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RETURN TO GARY

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"THE PRISONER" TELEVISION SERIES

"THE GIRL WHO WAS DEATH"

by

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Everyman Films Ltd.,
c/o. M-G-M Studios,
Boreham Wood, Herts.

Elstree : 2000

"THE GIRL WHO WAS DEATH"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

A CHILD'S PICTURE BOOK 1

OPEN AT A SCENE DEPICTING A VILLAGE CRICKET MATCH.

EXT. THE REAL VILLAGE GREEN. DAY. 2

A CRICKET MATCH IS IN PROGRESS. IT IS BEAUTIFUL, IDYLIC, THE KIND OF WHICH MAUDLIN EXILES DREAM. AROUND THE FRINGES ARE PRETTY GIRLS IN IMPOSSIBLY PRETTY POSES.

THERE ARE OAK TREES, IMMEMORIAL ELMS, WILDLY PHOTOGENIC COTTAGES.

EXT. THE PAVILION. DAY. 3

THIS IS ALSO AWASH WITH GORGEOUS GIRLS DISPENSING TEA.

EXT. THE CRICKET PITCH. DAY. 4

AT THE CREASE, SHAPING UP TO RECEIVE THE NEXT BALL IS A HERO STRAIGHT OUT OF JOHN BUCHAN. THE TANNED HAWK-LIKE FACE, THE MOUSTACHE, THE IRON-GREY HAIR, THE BLUE EYES WITH THE QUIZZICAL CREASES. THE TALL LEAN FIGURE IS ENCASED IN CRICKETING GEAR OF MALE-MODEL IMMACULACY. THIS IS THE COLONEL. THE BAT, IF WE COULD GET A CLOSE SHOT OF IT, BEARS THE SIGNATURE OF W.G. GRACE.

EXT. THE BOWLER'S CREASE. DAY. 5

THE BOWLER IS SHAPING UP TO MAKE THE NEXT DELIVERY. HE IS A VERY VERY FAST BOWLER INDEED. AT THE MOMENT HE IS WALKING BACK FROM THE WICKET IN PREPARATION FOR THE LONGEST RUN-UP IN HISTORY. HE TURNS AND STARTS BARRELLING IN TO THE BOWLING CREASE, PICKING UP SPEED BY THE SECOND. HE LOOKS FEARSOME.

EXT. THE PAVILION. DAY. 6

SEVERAL OF THE PRETTIEST GIRLS ARE AVERTING THEIR GAZE IN HORROR.

EXT. THE CRICKET PITCH. DAY. 7

THE BOWLER UNLEASHES HIS THUNDERBOLT AND OUR HERO, THE COLONEL, SENDS IT CASUALLY TO THE BOUNDARY WITH EFFORTLESS ELEGANCE.

THERE IS DISCREET APPLAUSE.

HE TAKES OFF A GLOVE AND STROKES HIS MOUSTACHE.

2

EXT. THE SCOREBOARD. DAY. 8

WE SEE IT CHANGE TO SHOW THE COLONEL'S SCORE AS 93.

INT. THE SCOREBOX. DAY. 9

THE SCORER IS POTTER.
HE LOOKS LIKE A SENIOR CIVIL SERVANT.
HE IS HASTILY COMPLETING THE CHANGING OF THE SCORE.
EVIDENTLY HE HAS WEIGHTIER THINGS ON HIS MIND AND IS TRYING TO GET THIS CHORE OUT OF THE WAY AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. FINISHED, HE GRABS UP A PAIR OF BINOCULARS AND SURVEYS THE SCENE ANXIOUSLY. HE FREES ONE HAND TO PUSH OPEN A CRICKET BAG BY HIS SIDE. IT CONTAINS A WICKED-LOOKING RIFLE WITH A TELE-SIGHT. HE TOUCHES IT AS IF FOR REASSURANCE.

EXT. THE GREEN. DAY. 10

POTTER'S POV.
THROUGH THE BINOCULARS WE PAN ACROSS THE FIELD.
POTTER STOPS ON A GIRL SHOWING MUCH ELEGANT LEG.
PAN FROM THE LEGS TO THE FACE. ESTABLISH THE FACE.
THIS IS SONIA. WE WILL BE SEEING MORE OF HER. PAN DOWN TO THE LEGS AGAIN.
POTTER REPROVES HIMSELF MENTALLY AND WE PAN ON, FINALLY ENDING ON THE COLONEL. PAN UP FROM HIS FEET TO BIG CLOSE SHOT HIS FACE. HE IS LOOKING STRAIGHT INTO THE BINOCULARS. HE WINKS CONFIDENTLY. POTTER PRIMPS WITH GRATIFICATION:

EXT. CRICKET PITCH. DAY. 11

THE FAST BOWLER IS THUNDERING DOWN AT EVEN GREATER SPEED. THIS TIME THE COLONEL OPENS HIS SHOULDERS AND HITS IT OVER THE BOUNDARY FOR SIX. THE BALL LANDS IN A PATCH OF BUSHES.

EXT. THE GREEN. DAY. 12

THERE IS GREAT APPLAUSE AROUND THE GROUND.

INT. THE SCOREBOX. DAY. 13

POTTER JOINS WILDLY IN THE APPLAUSE. THEN HE STARTS TO CHANGE THE SCORE.

EXT. THE PATCH OF BUSHES. DAY. 14

THE BALL LIES RED IN THE SUN.
A HAND COMES OUT OF THE BUSHES.
IT TAKES THE BALL AND PUTS ANOTHER ONE IN ITS PLACE.
A FIELDER COMES PANTING UP AND PICKS IT UP.

EXT. SCOREBOARD. DAY. 15

THE COLONEL'S SCORE IS NOW 99.

3

EXT. THE CRICKET PITCH. DAY. 16

THE BOWLER IS WINDING UP FOR HIS THIRD DELIVERY. THERE IS GREAT QUIETNESS AND ATTENTION AS THE COLONEL'S CENTURY IS EXPECTED. THE BOWLER STARTS TO RUN.

CLOSE SHOT - THE COLONEL 17

HE SMILES CONFIDENTLY.

CLOSE SHOT - THE BOWLER 18

HE SCOWLS WITH EFFORT.

CLOSE SHOT - THE COLONEL 19

CLOSE SHOT - THE BALL IN BOWLER'S HAND 20

EXT. THE CRICKET PITCH. DAY. 21

THE BOWLER HURLS DOWN THE BALL. THE COLONEL STEPS FORWARD TO DRIVE IT. THERE IS A TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION.

EXT. BUSY STREET. DAY. 22

PLACARD BY NEWSVENDOR'S STAND. THE PLACARD READS:

"COLONEL HAWKE-ENGLISHE MURDERED AT CRICKET MATCH"
"One Short of his Century"

EXT. BUSY STREET. DAY. 23

PAN OFF THE PLACARD TO SHOW P WALKING BRISKLY ALONG THE STREET TOWARDS A FASHION STORE. NEAR THE WINDOW IS A SHOE-SHINE PITCH.

EXT. FASHION STORE WINDOW. DAY. (STUDIO) 24

IN THE WINDOW ARE A NUMBER OF BEAUTIFUL PLASTIC DUMMIES IN SWIMSUITS. AGAINST THE WINDOW IS A SHOE-SHINE PITCH. THE SHOE-SHINE MAN - UNWASHED, UNSHAVEN, RAGGED AND VERY SORRY FOR HIMSELF - IS POTTER, THE MAN FROM THE SCOREBOX AT THE CRICKET MATCH. HE IS JUST FINISHING OFF A POLICEMAN WITH BOOTS THE SIZE OF THE QUEEN MARY.

AS HE FINISHES AND ACCEPTS THE MONEY WITH A PATENTLY FALSE SMILE, P COMES STRIDING ALONG BRISKLY. P PLANTS AN ALREADY GLEAMING SHOE ON THE STAND.

P

Busy, Potter ?

POTTER

It's our version of Siberia.

P

What was the Colonel up to ?

POTTER

Doctor Schnipps. Crazy scientist. Won't accept the war's over. For the last twenty-five years he's been building a super rocket. To destroy London.

P

Where ?

POTTER

That's just what the Colonel was about to find out.

P

Where do I start ?

A LIGHT FLICKS ON AND OFF ON THE SHOE-SHINE BOX. POTTER PICKS UP A SHOE BRUSH AND PUTS IT TO HIS EAR, GRUMBLING AS HE DOES SO.

POTTER

Ridiculous..... Excuse me

HE LISTENS TO THE SHOE BRUSH, THEN PUTS IT DOWN.

POTTER

You're to go to the Magnum Record Shop. The Chief will speak to you there. Booth Seven.

P STARTS TO GO.

P

Chin up, Potter.

POTTER

It was so damned unsporting !

P

It certainly wasn't cricket.

P GOES.
AS HE DOES SO, THE MOST GORGEOUS OF THE PLASTIC WINDOW DUMMIES TURNS HER HEAD AND LOOKS AFTER HIM. IT IS SONIA, FROM THE CRICKET MATCH. MEANWHILE A LABOURER TYPE HAS LUMBERED UP TO POTTER IN A PAIR OF GIGANTIC, HIDEOUSLY MUDDY BOOTS. POTTER LOOKS AS IF HE IS ABOUT TO CRY.

EXT. STREET. DAY.

24A

P APPROACHES A RECORD SHOP.

INT. MAGNUM RECORD SHOP. DAY. (STUDIO)

25

P IS ENTERING SOUNDPROOF BOOTH SEVEN. THERE IS A DISC ON THE TURNTABLE. HE STARTS IT. CHIEF'S VOICE.

CHIEF

There is very little help I can give you. The opposition have been one step ahead of us all along. I suggest you wait for them to take the initiative, then improvise.

P

(SARCASTIC) Thanks very much!

CHIEF

(SHARP) What was that?

P

Nothing.

CHIEF

Good.

THE RECORD FINISHES.

AS IT DOES SO, A LIGHT ON THE PICK-UP ARM BLINKS. P TAKES THE PICK-UP AND PUTS IT TO HIS EAR. A GIRL'S VOICE WITH A SLIGHT ACCENT SPEAKS.

GIRL

Go to your local and wait.

EXT. STREET. DAY.

25A

P APPROACHES - THEN ENTERS THE PUB.

INT. PUB. DAY.

26

IT'S A SMART WEST END PUB AND FAIRLY FULL. P HAS JUST REACHED THE BAR AND THE BARMAID, IS SMILING AT P.

BARMAID

The usual, sir?

P

Please, Doris.

HE PUTS A POUND ON THE COUNTER AND GOES TO HANG UP HIS COAT, ALL THE TIME ALERT, LOOKING AT THE PEOPLE AROUND HIM. HE RETURNS TO THE BAR TO TAKE HIS PINT OF BITTER WHICH DORIS HAS JUST FINISHED PULLING FOR HIM. HE TAKES A PULL AT HIS BEER, FINDS IT GOOD.

INTERCUT SWIGS OF BEER WITH CUSTOMERS' FACES, P WATCHFUL ALL THE TIME. P IS GETTING TO THE END OF HIS PINT. HE TAKES ANOTHER SWIG, SUDDENLY EXAMINES THE BOTTOM OF HIS GLASS.

26 CONTINUED

CLOSE ON GLASS

THE BEER HAS RECEDED SUFFICIENTLY TO SHOW A WORD
ON THE BOTTOM.

GLASS

You.

CLOSE ON P

HE TAKES ANOTHER SWIG.

CLOSE ON GLASS

GLASS

You have.

CLOSE ON P

HE TAKES ANOTHER SWIG.

CLOSE ON GLASS

GLASS

You have just.

CLOSE ON P

ANOTHER SWIG.

CLOSE ON GLASS

GLASS

You have just been poisoned.

BIG CLOSE SHOT ON P

HIS EYES REMAIN BLAND. HE TURNS TO DORIS.

DORIS

Same again, sir ?

P

No thank you - one of those is quite
enough. I'll have a brandy.

SHE POURS THE BRANDY.

P

And a whiskey and a vodka and a
drambuie

DORIS, ALARMED, IS TRYING DESPERATELY TO KEEP UP.

.... And a Tia Maria and a Cointreau
and a Grande Marnier.

DORIS HAS THEM LINED UP ON THE BAR.

DORIS

Sir ! You'll make yourself sick !

P KNOCKS THEM BACK IN QUICK SUCCESSION.

P

Right !

LOOKING GREEN HE LURCHES TOWARDS THE 'GENTS'.

AS P GOES TOWARDS THE GENT'S, SONIA, THE GIRL FROM THE SHOP WINDOW MOVES INTO SHOT. SHE IS NOW ELEGANTLY DRESSED.

INT. GENT'S LAVATORY. DAY.

27

P IS JUST FINISHING SLUICING HIS FACE. HE GOES TO THE PATENT TOWEL DISPENSER. AS HE TUGS THE TOWEL A MESSAGE IS REVEALED ON IT.

TOWEL

Upset tummy ? Try Benny's Turkish baths around the corner.

EXT. STREET. DAY.

27A

P APPROACHES TURKISH BATHS. HE ENTERS.

INT. TURKISH BATHS. DAY.

28

P IS IN A HOT BOX. THE STEAM IS DENSE. ONLY HIS HEAD PROTRUDES FROM THE TOP OF THE BOX. THERE IS A DIM FIGURE IN THE BOX NEXT TO HIM. THE DOORS OF THE NEXT BOX OPEN AND THE FIGURE COMES OUT STEALTHILY. IT SLIDES A BROOM HANDLE THROUGH THE HANDLES OF P'S HOT BOX, IMPRISONING HIM. IT THEN GLIDES BEHIND HIS BOX AND LOWERS A KIND OF LARGE GOLDFISH BOWL OVER HIS HEAD. THE BOWL HAS A RUBBER SEAL AROUND THE RIM.

WE SEE P'S FACE INSIDE THE BOWL, THEN IT STARTS TO MIST UP INSIDE.

THE FIGURE GLIDES AWAY. FOR A SECOND, THE STEAM CLEARS SLIGHTLY AND WE SEE THE FIGURE'S LEGS. THEY ARE UNDOUBTEDLY A GIRL'S. THE STEAM SWIRLS IN AGAIN AND THE FIGURE GLIDES OUT OF SHOT.

WE SEE P'S FACE, DISTORTED, AS HE SMASHES AT THE INSIDE OF HIS DOORS WITH HIS KNEES. THE BOWL IS RAPIDLY MISTING UP NOW. HE IS RUNNING OUT OF AIR.

WE SEE THE BROOMSTICK BEND, THEN CRACK, THEN FINALLY BREAK. THE DOORS FLY OPEN AND P RUSHES OUT OF THE BOX. HE RUSHES TO THE BOX NEXT TO HIM. ACROSS THE INSIDE OF ITS DOORS IS A MESSAGE.

FIRST DOOR

Go to Barney's Boxing Booth. Funfair.
Brighton. Today, 4.30. Front Row.

P LOOKS AT THE SECOND DOOR.

SECOND DOOR

P.S. Who'd be a goldfish ?

EXT. FAIRGROUND. DAY.

28A

ESTABLISHING THE BOXING BOOTH.

INT. BOXING ARENA. DAY.

29

P MOVES DOWN TOWARDS THE RING. THE ENTIRE
FRONT ROW IS EMPTY ALTHOUGH THE REST OF THE
HOUSE IS PACKED. HE SITS DOWN.
THE M.C. CLIMBS INTO THE RING.

M.C.

Ladeees and gentlemenn for the
first time ever in this country and
introducing to you at sixteen stone
twelve pounds eight and a half ounces ...
the Polish giant Killer Karminski !

WILD APPLAUSE.

KARMINSKI CLIMBS INTO THE RING. A HIDEOUS SIGHT EVEN
WHEN HE SMILES. WHICH IS ONLY WHEN HE HAS CRIPPLED
SOMEONE. HE GLARES AT THE AUDIENCE.

M.C.

And now a big hand ladies and gentlemen
.... for his gallant and courageous
opponent ... who has undertaken to go
three rounds with the Killer ... A man
of mystery ... in the front row -
Mr. X !!!

THE M.C. POINTS AT P WHO LOOKS OVER HIS SHOULDER.

THE CROWD CHEER AND PRESS FORWARD, FORCING HIM
TOWARDS THE RING.

CLOSE SHOT OF ROW OF SEATS

29A

AN OLD LADY - HER FACE HIDDEN BY A DARK SHAWL.

NEW ANGLE

AS THE SHAWL FALLS AWAY FROM HER HEAD WE RECOGNISE
THE OLD LADY IS SONIA.

FREEZE FRAME

30

TRACK OUT AND MIX TO:

THE SAME PICTURE IN A CHILD'S STORYBOOK

31

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONEACT TWO

FADE IN

PICTURE IN CHILD'S STORYBOOK

32

IT DEPICTS P IN THE RING, BEING GLOVED UP.

INT. THE BOXING RING. DAY.

33

P'S SECONDS ARE JUST FINISHING TYING HIS GLOVES. HE IS IN SHIRT SLEEVES. THE M.C. ALSO ACTS AS REFEREE. HE CALLS P AND THE KILLER TO CENTRE OF RING.

M.C.

Now I want a good clean fight. No kicking, gouging or butting except in moderation. Break when I tell you. And may the best man win.

THEY TOUCH GLOVES AND RETIRE TO THEIR CORNERS.

M.C.

Seconds out ! Round one.;

THE KILLER RUSHES P. HE GOES HURLING ACROSS AND HANGS ONE ON P'S LEFT EAR ALMOST BEFORE HE IS OUT OF HIS CORNER.

STUNG, P THRASHES HIS WAY OUT OF THE CORNER AND CUTS LOOSE WITH SOME DECIDEDLY CLASSY COMBINATION PUNCHING.

THE KILLER BREATHES HEAVILY AND CLINCHES. HE WHISPERS HEAVILY INTO P'S EAR.

KILLER

(IRISH ACCENT) Take it easy, sorr, me face is me fortune. You might knock it back into shape.

THEY BREAK.

THIS TIME IT'S THE KILLER WHO SHOWS SOME CLASS AND IT IS P WHO, AFTER SOME SKILFUL DEFENSIVE WORK, HAS TO FALL INTO A CLINCH.

KILLER

You've got to go to the maze.

HE GIVES P A NASTY JOLTING LITTLER UPPERCUT.

P

The what ?

HE GIVES THE KILLER A NASTY JOLTING LITTLE UPPER CUT .

KILLER

It's a sideshow. Copy of the one at Hampton Court.

HE THUMPS P ON THE BACK OF THE NECK. P RECIPROCATES. THEY BREAK. THEY MIX IT AGAIN. P DRIVES THE KILLER TO THE ROPES. THE KILLER CLINCHES .

P

Who gave you the message ?

THE KILLER TRIES TO GOUGE P'S EYE WITH HIS THUMB .

KILLER

The lady that booked the whole of the front row.

P GIVES HIM ONE IN THE STOMACH .

P

Who was she ?

KILLER LETS HIM HAVE ONE IN THE KIDNEYS .

KILLER

I don't know.

HE BREAKS AWAY FROM P .

NOW P REALLY GOES AFTER THE KILLER, TEARING INTO HIM, HITTING HARD AND SCIENTIFICALLY. THE KILLER CLINCHES AGAIN, GASPING.

P

Who was she ?

KILLER

Haven't I told you I don't know !

P SCREWS A SHORT ONE INTO THE KILLER'S RIBS. IT JOGS HIS MEMORY.

KILLER

She booked by phone and left the money in me car.

THEY BREAK AND BOX. P AGAIN GIVES THE KILLER A BAD TIME. HE FIGHTS BACK VICIOUSLY BUT AGAIN HAS TO CLINCH.

P

That the truth ?

KILLER

By Saint Patrick. Now take a dive
will you -

THEY BREAK. HE LAYS ONE ON P. P GOES DOWN
CONVINCINGLY AND THE M.C. STARTS THE COUNT.

EXT. THE MAZE. DAY.

34

THIS IS AN OPEN AIR SIDESHOW IN THE FAIRGROUND. IT'S
A SMALLER REPLICIA OF THE HAMPTON COURT MAZE, MADE
OF HIGH TRIMMED HEDGES. THERE IS A SIGNPOST
INDICATING IT.

SIGNPOST

Get Lost ! In a Replica of the
Famous Hampton Court Maze.

AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE MAZE, NEXT TO THE PAY DESK
THERE IS A HUGE, OBESE, MECHANICAL CLOWN FIGURE IN
A GLASS CASE. HIS HORRIBLY JOLLY RED FACE IS OPEN IN
A GRIN AND FRIGHTENING MECHANICAL BAWLS OF
LAUGHTER COME FROM HIS MOUTH.
HE SEEMS TO LAUGH MORE LOUDLY AS P BUYS HIS
TICKET AND ENTERS THE MAZE.

EXT. INSIDE THE MAZE. DAY.

35

P GOES INTO THE FIRST AVENUE OF THE MAZE. IT LOOKS
INNOCENT AND ORDINARY. HE WALKS CAUTIOUSLY ALONG
IT AND TURNS A CORNER. INSTANTLY HE IS IN ANOTHER
ENVIRONMENT THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY. HE IS IN

EXT. THE JUNGLE. DAY.

36

THE HEDGES HAVE TURNED INTO LUSH AND VIBRANT
TROPICAL VEGETATION.
THE CLEAN GRAVEL PATHS HAVE BECOME DENSE UNDER-
GROWTH. WHERE THERE WAS CLEAR SKY, NOW THE
TREES MEET AND TANGLE OVERHEAD, CREATING A GREEN
AND SINISTER GLOOM. EXOTIC CRIES AND SCREECHES
ECHO AS IN A VAST EMPTY ROOM.
P WHIRLS AROUND, INTENDING TO RETREAT.
BUT WHAT WAS EMPTY SPACE BEHIND HIM IS NOW
IMPENETRABLE JUNGLE.
THERE IS A BLOODCURDLING YELL FROM BEHIND HIM.
OUT OF A TREE DROPS A WIERDLY PAINTED NEW GUINEA
HEAD HUNTER.
HE LEAPS AT P, BRANDISHING A FEARSOME-LOOKING
PANGA.
P KARATES HIM ON THE BACK OF THE NECK AND TAKES
THE PANGA.

USING THE PANGA, P. STARTS TO HACK HIS WAY THROUGH THE UNDERGROWTH AT RIGHT ANGLES. THERE IS A FEARFUL ROARING FROM SOMEWHERE AHEAD. IT'S THE ROAR OF A HUNGRY LION. WE HEAR IT CRASHING THROUGH THE UNDERGROWTH TOWARDS P.

P SWIFTLY SHINS UP A TREE.

THE CRASHING AND ROARING GET NEARER AND NEARER. FINALLY THEY ARE RIGHT ON TOP OF US.

OUT OF THE JUNGLE BREAKS A MILD LITTLE DOMESTIC TABBY CAT.

IT TROTS HAPPILY PAST BENEATH P'S TREE, ROARING ITS HEAD OFF LIKE A LION.

P CLIMBS DOWN FROM HIS TREE AND CONTINUES HACKING, TRYING TO FIND A WAY BACK INTO THE ORDINARY MAZE.

A BRILLIANTLY COLOURED PARROT FLIES ON TO A LOW-HANGING BRANCH CLOSE TO P'S HEAD.

P LOOKS AT THE PARROT.

THE PARROT LOOKS AT P.

P LOOKS AWAY.

THE PARROT IS OUT OF SHOT.

PARROT'S VOICE

Try thirty degrees left.

P WHIPS ROUND AND LOOKS AT THE PARROT.

THE PARROT LOOKS AT P UNBLINKINGLY.

P MAKES FOR THIRTY DEGREES LEFT AND STARTS TO HACK AT THE JUNGLE AT THAT POINT. TO HIS SURPRISE HE BREAKS THROUGH AND FINDS HIMSELF BACK IN ONE OF THE NORMAL EVERYDAY AVENUES OF THE MAZE.

EXT. THE MAZE. DAY.

37

IT'S A NORMAL AVENUE BETWEEN TWO HEDGES. ALONG TO THE RIGHT THERE IS A GARDENER ON A LADDER. BENEATH HIM IS A LITTLE FOUR-WHEELED WHEELBARROW. HE HAS TWO PRESSURISED CANISTERS ON HIS BACK, WITH HOSES AND SPRAYS ATTACHED. ON THE CANISTER TOWARDS US IS WRITTEN 'INSECTICIDE'. HE IS SPRAYING THE HEDGE WITH IT. P APPROACHES HIM UNCONCERNEDLY.

AS HE DOES SO, THE GARDENER HALF-TURNS AND WE SEE THE SECOND CANISTER MORE CLEARLY. IT IS LABELLED 'HOMICIDE'.

HE MAKES TO SPRAY P WITH THE CONTENTS OF THIS CANISTER.

P, IN ONE BEAUTIFUL CONTINUOUS MOVEMENT, DIVES, ROLLS AND SLICES OFF THE BOTTOM OF THE GARDENER'S LADDER WITH THE PANGA AS HE PASSES.

THE GARDENER COMES CRASHING DOWN AND LANDS SPRAWLED IN THE WHEELBARROW.

WITH THE PANGA, P PUNCHES TWO NEAT HOLES IN THE PRESSURISED CANISTERS ON HIS BACK AND THE GARDENER GOES JETTING OFF DOWN THE PATH IN THE BARROW LIKE A ROCKET, FINALLY CRASHING THROUGH THE HEDGE AT THE BOTTOM.

NOW IN THE AIR THERE IS A SINISTER THUMPING SOUND. P LOOKS ABOUT HIM. HE CAN SEE NOTHING TO ACCOUNT FOR IT.

A HUGE FOOT SUDDENLY STEPS CLEAN OVER THE HEDGE AND PLANTS ITSELF NEXT TO HIM, WITH THE THUMPING SOUND WE HAVE HEARD. P FOLLOWS THE FOOT UPWARDS.

IT IS ON THE END OF THE LEG OF A MAN WHO IS THIRTY-SIX FEET TALL. HE IS ON A PAIR OF THOSE EXTRAORDINARY CIRCUS STILTS, WITH TROUSERS. HE WEARS A GIGANTIC FROCK COAT AND A TOP HAT.

MORE TO THE POINT, HE HAS A SUB-MACHINE GUN AND IS DRAWING A BEAD ON P.

P HACKS AT ONE OF HIS LEGS WITH THE PANGA. THERE IS THE CLANG OF METAL.

THE STILTMAN FIRES A BURST. P DIVES AND ROLLS AROUND THE CORNER INTO THE NEXT AVENUE.

EFFORTLESSLY THE STILTMAN FOLLOWS HIM BY SIMPLY STEPPING OVER THE HEDGE.

P RUNS ZIG-ZAGGING DOWN THE AVENUE. THE STILTMAN SPRAYS CLIPS OF BULLETS AFTER HIM.

P DIVES AROUND ANOTHER CORNER. THE STILTMAN IS THERE BEFORE HIM, GRINNING FROM HIS GREAT HEIGHT AND SPRAYING SHOTS AT HIM.

P RUNS AGAIN, ZIG-ZAGGING, THE BULLETS FOLLOWING. HE DIVES ROUND A THIRD CORNER AND STOPS ABRUPTLY UNDER A DENSE ROSE BOWER.

THE STILTMAN HAS LOST HIM.

THE HUGE LEGS COME BACK AND COME TO REST ONE ON EITHER SIDE OF P'S BOWER.

WE SEE THE STILTMAN PEERING DESPERATELY ABOUT HIM.

DOWN IN THE ROSE BOWER, P TAKES OUT HIS CIGARETTE LIGHTER.

HE SETS FIRE TO THE STILTMAN'S TROUSERS.

WE SEE THE FLAMES CATCH AND LEAP. WE HEAR A YELL.

WE SEE THE LEGS DASH OFF SUDDENLY.

P EMERGES FROM THE ROSE BOWER.

IN LONG SHOT WE SEE THE SURREALISTIC FIGURE OF THE STILTMAN RECEDING CRAZILY INTO THE DISTANCE WITH HIS TROUSERS ON FIRE.

P HACKS WITH HIS PANGA AT THE HEDGE NEAREST TO HIM.

HE BREAKS THROUGH AND TO HIS SURPRISE FINDS HIMSELF SUDDENLY BACK IN THE FAIRGROUND.

A WOMAN AND HER LITTLE BOY ARE PASSING AS HE SMASHES THROUGH THE HEDGE. THE WOMAN LOOKS AT HIM SCORNFULLY.

WOMAN

That's not clever. Anyone can get out that way.

EXT. THE FAIRGROUND. DAY.

38

A BALLOON COMES FLOATING DOWN FROM THE SKY. P CATCHES IT. THERE IS A MESSAGE ON IT.

BALLOON

"Try the Tunnel of Love".

EXT. FAIRGROUND. DAY.

38A

P APPROACHES THE ENTRANCE TO THE TUNNEL OF LOVE.

EXT. TUNNEL OF LOVE. DAY.

39

P GETS INTO A BOAT AND IS PUSHED OFF INTO THE TUNNEL.

INT. TUNNEL OF LOVE. DAY.

40

P'S BOAT IS IN THE TUNNEL. THE DARKNESS IS ALMOST COMPLETE. THE AIR IS FULL OF LITTLE PLOPS AND TINKLES AND RUSTLINGS. SUDDENLY BEHIND P THERE IS A LOW FEMININE LAUGH. P MAKES TO WHIP ROUND.

SONIA

No, don't turn round. I have you covered. The Tunnel of Love is very fitting. Because I am beginning to love you. In my way. All my life I have been looking for a worthy opponent. You have passed my first little tests brilliantly. You will be hearing from me again. Auf Wiedersehen

THE BOAT COMES OUT OF THE TUNNEL. P WHIRLS AND THROWS HIMSELF FLAT.

HE FINDS THAT HE HAS BEEN TOWING AN EMPTY BOAT BEHIND HIM. IN THE BOAT BEHIND THERE IS A TRANSISTOR RADIO. HE STEPS FROM HIS BOAT INTO THE ONE BEHIND AND PICKS UP THE RADIO. AS HE DOES SO, SONIA'S MUSICAL LAUGH FLOATS OUT OF IT.

HE THROWS IT INTO THE WATER. IT EXPLODES.

AGAIN WE HEAR SONIA'S LAUGH, LIVE THIS TIME. IT SEEMS TO BE COMING FROM THE FAR SIDE OF THE FACADE AND PAYBOX COMPLEX OF THE TUNNEL OF LOVE, TO WHICH THE BOATS HAVE COME FULL CIRCLE.

EXT. TUNNEL OF LOVE. DAY. 41

P LEAPS OUT OF THE BOAT. WE HEAR THE LAUGH AGAIN.

EXT. THE FAIRGROUND. DAY. 42

IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE P SEES A FLASH OF WHITE. A GIRL IN A WHITE DRESS IS RIDING ROUND ON A RED HORSE ON A CAROUSEL.

THE CAROUSEL GOES ROUND AND SHE DISAPPEARS THE OTHER SIDE.

P RUNS TOWARDS THE CAROUSEL.

AS HE DOES SO, SHE RE-APPEARS AND GOES ROUND AGAIN. BY THE TIME P IS WITHIN TWENTY YARDS, SHE HAS RE-APPEARED AGAIN. BUT AS HE RACES FORWARD, THE CAROUSEL GOES ROUND AND AGAIN SHE DISAPPEARS. HE REACHES THE CAROUSEL AND WAITS. THE RED HORSE COMES ROUND. IT IS EMPTY.

HE RACES TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CAROUSEL.

EXT. FAIRGROUND. DAY. 43

SOME DISTANCE AWAY IS THE BOATING LAKE. LITTLE MOTOR BOATS CHUG AROUND ON IT SLUGGISHLY.

P SEES A GIRL IN A WHITE DRESS ON THE LANDING STAGE. SHE IS GETTING INTO A BOAT.

HE RUSHES ACROSS TO THE LAKE.

EXT. BOATING LAKE. DAY. 44

P HURRIEDLY BUYS A TICKET AND GETS INTO A BOAT. HE PUTS HIS FOOT HARD DOWN ON THE THROTTLE AND WAITS IMPATIENTLY AS THE BOAT LABOURS AWAY FROM THE LANDING STAGE.

AHEAD, HIS POV, THE BACK OF THE GIRL IN HER BOAT.

LABORIOUSLY, P OVERTAKES HER.

SHE SMILES AT HIM. SHE CAN'T BE MORE THAN 14 YEARS OLD.

AT THE SAME MOMENT WE HEAR SONIA'S VOICE, AMPLIFIED THROUGH A LOUDSPEAKER.

SONIA

Come in Number Six, your time is up!

THE LANDING STAGE, P'S POV. A GIRL IN A WHITE DRESS STANDS THERE, HOLDING A MICROPHONE, HER FACE HIDDEN BY THE ANGLE.

AT THE SAME TIME, P'S ENGINE STARTS TO ROAR AND THE BOAT PICKS UP SPEED, INDEPENDENTLY OF P. IT TURNS IN A HALF CIRCLE AND HEADS STRAIGHT FOR THE LANDING STAGE. P WRESTLES WITH THE WHEEL AND THE THROTTLE BUT NOTHING MAKES ANY DIFFERENCE. THE BOAT HURTTLES TOWARDS THE LANDING STAGE, PICKING UP SPEED ALL THE TIME.

EXT. LANDING STAGE. DAY.

45

CLOSE SHOT P.

SHOT - LANDING STAGE RACING TOWARDS HIM.

CLOSE SHOT P.

LANDING STAGE NEAR AND CLOSING FAST.

ANOTHER ANGLE SHOWING THE BOAT CLOSING ON THE LANDING STAGE.

PEOPLE ON THE LANDING STAGE HAVE BEGUN TO SCREAM AND SCATTER.

HELD SHOT P'S POV AS THE BOAT CLOSES TO WITHIN YARDS OF LANDING STAGE.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

JUST BEFORE THE BOAT STRIKES OUT OF SHOT. WE HEAR THE EXPLOSION.

EXT. LANDING STAGE. DAY.

46

P CLIMBS OUT OF THE WATER. A SMALL CROWD HAS GATHERED. HE PUSHES HIS WAY THROUGH THE CROWD, HIS EYES SEARCHING. THERE IS NO WHITE DRESS. HE LOOKS IN THE PAY DESK. IT IS EMPTY. ON THE FLOOR IS A WHITE ROSE. HE PICKS IT UP GINGERLY. IT IS PLASTIC. IT LAUGHS AT HIM. OUT OF IT COMES SONIA'S VOICE, LOW, CARESSING.

SONIA

You're better than I dreamed. And your hair curls divinely on the back of your neck. I love you madly. You will make a beautiful corpse. I am going to do you the honour of letting you die superbly.

P LOOKS ABOUT TO SEE WHERE SONIA IS BROADCASTING FROM.

EXT. EDGE OF FAIRGROUND. DAY. 47

P'S POV. A GIRL IN WHITE, FROM BEHIND, RUNNING TOWARDS A WHITE SPORTS CAR, ON EDGE OF FAIRGROUND.

P STARTS TO RUN.

THE GIRL JUMPS INTO THE CAR AND PULLS ON HUGE RACING GOGGLES. SHE STARTS THE CAR.

EXT. EDGE OF FAIRGROUND. DAY. 48

P REACHES THE CAR AS IT STARTS TO GATHER SPEED. HE FLINGS HIMSELF AT IT BUT IT THROWN OFF.

P RACES TOWARDS HIS OWN CAR, LOTUS ELAN, WHICH IS PARKED A LITTLE WAY BEHIND.

EXT. P'S CAR. DAY. 49

HE JUMPS IN WITHOUT BOTHERING TO OPEN THE DOOR, SMASHES THE STARTER.

THE GIRL HAS PULLED OUT OF SIGHT.

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE FUNFAIR. DAY. 50

P'S CAR COMING OUT INTO ROAD, FAST.

EXT. HIS P.O.V. DAY 51

A LONG WAY DOWN THE ROAD, THE GIRL'S CAR IS JUST DISAPPEARING ROUND A BEND.

P TAKES OFF IN PURSUIT.

EXT. A STRETCH OF ROAD. DAY. 52

THE WHITE CAR IS A LONG WAY IN FRONT. P STARTS TO CLOSE ON IT.

EFFORTLESSLY, THE WHITE CAR STARTS TO PULL AWAY AGAIN.

P RAMS HIS FOOT DOWN AND STARTS TO CLOSE AGAIN.

52 CONTINUED

18

CLOSE SHOT - SPEEDOMETER SHOWS 110.

EXT. ROADSIDE. DAY.

53

P'S POV. THERE IS A SIGN BY THE EDGE OF THE ROAD.
AS P FLASHES BY, WE READ IT.

SIGN

"WITCHWOOD - ONE MILE."

EXT. ANOTHER STRETCH OF ROAD. DAY.

54

P IS NOW WITHIN 50 YARDS OF THE WHITE CAR.

EXT. THE WHITE CAR. DAY.

55

SONIA, GOGGLED AND SINISTER, LOOKS IN HER REAR
MIRROR.

WE SEE P REFLECTED IN IT.

SONIA SMILES TO HERSELF.

EXT. THE STRETCH OF ROAD. DAY.

56

THE WHITE CAR ROUNDS A BEND. P FOLLOWS.

EXT. APPROACH ROAD TO THE VILLAGE. DAY.

57

BOTH CARS ARE NOW IN THE NARROW APPROACH ROAD TO
THE VILLAGE.

P HAS NARROWED THE GAP BETWEEN THE TWO CARS TO
20 YARDS.

THE WHITE CAR TURNS ABRUPTLY RIGHT.

P TURNS ABRUPTLY RIGHT.

HE FINDS HIMSELF IN THE VILLAGE HIGH STREET.

THE WHITE CAR HAS DISAPPEARED INTO THIN AIR.

EXT. VILLAGE HIGH STREET. DAY. (STUDIO LOT)

58

"WITCHWOOD" IS A GHOST VILLAGE.

THE PRETTY FACADES OF ITS SHOPS AND COTTAGES ARE
CRUMBLLED AND MOULDERING. IN A ROW ALONG THE
RIGHT HAND SIDE OF THE STREET ARE A BUTCHER'S,
A BAKER'S, A CANDLESTICK MAKER'S AND A BLACKSMITH'S.
ALL ARE DERELICT AND UNINHABITED, AND HEAVILY
SHUTTERED.

AT THE FAR END OF THE STREET THERE IS A LITTLE
CHURCH WITH A BELL TOWER.

P STOPS THE CAR. THERE IS COMPLETE SILENCE.

THE BELL IN THE BELL TOWER STARTS TO RING, SLOWLY.

IT TOLLS THREE TIMES THEN STOPS. SILENCE AGAIN.

P SITS UP ON THE BACK OF HIS SEAT, WARY.

A GREAT SIGH SWEEPS AND TREMBLES UP AND DOWN THE STREET, FILLING AND INHABITING THE AIR. SILENCE AGAIN.

A GIRL'S VOICE, SINGING, WITHOUT WORDS. UNEARTHLY, BEAUTIFUL, HAUNTING. A BIG ECHO EFFECT. IT SEEMS TO BE ALL AROUND HIM.
THE SINGING STOPS AND SONIA'S VOICE FLOATS THROUGH THE AIR, SOFT, CARESSING. IT IS ALL AROUND P.

SONIA

I am glad you came. This is to be our love tryst. You may not see my face, but you may know my name. My name is Death.

THE SINGING STARTS AGAIN. P STARTS TO GET OUT OF THE CAR.

FREEZE FRAME.

PICTUREBOOK DRAWING OF SCENE.

59

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

PICTUREBOOK DRAWING OF VILLAGE HIGH STREET.

60

IT SHOWS P NOW OUT OF THE CAR.

EXT. VILLAGE HIGH STREET. DAY. (STUDIO LOT)

61

P IS MOVING TOWARDS THE RIGHT HAND SIDE OF THE STREET. HE IS TRYING TO SPOT A LOUDSPEAKER. SONIA'S VOICE IS HEARD AGAIN.

SONIA

I am sorry my father could not be here to greet you - but he is busy with his rocket. Besides, he did not wish to play gooseberry. You are a born survivor. I am a born killer. We were made for each other. (SHE LAUGHS)

LOOKING ABOUT HIM, P HAS SPOTTED A LOUDSPEAKER. IT IS ON THE WALL OF THE BUTCHER'S SHOP. HE MOVES QUICKLY TO THE WALL AND STARTS TO TRACE THE WIRE.

SONIA

But I fear this is where it must end.
Your reflexes can not save you now. It
will come swiftly, suddenly - when your
luck runs out - with my love.

MOVING LIKE A CAT, P HAS TRACED THE WIRE TO ABOVE
THE DOOR OF THE BUTCHER'S SHOP. IT DISAPPEARS THROUGH
THE WALL. SONIA WHISPERS.

SONIA

Come come inside.... I'm waiting
for you, my darling....

CAUTIOUSLY P OPENS THE DOOR OF THE SHOP SIX INCHES.
NOTHING HAPPENS.
HE DRAWS BACK A LITTLE THEN THROWS HIMSELF FORWARD,
LOW, HITTING THE DOOR AT A CROUCH.

AS THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN THERE IS A VICIOUS BURST OF
MACHINE GUN FIRE IN A WIDE ARC.

WE SEE THE BULLETS SMASHING THROUGH THE WOOD OF
THE LINTELS ON EITHER SIDE OF THE DOOR AT CHEST
HEIGHT.

INT. BUTCHER'S SHOP. DAY.

62

LYING ON THE FLOOR JUST INSIDE THE DOOR, P WATCHES
THE BOOBY TRAP IN ACTION.
THE GUN IS MOUNTED ON A TRIPOD. ON TOP OF IT THERE
IS A RED LIGHT. SET INTO THE FRONT OF THE TRIPOD IS
AN ELECTRONIC EYE. THE GUN SWINGS SLOWLY FROM
SIDE TO SIDE, SPITTING OUT BULLETS. P SQUIRMS TO
THE TRIPOD ON HIS STOMACH. HE PUTS HIS HAND OVER THE
ELECTRONIC EYE. THE LIGHT GOES OUT AND THE FIRING
STOPS. HE TAKES HIS HAND AWAY AND IT STARTS AGAIN.
HE TAKES OUT HIS OWN GUN AND SMASHES THE ELECTRONIC
EYE. THE GUN STOPS. HE WIPES HIS FOREHEAD. WE
HEAR SONIA'S VOICE AGAIN. IT IS VERY CLOSE, BREATHY,
IN THE ROOM.

SONIA

Is your heart pounding ? Your hands
shaking ? That's love, my darling !
(AGAIN THE MOCKING LOW LAUGH)

P IS TRACING THE WIRE AGAIN, FROM WHERE IT COMES
IN FROM THE STREET. HE FOLLOWS IT TO A POINT OVER
A DOOR ON THE LEFT. THE DOOR LEADS TO THE SHOP
NEXT DOOR WHICH IS THE BAKER'S.
HE CROSSES BACK TO THE BOOBY TRAP AND STARTS TO
UNFASTEN THE GUN FROM ITS MOUNTING. WE HEAR
SONIA AGAIN. THERE IS A DIFFERENT QUALITY IN HER
VOICE FOR THIS SPEECH. IT IS SLIGHTLY HYSTERICAL,
UNBALANCED.

SONIA

My father is a great man. A genius
of destruction. But the war ended
before he could be recognised.

P DETACHES THE GUN FROM ITS MOUNTING AND CROSSES BACK TO THE DOOR.

SONIA

That is why he must be recognised now.
When London lies in ruins from his
rocket, he will be a god.

P BLASTS THE DOOR UP, DOWN AND SIDEWAYS WITH THE AUTOMATIC GUN. HE STANDS TO THE SIDE AND KICKS IT OPEN. NOTHING HAPPENS.

P COMES INTO THE OPEN AND LOOKS THROUGH THE DOOR.

INT. THE BAKER'S SHOP. DAY.

63

OLD DUSTY LOAVES LIE ON THE SHELVES. FLOUR BAGS SAG AGAINST THE WALLS. P DOES NOT ENTER. HE LOOKS TO HIS LEFT.

WHIP PAN TO HIS POV.

AGAINST THE WINDOW ON TO THE STREET A FIGURE IS SILHOUETTED -- HUGE, MENACING.

P RIPS OFF A BURST AT IT. IT COLLAPSES INTO ITS COMPONENT PARTS - A TALL BAKER'S HAT PERCHED ON TOP OF TWO BAGS OF FLOUR.

P RELAXES. HE STEPS CONFIDENTLY INTO THE ROOM. AND A TRAP DOOR GIVES WAY BENEATH HIM.

WE GET A GLIMPSE OF WHAT AWAITS P AS HE FALLS. AT THE BOTTOM OF A LONG NARROW PIT ARE ROWS OF GLEAMING, PIN-SHARP METAL SPIKES.

BUT AS HE FALLS P HOLDS THE GUN LIKE A BAR ABOVE HIS HEAD WITH BOTH HANDS. IT BRIDGES ACROSS THE HOLE AND HOLDS. P IS LEFT SWINGING, AS FROM A BAR, ABOVE THE GLEAMING SPIKES. SONIA IS HEARD.

SONIA

Nice of you to drop in. I can see you're having a swinging time.

P IS MAKING DESPERATE EFFORTS TO HAUL HIMSELF UP ON THE GUN, OUT OF THE PIT. IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE. THERE IS NOTHING ON WHICH HE CAN GET A PURCHASE.

SONIA

But I'm afraid that's not quite what I had in mind. Perhaps this will help.

THERE IS A WHIRRING NOISE. THE MASSES OF SPIKES START TO RISE TOWARDS P'S DANGLING BODY.

SONIA

You'll soon get the point.

AGAINST THE WALL NEAR THE HOLE WHERE P IS HANGING STANDS A HEAVY BAKER'S STEEL TRAY. P HOLDS ON TO THE GUN BRIDGE WITH ONE HAND AND STRETCHES TOWARDS THE TRAY WITH THE OTHER. HE LOOKS DOWN.

P'S POV. THE SPIKES RISING.

HE CANNOT QUITE REACH THE TRAY.

THE SPIKES RISING.

WITH A DESPERATE EFFORT HE KNOCKS THE TRAY WITH HIS FINGERS. IT WOBBLER, HANGS, THEN FALLS WITHIN HIS REACH.

THE SPIKES RISING.

CAREFULLY HE PULLS THE TRAY TOWARDS HIM. HE BRINGS IT TO THE EDGE OF THE HOLE. THE HAND BY WHICH HE IS HANGING, SLIPS. HE JUST MANAGES TO WHIP HIS FREE HAND OVER IN TIME. HE HANGS, PANTING.

THE SPIKES RISING.

HE CONSOLIDATES HIS HOLD, GRIPS WITH HIS LEFT HAND AND AGAIN REACHES FOR THE TRAY WITH HIS RIGHT. HE EDGES IT OVER THE SIDE OF THE HOLE AND SLIDES IT IN. HE SUPPORTS ONE END WITH HIS FREE HAND AND THE OTHER END WITH HIS FOOT, SO THAT THE TRAY IS HORIZONTAL.

THE SPIKES RISING.

THEY ARE JUST BELOW HIS FEET NOW.

HE STEADIES THE TRAY AND DROPS IT. IT FALLS FLAT ACROSS THE SPIKES LIKE A PLATFORM. AS THE TRAY SETTLES ACROSS THE SPIKES HE LOSES HIS GRIP AND FALLS - SAFELY ON TO THE TRAY PLATFORM. THE RISING SPIKES BEAR HIM UP LIKE A LIFT AND HE RISES FROM THE HOLE AND STEPS BACK ON TO GROUND LEVEL.

SONIA

Ingenious ! Nobody's ever thought of that before. You really are the most entertaining lover I've ever had !

P CAN SEE THAT THERE IS A LOUDSPEAKER OVER THE DOOR THROUGH WHICH HE CAME IN. HE NOTES THAT THE WIRE LEADS ROUND THE ROOM TO YET ANOTHER DOOR ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE, WHERE IT DISAPPEARS THROUGH THE WALL.

HE SMASHES THE LOUDSPEAKER OVER THE DOOR WITH THE BUTT OF HIS AUTOMATIC GUN. HE MAKES TO CROSS THE FLOOR GINGERLY TOWARDS THE OTHER DOOR.

SONIA

That was ill-mannered. It was also dangerous. I might not have been able to warn you that the rest of this floor is sewn with anti-personnel mines. Very small but very sensitive. And quite deadly.

P STOPS. HE BENDS DOWN, KEEPING HIS FEET STILL, AND PICKS UP A BRICK WHICH HAS FALLEN OUT OF THE WALL. HE THROWS IT INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM. THERE IS A SMALL BUT VICIOUS EXPLOSION. P STANDS THINKING HARD.

SONIA

Oh, I almost forgot. They will all explode anyway in ninety seconds.

P LOOKS UP. ABOVE HIS HEAD THERE IS A HEATING PIPE. IT RUNS FROM WALL TO WALL ALONG THE LENGTH OF THE ROOM. DISCARDING HIS GUN HE LEAPS UP AND GRABS IT WITH BOTH HANDS. HE STARTS TO SWING HIS WAY ALONG IT, HAND OVER HAND, ACROSS THE ROOM. AS HE GETS HALF-WAY ACROSS, THE PIPE STARTS TO SMOKE AND STEAM. IT IS GETTING RED HOT.

SONIA

That's the hot line - or had you noticed.

P SPEEDS UP DESPERATELY. JUST AS IT GETS UNBEARABLE HE REACHES A POINT OPPOSITE THE DOOR INTO THE NEXT SHOP. THERE IS ANOTHER SLIMMER PIPE RUNNING ACROSS THE DOOR ABOUT A COUPLE OF FEET ABOVE IT. HE SWINGS BACK AND FORTH TO GIVE HIMSELF MOMENTUM, THEN LAUNCHES HIMSELF AT THE PIPE OVER THE DOOR. AS HE DOES SO THE MINES START TO EXPLODE, SINGLY.

HE GRABS THE PIPE OVER THE DOOR AND HANGS THERE. THEN HE KICKS OPEN THE DOOR AND SWINGS THROUGH IT AS ALL THE MINES IN THE BAKER'S GO UP WITH A ROAR.

HE FINDS HIMSELF IN THE CANDLESTICK MAKER'S.

INT. THE CANDLESTICK MAKER'S. DAY.

64

THE INTERIOR IS DARK. THE BLINDS ARE DOWN OVER THE WINDOW TO THE STREET. IT IS LIT EXCLUSIVELY BY CANDLES.

THEY HANG IN CHANDELIERS. THEY ARE STUCK IN SCONES ON THE WALLS. THEY STAND IN HOLDERS ON SHELVES. THEY ARE OF ALL SHAPES AND SIZES. HUGE ONES STAND IN TUBS LIKE GARDEN SHRUBS. THIN ONES CORKSCREW UP FROM THE FLOOR. TINY ONES STAND IN CLUSTER AS ON A CHRISTMAS TREE. TO P'S RIGHT IS AN ANCIENT FIREPLACE. IN IT LIES A HUGE PAIR OF BELLOWS. THERE IS A LONG HEAVY TABLE IN ROUGH WOOD IN THE CENTRE OF THE ROOM; COVERED WITH THE IMPEDIMENTA OF THE CANDLE-MAKING CRAFT.

P ADVANCES, SNIFFING FOR DANGER. HE STARTS TRACING THE WIRE AGAIN. SONIA'S VOICE AGAIN.

SONIA

You've been through the butcher's and the baker's. Now you're in the candle-stick maker's. Only he never made candles like these.

P STIFFENS AND LOOKS AT THE CANDLES. ZOOM IN ON A COUPLE.

SONIA

These are my invention. They have a cyanide derivative mixed with the wax.

P MAKES A LEAP BACK INTO THE BAKER'S. A STEEL SHUTTER COMES DOWN OVER THE DOOR.

SONIA

As the wax burns it gives off cyanide gas. Every candle in this room is breathing poison into the air.

P JUMPS FOR THE DOOR INTO THE NEXT SHOP. A STEEL SHUTTER SLAMS OVER THAT.

HE LEAPS TOWARDS THE WINDOW AND THE DOOR TO THE STREET. TWO MORE SHUTTERS SLAM DOWN OVER THEM.

SONIA

I do so believe in double glazing, don't you? Keeps out the noise... Of course it does keep out the air, too....

P STARTS TO COUGH. HE MAKES TO BLOW OUT THE CANDLE NEAREST TO HIM - A VERY SMALL ONE.

SONIA

Oh, a last word of advice. If the candles are blown out, they explode.

P PICKS UP A LONG CANDLE SNUFFER FROM THE TABLE.

HE USES THE FULL LENGTH OF IT TO STAY OUT OF DISTANCE WHILE HE SNUFFS OUT THE LITTLE CANDLE.

THERE IS A SHARP EXPLOSION. IT COMPLETELY DISINTEGRATES THE CANDLE SNUFFER.

SONIA

And that's only one of the little ones.

P IS BAFFLED. HE STARTS TO COUGH. THE GAS IS GETTING TO HIM. HE LEANS AGAINST THE WALL AND LOOSENS HIS COLLAR. HE ROUSES HIMSELF AND HAMMERS ON EACH OF THE STEEL SHUTTERS IN TURN.

HE TRIES TO FIND WEAK PLACES IN THE BRICK WALLS .

SONIA LAUGHS, AFFECTIONATELY .

SONIA

I warned you your luck would run out.
I've got you now. I'm glad it's to be
this way. I hate quite farewells, don't
you ?

P FINDS A CROWBAR . DESPERATELY HE TRIES TO FIND
SOME WAY OF PRISING THE SHUTTERS UP .

SONIA

Your animal strength can't save you
now. You're quite helpless.

P REALISES HE IS PANICKING . THE GAS IS BEGINNING TO
CHOKE HIM . HE FORCES HIMSELF TO STAND STILL AND
THINK .

SONIA

In this village, in the past, when a great
man was dying, they sounded the death
knell. I think that was a charming idea.

THE SOUND OF THE BELL COMES TOLLING THROUGH THE
LOUDSPEAKERS . P NOW KNOWS WHERE SHE IS .

P

(TO HIMSELF) The bell tower !

HE SUDDENLY LAUNCHES INTO VIOLENT ACTION .

HE STARTS GRABBING THE CANDLES - ALL THE BIGGEST
ONES - AND PILING THEM AGAINST THE STEEL SHUTTER
OVER THE EXIT TO THE STREET,

COUGHING AND CHOKING HE STACKS THEM IN A
CONCENTRATED AREA ABOUT A YARD SQUARE, PRESSING
AGAINST THE STEEL SHUTTER .

HE GOES TO THE HEAVY WOODEN TABLE, SCATTERS THE
LITTER FROM ITS SURFACE . HIS STRENGTH RUNNING OUT,
HE TURNS THE HEAVY TABLE ON ITS SIDE . HE DRAGS IT TO
WITHIN SIX FEET OF THE PILED-UP CANDLES .

SONIA

Interesting ! I've noticed mice get
irrational in just the same way when
they know they're going to die.

VERY WEAK NOW, P LURCHES OVER TO THE FIREPLACE .
HE PICKS UP THE GIANT BELLOWS . HE DRAGS HIMSELF
BACK TO THE UPENDED TABLE AND TAKES COVER BEHIND
IT . FROM THE COVER OF THE TABLE HE AIMS THE
BELLOWS, AND WITH A LAST EFFORT SENDS A GREAT
GUST OF AIR TOWARDS THE BURNING CANDLES .

THE CANDLES ALL GO OUT SIMULTANEOUSLY AND THERE IS A GREAT EXPLOSION. A GREAT GAPING HOLE IS BLOWN IN THE SHUTTER. P LUNGES THROUGH IT INTO THE STREET.

EXT. VILLAGE HIGH STREET. DAY. (STUDIO LOT). 65

P HITS THE DECK AS HE COMES THROUGH THE HOLE AS A HAIL OF MACHINE GUN FIRE SWINGS DOWN THE STREET.

WE SEE THE SPURTS OF FIRE FROM THE BELL TOWER.

P RISES AND DIVES THROUGH THE STABLE DOORS OF THE BLACKSMITH'S NEXT TO THE CANDLESTICK' MAKER'S.

INT. BLACKSMITH'S. DAY. (STUDIO LOT). 66

HE LOOKS ABOUT FOR POSSIBLE WEAPONS. AMONG THE OBJECTS HE SEES ARE THE BLACKSMITH'S TOOLS, INCLUDING A LONG-HANDLED PAIR OF PINCERS, A SCARECROW AND AN OLD BULLDOZER. OUTSIDE THE FIRING HAS STOPPED. HE STARTS TO INVESTIGATE THE BULLDOZER. HE LIFTS THE ENGINE COWLING, WORKS THE SELF-STARTER FROM THERE. THE ENGINE TURNS BUT DOES NOT FIRE. HE STARTS TO TINKER. THEN SONIA'S VOICE AGAIN, AS CLOSE AS EVER. IT IS HONEYED, SEDUCTIVE, VERY CONVINCING.

SONIA

All right darling, you win. Can you hear me, darling? I've just realised something. I don't want to kill you any more. You are the best. If I kill you, what will be left for me? Life would be a bore.

P CONTINUES HIS WORK ON THE BULLDOZER.

SONIA

Why don't you join us, my father and me? We could have a wonderful life together. You would be a constant challenge to me.

P RAMS DOWN THE ENGINE COVER OF THE BULLDOZER. HE KICKS AROUND AND FINDS AN OLD CAN OF FUEL. HE UNSCREWS THE FUEL CAP AND STARTS TO POUR IT IN.

SONIA

What do you say, darling? If you agree, wave something out of the door.

P TAKES OFF HIS JACKET, GOES TO THE DOOR AND - WITHOUT EXPOSING HIMSELF TO FIRE, WAVES IT.

SONIA

Wonderful ! I was so afraid some silly pride would get in the way.

P PULLS IN HIS JACKET AND PUTS IT ON.

SONIA

Come and join me in the bell tower. No need to come out with your hands up. Just walk out as you are - I trust you.

P GETS THE SCARECROW. HE TAKES A FIRM GRIP ON IT WITH THE LONG HANDLED PINNERS. HE THRUSTS THE SCARECROW OUT OF THE DOOR AT WALKING PACE. IT IS INSTANTLY CUT TO RIBBONS BY A MURDEROUS STORM OF BULLETS.

SONIA

(HURT) Ah But you didn't trust me !

P JUMPS INTO THE BULLDOZER AND SWITCHES ON. THE ENGINE FIRES AT ONCE. HE RAISES THE MASSIVE METAL PUSHER SO THAT IT FORM A SHIELD IN FRONT OF HIM. THEN HE REVS UP AND ROARS OUT OF THE BUILDING.

EXT. VILLAGE. HIGH STREET. DAY. (STUDIO LOT) 67

HE TURNS SHARP RIGHT TO GET THE SHIELD BETWEEN HIM AND THE BELL TOWER.

SONIA OPENS UP ON HIM. THE BULLETS RING VICIOUSLY BUT HARMLESSLY AGAINST THE SHIELD.

P TRUNDLES THE BULLDOZER STEADILY TOWARDS THE BELL TOWER AT THE FAR END OF THE STREET.

INT. THE BELL TOWER. DAY. 68

SONIA, NOW IN A WHITE CAT SUIT AND HOOD, IS LOOKING OUT OF THE LARGE OPEN EMBRASURE. SHE IS SURROUNDED BY A FEARSOME ARSENAL OF WEAPONS. THEY INCLUDE THE HEAVY MACHINE GUN, A GRENADE THROWER, A SMALL BATTERY OF ROCKETS AND A BAZOOKA. THERE ARE ALSO A NUMBER OF STICK GRENADES OF THE TYPE WHICH BECOME DETACHED FROM THEIR STICK ON LANDING.

SONIA HUMS HAPPILY AND FEMININELY ABOUT HER WORK.

EXT. VILLAGE HIGH STREET. DAY. (STUDIO LOT) 69

THE BULLDOZER TRUNDLES SLOWLY TOWARDS HER.

28

INT. THE BELL TOWER. DAY. 70

LOVINGLY, SONIA SELECTS A GRENADE THROWER, SHE
LOADS IT, TAKES AIM AND FIRES.

EXT. THE BULLDOZER. DAY. 71

THE GRENADE EXPLODES, A LITTLE WIDE TO THE LEFT.
P SWERVES. ANOTHER GRENADE EXPLODES A LITTLE
TO THE RIGHT. P SWERVES AGAIN.

INT. THE BELL TOWER. DAY. 72

SONIA LOADS A THIRD GRENADE.

EXT. THE BULLDOZER. DAY. 73

P HEARS SONIA'S VOICE.

SONIA
Third time lucky !

INT. THE BELL TOWER. DAY. 74

TAKING GREAT CARE WITH HER AIM, SONIA FIRES THE
GRENADE.

EXT. THE BULLDOZER. DAY. 75

P SLAMS ON THE BRAKES. THE GRENADE, DEAD ON LINE,
EXPLODES SHORT IN FRONT OF IT. THE SHRAPNEL
RATTLES ON THE SHIELD. P STARTS DRIVING FORWARD
AGAIN.

INT. THE BELLTOWER. DAY. 76

SONIA IS NOW HAPPILY GATHERING A HANDFUL OF THE
STICK THROWING GRENADES.

EXT. VILLAGE HIGH STREET. DAY. (STUDIO LOT). 77

SONIA'S POV. THE BULLDOZER CHURNS ON UP THE STREET.

EXT. THE BULLDOZER. DAY. 78

THREE GRENADES EXPLODE IN RAPID SUCCESSION IN ITS
VICINITY. SONIA IS HEARD OVER THE RACKET.

SONIA
Wheeee !

INT. THE BELL TOWER. DAY. 79

SONIA IS HURLING ANOTHER TWO STICK GRENADES.

SONIA
Wheeeeeeee !

29

EXT. THE BULLDOZER. DAY. 80

GRENADES EXPLODING - IT GRINDS TO A HALT.

INT. THE BELLTOWER. DAY. 81

SONIA SMILES IN SATISFACTION AND PICKS UP A MICROPHONE.

SONIA
Playtime's over now, I'm afraid,
darling. Mamma's got to get back to
work. Time for sleepy byes.

SHE TAKES AND LOADS THE BAZOOKA AND AIMS THAT OVER
HER SHOULDER AT THE BULLDOZER.

SONIA'S POV. OF THE BULLDOZER ACROSS THE BAZOOKA. 82

SONIA
Bye bye, lover

THERE IS A WHISTLE AND A ROAR AS THE BAZOOKA MISSILE
AND THE ROCKETS HOME ON THE BULLDOZER AND EXPLODE.
THE BULLDOZER BURSTS INTO FLAMES.

INT. THE BELL TOWER. DAY. 83

SONIA SIGHS, AND POWDERS HER NOSE.

EXT. VILLAGE HIGH STREET. (STUDIO LOT) 84

THE BURNING BULLDOZER. TRACK TOWARDS IT. PAST
IT. DOWN TO THE STREET BEHIND IT. WE SEE A MAN
HOLE COVER.

INT. BELLTOWER. DAY. 85

SONIA REPLACES HER COMPACT AND STARTS DOWN THE
STEPS OF THE TOWER.

EXT. BELLTOWER. DAY. (STUDIO LOT) 86

PAN DOWN THE EXTERIOR OF THE TOWER TO STREET LEVEL. A DOOR OPENS. SONIA EMERGES.

EXT. VILLAGE STREET. DAY. (STUDIO LOT) 87

IN THE DISTANCE SONIA LEAVING THE BELLTOWER. SHE WALKS ACROSS THE STREET. TRACK TO BRING THE BULLDOZER INTO FOREGROUND. THEN HUGE IN IMMEDIATE FOREGROUND A MANHOLE COVER RISES INTO CAMERA. THEN P'S HEAD. HE WATCHES SONIA DISAPPEAR ROUND A CORNER, EMERGES AND SPRINTS AFTER HER.

EXT. CLEARING. DAY. (STUDIO LOT). 88

ADJACENT TO THE VILLAGE STREET. A SMART LITTLE HELICOPTER. SONIA IS CLIMBING IN. P COMES INTO FOREGROUND AND OBSERVES. HE MOVES FAST OUT OF SHOT

EXT. HELICOPTER. DAY. (STUDIO LOT) 89

SONIA STARTS IT UP.

EXT. CLEARING. DAY (STUDIO LOT) 90

HELICOPTER WARMING UP. PAN TO ITS TAIL. P IS CRAWLING CAUTIOUSLY TOWARDS IT FROM BEHIND. HE IS WITHIN TWENTY FEET.

EXT. CLEARING. DAY. (STUDIO LOT) 91

HELICOPTER, THE ENGINE ROARS AT FULL POWER. IT STARTS TO LIFT OFF. P SPRINTS FROM BEHIND AND GRABS ONE OF THE SKIS.

HE IS CARRIED INTO THE AIR SWINGING LIKE A TRAPEZIST.

FREEZE FRAME.

CHILD'S PICTURE BOOK 92

SHOWING THE SAME SCENE.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

CHILD'S PICTURE BOOK 93

IT SHOWS A HELICOPTER.
IT IS CIRCLING.
THERE IS A FULL MOON.
IT IS ALL IN LONG SHOT.

EXT. THE SAME SCENE. LIVE. DAY. 94

EXT. C.S. HELICOPTER. DAY. 95

P IS NOW PERCHED AS COMFORTABLY AS POSSIBLE ON
ONE OF THE HELICOPTER SKIS.

L.S. HELICOPTER 96

THE HELICOPTER STARTS TO LOSE HEIGHT.

EXT. A FIELD. DAY. 97

THE HELICOPTER IS COMING TO REST ON A LANDING
STAGE. THE POINT AT WHICH IT IS LANDING IS OPPOSITE -
A CAVE ENTRANCE. P SLIDES OFF AND TAKES COVER.
THE HELICOPTER STOPS AND SONIA CLIMBS OUT. SHE
ENTERS THE CAVE. P APPROACHES THE CAVE ENTRANCE.
HE LOOKS OFF.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE. DAY. 98

P.O.V. OF LIGHTHOUSE. TIED OFF TO THE ROCKS
NEARBY IS A HIGH-SPEED LAUNCH, ROCKING IN THE SLIGHT
SWELL.

EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE. DAY. 99

SILENTLY P ENTERS THE CAVE.

INT. CAVE TUNNEL. DAY. 100

P COMES DOWN THE TUNNEL TO THE MAIN CAVE. IT IS
LIT UP AND HUMMING WITH ELECTRICAL ACTIVITY. THE
CAVE HAS BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO A ROCKET CONTROL
CENTRE. THERE IS AN IRON LADDER LEADING TO A
HATCHWAY. THERE IS A BUTTON READING "FIRE".
THERE ARE ALSO TWO KEYHOLES. ONE MARKED "PEACE",
THE OTHER MARKED "WAR". THE WORD "PEACE" HAS
BEEN CROSSED OUT. ON A WALL IS A LARGE MAP OF
CENTRAL LONDON. THERE IS A CROSS MARKING PICCA-
DILLY CIRCUS. P GOES INTO A SMALLER CAVE, THE
CREWS' QUARTERS.

INT. CREWS QUARTERS. DAY.

101

THE PIN-UPS OVER THE BUNKS ARE XXX 1939 TEUTONIC. THERE IS A PICTURE OF ROMMEL. THERE IS ANOTHER PICTURE OF MONTY WITH HIS TEETH BLACKED IN AND A CRUDE MOUSTACHE DRAWN ON HIM. ON ONE OF THE BUNKS IS A PORTABLE RECORD PLAYER WITH A RECORD ON IT. P SWITCHES IT ON. IT IS A RECORD OF HITLER RANTING AT A NUREMBERG RALLY. WE HEAR THE DOOR OF THE LIGHTHOUSE SLAM. P RUSHES TO THE PERISCOPE AND PUSHES IT UP A FOOT OR SO. HE LOOKS THROUGH IT.

EXT. P'S P.O.V. DAY.

102

A PAIR OF JACKBOOTS. THE PERISCOPE TRAVELS UP THE MAN'S BODY AS HE APPROACHES A HATCHWAY. HE IS WEARING THE FULL FIELD KIT OF AN OBERSTURMBAHNFUHRER. WE FINALLY REACH THE FACE. IT IS HATLESS. C.S. HE LOOKS LIKE HITLER.

INT. CAVE. DAY.

103

P DIVES FOR COVER.
WE HEAR A HATCH OPEN AND FOOTSTEPS COMING DOWN THE IRON LADDER.

WE HEAR THE MAN HUMMING "LILI MARLENE" BUT WITH NO WORDS YET.

HE ENTERS THE CAVE. AS HE DOES SO HE BURSTS INTO FULL SONG IN A RICH UNCERTAIN BARITONE.

HIS ACCENT IS THE BROADEST YORKSHIRE.

O/FUHRER (Yorkshire)

Underneath the lamplight
By the barrack gate,
That's where my darling,
My Lili used to wait ...

HE PASSES P'S HIDING PLACE.

O/FUHRER

Da da da dee da
Da da

P CHOPS HIM ON THE BACK OF THE NECK.

P

Dee.

THE MAN GOES DOWN INSTANTLY.

P BENDS DOWN AND PEERS AT HIM CLOSELY.

HE FINDS THAT HIS HITLER HAIRCUT IS A WIG AND THAT THE HITLER MOUSTACHE IS STUCK ON.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE UPPER DECK. OPERATIONS ROOM. 104

IT IS LAID OUT LIKE AN OPERATIONS ROOM WITH WALL MAPS AND TRLEPHONES.

SET OUT ON A HUGE TABLE, WHICH STANDS ON A DAIS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM, IS A SCALE MODEL OF CENTRAL LONDON:

MOVING ABOUT, LOOKING BUSY, ARE A DOZEN MEN IN GERMAN FIELD UNIFORM.

THEY ALL LOOK LIKE HITLER. THAT IS TO SAY THEY ARE ALL WEARING THE WIG AND THE FALSE MOUSTACHE.

SITTING AT THE TABLE WITH THE MODEL OF LONDON IS THE MOST CHERUBIC SILVER HAired GENTLEMAN YOU EVER SAW.

HE WEARS A WHITE LAB COAT WITH THE IRON CROSS DANGLING FROM THE BREAST.

PERCHED ON THE TABLE IS SONIA.

SCHNIPPS

You are quite sure you killed him ?

SONIA

(smiling) Father ... Who taught me ?

SCHNIPPS

You're a girl after my own heart.
If only your dear mother had lived
to see you.

SONIA

Tell me again about her last tank
battle.

SCHNIPPS

Not now child. We have work to do.

HE CALLS HIS TEAM TO ORDER.

SCHNIPPS

Gentlemen !

THEY START TO ASSEMBLE ROUND HIM.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE GROUND FLOOR. ARMOURY. DAY. 105.

THERE ARE RACKS OF RIFLES, AUTOMATIC WEAPONS, AMMUNITION BOXES, RANGED ROUND A MASSIVE CENTRAL CIRCULAR WALL THAT RUNS UP THE CENTRE OF THE ROOM.

PROMINENT ARE ALSO A NUMBER OF THE STICK GRENADES WE SAW SONIA USING EARLIER.

105 CONTINUED

ON GUARD IS ANOTHER ERSATZ HITLER. BEHIND HIM WE SEE THE HATCHWAY QUIETLY OPEN. P CLIMBS OUT - HE IS WEARING THE OBERSTURMBAHNFUHRER'S UNIFORM. HE IS ALSO WEARING THE WIG AND THE MOUSTACHE. THE GUARD TURNS AROUND.

P GIVES THE NAZI SALUTE.
THE GUARD ALSO RAISES HIS ARM IN THE NAZI SALUTE.

P PUNCHES HIM ON THE JAW WITH THE OTHER HAND.

P CLOSES THE DOOR AND DRAGS THE UNCONSCIOUS GUARD INTO A CORNER.

WORKING QUICKLY HE TAKES DOWN HALF A DOZEN GUNS FROM THE RACKS, CARRIES THEM OVER TO A TABLE.

HE BREAKS OPEN A BOX OF AMMUNITION.
HE CARRIES A CARTON OF AMMUNITION OVER TO THE TABLE.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE UPPER DECK, OPERATIONS ROOM.
DAY.

106

SCHNIPPS IS ADDRESSING HIS MEN.

SCHNIPPS

In one hour's time London will lie in ruins; We will then start to take over the regions. Is the Scottish Gauleiter here ?

SCOT

Present.

SCHNIPPS

The Welsh Gauleiter ?

WELSH

Here I am ! Jow, it's a great day for the Nationalists!

SCHNIPPS

The Irish ?

SCOT

He went down to the armoury, sir. He'll be back in a minute.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE GROUND FLOOR. ARMOURY. DAY. 107

HAVING FINISHED WITH THE GUNS P IS NOW PUTTING THEM BACK.
HE NOW TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO THE STICK GRENADES, TAKING A HANDFUL OF THEM OVER TO THE TABLE.

AS HE PUTS THEM DOWN ANOTHER HITLER - THE IRISH GAULEITER - COMES DOWN THE STAIRS FROM THE UPPER DECK.
HE ADVANCES ON P WHO IS HOLDING A HEAVY SPANNER.

P GIVES THE NAZI SALUTE WITH THE HAND HOLDING THE SPANNER.
THE GAULEITER RETURNS IT.
P BRINGS HIS SALUTING ARM DOWN, WITH THE SPANNER, ON TO THE MAN'S HEAD.
THE GAULEITER GOES DOWN, HIS ARM STILL STIFFLY UPHELD IN SALUTE.

P RETURNS TO THE STICK GRENADES.

LIGHTHOUSE UPPER DECK. INT. OPERATIONS ROOM. DAY. 108

SCHNIPPS

The countdown has already started.
In a few minutes we transfer to the speedboat and control the final phase of the operation from the sea. Huggins will make sure ----
Where is Obersturmbahnfuhrer Huggins ? Find him at once.
All of you.

THEY ALL GIVE THE NAZI SALUTE BEFORE RUSHING OFF.

BUT AS THEY GIVE IT, CONFUSION DEVELOPS.
ONE MAN HITS THE HANGING LIGHT OVER THE CONFERENCE TABLE.
ANOTHER SPLITS HIS UNIFORM AT THE ARMPIT.
SOME OF THOSE BEHIND KNOCK THE HATS OFF THOSE IN FRONT OVER THEIR EYES.
AND THEY GO OUT OF THE ROOM IN A SHAMBLES.
SCHNIPPS PASSES A HAND WEARILY OVER HIS EYES.

SCHNIPPS

(wearily) It's not the same.

SONIA STROKES HIS HAIR CONSOLINGLY.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE GROUND FLOOR. ARMOURY. DAY. 109

THE MEN COME TUMBLING. DOWN THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE.
P TURNS HIS BACK AND BUSIES HIMSELF AT THE GUN RACKS.

WELSH

Hey, Len man ! - You seen
Huggins at all ?

P KEEPS HIS BACK TURNED.

P

No.

SCOT

But he must have come through
here.

P

Haven't seen him.

WELSH AND SCOT ARE MORE PUZZLED THAN SUSPICIOUS.
THEN ONE OF THE OTHERS FINDS THE UNCONSCIOUS MEN.

WELSH

Hey, what's going on here ?

THEY ADVANCE ON P.

P SWINGS ROUND TO FACE THEM, A GUN IN HIS HANDS.

P

Up, up, up.

THEY RAISE THEIR HANDS.

WATCHING THEM, COVERING THEM, P MOVES TOWARDS
THE MAIN DOOR.

HE OPENS IT AND - WITH ONE LAST THREATENING SWEEP
OF HIS GUN - SLIPS OUT AND SLAMS IT.

SCOT

Quick !

THEY RUSH TO THE GUN RACKS AND ARM THEMSELVES.
THEN THEY DROP ON THEIR BELLIES BY THE MAIN DOOR.
WELSH CAUTIOUSLY SWINGS IT OPEN.

HEARING AND SEEING NOTHING OF P, THEY RAPIDLY
SLIP THEIR WAY OUTSIDE.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE LIGHTHOUSE. DAY.

110

PANNING SHOT FROM THEIR POV SHOWS NO SIGN OF P.

THEY RISE TO THEIR FEET.

SCOT

Right - you three take the
South side and -

AT THIS POINT P POPS UP LIKE A JACK-IN-THE-BOX
FROM BEHIND THE ROCKS AT THE EDGE OF THE SEA.

WELSH

There !

THEY WHIP UP THEIR GUNS AND ALL FIRE SIMULTANEOUSLY
EVERY GUN BACKFIRES AND THEY GO DOWN LIKE SKITTLES.
P STEPS OVER THEM BACK INTO THE LIGHTHOUSE.

P

You're all fired.

INT. ARMOURY. LIGHTHOUSE GROUND FLOOR. DAY. 111

P STANDS AND LISTENS.
ALL SEEMS QUIET.
HE CROSSES AND STARTS TO PAD QUIETLY UP THE SPIRAL
STAIRCASE.
HE TURNS A TWIST IN THE SPIRAL.

CLOSE SHOT: THE BARREL OF A GUN, P'S POV
AND THERE BEHIND IT IS SONIA, SITTING ON THE STAIRS.

SONIA

This one won't backfire, darling.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM. LIGHTHOUSE UPPER DECK. DAY. 112.

SONIA IS JUST FINISHING TYING P TO A CHAIR.
THE CHAIR IS UP ON THE ROSTRUM ON WHICH THE
OPERATIONS TABLE IS.
P STRAINS AGAINST THE KNOTS.
SCHNIPPS IS BUSY AT HIS CONTROLS.

SONIA

Mountaineering rope, darling.
It would hold an elephant.

SHE THROWS THE REST OF THE COIL OF ROPE INTO A
CORNER.

P

I'll remember it next time. I
go climbing with one.

SONIA

I'm afraid there'll be no next time for you, darling. I'm going to give you the most original death in history. You're going for a rocket ride.

P

Ah yes, the rocket - where is it, by the way ?

SCHNIPPS TURNS FROM HIS CONTROLS, PROUD, EXCITED.

SCHNIPPS

It is here. All around you. The lighthouse itself is the rocket.

P REPEATS THE LAST LINE ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH SCHNIPPS IN WRY CONFIRMATION OF HIS GUESS.

SCHNIPPS

Don't you think it's clever ? Aren't I an extraordinary man ?

P

Crazy.

SONIA

This is the nose cone we are in now. So you see, when the rocket reaches London, you'll be the first to know. Won't that be exciting ?

P

I'll just go to pieces.

SCHNIPPS

It is time to go aboard the boat. The flight pattern is set. All that remains is to fire it when we get out to sea

THEY START TO GO.

SONIA

Bon voyage, darling. Think of me when you hit town.

THEY GO.

P WAITS UNTIL HE HEARS THEM CLATTER DOWN STAIRS. THEN HE STARTS TO ROCK HIS CHAIR TOWARDS THE EDGE OF THE ROSTRUM.

INT. ARMOURY. LIGHTHOUSE GROUND FLOOR. DAY. 113

SCHNIPPS IS PACKING DOCUMENTS FROM A SAFE IN THE WALL INTO A BRIEFCASE.
SONIA IS CARRYING TWO SIMILAR BULGING CASES OUTSIDE.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM. LIGHTHOUSE UPPER DECK.
DAY. 114

P IS NOW NEARER THE EDGE OF THE ROSTRUM.
HE GOES ON ROCKING URGENTLY.

INT. ARMOURY. LIGHTHOUSE GROUND FLOOR. DAY. 115

SCHNIPPS IS NOW PACKING A SECOND BRIEFCASE.
SONIA RETURNS AND PICKS UP THE FIRST ONE, NOW FULL.

SONIA

Father, please hurry. It's
three minutes to blast-off.

SCHNIPPS

I must have my records. They
are for history.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM. LIGHTHOUSE UPPER DECK. DAY.
116.

P HAS WORKED HIS CHAIR RIGHT TO THE EDGE OF THE
ROSTRUM.

KEEPING HIS HEAD FORWARD, HE NOW TIPS IT
BACKWARDS RIGHT OVER THE EDGE OF THE ROSTRUM.

INT. ARMOURY. LIGHTHOUSE GROUND FLOOR. DAY. 117.

HELPED BY SONIA, WAGNER HAS NOW PACKED THE LAST
BRIEFCASE.

HE STRUGGLES TO SHUT IT.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM. LIGHTHOUSE UPPER DECK.
DAY. 118

THE CHAIR IS SMASHED.

P HAS RISEN FROM IT, HIS BONDS HANGING LOOSE.

HE SHRUGS THEM OFF, RUSHES TO THE DOOR.

IT IS LOCKED.

HE GRABS THE COIL OF MOUNTAINEERING ROPE, TIES
ONE END TO A STANCHION UNDER THE WINDOW.
HE SMASHES THE WINDOW AND THROWS THE OTHER END
OF THE ROPE OUT.

HE TURNS BACK AND WRECKS THE CONTROL PANEL WITH
A CHAIR LEG. IT STARTS TO GO MAD.

HE RETURNS TO THE WINDOW AND BEGINS TO CLIMB OUT.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE LANDING STAGE. DAY. 119

FATHER AND SONIA HURRY OUT OF THE LIGHTHOUSE,
STEPPING OVER THE LITTER OF BODIES.

EXT. OTHER SIDE OF LIGHTHOUSE. DAY. 120

P DROPS THE LAST FEW YARDS FROM THE END OF HIS ROPE.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE LANDING STAGE. DAY. 121

HURRYING TOWARDS THE SPEEDBOAT, SCHNIPPS SUDDENLY CHECKS.

SONIA

What is it ?

SCHNIPPS

I forgot to turn the gas off.

SONIA

Oh, father !

SHE SHOVES HIM FORWARD.

P SPRINTS ROUND THE CORNER AND LEAPS INTO THE HIGH-POWERED LAUNCH. HE STARTS TO CAST OFF.

SONIA

Stop him !

BUT THEY HAVE NO WEAPONS. THEY SPRINT BACK INTO THE LIGHTHOUSE.

INT. ARMOURY. LIGHTHOUSE GROUND FLOOR. DAY. 122

SCHNIPPS GRABS A GUN.

SONIA

No, not that !

SHE GRABS UP TWO STICK GRENADES, HANDS ONE TO HIM. THEY RUSH OUT.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE LANDING STAGE. DAY. 123

P HAS JUST KICKED THE SPEEDBOAT MOTOR INTO LIFE.

HE TAKES OFF.

SONIA AND SCHNIPPS BOTH HURL THEIR GRENADES INTO THE BOAT

THE STICKS REMAIN IN THEIR HANDS.

EXT. BOAT. DAY. 124

P LOOKS AT THE GRENADES IN THE BOTTOM OF THE BOAT, HE GRINS AND SPEEDS AWAY.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE LANDING STAGE. DAY. 125

SCHNIPPS AND SONIA STAND EXPECTANTLY, WAITING FOR THE GRENADES TO EXPLODE IN THE BOAT. THERE IS A TICKING NOISE.

CLOSE SHOT - THE STICKS STILL IN THEIR HANDS.

SONIA AND FATHER LOOK DOWN AT THEIR STICKS THEN LOOK AT EACH OTHER WORDLESSLY.

EXT. SEA. DAY. 126

LONG SHOT OF BOAT SPEEDING AWAY FROM LIGHTHOUSE.

LET BOAT GO.

LIGHTHOUSE BLOWS UP SPECTACULARLY.

EXT. THE BOAT. DAY. 127

P TURNS AROUND TO LOOK. HE SEES THE GRENADES LYING HARMLESSLY IN THE BOAT. CASUALLY HE CHUCKS THEM OVERBOARD. THERE IS A PAUSE, THEN THEY EXPLODE ENORMOUSLY.

PULL IN TO EXPLOSION WATERSPOUT

FREEZE FRAME.

CHILD'S PICTURE BOOK 128

IT SHOWS THE WATER SPOUT

PULL OUT TO SHOW P HOLDING PICTUREBOOK.

INT. CHILDRENS' BEDROOM. NIGHT. 129

TWO CHILDREN, IN PYJAMAS, A BOY AND A GIRL, ARE SITTING AT P'S FEET. THEY ARE LISTENING AVIDLY.

P

And that's how I saved London from the mad scientist.

KIDS

More, Uncle Six ... More ... more ... More !

P

Oh no - bedtime for you now, come on.

KIDS

Ah, Uncle Six ...

P
Come on, in you go

HE STARTS GETTING THEM SETTLED DOWN.

INT. LIVING SPACE. NIGHT.

130

WE ARE WATCHING THE SCENE ON A SCREEN FROM OVER THE SHOULDERS OF TWO PEOPLE WITH THEIR BACKS TO US.

MAN
(scornful) 'He might drop
his guard with children -
he might give something away !'

GIRL
Well it was worth a try, Number
Two.

MAN
He told them a blessed fairytale !
That one wouldn't drop his guard with
his own grandmother !

P HAS FINISHED TUCKING THE CHILDREN INTO BED.
HE TURNS AND LOOKS STRAIGHT INTO THE HIDDEN
CAMERA.

P
Goodnight children . . . Everywhere.

A DIFFERENT ANGLE SHOWS THE MAN AND GIRL
LOOKING AT EACH OTHER DISGUSTEDLY.

THEY ARE SONIA AND SCHNIPPS.

FADE OUT: