour of Swinging London,
Darla-style? Very well, then, hold
on to your hats!

EXT. STREET

The taxi takes off with a screech, and the instant it does, the SONG "You Really Got Me" by The Kinks begins on the soundtrack and continues to play throughout the ensuing chase on rain-slicked London streets:

INT. TAXI - MOVING

The American couple are thrown back by the sudden acceleration, but Darla is perfectly calm.

DARLA

Here from America, are we? I'd love
to show you Big Ben and Parliament,
but that tosser up ahead seems to
be going the other way.

EXT. STREET

Further ahead, Sommerville's Mercedes drives along.

INT. MERCEDES - MOVING

Sommerville drives calmly, certain he's made a clean getaway.

EXT. STREET

Darla catches up to the Mercedes and honks her horn several times.

INT. MERCEDES - MOVING

Hearing the noise, Sommerville glances in his rearview mirror and is amazed she's there. He looks back to confirm he's not seeing things, then gets angry and accelerates.

EXT. STREET

The Mercedes pulls away from the taxi.

INT. TAXI - MOVING

Darla accelerates as well to keep up.

DARLA
Piccadilly Circus doesn't seem to be
on his route either. I'm afraid I won't
be able to show you very much this
evening. And the weather's positively
dreary as well.

EXT. STREET

At the next corner, Sommerville makes a sudden, sharp turn
in an attempt to lose Darla, but Darla makes the turn right
after him, just as sharply.

INT. TAXI - MOVING

The American couple cling to each other as they sway with
the car's turn, flustered, but Darla drives determinedly.

DARLA
If he keeps his current direction I
might be able to show you Trafalgar
Square -- but I can't promise it.

EXT. STREET

As Sommerville's Mercedes races down the street, a DOUBLE-
DECKER BUS is up ahead moving in the same direction.

INT. MERCEDES - MOVING

Sommerville turns sharply to avoid the bus.

EXT. STREET

The Mercedes turns, skidding, and goes down a side street.

INT. TAXI - MOVING

As Sommerville peels away, Darla sees the bus but not in
time to make the turn. The American couple shut their eyes
tightly and cover their faces, anticipating the crash.

EXT. STREET

Darla deftly maneuvers around the bus and turns into a
narrow alley that parallels the street Sommerville is on.

INT. TAXI - MOVING

Darla cries out like a thrilled little girl riding a bike as
she heads down the alley.

DARLA
Down the jigger!

The American couple slowly open their eyes again, amazed
they're still alive.

EXT. ALLEY

There are trash bags all along the alley, and Darla plows right through them as she speeds along.

INT. TAXI - MOVING

Darla is running on pure adrenalin, and the obstacles in her path mean nothing. In the back, however, the American couple cover their eyes again and react to each impact.

EXT. STREET

At the intersection, Darla bursts out of the alley just as Sommerville's Mercedes goes through, and she drops right in behind him.

INT. MERCEDES - MOVING

Sommerville glances back and can't believe she's still on his tail.

EXT. STREET

The taxi comes up alongside Sommerville in the opposing lane, but an oncoming car forces Darla to drop back behind him.

INT. TAXI - MOVING

Her heart pumping from the near miss, Darla accelerates and comes up alongside the Mercedes again.

THE STREET

The Mercedes and the taxi travel side-by-side.

INT. TAXI - MOVING

Darla angrily motions Sommerville to pull over and stop.

THE MERCEDES - DARLA'S P.O.V.

Sommerville just smiles at her and accelerates away.

INT. TAXI - MOVING

Darla watches the Mercedes pull ahead with an expression that says, "How dare he?", then she drops back behind it just in time to avoid a head-on collision with another oncoming car. In the back, the American couple hangs on for dear life, certain this will be their last day on earth.

INT. MERCEDES - MOVING

Sommerville laughs as he glances back at Darla, but this little display of hubris is enough to distract him from what's up ahead.

EXT. STREET

A slow-moving GARBAGE TRUCK turns onto the street ahead of the Mercedes.

INT. MERCEDES - MOVING

Sommerville looks forward again, sees the truck, and swerves wildly to avoid plowing into it.

EXT. STREET

Sommerville loses control and crashes into several parked cars. Darla hits the brakes and skids to a screeching halt nearby as the SONG comes to its resounding end.

INT. TAXI

Despite the danger, the chase has been a real thrill for Darla, an amusement park ride.

DARLA

And our little tour comes to an end.
(turns to look
at couple)
Are the both of you alright?

The couple just nod wordlessly, still stunned by the chase.

DARLA

Good! Pleasure to have met you. Do
enjoy your stay but keep away from
the clip joints. Cheers!

She opens the door and starts to get out of the taxi.

EXT. TAXI/STREET - CONTINUOUS

It's no longer raining. Darla gets out and runs over to the Mercedes, pistol in hand, but she finds the door wide open and Sommerville nowhere to be seen. She looks around, then sees a narrow alley between two buildings and runs into it.

EXT. ALLEY

Darla moves slowly down the alley and stops where it intersects with another alley that runs behind the buildings. She peeks around the corner and spots Sommerville. He is a few feet down the intersecting alley, which terminates at a dead end, trying to break into a back door and hide. Darla prepares herself, then leaps into the alley pointing her pistol at him with both hands.

DARLA

Feeling jammy, are we?

Sommerville reacts instantly, turning to her and raising his gun, but he stops as he sees her pistol aimed right at him.

DARLA
 Careful, now. All this nasty English
 rain makes me quite the stropky bitch.
 If I were you, I'd put that down before
 one of us gets hurt. And I assure you
 it won't be me.

Sommerville hesitates, then slowly bends down and puts his
 gun on the ground. As he rises again, he tugs down on his
 sleeve, which had ridden up a bit. It all looks very
 natural... but he is actually up to something which Darla
 doesn't detect. Then he kicks his gun toward her.

SOMMERVILLE
 (condescendingly)
 There. Will that satisfy you, luv?

DARLA
 Don't get cheeky. You wouldn't want
 to see me cheesed off, now would you?

Sommerville smiles amiably. Like other male criminals, he
 doesn't take Darla seriously because she's a woman. Keeping
 her pistol aimed at him, Darla bends down to pick up his
 gun, then rises again. With one hand, she removes the clip
 from the gun and puts each in separate pockets.

DARLA
 So tell me, how does it feel to betray
 your own country?

SOMMERVILLE
 I'm a businessman. Business is business.

DARLA
 Only your business now includes selling
 arms to Soviet agents. And that makes
 it my business -- luv.

SOMMERVILLE
 Business knows no borders, girly. Or
 politics.

DARLA
 How very enlightened of you.

Sommerville now begins slowly and carefully allowing several
 ball bearings that are contained in a pouch hidden in his
 sleeve to descend into his hand. He barely moves at all, and
 Darla is completely unaware of what he's doing.

SOMMERVILLE
 So what's a nice bird like you doing
 in a nasty business like this?

DARLA
 Just keeping Britain tidy.

SOMMERVILLE

You know, your voice sounds rather familiar. Have we met before?

DARLA

Only in your nightmares, bugger. Scotland Yard's been keeping tabs on you for far too long. Tonight I shall hand you to them on a plate.

SOMMERVILLE

I do hope you haven't rung them yet, because you may end up with nothing to deliver.

DARLA

Only if you press your luck! But I'd rather they take you in alive.

SOMMERVILLE

And I'd rather not be taken at all!

Suddenly, Sommerville hurls the ball bearings at Darla's face. For just a second, Darla pivots away and raises her arms across her face to avoid getting hit, but that's all the time Sommerville needs to leap at her. He grabs her from behind with one arm and keeps her pistol hand up in the air with his other hand. They struggle as he tries to make her release her grip on her pistol and she tries to break free.

DARLA

Get your mitts off me if you want to keep that willy, luv!

SOMMERVILLE

No tart's going to get me nicked!

DARLA

You're the second bugger to call me that tonight, and I like it even less this time!

Angry now, Darla stomps on his foot and elbows him in the gut with her free arm, hard. The wind knocked out of him, Sommerville releases her and doubles over, clutching his stomach. Darla turns on him, interlocks her fingers and hits him in the back of the neck with both fists -- once, twice, three times, driving him down to his knees. Then she kicks him in the face and sends him backwards. Sommerville lies sprawled on the pavement, down for the count. Darla stands over him, catching her breath.

DARLA

Bloody stupid wanker... Should have stuck to supplying pills to the clubs. Then you'd never have been brought to our attention.

She brings out her compact and speaks into it.

DARLA

Chandler to base. Situation was at sixes and sevens but I got it sorted. Inform Scotland Yard they can come and take away the rubbish now. Out.

She closes the compact and puts it back in her purse.

DARLA

As I said -- just keeping Britain tidy.

And with that, she steps OUT OF FRAME, and we hold the shot on the unconscious Sommerville still lying prone on the pavement.

DISSOLVE TO:

MAIN TITLES SEQUENCE

accompanied by the SONG "She's Not There" by The Zombies and SUPERIMPOSED over a series of animated abstract and colorful shapes that brings to mind the stylized pop art sequences designed by Maurice Binder for films such as "Charade" and "Arabesque".

TITLES and SONG end, and as the echo of the last note fades, we

WIPE TO:

WIDE ANGLE - LONDON - MORNING

Very early and foggy, and we can hear Big Ben CHIMING in the distance.

EXT. DARLA'S FLAT - SAME

A terraced house in Chelsea just off King's Road. Darla's Mini is parked in front, along with her other cars -- a pink 1961 AUSTIN HEALEY "FROGEYE" SPRITE and a Surf Blue 1964 AUSTIN MINI-COOPER 998.

INT. DARLA'S FLAT - BEDROOM - SAME

Darla is asleep in bed. The doorbell is RINGING from the lounge, and she rouses very groggily.

DARLA

Oh, go away...

The doorbell continues to RING, and she mutters sleepily, her eyes still closed.

DARLA

What bugger's interrupted my sweet dreams?

The doorbell is incessant, and she finally opens her eyes, annoyed.

DARLA
Oh, bollocks...

INT. DARLA'S FLAT - LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

The doorbell is RINGING non-stop as Darla emerges from the bedroom and marches to the front door. The TELEVISION in the room is on, and BBC 1's test card D is on the screen.

DARLA
I'm coming, for God's sake.

Darla looks through the peephole and gets even more annoyed.

DARLA
Oh, it's you.
(opens door)
What on earth are you doing here?

NIGEL WILKINS steps in. He is 30 and dashing handsome, impeccably dressed in a Savile Row suit, and Darla's supervising agent and former instructor.

NIGEL
Top of the morning to you too.

DARLA
(closes door)
I'm not in the mood, Nigel. What brings you here at this hour?

NIGEL
Urgent call from headquarters, luv.
Hawthorne wishes to see both of us.

DARLA
Are you serious?

NIGEL
Have you ever known me not to be?

DARLA
Wonderful. Why didn't he ring me directly?

NIGEL
He told me to swing by your flat and pick you up on my way in.

DARLA
Quite gentlemanly of him.

NIGEL
Isn't it, though?
(teasing her)
Pity I never got invited to the bash last night... but you seem to have handled it well enough on your own.

DARLA
Without your looming presence? How
was that ever possible?
(sighs)
Give me a minute.

Darla turns and goes OFF-SCREEN back into her bedroom. Nigel steps further into the lounge and looks around, and he notices that the television is on and that the pillows on the sofa are in a bit of disarray.

NIGEL
I hope I haven't interrupted anything...

DARLA (O.S.)
Like what?

NIGEL
No one else here? Hiding in the
wardrobe, perhaps?

DARLA (O.S.)
(getting annoyed)
What makes you think that?

NIGEL
Only that you seem to have left the
telly on. Like you were in a hurry
to retire to your bedroom last night.

DARLA (O.S.)
Oh, grow up, would you?

NIGEL
Really, Darla. For such a hip bird,
you live a very austere life. A
cracking girl like you should enjoy
herself while she's still young. We
only go round once, you know. Nothing
wrong with having a bit of fun every
now and again. It won't cause a moral
panic.

DARLA (O.S.)
Spoken by the utmost authority on fun,
I suppose.

NIGEL
I do have some familiarity with the
subject. May I use the loo? I need to
spend a penny.

DARLA (O.S.)
Try not to hurt yourself.

Nigel goes OFF-SCREEN into the bathroom. Darla comes back out of the bedroom, fully dressed now.

DARLA

So what's it all about? Care to clue me in?

NIGEL (O.S.)

What's that? Did you say something?

DARLA

Why does Hawthorne want us in today?

Darla goes to turn off the television, but a photo of Taylor appears on the screen and she stops as a NEWSREADER begins an announcement.

NEWSREADER (V.O.)

This is a special bulletin from BBC News. The Foreign Office announced this morning that Lord Edmund Taylor, Her Majesty's Ambassador to the United States, has died in a road accident on the M1 motorway last night.

DARLA

(shocked)

Oh, dear...

NEWSREADER (V.O.)

(continuing)

Whilst the cause of the crash has not been confirmed, it appears Taylor's car suffered a blowout near Junction 12 in Bedfordshire and that no other vehicles were involved. Also killed was Taylor's chauffeur, Terence Parker, the only other person in the car at the time.

NIGEL

(returns from
bathroom)

What's that you were saying?

Darla doesn't respond as she watches the report. Nigel stops beside her and slightly behind, and he watches too.

NEWSREADER (V.O.)

(continuing)

Reaction is already pouring in from several quarters, including Buckingham Palace, which issued an early statement reading, "The Queen and Royal Family are deeply saddened by the untimely death of Lord Taylor and wish to extend their heartfelt condolences to his daughter at this most difficult time." And Prime Minister Wilson appeared briefly outside Number 10 to say, "I have lost a good friend and Britain has lost a great representative. This is a very sad day and we are all in mourning."

NIGEL

Lord Taylor? The ambassador to America?

Again, Darla doesn't respond, and while Nigel is surprised by the news, we can see that she is personally affected by it and very deeply so.

NEWSREADER (V.O.)

(continuing)

The ambassador, who was due to return to Washington, D.C. later today, is survived by his daughter Edith, the international fashion model. Taylor was widowed two years ago when his wife Penelope was killed in a boating accident in the French Riviera. We'll have more on this tragedy later this evening.

DARLA

(to herself,
aggrieved)

How dreadful...

NIGEL

That family seems to be haunted by terrible luck.

(beat, turns to go)

Well, get your skates on. Hawthorne won't wait forever.

EXT. STREET - PICCADILLY - MORNING

Nigel's car drives by, a Carmen Red 1963 JAGUAR E-TYPE S1 ROADSTER. Nigel is at the wheel, Darla rides beside him.

INT. NIGEL'S CAR - MOVING - SAME

The SONG "A World Without Love" by Peter and Gordon plays on the car's radio, the volume low. Darla is still dismayed by the news report but trying to hide it from Nigel, and while he senses her mood, he has no idea what's truly causing it.

NIGEL

You're cross with me, aren't you?
I can always tell when you're cross
with me.

DARLA

Would you mind explaining why we've
been summoned today?

NIGEL

(points at his
forehead)

You get this little crinkle right
here when you're cross with me. Right
between your brows. It's really rather
endearing.

DARLA

Oh, stop, will you? Tell me what's going on.

NIGEL

Don't know. We'll both have to wait for Hawthorne to give us the gen on that, I'm afraid. I'm as much in the dark as you are. Try to be patient, will you? I know that's difficult for you.

DARLA

It's not one of my strong suits, no.

NIGEL

So I've noticed. But that's the way it works, dear girl. One year of training, one year of probation. No one gets fast tracked. Not even you.

DARLA

Ridiculous policy, if you ask me.

NIGEL

Care to tell him that? Really, I don't know why Hawthorne puts up with you. I know why I put up with you.

DARLA

Because you've been wanting to shag me ever since you first laid eyes on me.

Nigel looks at her, struck completely speechless by her comment, then tries to recover.

NIGEL

You know what I admire most about you, Chandler?

DARLA

Besides my devastating wit and my proficiency with a pistol?

NIGEL

Your fearless directness.

DARLA

Do you think I'm not aware of the intent of all your clever subterfuge? All those little hints and innuendoes dropped with such nonchalance at just the right moments? "We only go round once, you know." Oh, please. It might seem clever to you, but it's quite blatant and puerile to me.

NIGEL

Well, it's worked on many others. More women than you can possibly imagine.

DARLA

Then it must be rather disconcerting
to finally meet one who's immune, eh?

NIGEL

A trifle baffling. But I'm always up
for a challenge.

DARLA

I'll save you the bother right here
and advise you to toss in the towel
and concede defeat.

Nigel chuckles, but Darla's in no mood for his games today.

DARLA

I'm tickled pink you find all this
useless banter amusing. I find it
quite tiresome. Each time more so
than the last.

EXT. SEX SHOP - MORNING

A typical sex shop somewhere in Soho. Nigel's Jaguar drives
by the front, then turns and goes into an alley beside the
building. We can hear a DISC JOCKEY on the car's radio:

DISC JOCKEY (V.O.)

You're tuned to Radio Caroline South
on one-nine-nine, your all-day music
station. Serving the British Isles
fourteen swinging hours a day.

EXT. ALLEY - SAME

The SONG "Can't You Hear My Heartbeat" by Herman's Hermits
begins playing on the radio as the Jaguar goes down the
alley and stops in front of a garage door. As the door
slowly opens:

DARLA

I do wish they'd designed a different
facade for our facility. Always seems
so unseemly.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The Jaguar proceeds into the garage as the door finishes
opening.

NIGEL

Be thankful you needn't enter through
the front door, as I did in the beginning.

DARLA

Really? Must have appeared quite in
character for you.

The car drives onto an elevator and stops.

INT. NIGEL'S JAG - CONTINUOUS

Nigel keeps the engine running and the radio playing as the elevator begins to descend to the parking level.

NIGEL

You know, for someone who claims to despise useless banter, you seem to relish engaging in it from time to time.

DARLA

Only when it affords me the opportunity to wind you up.

NIGEL

Then I shall try to be less accommodating in future.

INT. S.M.A.S.H. HQ - CORRIDOR

The doors from the parking level open and Darla and Nigel step out and approach a secretary's desk. On the wall is a large INSIGNIA, and the large letters beside it read:

S.M.A.S.H.

Strategic Measures Against Soviet Hegemony

The secretary, FIONA, is a pretty young woman in her early 20's. Darla and Nigel arrive at her desk, and they check their PISTOLS and add their names to a sign-in sheet during the following conversation. Nigel's pistol is a WALTHER PPK.

FIONA

Good morning, Agent Wilkins, Junior Agent Chandler.

NIGEL

Good morning, Fiona. How are things?

FIONA

Quite well, Agent Wilkins, thank you.

NIGEL

Fiona, haven't I told you not to be so formal? It's Nigel, remember?

FIONA

Yes, of course, Agent -- Nigel.

NIGEL

There you go. I won't bite. Early meeting with the Director.

FIONA

Yes, go right on in. He's expecting you.

NIGEL

Thank you, luv.

As Nigel moves on, Fiona watches him go, and it's obvious she's quite smitten with him. Darla notices it, then follows him.

INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR

Nigel and Darla walk toward the door to Hawthorne's office.

DARLA

The new secretary seems quite smitten with you.

NIGEL

Really? Hadn't noticed. She's been with us for only a month, you know.

DARLA

Hadn't noticed? It's as plain as a pikestaff, for God's sake. So what are you waiting for? Shouldn't require much effort on your part.

They reach the door to Hawthorne's office and stop.

NIGEL

Has it ever occurred to you that I simply might not be interested?

DARLA

In a bit of fluff? No, not at all.

Nigel looks about to say something in response, but he sighs instead and knocks on the door.

INT. S.M.A.S.H. HQ - HAWTHORNE'S OFFICE

SIR PERCIVAL HAWTHORNE is sitting at his desk. He is 55, a bit heavysset, and usually quite dour and serious. Today, however, something weighs upon him and he is more serious than usual.

HAWTHORNE

Come in.

Darla and Nigel enter and close the door.

NIGEL

Director.

DARLA

Director.

HAWTHORNE

Chandler, Wilkins. Have a seat, please.

Darla and Nigel move to a pair of chairs in front of Hawthorne's desk and sit.

DARLA
 Before we begin, sir, may I first
 offer my condolences on the passing
 of your friend Lord Taylor.

For just an instant, Hawthorne looks at her, realizing she
 already knows about Taylor's death. Then he covers it and
 responds.

HAWTHORNE
 Yes, thank you. Terrible tragedy. He
 was a fine man and we shall all miss
 him.
 (clears throat)
 Let's get on with business, shall we?
 Do you recognize this man?

Hawthorne hands them each a PHOTOGRAPH, which they look at.

NIGEL
 Aleksandr Gretskey.

DARLA
 KGB?

HAWTHORNE
 GRU colonel, presently attached to
 the Soviet Consulate in Marseilles.
 He approached agents from C.E.R.T. two
 weeks ago and asked them to contact us
 on his behalf, but they chose to ignore
 him. Now he's told our embassy in Paris
 he has knowledge of vital importance to
 Britain and that he'll exchange it for
 political asylum.

NIGEL
 (surprised)
 Can this be trusted?

HAWTHORNE
 Who can say? But if there's even the
 remotest possibility this is on the
 level, we simply must look into it.
 This man has information that could
 keep us busy for years.

NIGEL
 Or lies that could keep us chasing
 our tails for years.

HAWTHORNE
 Possibly. But the opportunity cannot
 be ignored.

DARLA
 So what are we to do?

HAWTHORNE

Gretsky's asked that we send one of our operatives to Paris to meet with him and arrange for an interview to be conducted by SIS. If his offer appears to be genuine, we'll exfiltrate him to London.

NIGEL

And then he'll tell us everything he knows, I'm sure.

(hands back photo)

Forgive me if I'm not very confident about all this. Seems more like a provocation than anything else.

DARLA

(hands back photo)

I agree, sir. It could very well be a bum steer.

HAWTHORNE

I don't blame you for your skepticism, but we must go with what's at hand. Bearing in mind at all times the possibility of deceit.

DARLA

So who's to go to Paris, then?

HAWTHORNE

You are.

DARLA

Me?

Darla is shocked, never expecting to be sent. But Nigel is worried about her safety -- which he immediately covers up with a quip.

NIGEL

Why her? I love escargot. She positively hates it.

DARLA

Just to be clear on this, sir, will I be going alone? Or will my supervisor here be accompanying me?

HAWTHORNE

You'll be on your own, Chandler. After your performance last night, you've proved you're up to it.

DARLA

Thank you, sir.

HAWTHORNE

But I'm also sending you because you're a woman. You know I don't subscribe to the notion of never sending a woman to do a man's job, but amongst old school fellows like Gretsky that's typically the prevailing mindset. Assigning you will throw him off if he's up to something.

NIGEL

I could camp it up. That would throw him off even more.

DARLA

(looks at him, amused)
Wouldn't that cramp your usual style with the ladies?

NIGEL

Maybe not. The French are rather adventurous, you know.

HAWTHORNE

Knock it off, you two. Chandler is going and that's that.

NIGEL

(under his breath)
Probably wouldn't look good in a miniskirt anyway.

DARLA

(under her breath)
That's putting it mildly.

HAWTHORNE

We've made arrangements with C.E.R.T. to receive you. One of their men will fetch you at the airport and accompany you to the meet. Now that we're taking this seriously they're only too keen to assist. You'll depart tomorrow morning.

DARLA

Understood.

HAWTHORNE

Everything you need to know is here.

Hawthorne hands Darla a FOLDER, which she opens and starts to look through. Nigel looks on, trying to peek surreptitiously.

NIGEL

And my role in all this?

HAWTHORNE

You're on stand-by for now.

Nigel seems unhappy with that, but Darla closes the folder and looks back at Hawthorne.

DARLA
Sir, may I have a word with you --
privately?

Hawthorne nods but says nothing, well aware of what she wants to talk about. Nigel pauses, then he gets the hint.

NIGEL
I'll be outside, if you need me. On
stand-by.

Nigel gets up and exits. An uncomfortable moment passes, then Darla speaks.

DARLA
When did you plan to tell me?

HAWTHORNE
Right after this briefing, actually.
I'm sorry you found out before I had
the chance.

DARLA
Is there any more to it than what the
broadsheets are saying? I'm sure I'm
not the only one who sees something a
bit dodgy about the way he was killed.

HAWTHORNE
It's being looked into, Chandler. No
need to concern yourself.

DARLA
(gets angry)
With all due respect, sir, I beg to
differ. He meant as much to me as he did
to you, so if there's anything I can --

HAWTHORNE
(cuts her off)
It's being handled, Darla, through
proper channels. MI5 is on top of it.
(a beat; softens)
That's all you need to know. You have
your orders. On your way.

DARLA
(a beat)
Yes, sir.

Darla gets up and heads for the door.

HAWTHORNE
You do have a bit of time before leaving.
You may wish to call on Edith, since
you'll not be back until the state
funeral.

Darla stops and looks back at him, then exits.

EXT. TAYLOR MANSION - COVENTRY - DAY

The same mansion we saw at the beginning. Darla's Mini-Cooper is parked next to a Sunburst Yellow 1963 LOTUS ELAN S1 ROADSTER.

INT. TAYLOR MANSION - PARLOR - SAME

Darla has just entered and she and EDITH TAYLOR are embracing. Edith is 27 and quite attractive, stylish, and fashionable. Although her father has just died, she is keeping a stiff upper lip and seems quite in control.

DARLA

Oh, Edith, I don't know where to begin.
I shall miss him terribly.

EDITH

He was so good to you.

DARLA

Yes, he was.

They stop embracing and move to a pair of chairs and sit.

EDITH

He was good to everyone. A better man
I never knew. What shall we do without
him?

DARLA

Carry on in his memory. Live up to
the ideals and the principles he
believed in.

EDITH

I've always feared I've fallen a bit
short in that regard.

DARLA

Edith, I know he was very proud of you.

EDITH

I've always tried to do the right
things, but, I never quite felt I made
the grade. I know he was proud of you.
You were his most rewarding success.
He told me once of all the challenges
he'd ever faced, none had been more
arduous or daunting than taming such
a little terror as you.

DARLA

(smiles)

"Little Terror". I've not heard that
term for yonks.

EDITH
 (wistfully)
 I can almost hear his voice.
 (beat)
 House seems so empty now. Would it be
 too much if I asked you to stay for a
 couple of days?

DARLA
 I have to leave for Paris. Discussions
 for a... possible show at the Olympia
 this summer.

EDITH
 (glances at her;
 a pause)
 When are you leaving?

DARLA
 Tomorrow, first thing.

Something seems a bit odd about the way Edith paused after hearing Darla say she is leaving for Paris, but perhaps it's nothing. She watches Darla for a moment, then continues.

EDITH
 Oh, and I'd so hoped we could spend
 some time together. Like the old days.
 We never seem to see each other anymore.
 It finally took something like this
 to --

Edith almost starts to weep, but she composes herself.

EDITH
 It's alright. I'll hold up. We Taylors
 are made of sterner stuff. That's what
 father always used to say. I got through
 mummy's passing and I'll get through
 this as well.

DARLA
 I know you will.
 (stands and kisses
 her cheek)
 I'll call again after I return.

EDITH
 I'd like that.

Darla holds Edith's hand, then releases it and goes to the front door and exits. Edith watches her leave, and there is still something a bit odd about her that we can't put our finger on.

EXT. LE BOURGET AIRPORT - PARIS, FRANCE - DAY

A British European Airways VICKERS VANGUARD TURBOPROP comes in for a landing.

INT. CONTROL TOWER - SAME

Several AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLERS monitor equipment while one of them watches from the window and speaks into a microphone.

CONTROLLER

Hello, London. Your BEA flight 119
just landed Paris-Le Bourget.

EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - SAME

Darla steps out of the terminal carrying two small SUITCASES and wearing a kerchief and large sunglasses, and none of her fans would ever recognize her. She stops and stands at the curb, waiting for her contact.

A man sits in a nearby TAXI, dozing off. It is her contact, PIERRE, masquerading as a taxi driver. He sees Darla come out and wakes up fully, peers at her, grabs a PHOTOGRAPH from the dashboard and looks at it, compares it and Darla several times, then fumbles to get out and goes to her.

PIERRE

Bonjour, mademoiselle. Excusez-moi de vous déranger. Would you like a tour of les Champs-Élysées, or le Quartier Latin?

DARLA

Neither. I'd much prefer to walk the streets of Montmartre, thank you very much.

PIERRE

Then may I suggest you begin with Boulevard de Clichy. Much to see there.

DARLA

Pleasure to make your acquaintance, *Monsieur...*?

PIERRE

Morrisette. But please call me Pierre.

DARLA

Darla Chandler. Gratified you speak the Queen's English. My French is a bit rusty, I fear.

Two SPIES wearing fedoras and trench coats are sitting in a nearby car, a 1964 CITROËN DS 19 BERLINE 4-DOOR SEDAN, and they watch as Pierre takes Darla's bags to his taxi and she walks with him.

PIERRE

Sans problème. I almost did not recognize you, Miss Chandler. And you were on the front of *Salut les Copains* last month.

DARLA

Flattering to hear my impact's spread across the Channel. But I imagine my secondary vocation must have come as a bit of a surprise.

PIERRE

Oui. I never would have suspected you were working for S.M.A.S.H. I cannot picture Sylvie or Françoise working for us. What does that stand for, by the way? I've always been curious.

Pierre opens the trunk and starts putting the bags in. Darla notices the Citroën with the two spies as she answers his question, but she pretends not to. Pierre is completely unaware of the men.

DARLA

Strategic Measures Against Soviet Hegemony. Whilst MI6 gathers foreign intelligence globally, our mission is to disrupt Soviet activities covertly in the UK and Western Europe. A rather nasty business, really, quite difficult most of the time... but every now and again a free gift drops in our lap.

PIERRE

Like now.

DARLA

Yes. Something big may be afoot... but I've learnt a bit of skepticism is always in order.

PIERRE

(closes trunk)

Shall we go?

DARLA

Yes, take me to my hotel, please.

Pierre holds the door for Darla as she gets into the back, then he gets in behind the wheel and drives away. The two spies in the Citroën start their car and follow.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Pierre's taxi drives by, and the Citroën follows at a discreet distance.

INT. PIERRE'S TAXI - MOVING - SAME

As he drives, Pierre gets a small VALISE from the seat beside him and holds it up for Darla to take. The SONG "Ne Dis Pas Aux Copains" by France Gall is playing on the radio, the volume low.

PIERRE
I was told to give you this.

DARLA
(takes valise)
Have you any idea what it is?

PIERRE
I'm afraid not. They didn't tell me what it is or where it came from. As a junior operative, they tell me only what I need to know, nothing more.

DARLA
Very well, I'll find out soon enough.

Darla turns to look behind them and watches the Citroën.

PIERRE
You are not to open it until you are in private in a safe place. That they insisted.

DARLA
Understood.

PIERRE
(changes subject)
Is this your first time in Paris, Miss Chandler?

DARLA
(turns forward again)
No, I've been here before.

PIERRE
For business or pleasure?

DARLA
To be perfectly honest, the last time I was here was for a concert performance. And I had little time to do much else.

Darla looks back again and confirms the Citroën is indeed following them.

PIERRE
Perhaps after this mission is completed, I could show you around, if you wish. I know all the best places.

DARLA
Perhaps. Have you ever been to London?

PIERRE
No, I've never been there. I would like to go, though. See Big Ben.

Darla turns forward again and chooses not to tell Pierre about the tail.

DARLA
Well, perhaps C.E.R.T. will send you
in my direction one day.

PIERRE
If they ever promote me.

DARLA
By the way, what does your agency's
acronym stand for? I'm a bit curious
as well.

PIERRE
(a beat)
I don't know. They haven't told me.
(annoyed)
They never tell me anything.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Pierre's taxi is parked in front. As he gets Darla's bags from the trunk and places them on the pavement, Darla stands nearby and watches surreptitiously as the Citroën stops half a block away.

PIERRE
The meeting will take place tomorrow
afternoon. They will call me with the
time and location, and I will call you.

DARLA
Alright. Cheers then.

PIERRE
(shuts trunk)
Would you like me to accompany you to
your room?

DARLA
No, that won't be necessary, thank you.

PIERRE
Then I will see you tomorrow. *Bonne
chance*, Miss Chandler.

DARLA
Best of British to you, Pierre.

Pierre gets into his taxi and drives off. Darla watches him go, then glances at the Citroën. She pretends not to notice it, then waves at another TAXI parked in front of the hotel.

DARLA
Taxi!

She picks up her bags and goes to the taxi and gets in.

DARLA

I've just arrived in your lovely city
and I'm not quite sure yet where I
want to go. Could you simply just
drive around for a bit?

DRIVER

Drive around?

DARLA

Yes. Aimlessly, if possible. Wherever
strikes your fancy. I'll let you know
if I wish to see something specific.

DRIVER

(a beat, shrugs)

Oui.

The taxi drives away and the Citroën pulls out and follows,
and the INSTRUMENTAL TRACK "In The Mood" by The Shadows
begins on the soundtrack.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The taxi drives down a narrow, one-way street, and the
Citroën follows about two or three cars behind.

ANOTHER STREET

The taxi reaches the corner and turns right, and the Citroën
turns behind it a moment later.

ANOTHER STREET

The taxi turns left at the corner, and the Citroën does the
same.

YET ANOTHER STREET

The taxi turns right at the corner, and the Citroën does the
same.

INT. CITROËN - MOVING

The two spies seem perplexed at the aimless route Darla's
cab is taking.

EXT. PLACE DE LA CONCORDE

The taxi goes around the plaza, and the Citroën follows it.

INT. TAXI - MOVING

Darla taps the driver on the shoulder.

DARLA

If it's not too much bother, could
you by any chance go round again?
I'd be most terribly grateful.

The driver seems a bit annoyed by this meandering trip, but he goes along with it.

EXT. PLACE DE LA CONCORDE

The taxi goes around the plaza again, and so does the Citroën.

INT. CITROËN - MOVING

The two spies are getting increasingly annoyed by Darla's route, and one of them throws up his hands as if to say, "What the heck is she doing"

EXT. PLACE DE L'ÉTOILE

Afternoon traffic moves around the Arc de Triomphe.

INT. TAXI

It is stopped in traffic on the Champs-Élysées. Darla glances back at the Citroën stopped three cars behind them.

DARLA

Um, would you mind awfully, but I think I'll get out here.

DRIVER

Here?

DARLA

(pays him)

Yes, thank you. Thank you very much indeed. *Au revoir.*

Darla gets out with her bags and valise, and the driver shrugs again, certain that she's nuts.

EXT. STREET

Darla crosses through the stopped traffic toward the other side of the street.

INT. CITROËN

The spies watch her cross, more and more exasperated by her behavior.

EXT. STREET

Darla reaches the sidewalk and starts walking down the avenue, away from the Citroën.

INT. CITROËN

The driver signals his partner to get out and follow her.

EXT. STREET

The second spy gets out of the car and hurries to follow Darla as traffic begins moving again. Ahead of him, Darla goes into a restaurant. The spy quickens his pace and goes in moments later.

INT. RESTAURANT

The spy enters and stays near the door, trying to spot Darla. The MAITRE D' steps up to him but he waves him away brusquely, still searching for Darla. But Darla is nowhere to be seen.

EXT. ALLEY

behind the restaurant. The spy comes out of the rear entrance -- only to get smashed in the face by a trash can lid.

EXT. STREET

Darla peeks out of the entrance of a shop further down the street. She sees the Citroën parked at the curb and the second spy standing beside it and looking around. She ducks back and waits, and as soon as he faces the other way, she quickly sneaks over to a nearby TAXI and gets in.

DARLA

Bonjour!

DRIVER

Oui, mademoiselle?

DARLA

*Hôtel Saint-Jacques, s'il vous plaît.
And make it quick, please. I've wasted
enough time already.*

She watches through the rear window as the first spy emerges from the restaurant, still dazed, and the two spies start to argue.

DARLA

(sotto voce)

Chicka ferdy! Wankers.

She smiles deviously as the taxi drives away, and the MUSIC ends.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

A different hotel than the one Pierre drove her to earlier.

INT. HOTEL - DARLA'S ROOM - SAME

Darla's bags are on the bed and the valise on a desk, and she is speaking on the telephone.

DARLA
Yes, this is Heather Dunhill. I had
a booking for today. I wish to cancel
that booking.
(listens)
Yes, I've changed my mind.
(listens)
No, that won't be a problem, thank you.

She hangs up, then dials again and waits.

DARLA
Pierre? Darla Chandler. I found it
necessary to change location. I'll
give you my number here.

INT. HOTEL - DARLA'S ROOM - LATER

Darla puts the valise Pierre gave her earlier on the bed.

DARLA
Let's see what absolutely fab gear
they've got for me this time.

She opens the valise and brings out a PERFUME ATOMIZER.

DARLA
Hmm... perfume atomizer. Looks harmless
enough.

She sprays the atomizer into the air, and it's actually a small acetylene torch. She watches the little jet of blue flame it emits with amusement.

DARLA
But looks can be most deceiving, can't they? I should bring this along on my next dinner date.

She puts the torch on the bed and brings the next item out of the valise, a TUBE OF LIPSTICK.

DARLA
Lipstick grenades. What will those
boffins think of next?

She puts the lipstick beside the torch and reaches into the valise for the next item. It's a pair of GO-GO BOOTS.

DARLA
Oh, this is quite fashionable. Kinky
boots!
(holds them up and
examines them)
They're positively ace.
(reads instructions)
Handle right boot with care. Hmm.

She turns over the right boot and a KNIFE BLADE suddenly protrudes from the front, startling her.

DARLA

Oh!

(laughs)

I'm sure to get a kick out of this!

INT. HOTEL - DARLA'S BATHROOM - EVENING

Darla is taking a bubble bath in the filled tub, her eyes closed. On the sink, a miniature REEL-TO-REEL TAPE MACHINE -- yet another spy gadget -- is playing the SONG "Ferry Cross the Mersey" by Gerry & The Pacemakers.

DARLA

Ah, music soothes the soul... and this little ditty makes being away from home so much easier.

(listens for a moment)

Aw, I miss Blighty already.

The phone starts to RING from the room.

DARLA

Oh, crumbs...

INT. HOTEL - DARLA'S ROOM - SAME

The phone continues to RING insistently as Darla comes out of the bathroom covering herself with a towel.

DARLA

Yes, yes, I'm coming.

(answers phone)

Hello?

PIERRE (V.O.)

(very relieved)

Ah, *Dieu merci*. I was becoming concerned when you did not answer right away.

DARLA

Pierre? What are you on about?

PIERRE (V.O.)

Something is not right, Miss Chandler. I think I am being watched.

DARLA

Are you sure?

PIERRE (V.O.)

(anxious)

I do not know. I looked out the window and all night there was a car with two men, but now it's not there.

DARLA
Perhaps it's nothing, then.

PIERRE (V.O.)
No, we cannot take any chances. We need
to meet and make a new plan. Tonight.
We cannot wait until tomorrow.

DARLA
(a beat)
Alright, then. When and where?

PIERRE (V.O.)
There is a warehouse on Rue Montillet
near the Seine. Number 421. Meet me
there at midnight. And be careful.

DARLA
Always am. But what about --
(Pierre has hung up)
Pierre? Hellooo?

She hangs up slowly and frowns, then gets her pistol from
the desk, puts a CLIP in it, and chambers the first bullet.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A TAXI arrives and Darla gets out, wearing her new boots
with the built-in blade. She waits for the taxi to leave,
then approaches the warehouse door. She stops, brings out
her pistol, then opens the door and starts to go in.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Darla enters slowly and remains by the door. It's rather
dark and quiet inside, and there are piles of CRATES
everywhere. Darla studies the interior, then moves further
into the warehouse.

Darla moves slowly and carefully around the crates, her
pistol held ready. She hears a NOISE and instantly turns in
its direction, then peers into the darkness as someone steps
out from between some crates. It's Pierre, but at first she
cannot see him in the shadows.

PIERRE
No... go back...

DARLA
Pierre...?

Pierre steps into the light, his face badly beaten, and
Darla is shocked at his appearance.

PIERRE
...pars d'ici...

Pierre stumbles and falls to the floor, and there's a knife protruding from his back. By the time Darla reaches him and kneels beside him, he is dead.

DARLA

Oh, Pierre. How tragic. Seems you
won't be seeing Big Ben after all.
(sighs)
Ours is such a perilous business.

Suddenly, someone shoots at her from somewhere, and she quickly ducks behind the crates.

DARLA

Oh, dear. Seems whoever's handiwork
this is isn't quite done for the
evening.
(calls out)
I don't suppose we could chat about
this over a spot of tea like civilized
persons?

She tries to take a peek, but someone shoots at her again, pinning her down where she is.

DARLA

Thought not. Right, then. Let's give
this little prat precisely what he
deserves!

She reaches into a pocket and brings out a lipstick, then pulls off the top and hurls the lipstick in the direction the gunfire is coming from.

The lipstick lands on the floor near the SPY who's shooting at her. He looks at it, but before he can do anything, it detonates and emits a thick cloud of tear gas. Blinded, the spy starts coughing and stumbles out into the open.

DARLA

(very pleased)

These grenades are simply the mutt's!

Darla goes around the crates she was hiding behind, comes out from the other side, and points her pistol at the coughing spy.

DARLA

Looking for me, luv?

The spy turns around to shoot her, but Darla shoots the gun right out of his hand.

SPY

Morbleu!

He is still shocked as Darla moves in on him while the smoke clears and stops a few feet away.

DARLA
I've always been a bit of a show-off.
(shrugs amiably)
We all have our faults.
(serious)
Now, whom do you work for?

The spy stands there and remains silent, wiping his eyes.

DARLA
I asked you a question, you wanker.
Whom do you work for?

SPY
(thick French accent)
I tell you nothing.

DARLA
Oh, you'll tell me, alright. Either
now, or after I've established just
how much pain you can tolerate.

SPY
I have no fear of pain, *angliche*.
Pain means nothing to me.

DARLA
We'll see about that.

With the quickness of a cat, Darla suddenly closes the remaining distance between them and kicks him in the groin with her left boot, hard. The spy doubles over and rolls on the ground in a fetal position, clutching his groin and groaning in excruciating pain.

Aaaarrrgh!!! SPY

DARLA
Oh! I was expecting less of a reaction,
truthfully, since I'd assumed there
wasn't very much there. Silly me.

Aaaarrrgh!!! SPY

DARLA
Oh, poeey! You're lucky I didn't kick
you with my right boot. You wouldn't
have any goolies left to clutch. Shall
we try that again, then? Whom do you
work for?

SPY
(moaning in pain)
Connasse... va te faire foutre...

DARLA
Has anyone ever told you you have a
positively charming way about you?

SPY
(still moaning)
You are dead... *sale chienne...*

DARLA
What an amusing fellow.
(aims pistol at his
groin, angry now)
I'm a good shot, I am! But at this
range, even if I weren't it'd be hard
to miss! So one last time, ducky!
You'll either sing now or you'll sing
coloratura later! Your choice!

The spy bites into a cyanide capsule hidden in his mouth and
dies. Darla lowers her gun and watches the body with
disdain.

DARLA
Cyanide. How terribly original. Coward.
(sighs, rolls eyes)
If every one of these knobheads is
willing to die before coughing it up,
that takes all the fun out of it.

INT. HOTEL - DARLA'S ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Darla is sitting in front of a TWO-WAY RADIO set up on the
desk and speaking into a MICROPHONE. Connected to the radio
is a KEYBOARD.

DARLA
It seems we've been hoodwinked, Director.
There appears to be no Gretsky and no
defection. It was all a ruse to lure
us into a trap, apparently. And a very
nasty one at that.

HAWTHORNE (V.O.)
Are you alright?

DARLA
Yes, quite. Can't say as much for
C.E.R.T.'s man, I'm afraid. I suppose
it was me they wanted to get. Just who
and why is what I aim to find out.

HAWTHORNE (V.O.)
No, stay put, Chandler. Whomever we're
dealing with, they've already tried to
get you once. They'll most probably try
again. You're not to take any risks.

Darla taps the radio several times as if having difficulty.

DARLA

Director? Director, can you hear me?
There seems to be a problem with the
transmission.

HAWTHORNE (V.O.)

Knock it off, Chandler, I know what
you're doing. I order you to lie low
whilst I dispatch Wilkins to assist
you.

DARLA

Director? Are you there? I'm sorry, I
didn't get that. Could you say again?

HAWTHORNE (V.O.)

Chandler! Quit this nonsense and do as
I say! Stand down until Wilkins arrives.

DARLA

Director! Come in, Director! Oh, shite!
Can't seem to do a thing with this
bloody transmitter! Have no idea what
could possibly be wrong.

HAWTHORNE (V.O.)

Chandler -- !

DARLA

Oh, well, I'll try again later.
(turns off radio,
smiles)

One advantage of being away from home
is having a bit more autonomy.

EXT. HOTEL - MORNING

The original hotel Pierre drove Darla to yesterday. The SONG
"Tired of Waiting for You" by The Kinks begins on the
soundtrack and plays throughout the following:

EXT. STREET

A small white FIAT 500D rental car is parked across from the
hotel, about half a block away. Darla sits behind the wheel,
waiting. After a moment, she sees something in the side
mirror and ducks a bit, and the Citroën that followed her
yesterday drives past her slowly.

INT. FIAT

Darla rises again and watches as the same two spies from
yesterday park the Citroën directly across from the hotel's
entrance.

EXT. STREET

The spy sitting in the passenger side gets out and crosses
the street and approaches the hotel.

INT. FIAT

Darla watches the spy go into the lobby.

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE

The spy comes back out. He stops on the sidewalk, looks over at his partner behind the wheel of the Citroën and shrugs as if to say, "I don't know where the \$%& she is".

INT. FIAT

Darla chuckles as she watches.

EXT. STREET

The spy looks down the street in both directions, frustrated, then crosses back to the Citroën and gets in.

INT. FIAT

Darla continues to watch with amusement.

THE CITROËN - DARLA'S P.O.V.

The two spies argue inside the car, and the driver takes off his fedora and hits the other spy with it several times.

INT. FIAT

Darla covers her eyes and shakes her head, laughing.

EXT. STREET

The Citroën pulls out and starts to head down the street.

INT. FIAT

Darla recovers from her laughter and starts the car.

EXT. STREET

Darla's Fiat pulls out and starts following the Citroën.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET

The Citroën comes around a corner and proceeds down the street, and a moment later, the Fiat does the same.

EXT. BRIDGE ACROSS THE SEINE

The Citroën drives along, and the Fiat follows at a discreet distance.

INT. FIAT - MOVING

Darla watches the Citroën up ahead as she follows it.

EXT. WAREHOUSE

The Citroën pulls into the parking lot and stops. The Fiat stops on the street. Darla watches as the spies get out of their car and go into the warehouse, then she looks around at the surrounding structures. After she's taken the area into account, she looks back at the warehouse and decides on a course of action, and the SONG ends.

DARLA

Think I'll return after dark and have
a look about.

She drives on.

INT. HOTEL - DARLA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Darla is dressed all in black and preparing to go look around the warehouse. She arms herself with her equipment and puts a clip into her pistol. On the desk, her tape machine is playing the SONG "Downtown" by Petula Clark.

There is a knock at the door, and she stops and listens, alert. After a moment, there is more knocking, persistent. Could it be the two spies she followed earlier?

She lowers the volume on the tape machine and moves quietly to the door, her pistol ready. She unlocks the door slowly, then suddenly pulls it open and aims at whomever happens to be outside, ready to shoot. To her surprise, the person standing in the hallway is Nigel, and he has two SUITCASES with him. He seems completely unalarmed by her stance.

DARLA

Nigel! What the bloody --

NIGEL

Smashing to see you too, luv.

DARLA

(lowers pistol)

What on earth are you doing here?

Nigel enters with the suitcases and walks right past her.

NIGEL

Well, if you must know, after your last message Hawthorne thought you might need a bit of help. So I'm no longer on stand-by.

DARLA

(closes door)

How very thoughtful of him.

(follows him)

But I don't need help, yours nor anyone else's. I was doing well enough on me tod.

NIGEL
 (puts smaller
 suitcase on desk)
 Well, like it or lump it, I'm here.
 And I'm right knackered after my flight,
 so if you don't mind I'd like to turn
 in early.

DARLA
 Not here. I suppose you've got a room.

NIGEL
 There wasn't time to make arrangements.
 (notices tape
 machine)
 Do you bring that along with you
everywhere? They're for official use
 only, you know.
 (takes larger
 suitcase to bed)
 Anyway, hotel's fully booked. We'll
 have to make do.

DARLA
 You must be joking!

NIGEL
 I'm quite serious.

DARLA
 Your audacity really takes the biscuit!
 You expect the two of us to spend the
 night together?

NIGEL
 Unless you've invited a third party I
 don't know about, I'd say that sums it
 up just about right.

DARLA
 (explodes)
 Listen, I am just about brassed off
 with all your constant machinations to
 get me into bed! You never cease! All
 those totties you're accustomed to may
 fall for it, but I don't! You're not
 James Bond or John Drake or whomever
 else you fancy yourself being, and
 it's about time somebody told you!
 So sorry you have to hear it from me.

Nigel doesn't respond. In fact, he suddenly seems very
 disheartened, like a man who has lost all will to live, and
 he slowly sits down on the bed.

DARLA
 Well? No clever comeback? No witty
 bon mot? You disappoint me.

NIGEL
I never imagined you felt this way,
Darla. No, really. This all comes as
a startling revelation. Very troubling
too. I'm quite wounded, you know.

DARLA
Oh, what a load of cobblers. You're
trying to elicit sympathy now.

NIGEL
(instantly perks up)
Will it work?

DARLA
Not by a long chalk.

NIGEL
(stands up)
Alright, you win. I'll see the concierge
about a room.
(gets his bags)
Seems you're in a bit of a strop tonight.
Must be the French. They do that to me
too.
(goes to door)
You won't see me till morning.

DARLA
(follows him)
I'm chuffed to bits.

Nigel exits, and Darla slams the door shut and locks it.

DARLA
I swear, sometimes I think you go out
of your way to drive me round the twist.

EXT. HOTEL - LATER THAT NIGHT

INT. HOTEL - DARLA'S BATHROOM - SAME

Darla puts her tape machine on the sink and turns it on, and the SONG "It's In His Kiss" sung by Darla and The Dollybirds starts to play. Then she steps out of the room, leaving the music playing to fool Nigel into thinking she's taking a bath should he come by.

INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY - SAME

Darla exits her room and closes the door, hangs a "*NE PAS DÉRANGER*" sign on the doorknob, then starts going down the hall.

EXT. HOTEL/STREET - SAME

Darla exits the lobby and heads down the street to where her rental car is parked. But as she rounds the corner, Nigel suddenly steps out and she bumps into him.

NIGEL
Going somewhere?

DARLA
Didn't you say you were all zonked out?

NIGEL
I had a kip and I'm good as new.

DARLA
Glad to hear it.

She tries to get past him, but he blocks her way again.

NIGEL
Did you really think you could fob me
off and slip away without me?

DARLA
You keep forgetting I'm not your pupil
anymore and that I don't need a
supervisor breathing down my neck.

NIGEL
And you've made that quite clear more
than once, but need I remind you that
you're still on probation?

Darla sighs heavily, annoyed, and Nigel goes on.

NIGEL
Hawthorne ordered me to stay at your
side and that's precisely where I'll
be. Or I'll never hear the end of it.

DARLA
Suit yourself.

She walks past him and toward her car, and Nigel follows.

NIGEL
(cheerfully)
So, where are we going?

Darla ignores him as she reaches the car and gets in behind
the wheel. Nigel goes around to the passenger side and gets
in beside her.

NIGEL
Going to keep me in suspense?

Darla continues to ignore him and starts the car, and Nigel
sighs resignedly.

NIGEL
I suppose I'll find out when we get
there, eh?

Darla hits the accelerator and pulls out with a jerk.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The warehouse Darla followed the two spies to earlier. The Citroën is still parked in front and there are lights on inside the warehouse. Darla's Fiat arrives across the street.

INT. FIAT - SAME

Darla is annoyed as she stops the car and turns off the engine.

DARLA
They're still here! I thought they'd be gone and I could poke about freely.

NIGEL
Well, then, let's just charge in with guns blazing and extract the information from them. Isn't that your usual style?

DARLA
I'd like nothing more, but I've already tried that yesterday with one of them and got not a dicky bird.

NIGEL
Perhaps you weren't persuasive enough.

DARLA
Believe me, I was.

NIGEL
Then I suggest we wait.

DARLA
This is my mission, remember? You're here to provide support.

NIGEL
Your mission was to meet with Gretskey and arrange a blind date with MI6. Things have gone a wee bit beyond that now, wouldn't you say?

DARLA
Until Hawthorne says otherwise, it's still mine.

NIGEL
Then I shall endeavor to keep my place. What do you suggest we do, Junior Agent Chandler?

DARLA
(a beat; agrees)
We wait.

Nigel smiles and shakes his head. Across the street, one of the two spies comes out of the warehouse and goes to the Citroën.

They watch as he gets something from the car and then goes back into the warehouse. Darla sighs sharply, getting more annoyed by the minute.

NIGEL
 Could be a long night... and this
 little car you hired isn't exactly
 the bee's knees.

Darla looks up at the windows on the upper floor of the darkened warehouse they are parked in front of.

DARLA
 That loft should provide an excellent
 view.

NIGEL
 (looks too)
 My thoughts precisely. Let's hope
 it's not too grotty.

EXT. FIAT/STREET

They get out of the car, and Darla gets a BACKPACK from the back seat.

DARLA
 Since you're good as new, you stand
 first watch.
 (tosses him
 binoculars)
 Try not to make a hash of it.

NIGEL
 I'll do my best. Shall I wake you if
 something happens?

Darla rolls her eyes and starts walking toward the warehouse door. Nigel chuckles and follows her.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - MORNING

The Citroën is still parked outside. Across the street, the Fiat is parked in front of the other warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE LOFT - SAME

Darla stands at a window, looking through the binoculars at the spies' warehouse. Nigel comes in carrying two small PAPER BAGS.

NIGEL
 Brekkie is served.

DARLA
 Good. I was feeling a bit peckish.

NIGEL
 (hands her a bag)
 Anything happen whilst I was away?

DARLA
 No... there's been no activity at all.
 Not a mouse stirring.

NIGEL
 Well, they've got to crawl out of their
 cubby hole sometime.

DARLA
 I detest surveillance. I'd rather watch
 an egg boil.

(opens bag)
 What is this?
 (brings out croissant)
 Oh... I'd much prefer a jam buttty right
 now, but I suppose this will do at a
 pinch.

NIGEL
 Spoken like a true Scouser. Seems we
 did spend the night together after all.
 And look, we haven't bickered at all in --
 (looks at his watch)
 -- an hour's time.

DARLA
 It's still early.

They begin to eat, and Darla continues to watch the
 warehouse.

NIGEL
 You know, I'm usually a spot on judge
 of people, but I have to admit you're
 a bit of an enigma, Chandler.

DARLA
 After nearly two years I thought you'd
 have me sussed.

NIGEL
 You know whom you remind me of?

DARLA
 No, whom?

NIGEL
 Cathy Gale.

DARLA
 Cathy Gale? That posh bird on "The
 Avengers"?

NIGEL
 You don't like her?

DARLA

Not bad, I suppose. For a talented amateur.

NIGEL

Well, she's got nothing on you, surely. But you've never told me how you came to be with S.M.A.S.H. Doesn't seem like quite the gig for someone like you, pop star and all. Why the deuce did you ever volunteer?

DARLA

(a beat)

I owed it to someone.

NIGEL

Beg pardon?

DARLA

I did it for Lord Taylor.

NIGEL

Lord Taylor? I don't understand.

For a moment, Darla doesn't respond, debating whether or not to reveal her past to him. Then she decides to go ahead.

DARLA

His daughter Edith and I met in Liverpool as young girls. She was an aristocrat on holiday and I was a working-class orphan in the streets stealing food to survive, as different as chalk and cheese... but as fate would have it, we crossed paths. At her bidding, her father rescued me from my plight and saved me from a life of destitution and crime. He adopted me and raised me as his own.

NIGEL

(very surprised)

He was your adoptive father? Good God. That little fact doesn't appear in your official biography. But how did all that lead to S.M.A.S.H.?

DARLA

Lord Taylor and Hawthorne were Royal Navy chums and Taylor was well aware of S.M.A.S.H.'s existence. In fact, he served as a conduit between the agency and the Americans' CIA, which is why I believe there's more to his death than meets the eye. When Hawthorne wanted to recruit a female field agent, since I had a talent for skulking about and pinching things, Taylor recommended me. And that's it in a nutshell.

Darla says nothing more, and Nigel is moved by the fact she's chosen to reveal all of this to him.

NIGEL

I see.

(beat)

I'm sorry. His passing must be a terrible loss.

DARLA

It is.

NIGEL

I suppose no one else at the agency knew this but Hawthorne and you. Taylor's connection to S.M.A.S.H.

DARLA

Not even his own wife and daughter knew. But someone else did. Perhaps the same someone who lured us to Paris under false pretenses.

(beat)

Now... care to reciprocate?

NIGEL

You already know all there is to know about me. My life is an open book. Bored blue blood becomes spy for the chance to save the world and gallivant with the local talent, as you so eloquently once put it. I've left a trail of broken hearts as well as dead operatives all across Europe.

DARLA

I'm sure. And I wonder just how many of those operatives were cuckolded husbands.

NIGEL

I'll never tell.

DARLA

I should ask Hawthorne to let me peek into your personnel file, then.

NIGEL

There are things even Hawthorne doesn't know. And I shall take them to my grave.

DARLA

Hmm.

(sees something)

Oh, look. Someone's moving about down there.

Nigel joins her at the window and watches. Down below, the two spies come out of the warehouse and go to their car.

DARLA

Finally.

NIGEL

You see? Softly, softly, catchee monkey.

One of the spies gets in behind the wheel. The other gets a MOLOTOV COCKTAIL from the trunk, lights it, then tosses it through one of the warehouse's windows. The interior of the warehouse erupts in flames, and it's obvious the spies doused the place with gasoline before exiting.

NIGEL

Seems they don't intend to return.

DARLA

Bloody hell! If I'd known that, I would have charged in last night!

They watch as the second spy gets into the car.

NIGEL

Let's follow them. They might lead us to bigger fish.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

An abbreviated version of the SONG "Yeh Yeh" by Georgie Fame and The Blue Flames begins playing on the soundtrack as the Citroën pulls out of the warehouse lot and starts going down the street. A moment later, Darla's Fiat follows.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET

The Citroën proceeds down the street, and the Fiat follows at a discreet distance.

INT. FIAT - MOVING

Darla and Nigel keep their eyes on the Citroën as they follow it.

EXT. FACTORY - DAY

Located beside railroad tracks, there is a main building and an adjacent warehouse. The Citroën arrives, goes through an open gate and pulls into the parking lot. There are several other CARS already there. The Fiat passes by the gate, then makes a u-turn and stops across the street.

Darla and Nigel watch as the spies get out of their car and go into the main building, then they get out of the Fiat and quickly cross over to the gate. They crouch and hide, then pull out their pistols, both of which are silenced.

Nigel looks around to make sure no one's watching, then signals Darla to cross the parking lot. Darla scurries across the lot as Nigel covers her, bent low, and hides when she reaches the building. Nigel looks around again, then crosses the lot in the same manner and joins her.

They look around, then Nigel notices a metal ladder going up to the roof. He points up and signals her to climb, and Darla does so. Nigel keeps an eye out as she climbs, then climbs up himself.

EXT. FACTORY ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Darla signals Nigel to join her where she is crouched beside an open skylight. He goes to her and crouches beside her, then looks as Darla points down at something below.

They are looking down on a large room filled with several TABLES and a PODIUM. There are several MEN of various nationalities sitting at the tables, looking over some FOLDERS they were given earlier. Two GUARDS brandishing MAT-49 SUBMACHINE GUNS stand beside the door, and the two spies from the warehouse sit nearby. The SONG ends.

DARLA

What have we stumbled upon?

NIGEL

Some sort of summit meeting, from the looks of it.

Nigel recognizes some of the men in the room and points them out to Darla.

NIGEL

I recognize some of these blokes. That one there... Vito Spinetti, Sicilian mob. That one -- Henri Lemaire, Marseilles Gang. And that one -- Hans Grosse, Hamburg Syndicate.

DARLA

They're all underworld figures.

NIGEL

And I don't believe they've ever been in the same room together before. I'm surprised they're not at each other's throats, since they're usually treading on each other's toes.

DARLA

Someone's given them the incentive to play nice. I wonder who?

NIGEL

Someone with a lot of clout. No one else could manage it.

DARLA

Perhaps it's the chap who just entered the room.

DOWN BELOW, the man Darla just referred to steps up to the podium. He is VASILY GODUNOV -- Russian, mid-30's, six-foot-six and built like a truck. He is as humorless as they come and very intimidating, and he has a scar on his face. Whoever gave it to him never lived to boast about it.

VASILY

I trust you used time I was away to look over material. Are there any questions?

ON THE ROOF, Darla and Nigel watch, impressed by Vasily's size and demeanor.

NIGEL

Russian. Nasty looking bugger too.

DOWN BELOW, the assembled underworld bosses appear to be impressed as well, but they are also skeptical of the reason they've been gathered here.

SPINETTI

We were expecting your boss. He was supposed to be the one to explain our part in this "New Europe" of his.

VASILY

He is busy making final preparations. He sends apologies and I am here in his place. You will address your questions to me.

GROSSE

I have a question for you, then. Why should we trust you, or him? Grishenko's own people got rid of him. If they didn't trust him, why should we?

VASILY

(a beat; eyes him)

We don't need you. Others have joined us before. We are extending courtesy you do not deserve.

GROSSE

And I don't need to have my time wasted, *schweinehund*. You can tell Grishenko I'm not interested in his table scraps.

VASILY

(amiably)

Nikolai has little patience for argumentative people, and neither do I.

Suddenly, Vasily pulls out his gun, a MAKAROV PM, and shoots Grosse dead. The other gangsters react, stunned, and watch the lifeless Grosse sag in his chair.

ON THE ROOF, Nigel and Darla also react.

NIGEL

Bloody Nora!

DOWN BELOW, Vasily puts away his gun with utter calm and looks at the other men.

VASILY

Does anyone have more questions?

ON THE ROOF, Darla and Nigel watch, still stunned by the murder and by Vasily's cold-blooded calm.

NIGEL

Something like that could start a gang war, and he doesn't seem to give a monkey.

DARLA

They're the ones who seem to be quaking in their boots.

NIGEL

After that display, even the Krays would be bricking it.

DOWN BELOW, none of the other men wish to suffer Grosse's fate and keep their mouths shut.

VASILY

No more questions? Very good. This invitation is open for only twenty-four hours.

ON THE ROOF, Darla and Nigel watch as the gangsters gather their things and start to leave.

DARLA

Sounds like an offer they can't refuse.

NIGEL

This Grishenko fellow must be the one running the show.

DARLA

His surrogate certainly leaves a strong impression.

NIGEL

Yes... Makes you wonder what the boss is like.

EXT. FACTORY ROOF - A WHILE LATER

Darla and Nigel are crouched at the edge of the roof, watching as the remaining cars pull out of the parking lot.

DARLA
That's the last of them. Only our
Russian friend remains.

NIGEL
Along with who knows how many guards.
So what's our next move, Junior Agent
Chandler?

DARLA
Let's have a dekko inside that warehouse.

NIGEL
Shouldn't we check in first?

DARLA
Why bother Hawthorne before we get the
skinny on this? We can tell him all
about it later, after we've found out.

NIGEL
Your logic never ceases to amaze me,
Chandler. Nor your independence. It's
what I love about you.

They make sure the coast is clear, then start to climb down.

EXT. FACTORY PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Darla and Nigel climb down, then sneak over to the adjacent
warehouse and go inside through the open main entrance.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

There are several TRUCKS parked inside, each filled with
WOODEN CRATES. Darla and Nigel move quickly to one of the
trucks and duck behind it for cover. While there, Nigel
looks at the crates in the back of the truck and lifts the
top off one of them. Inside the crate are lots of STICKS OF
DYNAMITE.

NIGEL
Hello, what's this? What have we got
here?

He opens another crate and finds it too is full of dynamite.

DARLA
Are all these lorries full of explosives?

NIGEL
I hardly think they're full of produce.
What are these buggers playing at?

Darla sees a door at the far end of the warehouse and
points.

DARLA
There's an office over there. Perhaps
there'll be files we can look through.

Nigel looks, then he spots a GUARD with a MAT-49 standing beside another truck smoking a cigarette and points at him.

NIGEL

And there's a guard over there. And from his position, there's no way he'll miss spotting us if we try to get in there.

DARLA

(raises her pistol)

A problem easily remedied.

NIGEL

(pushes it away)

No. If he needs to check in with someone and he's overdue, they'll come looking for him.

DARLA

(raises it again)

And if they do, I'll just give them what I gave him.

NIGEL

(pushes it away again)

There's no need to bring the whole lot down upon us. We play it cool and wait for him to move. A little patience goes a long way.

DARLA

And if he doesn't move?

NIGEL

Then we'll do it your way.

Darla frowns but protests no further. They watch silently, and after a moment, Nigel decides to tease her as they wait.

NIGEL

By the way, I forgot to mention a small observation I made last night as you slept. Are you aware by any chance that you snore?

DARLA

(looks at him;
insulted)

Snore???

NIGEL

But if it's any comfort, you do so rather musically.

Darla opens her mouth to retort, then realizes he's pulling her leg and holds back. The guard drops his cigarette on the ground, puts it out with his foot and moves off to patrol the area.

NIGEL
Jammy bugger. He's no idea how he's just
avoided falling victim to your unbridled
zeal.

INT. FACTORY OFFICE

Vasily sits at a desk and speaks into the MICROPHONE of a
TWO-WAY RADIO, conversing with a man whose Russian accent is
as thick as his own.

VASILY
Unit Two to Unit One.

GRISHENKO (V.O.)
Unit One here.

VASILY
Meeting went very well. There was only
one minor inconvenience... and I took
care of it.

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE

Nigel pulls two FOLDERS out of a FILE CABINET and hands one
to Darla. Each bears an insignia and the acronym M.U.S.H.

NIGEL
This looks like the material handed out
at the meeting.

DARLA
M.U.S.H.?

NIGEL
Buggered if I know. Could mean anything.

DARLA
(puts words to
the acronym)
Most Useless Stupid Humbug.

Nigel chuckles, but Darla suddenly recognizes the insignia.

DARLA
Wait a minute... I've seen this symbol
before. The men at the warehouse.

NIGEL
What?

DARLA
Back in London, with Sommerville. They
weren't Soviet agents. They must have
worked for this M.U.S.H.

Darla starts looking through the folder, but each page is
full of Cyrillic characters and she sighs in frustration.

DARLA
This is all gobbledygook to me. You
speak Russian, don't you?

NIGEL
One of several tongues I mastered at
Oxford.

(reads title on
first page)
"Project Ivan: A Blueprint for the
Consolidation of Western Europe"...?

DARLA
Consolidation? In what way?

NIGEL
Your guess is as good as mine.

DARLA
Perhaps we should ask our Russian
friend to enlighten us.

NIGEL
Somehow I don't believe he'd be very
cooperative, and from the size and
temperament of him I sincerely doubt
anything would persuade him.

INT. FACTORY OFFICE

Vasily continues to speak over the two-way radio.

VASILY
I believe there is no further need for
concern. Traitor has been eliminated
and those he tried to meet with likewise.

GRISHENKO (V.O.)
Very good. "Katya" confirms she destroyed
information her target was sent, so all
possible threats have been neutralized.

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE

As Nigel skims the paper, Darla prompts him to translate.

DARLA
So what does it say?

NIGEL
There's too much here to digest. I'll
read through it back at the hotel.
Did you bring charges in the car?

DARLA
(puzzled)
Yes, in the boot.

NIGEL
Let's gather as much of this material
as we can, then blow up that stockpile
in the warehouse.

DARLA
Blow up?

NIGEL
I've no idea what they plan to use it
for, but I'd rather they never get the
chance.

DARLA
(sarcastically)
Shouldn't we contact Hawthorne before
taking such precipitous action?

NIGEL
You're the one who wanted to operate
independently.

DARLA
I'm only looking out for you. Wouldn't
want him to box your ears for misbehaving.

NIGEL
I'm touched by your concern.
(beat)
Send him a message, but only one-way.
Just to let him know what we're doing.
Tell him we'll give him a full accounting
later. I'll get the charges.

INT. FACTORY OFFICE

The conversation between Vasily and Grishenko continues.

GRISHENKO (V.O.)
Our goal is nearly within reach, my
friend. I want you to return as soon as
possible. Time has come to begin final
stage.

VASILY
I will leave tonight.

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE

Nigel returns with a BACKPACK and four small blocks of PE-4
EXPLOSIVE with TIMERS as Darla finishes gathering the files.

NIGEL
Let them think our friend discarded a
fag in the wrong spot. Are you done?

DARLA
Done and dusted.

NIGEL
(tosses her backpack)
Put them here.

DARLA
(stuffs files in
backpack)
There's a diagram here of some sort of
facility, along with GCS coordinates.
Perhaps their base and its location?

NIGEL
I'll have a look at it later. Help me
set these up.

Nigel takes the backpack and hands Darla two blocks of PE-4.
He opens the door to step outside but stops short as he sees
the guard from earlier return to his post.

NIGEL
Blast! He's back.

DARLA
And I'm sure he won't be leaving again
any time soon.

NIGEL
Shoot him.

DARLA
Really? I have your permission?

Nigel waves his hand as if to say, "Get on with it!", and
Darla smiles as she aims her pistol.

DARLA
Not so lucky after all.

She kills the guard with a carefully aimed shot to the head.

NIGEL
Right, let's make it quick. Set the
timers to five minutes. That should
be enough.

INT. FACTORY OFFICE

Vasily continues conversing with Grishenko.

GRISHENKO (V.O.)
What about British agent? Was she
eliminated?

VASILY
I regret she was not. Men assigned to
task did not locate her.

GRISHENKO (V.O.)
Imbeciles!
(beat)
Kill them before you leave.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Darla and Nigel finish attaching the explosives to the trucks.

 NIGEL
Done?

 DARLA
Done.

 NIGEL
Then let's shoot off.

They move quickly toward the entrance, but four GUARDS armed with MAT-49s start to enter.

 NIGEL
Blimey!

The guards see them and open fire, and Darla and Nigel leap behind a truck for cover.

INT. FACTORY OFFICE

Vasily hears the rifle fire and gets up, then grabs an AK-47 and exits quickly.

INT. WAREHOUSE

As Darla and Nigel hide behind the truck, the four guards split up and take positions behind two other trucks near the entrance.

 NIGEL
Who invited them to this do?

 DARLA
I hate to say it, but we appear to be
outmatched. In both numbers and firepower.

 NIGEL
So were the paras at Arnhem.

INT. FACTORY STAIRWAY

Vasily comes down the stairs, carrying his rifle.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Darla and Nigel trade fire with the guards for a while, but it's obvious that they're hopelessly pinned down.

 DARLA
We haven't got time for this!

 NIGEL
 (looks and points)
There's a side door over there. Take
the files and make a run for it when I
give the word.

DARLA
What about you?

NIGEL
What about me?

DARLA
In case you've forgotten, this place is going to blow in less than two minutes.

NIGEL
Believe it or not, I'm quite mindful of that. Now get ready.

DARLA
I'm not going without you.

NIGEL
That's not a request, Chandler. That's an order.

DARLA
I won't leave you here!

NIGEL
I know how much you enjoy our customary repartee, but one of us has got to get out of here and follow this lead. You go whilst I hold them off.

DARLA
Blast it, you're such a stubborn sod!

NIGEL
With any luck, I'll only be a few paces behind you. Now stop fanning about and get cracking or we'll both die here!

Darla tries to come up with another argument but can't.

NIGEL
Now!

Nigel lays down some fire as Darla takes the backpack and makes a mad dash for the side door. One of the guards sees what she's doing and fires at her, but Nigel kills him and she manages to leap out the door without getting hit.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Darla hits the ground and rolls, then gets up and runs across the parking lot and out the main gate. She crouches behind the gate, watching the warehouse and waiting for Nigel to follow behind her.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Nigel trades fire with the remaining guards, then starts backing away toward the office.

EXT. FACTORY PARKING LOT

Darla waits anxiously behind the gate, the final seconds ticking by.

DARLA
Come 'ed, get a wriggle on!!

Suddenly, there's an explosion inside the warehouse, followed by several louder ones, and Darla jumps to her feet and covers her mouth with her hand.

DARLA
Oh, Nigel -- !

Her first impulse is to run back to the warehouse, but Vasily bursts through the main building's door and comes out into the parking lot. He looks at the warehouse, then spots Darla and fires at her with his rifle, forcing her to dive. He advances toward her like a one-man army, firing constantly, and Darla has no choice but to run toward the Fiat. Vasily sprays her the whole way, and she barely makes it to the car.

Darla dives behind the car for cover as Vasily continues to advance toward her and fire barrages. She gets into the car, crouching low, starts it and drives off with a screech as Vasily blows out the windows. Vasily finally stops, and he watches the Fiat speed down the street, his mouth a tight, thin frown.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Later that afternoon.

INT. HOTEL - DARLA'S ROOM - SAME

The door opens and Darla comes in, carrying the backpack. She closes the door and drops the backpack on the floor, then leans back against the door and closes her eyes. She stays there for a moment, then she suddenly hits the door behind her several times with both fists. Despite her constant bickering with Nigel, it's obvious now that she had feelings for him she's tried to deny and that she's devastated by what has happened today.

After a few moments, she picks up the backpack and goes to the desk and drops herself into the chair. She places the backpack on the desk, beside the two-way radio, then sits there for a while, trying to compose herself. Finally, she picks up the microphone and opens the transmission.

DARLA
Chandler to base...

HAWTHORNE (V.O.)
Hawthorne here. Go ahead.

DARLA
Sir... it pains me to report that we've
lost Agent Wilkins.

INT. S.M.A.S.H. HQ - HAWTHORNE'S OFFICE - SAME

Hawthorne is sitting at his desk. For a moment, he doesn't reply, shocked by the news.

HAWTHORNE

Oh, my.

(beat)

What happened?

INTERCUT BETWEEN DARLA AND HAWTHORNE

DARLA
He stayed behind to give me cover
whilst I escaped... and was caught
in the explosion.

HAWTHORNE

I see.

(beat)

At least he died heroically, the way
he would have wanted.

DARLA
(under her breath)
And not in some floozie's bed...

HAWTHORNE
Chandler! This is not the time for that!

DARLA
(tries not to cry)
Sorry, sir! We each have our own way
of dealing with loss.

HAWTHORNE
Agent Wilkins gave his life in the
line of duty for his country and his
record will reflect that.

(beat)

Now, what were you able to come away
with thanks to his sacrifice?

DARLA
Does the name Nikolai Grishenko ring
a bell?

HAWTHORNE
(a beat)
As a matter of fact, it does.

DARLA
Who is he?

HAWTHORNE

Russian general expelled from the Soviet Army two years ago for being unstable. Saw himself as a new Ivan and strongly advocated a more direct approach in confronting the West. Rumor has it he was sacked after proposing some outlandish plan for driving NATO clear out of Europe. Forced to resign, he went to ground, and his whereabouts haven't been known since.

DARLA

It appears he's resurfaced now in a new guise. As the head of M.U.S.H.

HAWTHORNE

M.U.S.H.?

DARLA

Don't ask me what it stands for.

HAWTHORNE

I won't, but what else do you know about it?

DARLA

Some sort of terrorist organization, apparently. Members appear to come from criminal syndicates all across Europe, most of whom were competitors at cross purposes. But Grishenko has managed to bring them together with promises of something they will all participate in.

HAWTHORNE

And what would that be?

DARLA

I don't know yet, nor how he intends to deliver it. But I've a set of coordinates here which I believe may be the location of Grishenko's base. And whatever he's planning, that would be the place to go to find out.

HAWTHORNE

Alright. Transmit those coordinates.

Darla pulls a paper out of the backpack and looks at it, then types the coordinates on the keyboard and transmits them. She closes her eyes while she waits, and we can see that Nigel's death has hurt her deeply. She is actually startled when Hawthorne speaks again, and when she opens her eyes, she has to wipe away tears.

HAWTHORNE

Chandler, those coordinates are located in the Bavarian Alps about ten kilometers southwest of Berchtesgaden.

DARLA
My next stop, then.

HAWTHORNE
I'll notify our people in Munich and put them in touch with you. Your orders are to infiltrate Grishenko's base and find out what he's up to, then report back with those findings.

DARLA
Understood.

HAWTHORNE
And Chandler, you are not to do anything beyond that, is that clear? Whatever's afoot is most surely too much for one person to handle. Find out, and then we shall proceed from there. Godspeed and good luck.

WIDE ANGLE - BAVARIAN ALPS - DAY

Early spring in the mountains, and a lovely scenic vista it is. An abbreviated version of the SONG "A Summer Song" by Chad and Jeremy begins on the soundtrack as we PAN along the snow-topped peaks, then continues throughout the following:

AERIAL SHOT

following a LAMBRETTA TV200 SCOOTER as it speeds along winding roads at the lower elevations, and we are too far to see who is riding it.

ANOTHER AERIAL SHOT

following the scooter as it continues to speed along, and we can see the RIDER is wearing a helmet and goggles.

DISSOLVE TO:

A THIRD AERIAL SHOT

following the scooter, and we are closer to it now.

GROUND LEVEL

The scooter approaches us and stops on the side of the road.

THE RIDER

is Darla, and she removes her goggles and takes a moment to look around at the scenery and get her bearings. Then she puts them back on.

WIDER ANGLE

Darla gets back on the road and rides away.

THE SCOOTER - MOVING

We stay in front of it as it continues along the road, and despite Darla's stoic expression, we know her mind is very much on Nigel.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

We are at the elevation where the snow begins, and there is a small TRUCK parked beside the road with two SNOWMOBILES on the ground beside it. Darla approaches on her scooter and pulls off the road and stops beside the truck, and the man inside gets out to greet her as the SONG ends. He is DIETER, a West German agent who has scouted the area in advance of her arrival.

DIETER

Gutentag, fraulein. Are you a mod or a rocker?

DARLA

(rolls eyes)

I'm a mocker.

DIETER

Correct! I am Dieter. I will assist you.

DARLA

Darla Chandler. Much obliged.

DIETER

Mod? Rocker? Who creates these code phrases anyway?

DARLA

Someone who's frightfully overpaid, since that one's not even original. What have you to report?

DIETER

There is an underground facility five kilometers southwest of here that was built during the Second World War, but it has been abandoned and sealed off for almost twenty years.

DARLA

Any sign of activity?

DIETER

I have seen no one. But in a remote area such as this, it is not impossible someone has moved in covertly.

DARLA

And made themselves at home.

DIETER
I can take you as far as the perimeter
but no further. Do we go?

DARLA
Have we a choice? Lead the way.

They each get on a snowmobile, then start them and speed off
down a canyon between the Watzmann and Hochkalter massifs.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CANYON - DAY

Dieter and Darla approach on their snowmobiles and stop at a
high electrified fence that spans across the canyon. Various
signs announce warnings such as "ACHTUNG! ZUTRITT VERBOTEN!"
and "VORSICHT! HOCHSPANNUNG! LEBENSGEFAHR!". Dieter points
at something beyond the fence.

DIETER
Over there, on the ground. There is an
entrance. See?

DARLA
I can see it.

DIETER
This used to be a secret test site for
the *Aggregat 10* rocket during the final
months of the war, but we don't know
what is there now.

DARLA
That's what I'm here to find out.
(dismounts snowmobile)
Thank you, Dieter. I'll take it from
here.

DIETER
Good luck, Miss Chandler.

DARLA
And to you. *Auf wiedersehen.*

Darla removes her helmet and goggles as Dieter speeds off,
then leaves them on her snowmobile and approaches the fence.
She studies the fence for a moment, then brings out her
perfume atomizer torch and carefully cuts a hole large
enough for her to get through. She steps through carefully,
then moves on.

FURTHER AHEAD

The entrance Dieter pointed out is a metal hatch on the
ground, partially hidden by the snow. Darla kneels beside it
and wipes off the snow. She examines the edges, then pulls
on the handle. The hatch doesn't budge at all.

DARLA
 Sealed, of course. And much too thick
 for this little thing to cut through.
 (gets up and sighs)
 There must be another way in hereabouts.
 An air vent. Something.

FURTHER AHEAD

Darla walks along the canyon wall, searching for a vent. She spots the top of a ventilation shaft rather high up, and as she tries to figure out how to get up there, she isn't aware of the AK-47 rifle barrel being put to the back of her head. Whoever is holding the rifle cocks it, and she freezes as she hears the sound.

DARLA
 Uh-oh! I don't like the sound of that.

Now we see who's behind her, and it's Vasily and a GUARD. The guard holds the rifle while Vasily stands beside him.

GUARD
 Hands up!

DARLA
 No, I don't like it at all.

Darla slowly raises both hands into the air.

GUARD
 Turn around. Slowly.

Darla turns around slowly and sees the men, and she recognizes Vasily. Vasily glares at her silently, remembering their brief encounter in Paris.

DARLA
 Hello! I was just doing a bit of
 sightseeing and I seem to have lost
 my way. I'll be off now, if you
 don't mind.

Darla tries to step past Vasily, but he holds up his hand against her shoulder and stops her. Trying to get past him would be like trying to get through a wall.

DARLA
 Hmm, you don't quite seem to believe me.
 Fancy that.

Vasily searches her with his other hand and relieves her of her torch, then her compact, and finally her pistol.

DARLA
 Oh! Where did that come from? I've been
 looking for it left, right, and center.
 Thought I'd mislaid it.

GUARD
(motions with rifle)

Move.

Darla starts to move, and the guard and Vasily follow her.

FURTHER AHEAD

The three of them march along the canyon wall, the guard keeping his rifle at Darla's back. After a while, they reach a small concrete entrance with what appears to be a bricked-up doorway.

GUARD
Stop.

Darla stops and watches as Vasily goes up to the doorway and pushes on one of the bricks. The doorway slides open to reveal a narrow tunnel beyond.

DARLA
Cor! Rather well camouflaged, that.
I'd have opened it myself eventually,
though. I'm such a nosey parker. But
thank you for sparing me the effort.

GUARD
(annoyed)
Move!

Darla steps into the tunnel, and the guard and Vasily follow her in.

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

The three of them walk down the tunnel and step onto an elevator. Vasily activates the controls and the elevator begins to descend.

ON THE ELEVATOR - MOVING

Vasily stares straight ahead, silent, and Darla eyes him.

DARLA
You don't talk very much, do you? I
rather like that. Some people just
love to blither on and on about nothing
in particular and say so little of value,
the gobshites. Really cheeses me off.
So I appreciate someone who measures
his words and keeps them at a premium.

Vasily ignores her. If she's looking to get under his skin and rattle him, he seems completely immune to being rattled. Darla realizes her usual tactics won't work on him and frowns.

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - CAVERN

A large cavern excavated within the mountain. On one side is the elevator landing, on the other is an area which includes a control room and two corridors which lead away from it on either side and into the base. Between the landing and this area is a metal bridge that crosses a chasm between the two, a chasm deep and shrouded in darkness.

The elevator arrives and Vasily and the guard march Darla across the bridge. Standing outside the control room are two armed GUARDS and NIKOLAI GRISHENKO. Grishenko is 53, burly, and wears his hair and moustache like Josef Stalin. He is at once both charming and repulsive, and he smiles menacingly as Darla is brought to him. But Darla isn't intimidated at all. In fact, she will play him like a fiddle.

GRISHENKO

Ah. British agent. Welcome to my humble abode.

DARLA

Nikolai Grishenko, I presume.

GRISHENKO

The great Darla Chandler. They should never send little girl to do man's job.

DARLA

Oh? I thought I've been doing rather well until now.

GRISHENKO

Until now. Now you are fly caught in trap.

DARLA

How is it that you happen to know who I am, might I ask?

GRISHENKO

We have mutual friend.

DARLA

Somehow I doubt that. But now that I've stepped into your parlor, what precisely is it that you're up to here?

GRISHENKO

You expect me to tell you?

DARLA

Like all narcissistic megalomaniacs, I expect you won't be able to resist boasting about your ingenious plan.

GRISHENKO

Hah. Singer, spy, and now psychologist too. The British are so talented.

DARLA

Since you seem not to think very much of my abilities, why don't you impress me with yours? Otherwise, I've come all this way for naught.

GRISHENKO

That would be tragic, wouldn't it?

(beat; decides to
humor her)

Since you have come all this way and you won't be leaving, I will tell you. Inside mountain is silo, and inside silo is rocket.

DARLA

Let me guess. A nuclear missile.

GRISHENKO

(nods proudly)

Ten megaton.

DARLA

Sounds like quite a stonker to filch from your former comrades. Are you sure they won't miss it?

GRISHENKO

I only stole warhead. My people built rocket.

DARLA

And what do you plan to do with this
(imitates his accent)
-- rocket --
(back to normal)
of yours?

GRISHENKO

Rocket hits London, London goes boom,
Western Europe falls at my feet.

Darla is stunned by his plan, but she hides it and goes on.

DARLA

How do you figure that?

GRISHENKO

When I tell them I have more rockets
for each of their capitals.

DARLA

Have you?

GRISHENKO

Wouldn't you like to know?

DARLA

And what about the Americans? Do you expect them to simply stand by and watch?

GRISHENKO

Nyet. They will assume Moscow is behind attack and respond. Moscow will say renegade general is culprit but Americans won't believe. Soon Washington and Moscow will disappear from map leaving me to, how do you say, pick up pieces.

DARLA

So you're willing to betray your own government?

GRISHENKO

They betrayed me. I offered them path to greater glory, and what do they do? Cowards. So now glory will be all mine.

DARLA

So you're plotting to rule the world! I'm gobsmacked, gobsmacked I tell you! By the way, has anyone told you you're off your trolley?

GRISHENKO

Off my trolley...?

DARLA

That you're mad as a hatter?

GRISHENKO

What?

DARLA

Soft in the head. Daft as a brush. Barmy. Crackers. Potty.

GRISHENKO

You are trying to confuse me.

DARLA

And you've got a face like a bulldog chewing a wasp.

Until now, Grishenko felt he was in complete control of this conversation. Now he feels it slipping away, and he doesn't like it. He pulls out his gun, a TOKAREV TT, and points it at Darla.

GRISHENKO

Enough! Be silent!

DARLA

Well, if you're going to shoot me, may I at least bum a ciggy?

GRISHENKO

I said shut up!

DARLA

My, aren't we out of sorts today. Have you always been such a beastly fellow?

GRISHENKO

I am giving you warning one last time...

DARLA

I know how this goes from here. I'm not thick, you know. Now that you've told me your master plan, I imagine you'll have to be rid of me. That needn't be too difficult. All you've got to do is pull that trigger, have Boris here dump my body into that chasm --

VASILY

(interrupts)

I am Vasily, not Boris!

DARLA

As I was saying, all you've got to do is pull that trigger, have Vasily here dump my body into that chasm, smash my secret transmitter, and Bob's your uncle!

GRISHENKO

Bob is not my uncle. My uncle is Sergei. And he was banished to Siberia. What secret transmitter?

DARLA

Why, the one hidden in my right boot, of course. Didn't you know? It acts as a homing device. They'll never find this place without it.

GRISHENKO

(considers; a beat)

There is no transmitter. You would not tell me if there was. You are lying.

DARLA

Oh, dear. How disappointing. Here I am trying to be helpful and all you can do is cast aspersions.

GRISHENKO

You are not trying to be helpful, you are mocking me! Why am I wasting time with you??

DARLA

Admit it, you find me absolutely fascinating and entertaining, don't you?

GRISHENKO

Nyet! I find you infuriating and aggravating!

DARLA

I can be that, too. I can be a right pain in the arse, actually. Just ask my last dinner date.

GRISHENKO
 (explodes)
 Get her out of here!! I will deal with
 her later!!

DARLA
 Well, don't throw a wobbly.
 (Vasily starts
 dragging her away)
 Ta ta for now. I know you'll want to
 see me again.

Grishenko watches as Vasily drags Darla down one of the
 corridors, then mutters to himself.

GRISHENKO
 At bottom of chasm, perhaps.
 (clutches head)
 After I recover from headache you have
 given me.
 (disgusted)
 British and their witticisms...

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - CORRIDOR

Vasily marches Darla down the corridor, holding her arm
 firmly.

DARLA
 (under her breath)
 I'd fancy a fortnight in the Isle of
 Wight right about now...

INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR

They come around the corner as Vasily marches Darla along.

DARLA
 You really don't say very much, do
 you? The strong, silent type. I might
 actually find it rather attractive --
 if you weren't nearly breaking my arm.

They reach a small cell at the end of the corridor. Vasily
 pushes Darla into the cell, shuts the barred door and locks
 it. Then he turns and starts going back the way he came.

DARLA
 You're leaving me here all by myself?
 (sees a bug on wall;
 points at it,
 indignant)
 With all these creepy-crawlies?

Vasily ignores her and disappears around the corner.

DARLA
 Hel-looooo? Now, look here! Open this
 door at once! I'm British!

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - CONTROL ROOM

There are several large MAINFRAME COMPUTERS along two of the walls, complete with REEL-TO-REEL TAPE DRIVES, while a large COMPUTER CONSOLE stands in front of the wall across from the door. The console is filled with buttons and knobs and gauges, and built into it is a SCREEN and a KEYBOARD. Above the console are various B&W TV SCREENS displaying the images transmitted by closed-circuit cameras monitoring various areas around the facility.

Grishenko speaks to an East German SCIENTIST he recruited to build the missile and oversee its launch, while a TECHNICIAN who is the scientist's assistant stands by and watches. A GUARD armed with an AK-47 stands beside the door.

GRISHENKO

I want rocket in air in two hours.

SCIENTIST

(taken aback)

Mein Gott im Himmel! I thought launch was set for next week.

GRISHENKO

I am changing timetable. With British spy here, we do not know how many more will follow. I will not be interrupted.

SCIENTIST

What you ask is not possible. There are pre-launch tests that must be run.

GRISHENKO

Run them. Now. Or do you wish to be rocket's only passenger? I want launch in two hours.

SCIENTIST

And I want to retire to my boyhood home in Königsberg, but I don't think there's very much chance of that either.

Grishenko suddenly shoots him, and the scientist falls dead to the floor. The technician watches, shocked, and Grishenko turns to address him without batting an eyelash.

GRISHENKO

You worked with him, you know how to do this.

TECHNICIAN

(a beat; afraid)

Uh... ja.

GRISHENKO

You are promoted. Now do it. Two hours.

The technician nods wordlessly and swallows hard, then turns to the console and goes to work, trying to keep his hands from shaking.

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - DARLA'S CELL

Darla is carefully looking around the cell for a means of escape, but there doesn't seem to be any and she starts to grow impatient. A VOICE issues from a distant loudspeaker and she stops to listen.

LOUDSPEAKER (V.O.)

Attention. Launch has been rescheduled. Pre-launch tests will begin in thirty minutes. Repeat, pre-launch tests will begin in thirty minutes. Launch will take place in two hours.

DARLA

Two hours? Oh, dear... I must find a way out of this.

WIDER ANGLE

A guard with an AK-47 appears at the end of the corridor and takes a position there. He is DMITRI, and he is young, around 20. Darla watches him and sizes him up quickly, then comes up with a plan of action. She starts humming "Horses for Courses", keeping her voice low.

Dmitri hears her and looks her way, but Darla pretends not to notice him and starts singing to herself. Dmitri tries to ignore her, but he finally leaves his post and goes to the cell and stops outside.

DMITRI

I have heard that before. What are you singing?

DARLA

You've heard it before?

DMITRI

Yes, on radio. Several times.

DARLA

I wasn't aware you and your comrades listen to such music.

DMITRI

I have listened while monitoring your country's air waves. Decadent music for decadent culture.

DARLA

Decadent?

DMITRI

Yes. You and Americans. You are corrupting world with this music. But it will not last.

DARLA

Well, that's open to debate. Anyroad, it's called "Horses for Courses", and that was me you heard on the radio.

DMITRI

You?

DARLA

Yes. I sing it with my group. The Dollybirds? Surely you've heard of them. I'm the lead singer.

DMITRI

That is not you.

DARLA

I assure you it is.

DMITRI

You are spy. You are telling me you are singer as well?

DARLA

It's possible to be both, you know. I was a singer long before I became a spy. And I'm cracking good at it too, wouldn't you say?

DMITRI

I would not know. As you said, we do not listen to such music.

DARLA

But you just said you did. Several times.

DMITRI

In passing. While monitoring air waves. It cannot be avoided.

DARLA

Oh, stop pretending, would you? You're not fooling me.

DMITRI

What do you mean?

DARLA

There's no need to keep up the act with me, you know. I'm not Grishenko. You liked it. I know you did. Otherwise, you wouldn't have asked me about it.

DMITRI
I did not like it. You know nothing.

DARLA
You liked it, admit it. I saw it in
your face.

DMITRI
(a beat; dismisses
the notion)
You are imagining things. Silly British
girl.

DARLA
Not to worry, though. Your secret is
safe with me.

DMITRI
I have no secret.

DARLA
I can sing more of it, if you'd like.
Would you like me to sing more of it?

DMITRI
I would like you to be silent, as good
prisoner should.

Dmitri starts to return to his post, but Darla starts
singing again, more loudly now, and he turns back to her.

DMITRI
Stop that.

Darla ignores him and continues to sing, and Dmitri goes up
to the cell door again.

DMITRI
I said stop.

Not only does Darla not stop, she now begins doing little
dance steps as she sings.

DMITRI
Do not do that. Vasily will hear.

Darla continues to dance, stepping back away from the door
and beckoning him with her finger.

DARLA
Come closer and he won't need to hear.

Dmitri starts to lose his patience, and he unlocks and opens
the door and steps just inside.

DMITRI
I told you to stop.

DARLA
Do you really want me to?

DMITRI
Yes.

DARLA
If you really want me to, I will. Just say the word.

DMITRI
I am saying it. Stop.

DARLA
You don't mean it.

DMITRI
Yes, I do.

DARLA
No, you don't.

DMITRI
I do. Stop.

DARLA
(gives him the
greatest come-hither
look ever)
You don't really want me to stop, now do you...

Dmitri suddenly goes to her and takes her in his arms, and he fervently kisses her all over during all of the following:

DMITRI
No, I do not want you to stop.

DARLA
I knew that.

DMITRI
How did you know?

DARLA
It's a gift.

DMITRI
I cannot resist you.

DARLA
I knew that too.

DMITRI
How do you know me so well?

DARLA
One learns to see the signs. But I
don't know your name. What's your
name?

DMITRI
I am Dmitri.

DARLA
Dmitri. Our decadent music has corrupted
you, Dmitri. Doesn't it feel good to be
corrupted?

DMITRI
Yes...

DARLA
Doesn't it feel good to shed all that
bloody stiffness and give in to yourself
and just savor the moment?

DMITRI
Yes, it feels good. With you it feels
good.

DARLA
I can show you everything you've always
wanted to know, Dmitri. Everything you've
denied yourself for Mother Russia.

DMITRI
Yes, I have denied myself. I have denied
myself many things.

DARLA
She knows that, and it makes her so sad.
What mother wouldn't want her son to be
happy? She wants you to be happy, Dmitri,
and you've been denying yourself.

DMITRI
Yes, I want to be happy. Show me. I am
ready to learn. Show me your corrupt,
decadent ways.

DARLA
Here's your very first lesson, then.

She knocks him out with a judo chop to the neck, and Dmitri
sags to the floor.

DARLA
And that was for Mother England. Twit.

Darla quickly grabs his rifle and keys, then steps out of
the cell and locks him in.

DARLA
 (under her breath)
 Protecting Mother England is a dirty
 job... but someone's got to do it.

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - CORRIDOR

Darla comes around the corner and moves slowly down the
 corridor. A VOICE issues from a loudspeaker.

LOUDSPEAKER (V.O.)
 Attention! Pre-launch tests have begun.
 Repeat, pre-launch tests have begun.
 Launch will take place in one hour
 and thirty minutes.

DARLA
 That bloody voice is getting on me
 wick. It's about time I put a spanner
 in the works.

As she reaches an intersection, two GUARDS walk by, and she
 ducks back and hides. After they've passed, she steps into
 the intersecting corridor and moves on in the opposite
 direction -- only to run right into Vasily as he rounds the
 next corner. Vasily takes the rifle right out of her hands
 and tosses it away, then aims his own rifle at her.

VASILY
 You again.

DARLA
 Yes, it's me. Uncanny how we keep
 running into each other. Must be in
 the stars.

VASILY
 I convinced Nikolai to keep you for
 recreation, but you are more trouble
 than you are worth.

DARLA
 Are you sure about that? I can be most
 entertaining. Just ask Dmitri.

VASILY
 You have sung your last song, British
suka.

DARLA
 Oh, I don't know what that means --
 but I'm sure it can't be good.

VASILY
 Say goodbye.

Darla suddenly faints and sags to the floor. Annoyed, Vasily
 watches her, then nudges her roughly with his boot.

VASILY
 Weakling... Get up.
 (no response
 from Darla)
 Get up!

He grabs her arm and starts to pull her up roughly, but Darla suddenly opens her eyes and grabs his rifle with both hands. They struggle for a few moments, and Darla maintains her grip on the rifle like a dog with a bone, but Vasily finally succeeds in pushing her away and into the wall. Darla hits the wall hard, then turns to him and kicks him with her right boot and stabs him in the shin. Vasily barely flinches, and he smiles thinly and aims the rifle at her face.

 VASILY
 Time to die, now.

It looks like Darla's run out of options, but Nigel's voice suddenly calls out from somewhere behind Vasily.

 NIGEL (O.S.)
 You first, bugger!

Nigel appears behind Vasily and shoots him in the back. Darla watches, both utterly stunned and relieved that Nigel is alive.

 DARLA
 Nigel!!

Vasily reaches behind his back and feels the wound. He looks at the blood on his hand, then turns around to face Nigel.

 NIGEL
 Still standing, eh? Try this one on
 for size!

Nigel shoots him right between the eyes just as Vasily starts to take a step toward him. Vasily stops suddenly and stands there for a couple of seconds, then falls like a tree going down. He hits the ground with a thud.

 NIGEL
 The bigger they are, the harder they
 fall.

Darla gets Vasily's rifle while Nigel picks up the one Vasily took from her and tossed away.

 DARLA
 Remind me to thank you for that.

 NIGEL
 I'll hold you to it. So how are things
 since last we bickered?

 DARLA
 Just tickety-boo, couldn't you tell?

NIGEL
So sorry to interrupt, then. Should
I leave?

They duck back around the corner and crouch, staying out of sight of anyone who might walk by, and keep their voices low.

DARLA
I thought you were dead.

NIGEL
That was just to elicit a little sympathy. Did it work?

DARLA
(feigns indifference)
Hardly.

Nigel cocks an eyebrow and watches her steadily, not fooled at all. Darla tries to ignore him, but he wiggles his eyebrow at her, goading her to admit her feelings for him, and Darla rolls her eyes and drops the act.

DARLA
How did you survive?

NIGEL
Remember that little office? Made for a rather satisfactory bomb shelter, I must say. Once I recovered, I contacted Hawthorne and he told me you were in Munich -- but for some inexplicable reason neither of us could reach you.

DARLA
I turned my radio off.

NIGEL
(he knew that already)
Of course. Always the independent one. So I traveled as quickly as I could and managed to get down here via a very dark and filthy air shaft.

DARLA
I should have known I couldn't be rid of you that easily. How much do you know about what's going on?

NIGEL
Not very much. Only that I've just saved your life and you don't seem to be very grateful.

DARLA
Grishenko's got a nuclear missile he's launching at London.

NIGEL
 (taken aback)
 Good God! Sounds like something out of
 a Bond film.

DARLA
 If that nutter has his way, London will
 do a lot more than go "pop"!

Another GUARD walks by, and they keep quiet until he's gone.

NIGEL
 So what now?

DARLA
 I don't know about you, but I've had
 enough of all this skulking about.
 So what say we try a frontal assault
 this time.

NIGEL
 (incredulous)
 A frontal assault? Against numerically
 superior forces?

DARLA
 Works for Bond, doesn't it?

NIGEL
 I was thinking more of the Light Brigade,
 actually. But as you so diligently
 pointed out once upon a time, I'm not
 Bond.

DARLA
 No, you're not.
 (sincerely)
 But you have your moments.

NIGEL
 I'm touched.

DARLA
 Now stop the nonsense and let's come
 up with a plan.

NIGEL
 I'd recommend caution, but restraint
 has never been your cup of tea.

DARLA
 At least you've learnt that much about
 me in the time we've known each other.

NIGEL
 It was quite apparent all during your
 training. So what do you suggest,
 Junior Agent Chandler?

DARLA

I say we make a mad dash through this bunker, mow down anyone who so much as tries to get in our way, reach the control room and storm the place, and scupper that bloody launch!

NIGEL

Oh, is that all? I feared you had something a bit more suicidal in mind. What a relief.

DARLA

We may as well go the full monty.

NIGEL

(a beat, shrugs)
Why not? No one lives forever, and at least we'll be together in death. And throughout eternity.

DARLA

Oh, belt up.
(peeks around corner)
Now... Leg it!

They start to run down the corridor.

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - CONTROL ROOM

Grishenko watches as the technician fiddles with the controls and monitors the pre-launch sequence.

TECHNICIAN

Pre-launch tests are almost complete.
No problems to report so far.

GRISHENKO

Good.

He brings out a little TWO-WAY RADIO and speaks into it.

GRISHENKO

Unit One to Unit Two.
(no response)
Unit Two, come in.
(still no response)
Vasily, where are you?
(beat; to guard)
Find him.

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - CORRIDOR

Darla and Nigel move quickly down the corridor and encounter two GUARDS coming around a corner toward them.

NIGEL

Gangway! Coming through!

Darla and Nigel fire their rifles and kill the guards without even slowing down.

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - CONTROL ROOM

Grishenko hears the distant rifle fire and activates a screen. A closed-circuit camera shows Darla and Nigel running through a corridor.

GRISHENKO

That idiot. I told him it was best to get rid of her.

(into radio)

Group Three, British spies are trying to reach control room. Intercept them. Either they die, or you do.

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - ANOTHER CORRIDOR

Running down the corridor, Darla and Nigel come upon a group of four GUARDS racing to intercept them. The guards open fire and they have no choice but to dive into an open storage room. Nigel tries to return fire, but he is greeted with a large barrage and is forced to stay inside.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Darla and Nigel remain crouched just inside the door, pinned down and with nowhere to go.

DARLA

Oh, dear. This looks to go completely pear shaped rather quickly.

NIGEL

That's what typically happens when one has no contingency plan.

GUARD (O.S.)

Give up, spies! You have no place to run!

DARLA

You mean a Plan B?

NIGEL

I've usually got C and D ready to pull out of my pocket at any given moment. Just for times like this.

GUARD (O.S.)

Throw out your weapons and come out with hands up!

DARLA

B will suffice for now.

NIGEL
B it is, then.

GUARD (O.S.)
You have ten seconds to comply!

DARLA
And what exactly is B?

NIGEL
I'm thinking.

DARLA
Wonderful.

GUARD (O.S.)
This is final warning! Come out NOW!

DARLA
(prompts Nigel
impatiently)
Sometime before the cows come home,
please!

NIGEL
I've got it.

DARLA
Spill it, then!

NIGEL
You won't like it...

DARLA
If it gets us out of this alive, I
promise I won't hold it against you.

NIGEL
I'll hold you to that too.

INT. CORRIDOR

The guards wait, their rifles aimed and ready. After a moment, Darla's voice calls out from inside the storage room.

DARLA (O.S.)
Hellooo? Anyone there? If anyone's
still there, we surrender!

The guards wait intently, their fingers on their triggers.

DARLA (O.S.)
Did you hear that? We surrender! You win!

Darla's rifle clatters on the floor as she tosses it out.

DARLA (O.S.)
See? I'm coming out now! Don't shoot!
I'm unarmed!

The guards watch and wait, ready for any tricks. But what they see next is the last thing they expected. Darla slowly steps out of the room, her hands up, completely topless. We can't see anything because we are behind her, but the guards get an eyeful, and they stare at her with their mouths open.

DARLA

Right. You can take me into custody now.

The guards don't move at all, just continue to stare at her with their jaws dropped, and Darla gets annoyed.

DARLA

Catching flies, are we? Just how barren are your lives back in Mother Russia anyroad? Have you never seen a pair of knockers???

Before any of the guards can say or do anything at all, Nigel suddenly leaps out of the room.

NIGEL

Tally ho!

Darla dives to the floor as Nigel strafes the guards while leaping out. The guards are caught by surprise and are all killed. Nigel stops firing and stares at the corpses, and Darla gets up and puts her top back on.

NIGEL

At least they left this world with that glorious sight as the very last thing they ever saw. Not the worst way to go.

DARLA

That was humiliating.

NIGEL

Desperate affairs require desperate measures. It worked, didn't it? Besides, if we do die here, I can now die a happy man.

DARLA

You are incorrigible.

NIGEL

But if we manage to survive, let's keep this just between the two of us, shall we? I don't believe Hawthorne would approve of such a tactic. Stodgy old chap.

Nigel takes four of the guards' rifles and gives two to Darla.

NIGEL

Ready?

DARLA
(rolls her eyes)
As ever.

NIGEL
That's the stuff.

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - CAVERN

There are six GUARDS posted outside the control room door, three facing one corridor, three facing the other. A VOICE issues from a loudspeaker again.

LOUDSPEAKER (V.O.)
Attention! Pre-launch tests are complete.
Repeat, pre-launch tests are now complete.
Launch will take place in one hour.

Suddenly, Darla and Nigel emerge from around the corner of one of the corridors, firing away at the guards indiscriminately John Woo style.

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - CONTROL ROOM

Hearing the commotion outside, Grishenko immediately goes to a CONTROL PANEL on a wall and starts punching buttons.

INT. CAVERN

Nigel and Darla have killed all the guards, and they step over the bodies and up to the control room door. Nigel blasts the lock with his rifle and kicks the door in.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Grishenko turns from the panel and pulls out his gun as Darla and Nigel burst in, but he stops short as he sees their AK-47's pointed right at him.

NIGEL
Hands up!
(to technician)
You -- away from there.

Grishenko slowly raises his hands as the technician quickly gets away from the console. Nigel moves to Grishenko and takes his gun.

NIGEL
I'll take that.

Nigel steps back to join Darla, and they both keep their rifles aimed at Grishenko. The technician is cowering and absolutely no threat at all.

DARLA
Well, General, I didn't think we'd be meeting again quite so soon.

GRISHENKO

I am no longer general. And you will
be dead sooner than you think as well.

DARLA

You mean like Vasily? I'm afraid the
poor fellow has gone to meet his maker.

GRISHENKO

He knew risks. And you have taken very
big one, coming here.

NIGEL

Oh? From where I stand, it appears we
have you at a disadvantage.

GRISHENKO

(shrugs)

Situation can change very quickly.

Suddenly, a nozzle on the ceiling directly above Darla and Nigel shoots a thick jet of fire suppression gas down on them at high pressure, enveloping them in an instant and forcing them coughing to their knees. At the same moment, another GUARD bursts in through the door behind them and snatches Nigel's rifle away from him, and Grishenko snatches Darla's.

Grishenko retrieves his own gun calmly, then flips a switch on the panel he activated earlier and ventilates the room. He watches with amusement as Darla and Nigel recover and the gas clears.

GRISHENKO

See?

DARLA

(to Nigel)

I don't believe this...

NIGEL

(shrugs)

Sod's law, my dear.

Grishenko signals the guard, and the guard pushes Darla and Nigel against a far wall and makes them sit on the floor. Then he stands by the console and keeps his rifle on them.

GRISHENKO

I am pleased you are here. You are just
in time to witness final stage of my
plan. Two years of hard work are about
to reach completion, and in less than
two hours, London will be no more.

DARLA

Yes, well, the proof of the pudding's
in the eating.

Grishenko shoots Darla a look, perplexed and annoyed by yet another idiom, but Nigel chimes in before he can say anything.

NIGEL

Why London? I don't mean to be inquisitive, old boy, but, why not Paris, or Brussels for that matter? You have a whole array of targets to choose from.

GRISHENKO

Why London? I will tell you why London.
 (maniacally)
 Because I hate, how do you call it, BEAT MUSIC! It is not even music! Tchaikovsky! Rachmaninoff! Prokofiev! THAT is music!! NOT BEATLES AND ROLLING STONES!!!
 (beat; calm again)
 That is why London.

Grishenko turns and signals the technician to return to the console and continue monitoring the launch, and the technician does so. Nigel is stunned by his outburst.

NIGEL

Sorry I asked.
 (to Darla, hushed)
 This bloke's one sandwich short of a picnic.

DARLA

(under her breath)
 I managed to win over Dmitri, but I won't even try with him.

NIGEL

What?

DARLA

Never mind.

GRISHENKO

(to technician)
 How is rocket?

TECHNICIAN

Everything is automatic now. Launch will take place in forty-five minutes. Target is Westminster Palace. The only way to cancel it is by entering the abort code on this.
 (pats computer on console)
 When the countdown reaches ten minutes, nothing can stop it.

Darla and Nigel watch, making note of what the technician said about how to cancel the launch.

GRISHENKO

Excellent. Your work is now done.

Grishenko shoots him, and the technician falls dead to the floor. Darla and Nigel watch, stunned, and Grishenko turns back to them.

GRISHENKO

I have always lived by one simple rule:
Never keep what is no longer needed.
It makes moving forward easier.

(to guard)

I will be back in a minute.

(points at Darla

and Nigel)

Keep eyes on moose and squirrel.

(beat)

Why did I say that?

He frowns and exits, then Darla and Nigel converse quietly.

NIGEL

Bit of a sticky wicket, eh?

DARLA

This is going all to pot! Each time
we're making progress, something
untoward seems to happen.

NIGEL

Were you honestly expecting this to
be a bed of roses?

DARLA

I think it's time to pull Plan C out
of your pocket.

NIGEL

I concur. But I'll hold D in reserve,
if you don't mind. The way our luck's
running, I'm sure we'll need it later.

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - GRISHENKO'S OFFICE

Grishenko enters, speaking into his little radio. On the walls are various CHARTS and DIAGRAMS related to Project Ivan, as well as a large MAP of Britain with London in crosshairs.

GRISHENKO

Unit One to Unit Three. Make helicopter
ready. I will be leaving as soon as
rocket is launched.

He goes to his desk and starts bringing out papers and placing them in a briefcase.

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - CONTROL ROOM

Darla notices that her pistol and other equipment which Vasily confiscated earlier are on a table on the other side of the room, and she nudges Nigel and points.

DARLA

Look. If one of us could reach them...

NIGEL

And how do you propose to do that without getting shot by that goon? I know! Let me use brain waves and make them levitate and float across the room to us.

Nigel puts his fingers to his temples and closes his eyes and concentrates. Darla just stares at him.

DARLA

Must you always be such a smart arse?

NIGEL

(opens eyes and
shrugs)

It's a natural talent.

Grishenko returns, and Darla signals Nigel to be quiet.

GRISHENKO

No, please continue. Do not be silent on my account. I am sure you are planning escape. Entertain me.

NIGEL

Escape? Oh, no, not us. Surely not. No, we were just waffling on about the weather. We British enjoy doing that in our spare time, you know.

GRISHENKO

You British enjoy showing everyone how witty and clever you are. But witticisms won't save you today.

DARLA

Just for the sake of conversation, did you order Lord Taylor's assassination, or was that just some random event in the grand scheme of things?

GRISHENKO

Oh, yes, that was me. Just as I eliminated everyone else Gretskey tried to tell what I am doing.

NIGEL

(surprised)

Gretskey? You mean he was really --

GRISHENKO

(cuts him off)

That Cossack supported me at first,
and even helped me steal warhead and
set up all this. Then he changed mind
and betrayed me. He didn't warn Soviets
because they would arrest and liquidate
him. He tried to warn you and defect.
So I liquidated him.

(to Darla)

But those idiots in Paris let you slip
through their fingers -- just like
Algeria. The French are good for nothing!

Hearing this, Darla resolves right then and there not only
to stop Grishenko's plan, but to kill him and avenge
Taylor's murder. But Nigel seizes the opportunity to
implement Plan C.

NIGEL

Oh, I don't know about that. They're
not so bad when it comes to such things
as wine... food...

(grins devilishly)

...women...

GRISHENKO

French, British...

(spits on floor)

All the same. Useless! Their once great
empires are nothing today. Today they
are pretenders living off past glory.

NIGEL

We love you too.

(stops, clutches stomach)

Ooh... Speaking of food, I think I ate
something earlier that hasn't quite
agreed with me...

DARLA

Nigel?

NIGEL

Perhaps it's all the stress, but -- Oh!

(grimaces painfully)

That's not good... No, certainly not.
I'm a bit dicky all of a sudden.

GRISHENKO

Dicky? What is he saying?

DARLA

He means he feels ill.

(to Nigel, going
along with it)

Are you sure? Maybe it's just collywobbles.

GRISHENKO

Collywobbles?

NIGEL
No, it's a tad more than that.

GRISHENKO
What is collywobbles?

DARLA
Come to think of it, you do look a bit
off-color...

NIGEL
Might be the dreaded lurgy, for all we
know.

(beat, starts to stand)
Oh, dear... I think I'm going to puke.

GRISHENKO
That I understand! And not HERE you're
not!

(to guard)
Take him outside!

The guard grabs Nigel by the arm and starts to lift him up, but Darla suddenly stabs him in the shin with her boot. As the guard cries out, Nigel snatches his rifle and knocks him out with it. It happens so quickly that Grishenko barely has time to bring out his gun, and Nigel points the rifle directly at his face.

NIGEL
Not so fast, old boy. Be a good chap,
won't you, and allow my colleague to
relieve you of your weapon before I'm
forced to use this in a more lethal
manner.

Grishenko hesitates, then backs down. Darla takes his gun.

NIGEL
There, now. Things do change rather
quickly, don't they?
(deadly serious)
Sit down.

Grishenko sits on the floor against the wall as Darla keeps him covered. Then Nigel looks around the room suspiciously in different directions, including the ceiling and floor.

DARLA
What are you doing?

NIGEL
Waiting for something else untoward to
happen.
(nothing happens)
Seems our friend has run out of surprises.

GRISHENKO
And you have run out of time. You will
never be able to stop launch now.

NIGEL

Yes, well, I wouldn't bank on that.

Nigel sits at the computer console and starts poking around. Meanwhile, Darla retrieves her pistol, torch, and compact from the table, then notices a stack of computer PUNCH CARDS and a REEL OF MICROFILM. She picks them up and shows them to Grishenko.

DARLA

What's this?

Grishenko shrugs amiably. Darla smirks, but before she can say anything else, Nigel suddenly pounds his fist on the console.

NIGEL

Bugger and blast!

DARLA

What is it?

NIGEL

Looks like it needs an eight digit numerical code to stop the launch.

DARLA

Eight digits? It'll take hours to sort it out.

NIGEL

I suppose he knows what it is.

Darla goes to Grishenko and aims her pistol at his face.

DARLA

What's the code?

GRISHENKO

What makes you think I know?

(nods at dead tech)

He knew. That is why I shot him. He would have given you code in five seconds.

DARLA

I think you know, and I can make you beg for death.

GRISHENKO

Torture me, kill me, it makes no difference. You still do not get code.

Darla bends down and shoves her pistol under his jaw, blood in her eye.

DARLA

May God have mercy on your soul, because I shall have none on your body.

NIGEL

He's right, Darla. I'll have to figure it out myself.

(rubs hands together)

Can't be any more difficult than beating the house in Monte Carlo, eh?

Nigel starts tapping out combinations on the keyboard. He tries one, then another, but nothing happens. He looks at Grishenko thoughtfully, then tries a third combination. An alarm rings three times and the screen starts blinking LAUNCH ABORTED.

NIGEL
Well, third time's lucky after all.

DARLA
(stunned)
You've stopped it?

Indeed I have. NIGEL

How? DARLA

NIGEL

Typed in the date of the October
Revolution. Julian calendar, not
Gregorian.
(to Grishenko)
How terribly predictable.

Grishenko shrugs amiably. Suddenly, the computer explodes, sending Nigel to the floor. Grishenko leaps to his feet, shoves the startled Darla down and runs out the door. After he's gone, Darla and Nigel pick themselves up off the floor.

DARLA
Right bastard! He had it booby-trapped!

NIGEL
Well, I, for one, was never under any
illusions he would conduct himself in
a gentlemanly, honorable fashion.

DARLA
Is the countdown still stopped?

NIGEL
(checks console)
Yes, it appears so.

DARLA
(tosses him her
compact)
Stay here and try to contact Hawthorne.

Darla runs out the door, her pistol in her hand.

INT. CAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Darla comes out of the control room just in time to see Grishenko disappear around the corner of one of the corridors, and she chases after him.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Darla rounds the corner and shoots at Grishenko as he flees. She misses, and he dives to the floor, grabs a rifle from a dead guard and fires a barrage at her. Darla ducks back around the corner and Grishenko continues to flee, then she runs after him.

INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Grishenko runs down the corridor, moving sideways and keeping an eye out for Darla. As soon as she rounds the corner, he fires a barrage at her, forcing her to duck again. Then he quickens his pace and races on, and Darla reappears and maintains her pursuit.

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - MISSILE SILO

A wide cylindrical structure about ten stories tall. In the center is the missile itself, a rocket nearly a hundred feet tall, almost ready to launch. At each floor level, there is a metal catwalk along the wall like a ring around the rocket, and each level is connected by a narrow metal ladder on the wall. These ladders are positioned opposite each other. That is, when you climb up to a level, you must go around in a semi-circle to the other side to get to the ladder up to the next level.

Grishenko runs into the silo at the bottom and goes up the ladder to the second level. As he races to reach the ladder to the third, Darla runs in. She stops short as she sees the huge missile, then looks up toward the top of the silo.

DARLA

God save the Queen... whilst I save
the whole of England.

As he climbs the ladder to the third level, Grishenko stops to shoot at her. Darla races toward the first ladder, dodging the bullets, and Grishenko stops shooting and continues climbing to the third level. He races around the third level toward the ladder to the fourth as Darla quickly climbs up to the second.

As Darla runs around the second level, she stops to shoot at Grishenko as he climbs up to the fourth. She misses, and Grishenko reaches the fourth level and shoots another barrage at her. Darla continues running to the ladder leading up to the third level, and Grishenko runs to the ladder that leads up to the fifth.

This goes on for a few more levels, and while Grishenko can shoot down at her at any time, Darla can only shoot up at Grishenko when he's climbing up a ladder. Darla runs out of ammo at some point, and she pockets her pistol and continues to climb after Grishenko, undeterred, dodging his barrages.

Grishenko finally reaches the top level and runs to where a MAINFRAME COMPUTER is built into a protruding section of wall just a few feet away. Because the wall protrudes, the catwalk goes around its contours, and if you stand at the computer, the catwalks on lower levels are not directly under you. Grishenko turns the computer on and waits impatiently for it to come on line.

Darla climbs the ladder up to the top level, but she ducks and goes back down a little when Grishenko fires at her. Grishenko tries to shoot another barrage, but he has finally run out of ammo as well, and he angrily tosses his rifle aside and returns his attention to the computer. Now they are both unarmed, and Darla seizes the opportunity.

DARLA

You nasty piece of work, you...

(climbs back onto
the level)

Someone should have given you a proper
smacking in your youth! But I'm well
chuffed to provide one now!

And with no regard for the differences in their size and weight, Darla pounces on him, knocking him away from the computer. For the next few moments, they fight and struggle, and Darla holds her own with her quickness and her ferocity. But it's only a matter of time before Grishenko gets the upper hand, and he knocks her to the catwalk and continues working with the computer.

Darla picks herself up from the catwalk and tries to pull him away from the computer, but Grishenko pushes her off with all his strength. Darla flies over the catwalk railing directly behind him and barely manages to cling to the edge with her hands. As she dangles stories in the air, Grishenko puts his foot on one of her hands and presses down hard, and Darla shrieks in pain and must let go. Then Grishenko puts his foot down on her other hand and keeps it there just to taunt her.

GRISHENKO

Looks like I have you at disadvantage
now.

DARLA

Yes, it's amazing how fortunes shift
so quickly.

GRISHENKO

Did you really think I had no, how do
you say, back-up plan?

DARLA

I suppose we all need one every now
and again.

Keeping his foot on Darla's hand, Grishenko turns back to
the computer and starts typing on the keyboard.

GRISHENKO

Now I resume countdown from here,
and leave you to be incinerated when
rocket launches.

DARLA

How very charitable of you.

Unbeknownst to Grishenko as he types, Darla brings out her
little torch with her free hand and starts cutting a circle
in the catwalk under his feet.

GRISHENKO

I must tell you that you did manage
to entertain me.

DARLA

I'm absolutely over the moon.

GRISHENKO

You are very spirited and tenacious.
You would have made good Russian. But
you were no match for me. No one is.

DARLA

Mind the hubris, luv. Pride comes
before a fall.

GRISHENKO

Hah! Another of your witty British
sayings, no doubt. You are walking
encyclopedia of them. But I'm sure
you have better one than that. More
suited to situation.

Suddenly, the catwalk under Grishenko gives way and he drops
like a stone. We hear his scream as he plummets to the
bottom of the silo, and Darla watches him fall.

DARLA

No, it's quite literal this time.

She climbs back up onto the catwalk and watches through the
hole in it as Grishenko hits the bottom with a dull thud.

DARLA

Do svidaniya... wanker.

EXT. LONDON - ALBERT EMBANKMENT - DAY

Big Ben and Parliament dominate the scene across the Thames.

INT. S.M.A.S.H. HQ - HAWTHORNE'S OFFICE - SAME

Hawthorne speaks as Darla stands in front of his desk.

HAWTHORNE

The West German government is in the process of dismantling that warhead, and of course the Soviets are distancing themselves completely from Grishenko and his activities. This has been a source of major embarrassment for them. And as for the Americans, they are lobbying for an increase in NATO's presence on the continent.

DARLA

Everything is back to normal.

HAWTHORNE

Such as it is.

DARLA

What about the cards I pinched from the control room?

HAWTHORNE

Cryptography is looking at them. Seems to be a list of every operative M.U.S.H. employed throughout Europe. We're notifying all relevant countries. Should be a cinch for the local constabularies to round them all up.

DARLA

And tie up all the loose ends.

HAWTHORNE

Yes, your splendid performance has put paid to this whole affair. England owes you a great debt, Chandler. Pity it can't be acknowledged publicly.

DARLA

No worries, sir. My fan mail is quite enough acknowledgment for me.

HAWTHORNE

However, you'll be pleased to know you are now a Level One field operative.

DARLA

(shocked; then
smiles widely)

Thank you, sir.

HAWTHORNE

You've earned it. And I'm assigning you to the Special Operations Section as Wilkins' partner. Edmund would have been very proud. Now take a week off and get some rest.

INT. S.M.A.S.H. HQ - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Nigel is waiting outside Hawthorne's office as Darla comes out, smiling nonchalantly.

NIGEL
Your modesty should become legendary.

DARLA
Are you still here? Shall I tell him
you've been eavesdropping?

NIGEL
Can you blame me? Only one other agent
in the history of S.M.A.S.H. has gone
directly from junior status to Level
One.

DARLA
(knows answer already)
And who might that be?

NIGEL
Me. So what say we celebrate your
promotion with a well-deserved holiday.
A few days down in the Caribbean,
perhaps?

DARLA
Are you serious?

NIGEL
Have you ever known me not to be?

DARLA
Sounds lovely, but after recent events
I'd prefer to stay close to home if
it's all the same to you.

NIGEL
Well, then, how about lunch at the
chippy round the corner?

DARLA
Now that I think I can manage. But
give me a moment. I want to pop by
Cryptography for a tick.

INT. S.M.A.S.H. HQ - CRYPTOGRAPHY

Darla enters and goes to a TECHNICIAN working at a large
COMPUTER MAINFRAME.

DARLA
Have you got a copy of that M.U.S.H.
operative list?

TECHNICIAN
We've just finished compiling it.

DARLA
May I have a look at it? The London
section?

TECHNICIAN
(gives her a
print-out)
Here it is.

DARLA
Thank you.

Darla skims through a list of names, expecting to see
Sommerville's, then sees one that shocks her to her core.

DARLA
Oh, no...

INT. S.M.A.S.H. HQ - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Nigel is chatting with Fiona as he waits for Darla to
return, and Darla suddenly comes running from the direction
of Cryptography, still clutching the print-out.

DARLA
We've got to go!

NIGEL
Go? Where?

DARLA
(running toward
elevator)
Kensington!

NIGEL
Kensington?
(looks at watch)
Seems lunch will be a bit delayed.

EXT. MANSION BLOCK - DAY

An elegant building near Kensington High Street where Edith
keeps an apartment.

INT. EDITH'S FLAT - LOUNGE - SAME

The front door swings open violently as Nigel kicks it in
from the outside. Darla bursts in and looks around urgently
as Nigel comes in after her.

DARLA
Edith? Edith!

NIGEL
Are you sure about all this? I still
find it difficult to believe.

Darla doesn't respond and goes OFF-SCREEN into the bedroom.

INT. EDITH'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Darla comes in and sees some papers on the bed. She looks through them quickly, and one of them is a map with some scribbling on it.

DARLA
10 Downing Street...?
(beat)
Dear God!

INT. EDITH'S LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

Darla runs out of the bedroom and toward the front door.

DARLA
Get on the blower to Scotland Yard!
Tell them the PM's in peril!

NIGEL
What??

DARLA
(running out door)
Do it!!

NIGEL
Oh, dear.
(picks up phone
and dials)
Seems lunch is most definitely off.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

A rooftop across from 10 Downing Street. Edith is here, standing near the edge and removing a DRAGUNOV SNIPER RIFLE from a carrying case. After a moment, Darla appears several feet behind her and aims her pistol at her.

DARLA
Put it down, Edith!

Edith glances back at her, not alarmed at all, then starts to prepare the rifle and puts in a clip.

EDITH
Oh. You figured it out. Can't say I'm really surprised. You were always most resourceful. You were little more than a waif when we found you, surviving by your wits. And despite all my father did to polish you, you still retain those instincts.

DARLA
How could you?

Edith doesn't answer. Instead, she goes into a reverie, recalling how they first met.

EDITH

Do you remember that day, Darla? I remember it well. I was all of ten years old, but it's indelibly etched in my memory. I remember how my parents and I visited Liverpool that summer, and how I saw you run from that shop with the loaf of bread you'd pinched, and how the proprietor chased after you.

(beat)

I watched you run, and in a moment in time, I realized that could have been me had I not been born into a life of privilege. Perhaps I felt guilty, but I took pity on you, and I begged my father to intervene, to convince that proprietor not to ring the coppers, and to take you in.

(smiles sadly)

And now here we stand all these years later, facing off on a rooftop. The cruelty of fate... or perhaps its ironic sense of humor.

DARLA

Did you hear me? How could you??

EDITH

(snaps out of it,
turns to her)

How could I? Quite easily. You know I've always been a bit of a rebel.

(puts rifle down)

That's why we took to each other so well all those years ago. We were like sisters, despite our different worlds. And when I brought you into my world, I thought I was doing you a favor.

DARLA

And you don't anymore?

EDITH

What is there about my world to boast about? Tell me. Don't you ever grow tired of it, Darla? The superficiality of it? Doesn't it all seem so bloody pointless?

Darla remains silent, and Edith goes on. As she listens, Darla slowly lowers her pistol.

EDITH

All those years doing my bit amongst the lofty upper crust, the cream of British society, attending an endless parade of haughty social functions and vapid cocktail parties listening to supercilious imbeciles chattering

(MORE)

EDITH (CONT'D)

their inanities whilst in other parts
of the world people starve to death
and no one even notices they lived.

(face darkens)

I don't recall the precise moment, but
somewhere along the line, something
happened. It all became too much for
me to bear. First I grew bored, then
I became annoyed, and finally...
I became disgusted.

DARLA

And that's when Gretskey asked you to
spy for the GRU.

EDITH

That's when I realized there was
little sense in preserving the obsolete
traditions of an archaic society, or
supporting a class-oriented culture I'd
come to detest. For a while I thought
the Mods had the answer, but they've
become as useless as the establishment
they're rebelling against.

(indicates city
around them)

So here we are now: a fading empire
that's become weak, decadent, and
nearly irrelevant. A nation where
effete old toffs wallow in gentlemen's
clubs extolling the good old days when
Britannia ruled the world and pill-popping
teenagers pack dance halls worshipping
the latest record or the latest fashion
or the latest darling whilst the victims
of our excesses climb on any bandwagon
that offers them redress. We're like
ancient Rome and the Visigoths are
swarming over the hill... and neither
generation has got a bloody clue.

DARLA

So you climbed on Grishenko's bandwagon.

EDITH

One must go with the flow of history,
or be left behind.

DARLA

(shakes head ruefully)

I never figured you for a Bolshevik
sympathizer.

EDITH

(smiles thinly)

Not much gets past those keen eyes of
yours, but don't blame yourself. I was
very good at what I did, just as you
were at yours.

DARLA

What I did, I did for my country.
And your father.

EDITH

Ah, yes. You owed him so much, and he presented you the perfect opportunity to repay him by being a good little girl for Queen and country. How touching.

DARLA

What would he say if he could see you now?

EDITH

Probably dismiss his daughter with the very same insipid "Cheerio, pip pip!" he responded to everything with. A more gormless man I never knew. Right up to the end.

(chuckles cynically)

He never even saw it coming.

DARLA

(a beat; horrified)

You set up your own father...?

EDITH

Set him up?

(laughing hysterically)

Oh, Darla! You can be so naive sometimes! I shot him! Grishenko wanted someone to do it, and who better than I?

(with pure venom)

Who better than I, who knew just what a prissy, hypocritical fraud he was.

Darla is almost physically ill at the revelation. As she deals with the horror, Edith calmly turns away and starts adjusting the rifle's scope. Darla eventually recovers, and she starts to tremble with anger at Edith's incredible betrayal.

DARLA

So what happens now, Edith? Grishenko is dead, and so is his plan. He duped you. He wasn't in it to fix the injustices of the world as you perceive them. Even Gretskey realized that. He was in it for himself -- as they all are.

EDITH

How little you understand.

DARLA

What happens now? You kill the Prime Minister? Then what? Who's next? Whom do you kill next, Edith? And how many?

EDITH

Walk away, Darla. We can both pretend
you were never here.

DARLA

Will you kill everyone in this entire
city, one by one, and erect your
classless utopia on their shallow graves?
Tell me, Edith -- how does M.U.S.H.
wiping out millions of innocent lives
fix anything or help anyone? How does
mass murder bring about the justice you
claim to seek??

For just an instant, Edith looks uncertain, and Darla
presses on, getting even angrier.

DARLA

That's the contradiction you can't
reconcile, luv. The fatal flaw in your
logic. Pity you didn't take the time
nor make the effort to think it through.
Have you ever thought anything through,
or is your present allegiance simply the
latest fad you chose to dabble in???

EDITH

This conversation was rather amusing
till now, but now you bore me.

Edith aims her rifle at the street down below, and Darla
raises her gun again.

DARLA

(deadly serious)

Put it down, Edith. I shan't ask again.

EDITH

You'll have to kill me, Darla. Can you
live with that?

Darla hesitates. Edith knows she's agonizing over it, and
she suddenly spins around to shoot her. But Darla is faster
and shoots her in the heart. Edith drops instantly. Darla
stares at the body for a while, then slowly lowers her
pistol, her own heart broken. A single tear flows down her
cheek, and she answers Edith's question in a voice thick
with disillusion and grief.

DARLA

I suppose I'll have to find a way.

Everyone she's ever loved is gone. Her parents, her adoptive
parents, and now her adoptive sister as well. But she is not
alone. There is someone else, someone she realizes she has
loved since the day they met, and she will no longer rebuff
him.

We hold on her face and slowly ZOOM-IN as we

DISSOLVE TO:

BLUE SKY

An INSTRUMENTAL VERSION of "God Save the Queen" -- slow, beautiful, haunting -- begins on the soundtrack as we slowly TILT DOWN to:

WIDE ANGLE - WHITEHALL - DAY

On the street below, a FUNERAL PROCESSION is in progress. Draped with the Union Jack, Lord Taylor's coffin is carried past the government buildings on a gun carriage.

EXT. WESTMINSTER PALACE & WESTMINSTER ABBEY

The cortege continues past Parliament on its way to the funeral ceremony at Westminster Abbey. And as the MUSIC swells, we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TAYLOR MANSION - PARLOR - NIGHT

The same room at the Taylor estate where Darla met with Edith before leaving for Paris, and we slowly TRACK along various FRAMED PHOTOGRAPHS hanging on one of the parlor's walls. Among them are portraits of Queen Elizabeth II and former Prime Ministers Winston Churchill, Anthony Eden, and Harold Macmillan.

DISSOLVE TO:

ANOTHER TRACKING SHOT

in the opposite direction along several FRAMED PHOTOGRAPHS displayed on the mantel above the fireplace. There are family photographs of Taylor, his wife Penelope, Edith, and Darla... and the last one is of Darla and Edith as young girls, posing with Taylor.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TAYLOR MANSION - FOYER - NIGHT

Taylor's COAT-OF-ARMS hangs on the wall across from the main entrance, and we slowly TILT DOWN from it to reveal Darla sitting on the staircase beneath it, holding the folded flag that draped Taylor's coffin in her lap.

We slowly PUSH IN on her, and as we do, we can see the sadness in her eyes. But along with the pain, we can also see her resolve as she commits herself to what she told Edith that day -- to carry on in Taylor's memory and to live up to his ideals. And we realize that she -- the adopted daughter and the sole surviving member of the family -- is the one who has been destined to inherit those ideals and carry them forward.

And as the MUSIC fades, we slowly

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DARLA'S FLAT - EVENING

Nigel's Jaguar arrives outside and stops.

INT. DARLA'S FLAT - BEDROOM - SAME

Darla stands in front of her mirror putting on earrings as the SONG "It's Not Unusual" by Tom Jones plays on the stereo in the lounge... and though she is attired and coiffed and made-up for a night on the town, we can see she is still quite somber.

The doorbell RINGS, and after a brief hesitation, she finishes with the earrings. She stares at her reflection for a moment, wondering if she's up to this, the first day of the rest of her life, then makes an effort to cheer up.

INT. DARLA'S FLAT - LOUNGE - SAME

Darla enters from the bedroom and lowers the stereo's volume, then crosses to the front door and opens it. Nigel stands outside, impeccably dressed in a tuxedo.

DARLA
My, aren't we smart tonight, "Moose".

NIGEL
You're looking rather fit yourself --
"Squirrel".

Nigel watches her tentatively, wondering if she's alright, testing the waters. Then Darla laughs at his response and he comes in.

DARLA
(closing door)
Do you think Hawthorne will let us
keep those as code names?

NIGEL
Next time we see him, we'll ask him.
Which shouldn't be for at least a week.

DARLA
Do you really believe the villains of
the world will do us the courtesy of
behaving for that long?

NIGEL
If they know what's good for them,
they'll never show themselves again.

DARLA
My, feeling confident, aren't we?

NIGEL
We make a smashing duo. All aspiring
villains are put on notice and hereby
warned to steer clear of "Moose" and
"Squirrel" -- S.M.A.S.H.'s new elite
team.

DARLA
And what of Hawthorne? We need a name
for him.

NIGEL
How about... "Bear"?

DARLA
Fits... but perhaps "Bulldog" would
be more apropos.

NIGEL
(smiles)
I trust you're enjoying this useless
banter as much as I, but we really
should be going. I booked us a table
for eight.

DARLA
Lead the way, Agent Wilkins.

NIGEL
No, after you -- Agent Chandler.

Darla smiles back and turns off the stereo, then Nigel
follows her to the front door. They open it and see that
it's raining.

NIGEL
Oh, looks like a bit of rain.

DARLA
Looks like more than a bit.

NIGEL
Yes, it's about to bucket down, isn't
it?

DARLA
Quite nasty.

They now begin to play a little game, making excuses for
staying in.

NIGEL
I forgot to bring my brolly with me.

DARLA
Mine won't cover us both.

NIGEL
In that case, we'd be soaked before
we ever reach the car.

DARLA
Most probably.

NIGEL
It would ruin your hair -- not to
mention my dinner jacket.

DARLA
We'd look an awful fright.

NIGEL
We wait it out, then. It will pass.

They wait for a moment, and the rain comes down even harder.

DARLA
Then again, maybe not.

NIGEL
Wouldn't do to arrive late for our
booking, would it?

DARLA
It would be most unseemly.

NIGEL
Quite unbecoming, in fact.

DARLA
Not cricket at all.

NIGEL
(shutting door)
What say we skip this dinner, then,
and stay in for the evening?
(locks door,
turns to her)
Makes for a good contingency plan,
wouldn't you say?

DARLA
(backs away a bit,
flirting)
One should always have a good
contingency plan.

NIGEL
(puts arms around her)
Really? Where did you ever hear that?

DARLA
From a former instructor, once upon
a time. Rather annoying geezer... but
every now and again he had some rather
useful wisdom to impart.

NIGEL
(gets very close
for kiss)
I'll ring Jeremy and tell him we won't
be needing our table after all. What
do you think?

DARLA
(smiles)
Absolutely smashing.

They start a very long kiss, and we

FADE OUT

and the SONG "I'll Never Find Another You" by The Seekers
begins...

TITLE:

THE END? NOT BLOODY LIKELY!
DARLA AND NIGEL WILL RETURN IN
"POSITIVELY SHAMBOLIC"

END CREDITS ROLL

accompanied by the rest of the song, which SEGUES into the
SONG "You Make Me Feel Good" by The Zombies.

FINAL FADE OUT

THE END