

ONCE MORE UNTO THE BREACH

Written by

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Registered with WGAw

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TITLE OVER BLACK:

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FADE IN:

WIDE ANGLE - LONDON, ENGLAND - DAY

The city lays spread out before us in the morning sun. In the distance, we can hear the strains of the SONG "She Loves You" by The Beatles playing on a radio somewhere.

TITLE:

London, England

A SERIES OF SHOTS

of various locations around the city, and the SONG continues playing in the distance:

BIG BEN AND PARLIAMENT

with Westminster Bridge spanning the Thames in front of them.

TOWER BRIDGE

and the Tower of London behind it.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE

with the Queen Victoria monument in front.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE

full of pigeons and crowds gathered around the fountains.

PICCADILLY CIRCUS

full of pedestrians and double-decker buses, the Coca-Cola sign and other billboards overlooking all.

VARIOUS SHOTS

of Mods and Rockers walking around Soho streets, going into coffee bars and gathering outside dance halls.

EXT. SEX SHOP - MORNING

A typical sex shop somewhere in Soho, the facade for S.M.A.S.H.'s headquarters.

TITLE:

S.M.A.S.H. Headquarters
Soho, London
9:30 AM

INT. S.M.A.S.H. HQ - WAITING AREA - SAME

A 28-year-old NIGEL WILKINS is sitting on a couch, reading a MAGAZINE and waiting. After a moment, a 53-year-old PERCIVAL HAWTHORNE arrives and stands in front of him.

HAWTHORNE
Ready to meet the new recruit?

NIGEL
(looks up)
You've kept me in suspense long enough.

HAWTHORNE
Well, waiting's over. Come with me.

NIGEL
(gets up)
Good. Let's see what all the fuss is about.

INT. CORRIDOR - SAME

Nigel and Hawthorne come around a corner and converse as they walk along the corridor.

HAWTHORNE
Now, remember what I told you. She may be a woman but she's not to be treated differently from anyone else.

NIGEL
You've made that quite clear.

HAWTHORNE
She comes highly recommended, but she's got a lot to learn. As my best agent I want you to take her in hand.

NIGEL
Understood.

HAWTHORNE
I'm placing a great responsibility on your shoulders but I've no doubt you'll be able to handle it.

NIGEL
I'll do my utmost to carry it out.

They reach a door and stop, and Hawthorne turns to Nigel.

HAWTHORNE
And bear in mind the old adage not to judge a book by its cover. It would serve you well in this instance.

Nigel doesn't know why Hawthorne would say that now, but he says nothing as Hawthorne starts to open the door.

INT. S.M.A.S.H. HQ - PISTOL RANGE - CONTINUOUS

The door opens and they step in, and Nigel immediately stops short as the new recruit turns around to face them. It's DARLA CHANDLER, 23 years old, and with her face scrubbed of all make-up and her short hair in a bob she looks like a teenager. Hawthorne approaches her but Nigel remains by the door, totally caught off-guard by her appearance and her small stature.

HAWTHORNE

Miss Chandler, good of you to wait.
Let's carry on, shall we? This is --

Hawthorne is about to introduce Nigel to her, but he realizes Nigel is not beside him and still at the door. He motions to Nigel to come over, and after a brief hesitation, Nigel does so, still staring at Darla.

HAWTHORNE

Right, then. Darla Chandler, Agent Nigel Wilkins.

Nigel continues to stare at Darla, unable to believe this is whom Hawthorne has just recruited. Darla watches him, aware of his skepticism and already sizing him up. She waits for him to say something, then prompts him tentatively.

DARLA

Hello...?

Nigel nods at her but says nothing, still staring, then he finally finds his voice.

NIGEL

Um, would you excuse us for a moment?
Just a moment.

Nigel leads Hawthorne across the room to speak with him privately, and though he keeps his voice down and Hawthorne responds in kind, Darla is standing not twenty feet away and she can hear every single word.

NIGEL

Are you having a laugh?

HAWTHORNE

Why would you ask that?

NIGEL

You're pulling my plonker, aren't you?

HAWTHORNE

I don't pull plonkers. You should know that by now.

NIGEL

This must be a joke.

HAWTHORNE
No joke, Wilkins. Get to it.

NIGEL
This is the new recruit? The one who
comes so highly recommended?

HAWTHORNE
Is that not what I said?

NIGEL
I thought that's what you said, but now
I'm not sure.

HAWTHORNE
Well, you heard me correctly, you did.
Now stop faffing about and let's get on
with this, shall we? The girl's waiting.

Nigel hesitates, still not entirely sure that Hawthorne isn't pulling his leg, then unwillingly relents. They return to Darla, and she watches Nigel steadily, not at all amused by the objections she heard him make.

HAWTHORNE
Now, as I was saying earlier, Miss
Chandler, Wilkins here has been with
S.M.A.S.H. since its inception and is
our best operative. He'll be handling
your training from this moment on.
Should you have any questions about
anything at all, you'll direct them
to him.

DARLA
I have a question already.

Both men watch her, surprised, but Darla says nothing more, and Nigel prompts her after a moment.

NIGEL
Go ahead.

DARLA
Would it be at all possible to request
someone else train me? Doesn't matter
if they're not the best.

Nigel is taken aback by her directness, but Darla stares at him with absolutely no fear in her eyes. Hawthorne keeps quiet, amused by Darla's cheekiness and Nigel's discomfort.

NIGEL
Would you excuse us for another moment?

Darla watches as Nigel and Hawthorne step away again, growing increasingly annoyed, and she waits impatiently as they converse quietly on the other side of the room.

NIGEL
You can't possibly be serious.

HAWTHORNE
Why wouldn't I be?

NIGEL
She's a bloody pop singer, for God's sake.

HAWTHORNE
(mock surprise)
By Jove, is she really? Who told you that?

NIGEL
I watch telly, you know. I read the papers as well.

HAWTHORNE
Good to hear you keep up on things. But I don't see your point.

NIGEL
Must I spell it out for you?

HAWTHORNE
Perhaps you should. I'm a bit slow today, it seems.

NIGEL
Look, I know you've been keen on recruiting our first female operative, but couldn't you find someone a bit --
(tries to find a word, any word)
-- taller?

HAWTHORNE
She meets the minimum height requirement.

NIGEL
In case you've not noticed, she's a wee little thing.

HAWTHORNE
Appearances can be deceiving. You'll soon find that out.

NIGEL
How on earth is she to hold her own against a KGB man? Cripple him with a high note?

HAWTHORNE
That's why you'll be putting more emphasis on her physical training.

NIGEL
And she seems barely old enough for
this sort of thing as it is.

HAWTHORNE
She's twenty-three. That's old enough.

NIGEL
(incredulous)
Twenty-three? That's impossible. Are
you sure?

HAWTHORNE
Twenty-three and a half, to be precise.

NIGEL
Rubbish! She doesn't look a day over
eighteen!

HAWTHORNE
I'm sure she'll appreciate the
compliment.

NIGEL
You know how they typically fudge the
biographies of people like her, concoct
a load of fiction that sounds good for
the fans. How do we know she's telling
the truth?

HAWTHORNE
Because the man who recommended her
doesn't fudge. Not about anything.

NIGEL
And who might that be?

HAWTHORNE
Not your concern. Now, are you going to
do as I requested, or must I make it an
order?

Hawthorne has tolerated Nigel's objections and humored him
thus far, but now he means business and Nigel can see it.
Nigel frowns and goes back to Darla, and Hawthorne remains
by the door and watches.

NIGEL
(totally fake smile)
Sorry about that. Just sorting out a
few minor details before we begin.

DARLA
Do those details include making a
complete arse of yourself?

NIGEL
(a beat)
Beg pardon?

DARLA

If you've got a problem with any of this, you can just say so. No need to mince words or pussyfoot about. I'm not thick, you know.

Nigel is at a loss for a moment, then he smiles uneasily and tries to go on.

NIGEL

Well, I --

HAWTHORNE

Well, now that we've dispensed with the pleasantries, I'll leave you two to get further acquainted.

And with that, Hawthorne turns and exits, leaving Nigel to fend for himself. Nigel watches him go, flustered, but Darla has been holding back the entire time and finally lets loose.

DARLA

Good, now that he's gone I needn't hold my tongue any longer.

(tears into him
non-stop)

So you think you know all about me, do you? Have me all figured out with that Oxford education of yours, is that it? Well, I've news for you, Mr. Fancy-pants, I've got you sussed as well. And if you're expecting me to swoon like some blithering schoolgirl on account of your charming wit and blue eyes you can disabuse yourself of that notion straight away. I've little use for a randy sod let alone a condescending one, so I'll ask only once that you show the very same courtesy and respect you'd ask of me.

(points at her foot)

Otherwise, I've a foot here that's perfectly capable of messing up your wedding without any training at all, and I'm not afraid to use it.

Finished with her diatribe, Darla glares at him, daring him to say something, anything at all. Nigel crosses his arms and sighs, bemused, then he watches her, shaking his head slowly.

NIGEL

I can see right from the start we're going to get on just famously.

Darla gives him a patronizing little smirk, in full agreement with his sarcastic assessment, then continues to glare at him.

FADE TO BLACK

The SONG "Hey Young London" by Bananarama begins on the soundtrack.

TITLE OVER BLACK:

June, 1982

FADE UP:

WIDE ANGLE - LONDON, ENGLAND - EVENING

Thousands of lights twinkle as dusk settles over the city, and the SONG continues throughout the following:

BIG BEN AND PARLIAMENT

with Westminster Bridge spanning the Thames in front of them.

TOWER BRIDGE

beautifully illuminated as it spans the Thames.

PICCADILLY CIRCUS

full of pedestrians and double-decker buses, the illuminated Coca-Cola sign and other billboards overlooking all.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE

full of pigeons and crowds gathered around the fountains.

CARNABY STREET

full of tourists shopping and strolling about.

VARIOUS SHOTS

of Punks and New Romantics walking along King's Road, going into boutiques and gathering outside dance clubs.

EXT. TELEVISION STUDIO - LONDON - SAME

A building located somewhere in Central London.

TITLE:

Kingsway Television Studios
Central London
7:15 PM

INT. STUDIO - DRESSING ROOM - SAME

The SONG continues now on a RADIO somewhere in the room, the volume very low. Darla is sitting in front of the mirror, staring at her reflection. It has been thirteen years since we last saw her in the previous film "Song of the Swan", and she is now 42 years old. But she has always looked young for her age and she really doesn't look a day over 35. And she is still just as pretty as ever.

At the moment, though, she is totally preoccupied with the performance she'll be giving onstage in a few minutes, and she is quite nervous and insecure about the whole thing. She is also feeling a bit queasy, having just vomited a few minutes ago. On the table in front of her is a BASKET OF FLOWERS that was delivered earlier, and she looks at the CARD again to reassure herself.

INSERT - THE CARD

Nigel's handwriting says:

Break a leg. Love, Nigel.

BACK TO SCENE

Darla continues to look at the card, deep in thought. The door opens a bit and a STAGEHAND pokes her head in.

STAGEHAND
Five minutes, Miss Chandler.

Darla snaps out of her reverie as the stagehand exits and closes the door again. She puts down the note and stands up and starts making some last-minute adjustments to her costume. There is a KNOCK at the door.

DARLA
Yes?

The door opens a bit and CHLOE SELLERS pokes her head in. She is now about 40, but we remember her from her appearances in the earlier films as the presenter of *Pop! Goes London* and her Scouse accent is just as thick as ever.

CHLOE
Oh -- thought I'd find Cliff Richard here. Sorry about that.

Darla sees Chloe in the mirror and her mouth hangs open in complete and utter surprise.

DARLA
Chloe...?

CHLOE
But now that I'm here I suppose I might as well stay.

Chloe enters and closes the door behind her as Darla gets up and goes over to her.

DARLA
I don't believe it! What on earth are you doing here?

CHLOE
Are you serious, la? I wouldn't miss it for the world.

The two women stand there and take each other in for a moment, then they start laughing and embrace each other warmly.

DARLA

Dear God, it's so good to see you!

CHLOE

And you.

DARLA

I've not seen you for yonks. Where've you been keeping yourself?

CHLOE

Here and there. I could ask the same of you. Seems you went into utter seclusion. No releases, no interviews, no appearances... What on earth did you do for all that time?

DARLA

Live my life.

CHLOE

Weren't you doing that before?

DARLA

Not in the same way. It's complicated. And I wish I had time for a proper chinwag right now, but I'd better get a wriggle on. I'm on very shortly.

CHLOE

Do what you need to do. We can gab later.

Darla goes back to the mirror and continues to fuss with her costume and her hair, and Chloe can sense her anxiety.

CHLOE

Nervous?

DARLA

I've been climbing the walls.

CHLOE

Oh, it'll be just like riding a bike back in the jiggers of Liverpool. It'll all come back to you.

DARLA

Tell that to my stomach. I just finished puking shortly before you arrived.

CHLOE

Jitters. They're perfectly normal. Used to get them all the time before presenting a show.

DARLA

Well, I never did. But I was much younger then and had a good deal more confidence.

CHLOE

Well, you've nothing to worry about, girl. Once you're on that stage you'll be positively brill and go down a bomb, as always.

DARLA

Wish I had your certainty. Can't help feeling I'll go down like a lead balloon.

CHLOE

Oh, what a load of cobblers.

DARLA

It's been seven years since I've done this. What if I've lost it? It happens, you know.

CHLOE

What are you blathering about? You were born to sing, la. It's what you do. I never quite understood why you gave it up in the first place.

DARLA

It just wasn't working anymore, Chloe. My sales were down and things were changing, and so was I. Seemed prudent to take some time off, reassess my priorities. And when John took a hiatus after Sean was born, I thought that's what I should do as well.

CHLOE

And then he came back, and look what happened.

Darla stops brushing her hair and her mood quickly changes to a somber one.

DARLA

I don't even want to think about that, not even now. It's been over a year and I still can't believe that he's gone. Just... gone.

They say nothing else for a moment, both of them sadly contemplating John Lennon's murder, then Chloe tries to lift Darla's spirits and boost her confidence.

CHLOE

Well... I'm sure he'll be watching you out there tonight.

DARLA
 (looks at her)
 You really think so?

CHLOE
 (smiles)
 Dead cert. He wouldn't miss it either.

INT. STUDIO - MOMENTS LATER

A show much like *Top of the Pops* is returning from a commercial break, and the PRESENTER introduces the next act while surrounded by members of the AUDIENCE.

PRESENTER
 Welcome back to "Chart Toppers". Our next performer had a string of hits during the Sixties, first as lead singer of The Fab Dollybirds and then as a single act in her own right. She dropped from the music scene in 1975 but now she's back with her first new record in seven years, and from all indications it looks to be a blinding success. So please join me in giving a warm welcome back to our favorite Liverpool lass -- Darla Chandler!

The audience applauds as Darla comes out onto the stage, then she begins to SING the Goffin-King SONG "Goin' Back" in the same heartfelt manner that Dusty Springfield did years earlier.

As she sings the wistful and melancholy lyrics, a giant SCREEN behind her shows a montage of images that are a scrapbook of her life up to this point. There are old black-and-white photos of Liverpool; images from her early singing career with The Dollybirds; magazine and album covers from throughout her career; and snippets of footage from concerts, television appearances, and candid moments caught on-camera.

DARLA
 I think I'm goin' back to the things I
 learnt so well in my youth.
 I think I'm returning to those days when
 I was young enough to know the truth.

THE AUDIENCE

watches and listens.

DARLA (O.S.)
 Now there are no games to only pass
 the time.
 No more coloring books, no Christmas
 bells to chime.

DARLA

continues to sing.

DARLA

But thinking young and growing older
is no sin.
And I can play the game of life to win.

WIDER ANGLE

shooting over Darla at the audience.

DARLA

I can recall the time when I wasn't
ashamed to reach out to a friend.
And now I think I've got a lot more
than a skipping rope to lend.

THE AUDIENCE

As they continue to listen, we TRACK IN over their heads and reveal NIGEL WILKINS standing behind them beside a door. He is now 47 years old, and though he still retains his good looks, he has some gray at the temples. As he watches Darla, we can see that her heartfelt singing is affecting him more than the audience.

DARLA (O.S.)

Now there's more to do than watch my
sailboat glide.
And every day can be my magic carpet
ride.

CLOSE-UP - DARLA

as she finishes the verse.

DARLA

And I can play hide and seek with my
fears.
And live my days instead of counting
my years.

THE SCREEN

We watch the montage of images throughout the duration of the song's INSTRUMENTAL MIDDLE, then

DARLA

begins the final verse.

DARLA

Let everyone debate the true reality.
I'd rather see the world the way it
used to be.

NIGEL

watches and listens, aware of what the lyrics mean to Darla at this point in her life, and we ZOOM-IN on him slowly.

DARLA (O.S.)
A little bit of courage is all we lack.

CLOSE-UP - DARLA

as she finishes the song.

DARLA
So catch me if you can, I'm goin' back.

CLOSE-UP - NIGEL

He watches Darla solemnly as the music ends and the audience erupts into applause.

THE AUDIENCE

applauds enthusiastically.

DARLA

watches the audience, a bit surprised at the reaction.

NIGEL

turns and goes out the door.

THE AUDIENCE

continues to applaud.

CLOSE-UP - DARLA

She smiles at the audience, and we can see tears in her eyes as she is genuinely moved by their show of support.

INT. STUDIO - DRESSING ROOM - A WHILE LATER

Darla is in front of the mirror again, dressed in her regular clothes and brushing her hair. There is a KNOCK at the door.

DARLA
Goodness, not again.
(crossing to door)
Sorry, I've answered all the questions
I intend to tonight, so if you'll --

She stops short as she opens the door and sees Nigel standing outside with a silly grin on his face.

NIGEL
'Ello, miss! Would it be presumptuous
of this old geezer to ask for an
autograph?

Surprised to see him, Darla quickly grabs his arm.

DARLA

Get in here.

She pulls him into the room, then looks down the hallway in both directions before closing the door. Nigel watches her, amused.

NIGEL

Fine way to treat your most ardent fan.
Did I miss all the fun?

DARLA

Missed running into Chloe by a gnat's whisker. She just cleared out a moment ago. Surprised me with a very nosey reporter from Melody Maker who was starting to get on my wick.

NIGEL

Yes, I saw them. So why the problem?
Thought you'd want a bit of publicity.

DARLA

That's why I released a prepared statement. Tonight was nerve-wracking enough without going through all that.

NIGEL

Seems it went well from what I saw. An absolute corker, if you ask me.

DARLA

(surprised)

You were in the audience? Thought you were going to watch on the telly.

NIGEL

And miss seeing your return performance in person? Wouldn't think of it, luv.

DARLA

Glad I wasn't aware. I was nervous enough as it was.

(turns to him; smiles)

But it was a lovely gesture. That and the flowers.

NIGEL

(puts arms around her)

I do have my moments.

They kiss. After it ends:

NIGEL

Well, now that we've got that out of the way, would it be too presumptuous to ask you to dinner?

DARLA
Depends on what you've in mind.

NIGEL
Does it, now?

DARLA
A girl needs to know what she's getting herself into.

NIGEL
Well, then, there are two choices, as I see it.

DARLA
And they are?

NIGEL
We could dine at Mirabelle, where I've already taken the liberty of booking a table but where you'll most probably be accosted by more of those pesky reporters asking arse loads of impertinent questions...

DARLA
Or?

NIGEL
Or we could go back to my flat for a little privacy, enjoy some takeaway comfortably ensconced in bed, and then make wild, passionate love until the cows come home.

DARLA
Difficult choice, to be perfectly honest --

NIGEL
Thought it'd be a doddle, myself.

DARLA
-- but I'm willing to make any sacrifice to dodge those pesky reporters.

NIGEL
Then we haven't a moment to lose.

Nigel opens the door and peeks out in both directions, sees the coast is clear, then signals her to join him. They sneak out the door, chuckling like a couple of kids playing hooky, and we slowly

DISSOLVE TO:

WIDE ANGLE - DÜSSELDORF, GERMANY - NIGHT

Thousands of lights dot the landscape as the city stretches out before us.

TITLE:

Düsseldorf
Federal Republic of Germany

EXT. STREET - SAME

A narrow side street in an industrial area.

TITLE:

Borough of Oberbilk
12:30 AM

CLOSER ANGLE

A black 1981 AUDI 5000 4-DOOR SEDAN is parked at the curb, and we can see the silhouette of one person sitting inside.

INT. AUDI - SAME

CHANTAL THIERRY is sitting at the wheel, now 44 years old. We remember her from the previous two films "As Cold As Any Stone" and "Song of the Swan": the French C.E.R.T. agent and one of Nigel's past lovers. She sips coffee from a THERMOS as she watches one of the buildings across the street. After a moment, a TWO-WAY RADIO on the dashboard beeps, and she activates it, somewhat annoyed.

CHANTAL

This is *Oiseau*.

CLAUDE GODOT'S voice issues from the radio's speaker, sounding both relieved and scolding at the same time. We remember him from the previous two films as well: Chantal's fellow C.E.R.T. agent and later her lover.

CLAUDE (V.O.)

This is *Tigre*. You are overdue.

CHANTAL

(wearily)

I was waiting until I had something new to report.

CLAUDE (V.O.)

And I was beginning to become concerned. I told you to check in every half hour.

CHANTAL

Mon Dieu, you sound just like my father every time I went out with a boy.

CLAUDE (V.O.)

What kind of boys did you go out with?

CHANTAL

The dangerous kind.

CLAUDE (V.O.)
 Sounds like he never would have approved
 of me, then.

CHANTAL
 Probably not... but I approve of you.

CLAUDE (V.O.)
 My very good fortune.

CHANTAL
 When you are not bothering me every five
 minutes.

We can hear Claude chuckle. A moment passes as Chantal takes
 another sip of her coffee, then she asks him a question
 somewhat reluctantly and a bit fearful of the answer.

CHANTAL
 Has anyone else been killed...?

CLAUDE (V.O.)
 No, not since Duval, *tant mieux*. And
 hopefully he was the last.

CHANTAL
 I can't believe he is gone. *Quel dommage*.
 He was a good man.

CLAUDE (V.O.)
 They were all good men. And we cannot
 afford to lose any more.

INSERT - CHANTAL'S P.O.V.

A man comes out of the building and stops on the pavement to
 light a cigarette. He is LUKAS GOTTHARDT -- German, about 35
 years old, and the right-hand man of one of West Germany's
 most notorious arms smugglers.

BACK TO SCENE

Chantal watches as Gotthardt takes a puff from his
 cigarette.

CHANTAL
 Gotthardt just came out. I have been
 following him all week. If that *connard*
 doesn't lead me to Friedmann tonight,
 I am going to make him take me to him.

INSERT - CHANTAL'S P.O.V.

Gotthardt looks around, smoking his cigarette, then goes to
 his car, a red 1980 PORSCHE 911 TURBO TARGA.

CLAUDE (V.O.)
 Be very careful, Chantal. Don't push
 things.

CHANTAL (O.S.)
When have I ever done that?

CLAUDE (V.O.)
Do you want me to count the number of
times?

BACK TO SCENE

Claude continues as Chantal watches Gotthardt get into his car.

CLAUDE (V.O.)
Do not take any risks that are not
necessary, *oui*? And keep me informed.

CHANTAL
You worry too much, *chéri*. You'll grow
old before your time.

CLAUDE (V.O.)
I have reason to worry, *n'est-ce pas*?
With what has been happening.

CHANTAL
I will be fine. I will contact you later.
À bientôt.

Chantal switches off the radio.

INSERT - CHANTAL'S P.O.V.

Gotthardt starts his engine and pulls out.

BACK TO SCENE

Chantal starts her own engine.

EXT. STREET

An abbreviated version of the SONG "Mad World" by Tears For Fears begins on the soundtrack as Chantal pulls out. She makes a u-turn and begins to follow Gotthardt's Porsche as it proceeds down the street.

FURTHER DOWN THE STREET

There is another car parked at the curb, a grey 1981 BMW 525i SEDAN. Gotthardt's Porsche drives by it, then Chantal's Audi drives by at a discreet distance.

THE BMW

The MAN behind the wheel, whom we will meet later on, watches Chantal's car drive by, then starts his own engine. He is also German, early 30's, with striking blond hair.

WIDER ANGLE

The BMW pulls out and begins to follow Chantal's car.

INT. AUDI - MOVING

Chantal watches Gotthardt's Porsche up ahead.

INSERT - CHANTAL'S. P.O.V.

We can see the Porsche about a block ahead.

BACK TO SCENE

Chantal keeps her eyes on the Porsche as she follows it.

INT. BMW - MOVING

The man watches Chantal's Audi as he follows it.

EXT. INTERSECTION

The Porsche arrives, turns at the corner, and continues down the intersecting street.

INT. AUDI - MOVING

Chantal arrives at the intersection and starts to turn.

EXT. INTERSECTION

Chantal's Audi turns at the corner and continues to follow the Porsche.

INT. BMW - MOVING

The man arrives at the intersection and starts to turn.

EXT. INTERSECTION

The BMW turns and continues to follow the Audi.

EXT. WAREHOUSE

A large structure on a deserted street. Gotthardt's Porsche comes down the street and approaches, then pulls into the parking lot and stops near the warehouse entrance. A few moments later, Chantal's Audi arrives, its headlights already off.

THE AUDI

comes to a stop at the curb, and Chantal watches the Porsche.

THE PORSCHE

Gotthardt gets out and shuts the door, then walks toward the warehouse's entrance.

INT. AUDI

Chantal watches Gotthardt head for the entrance.

INSERT - CHANTAL'S P.O.V.

Gotthardt stops at the front door and takes out his KEYS.

THE BMW

slows to a stop across the street and turns off its headlights.

GOTTHARDT

unlocks the warehouse door and opens it.

INT. AUDI

Chantal watches Gotthardt go into the warehouse.

THE BMW

The man watches from across the street.

INT. AUDI

Chantal starts to get out of the car.

EXT. AUDI - CONTINUOUS

Chantal gets out and shuts the door, then starts heading for the warehouse's entrance.

THE BMW

The man watches Chantal from across the street.

CHANTAL

reaches the front door and tries to open it, but it's locked again. She looks around, then moves off to go around the side of the building.

THE MAN

in the BMW watches Chantal go around the side of the warehouse.

CHANTAL

moves quietly along the side of the building, like a cat, searching for a way in. She finds a window and manages to open it, then climbs in.

INT. WAREHOUSE

There are stacks of CRATES everywhere, creating a veritable maze, and the only illumination comes from moonlight streaming in through the windows. Chantal emerges from the shadows and stops. She studies the interior, listening for any sounds, then brings out her PISTOL and moves further into the warehouse.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Chantal moves slowly and stealthily around the crates, searching for Gotthardt, but he is nowhere to be seen. After a while, she stops and frowns, frustrated. Suddenly, someone OFF-SCREEN comes up behind her and knocks her out by pistol-whipping her, and she drops to the floor.

CHANTAL

lays on the floor, face down and unconscious.

EXT. WAREHOUSE

A WIDE ANGLE SHOT of the entire structure. A few moments pass, then the SONG ends -- and the instant it does, there is a tremendous EXPLOSION within the building. Balls of fire shoot out from the shattered windows, then we watch as the warehouse burns...

CROSSFADE

MAIN CREDITS SEQUENCE

accompanied by the SONG "The Sound of the Crowd" by The Human League ("Dare" album version). The titles are SUPERIMPOSED over a montage of images documenting British history from the beginning of the Victorian era through the middle of the 20th Century and the decline of the empire, all floating against the Union Jack as a background.

TITLES and SONG end, and as the music FADES, we slowly

DISSOLVE TO:

BLUE SKY

and we just as slowly TILT DOWN to:

EXT. DARLA'S FLAT - MORNING

A three-bedroom terraced house in Knightsbridge where Darla has lived since 1975.

INT. DARLA'S FLAT - BEDROOM - SAME

Darla is asleep in bed. After a moment, her CLOCK RADIO goes off and the SONG "Goody Two Shoes" by Adam Ant plays quite loudly. She rouses tiredly and feels around for the radio and turns down the volume, then lays there for a while with her eyes still closed. Then a sudden wave of nausea hits her, and she opens her eyes and leaps out of bed.

INT. DARLA'S FLAT - BATHROOM - A WHILE LATER

Darla is kneeling at the toilet, regaining her composure after throwing up. She rises to her feet and flushes the toilet, then stands at the sink and fills a GLASS with water and rinses her mouth. She looks at her reflection in the mirror and brushes the hair back from her face, then sighs.

INT. DARLA'S FLAT - BEDROOM - AN HOUR LATER

Darla is standing in front of her vanity's mirror, fully dressed and brushing her hair. The radio on the night stand is now playing the SONG "Tainted Love" by Soft Cell. After a moment, a car horn HONKS outside. Darla glances at the clock, then she finishes brushing her hair, turns off the radio, and grabs her PURSE.

EXT. DARLA'S FLAT/STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Nigel's car, a red 1979 TRIUMPH TR7 CABRIOLET, is parked in front, and Nigel sits at the wheel. He watches as Darla exits the building and locks her front door, then crosses to the car.

NIGEL

Here she is, ladies and gentlemen, the once and future Princess of Pop.

DARLA

(getting in)

And barely able to manage on this fine morning.

Darla closes the door and Nigel notices her pale appearance.

NIGEL

Are you quite alright? You look a tad wan.

DARLA

I spent nearly a half hour praying to the porcelain god.

NIGEL

Really? I thought one typically experienced collywobbles before a performance, not afterwards.

DARLA

It's nothing. Probably that curry I ate. I'll be alright.

Nigel watches her for a moment, then starts the car and pulls out.

INT. NIGEL'S TR7 - MOVING

The car's RADIO is playing the SONG "I Can't Go for That (No Can Do)" by Hall & Oates as Nigel drives, the volume low.

NIGEL

So this is how it all ends, eh? Not with a bang but with a whimper. The winding down of an illustrious career and a quiet and uneventful transition of power, unnoticed by all outside of a few.

DARLA

Would you rather have gone out with a bang? Like your CIA mate Ross?

NIGEL

There's something to be said about surviving to live out the rest of your life, I suppose. But it makes me wish Hawthorne would stay on a bit longer and I didn't have to retire from field duty to take up the torch just yet.

DARLA

We always knew this day would come.

NIGEL

But I didn't think it would get here so soon. Seems like only yesterday I was just signing up, fresh out of Oxford, wide-eyed as a nipper, Hawthorne's first recruit.

DARLA

I don't quite know why, but I've a hard time picturing you as a nipper.

NIGEL

I've an even harder time contemplating the dissolution of our partnership. The Smashing Duo. Seems a bloody shame to break up such a sterling team after so many years. Just last night I was recalling the day we first met. Rather momentous event in the course of things, that was.

DARLA

A day that will go down in history, no doubt. But all things must pass, as they say. We had a good run and we survived in one piece. What more can one ask?

Darla seems resigned to the end of their professional partnership, but Nigel is not, and he has a plan.

NIGEL

Are you still certain you wish to stand down as well? There's really no need, you know. You're perfectly capable of continuing on your own for another few years.

DARLA

Do you really think I'd want to stay in the field without you? That it would ever be the same?

NIGEL

I imagine you'd miss me but that's something you'd get over in time. Having me as your boss and taking orders from me again, well, that's something I assume you'd have some measure of difficulty coping with.

DARLA

That's not it at all and you know it. And my decision remains.

NIGEL

Good, because I've been giving the matter a good deal of thought over the past few days, and after due consideration I've decided my first official act after assuming command will be to create the brand spanking new position of Co-Director.

DARLA

(looks at him;
surprised)

Co-Director?

NIGEL

There's nothing in the book that says S.M.A.S.H. must be led by only one person. And two heads are better than one, are they not?

Darla stares at him, still stunned, and she's not entirely sure whether he's joking or not.

DARLA

Are you proposing we run S.M.A.S.H. together...?

NIGEL

I believe that's the general gist of it.

DARLA

Are you serious?

NIGEL

Have you ever known me not to be?

DARLA

(tries to joke)

Afraid you're not up to the task of doing it alone?

NIGEL

Behind every great man there's a great woman, they say -- but in our case, quite frankly, it's always been a matter of beside rather than behind. So I'm simply acknowledging that reality and

(MORE)

NIGEL (CONT'D)
 doing what only seems proper under the
 circumstances. And it's really rather
 liberated of me, if you think about it.

Darla watches him for a moment, and she can see that he's
 not joking at all. And she's terribly moved by this gesture
 of love and respect that she never saw coming.

DARLA
 You are serious, aren't you?

NIGEL
 As serious as I was sixteen years ago
 when I made you another proposal in a
 hotel room in Paris.
 (beat)
 So... what do you think?

A few moments pass as Darla considers it. Then:

DARLA
 Would I have my own office?

Nigel glances at her sidelong, and Darla tries to keep a
 straight face.

EXT. SEX SHOP - MORNING

The street-level facade for S.M.A.S.H.'s underground
 headquarters in Soho. Nigel's TR7 drives by the front, then
 turns and goes into the alley beside the building. The SONG
 "Come On Eileen" by Dexys Midnight Runners is now playing on
 the car's radio.

EXT. ALLEY - SAME

The TR7 goes down the alley and stops in front of a garage
 door. The door opens, then the car proceeds into the garage.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Nigel drives the car onto an elevator and stops, but keeps
 the engine running and the radio playing. The elevator
 begins to slowly descend to the parking level.

INT. NIGEL'S TR7 - CONTINUOUS

Nigel listens as the song continues.

NIGEL
 Catchy little ditty. Reminds me of
 sitting on my father's knee as a young
 lad and hearing stories about the
 family's beginnings in Ireland.

DARLA
 (looks at him)
 Your ancestors were from Ireland?

NIGEL
Yes, of course. Didn't you know that?

DARLA
No, I was completely unaware.

NIGEL
Really? I must have neglected to mention it all these years.

DARLA
My family's roots go back to Ireland as well. My real mum and dad.

NIGEL
You don't say?

DARLA
My maternal great-great grandfather left Tipperary during the Great Famine and settled in Liverpool.

NIGEL
Did he? I'd no idea.
(beat)
Well, one learns something new every day.

DARLA
Indeed.

NIGEL
Small world, isn't it?

DARLA
Very.

They say nothing else for a moment, then Nigel speaks up.

NIGEL
Gee, I certainly hope we don't turn out to be distant cousins or something like that.

Darla glances at him sidelong, and this time Nigel tries to keep a straight face.

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

The doors to the parking level open and Darla and Nigel step out and approach FIONA'S desk. On the wall is still the same large INSIGNIA, and the large letters beside it read:

S.M.A.S.H.
Strategic Measures Against Soviet Hegemony

Things have been updated and modernized over the years, however, including the color scheme of the corridor, the light fixtures, and the font used for the sign. Darla and Nigel arrive at the desk, and they check their PISTOLS and add their names to a sign-in sheet during the following conversation:

NIGEL
Good morning, Fiona.

FIONA
Good morning, Agent Wilkins, Agent
Chandler.

NIGEL
Soon to be Director Wilkins by this time
next week. And Co-Director Chandler.

FIONA
Co-Director?

NIGEL
Brand new position. Bit of history in
the making.

FIONA
Hawthorne know yet?

NIGEL
We're saving it for a surprise.

FIONA
(smiles)
I see.

NIGEL
Hard to believe this little ritual
will soon come to an end. You're still
planning to leave us when the old man
steps down?

FIONA
Yes. He's interviewing candidates for
my replacement this morning.

NIGEL
Nothing we can do to convince you to
stay on, eh?

FIONA
Brian has accepted the post with the
embassy in Rome and we'll be moving
there in autumn.

NIGEL
Well, congratulations are in order,
then. I see we'll be celebrating three
promotions at the bash next week.

FIONA
The champagne will be flowing.

NIGEL
But it would be awfully remiss of me
not to confess we're going to miss you
terribly.

FIONA

And I shall miss you both as well, but
all things must pass.

NIGEL

Yes, I believe I've heard that somewhere
before. And sometimes it's actually true.

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

Hawthorne is sitting at his desk, now 72 years old. His hands are folded in front of him and he is quite troubled by something he has just heard, and he doesn't look up when there is a KNOCK at the door.

HAWTHORNE

Come in.

The door opens and Darla and Nigel step in.

DARLA & NIGEL

Director.

HAWTHORNE

Have a seat, please.

Sensing that something is wrong, Darla and Nigel move to the chairs in front of the desk and sit, then wait for him to continue.

HAWTHORNE

I just got off the blower with Director
Godot of C.E.R.T. a few moments ago.

NIGEL

How is our old friend Claude? Did he
ring to extend his congratulations? I
did when he was promoted two years ago.

HAWTHORNE

I'm afraid the reason for his call was
anything but social. And it may be
necessary to delay your taking up the
reigns for a few days, depending on what
you decide.

NIGEL

Decide about what?

Hawthorne pauses for a moment, searching for a way to put it.

HAWTHORNE

Godot finds himself in a most serious
situation. Over the past week, five of
his senior operatives have been killed.
Systematically targeted and assassinated,
one by one.

NIGEL

Dear God...

DARLA

By whom?

HAWTHORNE

Who can say? There seems to be no connection between the murders other than the agents all worked for C.E.R.T. Three were engaged on active assignments whilst the others were off-duty.

(pause)

The last one to fall victim two days ago... was Agent Thierry.

For a moment, neither Nigel nor Darla reacts, completely and utterly stunned. They stare at him in shock, then Nigel looks as if he's just been punched in the gut and Darla has to keep from bursting into tears. Hawthorne goes on solemnly.

HAWTHORNE

For this reason he's reached out to us for assistance... and he asked me to inform the two of you.

A few more moments pass as the horrible news sinks in, then Nigel finally manages to respond in a hushed and deeply saddened voice.

NIGEL

Of course we'll assist.

He looks over at Darla, and she nods without hesitation.

HAWTHORNE

I'll tell him you're on your way.

(beat)

You should depart as soon as possible, then. I'll continue minding the shop until you return.

INT. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Darla and Nigel exit Hawthorne's office and shut the door behind them. Nigel leans back against it and they stand there, still dealing with what they've just learned.

NIGEL

This is awful. Just bloody awful.

DARLA

Absolutely dreadful.

NIGEL

Can't imagine what Claude's going through. Losing one agent after another... then his best one and his wife.

Darla says nothing, and Nigel voices what he knows is on both of their minds.

NIGEL

Remember what you said years ago about surviving whilst those around us don't? Time and again I ask myself why have we been so damned lucky?

DARLA

It hasn't been luck, you know.

NIGEL

Yes, I know. But what makes us deserve this privilege whilst our friends are cut down around us? First Tatiana... then Jack... now Chantal. Doesn't seem very equitable, does it?

DARLA

I felt the same way after my parents were gone, and then the Taylors as well. I asked myself over and over why I was here and they weren't. Then I simply accepted it, and decided that living my life in their memory was the best way to honor them.

Nigel nods slowly, then steels himself to carry on.

NIGEL

Once more unto the breach, then... For Chantal, and for all those who've gone before us.

EXT. CHARLES DE GAULLE AIRPORT - ROISSY-EN-FRANCE - DAY

A BRITISH AIRWAYS 747-200 JET touches down on the runway as an abbreviated version of the SONG "London Calling" by The Clash begins on the soundtrack.

EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - SAME

Darla steps out of the terminal with a SUITCASE and stands at the curb to wait. A few moments later, Nigel steps out with a SUITCASE and stops nearby to wait as well, and the two pretend not to know each other at all.

A TAXI pulls up to the curb and Darla gets in. The taxi drives away, and after a few moments, another TAXI pulls up and stops. Nigel gets in, then the second taxi drives away too.

INT. DARLA'S TAXI - MOVING

Darla rides in the back.

INT. NIGEL'S TAXI - MOVING

Nigel rides in the back.

EXT. A1 AUTOROUTE

Darla's taxi drives by as it heads south along the motorway toward Paris.

INT. DARLA'S TAXI - MOVING - ON DARLA

She glances behind to see if anyone is following, then looks forward again.

EXT. A1 AUTOROUTE

Nigel's taxi drives by as it also heads south toward Paris.

INT. NIGEL'S TAXI - MOVING - ON NIGEL

He also glances behind to see if anyone is following, then looks forward again.

EXT. JUNCTION OF AUTOROUTES A1 AND A3

Darla's taxi exits A1 and takes A3 south. A few moments later, Nigel's taxi continues south on A1.

EXT. A3 AUTOROUTE

Darla's taxi drives by.

INT. DARLA'S TAXI - MOVING - ON DARLA

Darla rides in silence, watching the passing scenery.

EXT. A1 AUTOROUTE

Nigel's taxi drives by.

INT. NIGEL'S TAXI - MOVING - ON NIGEL

Nigel watches the passing scenery as well.

EXT. STREET

Somewhere in Le Marais in the 3rd Arrondissement. A 1980 RENAULT 18 SEDAN is waiting at the curb. Darla's taxi arrives and stops beside it, and Darla gets out and gets into the Renault.

INT. RENAULT - CONTINUOUS

Darla gets in the back and shuts the door.

THE RENAULT

pulls out and starts driving down the street.

INT. RENAULT - MOVING - ON DARLA

She rides in silence.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET

Somewhere in Montmartre in the 18th Arrondissement. Nigel's taxi is waiting at the curb.

INT. NIGEL'S TAXI - ON NIGEL

Nigel sits there waiting. After a moment, he sees a car approaching.

EXT. STREET

The Renault with Darla arrives and stops beside Nigel's taxi.

INT. NIGEL'S TAXI - ON NIGEL

Nigel grabs his suitcase and opens the door.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Nigel gets out of the taxi and starts getting into the Renault.

INT. RENAULT - CONTINUOUS

Nigel gets in the back beside Darla and shuts the door. They exchange glances, then settle back as the car starts to pull out.

THE STREET

The Renault drives away down the street, the Basilica of the Sacré-Coeur high on the hill in the background.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PLACE PIGALLE

The fountain stands in the center, with buildings arranged in a semi-circle behind it.

EXT. SEX SHOP

Located on Boulevard de Clichy just west of Place Pigalle, it's the facade for C.E.R.T. headquarters. And the SONG ends.

INT. C.E.R.T. HQ - CLAUDE'S OFFICE - DAY

CLAUDE GODOT, now 49 years old, is sitting at his desk. The desk is littered with REPORTS and other PAPERS, but he is looking at none of them and is deep in thought. His phone rings and he immediately opens his eyes and answers it.

CLAUDE

Oui?

(listens)

Dites-leur d'entrer.

Claude hangs up and quickly organizes some of the papers on his desk as the door opens and Darla and Nigel step in, then he stands up to greet them as they approach the desk.

NIGEL

Quite extensive security measures
getting us here.

CLAUDE

One can never be too careful.

NIGEL

(extends his hand)

We're so sorry, Claude.

Claude shakes Nigel's hand, then Darla hugs him.

CLAUDE

Merci.

NIGEL

I don't know what to say. Can't believe
she's gone. She was so full of life.

CLAUDE

Oui. But she always knew it could happen
at any time.

(beat)

As for me... I thought she would live
forever.

There is an awkward pause, then Claude indicates the chairs in front of his desk and Darla and Nigel sit down.

NIGEL

Any idea at all who's behind all this?

CLAUDE

(sits down too)

We have two primary theories, first of
which is a foreign agency is eliminating
our people, perhaps the KGB.

NIGEL

That would be my first guess.

CLAUDE

There is also the possibility someone
we dealt with in the past is doing this
for revenge. But whoever it is, it is
clear they are getting their information
from someone inside C.E.R.T. itself.
Someone is providing them with the
identities of our operatives and their
current locations.

NIGEL

You've got a mole.

CLAUDE
It is the only possible explanation.

DARLA
Have you any suspects in mind?

CLAUDE
The number of people who have access to details of current operations is limited, but I am having everyone looked into. Everyone.

NIGEL
Is there any pattern at all to who's being compromised? Hawthorne said none of the agents were working on the same assignment.

CLAUDE
No pattern we can detect. The first was in Naples investigating reports of collaboration between elements of the mafia and Libyan agents, the second was in Brussels looking into a money laundering operation. And the other two were here in Paris not working on anything at all. So what any of them were doing does not appear to be relevant in any way.

NIGEL
What was Chantal working on?

CLAUDE
A month ago, we raided a group of radicals down in Marseilles and found a supply of MP5 submachine guns in their possession. We wanted to know who supplied them and traced the guns back to a West German arms dealer named Friedmann. I sent Chantal to find him and try to confirm, and she was working with a contact named Krueger who assists the BfV. A week before she was killed, she said Friedmann received a shipment of Soviet RPG-18 rocket launchers and that she was looking into that too.

NIGEL
And you haven't looked into that any further?

CLAUDE
Why would I? There is nothing to indicate her mission had anything to do with why she was killed. Same as the others.

NIGEL

Perhaps not, but... if it were me, I'd want to look into it and examine the circumstances surrounding her death. Just to satisfy my curiosity, if nothing else. And for a bit of closure as well.

Claude remains silent for a moment, and he looks at Nigel directly, a bit of offense mixed with the pain in his eyes.

CLAUDE

Do you not think I would like to do that? Go right now and look into it myself? But it will not help. It has nothing to do with why all five of them were killed. She may have been my wife, but as Director I have not the luxury to focus on her. I must remain here and find the mole and prevent any more agents from being killed.

Thinking like a husband and an operative, Nigel hadn't considered that before speaking, and he regrets what he said.

NIGEL

Of course.

Claude nods almost imperceptibly, understanding Nigel's point-of-view and not holding it against him. But Nigel has an idea and decides to broach it carefully.

NIGEL

Whilst you look for the mole, however, I think Darla and I would like to take a look at what Chantal was doing anyway, see if there's anything there by any chance, just in case. One never knows... and we've little else to do with our time, do we?

Claude nods again, and while he tries to keep his expression neutral, we can see he is grateful for Nigel's offer to do on his behalf what he as Director cannot.

NIGEL

Where was she?

CLAUDE

Düsseldorf. She was staying at this address.

Claude jots the address on a PIECE OF PAPER and hands it to Nigel, and Nigel reads it.

CLAUDE

I would put you in touch with Krueger but he has disappeared. We have not heard from him since she was killed, so he is either hiding... or he was killed too.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Darla and Nigel are standing at Chantal's grave, and Nigel bends down and places a single WHITE ROSE in front of the headstone. The inscription on the headstone reads:

CHANTAL VIVIENNE THIERRY GODOT
1938-1982
"MA CHÉRIE AMOUR
TOUJOURS DANS MON COEUR"

Nigel closes his eyes and mentally says a brief prayer, then he crosses himself and stands up.

NIGEL
Au revoir, petite. We'll find who did
this to you.
(a beat; to Darla)
Don't know if I'm going to like being
Director very much. Along with the
power come painful constraints as well.
Claude would like nothing more than to
personally look into what happened to
Chantal -- but he can't. His
responsibility is to the entire agency.

Darla nods but says nothing. Nigel sighs and sets himself determinedly to pursue the investigation and avenge Chantal's murder.

NIGEL
So let's do for him what he can't do
for himself, eh?

They turn and leave the grave, and as they walk away into the distance, the SONG "Wishing (If I Had A Photograph Of You)" by A Flock Of Seagulls begins on the soundtrack.

AERIAL SHOT - AUTOBAHN - WEST GERMANY - DAY

A MERCEDES-BENZ 380 SL ROADSTER drives along below, the car Nigel rented for the trip from Paris to Düsseldorf. We start with a CLOSE SHOT on the car, directly above it, then we PULL BACK and TILT UP simultaneously, getting farther and farther away, until we are high above the autobahn and reveal the surrounding countryside and the distant horizon.

TITLE:

North Rhine-Westphalia
Federal Republic of Germany

DISSOLVE TO:

A MONTAGE OF AERIAL SHOTS

of the Mercedes driving along the autobahns in the Rhineland, each DISSOLVING into the next, accompanied by the FIRST VERSE and REFRAIN of the SONG.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE MERCEDES

drives along with Nigel at the wheel and Darla beside him. The SONG continues now on the car's CASSETTE PLAYER, the volume low.

NIGEL

Haven't driven the autobahns in a while. If we weren't here on such an important matter I'd show you some of the Rhineland. Perhaps even a trip up to Hamburg and see the Reeperbahn -- though I imagine it's changed a bit since I was there in '61.

INT. MERCEDES - MOVING

DARLA

You were in Hamburg in 1961?

NIGEL

I'd just completed a harrowing mission to sneak a code machine out of East Berlin and spent a couple of days in Hamburg to unwind, as it were. Whilst there, I popped by a club in St. Pauli called the Top Ten and witnessed a little known band who happened to be on stage at the moment. They didn't seem all that much, but I had a hunch they might go places.

Darla looks at him, realizing whom he's referring to.

DARLA

Are you serious?

NIGEL

Have you ever known me not to be?

DARLA

You saw The Beatles play at the Top Ten in '61.

NIGEL

Well, Starr wasn't with them yet, but I did see the other three. Rather boisterous at the time, not like later on. I suppose I should consider myself fortunate I saw them at all. Slipping past the Stasi and making it back from behind the curtain was a rather nasty business.

Darla digests this little anecdote, then goes back to staring thoughtfully at the passing scenery.

DARLA

Do you suppose that wall will ever come down and this country will be one nation again?

NIGEL
I've no crystal ball to look into, but
if I were to hazard a guess, I'd say it
comes down by the end of this decade.

DARLA
(surprised)
Really? And what do you base that on?

NIGEL
Another hunch, I suppose.

DARLA
Yes, well, we know all about your
hunches, don't we? But I hope you happen
to be right this time as well.

NIGEL
I'm always right. Haven't you realized
that by now?

Darla smiles, shaking her head.

DISSOLVE TO:

WIDE ANGLE - DÜSSELDORF, GERMANY - DAY

The city lays spread out before us in the late morning sun.
We can see the harbor off the Rhine and the Rheinturm
telecommunications tower standing above all.

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - SAME

A CONCIERGE turns to greet Darla and Nigel as they step up
to the reception desk with their bags.

CONCIERGE
Guten Tag. Welcome to Hotel Wolfenstein.

NIGEL
Mr. Thorpe. Universal Exports. I have
a booking.

CONCIERGE
Yes, Mr. Thorpe. One moment, please.

As the concierge goes to get the room key, Nigel glances at
Darla and sees her usual annoyance at his little game of
imitating James Bond every time they check in anywhere. He
grins and shrugs.

NIGEL
One last time for old time's sake.

Darla sighs and rolls her eyes.

INT. HOTEL - ROOM - MINUTES LATER

The door opens and Nigel and Darla come in with their bags.

DARLA

So where do we start? If it's the KGB or some other service, I'm sure the assassins are long gone by now. And if it's someone seeking revenge, how are they getting about so quickly?

Nigel closes the door, and they take their bags to the bed and start to unpack.

NIGEL

You'll forgive me if I don't wish to be wedded to those two theories. I know the natural tendency based on what we know is to consider one or the other, but I'd like to approach this with an open mind. Otherwise, the natural tendency would also be to dismiss anything we may find which conflicts with the theories.

DARLA

And a good spy, like any investigator, observes and gathers as much information as possible before proceeding from a preconceived notion or jumping to any conclusions.

NIGEL

I'm chuffed to see you remember one of the very first things I taught you many moons ago. And word-for-word, for that matter.

DARLA

How could I ever forget? You impressed it upon me with the very same insistence you taught me everything else.

NIGEL

Yes, but I seem to remember a rather headstrong and rebellious upstart very determined to do things her own way and resist any advice or instruction. Took every effort I could muster to hone her skills into something at all useful.

DARLA

And she was more than happy to provide you with the challenge.

NIGEL

Indeed she was. She took great delight in contradicting and exasperating me at every turn. But I never shy away from a challenge, and despite the seemingly insurmountable odds, I somehow managed to mold her into a rather proficient agent.

DARLA

An unparalleled achievement, no doubt.
Her Majesty should bestow you a gong
for your courage and valor under such
arduous circumstances.

They both chuckle, then Nigel gets back to the business at hand.

NIGEL

Seriously, though, whilst it's obvious
they were all killed for a common reason,
there may be clues in what they don't
share in common as well. The manner of
death, for instance. Chantal was killed
by an explosion. The others were all
shot. Might not mean anything in the
long run, but you'll have to admit that
it's interesting.

Darla says nothing, pondering this discrepancy as Nigel
finishes unpacking.

NIGEL

Let's examine her notes and whatever
evidence she gathered and trace her
movements up to the night she was
killed... and see what we find.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Nigel's rented Mercedes is parked in front.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - SAME

Nigel and Darla walk down the hallway and stop at a closed
door.

NIGEL

This is it.

Darla puts a hand to her forehead, feeling a bit nauseous
again, and Nigel watches her.

NIGEL

You alright?

DARLA

Just feeling a bit manky.

NIGEL

Hope you're not coming down with the
lurgy. Be rather inconvenient right
now.

Darla waves a hand to dismiss his concern. Nigel removes a
GADGET from his pocket to place over the lock on the door,
then finds that the door isn't locked. They exchange
glances, then Nigel puts the gadget away and they both pull
out their silenced PISTOLS.

INT. APARTMENT - SAME

A small studio with a kitchenette. Nigel opens the door slowly and peeks in, then he and Darla enter cautiously. But there doesn't seem to be anyone in the apartment. In fact, there isn't anything at all. No furniture, no objects, nothing. The place is completely empty.

DARLA

Seems someone else beat us to the punch.

Nigel frowns and sighs sharply, then he closes the door and they advance further into the apartment. They search the cupboards and cabinets and even the small bathroom, looking for anything Chantal left behind, but there's absolutely nothing to find.

NIGEL

Nothing. Not a bloody thing.

DARLA

Complete and utter dead end.

They stand there, contemplating the apparent futility of the situation, and Nigel slowly shakes his head.

NIGEL

I don't see how we can possibly pursue this now and piece together what she was doing. Whatever she knew... it died with her.

Darla nods in resignation, then they both hear a small SOUND at the door. They instantly look toward it and see that it's slightly ajar. They exchange glances, knowing they had closed it earlier, then Nigel quickly goes to it.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Nigel opens the door and looks out as Darla comes up behind him. They look toward the end of the hallway and spot a MAN peeking around the corner at them. The man instantly disappears the moment they see him, and Nigel shouts.

NIGEL

Hey!

They take off after him.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIRWELL

The man races down the stairs and passes by OUT OF FRAME. Moments later, Nigel and Darla race in pursuit and also pass by OUT OF FRAME.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The man bursts out of the lobby and starts running down the street. Moments later, Nigel and Darla burst out of the lobby and chase after him.

FURTHER DOWN THE STREET

The man runs toward us and passes OUT OF VIEW. Nigel and Darla run toward us in pursuit and also pass OUT OF VIEW.

THE MAN

runs down the street as fast as he can.

NIGEL AND DARLA

run as fast as they can as they chase him.

AN INTERSECTION

The man crosses it and runs down the next block. Nigel and Darla arrive just moments later, but a car goes through and forces them to wait for it to pass before they can continue.

FURTHER DOWN THE BLOCK

The man races down the street, and Nigel and Darla increase their pace as they try to catch up.

THE MAN

reaches the next corner and turns down the side street.

NIGEL AND DARLA

reach the corner and turn as well.

THE SIDE STREET

The man continues to run with Nigel and Darla in hot pursuit. But just as Nigel and Darla run past a shop, a CUSTOMER comes out and directly into their path. Nigel manages to avoid a collision, but Darla and the customer collide and fall to the pavement.

FURTHER DOWN THE BLOCK

The man crosses to the other side of the street and Nigel follows, increasing his pace determinedly.

DARLA

scrambles to her feet and continues to run.

THE NEXT INTERSECTION

The man arrives and turns at the corner, followed by Nigel a few moments later. Then Darla arrives and turns the corner as well.

THE INTERSECTING STREET

The three of them come racing up the block, Nigel closing the distance but Darla still trailing behind.

THE MAN

reaches an alley between two buildings and runs into it, going OUT OF VIEW.

NIGEL

arrives at the alley and runs into it too. A moment later, Darla does so as well, catching up.

IN THE ALLEY

The man races down the alley, dodging TRASH BAGS and other obstacles. Nigel is coming up on him fast, only a few paces behind as Darla brings up the rear.

THE MAN

reaches the other end of the alley, but just as he emerges onto the street, he nearly collides with a passing BICYCLIST, and he stumbles as he tries to avoid him.

WIDER ANGLE

Nigel catches up to the man and tackles him before the man can recover. As he pulls the man up to his feet and drags him back into the alley, Darla comes up running with her pistol drawn.

IN THE ALLEY

The man struggles as Nigel puts him up against the wall, but he sees Darla pointing her gun at him and stops -- and now that we get a good look at him, we realize it's the same blond man we saw in the BMW following both Chantal and Gotthardt that fateful night.

NIGEL

(catching his breath)
Quick little bugger, aren't you? Now,
why don't you be a good fellow and tell
us who you are?

MAN

(German accent)
Who are you?

NIGEL

I asked you first.

The man remains silent, also catching his breath, and Nigel brings out his pistol and puts it to the man's temple.

NIGEL

Perhaps you didn't quite hear me. Do
you hear this?

Nigel cocks the hammer very deliberately, the sound right in the man's ear.

NIGEL

Now, unless you wish that to be the last earthly sound you ever hear, you'll tell us who you are and what you were doing where we saw you.

The man hesitates for a moment, then accepts he has little choice but to cooperate.

MAN

I am Krueger.

For a moment, Nigel says nothing, completely surprised by the revelation. He looks at Darla, who is just as surprised as he is, then looks back at Krueger.

NIGEL

Hans Krueger? Chantal's contact?

Krueger realizes they know about him and Chantal and begins to feel he can trust them.

KRUEGER

Yes. I was assisting Agent Thierry.

(beat)

Now, who are you?

Darla and Nigel exchange glances again, realizing that their investigation has just been resurrected by this new and utterly unexpected development.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Darla and Krueger are sitting on a bench as Nigel arrives and hands Krueger a STYROFOAM CUP OF COFFEE.

KRUEGER

Danke.

Krueger takes a sip as Nigel sits beside Darla.

KRUEGER

I feel responsible for what happened. I should have gone in with her that night. Perhaps if I had been with her, I could have stopped her from being killed.

NIGEL

Or perhaps you'd have been killed as well. And then we'd have nothing to go on to determine what happened.

KRUEGER

What do you mean? Agent Thierry recorded much information about our work over the last two weeks. She kept the files in her apartment. I was going to turn them over to the BfV but I had not dared to retrieve them until today.

NIGEL

Well, there's nothing left to retrieve, I'm afraid. We found sod all in her flat. Whoever killed her seems to have been quite thorough in erasing all trace of what she was doing.

KRUEGER

That is very unfortunate.

(taps his forehead)

But he cannot erase what is in here. Not without erasing me, that is -- which he has not yet managed to do.

NIGEL

And what is in there? What can you tell us about all this?

KRUEGER

What do you already know?

NIGEL

We know you were helping Chantal confirm whether Friedmann supplied the group in Marseilles, and that he'd received a shipment of Soviet rocket launchers a week before she was killed.

KRUEGER

I witnessed that shipment being put in one of his warehouses and alerted her to it. We sneaked in to find out what it was and then watched it for several days to see if Friedmann himself would show up. But he never did.

DARLA

Have you any idea where that shipment came from or to whom it was going?

KRUEGER

That is what we were trying to learn. After the warehouse was blown, I told C.E.R.T. Agent Thierry had been killed and went into hiding. I feared whoever killed her might come after me next, and when I saw you today, I thought that they had.

NIGEL

Lucky for you we found you first. What can you tell us about Friedmann himself?

KRUEGER

One of West Germany's most notorious arms smugglers. The BvF knows about him but they have not been able to catch him and the weapons in the same place. He is very crafty and knows how to run circles around them, and he uses intermediaries like Gotthardt for the actual transactions.

NIGEL

Wiley bugger. I don't suppose he'd blow up his own shipment, eh, so perhaps he's got an enemy or enemies who would.

KRUEGER

That is very possible, but only he would know who they are.

NIGEL

So we need to ask him, then. And for that we need to meet with him face-to-face.

KRUEGER

And that is very difficult. He operates from several warehouses throughout the city but he keeps his distance, and his own location is not known. That is why Agent Thierry was following Gotthardt.

DARLA

So how can we find him, then?

KRUEGER

His mistress. Astrid. When she is not working as a model she works as his courier. That is something I discovered the day Agent Thierry was killed but never got the chance to tell her about. Apparently he uses her to run messages and pick up payments. Follow her, and eventually she will lead you to him.

NIGEL

And where do we find her?

KRUEGER

Schroeder Photo Studio. She has a special relationship with Herr Schroeder. He does most of her shoots.

INT. PHOTO STUDIO - DAY

A SEQUENCE OF SHOTS of a photo shoot, edited like a music video and accompanied by the FIRST VERSE and CHORUS of the SONG "Girls On Film" by Duran Duran, which plays loudly on the studio's sound system. ASTRID PFEIFFER poses in various new wave outfits, including leather and vinyl, as SCHROEDER snaps photos continuously. She is blonde, early 20's, and extremely attractive.

EXT. PHOTO STUDIO - SAME

We can hear the song faintly out here as it continues. A red 1980 FERRARI 308 GTSi is parked out front. Nigel's rented Mercedes is parked across the street.

INT. MERCEDES - SAME

Nigel sits at the wheel, Darla beside him, and they watch the photo studio.

INSERT - THEIR P.O.V.

Astrid comes out of the building.

BACK TO SCENE

Darla and Nigel watch her.

NIGEL
There's our girl.

INSERT - THEIR P.O.V.

Astrid gets into the Ferrari and starts the engine.

BACK TO SCENE

They watch as Astrid pulls out.

DARLA
Looks your type.

Nigel glances at her and smirks, then starts the engine.

EXT. STREET

Nigel's Mercedes pulls out, and the instant it does, the SONG "The Model" by Kraftwerk begins on the soundtrack. Nigel makes a u-turn and starts to tail Astrid's Ferrari as it drives down the street.

THE FERRARI

drives along the street.

THE MERCEDES

follows at a discreet distance.

INT. MERCEDES - MOVING

Nigel and Darla watch the Ferrari up ahead as they follow it.

EXT. BAR - DAY

Somewhere in the Altstadt. Astrid's Ferrari is parked out front, and Astrid herself is standing on the pavement talking to a MAN wearing a Union Jack t-shirt.

INT. MERCEDES

Darla and Nigel are parked across the street, and they watch as Astrid and the man converse.

A BMW

is parked just around the corner about half a block away, and it's the same car we saw following Chantal as she followed Gotthardt on that fateful night.

INT. MERCEDES

Unaware of the BMW, Darla and Nigel continue to watch as Astrid and the man converse.

INSERT - THEIR P.O.V.

Astrid and the man part ways and she returns to her Ferrari.

BACK TO SCENE

Nigel starts his engine.

THE FERRARI

pulls out and starts driving down the street.

THE MERCEDES

pulls out too and follows.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Somewhere in the Altstadt as well. Astrid and a YOUNG WOMAN are having lunch *al fresco*, conversing as they eat.

INT. MERCEDES

Parked across the street, Nigel and Darla watch them.

ASTRID AND THE YOUNG WOMAN

continue conversing as they eat.

DARLA AND NIGEL

continue to watch.

THE BMW

we saw earlier is parked nearby.

EXT. KÖNIGSALLEE - DAY

The famed upscale shopping street in Düsseldorf, lined along both sides by luxury retail stores and restaurants.

EXT. BOUTIQUE PARKING LOT

Astrid is getting out of her Ferrari and leaving it to a VALET.

THE MERCEDES

has just parked across the street, and Nigel and Darla watch.

THE BMW

arrives and parks nearby.

INT. BOUTIQUE

Astrid is trying on various PAIRS OF SHOES.

INT. MERCEDES

Nigel and Darla wait.

INSERT - THEIR P.O.V.

Astrid comes out of the boutique with a SHOPPING BAG.

BACK TO SCENE

Nigel and Darla watch as she heads for the parking lot.

THE PARKING LOT

Astrid tips the valet and gets into her car.

INT. MERCEDES

Nigel and Darla watch.

THE PARKING LOT

Astrid drives off.

INT. MERCEDES

Nigel starts the engine and pulls out.

THE MERCEDES

starts following the Ferrari down the street.

THE BMW

pulls out as well and follows the Mercedes.

EXT. GUCCI - KÖNIGSALLEE - DAY

Astrid comes out of the shop with a SHOPPING BAG.

EXT. CHANEL - KÖNIGSALLEE - DAY

Astrid comes out of the shop with a SHOPPING BAG.

EXT. TIFFANY & CO. - KÖNIGSALLEE - DAY

Astrid comes out of the shop with two SHOPPING BAGS.

EXT. LOUIS VUITTON - KÖNIGSALLEE - DAY

Astrid comes out of the shop with two SHOPPING BAGS.

INT. MERCEDES

Parked nearby, Nigel and Darla watch as Astrid walks toward her car.

INSERT - THEIR P.O.V.

Astrid gets into her car, starts the engine and pulls out.

BACK TO SCENE

Nigel and Darla exchange glances and Nigel shakes his head wearily, growing impatient with the whole thing. He sighs and starts the engine and pulls out as we FADE the song and

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DISCOTHEQUE - NIGHT

We can hear the SONG "Der Kommissar" by Falco playing inside the club. The Mercedes is parked across the street. The BMW is parked just around the corner.

INT. DISCOTHEQUE - SAME

A crowd of YOUNG AND UPSCALE GERMANS dance on the floor as the song blares throughout the interior. Astrid crosses through the club and goes over to the club's OWNER where he is waiting for her at the bar. They exchange a few words, then he leads her into a back room and closes the door.

INT. MERCEDES - SAME

Nigel and Darla wait for Astrid to emerge from the discotheque, and Nigel yawns and rubs his eyes tiredly.

INT. DISCOTHEQUE

The door to the back room opens and Astrid comes out carrying a VALISE.

INT. MERCEDES

Nigel seems to be dozing off a bit, but Darla continues to watch the discotheque.

INSERT - DARLA'S P.O.V.

Astrid exits the discotheque, carrying the valise.

BACK TO SCENE

Darla elbows Nigel and he rouses and sees Astrid, then he and Darla exchange glances as they realize she didn't have the valise when she went in. They watch as Astrid walks down the block, and Nigel smiles knowingly.

EXT. STREET

Carrying the valise, Astrid walks briskly to her Ferrari, gets in and starts the engine. Just as she starts to pull out, Nigel's Mercedes suddenly pulls up alongside and screeches to a halt, boxing her in, and she cries out in surprised anger.

ASTRID
Was machst du, Dummkopf?
 (SUBTITLE: What are you doing, idiot?)

Darla and Nigel immediately jump out of the Mercedes and go to Astrid's door.

NIGEL
Guten Abend, Fräulein. Step out of the car, please.

ASTRID
 (outraged)
Wer bist du? Was willst du?
 (SUBTITLE: Who are you? What do you want?)

NIGEL
 (opens her door)
 We're the fashion police and we've stopped you for a most egregious violation.

Darla grabs Astrid by the arm and pulls her out of the car, and Astrid struggles against her grip.

ASTRID
Geh weg von mir! Lass mich gehen!
 (SUBTITLE: Get away from me! Let me go!)

NIGEL
 I suggest you stop struggling and behave yourself. My partner has very little patience for childishness, as she'll be most happy to demonstrate.

Darla brings out her pistol and shoves it into Astrid's side, and Astrid immediately stops struggling as she feels the cold metal of the barrel. She looks at the pistol, then at Nigel, her outrage giving way to fear.

ASTRID
Ich spreche kein Englisch. Ich verstehe Sie nicht.
 (SUBTITLE: I don't speak English. I don't understand you.)

NIGEL
 Oh, come now. You don't really expect us to fall for that, do you? Not after all the different people we've seen you interact with -- including one fellow who was most definitely of the Anglo-Saxon persuasion.

Astrid stares at him, realizing that they've been following her and observing her activities.

NIGEL
 You've had quite a busy itinerary today. But I don't recall seeing this in your possession until just a few moments ago.

Nigel reaches into the car and grabs the valise from the passenger seat, and Astrid snaps at him in heavily accented English.

ASTRID
Leave that alone!

NIGEL
So we do speak the language after all.
Splendid. It will make things go so
much easier.

ASTRID
Who are you? What do you want from me?

NIGEL
Not very much. Simply an introduction to
your good friend Klaus Friedmann, is all.

ASTRID
I do not know who that is!

NIGEL
Of course you don't. I really don't see
why such a lovely thing as you would be
involved with him in the first place.
But I suppose being on the covers of
all those magazines isn't quite enough
excitement for you, is it. Shacking up
with an arms smuggler and picking up
payments from his clients gives you
just that much more of a thrill, eh?
Provides what's missing in your life.

ASTRID
I don't know what you are talking about!

NIGEL
Then let's see what's inside this valise,
shall we? That should clear up any
misconceptions I may be laboring under.

ASTRID
(struggles to
break free)
Give me that, *schweinhundt*! Give me!

NIGEL
(puts valise on
car's hood)
And should we happen to be mistaken
about all this, then you'll be free to
go with our sincerest apologies and
we'll be on our way.

Astrid tries to snatch back the valise but Darla holds her
tighter, and she can do little more than watch helplessly as
Nigel unzips the valise and opens it.

NIGEL
Well, what have we got here?

Nigel brings out a fistful of Deutsche Drums and holds them in Astrid's face, smiling condescendingly, but Astrid says nothing and fumes silently.

NIGEL

I don't suppose you were on your way to the bank to deposit this, eh? Don't think they're open on weekends. Or at this late hour.

ASTRID

Leck mich am Arsch, sheiskopf.
(SUBTITLE: Kiss my ass, shithead.)

NIGEL

Well, I certainly understood that. Not a very polite sentiment at all, I must say.

Nigel stuffs the money back into the valise and closes it, then he grabs Astrid by the arm and steers her toward the Mercedes, no longer playing games.

NIGEL

Sorry to interrupt your little errand, my dear, but now you're going to do a job for us.

EXT. FRIEDMANN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

An art-deco home, in front of which sits a yellow 1979 LAMBORGHINI COUNTACH in the driveway.

INT. FRIEDMANN'S HOUSE - LOUNGE - SAME

KLAUS FRIEDMANN is sitting in a lounge chair and sipping a DRINK, listening as his sound system plays Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries". He is around 40 and has a goatee and moustache. He glances at his watch, then sighs, annoyed. He continues to sip and drink, then the doorbell RINGS and he gets up and crosses to the front door.

Friedmann arrives at the door, unlocks and opens it. Astrid is standing outside, holding the valise, and Darla stands beside her. Friedmann is both angry that Astrid is late and that she has company.

FRIEDMANN

You are late.

ASTRID

I ran into an old friend.

FRIEDMANN

Why did you bring her here?

Nigel opens the door the whole way, revealing himself, his pistol pointed directly at Friedmann's face.

NIGEL
Because I asked her to.

Friedmann watches the pistol in his face and frowns.

INT. FRIEDMANN'S HOUSE - LOUNGE - A WHILE LATER

Friedmann is sitting in his lounge chair again and sipping his drink, but the music is no longer playing. Nigel stands nearby, his pistol held ready. Darla and Astrid are sitting on the sofa, and Darla keeps Astrid covered with her own pistol.

FRIEDMANN
Two British agents come to my home
uninvited at this late hour? To what do
I owe this honor?

NIGEL
We heard you had a little explosion the
other night, and that you lost an entire
warehouse full of merchandise.

FRIEDMANN
I lost my most trusted man in that
explosion. Someone very hard to replace.

NIGEL
I'm absolutely gutted about that.

Friedmann frowns tightly at Nigel's facetiousness, but there isn't much he can do about it. He takes another sip.

NIGEL
Who would want to stop one of your
shipments? A competitor?

FRIEDMANN
I was hoping you could tell me. I would
like to find him.

NIGEL
Yes, I imagine you would.
(beat)
What would you say if we offered to
find him for you?

FRIEDMANN
I would ask why. Why would you be
interested?

NIGEL
Let's just say we have an account to
settle with him as well. Perhaps even
more reason to find him than you do.

FRIEDMANN
So I should cooperate with you, then.

NIGEL
You've nothing to lose from where I sit.

FRIEDMANN

And how do I know it's not me who you want to get?

NIGEL

Because if it were, we wouldn't be having this conversation at all. You'd be sitting in an interrogation room having a nice little chat with the charming blokes at BfV instead.

Friedmann considers it for a moment, then he looks over at Astrid.

FRIEDMANN

Go.

Astrid doesn't move, watching him uncertainly.

FRIEDMANN

Raus! Go home! You've done enough today!

Astrid gets up quickly and crosses to the front door and exits. Nigel watches her go, then looks back at Friedmann.

NIGEL

I wouldn't be too hard on her. She's really rather loyal.

Friedmann frowns again but says nothing. Now that Astrid's gone, Darla gets up and joins Nigel.

NIGEL

We know the shipment was Soviet rocket launchers. Who was it for?

FRIEDMANN

I do not know. I was just the middle-man.

DARLA

You don't know who was receiving it? You must have some idea.

FRIEDMANN

(shakes head)

That is how it was arranged. A dead drop. I put the shipment in my warehouse and they pick it up a few days later. No face-to-face transaction, just as the sender requested.

NIGEL

Who sent it, then?

FRIEDMANN

A man who has used my services in the past.

NIGEL

Who?

Friedmann remains silent.

NIGEL

Whoever he is, I imagine he won't be very pleased with you when he finds out what happened.

FRIEDMANN

I do not plan to tell him.

DARLA

He's going to find out sooner or later when the intended recipient rings him to complain. And when he does, I expect he'll be rather upset.

NIGEL

Spitting tacks, I'd say.

FRIEDMANN

So why should I tell you who he is and make him even angrier?

DARLA

Because if you do, and we find who did this, we might be able to divert the blame for this little fiasco away from you and give him someone else to be angry at.

FRIEDMANN

That is very generous of you.

NIGEL

And because if you don't, I'm fairly certain the BfV would love to pop right over and pick you up -- and it just so happens I have their telephone number right here in my pocket.

Friedmann smiles cynically, knowing Nigel's got him over a barrel. He hesitates, then sighs and gives him the name.

FRIEDMANN

Chadwick. His name is Chadwick.

NIGEL

That's all. Chadwick.

FRIEDMANN

(nods once)

Chadwick.

NIGEL

I don't suppose you could tell us how to reach him, eh?

FRIEDMANN

I never contact him. He contacts me.

DARLA
Very cautious, this Chadwick.

FRIEDMANN
That is how he does things. He is very careful.

NIGEL
Then where can we find him?

Friedmann remains silent again, and Nigel looks at Darla.

NIGEL
Darla, would you keep an eye on our friend whilst I make use of that phone?

Nigel starts to go to the phone, but Friedmann holds up his hand.

FRIEDMANN
I will tell you. But you must assure me you will exonerate me from all responsibility for losing his shipment.

NIGEL
If Mr. Chadwick is a fairly reasonable fellow, we should be able to fix that up for you.

FRIEDMANN
(a beat)
He lives in --

Suddenly, a bullet from a silenced gun shatters the glass doors leading out to the garden and strikes Friedmann right between the eyes, and he instantly drops his drink and sprawls back in his chair.

NIGEL
Blimey!

Darla and Nigel barely have time to react before the MAN out in the garden starts shooting at them too, and they both dive for cover behind the sofa.

DARLA
Seems Klaus had more enemies than we thought.

Both of them pop up and shoot back at the man with their pistols, but he ducks behind the wall. Then he reappears and returns fire, forcing them to take cover again.

NIGEL
(calls out)
Don't suppose we could talk this out, eh old boy?

The man's response is to fire several more rounds at them.

NIGEL

Thought not.

They continue to trade fire with the man for a while, then a few moments pass and the man doesn't return fire.

DARLA

(to Nigel)

Did you get him?

NIGEL

Did you?

They wait another moment, then slowly and cautiously take a peek. The man suddenly reappears -- but this time he's brandishing a sound suppressed MP5SD3 SUBMACHINE GUN and he sprays them with a barrage of fire that forces them to frantically dive for cover.

NIGEL

Now that's simply not cricket.

DARLA

MP5. Suppressed and fully automatic.

NIGEL

Very good, Agent Chandler. Now, any suggestions on how we counter that kind of firepower?

Darla tries to shoot back at the man, but another barrage forces her to duck immediately.

DARLA

That's not the way.

Nigel signals Darla to move to the other end of the sofa, then he pops up and fires a few rounds at the man. The man ducks back behind the wall, then pops back out to return fire. As he does, Nigel ducks and Darla pops up to shoot. But the man anticipated this and sprays over the entire sofa in a wide arc, forcing Darla to duck without getting off a single shot.

DARLA

Seems he's familiar with that tactic.

Nigel pops up and fires off another few rounds, but another barrage forces him to duck. Then the man fires yet another barrage, keeping him pinned down, and Darla has had enough.

DARLA

Cover me!

Before Nigel can object, Darla jumps out from behind the sofa, and Nigel desperately lays down some suppressing fire as she makes a mad dash across the room. Despite the fire, the man pops out long enough to spray her briefly as she runs, and Darla does a somersault in the air and lands out of view behind a recliner.

For just an instant, the man stops shooting, believing he hit her. But the very next moment, Darla suddenly pops up from behind the recliner, already shooting, and pumps several bullets into him before he can react. The man falls into the room and lands face-down on the carpet.

Nigel emerges from behind the sofa and looks at the dead man, then watches as Darla slowly lowers her pistol. And he can't help but be impressed.

NIGEL

Nicely done.

DARLA

I learnt from the best.

They go to the body and stop beside it, and Nigel kicks the man's MP5 away. Then he bends down and turns over the corpse -- and to their surprise, it's Krueger.

DARLA

Krueger.

They exchange glances, then Nigel searches the body's pockets and finds a BUSINESS CARD. He pulls it out and looks at it.

INSERT - THE CARD

It says:

Danovic Imports & Exports
Sarajevo, Yugoslavia

BACK TO SCENE

Darla watches as Nigel continues to search Krueger's pockets and pulls out several PASSPORTS.

DARLA

Why was he shooting at us?

That's a very good question indeed, and Nigel has absolutely no answer for it.

INT. C.E.R.T. HQ - CLAUDE'S OFFICE - AN HOUR LATER

Claude is sitting at his desk and talking to Nigel via a TWO-WAY RADIO.

CLAUDE

Pardieu, are you certain?

NIGEL (V.O.)

We've only just started to probe into all this, but it looks safe to say at this point Krueger must have been some sort of double-agent. He killed Friedmann to keep him from talking and then tried to get rid of us as well.

CLAUDE

Do you think he killed Chantal too...?

INTERCUT BETWEEN CLAUDE AND THE OTHER TWO

NIGEL

Difficult to say. We've been trying to figure out why Chantal was killed by an explosion and not shot like the others. Doesn't fit the pattern. And we've no idea whether or not Krueger himself was involved in that. According to him, he witnessed the blast, but apart from how to find Friedmann through his mistress we can't be sure anything else he told us is true.

Claude finds the news about Krueger very disturbing, and he frowns and shakes his head sadly.

CLAUDE

Fils de pute... I never would have suspected him.

NIGEL

Obviously he was on someone else's payroll besides the BfV. Precisely who remains to be seen, but we did find a business card in his pocket. Danovic Imports & Exports in Sarajevo. Mean anything to you?

CLAUDE

No. I am not familiar with that name.

NIGEL

We also found four different passports on his person. Four different names and countries. Don't know how he expected to pass himself off as Malaysian with his blond hair, but perhaps he had a good story to explain it.

This bit of information immediately gets Claude's attention and he sits up straight.

CLAUDE

What did you say?

NIGEL

What?

CLAUDE

Did you say blond hair?

NIGEL

Yes, why?

CLAUDE

(a beat)

Describe Krueger to me.

NIGEL
Blond hair and blue eyes... about six
foot... between thirty and thirty-five
years of age, I would guess.

Claude slowly sits back as the realization sinks in.

CLAUDE
Mon Dieu...

NIGEL
What is it?

CLAUDE
I do not know who that *salopard* is, but
it is not Krueger.

NIGEL
(surprised)
It's not?

CLAUDE
Not at all. Krueger is fifty and has
black hair.

Darla and Nigel exchange astonished glances, totally thrown
by this unexpected twist.

NIGEL
Then who in bloody hell was this man?

They stare at each other, neither of them having a clue, but
Nigel seems to be considering something that hadn't occurred
to him before.

NIGEL
(to Claude)
Has anyone else been killed since
Chantal?

CLAUDE
No.

Nigel looks back at Darla, and while she still looks
confused, he's already starting to formulate a theory.

INT. HOTEL - ROOM - A WHILE LATER

Darla watches as Nigel unfolds a CHART on the bed that
includes a map with the names and locations of all the
C.E.R.T. agents killed.

NIGEL
Perhaps we've been on the right track
all along without even knowing it.

DARLA
What do you mean?

NIGEL

It's been an entire week since Chantal was killed and she's still the latest victim. Do you suppose whoever's behind all this, they've finished the job?

DARLA

What are you getting at?

Nigel traces the locations on the map with his finger, still putting things together in his head.

NIGEL

Over the course of a week, five C.E.R.T. agents are killed, one after the other. The first is killed in Naples ten days ago. The next day another is killed in Brussels. The day after that, two more are killed in Paris. And the day after that, Chantal is killed in Düsseldorf. Anyone looking at this would assume they'd been killed for no other reason than they were agents for C.E.R.T. -- and might never suspect only one of them may have been the real target.

DARLA

(surprised)

Chantal?

NIGEL

Suppose for a moment this has nothing to do with C.E.R.T. at all and everything to do with what Chantal was looking into. Suppose someone wanted her stopped but didn't want it obvious why she'd been killed, so they killed the others to obfuscate the reason and throw some misdirection into the mix. A bum steer to lead C.E.R.T. completely astray. She was the target all along, and the others were killed to make it appear someone was eliminating C.E.R.T. agents in general.

Darla considers it for a moment and starts to see recent events in a new light. But even now, she finds it a bit difficult to believe.

DARLA

I suppose it's possible. A bit far-fetched, perhaps, but --

NIGEL

(cuts her off)

Is it far-fetched? What are Claude's two theories, eh? That a rival agency is killing his people or that someone is seeking revenge. But if either of

(MORE)

NIGEL (CONT'D)
 those were the case, why kill Friedmann?
 Why try to kill us? Why destroy all
 trace of Chantal's information? If you
 were eliminating C.E.R.T. agents in
 general, would you hang about and be
 concerned with any of that?

Darla says nothing, starting to realize that he's right.

NIGEL
 No, you wouldn't, would you? You'd go
 on to kill the next agent. But no one
 else has been killed, and neither of
 Claude's theories explains what's
 occurred since we started poking about.
 So it seems to me the murders were
 triggered by Chantal's investigation,
 and that someone doesn't want anyone
 else resuming it or realizing why she
 was really killed.

Nigel drops pseudo-Krueger's four PASSPORTS and the business
 card on the bed and starts looking through them.

DARLA
 If you're correct, this case just got
 a good deal more complicated.

NIGEL
 Who knows whom this bugger worked for
 or who he really was. All we know is he
 killed Friedmann at someone's behest --
 and after this, I'm certain Chantal and
 the real Krueger as well.
 (holds up card)
 The only lead we've got is this.

DARLA
 Not very much.

NIGEL
 I agree it's not much to go on, but
 someone's gone to a great deal of bother
 to cover their tracks, more than anyone
 normally would, and we're going to find
 just what it is they're so determined
 to hide.

WIDE ANGLE - SARAJEVO, YUGOSLAVIA - DAY

Surrounded by the hills and mountains of the Dinaric Alps,
 the city lays spread out before us, and the SONG "Don't You
 Want Me" by The Human League begins on the soundtrack.

TITLE:

Sarajevo
 SR Bosnia and Herzegovina
 Socialist Federal Republic of Yugoslavia

EXT. STREET - SAME

A 1981 YUGO 45 3-DOOR HATCHBACK drives along the north bank of the Miljacka River in the vicinity of Bascarsija and the Latin Bridge, and we hear Nigel's voice as he points out the bridge to Darla:

NIGEL (V.O.)
See that spot? That's where Archduke Ferdinand and his wife were assassinated, precipitating the First World War.

INT. YUGO - MOVING

Nigel drives, Darla rides beside him, and the SONG continues on the car's CASSETTE PLAYER, the volume low.

NIGEL
(continuing)
Their car had just taken a fateful wrong turn onto that street and was attempting to reverse when the assassin shot them at the corner.

DARLA
Fateful indeed.
(watches scenery)
Never been to Yugoslavia before.

NIGEL
I've been here. Way back in '59.

DARLA
Now why does that not surprise me?
Seems you spent time in a lot of places before we met. You've been practically everywhere, haven't you?

NIGEL
Not everywhere. Don't recall ever being in Antarctica, I believe -- but of course I could be becoming forgetful in my old age.

Darla chuckles and continues to look out the window at the passing scenery.

NIGEL
It's a rather interesting country. More a collection of republics divided along ethnic lines, really. Something of a pressure cooker, if you ask me, and intrinsically unstable. Wasn't so bad twenty years ago, but now that Tito's gone you can feel the tension and simmering conflict in the air.
(beat)
If you'd care to hear another of my hunches, I'd say this nation falls apart not long after Germany reunites.

Darla looks at him skeptically, taking his predictions with a grain of salt.

EXT. STREET - SAME

A street lined with various small shops and businesses. Nigel's rented Yugo arrives and stops at the curb.

INT. YUGO - SAME

Nigel stops the engine and they look at one of the shops across the street.

INSERT - THEIR P.O.V.

A small, non-descript storefront. The windows are all blocked by closed blinds, and a sign over it says:

DANOVIC IMPORTS & EXPORTS

BACK TO SCENE

They watch the shop skeptically.

NIGEL

Don't suppose they deal in antiques or anything of that nature?

DARLA

I shall attempt to find out.

NIGEL

And I shall patiently await the result of your efforts.

Darla gets out and shuts the door, and Nigel watches as she crosses the street and heads for the shop.

INT. DANOVIC'S SHOP - FRONT OFFICE - SAME

There's no one here except for a CLERK who sits behind a counter reading a BOOK. The room is bare and devoid of any decorations. Darla opens the front door and enters.

DARLA

Hello?

CLERK

(looks at her)

Good morning. How can I help you?

DARLA

(crosses to counter)

Yes, I was looking for Ottoman Cord and I was told by an acquaintance that you stock textiles.

CLERK

(surprised)

Textiles?

DARLA
Yes, and that you might be able to help me.

CLERK
I am very sorry, but we do not deal in textiles.

DARLA
You don't?

CLERK
No, we do not.

DARLA
Are you quite sure?

CLERK
Absolutely. We do not deal in fabrics at all.

DARLA
Oh, dear. I seem to have been misinformed. I've been searching for Ottoman Cord for some drapes and I really did have my hopes up.

(beat)
What do you export, if you don't mind my asking?

CLERK
We are a coffee wholesaler and distributor, and we also export fruits and vegetables.

DARLA
I see.

CLERK
So if you are interested in any of those, then perhaps I can help you.

DARLA
No, not really interested in that, I'm afraid.

CLERK
Then I am sorry but there is nothing I can do for you.

DARLA
What a pity. You wouldn't happen to know by any chance where I might find a draper hereabouts, would you?

CLERK
No, I wouldn't know about that.

DARLA
Well, sorry to have disturbed you, then.

CLERK
No problem, miss.

DARLA
(to herself)
I shall have to tell Constance she was
mistaken.
(to clerk)
Have a good day.

Darla turns and heads for the door. The clerk watches her go, and we can see he's suspicious.

INT. YUGO - SAME

Nigel watches as Darla approaches and gets in.

NIGEL
Well?

DARLA
They export coffee -- or so claimed the
very nice gentleman I spoke with.

NIGEL
(a beat)
Well, I suppose we'll find out what
they really sell when we return later
and have a look for ourselves.

Nigel starts the engine and pulls out.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Later that night.

INT. HOTEL - ROOM BATHROOM - SAME

Darla is standing at the sink, dressed completely in black. She fills a GLASS with water, then brings out a couple of ANTI-MOTION-SICKNESS PILLS from a little BOX. She puts one of the pills in her mouth and swallows it with some water just as Nigel pokes his head in and sees what she's doing. And like Darla, Nigel is also dressed in black.

NIGEL
Are you still having those bouts of
nausea?

DARLA
Just making sure I don't throw a whitey
at an inopportune moment.

Nigel watches as she takes the second pill with the rest of the water.

NIGEL
Well, if we run into anyone I suppose
you could always puke on him. Never
tried that tactic before but I imagine
it'd be effective.

Nigel moves on, and Darla smirks as she sets down the glass and then turns out the light.

EXT. DANOVIC'S SHOP - NIGHT

It's after midnight and the street is deserted. Nigel's rented Yugo is parked around the corner, and the shop is completely dark.

EXT. REAR OF DANOVIC'S SHOP - SAME

Darla and Nigel approach the back door quietly. They stop in front of it, look around, then Nigel removes a small GADGET from his pocket.

NIGEL
Haven't done a proper black bag job in a while. Hope this doesn't set off any alarms.

DARLA
And if it does?

NIGEL
Then we'll run like a rat up a drainpipe.

Nigel attaches the gadget to the keyhole and activates it. A few moments pass, then the gadget BEEPS and Nigel removes it. He carefully opens the door a crack, and when no alarm goes off, he opens it further and grins at Darla.

NIGEL
After you.

They start to enter the shop.

INT. DANOVIC'S SHOP - STOCKROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is large and filled with many WOODEN CRATES stacked in groups of different sizes. Darla and Nigel enter slowly, allowing their eyes to adjust to the darkness, then approach one of the stacks. Nigel pries open the crate on top, and there's an AK-74 ASSAULT RIFLE inside.

DARLA
Crikey.

NIGEL
Doesn't look like coffee to me.

DARLA
I should say not.

Nigel closes the crate, then he moves off to another stack nearby. Darla moves off to a third stack.

Nigel opens the top crate of his stack and finds several TOKAREV TT-30 pistols inside.

NIGEL
More over here.

Meanwhile, Darla opens the top crate of her stack and finds an RPG-7 GRENADE LAUNCHER inside.

DARLA
And have a dekko at this.

Nigel comes over and looks inside Darla's crate.

NIGEL
Seems Mr. Danovic is in the same line
of work as our dearly departed Mr.
Friedmann.

Darla nods, then she sees a door and window belonging to a small office on the other side of the room. There are several FILE CABINETS visible along one of the office's walls.

DARLA
Think I'll have a looksy at what's in
those filing cabinets.

NIGEL
I'll be with you in a moment.

Darla moves off toward the office as Nigel brings out the grenade launcher from inside the crate.

INT. DANOVIC'S SHOP - OFFICE

Darla comes in and approaches the file cabinets, bringing out a FLASHLIGHT. She pulls out a drawer, turns on the flashlight and shines the beam into it.

EXT. DANOVIC'S SHOP

A CAR arrives out front and stops, then two men quickly get out. One of them is RADOVAN DANOVIC, the other his henchman JOVAN. A silent alarm has alerted them to the fact that someone has entered the shop, and they go in the front door, each carrying a GUN.

INT. DANOVIC'S SHOP - OFFICE

Darla is looking through the FOLDERS in the file cabinet drawer. After a moment, the door that leads to the front of the shop bursts opens and Danovic and Jovan burst in, turning on the light.

DANOVIC
Koji kurac?

Darla turns around, startled, but before she can do a thing, Jovan is on top of her.

INT. DANOVIC'S SHOP - STOCKROOM

Nigel puts the grenade launcher he was examining back inside the crate and closes the crate, then starts walking toward the office. But he suddenly stops short as he sees something ahead.

INSERT - HIS P.O.V.

We can see Danovic and Jovan through the office window, holding Darla at gunpoint.

BACK TO SCENE

Alarmed, Nigel ducks and crouches behind some crates.

INT. DANOVIC'S SHOP - OFFICE

Danovic interrogates Darla as Jovan holds her in the chair, pointing his gun in her face.

DANOVIC

Who are you? What are you doing here?

Darla doesn't respond, keeping her eyes straight ahead and looking at neither of them.

DANOVIC

If you think I will go easy on you
because you're a woman, you're very
wrong about that.

Danovic waits, but Darla remains silent, biding her time and waiting for Nigel to realize what's happening.

DANOVIC

I asked you a question, *kuja*. What are
you doing here?

DARLA

(a beat)

Get stuffed.

Danovic suddenly smacks Darla across the mouth with his gun, and she cries out.

INT. DANOVIC'S SHOP - STOCKROOM

Still crouched behind the crates and planning what to do, Nigel hears Darla's cry, and his face tightens angrily.

INT. DANOVIC'S SHOP - OFFICE

Darla feels her injured mouth and wipes off a trickle of blood from the corner. She looks at the blood on her fingers, then looks up at Danovic.

DANOVIC

I will ask only once more. Who are you
and why are you here?

Darla glares at him but remains silent. Danovic waits, then he looks at Jovan.

DANOVIC

Go and get a blowtorch.

For just a moment, we can see panic flash in Darla's eyes, but Danovic doesn't see it. He looks back at her as Jovan turns and exits the office.

DANOVIC

I assure you that will hurt even more.

He grabs Darla's face tightly with one hand and she struggles to pull away.

INT. DANOVIC'S SHOP - STOCKROOM

Jovan walks away from the office and toward a counter covered with TOOLS. Nigel suddenly comes up behind him, grabs him in a chokehold and breaks his neck, then lets the body sag to the floor.

INT. DANOVIC'S SHOP - OFFICE

Danovic continues to squeeze Darla's face and point his gun at her as he waits for Jovan to return.

DANOVIC

Such a pretty face. What a shame to destroy it.

(calls out)

Jovan! Where is that blowtorch?

A moment passes and there is no response, and Darla knows Nigel has disposed of Jovan somehow. Danovic calls out again.

DANOVIC

JOVAN!

Suddenly, something comes through the window, shattering it. Danovic immediately looks to the window, and the instant he does, Darla whacks the gun out of his hand and dives to the floor. Before Danovic can react, Nigel leaps at him from the door, grabs him tightly by the collar with both hands and pins him against the wall. The violence is so quick and sudden that it catches Danovic completely off-guard.

NIGEL

You'll find I don't take very kindly to the lady being mistreated! I've a rather high tolerance for most things but that's not one of them!

Nigel pivots and shoves Danovic away toward the center of the room, and Danovic stumbles over the chair and falls to the floor. Danovic scrambles to get up and makes as if to lunge at Nigel, but Nigel points his pistol right in his face.

NIGEL

Unless you're impervious to bullets I suggest you cancel whatever impulse just flashed through your mind.

Danovic immediately stops in mid-motion and stands there, glaring at Nigel.

NIGEL
Thought better of it, have we? Now,
then. Why don't we all sit and have a
nice little chat.

Danovic continues to glare at him, blood in his eye, then he slowly rights the chair and sits down. Darla retrieves her own pistol and stands at the door, staring at Danovic silently.

NIGEL
There's a good fellow. I imagine you're
not much for conversation so allow me
to start. Do you know this man?

Nigel holds up one of pseudo-Krueger's passports and shows him the photo. Danovic looks at it for a while, calming down, then he shakes his head.

DANOVIC
No.

NIGEL
You don't.

DANOVIC
I have never seen him before.

NIGEL
Are you quite certain of that?

DANOVIC
Very.

NIGEL
Then why was he found carrying this in
his pocket?

Nigel brings out the business card and holds it up for Danovic to see, and Danovic shrugs innocently.

DANOVIC
I have no idea.

NIGEL
No idea at all, eh?

Danovic shakes his head again, the expression on his face one of pure condescension.

NIGEL
I see.

Nigel pauses for a moment, then he suddenly shoots Danovic in the leg. Danovic cries out in pain, but before he can do much more, Nigel is in front of him and yanks his head up by the hair.

NIGEL

Let's get down to brass tacks, shall we, and not waste any more of each other's time. We both know this little import-export business of yours is nothing but a front to camouflage your real activities.

DANOVIC

(barely gets the words out)

And what would those be?

NIGEL

Selling Soviet weapons to whomever pays you for them. That's one way to enjoy the advantages of free market enterprise, I suppose, but I doubt it's exactly what Tito had in mind. So I'll ask you again: Do you know this man?

Danovic tries very hard to withstand the pain and refuses to answer. Nigel waits, then he glances at Darla.

NIGEL

Now I'm starting to get a wee bit hacked off.

Nigel shoots Danovic in the other leg. Danovic cries out again, but his cry is cut off as Nigel yanks his head back even farther.

NIGEL

I'm usually a rather affable fellow but a friend of mine was recently murdered and I'm afraid I'm not feeling very charitable. Once I run out of limbs, I think I'll fetch that blowlamp you were planning to utilize earlier.

DANOVIC

(gasps)

Kemp... His name is Kemp...

NIGEL

Well, we seem to be making a bit more progress now. And how did he happen to have your card, this Kemp?

DANOVIC

He was here two weeks ago to pick up a shipment.

NIGEL

A shipment of what?

DANOVIC

RPG-18 rocket launchers. One hundred of them.

NIGEL
 (a beat)
 That shipment wasn't bound for Düsseldorf
 by any chance, was it?

DANOVIC
 I don't know where he was taking them.

NIGEL
 A man buys that many weapons from you
 and you don't know where they're going?

DANOVIC
 He was not the one who bought them.

NIGEL
 But I thought you've just stated he
 picked them up.
 (looks at Darla)
 Is that not what he said?

Darla nods. She hasn't taken her eyes off Danovic once since
 he sat down, staring at him with utter contempt for
 manhandling her earlier.

NIGEL
 That's what I thought he said. I believe
 I heard it quite clearly.
 (back to Danovic)
 Now I'm rather confused. You wouldn't
 mind clearing that up for me?

DANOVIC
 (frustrated)
 He was the one who took the shipment,
 but another man placed the order and
 paid for it.

NIGEL
 Ah, well, that certainly explains it,
 then. And who might that be, the man
 who placed the order?

Danovic doesn't respond, still fighting the pain. Nigel
 shoves the barrel of his pistol under his jaw and taunts him
 with the same words Danovic used on Darla earlier.

NIGEL
 I assure you this will hurt even more.

He digs the pistol's barrel into Danovic's flesh and Danovic
 decides to cough up the name, his voice hoarse.

DANOVIC
 Chadwick. A man named Chadwick placed
 the order.

The revelation confirms what Nigel already suspected the
 moment Danovic mentioned the RPG-18's, and he looks over at
 Darla and smiles knowingly.

NIGEL

So our imposter was working for Chadwick.

Darla says nothing, still staring at Danovic, and Nigel notices how she's staring. He looks back at Danovic.

NIGEL

I don't suppose you could tell us more than his name, could you? Where he's located, for instance.

Danovic remains silent, and Nigel puts his pistol's barrel against Danovic's forehead.

NIGEL

Where is Mr. Chadwick located?

DANOVIC

(a beat)

In Cairo.

NIGEL

Where in Cairo?

DANOVIC

I do not know.

NIGEL

Where?

DANOVIC

I do not know where in Cairo!

NIGEL

Last chance, my friend.

DANOVIC

I don't know! If I did I would tell you, but I DON'T!

For the first time during the entire interrogation, Danovic looks genuinely frightened. Nigel watches him for a moment, then decides he's telling the truth.

NIGEL

No, I don't suppose that you do. Don't think you'd be very inclined to withhold anything at this point.

Nigel removes his pistol from Danovic's forehead and lowers it slowly, then releases his hair and stands back.

NIGEL

You've been most cooperative, Mr. Danovic. We're very grateful for all your help.

And with that, Nigel looks over at Darla and nods, and she suddenly raises her pistol and shoots Danovic right between the eyes. Danovic falls out of the chair and to the floor, and Nigel watches the corpse, having allowed Darla her revenge.

NIGEL
But we wouldn't want you ringing ahead
and warning Mr. Chadwick, would we?
(glances at Darla)
No, I wouldn't think so.

INT. YUGO - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Darla and Nigel get in and shut the doors.

NIGEL
Let's go before the local constabularies
come round and find them. They ought to
thank us for cleaning up their rubbish.

Darla brings down the visor above the passenger side of the
windshield and examines her mouth in the mirror, and Nigel
watches with concern.

NIGEL
Let me see.

DARLA
It's alright. I've been hurt worse.
(raises visor)
You could have interrupted a bit sooner,
though.

NIGEL
I thought I arrived at just the right
moment.

DARLA
Another minute or two and I'd have had
to kill them both.

NIGEL
In that case, I should have remained
outside and witnessed the spectacle.

DARLA
But then you'd have had no one to
interrogate so skillfully, would you.

NIGEL
True, that. Worked out for the best, then.

He starts the engine and pulls out with a screech.

INT. HOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT

The door opens and Nigel and Darla come in.

NIGEL
So Chadwick's the one with something
to hide. He ordered Kemp to eliminate
Friedmann, and normally I'd say that
was payback for losing his shipment.
But he also told him to eliminate us,
so he must be concerned at our poking
about.

DARLA
 (heads for bathroom)
 And since Kemp killed Chantal and
 Krueger as well, then Chadwick's behind
 everything. It's been him all along.

INT. HOTEL - ROOM BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Darla enters and grabs a washcloth as Nigel follows her in.

NIGEL
 And finding that shipment is what got
 them both killed. He disposed of them
 to protect whatever he's hiding and the
 others were killed to cover up why.

Darla turns on the faucet in the sink and starts soaking the
 washcloth.

DARLA
 A frightfully thorough and callous
 operation.

NIGEL
 It's a brilliant cover-up and I must
 give him props for conceiving it. The
 only reason we've tumbled to it at all
 is because we chose to look into what
 Chantal had been doing, which forced
 him to take additional measures that
 made the whole thing apparent.

Darla wrings the washcloth and starts to cleanse the dried
 blood around her mouth.

DARLA
 But how do we find him? Cairo's a
 rather large city, you know, and I
 sincerely doubt he's in the telephone
 directory.

NIGEL
 I know someone posted to the British
 Embassy there, ostensibly as Second
 Secretary but who actually liaises for
 SIS with certain assets in the Egyptian
 intelligence service. Agent by the
 name of Wickham.
 (sees what she's doing)
 Here, let me do that.

Nigel takes the washcloth from her and starts to gently wipe
 off the blood.

NIGEL
 We've never been to Egypt before in
 the course of our exploits, have we?

DARLA
 Not that I recall.

Nigel finishes and eyes her mouth critically.

NIGEL
There, that should do it. By tomorrow
you'll hardly notice.

Darla takes back the washcloth and rinses it in the sink.

NIGEL
Then perhaps it's time to remedy that
situation. I believe we're due for a
little trip to The City of a Thousand
Minarets -- don't you?

Darla shuts off the water and turns to him and shrugs.

DARLA
I've always wanted to see the pyramids.

WIDE ANGLE - CAIRO, EGYPT - DAY

The city lays spread out before us in the bright desert sun,
and the SONG "Rock The Casbah" by The Clash begins on the
soundtrack and plays throughout the following:

EXT. CAIRO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

An EGYPT AIR 737-200 JET touches down on the runway.

THE GREAT PYRAMIDS

tower majestically above the plateau of the Giza Necropolis.

THE GREAT SPHINX

proudly stands guard in front of the pyramids.

CAIRO CITADEL

looking past the Mosque of Muhammad Ali Pasha in the at the
Mosque of Sultan Hasan down below in the distance.

WIDE ANGLE - GEZIRA ISLAND

with the Qasr al-Nil Bridge crossing the Nile and connecting
it to Downtown Cairo.

CAIRO TOWER

rising into the blue sky above the island.

WIDE ANGLE - TAHRIR SQUARE

Cars move around the busy traffic circle in front of the
Egyptian Museum and the Nile Hilton.

KHAN EL-KHALILI BAZAAR

Crowds of tourists and natives wander among the shops,
coffeehouses, restaurants, and street food vendors
throughout the open-air marketplace.

EXT. 26TH JULY STREET

Heavy traffic moves along past the historic 1930's buildings, shops, and restaurants that line both sides of the street.

EXT. EL ORUBA STREET

A BLACK-AND-WHITE TAXI drives along through Heliopolis after leaving the airport.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

A rather old and dirty ornate building in Downtown Cairo, with an entrance on a narrow, alley-like street. There are several PEOPLE sitting in chairs and conversing along the street, and a TOURIST POLICEMAN stands by the door and watches as the taxi arrives and stops.

Darla and Nigel get out with their bags, and Darla looks at the shabby and run down hotel as Nigel pays the DRIVER.

DARLA
You must be joking.

NIGEL
Why would you say that?

DARLA
Looks a might shabby and dingy, don't you think?

NIGEL
Would you prefer the Marriott or the Hilton? Thought we'd keep a low profile whilst we're here. And besides, this place has something neither of those has to offer.

The taxi drives off and they head for the entrance.

DARLA
And what would that be?

NIGEL
Character.

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - SAME

A small, narrow, and dimly-lit lobby that looks like something out of the 1930's. We FADE the song as Darla and Nigel enter and cross toward the front desk, and Darla looks around with both wonder and skepticism at the ceiling fans, the light fixtures, and the vintage art deco travel posters on the walls. The place is not at all what she had expected, and Nigel notices her wariness and discomfort.

NIGEL
(sotto voce)
I believe it has all the mod cons, if that's what concerns you.

They reach the front desk and the Egyptian CONCIERGE greets them with a big smile. Behind him is a telephone switchboard that appears to be from the Thirties as well, complete with manual connections for plugs. And throughout the entire check-in process, he will insistently try his usual sales pitch on Nigel in heavily accented English.

CONCIERGE

Ahlan wa Sahlan.

NIGEL

Ahlan bikum.

CONCIERGE

Welcome to the Bristol, your home in Cairo.

NIGEL

Sebastian Thorpe. I rang for a booking last night.

CONCIERGE

Yes, Mr. Thorpe, I have it right here. You wanted a double, correct?

NIGEL

Yes, for myself and the wife.

CONCIERGE

Then may I suggest the deluxe for you and your wife? One just became available and it is only a few pounds more.

NIGEL

Sounds very tempting, but I think the double will do.

CONCIERGE

Whatever you wish. But if you change your mind at any time please do not hesitate to let me know. I will be more than happy to make your visit with us as pleasant an experience as possible.

NIGEL

We certainly will.

CONCIERGE

Have you been to Cairo before and do you have any travel plans?

NIGEL

No, this is our very first time in your lovely city.

CONCIERGE

Excellent! I can arrange a one-day tour to Saqqara or Giza to see the pyramids if you wish, or if that is not to your liking, perhaps an overnight train ride to Luxor? And I highly recommend a three-night cruise on the Nile.

NIGEL

Actually, we weren't planning on --

CONCIERGE

(continues non-stop)

I can handle all the arrangements for you and take care of everything without any hassle. There are others who will offer their services but they will ask for more than is necessary, but I can arrange whatever you wish at the lowest rates possible and you will have confidence you are getting the best deals and are not being cheated.

NIGEL

Yes, well, we appreciate your kind offer very much, but we're really here on business, not pleasure. And should we do any sightseeing at all, it'll be after we've taken care of that first.

CONCIERGE

I understand completely. And should you wish to see any of the places I have mentioned once you are done with your business, I will be available to make the arrangements any time you are ready.

NIGEL

I've no doubt you will. For now, though, we would appreciate your help in hiring a car, if that's at all possible.

CONCIERGE

It is not only possible, it would be my great pleasure. I can arrange that as well as a driver to take you wherever it is you wish to go.

NIGEL

We'd prefer to drive ourselves about, to be perfectly honest, so all we'll require is the car and a map. That should be sufficient.

CONCIERGE

No trouble at all. I will see to that immediately after I take you to your room.

NIGEL

And I'm sure we'll be getting the best possible rate for that as well.

CONCIERGE

You have nothing to worry about. I will take very good care of you. At the Bristol, our guests are like family.

(gets their bags)

Follow me, please.

The concierge leads them toward the elevator, and Darla whispers to Nigel as they follow him, a bit dazed by the concierge's relentless sales pitch.

DARLA
Think I feel a tad dizzy again.
(beat)
That switchboard is certainly charming.
Looks like something from the Second
World War.

NIGEL
(whispers back)
Earlier, I'd say.

DARLA
I stand corrected.

NIGEL
And if you liked that, I'm sure you'll
love this.

They reach the elevator and stop as the concierge opens the door. It's a small, manually-operated wooden cage elevator from the turn of the century, and Darla stares at it in astonishment. Then she looks at Nigel and laughs uneasily as if to say, "I'm not getting on that."

INT. HOTEL - ROOM

The door opens and the concierge brings Darla and Nigel in. It's a rather large "old world" room with shuttered French windows, a high ceiling, and colonial appointments which include antique furniture and a vintage black telephone straight out of an old Hollywood movie.

CONCIERGE
Your room, Mr. Thorpe.

NIGEL
Splendid. Very nice indeed.

CONCIERGE
(sets down bags)
If there is anything at all that you
need, please do not hesitate to ask.

NIGEL
(tips him)
I'm sure we'll find everything quite
satisfactory.

CONCIERGE
Enjoy your stay in Cairo, and remember:
At the Bristol, you are like family.

NIGEL
(ushering him out)
We appreciate your kindness and
hospitality. Goodbye.

Nigel closes the door, then he takes their bags to the bed, relieved.

NIGEL
Friendly fellow, if a bit enthusiastic.

DARLA
My God, that lift is straight out of an Agatha Christie novel. I kept expecting Hercule Poirot to step in on the next floor.

NIGEL
That would have been rather amusing.

As Nigel opens the bags and starts to unpack a few things, Darla wanders around the room and gawks at the antique furnishings.

DARLA
And this room! It must be seen to be believed. Would you look at this phone? Last time I saw something like this I was ten years old. And get an eyeful of this furniture. It's absolutely ancient.

NIGEL
Rather like stepping back in time, isn't it?

DARLA
Looks more a museum than a hotel.
(looks toward
bathroom)
I shudder to think what it's like in there.

Darla moves OFF-SCREEN into the bathroom as Nigel continues to unpack.

NIGEL
It was originally built as a Turkish bath at the turn of the century and served as a British officers club during the two world wars. I wouldn't be at all surprised if T.E. Lawrence stepped through its doors at some point and had a pint at the bar. Much of its decor dates back to that period and most of the furnishings are probably original.

DARLA (O.S.)
I'm afraid that description applies to the bath and its fittings as well.

NIGEL
It was set ablaze during the revolution of '52 but managed to survive, and was converted to a hotel not long after that.

DARLA
 (returns from
 bathroom)
 Well, I suppose it's better than a kick
 in the teeth.
 (watches him)
 I thought you said you'd never been to
 Egypt before.

NIGEL
 And I haven't.

DARLA
 Then how on earth do you know so much
 about this place?

NIGEL
 Hawthorne told me all about it once.
 He stayed here once during the Fifties
 and regaled me with tales of its
 colonial history and how he'd slept
 in the very same bed Winston Churchill
 had used.

DARLA
 And I'm sure it's not changed at all
 since then. I don't believe this place
 is the slightest bit aware that time
 has passed outside its doors.

NIGEL
 I believe that's the whole point. Might
 take a bit of getting used to, but I
 think after a few days you'll come to
 appreciate its eccentric little quirks.

Darla isn't too sure about that, and she continues to
 examine the decor as Nigel finishes and closes the bags.

NIGEL
 Well, let's freshen up a bit and be on
 our way. Don't want to keep Wickham
 waiting.

EXT. CAFÉ - DAY

A small open-air café in downtown Cairo, and Darla and Nigel
 are sitting at a table sipping tea and waiting for Wickham
 to arrive. They've been waiting for a while, and Darla looks
 around impatiently after a moment.

DARLA
 He's late.

NIGEL
 (glances at watch)
 Not very much.

DARLA
 Are you sure you told him where to
 meet us?

NIGEL

Are you in any particular hurry?

DARLA

No, but I don't particularly enjoy sitting about and waiting.

NIGEL

Well, at least it gives you the opportunity to take in the local color. Besides, aren't you enjoying your tea?

DARLA

A bit too much mint for my taste.

NIGEL

Be thankful we're not further south. I suspect Saiidi would be a bit strong for you, especially with your stomach of late.

DARLA

And you keep insisting you've never been to Egypt before.

NIGEL

One need not visit a country to be familiar with its cuisine.

A black 1981 MERCEDES-BENZ 300SD arrives and parks across the street, and a woman gets out. She is LUCY WICKHAM -- British, 44 years old, tall and attractive and smartly attired. Darla and Nigel watch as she starts to cross the street toward them, and Darla smiles sardonically as she realizes Wickham is a woman.

DARLA

So this is Wickham.

NIGEL

I suppose I neglected to mention her Christian name.

DARLA

Yes, that minor detail seems to have slipped your mind.

NIGEL

Well, it happens to be Lucy.

DARLA

Charming.

NIGEL

Now you know.

Lucy arrives at their table and Nigel stands and kisses her cheek.

NIGEL
Lucy. Good of you to join us.
(introduces them)
Lucy Wickham, Darla Chandler.

DARLA
 Hello.

Lucy nods at Darla, disappointed that Nigel has company, and Nigel pulls out a chair for her.

NIGEL
You're looking smashing as ever.

LUCY
(sits)
And you still know how to flatter a
girl. You've certainly lost none of
that boyish charm, and that bit of
grey actually suits you.

NIGEL
(sits too)
Now who's doing the flattering? Can
we get you anything?

LUCY
Thoughtful of you, but I'm afraid I
must decline. I'm due back at the
embassy in a tick.

NIGEL
A diplomat's work is never done.

LUCY
Not in this part of the world, anyway.
But I'm simply a lowly civil servant
doing her duty.

NIGEL
And we're all the better for it, I'm
sure.

Lucy reaches into her PURSE and brings out a SLIP OF PAPER.

LUCY
I'm putting you in touch with a man
called Gammal. Works for GIS. I've told
him what you're looking for and he may
be of help.
(hands him paper
discreetly)
You can meet him at this location
tomorrow at noon.

Nigel takes the slip of paper and reads the address on it.

NIGEL
Much obliged, Lucy. Perhaps I can return
the favor someday.

LUCY
Promises, promises.

Nigel grins and puts the slip of paper in his pocket.

LUCY
Staying in town long?

NIGEL
Till we find what we're looking for.

LUCY
Hawthorne know what you're up to?

NIGEL
Not specifically. We haven't been in touch with him since we left London. Technically, we're on an assignment on behalf of C.E.R.T., but to be perfectly truthful it's really rather personal and we'd prefer to handle it our own way.

LUCY
I see. Sort of unofficial business, then.

NIGEL
Something like that. So I'd appreciate it if you'd keep this on the QT. No need to trouble head of station with any of it.

LUCY
Oh, mum's the word.

Nigel nods his appreciation and Lucy looks around at the scenery.

LUCY
Cairo's really quite lovely this time of year. I'd ask you to join me for dinner this evening...
(looks at Darla)
...but I imagine you'll be otherwise engaged.

NIGEL
Very astute of you. No wonder you've risen through the ranks at MI6.

LUCY
That and my scintillating personality.

Lucy glances from Nigel to Darla and back, aware that there's no possibility of rekindling anything with Nigel, then she smiles ruefully.

LUCY
Well, I shall have to content myself with memories, then.
(stands up)
Do be careful. Ta-ta.

NIGEL

Cheers.

Lucy leaves and walks back toward her car. Nigel and Darla watch her go, then Nigel peeks at Darla and can see that she's curious about any personal relationship he and Lucy had in the past.

NIGEL

Don't ask.

Darla looks at him, then shrugs innocently as if to say, "Who, me?"

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Even at this hour, the late night cafés along the narrow street are filled with PEOPLE conversing and smoking shishas, and the area is quite noisy.

CLOSER ANGLE

We can see Darla standing at an open window on the second floor, wearing a nightgown and watching the scene below.

INT. HOTEL - ROOM - SAME

Darla continues watching the scene, then closes the window. It doesn't do very much good in reducing the noise from the cafés or the honking traffic, and she sighs and crosses to the bed, where Nigel is reading a MAGAZINE in his pajamas.

DARLA

Might have brought some earplugs along.
Don't think we'll be getting very much sleep.

NIGEL

And even if we do, it won't be for long.
The morning call to prayer will take care of that.

DARLA

(getting into bed)

Lord knows I've always enjoyed traveling, and in the course of our missions we've visited a wide variety of different locales... but I don't think I'd have made a very good colonist.

NIGEL

Then I suppose India's out of the running for our next holiday, eh?

Darla lies back and thinks about what Nigel just said.

DARLA

Do I sound ethnocentric? I really don't wish to.

NIGEL

Not at all. Some cultures take a bit of getting used to, and not everything is everyone's cup of tea. But variety is the spice of life, as they say, and it's good that we're not all the same. As long as our commonalities outweigh our differences.

DARLA

Perhaps I'm becoming less adventuresome as I grow older, but I'm finding it more and more difficult to stay away from home for long. Find myself missing Blighty more than ever.

NIGEL

Well, if this Gammal fellow can point us in the right direction fairly quickly, we shouldn't be here for more than a few days at most. And then you'll be back in merry ol' England, eating chip butties and signing autographs for a whole new generation of adoring fans.

DARLA

Is that what you see in that crystal ball of yours?

NIGEL

Merely an educated guess.

DARLA

(teasing him)

You're rather keen on making predictions. Germany reuniting, Yugoslavia falling apart. What else do you see happening over the next few years, might I ask?

NIGEL

You don't really wish to hear my cockamamie theories about the future, do you?

DARLA

I find them most fascinating, if a bit improbable, and I've little else to do at the moment.

NIGEL

(puts down magazine)

Very well, then, I shall endeavor to entertain you. But don't say I didn't warn you.

DARLA

I take full responsibility for eliciting them.

NIGEL

The next few years are going to be rather interesting, I would think. Several changes in the air to upset the status quo and a shifting geopolitical climate. You can see it already if you know how to look. Take what's presently occurring in Poland, for instance. The discontent and desire for change.

DARLA

You think it will spread?

NIGEL

Once something like that begins it's very difficult to stop, historically. It'll gather momentum and spread. How fast and how far remains to be seen, but I see the beginnings of the eventual collapse of the Eastern Bloc -- though how long the process will take is anyone's guess.

DARLA

(surprised)

Are you predicting the Iron Curtain will fall?

NIGEL

It's inevitable, as far as I'm concerned. It will go, sooner or later. Nothing lasts forever. Not even that.

DARLA

That curtain's been up nearly as long as I can remember. I've come to see it as a permanent fixture, the natural state of things.

NIGEL

It's coming down, I assure you. What that means for S.M.A.S.H. and its mission I can't say at the moment, or even what it means for the world at large... but things are not going to be as they've been for the past forty years. Of that you can be certain.

Nigel says nothing more and puts away his magazine and settles back to sleep. Darla contemplates everything he's said, then her thoughts switch to the personal and she decides to ask him about that as well.

DARLA

And what do you see happening to us, if I may have you narrow your focus somewhat? What does the future hold in store for "Moose" and "Squirrel"?

NIGEL
Difficult to say. In my experience it's
always been somewhat easier foreseeing
world events than predicting the next
installment in the adventures of "Moose"
and "Squirrel".

DARLA
Really? You've no idea at all?

NIGEL
Some predictions I dare not attempt.
But it's safe to say whatever happens
in their lives or in the world around
them, and whatever circumstances arise
as a result, they'll be facing those
circumstances together, as a team.
(looks at her)
They'll always be a team.

DARLA
Always?

NIGEL
(deadly serious)
As surely as the sun rises.

Darla watches him for a moment, and a tear rolls down her
cheek.

DARLA
(smiles)
I thought you said nothing lasts forever.

Nigel wipes the tear from her face with a finger, and he
smiles too.

NIGEL
Did I? I may have been mistaken, then.

They kiss. After it's over:

DARLA
I'm glad you're not always right.

They start another kiss, longer and more passionate, and we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAIRO - DAY

The next day.

EXT. STREET - SAME

A small street in a slum. Nigel and Darla arrive in their
rental car, a small 1980 FIAT 126 2-DOOR FASTBACK, and park
in front of a small, decrepit building. They get out and
shut the doors, then lean against the car and wait for
Gammal. Several CHILDREN are playing nearby, and a DONKEY-
DRAWN CART moves down the street filled with trash.

After a moment, a shabbily dressed MAN ambles toward them, keeping his head down. Darla and Nigel watch warily as he approaches, wondering if he might be Gammal, and he stops in front of them and speaks directly to Nigel.

MAN

Cigarette?

NIGEL

Sorry, don't smoke.

Undeterred, the man turns to Darla and asks the same question.

MAN

Cigarette?

Darla just shakes her head, and the man turns back to Nigel.

MAN

Where are you from, my friend?

NIGEL

A quaint little town called London.
Perhaps you've heard of it. And no, we
don't require any assistance finding
our way about, but thank you very much
for your concern.

The man grumbles something in Egyptian Arabic and shuffles on, and they watch him go.

DARLA

Lovely neighborhood. Make sure you
still have your billfold.

Nigel chuckles, then they notice a 1978 PEUGEOT 505 driving slowly along the opposite side of the street. The only person in the car is the driver, an Egyptian man in his 30's, and he watches them the entire time he drives by.

DARLA

Is that him?

NIGEL

Don't know. Could simply be a curious
passerby.

They watch as the car continues down the street and then starts to make a u-turn at the next intersection.

DARLA

Well, if it's not, then he's more
curious than most.

The Peugeot finishes the u-turn and comes back up the street toward them, just as slowly, then pulls up alongside them and stops. The man at the wheel is MUHAMMED GAMMAL, and he gives Nigel a code phrase.

GAMMAL

I hope you find this weather agreeable.

NIGEL

These hot summer days in Cairo are really a bit much for me, I'm afraid.

GAMMAL

Ah, but at least it gets cooler at night. You should stay indoors until then.

NIGEL

Mr. Gammal, I presume.

GAMMAL

Agent Wilkins.

NIGEL

And Chandler.

GAMMAL

Not here. Go to the shop at the end of the street. I will be there shortly.

Gammal pulls out and drives around the corner. They watch him go, then Nigel shrugs at Darla and they start heading toward the shop Gammal indicated.

EXT. SHOP

A small shop with boarded up windows that appears to be out of business. There is an OLD MAN sitting on the pavement next to the entrance, and from his wizened appearance and tattered clothes he seems to be a beggar. Darla and Nigel arrive, but just as they approach the door, the old man suddenly spreads out his arm and blocks their way.

OLD MAN

Twenty *piastres*.

Darla and Nigel exchange bemused glances, then Nigel looks back at the old man.

NIGEL

Pardon me, but we'd like to get through if you don't mind.

OLD MAN

Twenty *piastres*.

Nigel pauses, then he sighs and fishes in his pocket and brings out a COIN. The old man immediately snatches it from him, then indicates they can go inside. Darla and Nigel exchange glances again, then open the door.

INT. SHOP - CONTINUOUS

There is a MAN behind a small counter, reading a BOOK, and he looks up as Darla and Nigel enter. He says nothing, just nods his head in the direction of a closed door at the end of the room. They cross to the door and Nigel opens it.

INT. SHOP - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is very sparsely furnished with just a small table and a couple of chairs, an electric stove, and an icebox. The walls are bare and the paint is peeling. Darla and Nigel enter and take in the decidedly dingy surroundings.

DARLA

Charming.

NIGEL

Perfect place to interrogate someone. I don't suppose that hob is used much for cooking, and those stains on the floor look suspiciously like blood.

Darla looks over at the stains, but before she can say anything, the back door opens and Gammal comes in. He closes the door and locks it, then comes up to them.

GAMMAL

Better safe than sorry.

NIGEL

Rather efficient doorman you have.

GAMMAL

Khalid is crazy but harmless. He showed up one day asking for food and we decided to use him to discourage the curious.

NIGEL

Nearly discouraged us.

GAMMAL

We actually pay him a salary, but old habits die hard.

NIGEL

Lucy said you could help us find what we're looking for.

GAMMAL

She gave me the name and I located a file. I believe this is him.

Gammal holds up a FOLDER and hands it to Nigel, and Nigel reads the name written on it.

NIGEL

Malcolm Chadwick. What can you tell us about him?

GAMMAL

British expatriate. Very wealthy and known as a philanthropist. We have suspected for the last five years he supplies weapons to terrorists for the Soviets, but we know very little more. He insulates himself very well and there are many layers around him.

NIGEL

Yes, we've heard he's an exceedingly careful fellow. Anything else?

GAMMAL

Very reclusive man. Never seen in public and sees very few people. Lives on a private and secluded compound south of Cairo.

NIGEL

Since when?

GAMMAL

For the last ten years. Before that, we do not know where he was.

(reaches into jacket)

Here is a photograph. Taken five years ago.

Gammal brings out a BLACK-AND-WHITE PHOTO of a British man in his late 60's and hands it to Nigel, and Nigel stops short as he looks at it.

NIGEL

Good God...

DARLA

What is it?

Nigel stares at the photo, stunned by what he sees, and speaks in a hushed voice.

NIGEL

Beckett.

DARLA

Who?

Nigel doesn't reply for a moment, still staring at the photo, then he snaps out of it.

NIGEL

Alistair Beckett. He was a senior MI6 officer during the Fifties and early Sixties. Hawthorne told me all about him once.

The information surprises both Darla and Gammal, and Nigel continues to stare at the photo as he goes on.

NIGEL

Worked in R5 in counter-intelligence. Brilliant man and something of a legend. Two of his people were found to be working for the Soviets and sending information to Moscow, but Beckett himself was never implicated. He disappeared completely after that and no one has seen him since 1963.

(MORE)

NIGEL (CONT'D)

There were rumors he'd been killed by the KGB for exposing the traitors, but Hawthorne was convinced he was a double agent himself and had flown the coop to avoid discovery. And it seems he was right.

DARLA

Are you sure it's him?

NIGEL

Older now, of course... but it's him.

(beat)

No wonder he could conceive and implement such a cover-up. He has all the expertise and experience.

Nigel looks at the photo once more, still amazed at this totally unexpected discovery, then turns to Gammal.

NIGEL

We need to get into that compound.

GAMMAL

That is impossible. It is a fortress.

NIGEL

Where there's a will there's a way. I can't believe your people have suspected him for so long and haven't moved in on him yet. What are they waiting for?

GAMMAL

I told you. He is very well insulated.

NIGEL

Yes, but who's doing the insulating?

GAMMAL

What do you mean?

NIGEL

Philanthropist, eh? I don't suppose he spreads some of that wealth around here, does he? Invests in the local economy, patronizes the arts, perhaps even erects homes for the poor. I might not wish to offend or displease such a benefactor myself.

GAMMAL

Are you suggesting my people protect him?

NIGEL

Intelligence services have been known to look the other way whenever it suits them. And I have to wonder why you never informed SIS about any of this. British expat working for the Soviets? Forgot to mention it?

GAMMAL

(a beat)

Do you know what you are asking of me?

NIGEL

Yes, I'm asking you to do the right thing and help us nab a fugitive and criminal. A man guilty of treason, arms smuggling, murder, and God knows what else.

GAMMAL

I am only an operative. What can I do?

NIGEL

It's the foot soldiers who win the wars, not the generals.

Gammal says nothing for a while, struggling with his decision, and Darla and Nigel watch him and wait. Finally:

GAMMAL

There is a man called Habib. He works for Chadwick. I can tell you where to find him, but no more.

NIGEL

That's all we need. We'll take it from there.

EXT. CAFÉ - DAY

ABDUL HABIB is sitting alone at an outside table eating lunch. He is Egyptian and around 40, very smartly dressed in a tailored suit, and very self-assured. Nigel and Darla suddenly appear at the table and stand over him.

NIGEL

Hello, may we join you?

Habib watches as they sit down on either side of him.

NIGEL

That kushari looks rather delicious, but I prefer falafel myself this time of day.

Ordinarily, someone would be annoyed or even alarmed by two total strangers suddenly sitting at his table, but Habib barely reacts. He glances at them, then continues to eat, cool as a cucumber.

HABIB

Do I know you?

NIGEL

Mr. Habib, is it?

HABIB

Who wishes to know?

NIGEL

Terribly rude of us not to introduce ourselves. My name is Morecambe and my lovely associate here is Wise. We've been looking for you for several days and I'm gratified we've finally managed to catch up with you.

HABIB

Looking for me?

NIGEL

Yes, and for a while there we feared we'd never actually find you. But our persistence appears to have paid off splendidly, I'm happy to say.

HABIB

And why would you be looking for me?

NIGEL

Quite simple, really. My associate and I are involved in, how shall I put it, a bit of subversive activity back home and we happen to be in the market for some weapons to assist in our cause. Soviet rocket launchers, to be precise.

HABIB

And my name just happened to come up.

NIGEL

That's right. We did a little asking around and a very nice fellow in Prague who seems to have the gen on these things pointed us in your direction.

HABIB

Did he.

NIGEL

So here we are. I do hope we haven't been misinformed. I'd hate to have done all that traveling for naught. Especially when my associate here is prone to vertigo on those long flights.

They wait as Habib chews his food calmly and takes his time to respond.

HABIB

Why would you think I can help you with what you seek?

NIGEL

Well, not you, precisely. The man you work for. We understand he's the man to see around here about this sort of thing. Fellow by the name of Chadwick?

Habib says nothing for a moment. He raises his glass of tea and takes a long sip, then puts down the glass and smiles amiably.

HABIB

This conversation has been very amusing,
but I'm afraid you must have me confused
with someone else. Good day.

And with that, Habib goes back to his kushari. Nigel and Darla exchange glances, then watch as he continues to eat as if they weren't even there. It's obvious he has completely dismissed them and will no longer acknowledge their presence, and Nigel looks at Darla again and shrugs resignedly. They get up and leave the table... and after a moment, Habib looks up and watches as they walk away, his expression suspicious.

FURTHER DOWN THE STREET

Darla and Nigel walk toward their rental car, and Darla isn't very impressed with what just happened.

DARLA

Did you really think he'd give us a
meeting with Beckett?

NIGEL

Of course not. If you were him would
you trust us?

(smiles slyly)

But Mr. Habib is going to assist us in
ways he doesn't even realize.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Later that evening.

INT. HOTEL - ROOM - SAME

The lights are out and Darla is asleep in bed under the covers. After a moment, we hear someone out in the hallway fiddling with the lock on the door, then the door opens slowly and a man peeks in. Silhouetted in the light from the hallway, we cannot see who it is. He enters and closes the door quietly, then slowly approaches the bed.

The man stops next to the bed -- and it's Habib. He watches Darla as she sleeps, then starts to lean closer... but Nigel suddenly appears behind him, fully dressed, and puts a pistol to the back of his head.

NIGEL

Looking for someone? I suppose you
forgot to knock. Very bad manners.

Before Habib can say anything, Darla sits up quickly, also fully dressed, and she turns on the bedside wall light and aims her pistol right at his face.

NIGEL

I wouldn't make any sudden moves if
I were you. My associate has an even
itchier trigger finger than I, not to
mention better aim.

With one pistol to the back of his head and another in his
face, Habib realizes there's absolutely nothing he can do
but cooperate. He slowly steps back away from the bed, and
Nigel searches him and confiscates his GUN.

NIGEL

Now, then. Suppose you tell us why
you happen to be in our hotel room. No,
let me guess. You alerted Mr. Chadwick
about our inquiries and he requested
that you promptly dispose of us.

Habib remains silent.

NIGEL

Have I got it right? Do I win a prize?

HABIB

(all innocence)

Who is Mr. Chadwick? I don't know who
this person is that you continue to
speak of.

NIGEL

Oh, come now. We may have been expelled
from your country but we Brits aren't
thick. We know you work for Chadwick
and we know he deals in Soviet weapons.
So let's not insult each other, eh?
All we wish is an audience with him.
Is that too much to ask?

HABIB

You are very audacious.

NIGEL

Yes, I've been told that on more than
one occasion and I've sincerely tried
to correct it over the years. Terrible
character flaw, but, we all have our
faults. Yours seems to be a rather
stubborn unwillingness to drop the
act even when it's not fooling anyone.
It's really becoming quite tiresome.

HABIB

(shrugs)

We all have our faults.

Nigel puts his pistol to Habib's temple and cocks it.

NIGEL

So I'll ask you again: Why are you here?

HABIB
(a beat)
Mr. Chadwick wanted me to check you out.

NIGEL
Is that all? Well, hate to piss on your bonfire, old boy, but I'm afraid I'm altering your plans for the evening. You're taking us to see him instead.

HABIB
And why would I do that?

NIGEL
Because if you don't, I'm afraid he'll be needing a new man to replace you. Shall we go?

EXT. HOTEL - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Nigel and Darla march Habib out of the lobby, holding a gun at his back, and turn toward the parking lot beside the hotel.

EXT. HOTEL - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The three of them enter the lot and Nigel motions Habib to stop.

NIGEL
Where's your car?

HABIB
The Mercedes.

NIGEL
(looks)
There are several of them.

HABIB
The black one.

NIGEL
There are several of those too.

HABIB
(sighs)
Come with me.

Darla and Nigel follow Habib closely as he leads them to his car, keeping the gun at his back. They approach the car on the driver's side, but just as they arrive, the rear door suddenly swings open and a GOON leaps out pointing a UZI SUBMACHINE GUN at Darla and Nigel.

For a moment, nobody moves, then Habib grins at Nigel.

HABIB
Did you think I would come alone? Then perhaps you are thick after all.

Nigel and Darla exchange glances, then Nigel looks back at Habib. He smiles sheepishly, then suddenly pushes Habib into the goon and shouts at Darla.

NIGEL

Go!

As Habib and the goon collide and stumble, Darla and Nigel leap toward a nearby car and dive behind it for cover. The goon recovers quickly and immediately sprays the car with his Uzi, shattering the windows, and Darla and Nigel duck to avoid the glass that rains on them.

DARLA

So he was going to help us in ways he didn't even realize, eh?

NIGEL

How was I to foresee this unfortunate turn of events?

They peek from behind the car and fire off several rounds at the goon, forcing him to duck behind the Mercedes's door, then take cover again as he returns fire. Unarmed, Habib retreats into the Mercedes.

DARLA

For someone who claims to predict the future course of history, your grasp of the here and now seems rather tenuous at best.

NIGEL

One little miscalculation in seventeen years, that's not such a poor track record, you know. By God, you'd think I'd got us into cock-ups like this all the time.

They pop up again and shoot at the goon, then barely avoid getting hit by the hail of bullets as he fires a barrage at them. Across the street, several PEOPLE are sitting outside a late night café sipping tea and smoking shishas as if nothing out of the ordinary were happening at all.

NIGEL

You'd think they'd be curious about all the kerfuffle!

DARLA

Perhaps they think it's the start of a new revolution.

They try to shoot back, but the goon continues to fire barrages at them and pins them down. Then the goon runs out of ammo and ducks behind the Mercedes's door to change clips, and Nigel immediately seizes the opportunity.

NIGEL

Get to the car! I'll cover you!

He pokes out again and fires several rounds at the Mercedes's door as Darla makes a run for their rented Fiat. The goon sees her and tries to shoot at her, but Nigel fires several more rounds and keeps him pinned until Darla makes it to the Fiat and gets in.

The goon pops back up and fires a barrage at Nigel, forcing Nigel to duck again, then Nigel emerges from behind the car and lays down some fire as he quickly backs his way toward the Fiat.

Nigel reaches the Fiat on the driver's side, intending to drive, but he stops short as he sees Darla already behind the wheel.

DARLA
Bung me the keys!

NIGEL
Move over!

DARLA
Keys! Or would you rather ride a camel?

Nigel hesitates, then he ducks as the goon fires another barrage at him. He tosses Darla the keys and quickly goes around the front of the car, crouched low, and opens the passenger door.

INT. FIAT - CONTINUOUS

Darla starts the engine as Nigel gets in and shuts the door.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Darla backs out quickly and swerves the Fiat around as the car is peppered with a hail of bullets.

INT. FIAT - MOVING

Darla floors the accelerator and Nigel is knocked back in his seat as the car lurches forward.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Darla aims the car directly at Habib's Mercedes. The goon tries to keep shooting, but he's forced to leap away from the Mercedes as Darla bears down on him and tears off the Mercedes's open door.

INT. FIAT - MOVING

Nigel is knocked about by the impact, then he stares at Darla as she drives.

NIGEL
I certainly hope you did that
intentionally!

EXT. PARKING LOT

An abbreviated version of the SONG "Chant No. 1 (I Don't Need This Pressure On)" by Spandau Ballet begins on the soundtrack as the Fiat races toward the exit and the goon scrambles to get into the Mercedes.

EXT. STREET

The Fiat tears out of the lot and starts racing down the street.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Habib floors the accelerator and the Mercedes lurches toward the exit.

EXT. STREET

The Mercedes tears out of the lot and starts racing down the street after the Fiat.

INT. FIAT - MOVING

Nigel watches with concern as Darla drives like a bat out of hell.

NIGEL
Have you any idea where you're going?

DARLA
None at all!

EXT. STREET

The Fiat reaches a corner and turns right, skidding, its tires screeching.

INT. FIAT - MOVING

Nigel hangs on as Darla comes out of the turn.

EXT. STREET

The Mercedes arrives at the same corner and turns right, its tires also screeching.

INT. MERCEDES - MOVING

The goon hangs on as Habib comes out of the turn.

THE FIAT

races down the street.

THE MERCEDES

follows in hot pursuit.

INT. FIAT - MOVING

Darla reaches the next intersection and starts to turn.

EXT. INTERSECTION

The Fiat turns left and continues down the intersecting street.

INT. FIAT - MOVING

Nigel looks back as Darla speeds down the street.

EXT. INTERSECTION

The Mercedes also turns left.

INT. FIAT - MOVING

Nigel watches as the Mercedes makes the turn behind them.

DARLA
Are they still there?

NIGEL
Mind the road! I'll handle this!

Nigel pokes his head out the window and aims his pistol carefully at one of the Mercedes' front tires --

INSERT - THE VIEW BEHIND

The Mercedes is starting to catch up.

BACK TO SCENE

-- but just as he's about to shoot, Darla makes a sharp turn at the next corner and completely throws him off.

NIGEL
Blast it!

DARLA
(sarcastic)
Have you got it sorted yet?

NIGEL
I would if you'd keep this bloody car steady for a moment!

THE FIAT

races down the street.

THE MERCEDES

follows in hot pursuit.

INT. FIAT - MOVING

Darla turns sharply around yet another corner.

EXT. STREET

The Fiat comes around the corner and approaches a t-bone intersection with a major street that is filled with a long line of slow-moving TRAFFIC.

INT. FIAT - MOVING

Darla sees the traffic up ahead and quickly slows down.

DARLA
Bloody hell!

EXT. INTERSECTION

As the Fiat arrives, Darla cuts off a car and merges into the line of traffic, almost colliding, and the car HONKS its horn.

INT. FIAT - MOVING

Nigel looks back at the car they just cut off as Darla shouts at the driver.

DARLA
Happy motoring!

NIGEL
That was rather aggressive of you.

DARLA
I've my moments of being assertive.

EXT. STREET

Habib's Mercedes arrives at the intersection and cuts into traffic as well, and the DRIVER of the car it cuts off HONKS his horn a couple of times and shouts out his window.

DRIVER
Ya humar!

INT. FIAT - MOVING

Darla hears the honks behind them and knows what it means.

DARLA
I suppose that tosser's still there.

Nigel looks in the rearview mirror, then looks in his side mirror and sees the Mercedes several cars behind them.

NIGEL
About five cars back.

DARLA
Persistent bugger, isn't he?

NIGEL
Just as assertive as you.

INT. MERCEDES - MOVING

Driving along with the traffic, Habib tries to spot the Fiat up ahead.

INSERT - THE VIEW AHEAD

The long line of cars ahead stretches down the street and across the next intersection.

BACK TO SCENE

Habib can't locate the Fiat, but he knows it's up ahead somewhere.

EXT. STREET

The line of traffic continues to crawl along, Habib's Mercedes five cars behind the Fiat.

INT. FIAT - MOVING

Darla is starting to get frustrated with the slow pace of the traffic.

DARLA
We'll never lose them this way.

NIGEL
At least they're just as trapped as we
are at the moment.

THE FIAT

continues to crawl along with the traffic.

THE MERCEDES

continues to crawl along as well.

INT. FIAT - MOVING

Darla is getting more and more frustrated.

INT. MERCEDES - MOVING

Habib is getting increasingly frustrated as well.

EXT. STREET

The light at the next intersection turns red and the traffic starts to come to a stop.

INT. FIAT

Darla has had enough, and she shifts the car into park as soon as she stops.

DARLA
I think it's time we abandon ship.

NIGEL

What?

Darla opens her door and gets out of the car, crouched low, and Nigel watches in amazement.

NIGEL

We can't just leave it here in the middle of the street --

DARLA

Would you rather sit here and wait for them to come blow our heads off?

Nigel hesitates for a moment, then admits that she's right and starts to get out as well.

NIGEL

Bugger...

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Darla and Nigel shut their doors, crouching low, then scurry quickly down the street in their direction of travel alongside the stopped cars.

INT. MERCEDES

Habib takes the opportunity now that he's stopped to poke his head out the window and try to spot the Fiat up ahead.

FURTHER DOWN THE BLOCK

Darla and Nigel emerge from the traffic and cross over to the sidewalk on the other side of the street. They look back, see no sign of pursuit, then continue quickly down the block and lose themselves in the crowd.

INT. MERCEDES

Habib continues to look for the Fiat, unaware that Darla and Nigel have abandoned it and are long gone, then opens the door and starts to get out.

EXT. STREET

The light changes to green and the cars ahead of the Fiat start to move, but the cars behind it are unable to proceed.

INT. MERCEDES

Seeing the green light, Habib gets back into the car and shuts the door, then wonders what the hell is going on when the cars in front of him don't move and start honking their horns.

EXT. STREET

The cars ahead of the Fiat have all crossed the intersection and continued on their way, but the cars behind it are trapped and honk their horns even more.

INT. MERCEDES

Habib has had enough as well, and he and the goon open their doors and get out.

EXT. STREET

The DRIVERS of the two cars behind the Fiat are already standing beside it and cursing as Habib and the goon arrive. Habib pushes past them and looks into the empty Fiat, then looks around quickly for any sign of Darla and Nigel as the cacophony of car horns increases behind them. But there's absolutely no sign of Darla and Nigel at all, and he stamps his foot in frustration and sighs sharply. Then he stands there and fumes, and the SONG ends.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SHOP - NIGHT

The same safe house where Darla and Nigel met with Gammal the day before. They step up to the door, exhausted from a long walk, and Nigel knocks. There's no sign of the old man who previously asked them for money.

DARLA
Cor, my dogs are barking.
(looks around)
Where's Khalid?

NIGEL
Be thankful he's gone. I gave the last
of my *piastres* to that God-awful taxi
driver.

The door opens a crack and Gammal peeks out.

NIGEL
Sorry to disturb you this way, old boy,
but we've no place to stay for tonight.

Gammal opens the door all the way and hurries them in.

GAMMAL
AlHamdulillah. Come in quickly.

INT. SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Darla and Nigel come in and Gammal shuts and locks the door, then Gammal notices they're disheveled and that their clothes are dirty and damp with sweat.

GAMMAL
What happened to you?

NIGEL
The missus thought it'd be smashing
to abandon our car as we fled from Mr.
Habib. Not my first choice, really,
but we did manage to get away.

GAMMAL

So much time passed since you called
I was becoming concerned.

NIGEL

Yes, well, we had to find alternate
means of transport across town since
we left our little vehicle in the
middle of traffic near Tahrir Square.
Took the metro part of the way, then
a taxi whose driver seemed to know
even less about Cairo than we do,
then it was shanks pony the rest.

GAMMAL

You must be exhausted. I will make some
coffee. Sit down.

Gammal crosses toward the stove but Darla speaks up.

DARLA

Some tea would be nice. Earl Grey if
you can, but if not, Darjeeling will do.

Gammal turns to her and shrugs, having neither of those.

GAMMAL

Koshary, or hibiscus if you prefer.

Darla sighs, disappointed, and Nigel tries not to roll his
eyes.

NIGEL

Hibiscus for her, coffee for me.
Turkish, not instant.

GAMMAL

(offended)
Of course.

Gammal starts making the coffee and tea as Darla and Nigel
sit at the table.

NIGEL

The whole evening's been a complete
shambles. Right about now, we should
be skulking about Beckett's compound
trying to sort out what he's up to.
Instead we're here with you, debating
the virtues of coffee versus tea.

GAMMAL

So what happened? You said you captured
Habib but he got the upper hand?

DARLA

(needles Nigel)
Yes, he managed to turn the tables
somehow. And then he chased us through
most of the city center and forced us
to leave our things at the hotel.

NIGEL

Don't think management will even notice anything's amiss till we fail to return for a couple of days. They'll probably think we left on a trip down to Aswan without letting them know, in which case they'll merely be miffed we didn't book it through them.

GAMMAL

(chuckles)

Sounds like you two had quite an evening.

NIGEL

You don't know the half of it, my friend.

GAMMAL

Well, I am sorry about all that... but you still may be able to get into that compound tonight.

DARLA

How do you figure that? We were counting on Habib getting us past the main gate and the guards. Not much chance of that happening now.

Just at that moment, the back door suddenly opens and Habib comes in with his goon, the goon's Uzi already pointed.

HABIB

I can still do that -- but not quite the way you wish.

Darla and Nigel instantly stand up, caught completely off-guard, and Nigel looks over at Gammal and sees that he's pointing a GUN at them too. As the betrayal sinks in, Habib take Darla's and Nigel's pistols and Nigel watches Gammal with great disappointment.

NIGEL

Seems I was right all along about your people protecting him. But I'd never have guessed you were part of it.

GAMMAL

As I said, I am only an operative, just following orders.

NIGEL

Aren't we all.

Gammal shrugs amiably and Habib motions Darla and Nigel to step outside.

EXT. STREET - SAME

Gammal leads the group over to Habib's Mercedes. He opens the rear door and the goon motions with his Uzi for Darla and Nigel to get in. They hesitate, then start to get in.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Darla and Nigel get into the back seat, then the goon gets in beside them and keeps them covered with his Uzi as Gammal shuts the door.

DARLA

Tonight just keeps getting better and better.

NIGEL

Not bad for our first time in Cairo, eh?
But I fear it may also be the last.

DARLA

Should have just gone quietly into retirement.

Gammal and Habib get into the front and Gammal takes the wheel. They shut their doors, then Gammal starts the engine.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The car pulls out and drives away down the street as the SONG "Pharoah" by Spandau Ballet begins on the soundtrack.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT ROAD - OUTSIDE CAIRO - NIGHT

Habib's Mercedes drives by, its headlights the only illumination out here.

INT. MERCEDES - MOVING

Gammal drives and Habib rides beside him. Darla and Nigel ride in the back with the goon, who keeps his Uzi pointed at them. They ride in silence for a while, then Nigel speaks up.

NIGEL

I don't suppose you could take us past the pyramids at Giza or Saqqara along the way? My associate would appreciate a fleeting glimpse of them at least before we depart this earth.

Neither Gammal nor Habib says a thing, and the goon continues to stare at them, tight-lipped. Nigel waits for a response, then looks at Darla and shrugs.

NIGEL

Seems granting a final wish to the condemned isn't as respected a custom around here.

Darla doesn't reply, and the SONG continues as we slowly

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT COMPOUND - LATER THAT NIGHT

A very spacious property, very spread out and surrounded by high walls. On one side are a large two-story structure and several smaller buildings. Across from them are a couple of hangars. And running down the middle of the compound is a long airstrip.

The Mercedes arrives along the single road leading into the area and slows down as it approaches the main gate.

INT. MERCEDES - MOVING

Darla and Nigel watch as the car comes to a stop and Habib rolls down his window. A GUARD armed with an AK-74 steps up to the window, and Habib signals him to open the gate.

EXT. MAIN GATE

The guard steps away from the car and goes to the gate.

INT. MERCEDES - ON DARLA AND NIGEL

They watch silently as the guard opens the gate.

EXT. MAIN GATE

The Mercedes starts moving again and goes through the open gate.

INT. MERCEDES - MOVING

As the car proceeds into the compound, Habib turns to look back at Darla and Nigel.

HABIB

You wanted an audience with Mr. Chadwick?
You are about to have one.

NIGEL

Yes, but I wish we were better attired
for it. Always try to make a good
impression, you know.

Habib smiles and shrugs amiably.

NIGEL

Mr. Chadwick should be very grateful
for your loyalty. But tell me something.
What would Nasser have said about your
kowtowing to a British master, eh?
Rather ironic, isn't it.

Habib scowls at him, but before he can respond, Gammal suddenly slams on the brakes and everyone is knocked about by the abrupt deceleration. Nigel instantly knocks the Uzi out of the goon's hand as Gammal whips out a WIRE and loops it around Habib's neck. Caught by surprise, Darla watches Nigel grab the goon before he can recover and break his neck, then she watches as Gammal garrottes Habib and Habib sags lifeless in the front seat.

It's over very quickly, and Nigel opens the door and gets out of the car. For a moment, Darla remains inside, stunned by what has just happened, then she gets out as Gammal gives Nigel back their pistols and a pair of BINOCULARS.

NIGEL
Good show, old boy. Our friend never
saw it coming.

GAMMAL
You are on your own from this point.
Good luck.

NIGEL
And to you. Give Lucy my regards.

Gammal backs up and turns the car around, and they watch as he starts driving back the way they came. Darla is still amazed at how quickly and suddenly the tables have turned.

DARLA
Double agent?

NIGEL
Triple in his case.

DARLA
(shakes her head)
This world is getting far too confusing.

FURTHER AHEAD

A C-130 HERCULES CARGO PLANE in British Royal Air Force livery sits on the airstrip. Three CARGO TRUCKS sit very close by, and several Arab MEN in khaki uniforms are loading CRATES from the trucks onto the plane via its rear ramp.

Nigel and Darla scurry across the sand and move closer to the hangars. They stop and lay flat on the ground, and Nigel raises the binoculars and looks at the plane.

NIGEL
Cargo plane...
(surprised)
RAF markings.

DARLA
What are they loading?

INSERT - VIEW THROUGH BINOCULARS

We can see the men loading crates onto the plane.

NIGEL (O.S.)
Shoulder-fired missiles, looks like.

BACK TO SCENE

DARLA
(alarmed)
Missiles?

NIGEL

No, wait.

INSERT - VIEW THROUGH BINOCULARS

The men continue loading crates onto the plane.

BACK TO SCENE

Nigel watches the activity with growing concern.

NIGEL

I recognize the crates. RPO Rys rocket
flamethrowers.

DARLA

What?

NIGEL

Incendiary warhead. Napalm.

INSERT - VIEW THROUGH BINOCULARS

The men continue to load the plane.

BACK TO SCENE

Nigel lowers the binoculars, quite concerned now.

NIGEL

There's enough ordnance on that plane
to start a revolution.

DARLA

What in blithering heck are they
preparing for?

NIGEL

An attack on an American installation?
Israel? Buggered if I know.

Suddenly, a barrage of MACHINE GUN FIRE strikes the sand behind them. They roll over quickly and scramble to crawl away, but they are blocked by another barrage directly in front of them.

They try to change direction and are blocked by yet another barrage. Nigel pulls out his pistol and rises to a crouching position, but before he can do anything else, the bright beams of HEADLIGHTS blind him and Darla as a JEEP suddenly pulls up in front of them and stops. In the jeep are a GUARD brandishing an AK-74 and an Egyptian man named HASSAN.

GUARD

Hands up! Now!

Nigel stares at the AK-74 pointed directly at them and knows they have no chance to resist. He and Darla exchange glances, then they toss their pistols away. The guard keeps them covered as they slowly stand up and raise their hands in the air, and the SONG ends.

INT. DESERT COMPOUND - ROOM - NIGHT

A large room filled with antique furniture and various ARCHAEOLOGICAL ARTIFACTS and WORKS OF ART collected over the years, much of it Egyptian. At one end of the room is a large, freestanding CORKBOARD covered with a large sheet. Next to it is a desk, and behind the desk sits ALISTAIR BECKETT -- British, 72 years old, arrogant, and sinister. He is looking through some papers on a CLIPBOARD and his back is to us, and for the moment we cannot see his face.

The door opens and the guard marches Darla and Nigel into the room. They stop near the center of the room as Hassan goes to Beckett's desk and puts Darla's and Nigel's confiscated pistols on it. Beckett continues to look through the papers.

BECKETT

Thank you, Hassan. What about the guards at the entrance?

HASSAN

They are both dead. And we could not locate Habib.

BECKETT

Pity. I always told him he needed to be more careful, but he was far too impressed with himself. A lesson there for all of us.

Beckett puts down the clipboard and turns around and faces them... and now that Nigel sees him in the flesh, the full impact of finding this man after so many years hits him squarely.

BECKETT

Seems you've trespassed onto my property and deprived me of some of my loyal employees. You're really proving to be quite a nuisance, you two.

NIGEL

My apologies for our impudence, Mr. Chadwick. Or should I say Mr. Beckett.

Beckett remains silent for a moment and watches Nigel thoughtfully, then he smiles in amusement.

BECKETT

So... you know who I am. Well done. Pity it won't do you very much good at this point, but I suppose you can pat yourselves on the back for getting this far.

Nigel feels nothing but utter contempt as he stares at Beckett, but he refuses to take the bait and glances around the room at all the antiques and sculptures and paintings.

NIGEL

So this is what you've been doing since '63. Good to see you've managed to keep yourself occupied. Self-imposed exile could become rather monotonous without a hobby or two.

BECKETT

Actually, I've managed to keep myself well entertained over the years. You'd be surprised. Don't miss very much at all about England -- except perhaps for Lea & Perrins Worcestershire sauce.

NIGEL

Klaus Friedmann sends his apologies for losing that shipment he meant to deliver for you. He was really quite embarrassed about it -- before Mr. Kemp put a bullet in his head.

BECKETT

Was he? How ironic -- since I was the one who told Kemp to blow it up in the first place.

DARLA

You did?

Beckett puts the clipboard down on his desk and looks through some other PAPERS as he speaks.

BECKETT

The merchandise was important, not to mention quite costly, but I had it replaced and delivered by other means. One learns to be exceedingly prudent in my field of endeavor. Much costlier would have been to allow the French girl to keep poking her nose where it didn't belong.

Darla and Nigel are sick to their stomachs at the confirmation that Beckett had Chantal killed, but they remain silent as he goes on.

BECKETT

Klaus was always a bit lax when it came to security, at least for my taste, something which I constantly argued with him about. That's why I told Kemp to stay and watch until the shipment was picked up... and in the course of watching, Kemp noticed the girl and her contact were watching as well.

Beckett finishes with the papers and gets up and crosses to a window, and he stands there looking out into the night.

BECKETT

She was looking into Klaus's affairs and stumbled upon that particular shipment. She'd no idea who sent it nor what it was for, of course, but had she continued sniffing about, she might have found the answers to both those questions in time. So I thought I'd nip that in the bud as early as possible and leave no loose ends for anyone else to pursue.

NIGEL

And keep your treason two and a half decades ago from finally being exposed.

BECKETT

(turns to them)

Do you really think I'd go to all this trouble and expense to hide something which no one ever managed to figure out? Sacrifice my own shipment and have a C.E.R.T. agent killed, have four more killed to cover my tracks, have Klaus disposed of and the two of you as well, only for that? No, my concern was keeping what I'm doing at the present moment from being discovered and interfered with.

NIGEL

Serving as a conduit for the Soviets and funneling arms to terrorists, then. I believe we witnessed some of that earlier out on your airstrip. I'd go to great lengths myself to keep that under wraps if I were you.

BECKETT

And you're supposed to be the best Britain has to offer? Good God. No wonder you're going to lose the Cold War. You're even more gormless than the dolts at MI6. This hasn't been about that, either.

DARLA

What, then?

BECKETT

(crosses back to desk)

Something else entirely. A personal project of mine, very dear to my heart, nothing to do with the Soviets at all. One I've been nurturing for nearly a year and which is just about to come to fruition. And since neither of you will live to tell anyone else about it, I've nothing to lose by sharing it with you.

Beckett opens one of the desk's drawers and brings out a NEWSPAPER.

BECKETT

Here's what set it off. Here's what inspired the whole thing. This one moment in time, nearly a year ago.

Beckett goes over to them and holds up the newspaper, and the front page story is the royal wedding of Prince Charles and Princess Diana, complete with a large photo of the royal couple. Darla and Nigel look at it, puzzled.

DARLA

The royal wedding...?

BECKETT

You look rather confused. Yes, the royal wedding. That ridiculous, pretentious and repugnant display of everything that's ever been wrong with Britain and which compelled me to go over to the other side all those years ago in the first place. This one event convinced me I could no longer watch from afar and hope things would change; that I needed to take matters into my own hands and become the catalyst of that change.

Darla and Nigel have no idea what he means by taking matters into his own hands, and they watch worriedly as he returns to his desk and puts the newspaper away.

BECKETT

All the ghastly pomp and circumstance, the bloody hypocrisy of it all... They couldn't have done a better job of validating my utter contempt for centuries of Anglo-Saxon arrogance and imperialism.

(goes back to them)

I can't believe the British people haven't outgrown this rubbish in this day and age, but I suppose they'll never open their eyes and wake up from the spell unless they're forced to. After all, if the Royal Family were to vanish today there'd be nothing left to the British identity, would there? No one on the island would have a bloody clue how to proceed.

DARLA

I think you've been away from Britain so long you've completely fallen behind. Its present citizens don't hold nearly as much reverence for the monarchy as you seem to believe they do.

BECKETT

If that were true this wedding wouldn't have been the grotesque and nauseating spectacle that it was, bringing an entire nation to a halt and reducing the populace to an audience of gawking subjects. And most things round the country wouldn't still be preceded by those reverent words "Her Majesty's", would they? "Her Majesty's this" and "Her Majesty's that". You'd think Her Majesty bloody owned everything.

NIGEL

She certainly didn't own your loyalty, did she?

BECKETT

That she never did. Nor me.

NIGEL

Good for her. I'd have given you away for a pittance. Perhaps for nothing at all.

For a moment, Beckett remains silent, eyeing Nigel with a mixture of admiration and contempt. Then he smiles thinly.

BECKETT

I must say British wit hasn't changed any since I left. Good to know. That's about the only worthwhile contribution the species has made. That and Shakespeare.

Darla and Nigel say nothing, disgusted by his Anglophobia and his arrogance, and Beckett turns and crosses over to the large corkboard beside his desk.

BECKETT

The Boer Wars... The Opium Wars... The Irish Famine... The Black and Tans... The suppression of the Indian Mutiny... The Partition of India... The Suez Crisis... The burning of St. Joan! Such is the list of contributions the Anglo-Saxon race has made to humanity, to name but a few. Positively inspiring, isn't it? Makes one absolutely glow with national pride.

Beckett stares at Darla and Nigel, daring them to contradict him, to say anything in defense of Britain, then he breaks off.

BECKETT

But enough of this. I imagine you didn't come here for a history lesson, and I have something to show you.

Beckett pulls the sheet off the corkboard and reveals what is beneath. On the board is a large MAP of London, and several spots have been circled, including Buckingham Palace, Whitehall, and Parliament.

BECKETT

For years I've been supplying various and sundry groups throughout the Middle East with weapons on behalf of the Soviets. Now I've taken it upon myself to outfit one particular up-and-coming group on my own behalf. Their mission? The rebirth of Britain, something which cannot be accomplished until the old Britain dies. And the old Britain cannot die until the vestiges of its shameful past are swept away -- a task that can only be achieved by the extinction of the House of Windsor.

Darla and Nigel are stunned by what they've just heard, but Beckett goes on, pointing out the circled spots on the map like a general going over a planned offensive.

BECKETT

I have multiple teams already in place throughout London that I've armed over the past year with shipments like the one I attempted to send through Klaus. No one has any idea at all that they're there. But they are, all waiting for my A-team to arrive and launch the first strike. And then the fireworks and the festivities will begin, and Perfidious Albion will never know what hit it... even as they gape at the smoldering ruins of Buckingham Palace through the haze of their tears.

Darla and Nigel say nothing, horrified and utterly speechless, and Beckett leaves the corkboard and goes right up to them.

BECKETT

In one fell blow, I shall abolish the monarchy, something years of useless debate have failed to accomplish. But my efforts won't stop there. Whitehall shall go as well. Number 10 will be no more. They've always been complicit in the Crown's crimes, as that just completed shameful exercise in the Falklands more than demonstrates. I've but one shot at this and I'm going the full monty. It does little good to excise only part of a cancer. It must be removed entirely or not at all.

He stares at them triumphantly, allowing the magnitude of his plan to sink in, and it takes Darla a moment to find her voice.

DARLA

You're mad.

BECKETT

Am I? Is it mad to seek justice, to right wrongs?

DARLA

You would judge and condemn a whole nation based on the actions of its past?

BECKETT

Would I not be judged by the actions of mine?

Darla stares at him in amazement, and her horror starts to give way to anger.

DARLA

It's not the same. You committed your past acts, you alone are responsible for them. Those presently in England are not responsible for the acts of those before, whether you agree with those acts or not. People make choices, not nations.

BECKETT

The distinction is irrelevant to me.

DARLA

(getting angrier)

And what about those to whom you gave your allegiance? What of their past acts, and their present ones as well? How do they measure up on those infallible scales of justice of yours? Have they no blood on their hands?

BECKETT

You're engaging in sophistry, not to mention moral equivalency.

DARLA

(explodes)

You speak of hypocrisy, but the hypocrite is you!

Suddenly, Beckett slaps her. Nigel makes a move toward him, but Hassan grabs both of his arms tightly and holds him in place. Beckett stares at Darla, incensed, then he slowly calms down and speaks in a low and dangerous tone.

BECKETT

Get them out of here.

Hassan and the guard drag Darla and Nigel out of the room, and Beckett watches them go.

INT. DESERT COMPOUND - STAIRWELL

A long, narrow stairwell that descends to the basement of the compound. Hassan and the guard march Darla and Nigel down the steps at gunpoint.

INT. DESERT COMPOUND - CORRIDOR

Hassan and the guard march Darla and Nigel to a small barred cell. The guard opens the door and Hassan pushes them in, then he locks the door and they start to head back toward the stairs.

INT. CELL

Darla and Nigel watch Hassan and the guard go back the way they came, then Nigel grabs the cell's bars and tugs on them hard. They don't even budge, and he didn't really expect them to. He sighs in frustration.

NIGEL

When I realized Chantal had been killed to cover up something, I'd never have imagined it would be something like this.

DARLA

Can he do it? Can he really pull off what he's planning?

NIGEL

Unless he's lying about the people he's got in place, I really don't see why not. He's certainly got the firepower to do it, and no one's expecting it at all. This is so outlandish it would never occur to anyone. No one could ever foresee it.

DARLA

But how can he get a plane into London without being seen?

NIGEL

Fly in under the radar. That and the RAF markings. By the time someone figures it out, it's already too late.

Nigel starts checking the cell walls for any weaknesses to exploit as Darla contemplates their situation.

NIGEL

Hawthorne would never believe this. I can hardly believe it myself. This man fled England about the very time you and I first met. For two decades, no one's known where he's been or even what happened to him. And here we are all these years later not only finding him, but finding him just as he's about to unleash this attack.

DARLA
I'd say it was fate. I'd say we were
brought here to stop him.

NIGEL
And how do we stop him, locked in this
cell? Be rather difficult, that.

INT. DESERT COMPOUND - ROOM

Beckett picks up a WALKIE-TALKIE from his desk and speaks
into it.

BECKETT
Samir?

SAMIR (V.O.)
Yes, Mr. Chadwick?

BECKETT
Progress report.

SAMIR (V.O.)
The weapons are on board and they have
finished all fueling.

BECKETT
Tell the crew to get ready as quickly
as possible, then. I want them leaving
tonight.

SAMIR (V.O.)
(surprised)
Tonight?

BECKETT
I'm accelerating our schedule. I want
that plane there by mid-day tomorrow.

SAMIR (V.O.)
(a beat)
Right away, Mr. Chadwick.

Beckett switches off the walkie-talkie and puts it back on
the desk as Hassan comes into the room.

HASSAN
The prisoners are locked in the cell.

BECKETT
Keep them there for now and out of my
way. I must contact Youssef in London
and let him know the timetable's been
changed.

INT. DESERT COMPOUND - CELL

Darla and Nigel continue trying to find a way out of the
cell.

NIGEL

How can two men be so utterly different? They're both the same age, you know, Hawthorne and Beckett. Traveled in the same circles, worked in the same field. Yet they couldn't be further apart. One man devoted his entire life to protecting Britain's national security... the other to undermining it.

DARLA

And one of them is about to destroy everything the other one worked for.

NIGEL

Hawthorne steps down this week after half a century of service to England, nearly half of that with S.M.A.S.H. This man's very existence is an affront to all that.

(beat)

And yet... beneath all the ranting and hatred and megalomania... he may have a bit of a point.

DARLA

(surprised)

Come again?

NIGEL

I'm not saying I agree with him or his methods, but some of his grievances could be seen as having some weight, depending on one's point of view.

DARLA

Whose point of view? His is rather extreme, I'd say. And people who hate that much usually destroy any legitimacy their grievances may actually have.

NIGEL

Your ancestors suffered greatly as a result of British rule.

DARLA

Everyone's suffered because of someone else at one time or another. Every nation has its black marks. If we're to ascribe blame there's plenty to go around. Shall we nurse grudges and exact revenge and punish each other for all our past misdeeds and good intentions gone awry until the end of time, or try to forgive and move forward and make something better of ourselves? Which do you think is a more constructive use of time and energy?

NIGEL

You won't get any argument from me. Just trying to see all the angles, is all; understand how a man can come to detest and betray his own people like this, to such a degree.

DARLA

He's a pompous, impetuous, supercilious toffy-nosed twit with a schoolboy's grasp of history and the maturity to match -- and the audacity to think he knows better and can play God. Britain has done a great deal of good in the world as well which far outweighs the bad. But some people see only the bad in things.

NIGEL

Perhaps because they've no ability to recognize the good. Or whatever good they themselves possess is ultimately perverted by their obsession. And they become worse than what they hate.

Darla nods slowly, sadly, then speaks almost in a whisper.

DARLA

Like Edith.

Nigel remains silent, realizing that even now, all these years later, what happened with her adoptive sister Edith still haunts Darla. Then Darla forces the memories aside and sighs in frustration.

DARLA

We've got to get out of here and warn Hawthorne somehow.

NIGEL

Don't know what he or anyone else could do even if they knew. Only Beckett knows where his people are lying in wait. We need to stop this here.

DARLA

Any suggestions?

NIGEL

You're asking me? You're the expert at getting us out of these spots at the crunch. It's right up your street.

DARLA

I did so the last time, if you recall. And the time before that.

NIGEL

(sighs)

Then in the interests of equity I suppose it falls upon me to extricate us from this latest predicament.

INT. DESERT COMPOUND - ROOM

Hassan watches as Beckett speaks to YOUSSEF over a TWO-WAY RADIO.

YOUSSEF (V.O.)
(surprised)
1300 hours?

BECKETT
That's what I said. Tell your teams to expect the plane at that hour and be ready to commence all operations fifteen minutes after the initial strike. Or there'll be tears before bedtime.

YOUSSEF (V.O.)
As you wish, Mr. Chadwick. *Insha'Allah*.

Beckett switches off the radio, then Samir's voice comes from his walkie-talkie.

SAMIR (V.O.)
Mr. Chadwick. The crew is aboard and ready to depart.

BECKETT
Tell them to start off, then. I'll be there in a moment.

Hassan watches as Beckett starts to make final preparations.

HASSAN
What about the prisoners?

BECKETT
(a beat)
Kill them. No point in holding them any longer. Then dump the bodies in the Nile.

INT. DESERT COMPOUND - CELL

Darla is standing at the bars and calling out down the corridor. Nigel is nowhere to be seen.

DARLA
Hellooo? Is anyone there? Can anyone hear me?
(beat)
Anyone out there at all?
(another beat)
Hel-looooo?

Hassan comes down the stairs and approaches along the corridor, holding his gun ready.

DARLA
Oh, good. Thank you for coming. I wish to speak with Mr. Chadwick if it's at all possible. I've something important to say to him.

HASSAN
I'm afraid he has nothing to say to you.
And in a few minutes it will not matter.

Hassan arrives at the cell and stops short when he sees
Darla is alone. He looks around, totally perplexed.

HASSAN
Where is the other one?

DARLA
Beg pardon?

HASSAN
The other one. Where is he?

DARLA
(all innocence)
What other one?

HASSAN
The man who was with you. I do not see
him.

Darla glances around the cell, then looks back at him.

DARLA
I'm afraid I don't understand who you
mean.

HASSAN
The other prisoner! There were two of
you here!

DARLA
There were two of us here?

HASSAN
You and a man! But I see only you!

DARLA
(a beat, shrugs)
That's probably because I'm the only
one here.

HASSAN
So where did he go?

DARLA
Where did who go?

HASSAN
The man who was with you! You were
captured together!

DARLA
Captured together?

HASSAN
And you were both in this cell!

DARLA
Are you sure about that?

HASSAN
Of course I am sure! I put you in here myself!

DARLA
Then I'm afraid I'm at a bit of a loss.
As far as I know, I've been alone here all evening.

HASSAN
That is a lie! Now where is the man?

DARLA
Where is what man?

HASSAN
(exasperated)
The man who was with you!

DARLA
There was nobody with me.

HASSAN
Tell me where he is!

DARLA
I've not the slightest idea.

HASSAN
Tell me where he is or I will kill you right here!!

DARLA
Look, no need to throw an eppy. I'm sure we can work this all out without all the shouting.

Hassan bites back whatever he was going to say, fuming, and makes a tremendous effort to keep his temper.

DARLA
Now, let's see if I have this right, then. Bear with me, please. You say there was someone else in this cell?

HASSAN
(gritting his teeth)
And now he's not here.

DARLA
Then perhaps I'm not the brightest crayon in the box, but how do you suppose he could have escaped? Doesn't seem quite possible, really. These bars and walls appear rather thick.

HASSAN
Infidel! I have no time for these games!

DARLA

(continuing)

So have you considered that you might have imagined it? It's entirely possible, you know. It's happened to me -- more often than I'd care to admit.

HASSAN

(explodes)

KHALAAS! I AM OUT OF PATIENCE WITH YOU!

(points gun at her)

STAND BACK!

Darla retreats to a corner of the cell as Hassan unlocks the door and opens it. He steps just inside and glances around in frustration, then stops. Something seems to dawn on him, and he slowly looks up. Nigel is suspended above him, arms and legs spread out between the walls and holding himself in place just below the ceiling. The moment Hassan sees him, Nigel drops down on him and tackles him to the floor, then grabs him in a chokehold.

NIGEL

Sorry to drop in on you like this, old boy, but what goes up must come down eventually.

And with that, Nigel breaks Hassan's neck and lets the body sag to the floor. He picks up Hassan's gun and checks it as Darla steps over to him.

DARLA

Now that was positively inspired. I admit I'd never have thought of it.

NIGEL

And neither did I. Saw it in a Spider-Man comic a few years ago, but hadn't had occasion to attempt it till now.

DARLA

(skeptical)

Spider-Man?

NIGEL

Well, he's no Captain Britain, certainly, but the fellow has his moments.

DARLA

If I recall correctly, didn't Bond do it first? In "Goldfinger".

NIGEL

You know, you're right. Well, score another one for England, then.

(chambers the first bullet)

Shall we go?

INT. DESERT COMPOUND - HALLWAY

The guard who helped Hassan take Darla and Nigel to the cell earlier walks by, AK-74 in hand. After he's gone, the stairwell door opens a bit and Nigel pokes his head out. He looks in both directions, then he and Darla emerge and start moving down the hallway in the opposite direction.

INT. ANOTHER HALLWAY

Darla and Nigel round the corner and quietly approach. They arrive at the door to the room Beckett was in earlier and find it partly open. Nigel peeks in and sees there's no one inside, then he signals Darla and opens it all the way.

INT. DESERT COMPOUND - ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nigel and Darla come in and cross over to Beckett's desk. Their pistols are still there, and Nigel gets his and holds out Darla's to her.

NIGEL

I believe this belongs to you.

Darla takes her pistol and checks the clip as Nigel steps over to the corkboard and looks at the map of London.

NIGEL

Look at this, would you?

Darla joins him and watches as Nigel points at the circled targets on the map.

NIGEL

Locations of all the teams he's got in London and their assigned targets. Multiple targets to be attacked all at once.

DARLA

Buckingham Palace, Westminster Palace, Foreign Office, Cabinet Office, 10 Downing Street, Ministry of Defence...

NIGEL

Complete decapitation of the British government in one massive strike. He wasn't joking when he said he was going the full monty.

DARLA

It's unbelievable. It's like a small war waged with paramilitary units.

NIGEL

And he's even got a surprise for his old mates at SIS.

They stare at the map, amazed and concerned by the scale of Beckett's plot.

DARLA

We need to get this info to Hawthorne somehow. MI5 and Special Branch can use it to roll them all up and scupper that part of the operation, at least.

NIGEL

But it won't do much good if we don't stop his A-team from getting there before we can warn them. They're the lynchpin of the plan from what he described.

DARLA

We've got to sabotage that plane or kill the crew before we get out of here and get help.

Nigel is about to reply when they hear footsteps out in the hallway. They quickly take positions on either side of the door, and after a moment, the guard enters the room. Nigel immediately grabs him in a chokehold and takes his rifle and tosses it aside.

NIGEL

Where's Chadwick?

The guard doesn't reply, trying to break free, and Nigel tightens his grip.

NIGEL

Where's Chadwick? I won't ask again.

GUARD

(gasping)

Outside --

Nigel hears the sound of the plane's engines start outside.

NIGEL

(to Darla)

Listen. That plane's on the move.

EXT. DESERT COMPOUND - AIRSTRIP

The C-130 starts taxiing slowly toward the far end of the runway.

INT. DESERT COMPOUND - ROOM

Nigel and Darla listen to the plane's engines, alarmed.

DARLA

They're leaving tonight.

Nigel shoots the guard at the base of the neck and drops his body to the floor, then he and Darla run to the windows and look out. They try to see the plane but can't from their angle, then they race across the room and out the door.

EXT. DESERT COMPOUND - AIRSTRIP

The C-130 continues taxiing toward the end of the runway.

EXT. DESERT COMPOUND - HANGAR

Beckett and SAMIR are standing near a fuel truck in front of the hangar. Beckett is holding a FLARE GUN and Samir holds a WALKIE-TALKIE and a pair of BINOCULARS, and they watch as the plane taxis away from them.

BECKETT

The culmination of an entire year of meticulous planning, Samir. But I feel everything in my life has been to bring me to this point. And the sense of accomplishment as the final moment draws near is most gratifying.

INT. DESERT COMPOUND - HALLWAY

Darla and Nigel race down the hallway, guns drawn.

EXT. DESERT COMPOUND - HANGAR

As Samir raises his binoculars and looks through them at the plane, Beckett continues to wax poetic.

BECKETT

A new era dawns in Britain, whether they want it or not. We shall see whether a more deserving nation rises from the ashes.

INT. DESERT COMPOUND - ANOTHER HALLWAY

Darla and Nigel reach an exit and race outside.

EXT. DESERT COMPOUND - HANGAR

As Samir continues to watch the plane, Beckett continues his speech, and we ZOOM IN on him very slowly.

BECKETT

Some would say the action I'm taking is rather extreme, but nothing of any import is ever accomplished timidly, and meaningful progress never comes without sacrifice. It's the great men of history who possess the wisdom to realize that, and the courage and resolve to make the hard choices and to see them through. I do this not out of hatred for the land of my birth but out of sheer love, and the burning desire to see it recognize the error of its ways and strive to become a nation I can be proud to call home. I'm giving them the opportunity to find a new way, to develop a new national conscience if they're capable of it... and I truly hope that they are.

EXT. AIRSTRIP

The plane reaches the end of the runway and starts to turn around.

EXT HANGAR

Samir listens to something on his walkie-talkie.

SAMIR

(to Beckett)

They are in position.

BECKETT

(snaps out of it)

Right, then. Let's get this show on the road, shall we?

Beckett raises the flare gun to signal the plane to take off. Suddenly, Samir is shot in the back and goes down, and Beckett swirls around to watch him fall just as Nigel shouts from somewhere behind him.

NIGEL

Put it down, Beckett!

Caught completely off-guard, Beckett turns and is stunned to see Nigel pointing his pistol at him from several feet away. Then he sees Darla standing nearby, pointing her pistol at him too after shooting Samir.

NIGEL

Put it down!

Beckett stands there and watches them, the flare gun in his hand, and he can see Nigel means it. Several tense moments go by as he looks from Nigel to Darla and back and thinks it over, then he slowly places the flare gun on the ground.

NIGEL

Now tell them to come back.

Beckett hesitates, then he picks up Samir's walkie-talkie and rises slowly. He stands there, but he makes no move to comply any further and remains perfectly still.

NIGEL

(deadly serious)

Call it off.

Beckett hesitates again, watching him carefully, then he smiles and suddenly shouts into the walkie-talkie.

BECKETT

GO!

Nigel shoots him the instant he gives the order and Beckett drops to the ground. Darla immediately goes to Samir's body and grabs his binoculars, and as she aims them at the plane in the distance, Nigel goes to Beckett and lifts up his head.

Beckett is badly wounded but not dead, and that's exactly how Nigel wants him. Nigel puts his pistol to Beckett's forehead, and Beckett looks up at him defiantly, blood coming from his mouth as he speaks.

BECKETT

Is this the honor of Britain...? You'd shoot a wounded old man in cold blood?

NIGEL

A pitiful, pathetic, and petty old man who has absolutely nothing redeeming to boast about ever accomplishing with his life. It's all been an utter waste. I should consider this a mercy killing... but you deserve no mercy.

Nigel drops his pistol and picks up the flare gun instead, and he shoves it into Beckett's stomach.

NIGEL

For Chantal.

And with that, Nigel fires the flare right into Beckett's gut. Beckett doesn't even scream, but his eyes show what it feels like as his insides are cooked. Nigel stares at him the entire time, missing none of it, until Beckett is dead. Then he finally releases his grip on him and lets the body drop to the ground. Behind him, Darla calls out as she watches the plane through the binoculars.

DARLA

Nigel! They're about to take off!

Nigel looks up and sees the plane starting its take-off roll.

NIGEL

The bloody hell they are!

He runs to the nearby fuel truck and jumps into the cab, and Darla runs after him.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Nigel starts the ignition as Darla arrives and climbs aboard beside him.

DARLA

What are you doing?

Nigel says nothing as he shifts quickly and pulls out.

EXT. HANGAR

The truck swerves onto the airstrip and starts accelerating diagonally toward the middle.

INT. TRUCK - MOVING

As Nigel accelerates, Darla realizes what he has in mind.

DARLA
You can't be serious!

NIGEL
Have you got a better idea?

EXT. AIRSTRIP - FURTHER BACK

Lucy's Mercedes-Benz arrives at the end of the airstrip and screeches to a halt. Lucy, Gammal, and three MI6 AGENTS armed with silenced STERLING MK.5 SUBMACHINE GUNS leap out, and Lucy brings up a pair of BINOCULARS.

INSERT - VIEW THROUGH BINOCULARS

We can see the truck accelerating down the middle of the airstrip as the plane accelerates toward it in the opposite direction.

BACK TO SCENE

Lucy can't believe what she's seeing.

LUCY
Good God --

INT. TRUCK - MOVING

Darla stares at the plane coming toward them.

DARLA
He'll go right through us!

NIGEL
Then he'll never get off!

ON THE PLANE - MOVING

Through the cockpit windows, we can see the Egyptian PILOT and CO-PILOT at the controls.

THE VIEW AHEAD

The truck comes into view up ahead as its headlights come on, coming directly toward us.

INT. COCKPIT - MOVING

The pilot does a double-take as he spots the truck.

PILOT
Ih da?

INSERT - HIS P.O.V.

Through the windshield, we can see the truck approaching steadily.

BACK TO SCENE

The pilot and co-pilot stare at the oncoming truck in stunned amazement.

INT. TRUCK - MOVING

Darla can't believe Nigel is threatening the plane with a head-on collision.

DARLA
I thought you were joking when you said
you'd prefer to go out with a bang!

Nigel says nothing, maintaining his course and increasing his speed, completely undeterred.

INT. COCKPIT - MOVING

The pilot recovers from his surprise and gets angry --

PILOT
Kiss íkhtak!

-- and he increases his speed as well.

THE PLANE

barrels down the airstrip, picking up speed.

INT. TRUCK - MOVING

Darla stares wide-eyed at the rapidly oncoming plane.

DARLA
He's not backing down!

NIGEL
And neither am I!

THE TRUCK

races down the airstrip.

THE PLANE

races toward it in the opposite direction.

INT. COCKPIT - MOVING

The pilot bears down on the truck, determined to take off and convinced it will veer away at the last moment.

THE VIEW AHEAD - PILOT'S P.O.V.

The truck's headlights race toward us, the distance diminishing very quickly.

INT. TRUCK - MOVING

Darla and Nigel open their doors and get ready to jump.

NIGEL

On my word!

THE TRUCK

continues racing down the airstrip.

THE PLANE

continues racing toward the truck like a guided missile.

INT. TRUCK - MOVING

Darla's heart is in her mouth as Nigel waits until the last possible moment.

INSERT - THE VIEW AHEAD

The plane barrels toward them, only seconds from hitting them.

BACK TO SCENE

Nigel shouts.

NIGEL

NOW!!

They start to leap from the truck.

EXT. AIRSTRIP

Darla and Nigel leap from the truck and hit the tarmac hard, their bodies rolling.

INT. COCKPIT - MOVING

The pilot panics and pulls on the yoke hard to avoid hitting the truck.

EXT. AIRSTRIP

The plane pulls up very sharply before reaching full take-off speed and starts to lift off the tarmac, but its bottom rear smashes the truck and flips it over, and the truck explodes.

INT. COCKPIT - MOVING

The pilot and co-pilot are knocked about by the collision.

EXT. AIRSTRIP

The plane struggles to rise into the air, but the collision and explosion have knocked it off-balance and reduced its speed even further, and it immediately starts banking to one side.

INT. COCKPIT - MOVING

The pilot struggles frantically to control the plane.

PILOT

Allahu Akbar!

EXT. AIRSTRIP

The plane careens toward the compound in a wide arch.

LUCY, GAMMAL AND THE AGENTS

watch as the plane drops out of the sky.

THE PLANE

smashes into the ground near the main structure and explodes in a huge fireball.

LUCY, GAMMAL AND THE AGENTS

shield their eyes at the brightness of the explosion.

DARLA AND NIGEL

lay prone on the tarmac as the explosion illuminates the area, and the screen goes completely WHITE. The sound of the explosion echoes, then slowly FADES away until there is nothing but silence.

THE WHITENESS

After a while, Nigel slowly rises INTO FRAME as he gets up, disoriented.

NIGEL

Ohhh... Now that's what I call cutting things too close for comfort.

He shakes his head to clear it, then looks around to get his bearings. There is nothing to see but complete and total whiteness stretching out in all directions, and he immediately recognizes the place. It's where he and Darla found themselves at the end of the third film "Absobloodylutely Fabtastic" during their near-death experience, when they met St. Peter and he sent them back.

NIGEL

Good Heavens, not again.

(beat; sighs)

And that must be the cheesiest pun ever...

He shakes his head again, then he suddenly realizes that he's alone and starts looking around.

NIGEL

Darla? Darla, where are you? I imagine you must be around here somewhere.

He looks in all directions, but Darla is nowhere to be seen.

NIGEL

Darla?

(no response)

Darla!

For a moment, he panics that he is alone; but then Darla's voice suddenly calls out from somewhere nearby.

DARLA

Here I am.

NIGEL

(anxious)

Where?

DARLA

Right over here.

Nigel turns around and sees Darla standing nearby.

NIGEL

I don't -- oh, there you are. Stay there. I'll come to you.

Nigel approaches her and stands beside her, relieved.

NIGEL

Thank goodness. For a moment I thought I was alone.

DARLA

I thought the same thing.

They look around at the infinite whiteness, both remembering when they were here fifteen years ago.

NIGEL

(rhetorically)

We've been here before, haven't we.

DARLA

Hasn't changed much, has it.

NIGEL

Still white as ever.

DARLA

Blindingly so.

Nigel looks in a different direction and sees a large GOLDEN GATE encrusted with pearls, bright and shiny. In front of it stands ST. PETER, wearing a white robe and facing directly toward them. Nigel taps Darla on the shoulder and indicates toward the gate, and she turns and looks at it too.

NIGEL

Not surprised to see him either.

They watch St. Peter standing in the distance, and it's obvious he is looking right at them and waiting.

DARLA

Seems he's expecting us this time.

Nigel nods slowly but says nothing. They watch St. Peter for a while, both coming to terms with the realization that unlike fifteen years ago their time is finally up, then Nigel looks at Darla.

NIGEL

Any regrets?

Darla looks at Nigel and watches him for a moment, then she slowly smiles and shakes her head.

DARLA

No.

NIGEL

(a beat)

I haven't any either.

DARLA

As long as we're together.

NIGEL

(smiles back)

That's all that matters.

Nigel holds out his hand to her, and Darla takes it. Then they look toward the gate and steel themselves for what is to come.

NIGEL

Well, I suppose Hawthorne will need to find someone else to replace him now.

They walk hand-in-hand toward the gate and approach St. Peter, who watches them like a parent watching his children return home from school. They stop in front of him, and just as fifteen years ago, St. Peter speaks to them with a perfect English accent.

SAINT PETER

I've been expecting you two.

NIGEL

We gathered as much.

SAINT PETER

You've done well. Exceeded our expectations, to be perfectly honest. Well, mine anyway. He knew how you'd perform all along. You remember what I told you fifteen years ago, that you'd be meeting the nastiest scoundrel you'd ever encounter. Well, you did. And your mission is now over.

NIGEL
So we stopped the plane...?

SAINT PETER
Yes, you stopped the plane. Smashing
good show you made of it as well. Had
me on the edge of my seat. Hadn't been
through such a nailbiter since the
first Ali-Frazier match in '71.

Darla and Nigel sigh with relief, thankful their sacrifice
was not in vain, then wait for him to continue. But St.
Peter says nothing more, and after an awkward moment, Nigel
speaks up.

NIGEL
Then I suppose we can go in now...

SAINT PETER
(shakes his head)
Afraid not.

NIGEL
(a beat)
Beg pardon?

SAINT PETER
You still can't come in here.

DARLA
We can't?

SAINT PETER
Certainly not. What ever gave you that
idea?

Nigel and Darla exchange confused glances, then look back at
him.

NIGEL
But we thought --

SAINT PETER
(cuts him off)
Yes, yes, I know what you thought. But
you still can't come in here.

NIGEL
(utterly perplexed)
I don't understand.

SAINT PETER
It's quite simple, really. Your mission
is over, but you're about to embark on
a new one.

Darla and Nigel respond in unison, their eyes wide open in
complete surprise.

DARLA & NIGEL
A new one...?

SAINT PETER

Yes, of course. And one of an entirely different sort, mind you. You'll be doing something you've never done before, something you never thought of nor planned on doing. But you needn't worry. That will all work out as well.

Darla and Nigel exchange glances again, but as soon as they turn back to St. Peter to respond, there's another flash of light and the screen once again goes completely WHITE. Then the white FADES away until it reveals:

EXT. AIRSTRIP - NIGHT

Nigel is lying on his stomach on the tarmac, unconscious and bruised. Darla lies nearby in the same condition. Neither moves for a moment, then Nigel slowly begins to stir and opens his eyes.

NIGEL

Darla...?

(no response)

Darla, you alright...?

Darla's eyes flutter open and she rouses.

DARLA

I think so...

NIGEL

Can you move?

DARLA

(a beat)

Not really.

NIGEL

Don't try, then. Keep still.

DARLA

Won't be very difficult, that.

They both lay there for a moment, then Nigel hears a sound in the distance.

NIGEL

I hear something...

DARLA

(listens)

I hear it too.

NIGEL

Sounds like a car approaching.

DARLA

Most definitely a car.

They continue to listen as the sound gets closer and louder.
Then:

NIGEL
Well, I certainly hope they spot us.
Be rather ironic to survive a game of
chicken with an aeroplane only to be
run over by a car.

WIDER ANGLE

Lucy's car arrives and screeches to a halt, and she and the others leap out. One of the agents accompanies her over to Nigel as Gammal and the other two go to Darla.

LUCY
Wilkins!

She kneels beside Nigel to check his condition and sees he's alive.

LUCY
Wilkins, you nutter! Was that stunt
supposed to impress me?

NIGEL
(grins at her weakly)
Lucy... Fancy meeting you here. See
to Darla, would you? And there's a
corkboard in the main room you need
to see as well.

Lucy looks over at Gammal and the agents tending to Darla, and Gammal looks at her and gives her a thumbs-up sign. She pulls out a TRANSMITTER and speaks into it.

LUCY
Hawthorne, we've got them. And they're
alright.

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

Hawthorne is sitting at his desk and listening to a TWO-WAY RADIO.

LUCY (V.O.)
(continuing)
Don't know how, but they are.

HAWTHORNE
Thank you, Wickham. Much obliged.

Hawthorne switches off the radio, then closes his eyes and sits back and lets out a deep breath, very relieved. Then he opens his eyes again and looks heavenward.

HAWTHORNE
And thank you.

And he wipes a tear from his eye as we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - CAIRO - DAY

A few days later.

INT. HOSPITAL - ROOM - SAME

Darla is asleep in bed. She rouses groggily after a moment, then she blinks in the bright light and sees Hawthorne sitting in a chair beside her.

HAWTHORNE

Welcome back. You've been sleeping for nearly three days.

Darla watches him, her mind still in a fog, then she suddenly wakes up fully and looks around anxiously.

DARLA

Nigel --

HAWTHORNE

Nigel's fine. He's been sleeping a bit as well, though not nearly as much as you. And he's been up and about, waiting for you to return.

Darla relaxes, visibly relieved, then looks at Hawthorne and wonders how he got here.

DARLA

How did you --

HAWTHORNE

Wickham contacted me and told me what the two of you were up to, so I requested Cairo station's assistance. Unofficially, of course. As it turned out, you didn't need it to put the kibosh on Beckett's plot, but they did get there in time to get you to hospital. Needless to say I came out on the next flight.

DARLA

What about Beckett's teams in London?

HAWTHORNE

MI5 rounded them up. There'll be no overthrow of the British government. Not on Maggie's watch, anyway.

DARLA

And Nigel's alright?

HAWTHORNE

Nigel broke an arm and received a rather nasty cut on one leg, but you managed to escape relatively unscathed. Just a few bumps and bruises, surprisingly. And with that tumble you took, it's a miracle it didn't impact upon your condition.

DARLA
My condition...?

Darla watches him, puzzled, and Hawthorne peers at her curiously.

HAWTHORNE
Didn't you know?

DARLA
(shrugs)
Know what?

Darla stares at him blankly, and Hawthorne realizes she has no idea at all.

HAWTHORNE
You didn't know, did you. Then I imagine this will come as a bit of a surprise. But I suppose you're strong enough now to be told without any adverse effects.
(looks directly at her)
You're five weeks pregnant, my dear.

The look of complete and utter surprise on Darla's face is priceless, and we slowly

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - ROOM - A WHILE LATER

Darla is still in bed, staring up at the ceiling and contemplating what Hawthorne revealed to her earlier. The door opens a bit and Nigel pokes his head in. Darla looks over at him but neither says a word. Then Nigel comes in and pulls up a chair and sits by the bed, his arm in a sling.

NIGEL
I've been looking in on you for the last couple of days but didn't wish to disturb you.

DARLA
How's the arm?

NIGEL
None the worse for wear. Seems we managed to fare better than the last time we leapt from a moving vehicle. Though we did both go to the same place as before in the immediate aftermath. At least I think we did.

DARLA
(nods, remembering)
We did.

NIGEL
We'll compare notes later. But I think I understand why we were sent back this time as well.

For a moment, Darla doesn't understand what he means, then she gets it and looks at her belly. She places a hand over it, then she looks back at him, almost embarrassed.

DARLA
I suppose you know.

NIGEL
(nods)
Hawthorne informed me.

Nigel says nothing more, and Darla prompts him after a moment.

DARLA
And...?

NIGEL
(grins uneasily)
And I'll confess this frightens me more
than any of our missions ever did.

Darla watches him, but Nigel doesn't know what else to say. An uncomfortable moment passes, then Darla dares to press further.

DARLA
Is it what you want...?

NIGEL
(a beat)
Is it what you want...?

Darla hesitates, then she looks away as if suddenly considering something that's never occurred to her before and stares at the ceiling again.

DARLA
I never thought of it before. With
everything going on in our lives, I
always kept it aside. Postponed it
for another day.
(pause)
But now...

Darla searches within herself for a few moments, and Nigel watches her, waiting. Then she suddenly looks directly at him, and there is absolutely no confusion whatsoever on her face or in her heart.

DARLA
Yes. It's what I want. Very much so.

Nigel watches her for a moment, then he takes her hand in both of his and kisses it meaningfully, terribly moved by her reaction. Then they stare at each other, both smiling and with tears in their eyes, and we FREEZE FRAME and very slowly

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - LONDON - MORNING

A large Victorian townhouse in Belgravia where Darla and Nigel now live.

TITLE:

Fourteen months later...

INT. TOWNHOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

ELEANOR HAWTHORNE is sitting at the table, two BOWLS OF PORRIDGE in front of her. Hawthorne is sitting across from her, reading a NEWSPAPER. And between them are two BABIES sitting in high chairs, both six months old -- and we realize that Darla had twins. The boy is PERCY, named after Hawthorne, and the girl is CAITLIN, named after Darla's mother.

Eleanor scoops up a spoonful of the porridge and raises it to Percy's face.

ELEANOR
Come here, Percy. Come here.

HAWTHORNE
Can't a man read his bloody paper in peace? What on earth do you want now?

ELEANOR
Not you, nitwit.

Hawthorne lowers the newspaper and looks at Eleanor feeding Percy.

HAWTHORNE
Oh. Don't know why they chose to name him after me and make things confusing. I never know which Percy is being referred to at any given moment.

ELEANOR
Yes, especially since you both behave quite similarly when time comes to feed you.

Hawthorne smirks and watches as Eleanor inserts the spoon in Percy's mouth. Sitting beside her brother, Caitlin watches too and reaches a tiny hand toward the spoon.

ELEANOR
Yes, yes, Caitlin. Your turn is coming. Patience is a virtue.

Darla and Nigel now enter the kitchen, fully dressed and ready to leave for headquarters. They go to the refrigerator and open it, and while Nigel pours himself a GLASS OF ORANGE JUICE, Darla brings out an APPLE and a CHIP BUTTY.

HAWTHORNE

(to Nigel)

Any chance you'll let me return to my old post? Retirement doesn't seem to agree with me as much as I thought it would.

(looks at Eleanor)

It's turned out to be rather grating, in fact.

ELEANOR

More grating for me than for you, I assure you.

HAWTHORNE

Well, then, there you have it. This must be remedied immediately to ensure her majesty here is content.

NIGEL

Lord knows I'm all for contentedness, but I'm afraid the request is denied. Command decision, you know.

HAWTHORNE

I trained you too well.

DARLA

(to Eleanor)

Don't you two ever grow tired of engaging in this crotchety bickering all the time?

NIGEL

What else would they do?

ELEANOR

Crotchety bickering? Witty, acerbic banter is how I'd refer to it. Well, I'm the witty one, anyway. The old fart over there is the crotchety one.

HAWTHORNE

I really must find some old chaps to share some peaceful activities with. Play some draughts, a round of cricket or two. Perhaps even a bit of skydiving.

ELEANOR

Skydiving, would you?

(to Darla and Nigel)

Did you hear that, you two?

DARLA

I'm pretending I didn't.

ELEANOR

(back to Hawthorne)

Skydiving, for the love of Pete. Don't expect me to visit you in hospital after you break your neck. You'll be entirely on your own then.

HAWTHORNE

Is that a promise? I look forward to snogging the nurses without you around.

Nigel chuckles as he rinses his glass in the sink, but Darla rolls her eyes.

DARLA

Oh, stop, will you? You'll frighten the twins.

ELEANOR

I think the sprogs find his cantankerous antics rather entertaining, actually. I certainly don't, though.

HAWTHORNE

You couldn't live without me.

Eleanor smirks at him, then continues to feed Percy. Darla goes to the twins and kisses each one on the cheek.

DARLA

Ta-ta, my little ones. Don't give your godparents too much bother. Mummy and Da will be back later.

ELEANOR

Don't you worry about them at all.

(indicates Hawthorne)

It's him you should worry about. He's been insufferable since being appointed GCMG.

Darla shakes her head and smiles ruefully, then she and Nigel exit the kitchen. Eleanor tries to feed Percy another spoonful, but Percy clamps his mouth shut and points insistently at Hawthorne.

ELEANOR

(to Hawthorne)

I think he wants you to do the honors this time.

HAWTHORNE

(puts down newspaper)

Oh, very well. Don't recall ever making such a fuss at that age.

ELEANOR

You don't recall making such a fuss yesterday.

Hawthorne feeds Percy a spoonful, and after holding it in his mouth for a moment, Percy spits it in his face. Eleanor starts to laugh. Hawthorne glares at her, annoyed, then he joins her in uproarious laughter. As the two adults laugh their heads off, little Percy and Caitlin watch in perplexion; then they start giggling and join in the hilarity.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE/STREET - SAME

Parked at the curb is a red 1983 JAGUAR XJS TARGA CONVERTIBLE. Darla and Nigel exit the house and head for the car. Nigel goes to the passenger side, and Darla stops to watch in surprise as he gets in.

DARLA
What are you doing?

NIGEL
Think I'd like to read the paper this morning. You drive today.

DARLA
(surprised)
Me? You want me to drive?

NIGEL
Your first day back on the job, I think it's only fair.

DARLA
Are you serious?

NIGEL
Have you ever known me not to be?

DARLA
You're not winding me up, are you?

NIGEL
Not in the least bit, I assure you.

DARLA
Then you really want me to drive.

NIGEL
I am in deadly earnest.

DARLA
(a beat; gets in)
Just making sure, is all. This is most unexpected.

NIGEL
Life is full of surprises. I would think you'd know that by now.

DARLA
It certainly is, if this is any indication.

NIGEL
So let's be on our way, then. Time waits for no one.

Darla is about to start the engine, but she hesitates and looks at him again.

DARLA
Are you absolutely certain this is
really what you wish?

NIGEL
Oh, just go before I change my mind,
would you? Good God, you'd think we
were deliberating the future course
of the Commonwealth.

DARLA
As long as you're absolutely certain.

NIGEL
I am.

DARLA
Off we go, then.

Darla starts the engine and pulls out, and the car starts
moving away from us and down the street.

NIGEL
However, I must insist that you drive
with the utmost due care and attention.

DARLA
Wouldn't think of doing it otherwise.

NIGEL
I've owned this car for barely a year
and I'd like to keep it a wee bit longer
if at all possible.

DARLA
Of course.

NIGEL
And should we happen to run into any
miscreants along the way, I'll take
over, if you don't mind.

DARLA
Naturally -- if circumstances permit it.

DISSOLVE TO:

AERIAL SHOT - BELGRAVIA - DAY

We can see Nigel's Jag moving along down below, and their
affectionate verbal sparring continues, the volume somewhat
lower now:

NIGEL
What do you mean if circumstances
permit?

DARLA
Well, should events come upon us quite
quickly, there may not be time for you
to take over.

NIGEL

Unless we're suddenly plunged into the Third World War between here and Soho, there should be time enough for you to relinquish the wheel into my capable hands.

DARLA

But why waste precious moments changing places when I'm already here?

NIGEL

For no other reason than I'm the more qualified to properly deal with any unexpected circumstances should they come up.

DARLA

And I can handle them as well in the event that they do. I've been known to think on my feet, you know.

NIGEL

Yes, I know. You're the queen of improvisation and all that. But it wouldn't be overstating things to say I've developed something of a knack in that department as well over the years.

DARLA

Oh, so I managed to teach you something after all. Guess it was all worth it, then.

DISSOLVE TO:

AERIAL SHOT - LONDON - DAY

We see the entire city spread out before us, and still their banter goes on, the volume continuing to gradually decrease with distance:

NIGEL

Would you please mind the road? I'd much rather arrive at headquarters in one piece, if it's all the same to you.

DARLA

Now you know how I felt all those years.

NIGEL

Are you insinuating there's something lacking in my driving skills?

DARLA

Not at all. I'm stating it quite emphatically.

NIGEL
Really? Well, I'm tickled pink you
finally thought to bring it to my
attention. What ever made you refrain
until now?

DARLA
Only a sense of decorum and not wishing
to upset the apple cart.

NIGEL
Well, you needn't have worried. I've no
problem whatsoever with criticism --
especially when it's unfounded.

DARLA
Unfounded, is it?

NIGEL
Quite. And whilst we're on the subject,
let me take the opportunity at this
juncture to state unequivocally that --

And their conversation finally becomes inaudible at this
point as the SONG "(Keep Feeling) Fascination" by The Human
League begins on the soundtrack.

FADE OUT

TITLE:

AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER

END CREDITS ROLL

accompanied by the rest of the song, which SEGUES into the
instrumental version of the SONG "As Tears Go By" (Alternate
Take) by the Frank Chacksfield Orchestra.

FINAL FADE OUT

THE END