

Simon Says

by

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Draft Two

INT. BATHROOM. EVENING.

A bath runs.

A woman about to pamper herself.

Water steams and bubbles foam.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A purely feminine bedroom. Elegantly decorated in gold and white.

EVE sits at a mirrored dresser. Her face partly obscured by the fall of her hair.

She lovingly combs the strands of a wig.

Eve gets up to check the tub. She's all woman, Marilyn Monroe-style, in white silk slip and matching feathered mules.

Her hips sway sensually as she goes to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eve trails her hand in the rising bathtub water.

She leaves the taps running.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eve swanks across the bedroom and opens a wardrobe.

Inside, on silver stands, at least a dozen more wigs.

She pulls another from her head. Gives it a shake, settles it on an empty stand and closes the doors.

Still sexy, in hairnet and pins, she sashays back to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eve turns off the taps. Extracts something from a cabinet.

Waxing strips.

She drops the toilet seat down. Props her slippered foot on it.

Calf exposed through a slit in the satin, Eve applies a strip to her leg. Smoothes it with languorous strokes.

A loud rip like strips of velcro parting.

The used waxing strip hits the bin.

Its peppered with so many coarse, dark hairs, if it moved, it might be mistaken for a hedgehog.

Eve stands by the tub.

She slips out of her robe. Steps into the bath in a flash of flesh. Bare back, the curve of a buttock, a length of leg.

Eve sinks into the foamy water.

The robe is a pool of white satin on the floor.

A splash of water spills, dampens it.

Eve stretches a surprisingly muscular arm along the side of the bath.

A phone rings. Its an old fashioned model, pretty, ornate and waterproof.

Eve answers in a sultry voice, deep, manlike even, but so sexy, it'd probably give the man on the other end of the line an erection - she's that seductive.

EVE

I knew it would be you... But, darling, not tonight. No really, I need to relax... I'm sure you can manage just one incy wincy night without me... Yes, tomorrow, I promise... You know I do. Bye for now.

Eve hangs up the phone and slips further under the now, not so foamy, water.

A noise?

What was it?

Big, man-sized fart bubbles rise through the water and break the surface.

EXT. SECT WATCH HQ - MIDDAY

Sect Watch HQ - an old, stone farmhouse built so far out in the English countryside its in the middle of nowhere.

There's nothing but cabbage fields for miles around.

A long gravel driveway leads through the HQ's manicured lawns.

In the gardens, a man of indiscriminate age, probably close to eighty, wears an FBI-style earpiece and trims Privet bushes into interesting, if not, somewhat pornographic, shapes.

From the peep hole of the HQ front door - an unblinking eye stares

The highly varnished entrance to this forgotten bastion of British security swings open onto a paneled hallway.

INT. SECT WATCH HQ - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

An old woman on her knees beeswaxing the floor.

The glass eye slips from the peep hole. Hits the floor and bounces like a marble. Tac - tac - tac.

It rolls across the shiny parquet.

The old woman scoops it up and polishes it on her pinny before slipping it back in her eye socket.

She gathers her cleaning tray and shuffles off down the hall passing an open doorway where -

INT. ADAM'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

ADAM, a lean, ambitious and very clean-cut young man sits at a desk.

He concentrates on a computer monitor.

Scrolls through articles on a Greek newspaper website until he comes across a video clip.

He clicks on play.

We watch the clip.

Its poorly shot. A holidaymaker's souvenir filmed with a phone of -

A colourful harbour where onlookers babble in a foreign language about a body, partly covered by a tarpaulin, on the quayside.

Adam pauses the video. Gives the screen some intense scrutiny.

He zooms the image in on a bare foot poking from beneath the stained covering.

Adam presses his face close to the monitor.

He opens a drawer, rummages, pulls out a magnifying glass, gives the screen image another serious once-over.

Adam clicks play again.

Watches the image super magnified.

A swarm of crabs crawl from beneath the tarpaulin and scuttle toward the water.

Adam jumps back, brushes himself off.

ADAM

Arghh...

He shudders.

ADAM

That is... the worst case of crabs
I've ever seen.

Arm outstretched, he clicks the mouse.

A printer springs to life. Splurges a couple of pages onto his desk.

Adam pores over the pictures with the magnifying glass.

PETER, Adam's boss, all Gung-ho and Saville Row, appears in the doorway.

PETER

Adam, I'm off for a game of golf.

Peter does a fake swing.

Adam ducks behind the desk.

Peter about turns.

The clack clack of heels as he marches down the hall.

ADAM

No, wait, Sir Peter. Sir Peter?
(BEAT) The thought. Peter, sir,
wait, I've got something to...

HQ front door slams shut

ADAM

...show you, sir.

Adam runs from his office and slides down the hallway, slam-stops against the door. His eye against the peep-hole.

He sees the tail-end of Peter's car drive past.

EXT. SECT WATCH HQ - CONTINUOUS

Adam emerges from the front door. He clutches the printouts in his hand.

From Adam's pov - Peter's car, a Rover of course, indicator flashing, exits the end of the drive.

Adam clocks the scene. Calculates. He's not an agent for nothing.

He races across the lawn, leaps over a hedge, sprints straddle-legged across a field of cabbages. He waves the paper as he runs.

INT. PETER'S CAR.

Peter drives.

Earphones in, he sings out loud to a BeeGees song.

He hits a high note which turns into a scream as -

Adam lands on the bonnet and slaps the paper on the windscreen.

ADAM

Stoo...oop..

Peter brakes hard.

Adam's face squashes against the glass.

Adam's face twists from the impact. He slurs his words.

ADAM

Ayff found Fimon Faddler, fook...
Fimon Faddler for femisis. Fook
Faddler...Fimon

PETER

What?

ADAM

Fimon Faddler... fook.

Peter pulls the earphones out of his ears. Winds the window down and sticks his head out

PETER

What are you on about?

Adam slaps the paper hard against the windscreen.

ADAM

Simon Saddler for fu...

Peter squirts water from the washers. It hits Adam in the eye.

Peter switches on the wipers.

The sheet of paper ends in a crumple mess on one side of the windscreen

Peter jumps out of the car, grasps hold of Adam with two hands, hauls him off the car and dumps him face down on the verge.

PETER

I've just... had... the car...
cleaned.

Peter gets back in the car.

Adam crawls over the grass his knees. Gets up, grabs the
paper.

He tries to straighten it out, flattens it against the
bonnet of the car with his hand.

It rips in half.

Peter pokes his head out the window again.

PETER

Monday, old boy, we'll talk about
it on Monday. I'm late for my game.

Peter slams the car door shut, restarts the engine.

Adam dives onto the bonnet. Spreads the two pieces of paper
across the windscreen.

ADAM

Look at the foot... the ankle. The
tattoo. It's his mark...

Peter slams the car into revers.

Adam slides off the bonnet and lands in a heap on the road.

Peter drives round him.

Adam sits there, dejected, clutching the paper.

ADAM

Monday, then... We'll talk about it
on Monday, sir.

Adam throws the crumpled paper to the ground.