

AS COLD AS ANY STONE

Written by

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Registered with WGAw

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TITLE OVER BLACK:

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FADE IN:

WIDE ANGLE - OXFORD, ENGLAND - DAY

The City of Dreaming Spires lies before us in the afternoon sun, a patchwork of colleges spread out across the landscape.

TITLE:

Oxford, England

EXT. CHRIST CHURCH - GREAT QUADRANGLE - SAME

We are looking down across the courtyard, past Tom Tower and toward the Hall.

TITLE:

Christ Church  
University of Oxford  
Friday, 1:30 PM

INT. CHRIST CHURCH - HALL - SAME

A man is standing just inside the entrance on the ground floor, near the foot of the staircase. He is THE VERY REVEREND RUTHERFORD, Head of House, and he watches as various STUDENTS descend after lunch and exit into the courtyard. After a moment, a group of three students comes down the stairs, chatting -- and one of them is a 21-year-old NIGEL WILKINS.

RUTHERFORD

Mr. Wilkins.

Nigel and his mates slow down on the steps and look at Rutherford, surprised. He watches Nigel silently, his expression unreadable, and the three young men wonder what's going on. Then Nigel looks at the others.

NIGEL

(sotto voce)

I'll catch up with you later.

The other two continue down the stairs and nod politely at Rutherford on their way out, but Rutherford doesn't look at them. He keeps his eyes on Nigel and watches him steadily.

Nigel waits until his mates are gone, then approaches Rutherford somewhat apprehensively, wondering if Rutherford has somehow found out about his dalliances with students at some of the women's colleges.

NIGEL  
Dean Rutherford.

RUTHERFORD  
A gentleman asked me to give you this.

Rutherford hands him a small NOTE, and Nigel looks at it.

RUTHERFORD  
Oh -- and don't worry about your  
afternoon schedule. It's taken care of.

And with that, Rutherford turns and exits the building. Nigel opens his mouth to say something, but he stops short as he looks up and sees Rutherford is no longer there. He watches as Rutherford walks away, then looks back at the note.

INSERT - THE NOTE

The handwriting on it says:

26 Dean Street  
London  
3.00pm

NIGEL

stares at the note, puzzled.

EXT. STREET - LONDON, ENGLAND - DAY

Dean Street in Soho. Nigel arrives in a red 1953 TRIUMPH TR2 ROADSTER and parks in front of a rather seedy looking building. He gets out and looks at the building, wondering why anyone would want to meet him here, then approaches the entrance. An engraved SIGN beside the door says:

CARLYLE IMPORTS & EXPORTS  
EST. 1871

Nigel reads the sign, then opens the door and goes in.

INT. BUILDING - SAME

Nigel finds himself at the foot of a dimly lit, narrow stairwell. He pauses, allowing his eyes to adjust to the reduced illumination, then starts to ascend the stairs.

INT. BUILDING - SECOND FLOOR LANDING

There's a single closed door here, and the letters stenciled on the opaque glass say the same thing as the sign outside. Nigel arrives and knocks on the door, then starts to open it.

INT. BUILDING - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Nigel opens the door a bit and peeks in.

NIGEL

Hello...?

There's no response. The room is completely empty except for a desk and two chairs, one behind the desk and the other a few feet away. On the wall behind the desk is a window, the blinds drawn, and in the middle of the adjoining wall is a closed door which leads to another room. Except for a clock, there are no decorations whatsoever.

NIGEL

Is there anyone here?

(a beat; louder)

Hello?

There's still no response. Nigel comes in and closes the door behind him, then glances around the room. There is nothing on the desk; no papers, no telephone, nothing. In fact, there's no evidence anyone has actually used the office at all. It's as if no one has moved in yet.

Nigel takes this all in, then crosses to the second door and knocks. Then he tries to open it, but it's locked. Getting a bit frustrated by all this mystery, he goes to the window and peeks through the blinds.

INSERT - HIS P.O.V.

Through the blinds, we can see regular afternoon traffic passing by on the street below.

BACK TO SCENE

Nigel watches the traffic, then closes the blinds. He glances around the room again, looks at his watch, sighs, then crosses back to the second chair and sits down to wait, crossing his arms.

INT. BUILDING - OFFICE - AN HOUR LATER

The clock on the wall says it's four o'clock and Nigel is still sitting there waiting. He's clearly more than a bit frustrated by now, tapping his fingers impatiently on his thigh, and after a moment he looks at his watch. He continues to wait for a while, then he sighs sharply and glances at his watch again. He hesitates, frowning tightly, then decides he's finally had enough.

NIGEL

(under his breath)

This is bloody ridiculous...

He stands up and starts to head for the entrance, but he stops short at the sound of a man's voice.

HAWTHORNE (O.S.)

Good.

Nigel turns in the direction of the voice to see a 47-year-old PERCIVAL HAWTHORNE standing in the frame of the door which had been locked.

HAWTHORNE

(continuing)

I like a man who's patient... but not one who's willing to wait forever.

Hawthorne remains in the doorway, and Nigel stares at him for a moment, realizing that Hawthorne has somehow been watching him all this time.

NIGEL

Who are you? What's this all about?

Hawthorne takes a step into the room and closes the door behind him, then turns back to Nigel. He brings out a PIPE as if he has all the time in the world, lights it and takes a puff, then watches Nigel consideringly.

HAWTHORNE

Nigel Aloysius Wilkins. Born 23 August 1935 in St. James, London to Sean Fredrick Wilkins and the former Amelia Pemberton. Descended from a long line of noblemen going back to Miles Thomas Wilkyn, a Hiberno-Norman lord who emigrated to England from his native Kildare in 1623. Exceptionally intelligent with a propensity for overachieving, performing in the top 1% at Westminster School and taking seven A-Levels in sixth form. Easily admitted to Oxford and presently in his final year as an undergraduate. Described by his tutors as one of the brightest students in the history of the institution, with a keen sense of humor and abundant natural charm. A top athlete as well, excelling particularly in football, rugby, fencing, and polo. Quite popular with the ladies, not surprisingly, and rumored to have one paramour each at St. Anne's, St. Hilda's, and St. Hugh's.

Nigel opens his mouth to ask how the hell he knows all this, but Hawthorne continues and he doesn't get the chance.

HAWTHORNE

Scheduled to sit final exams next month and expected to attain firsts in Maths, Linguistics, and PPE... yet despite proficiency in multiple subjects and fluency in several languages, has little idea even now what he wishes to pursue after university besides the life of a privileged man-about-town.

(MORE)

## HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)

In fact, has shown little interest in attending careers fairs or applying to prospective employers, prompting fears that he'll squander his future and his academic achievements will all be for naught. Appears to have realized everything is too easy for him and has come to grow bored. Perhaps he'll gad about the world for a year or two before he finds his purpose and chooses how best to serve humanity... whilst the rest of us await that momentous occasion with baited breath.

Hawthorne says nothing more, and he takes another puff from his pipe, leaving the ball in Nigel's court. Nigel is disturbed by how much this complete and total stranger knows about him, and he isn't entirely sure whether Hawthorne has been lauding him or mocking him, or both. A few moments pass before he finally responds, and he isn't entirely successful at keeping his annoyance out of his voice.

## NIGEL

You have me at a disadvantage, sir. You seem to know a great deal about me, but I know sod all about you.

Hawthorne smiles slightly, then he approaches Nigel slowly and stands right in front of him. Nigel watches him warily, but he doesn't flinch, meeting his eyes.

## HAWTHORNE

My name is Percival Hawthorne... and I've a proposition for you that will change your life.

(a beat; wryly)

Perhaps for the better.

Nigel stares at him, utterly clueless as to what he's talking about.

FADE TO BLACK

TITLE OVER BLACK:

November, 1968

FADE UP:

WIDE ANGLE - GREATER CAUCASUS MOUNTAINS - DAY

An impressive and panoramic vista as we PAN across snowcapped peaks along the Europe-Asia border.

TITLE:

Greater Caucasus Mountains  
Shida Kartli Region  
Georgian S.S.R.

EXT. MILITARY FACILITY - SAME

A fortress-like structure located in a snow-covered forest and surrounded by guard towers and an electrified fence, completely isolated and with only one road leading to it.

TITLE:

Project Kalinka Facility  
10:30 AM

CLOSER ANGLE

Several SPETSNAZ SOLDIERS are patrolling near the main entrance, all carrying PPS-43 SUBMACHINE GUNS. Above them, we can see another SOLDIER keeping watch from one of the guard towers, holding a DRAGUNOV SVD SNIPER RIFLE.

IN THE GUARD TOWER

The soldier keeps a sharp eye on the surrounding terrain.

INSERT - VIEW THROUGH RIFLE SCOPE

We watch the soldier from a distance away as someone takes aim at him with their own rifle.

BACK TO SCENE

The soldier is shot in the head and goes down without a sound.

INSERT - VIEW THROUGH RIFLE SCOPE

The scope pans away from the tower and across to another tower.

IN THE SECOND GUARD TOWER

A second SOLDIER keeps watch, also armed with a Dragunov, completely unaware of what just happened to his comrade.

INSERT - VIEW THROUGH RIFLE SCOPE

We take aim at the second soldier's head.

BACK TO SCENE

The second guard drops without a sound.

EXT. FOREST - SAME

A MAN dressed in a white hooded snow suit is crouched behind a tree, aiming a DE LISLE CARBINE fitted with a scope at the second guard tower. He lowers the rifle after shooting the second soldier, and it's 33-year-old NIGEL WILKINS.

Keeping an eye out for other soldiers, Nigel signals to someone hiding behind a nearby tree. A FIGURE emerges from behind that tree, also dressed in a white hooded snow suit, and scurries down the slope toward the second guard tower.

THE BASE OF THE SECOND GUARD TOWER

The figure arrives and kneels beside the electrified fence, and it's DARLA CHANDLER. She removes a small ACETYLENE TORCH from her coat and starts cutting through the fence.

NIGEL

makes sure the coast is clear, then he emerges from behind the tree and scurries down the slope toward her.

THE BASE OF THE SECOND GUARD TOWER

Nigel joins Darla as she continues to cut through the fence, putting the carbine back under his coat and bringing out his silenced WALTHER PPK.

NIGEL

Still at it? Thought you'd be finished by now.

DARLA

It's thicker than it looks.

NIGEL

You know, this wouldn't be a bad place for a holiday, next time I want to go skiing.

DARLA

I'd prefer a bit closer to home. Like the Swiss Alps.

NIGEL

Well, if you don't want to use up your travel miles...

Darla finishes cutting through the fence and steps through the opening, and Nigel follows her through.

FURTHER AHEAD

They come up to a retaining wall and Nigel crouches to give Darla a boost over it.

NIGEL

Ladies first.

Darla climbs onto his back and reaches for the top of the wall.

NIGEL

Upsy-daisy.



Darla grabs the top edge of the wall and struggles to lift herself over it.

NIGEL

Have you put on weight? Seems this was somewhat easier the last time.

Darla says nothing, just smirks as she goes over the top of the wall. Nigel leaps up and grabs the top edge of the wall, then climbs over it himself.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Darla and Nigel scurry toward the rear of the building, crouched low. They reach the rear corner, hugging the wall, and take a peek. Behind the building is a helipad, and there is a HELICOPTER on it, getting ready for take-off.

As they watch, a MAN dressed in a black leather trench coat and wearing a fedora exits the rear entrance of the building and walks toward the chopper, accompanied by two armed GUARDS. He is too far away to make out his face, but he is ALEXEI MISHKIN, whom we will meet later on.

DARLA

Wonder who that is.

NIGEL

Visiting dignitary? I'd say it's probably whoever's in charge of this project.

Mishkin and the guards board the chopper and the chopper takes off.

NIGEL

Pity we won't be getting him too, but we won't be leaving him much.

They watch the chopper fly off, then move on OUT OF FRAME.

FURTHER AHEAD

Darla watches as Nigel removes a large grate from an air duct on the side of the building.

NIGEL

After you.

Darla climbs into the duct and disappears into the darkness, then Nigel puts away his pistol and does the same.

INT. MILITARY FACILITY - MACHINE ROOM

There is a large GENERATOR here, filling the room with a loud HUM. There's a grate to an air duct on one wall, and it pops off after a moment. Darla crawls out of the duct and drops to the floor, then Nigel does too. Darla opens her coat and brings out a silenced STERLING MK.5 SUBMACHINE GUN as Nigel brings out his pistol again, then they head for the door.

## INT. MILITARY FACILITY - CORRIDOR

A radio somewhere is playing the SONG "Song of the Volga Boatmen" by the Red Army Choir, the music faint. A GUARD armed with an AK-47 walks along, patrolling, and goes past the door to the machinery room. A moment later, the door opens a little and Nigel peeks out just in time to see the guard disappear around the corner. He looks both ways to make sure the coast is clear, then he and Darla step out of the room. Nigel listens to the faint music and whispers to Darla.

NIGEL

I prefer Tchaikovsky, to be perfectly honest.

DARLA

I prefer The Rolling Stones.

They quickly head off down the corridor in the opposite direction.

## INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR

Nigel peeks around the corner and sees an armed SOLDIER standing beside the locked door to a laboratory. He kills him with a silenced shot to the head, then he and Darla race up to the door.

As Darla brings out a GADGET and places it on the keypad beside the door, Nigel drags the dead soldier to a nearby closet, dumps the body inside and shuts the closet door. Then he returns to Darla and keeps an eye out in both directions as Darla waits for the gadget to unlock the laboratory door.

## INT. MILITARY FACILITY - LABORATORY

There are five people here, an East German SCIENTIST and four TECHNICIANS, all working quietly. Several large MAINFRAME COMPUTERS with REEL-TO-REEL TAPE DRIVES line the walls, and there are several tables topped with LAB EQUIPMENT. On another table sit several CANISTERS which are labeled with a biohazard symbol.

After a moment, the door opens suddenly and Darla bursts in, firing her Sterling. The scientist dives for cover behind a table as Darla guns down all the technicians. It's over very quickly, and Darla steps further into the lab as Nigel comes up behind her.

DARLA

Come out with your hands in the air.

The scientist doesn't move, hiding.

NIGEL

You heard the lady. Out. Slowly.

The scientist rises slowly from behind the table, hands up, and looks at the bodies of the dead technicians scattered on the floor.

SCIENTIST

*Mein Gott im Himmel...*

(looks at Nigel  
and Darla)

Who are you? What are you doing here?

NIGEL

(steps up to him)

You've been a very naughty fellow, Doctor, developing an extremely toxic nerve agent for the Soviets. I imagine they've paid you very well for all your hard work, but I'm afraid it's all been for naught. We're here to put an end to it.

SCIENTIST

You'll never get out of here alive, *Englander*.

NIGEL

Leave that for us to worry about, eh? In the meantime, I can assure you none of this will ever get out of here either.

The scientist looks from Nigel to Darla and back, then tries a different tack.

SCIENTIST

What do you want?

Nigel looks over at Darla and laughs.

NIGEL

I believe he thinks we're here to bargain.

(to scientist)

Is that what you think, that we could reach some sort of deal and leave you in operation? That you could offer us something we'd be content with and we'd be on our merry way?

The scientist remains silent. Nigel steps over to the table with the canisters and looks over them, his back to the scientist.

NIGEL

How many people do you suppose one of these canisters could kill, eh? A hundred? A thousand? Ten thousand? Ordinarily, we might be interested in obtaining the secrets of this weapon -- as a deterrent, of course. I don't suppose any of your assistants could have helped us with that.

SCIENTIST

I am the only one who knows formula.

NIGEL

Yes, that's what we thought. And it makes things rather simple, then.

Suddenly, Nigel spins around back toward the scientist, pistol aimed, and puts a bullet right between the man's eyes. The scientist drops to the floor like a stone, and Nigel calmly lowers his pistol.

NIGEL

Now no one knows it.  
(to Darla)  
Right. Let's get to work.

INT. CORRIDOR

The guard we saw patrolling earlier walks past the door to the closet where Nigel hid the soldier he killed, and he notices a trickle of blood flowing from beneath the door. He opens the door and sees the body.

INT. LABORATORY

Darla and Nigel are attaching blocks of PE-4 EXPLOSIVE in hidden places around the lab and activating the timers. After a moment, an ALARM goes off somewhere and they can hear the piercing sound.

NIGEL

Looks like we've overstayed our welcome.  
Are you done?

Darla attaches one last set of plastic explosives and quickly sets the timer.

DARLA

Done and dusted.

NIGEL

Then let's shoot off.

INT. CORRIDOR

Darla and Nigel exit the lab only to run into the guard who set off the alarm, but Nigel shoots him before he can even react. The guard drops and Nigel grabs his AK-47, then he and Darla run past the body and down the corridor.

ANOTHER CORRIDOR

Darla and Nigel come around the corner and immediately duck back as they see a group of armed SOLDIERS racing toward them.

DARLA

Getting in was the easy part!

NIGEL

It always is!

Nigel pulls out a small GRENADE from one of his pockets and tosses it around the corner. The grenade detonates and emits a cloud of tear gas, and the oncoming soldiers are momentarily disoriented as the cloud blinds them. Then Nigel suddenly pivots out into the corridor and Darla dives to the floor in front of him, both shooting. It takes them only a few seconds to gun down all the soldiers, then they run down the corridor in the opposite direction.

INT. MILITARY FACILITY - STORAGE ROOM

A large, cavernous area filled with WOODEN CRATES. Nigel and Darla enter and race around the crates toward a door on the far side of the room, but as soon as they reach the center of the room, the door bursts open and another large group of SOLDIERS races in firing PPS-43 submachine guns. Darla and Nigel dive behind a large crate, barely avoiding getting hit, and the soldiers split into two groups and take positions behind other crates.

DARLA

Looks like they've mobilized the entire base!

Nigel pops up to fire at the soldiers and is immediately greeted by a barrage from two directions which forces him to duck.

NIGEL

Then let's give them a jolly good show, eh?

He reaches into his coat and brings out two small GRENADES of a different type. He hands one to Darla, then lobs his at the soldiers to the right. Darla lobs hers at the soldiers to the left. Both grenades explode almost simultaneously, killing all the soldiers in a shower of body parts, splintered wood, and blood.

NIGEL

Never seen so much claret.

They emerge from behind the crate and race through the debris toward the far door.

INT. CORRIDOR

As they start to exit the storage room, another group of SOLDIERS races down the corridor toward them, and Nigel quickly ducks back and reaches into his coat again.

NIGEL

Whoopsie-daisy! Latecomers to the party. Mustn't disappoint them either.

He brings out a small GRENADE of a third type and lobs it at the approaching soldiers, and the instant it hits the floor in front of them, it bursts into an incendiary mist which ignites into a wall of fire and envelopes them completely as they run into the flames.

NIGEL

Little did they know they'd be attending a barbecue.

Darla and Nigel race down the corridor in the opposite direction as the burning soldiers writhe and scream in agony.

INT. MILITARY FACILITY - STAIRWELL

Nigel and Darla burst through the door and start heading up the stairs.

FURTHER UP THE STAIRS

Two SOLDIERS burst through the door at the next landing, but Nigel mows them down without even slowing down.

STILL FURTHER UP THE STAIRS

Two more SOLDIERS attempt to intercept them, but again Nigel kills them without slowing his pace.

EXT. MILITARY FACILITY

Darla and Nigel burst out of a door on the side of the building. There are several SNOWMOBILES parked nearby, and they immediately race toward them.

NIGEL

(tosses AK-47 away)  
Mind if I drive?

DARLA

Not at all!

Nigel jumps onto one of the snowmobiles and Darla jumps on behind him. Nigel starts the engine and tears out, and the instant he does, the SONG "Born To Be Wild" by Steppenwolf begins on the soundtrack.

As Nigel's snowmobile accelerates away into the forest, three SOLDIERS race out the door and head toward the remaining snowmobiles.

EXT. FOREST

Nigel's snowmobile races through the snow.

FURTHER AHEAD

Nigel's snowmobile shoots past.

## THREE SNOWMOBILES

race through the snow in pursuit, a SOLDIER driving each one.

## ON NIGEL'S SNOWMOBILE - MOVING

Nigel is satisfied with their escape, but Darla looks back and sees the three snowmobiles behind them in the distance.

NIGEL  
Nothing like a clean getaway, I always  
say!

## INSERT - DARLA'S P.O.V.

The three snowmobiles are gradually closing the distance.

## BACK TO SCENE

DARLA  
You may wish to rephrase that!

NIGEL  
(realizes what  
she means)  
How many?

DARLA  
Three of them!

NIGEL  
Splendid!

## NIGEL'S SNOWMOBILE

veers off and goes into an area full of trees.

## THE THREE SNOWMOBILES

veer off as well and go into the trees, one after the other.

## NIGEL'S SNOWMOBILE

zigzags through the trees.

## THE THREE SNOWMOBILES

zigzag through the trees as well.

## ON NIGEL'S SNOWMOBILE - MOVING

Darla continues to look back at their pursuers as Nigel drives intently.

NIGEL  
Still there?

DARLA  
Still there!

NIGEL  
Left pocket! Use them judiciously!

Darla reaches into Nigel's left pocket and brings out a small GRENADE.

EXT. FOREST

Nigel's snowmobile emerges from the trees and out into the open.

ON NIGEL'S SNOWMOBILE - MOVING

Darla tosses the grenade at snowmobile #1.

THE THREE SNOWMOBILES

emerge from the trees and spread out, and the grenade misses and detonates between two of them.

ON NIGEL'S SNOWMOBILE - MOVING

Darla shouts in frustration.

DARLA  
Shite!

She reaches into Nigel's left pocket again.

THE THREE SNOWMOBILES

are gaining on them, each carrying less weight than Nigel's.

ON NIGEL'S SNOWMOBILE - MOVING

Darla brings out a second GRENADE, then tosses it at snowmobile #1 as Nigel turns.

THE THREE SNOWMOBILES

turn behind them, and the grenade misses and once again detonates between two of them.

ON NIGEL'S SNOWMOBILE - MOVING

Darla reaches into Nigel's left pocket again and brings out yet another GRENADE.

NIGEL'S SNOWMOBILE

shoots past.

THE THREE SNOWMOBILES

shoot past in hot pursuit.



ON NIGEL'S SNOWMOBILE - MOVING

Darla holds up the third grenade, waiting for just the right moment.

INSERT - DARLA'S P.O.V.

The three snowmobiles are getting even closer.

BACK TO SCENE

Darla lobs the grenade.

SNOWMOBILE #1

gets tossed into the air as the grenade lands in front of it and explodes.

ON NIGEL'S SNOWMOBILE - MOVING

Darla pumps her fist in triumph.

DARLA  
Absolutely smashing!

THE TWO REMAINING SNOWMOBILES

shoot past the smoldering wreckage of snowmobile #1 and stay in pursuit.

ON NIGEL'S SNOWMOBILE - MOVING

Darla pokes her hand in Nigel's left pocket again but finds nothing this time.

DARLA  
There's no more!

NIGEL  
Right pocket!

Darla reaches into Nigel's right pocket and brings out a large PISTOL that looks like a flare gun.

DARLA  
What's this?

NIGEL  
Just shoot! And make it count! It's one-shot only!

EXT. FOREST

Nigel's snowmobile veers off and goes into a narrow canyon, and the two remaining snowmobiles do the same.

IN THE CANYON

There isn't much maneuvering room and the snowmobiles shoot past in single file.

ON NIGEL'S SNOWMOBILE - MOVING

Darla brings up the weapon and aims at snowmobile #2.

INSERT - DARLA'S P.O.V.

Snowmobile #2 is gaining on them fast.

ON NIGEL'S SNOWMOBILE - MOVING

Darla holds the gun steadily, waiting.

INSERT - DARLA'S P.O.V.

Snowmobile #2 gets closer, coming right into the trap.

BACK TO SCENE

Darla takes careful aim and shoots.

SNOWMOBILE #2

is hit dead-center by the projectile and explodes in a fireball.

ON NIGEL'S SNOWMOBILE - MOVING

Darla watches the explosion with glee.

DARLA

Wanker!

SNOWMOBILE #3

shoots right past the dwindling fireball without slowing down.

EXT. FOREST

Both snowmobiles emerge from the canyon and into a clearing.

ON NIGEL'S SNOWMOBILE - MOVING

Darla looks back and sees snowmobile #3 still in pursuit.

DARLA

Last one's still there!

NIGEL

I'm afraid we're all out of toys!

DARLA

Then I'll do it the old-fashioned way!

Holding onto Nigel with one hand, Darla wields her Sterling with the other and starts firing at the remaining snowmobile, but their zigzagging course and the uneven terrain makes aiming difficult.

SNOWMOBILE #3

avoids the bullets and starts closing the distance.

NIGEL'S SNOWMOBILE

Darla continues firing.

SNOWMOBILE #3

The soldier continues to catch up, undaunted.

EXT. FOREST

Both snowmobiles are coming up fast on the edge of a ravine, and the ground on the other side of the gap is at a somewhat lower elevation.

ON NIGEL'S SNOWMOBILE - MOVING

Undeterred by the quickly approaching gap, Nigel accelerates and maintains his course, and Darla shouts in disbelief.

DARLA

You must be off your trolley!

NIGEL

Hang on!

His eyes burning with intensity, Nigel aims the snowmobile toward the edge of the ravine like a guided missile, and Darla shuts her eyes and hangs on tight.

THE RAVINE

Nigel's snowmobile flies off the edge and sails through the air and lands on the other side.

NIGEL'S SNOWMOBILE

swings around and comes to a stop, and Darla prepares to shoot at snowmobile #3 when it jumps the gap.

ON SNOWMOBILE #3 - MOVING

The soldier panics and tries to stop, turning anxiously.

SNOWMOBILE #3

swings around in an attempt to avoid the gap, but it's too late and it skids sideways off the edge.

NIGEL AND DARLA

watch as the third snowmobile plummets into the ravine.

NIGEL

What was that again? Something about being off my trolley?

Before Darla can reply, there are huge EXPLOSIONS in the distance. They look in the direction of the facility they left behind and watch as huge clouds of smoke start billowing into the sky. Nigel grins at Darla, then he turns the snowmobile and continues to drive away, and the SONG ends and fades as they ride into the distance.

WIDE ANGLE - LONDON, ENGLAND - EVENING

Thousands of lights twinkle as dusk settles over the city, and the SONG "London" by Sandie Shaw begins on the soundtrack and plays throughout the following:

BIG BEN AND PARLIAMENT

with Westminster Bridge spanning the Thames in front of them.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE

with the Queen Victoria monument in front.

TOWER BRIDGE

beautifully illuminated as it spans the Thames.

PICCADILLY CIRCUS

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

TRAFALGAR SQUARE

full of evening crowds gathered around the fountains.

VARIOUS SHOTS

of the theaters along Shaftesbury Avenue.

EXT. SHAFTESBURY AVENUE - SAME

Nigel's car drives along, a red 1963 JAGUAR E-TYPE ROADSTER. Nigel is at the wheel, Darla rides beside him, and the song continues now on the car's RADIO, the volume low.

NIGEL

Another day, another dastardly threat to the Western world properly put to bed.

INT. NIGEL'S JAG - MOVING

NIGEL

(continuing)

Do you ever wonder what would happen to our way of life if through some unthinkable circumstance the other side managed to prevail in this epic struggle of ours?

DARLA

Oh, all the time. Why do you think I go on these missions with you risking life and limb when I could be enjoying my royalties in the French Riviera?

NIGEL

Really? And here I was thinking it was because you couldn't bear to be apart from me.

DARLA

Well, that's the other reason. A very distant second.

NIGEL

(chuckles)

Let's check in with the old man, eh?

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

PERCIVAL HAWTHORNE is standing beside his desk, looking through a FOLDER as Darla and Nigel stand beside him.

NIGEL

You'll find all the details in our report. I think you'll be pleased with how everything went. Couldn't have gone more smoothly, actually.

HAWTHORNE

No problems to speak of?

NIGEL

Bit of a hiccup on the way out, but nothing we couldn't handle.

HAWTHORNE

Splendid. I think we need not be any further concerned with this Project Kalinka. The destruction of the facility and the death of the lead scientist should put paid to the whole affair. The nature of the work conducted there was of such sensitivity I sincerely doubt they duplicated it elsewhere.

NIGEL

One would hope.

Hawthorne closes the folder and steps back behind his desk.

HAWTHORNE

So once again, I find myself paraphrasing Sir Winston: "Never have so many owed so much to so few."

(sits, looks at them)

Get out of here, you two, and take the bloody week off. We'll see if England can manage to survive in one piece till you return.

NIGEL  
 (smiles)  
 Don't tempt fate.

Nigel and Darla chuckle, then they wave at him and head for the door. Hawthorne watches them exit. After they're gone, he allows himself to smile too... and we can see just how much he values them, almost as if they're the children he never had.

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

Darla and Nigel walk along after leaving Hawthorne's office.

NIGEL  
 Well, all is right with the world. The good guys win another round, Hawthorne is tickled pink, and you and I have a whole week to ourselves. So what say we begin with a night on the town, eh?

DARLA  
 Tonight? I'm a bit knackered after that flight -- not to mention the mission.

NIGEL  
 Alright, how about a quiet dinner at home, then? How does that sound?

DARLA  
 Your place or mine?

NIGEL  
 Yours, I would think. I'm in the midst of redecorating mine.

DARLA  
 (chuckles)  
 Sounds just about right.

NIGEL  
 Splendid. But I warn you -- what I've in mind for dessert will leave you positively exhausted.

They both chuckle as they walk PAST CAMERA down the corridor.

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

Hawthorne is still sitting at his desk, dialing the PHONE. He waits as the line rings, then speaks after someone answers.

HAWTHORNE  
 Somehow I knew you'd still be there at this hour. And I thought I was the workaholic.  
 (listens)  
 I'd like to see you before you head home.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A black 1967 ROVER P5B 3.5 LITRE SALOON is parked in front of a warehouse on a small, deserted side street, and Hawthorne sits at the wheel.

CLOSER ANGLE

Sitting in his car, Hawthorne watches as a Burgundy 1965 BENTLEY S3 CONTINENTAL DROPHEAD COUPE approaches from the opposite direction. The Bentley pulls up alongside and stops so that its driver is right beside Hawthorne. The driver is JEREMY WINSTON, same age as Hawthorne, dressed in a Savile Row suit and wearing a bowler and raincoat.

HAWTHORNE

You'll be pleased to know that nasty bit of business was handled. The situation was resolved and the threat was neutralized.

WINSTON

That's very good to hear. It's weighed upon my mind since the beginning.

HAWTHORNE

We couldn't have done it without your help. The information you initially uncovered was spot on.

WINSTON

And something I most coincidentally happened to stumble upon.

HAWTHORNE

Don't sell yourself short. Without it, we'd never have had a trail to follow, much less known about it at all.

WINSTON

I simply got the ball rolling. You and your people did the rest.

HAWTHORNE

So they did. And a bang-up job they made of it too, as always.

WINSTON

I should like to meet this sterling team of yours. You've spoken glowingly of them often enough. Unless it would compromise their safety in some way.

HAWTHORNE

Perhaps it could be arranged sometime, when circumstances permit it.

WINSTON

I look forward to it. For now, though, I have a wife to get back to -- whom between running my company and aiding you in your endeavors I hardly have the chance to please anymore. Especially these last few months.

HAWTHORNE

How is Felicia? Haven't seen her in a while.

WINSTON

Keeping a stiff upper lip... but I know she's not as happy these days as we were in the beginning.

This revelation surprises Hawthorne, but Winston doesn't appear willing to reveal anything further.

HAWTHORNE

I'm sorry to hear that. I'd no idea.

WINSTON

Yours is the only marriage I've witnessed that only improves with time. Perhaps someday you'll share your secret with me. For now, I'm hoping this will make up for some of my recent inattention.

Winston opens a JEWELRY BOX on the passenger seat and reveals a DIAMOND NECKLACE, and Hawthorne looks at it.

HAWTHORNE

Very nice.

WINSTON

I know it's not much, but perhaps it will help melt the ice.

Winston closes the box, then smiles ruefully.

WINSTON

Ironic, isn't it? At Cambridge I was the dapper one, and you were so painfully shy if I hadn't introduced you to Eleanor you'd still be unmarried.

HAWTHORNE

Took me twenty years to return the favor.

WINSTON

Ah, the good old days. Where did they ever go?

HAWTHORNE

Yes, the good old days. Sharing the campus with those bloody traitors.



WINSTON

At least Burgess is dead. As for Philby,  
I hope he rots in his chosen land.

HAWTHORNE

Until next time, old friend.

Winston smiles and nods, then pulls away. Hawthorne watches as he drives off, then starts his own car.

EXT. STREET

Winston's car drives by after leaving the meeting.

INT. BENTLEY - MOVING

Winston turns on the car's radio, and an abbreviated version of the SONG "Those Were The Days" by Mary Hopkin begins to play on the soundtrack.

EXT. STREET

Winston's Bentley takes an entrance ramp/slip road onto the M1 motorway.

INT. BENTLEY - MOVING

Winston drives onto the motorway, then settles back for the drive home.

THE BENTLEY

drives by as it heads north on M1.

INT. BENTLEY - MOVING

Winston drives, deep in thought, contemplating the state of his marriage. After a while, he glances at the jewelry box, then opens it.

INSERT - THE NECKLACE

We get a good look at it now, and just as Hawthorne remarked, it's very nice.

WINSTON

looks at the necklace, then notices it's starting to drizzle. He closes the box again and activates the car's roof.

THE BENTLEY

travels along M1 as the roof deploys.

INT. BENTLEY - MOVING

The roof completes deploying and Winston turns on the windshield wipers as the rain starts to intensify.

EXT. M1 MOTORWAY

The Bentley drives by as it continues north on M1.

INT. BENTLEY - MOVING

The rain starts coming down harder and Winston taps the brake a bit to slow down, then realizes that it's not responding. Concerned, he pumps the pedal a couple of times.

INSERT - WINSTON'S FOOT

It pumps the brake pedal.

BACK TO SCENE

Winston grows even more concerned as the brakes fail to respond and the car begins to pick up speed.

EXT. M1 MOTORWAY

The Bentley drives by in the heavy rain, accelerating.

INT. BENTLEY - MOVING

Alarmed now, Winston continues to pump the pedal to no avail.

INSERT - SPEEDOMETER

The car continues to pick up speed steadily.

WINSTON

eyes the speedometer and continues to pump the useless pedal.

WINSTON'S FOOT

continues pumping the brake pedal, over and over again.

WINSTON

looks up and sees a CAR up ahead in the same lane, and he veers anxiously to the right to avoid hitting it.

EXT. M1 MOTORWAY

The Bentley swerves around the other car and gets back into the left lane after passing it.

INT. BENTLEY - MOVING

Winston grips the steering wheel firmly, trying to keep the car steady on the wet road.

THE BENTLEY

continues to pick up speed.

INT. BENTLEY - MOVING

Winston tries to downshift the car, but the stick is jammed and doesn't budge. Unbelieving, he struggles to change gears.

INSERT - THE VIEW AHEAD

A truck is coming down an entrance ramp.

WINSTON

glances at the speedometer, then looks up at the view ahead.

INSERT - THE VIEW AHEAD

The truck merges onto the motorway, coming directly into our path.

WINSTON'S EYES

Wide open, they stare at the truck up ahead in fright.

THE VIEW AHEAD

We rush up behind the truck and collide, and just at the moment of impact, the SONG comes to its end and the screen goes BLACK.

FADE UP:

MAIN CREDIT SEQUENCE

accompanied by the SONG "I Close My Eyes and Count to Ten" by Dusty Springfield and SUPERIMPOSED over a dark, swirling background against which we see dream-like imagery that includes the ethereal silhouette of a woman in a long, billowing gown dancing a waltz and the recurring motifs of an ornate clock face and a woman's eye.

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

DISSOLVE TO:

WIDE ANGLE - LONDON - MORNING

The city lays spread out before us in the morning sun.

EXT. DARLA'S FLAT - SAME

The terraced house where she lives off the King's Road in Chelsea. Nigel's Jag is parked in front, along with Darla's new car, a pink 1968 TRIUMPH GT6 MK I FASTBACK.

INT. DARLA'S FLAT - BEDROOM - SAME

Darla and Nigel are in bed, asleep, her head on his shoulder and her arm across his chest. The TELEPHONE on the nightstand starts to RING, and Nigel rouses very groggily. Barely opening his eyes, he reaches for the phone and picks it up.

NIGEL  
Hello...?

HAWTHORNE (V.O.)  
Wilkins. There you are. I suppose  
Chandler's with you.

NIGEL  
Yes...

HAWTHORNE (V.O.)  
I want you both in my office within  
the hour. Understood?

NIGEL  
Within the hour... yes.

And with that, Hawthorne hangs up. Nigel opens his eyes  
fully, puzzled by Hawthorne's directness and brevity.

NIGEL  
Director...?

He realizes there's no one on the line any longer and slowly  
hangs up the phone. Beside him, Darla rouses sleepily.

DARLA  
Who was that...?

NIGEL  
Hawthorne.

DARLA  
Hawthorne?

NIGEL  
Wants to see us within the hour.  
(sighs)  
Looks like our holiday is ending a bit  
prematurely.

INT. NIGEL'S JAG - MOVING

Nigel drives, Darla rides beside him. The car's RADIO plays  
the SONG "Jennifer Juniper" by Donovan, the volume low.

NIGEL  
Never fails, does it? We've hardly begun  
to enjoy our time off when something  
else happens that demands our attention.

DARLA  
You're assuming Hawthorne rang because  
he's got a new assignment for us. Perhaps  
he simply wants to invite us to tea.

NIGEL  
Somehow I doubt that.

DARLA

Did he tell you anything about what this concerns?

NIGEL

Not a dicky bird. It's the most cryptic I've ever heard him -- and you know he can be quite secretive.

DARLA

Yes, I know.

EXT. SEX SHOP - MORNING

The street-level facade for S.M.A.S.H.'s underground headquarters in Soho. Nigel's Jaguar drives by the front, then turns and goes into the alley beside the building. The SONG "Cinderella Rockefeller" by Esther & Abi Ofarim is now playing on the car's radio.

EXT. ALLEY - SAME

The Jaguar 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 JAG - CONTINUOUS

As the song continues with its silly lyrics and yodeling, Nigel looks at the radio and frowns.

NIGEL

Is it me, or is that just about the most ridiculous song you've ever heard?

Darla shrugs. Nigel changes the station, shaking his head, and the SONG "Revolution" by The Beatles plays now.

NIGEL

There, that's better.

They listen for a moment as they descend, then Nigel can't resist the opportunity to poke her.

NIGEL

I suppose it's safe to assume you didn't inspire John to write that one.

Darla glances at him, then she smirks and rolls her eyes. Nigel chuckles.

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

Darla and Nigel arrive at the desk, and they check their weapons 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  
Any idea what's going on?

FIONA  
None at all.

NIGEL  
Well, I suppose we won't be in the dark much longer.

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

Hawthorne is sitting at his desk, his hands folded in front of him, deep in thought. 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.

Hawthorne hasn't looked at them once, and they can sense his very somber mood. They move to the chairs in front of the desk and sit.

HAWTHORNE  
It will be reported in the news later today that Sir Jeremy Winston was killed two nights ago in a motorcar accident.

NIGEL  
Sir Jeremy? Head of Winston Industries?

HAWTHORNE  
The very same.

DARLA

How dreadful.

HAWTHORNE

The details will include that he lost control of his car in the rain on M1 as he returned to his home in St. Albans from his office in London. The official story will reveal not much more beyond that.

(beat)

Unofficially, however... the reality is that he was assassinated.

NIGEL

(surprised)

Assassinated?

HAWTHORNE

His car was tampered with and his brake line was cut.

DARLA

Dear God...

HAWTHORNE

The inquiry into this matter will be handled sub rosa, for in addition to his public life as a wealthy industrialist, Sir Jeremy engaged in a rather secretive pursuit in private. Not all of the time, but when the situation permitted. He worked for S.M.A.S.H. in the gathering of intelligence within the circles he traveled.

This bit of information stuns Darla and Nigel more than anything else has so far, and they exchange quick glances.

NIGEL

He was one of us? We'd no idea.

HAWTHORNE

No one knew, not even his wife. We'd known each other since Cambridge, and he was only too happy to assist our objectives at S.M.A.S.H. at my request, despite the risks and the added burden on top of his company's operation.

DARLA

Have you any suspects in mind?

HAWTHORNE

Whilst I'm sure he made his share of enemies in his primary business, this event might have resulted from his connection to ours. The intel which formed the basis for the Kalinka mission was initially uncovered by

(MORE)

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)  
 him. If his identity and involvement were compromised in some manner, I must determine how, and whether or not it goes any further.

Darla and Nigel exchange glances again, contemplating the implications of everything Hawthorne has said.

HAWTHORNE  
 I wanted to bring you both up to speed, but we'll continue this later. For now, I have a more personal matter to take care of. I shall be attending the funeral, but from a distance. And meeting with his widow...  
 (beat)  
 ...another old acquaintance.

INT. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

The door to Hawthorne's office opens and Darla and Nigel step out. Nigel closes the door behind him, then leans back against it, preoccupied. Darla notices his mood.

DARLA  
 Nigel? You alright?

NIGEL  
 What? Oh. This seems to be the year for assassinations. Must be something in the air.

DARLA  
 I find this most disturbing. It reminds me very much of the way Lord Taylor was killed. This will be the second time Hawthorne's lost an acquaintance because of their connection to S.M.A.S.H.

NIGEL  
 That we know of. I suppose there are safer ways to live one's life.

DARLA  
 It's our curse in this field, isn't it? Any of us could be killed at any time, usually when we least expect it.

NIGEL  
 I'm not expecting it. I used to, but, not anymore. Not after our encounter last year with --  
 (points upward)  
 -- you know.

He doesn't elaborate, but we know what he's referring to: their near-death experience in the previous film, when they met St. Peter and he sent them back, and this is something they've kept completely secret between themselves.



DARLA

Then we may survive, only to see those  
around us fall at one time or another.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

It's a gray and drizzly day, completely overcast, and a long line of MOURNERS are filing past a WOMAN and offering their condolences.

The woman is FELICIA WINSTON, Sir Jeremy's widow -- 32 years old, British, and delicately beautiful. As she thanks each mourner, she carries herself with a serenity and dignity well beyond her years.

On the road nearby, Hawthorne is standing beside a black 1967 DAIMLER DR450 MAJESTIC MAJOR LIMOUSINE, watching the activity.

HAWTHORNE'S P.O.V.

As the last of the mourners file past her, Felicia glances in Hawthorne's direction and sees him.

HAWTHORNE

watches her and nods slightly.

FELICIA

thanks the last mourner, then starts walking toward the road.

THE ROAD

Felicia approaches Hawthorne with a sad smile on her face.

FELICIA

Percival. It's been a long time.

HAWTHORNE

(takes her hands  
in his)

Yes, it has... and I wish we weren't meeting again this way. I am so sorry, Felicia.

FELICIA

Thank you so much for coming. But I knew you would. You were there at the beginning. It's only fitting that you are here now at the end.

Hawthorne nods wordlessly, then motions toward the limo.

HAWTHORNE

Felicia, would you come with me in my car? I wish to speak with you in private. It's important.

FELICIA

(a beat)

Of course.

INT. LIMO - MOVING

Hawthorne and Felicia ride in the back, and Felicia stares out the window at the passing scenery.

FELICIA

Life has such a strange symmetry, hasn't it? It was a wet, dreary day twelve years ago when you offered your condolences and comforted me at my father's funeral. And now here you are again on another wet and dreary day, fulfilling that very same role once again.

HAWTHORNE

I'd much rather have played a different role in your life.

FELICIA

(looks at him)

But you have, well beyond that. You kept my life from falling apart in the wake of my father's death. And you introduced me to my husband. And many other things in between. You were always there for me.

HAWTHORNE

Felicia, I need to tell you certain things, things you may find difficult to believe, and were it one bit less necessary to reveal them to you, I would refrain from doing so. But reveal them I must, and I ask that you listen very carefully and that you never repeat to anyone what I am about to tell you. This must remain between you and I, for its disclosure to the wrong parties, even accidentally, could be dangerous to both of us, and beyond even that.

FELICIA

What is it, Percival? You're frightening me.

HAWTHORNE

For all the years we've known each other, there's a part of me you've never been aware of, that in fact only a very few are. I lead a clandestine intelligence service protecting Britain's national security.

FELICIA

Clandestine...? Are you serious?

HAWTHORNE

Very.

FELICIA

I don't understand. I knew you were in Naval Intelligence after the war, but, I thought you've been in private consulting all the years we've known each other.

HAWTHORNE

The truth is I never left. And for the last ten years, I've led an agency tasked with the mission of countering Soviet activities covertly, both here and on the continent.

FELICIA

But I thought SIS --

HAWTHORNE

We go where MI6 cannot tread, and we are not restrained by British law. That's as much as I can tell you, but in the wake of what has happened, you also need to know that your husband assisted us from time to time, collecting information that was helpful to our mission.

FELICIA

(stunned)

Jeremy? Are you saying Jeremy was some sort of spy...?

HAWTHORNE

In our parlance, he served as a covert intelligence gatherer.

FELICIA

Dear God...

HAWTHORNE

He did this for his country, and he did it for our friendship. And his death was not an accident.

FELICIA

What are you telling me? That my husband was assassinated?

HAWTHORNE

Precisely.

FELICIA

I can't believe this. What else did you and he keep from me all these years?

HAWTHORNE

The less you know, the better.

Felicia is at a loss for words, and she looks back out the window at the passing scenery.

FELICIA

I remember the day you introduced us. I was recovering from that failed romance... he was recovering from the death of his first wife. We both needed someone... we just didn't know whom. You answered that for us. All these years, you were the two men I trusted most since my father's passing. Now it feels as if I never knew either of you at all.

HAWTHORNE

He was still the same man you knew, and so am I. We simply shared an additional pursuit you knew nothing about.

FELICIA

(looks back at him)

If all of this is true, why are you telling me now?

HAWTHORNE

Because whoever killed Jeremy may not be finished, and you may be in danger.

FELICIA

Why on earth? I knew nothing of Jeremy's involvement in any sort of espionage. Why would whoever killed him come after me?

HAWTHORNE

Because they don't necessarily know you don't know, and they don't typically like to leave loose ends. I am here to provide you with protection until this business is resolved, as a precaution.

FELICIA

This is all too much for me to absorb. Three days ago, my life was as it had been for the last ten years. Now it's all been turned topsy-turvy, spiraling out of control.

HAWTHORNE

I understand. But I am here to keep it as under control as possible.

FELICIA

And what would this protection entail?

HAWTHORNE

For today, I've arranged for three of my people to stay with you at the estate and watch over things.

FELICIA

Already? How much like Jeremy you are, never wasting a single minute in getting things done.

HAWTHORNE

They should be there by the time we arrive. Please do exactly as they instruct at all times.

FELICIA

I'm not very good at following orders. Jeremy would have attested to that. But I shall endeavor to do my best.

HAWTHORNE

Good. Starting tomorrow, I'm putting my two best agents in charge of investigating what happened, and hopefully we'll be able to put this behind us in short order and you can go on with your life.

FELICIA

(forlorn)

Such as it is, now that Jeremy's gone.

HAWTHORNE

You're not alone, Felicia. You must know that. As long as I am here, you have a friend.

FELICIA

Thank you, Percival. I don't know what I would do without you.

She puts her head on his shoulder, and they continue to ride in silence, Felicia looking for all the world like his daughter.

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

Hawthorne stands behind his desk, putting some FILES inside his BRIEFCASE as Darla and Nigel stand in front of the desk and watch.

HAWTHORNE

I've just left three armed guards at the Winston estate to watch over Mrs. Winston, and I'll be returning there shortly. I know the two of you were counting on some time off, but I need to determine precisely what led up to Jeremy's death and how far it may go, and I want you both on this job. Unless either of you has any objections?

Darla glances at Nigel, but Nigel says nothing, his face expressionless, and she looks back at Hawthorne.

DARLA  
No, sir. None.

HAWTHORNE  
(shuts briefcase)  
Good. I'll expect you at the estate at  
0900. Dismissed.

Darla nods and starts to move toward the door, but Nigel stays where he is.

NIGEL  
May I have a word with you in private,  
Director?

Darla stops at the door and turns back to them just in time to see Hawthorne nod. She watches them, wondering what's going on with Nigel, then exits and closes the door.

After she's gone, Nigel continues to stand there, but he doesn't say anything. Hawthorne watches him and prompts him to speak.

HAWTHORNE  
Well, what is it, Wilkins? We haven't  
all day.

NIGEL  
I have a request to make.

HAWTHORNE  
Make it.

NIGEL  
I request that you reconsider assigning  
me to this case.

HAWTHORNE  
(a beat)  
What?

NIGEL  
I wish to beg off this assignment.

Hawthorne stares at him, surprised, but Nigel offers nothing by way of explanation.

HAWTHORNE  
Why? You've never declined an assignment  
in the past. Why do you wish off this  
one?

NIGEL  
I can't tell you.

HAWTHORNE  
You can't tell me...?

NIGEL  
No.

HAWTHORNE

What do you mean no? Explain yourself.

NIGEL

I can't. And I respectfully ask that you leave it at that and inquire no further.

Hawthorne can't believe what he's hearing. He gets up and goes to Nigel and looks directly in his face, and Nigel averts his eyes.

HAWTHORNE

Inquire no further? You and I were there at the very beginning when I started S.M.A.S.H., when I hand picked you straight out of Oxford for this job. I trained you myself. Everything you are today, I gave you. Now you bloody well can tell me why you don't wish to be assigned to this case.

NIGEL

All I can explain is that it has to do with something before our paths ever crossed.

Nigel says nothing more. Hawthorne watches him, then goes back behind his desk and sits down.

HAWTHORNE

If that's the best you can do, then you have given me no justifiable reason that I can see to accede to your request. So it is denied... and I expect you to follow your orders as you have always done in the past.

Nigel remains silent, and while we know he will obey, it's quite obvious that he is not at all happy about it and that he's keeping a lot hidden inside.

WIDE ANGLE - AN OVERCAST SKY - DAY

A dreary and drizzly morning, and the INSTRUMENTAL TRACK "Love is Blue" by Paul Mauriat begins on the soundtrack as we slowly TILT DOWN to and PAN across the English countryside north of London.

AERIAL SHOT

following Nigel's red Jaguar down below as it drives north along the M1 motorway.

ANOTHER AERIAL SHOT

as the Jaguar continues to travel north along the motorway.

DISSOLVE TO:

## CLOSER ANGLE

As the car drives along, we can see Nigel at the wheel and Darla beside him.

## EVEN CLOSER ANGLE

Inside, we can see Nigel staring straight ahead as he drives, tight-lipped -- and he's been this way throughout the entire trip. Darla glances at him, still wondering what is going on with him, but she chooses not to press him on it and says nothing.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. INTERCHANGE OF M1 AND NORTH ORBITAL ROAD (A405)

The Jaguar comes off the motorway and turns onto the road.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NORTH ORBITAL ROAD (A414)

The Jaguar drives by, heading east.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WINSTON MANSION - ST. ALBANS - DAY

Nigel's Jag comes up the driveway and stops in front of the mansion. Felicia's car, a maroon 1967 JAGUAR 420G, sits at the front door. Hawthorne's black Rover P5B is parked nearby, next to a black 1968 LAND ROVER SERIES IIA 4-DOOR that delivered the armed guards. A GUARD can be seen patrolling the length of the driveway, carrying a STERLING MK.4 SUBMACHINE GUN.

## CLOSER ANGLE

Darla and Nigel get out of the Jag and look at the mansion, taking it in.

DARLA

Reminds me of the years I grew up with the Taylors, in a home very much like this.

NIGEL

Reminds me of something else entirely.

DARLA

Of what?

Nigel says nothing and starts walking toward the main entrance. Darla follows, still wondering what's been going on with him ever since Hawthorne first informed them of Winston's death.



EXT. WINSTON MANSION - MAIN ENTRANCE

We FADE the song as Nigel and Darla arrive and Nigel rings the doorbell. After a moment, Hawthorne opens the door.

HAWTHORNE  
Ah. Chandler, Wilkins. Good. How was  
the drive?

NIGEL  
(simply)  
We're here.

HAWTHORNE  
(looks inside)  
Felicia?

Hawthorne steps aside as Felicia appears and joins him at the door.

HAWTHORNE  
Felicia Winston, Agents Darla Chandler  
and Nigel Wilkins.

Ordinarily, Felicia would be surprised to find that a pop singer is one of the agents working for Hawthorne. But an even bigger surprise completely shifts her focus from that as she sees Nigel. Whatever she was going to say, she stops short, and the two watch each other. Nigel was expecting this, but she most certainly wasn't. Even so, she makes a supreme effort to appear nonchalant.

DARLA  
I'm so sorry for your loss.

FELICIA  
Thank you.

Felicia is still staring at Nigel, and though she covers her full reaction, it isn't lost on Darla. Then Felicia snaps out of it and looks at Darla, and it finally sinks in who she is.

FELICIA  
Aren't you...?

DARLA  
Yes, I am.

FELICIA  
A singer and a spy? You certainly recruit  
a wide variety of people, Percival.

DARLA  
I imagine it's quite a surprise.

FELICIA  
Oh, I am gradually getting accustomed to  
being surprised over the course of these  
last few days.

HAWTHORNE

Your secret will be safe with her, Darla.  
I've known Felicia since she was twenty,  
and I trust her as much as she trusts me.

FELICIA

And I'd never do anything to imperil  
anyone close to him, not after all he's  
done for me.

HAWTHORNE

(to Felicia)

They'll be staying with you here until  
I arrange for your move to a safe house.

FELICIA

Safe house?

HAWTHORNE

I want you in a different location and  
one where it will be easier to protect  
you while we investigate this.

FELICIA

(a beat)

Alright.

HAWTHORNE

I also want you to tell them everything  
you can remember about the last few  
weeks before Jeremy's death. Leave  
nothing out, even if it seems trivial  
or unimportant.

FELICIA

I understand.

HAWTHORNE

I'll be back this evening. Make sure  
you have everything packed that you  
think you'll be needing.

Hawthorne exits the house and goes to his car and gets in.  
Nigel, Darla, and Felicia watch the car go down the  
driveway, then Felicia speaks up.

FELICIA

Well... why don't we sit for tea? I've  
learnt sticking with routine helps  
immensely in dealing with whatever  
life throws at one.

Darla smiles at her and proceeds into the house, then Nigel  
follows her. Felicia stands there... and we can see that she  
and Nigel know each other and have history together.

EXT. WINSTON MANSION - DEN - A WHILE LATER

Felicia leads Nigel and Darla into the room.

FELICIA

I really don't know how much more I can tell you. Jeremy didn't share very much about his work with me -- not that I would have really understood much even if he had, nor been terribly interested in it -- but I do know these files here involve what he was working on during the last few weeks of his life.

She stops at a FILE CABINET beside a desk and indicates it.

NIGEL

Well, it's as good a place to start as any. Darla and I will take it from here.

Felicia realizes Nigel doesn't want much contact with her, but she tries not to show it.

FELICIA

I'll start to pack, then.

She leaves as Darla and Nigel start to look at the files.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WINSTON MANSION - EVENING

We can see two of the GUARDS, one patrolling along the driveway, the other crouched on the roof, both armed with Sterlings.

INT. WINSTON MANSION - DEN - SAME

Darla and Nigel are sitting in chairs and reading through the files. After a moment, Nigel looks over at her.

NIGEL

What do you think?

DARLA

Most of this is gobbledygook to me, but I know an epic legal battle when I see one. I've been through enough contract negotiations to know this is not run-of-the-mill. If all these words were weapons, there'd be a veritable bloodbath.

NIGEL

I've come to the same conclusion. Though this may be perfectly typical in his world.

Nigel sees Felicia walk past the doorway, and he calls out to her.

NIGEL

(holds up a folder)  
Do you know anything about this?

FELICIA  
 (stops and looks)  
 Only that it seemed to consume all of  
 his spare time.

Felicia enters the den and crosses to a chair, and they watch as she sits down.

FELICIA  
 Ah, yes. The great acquisition. It was  
 his Moby Dick. I'd never seen Jeremy  
 like that before, not about any previous  
 endeavor. He had to have that company.  
 Why? I've absolutely no idea. But the  
 people he was dealing with seemed to  
 resist him terribly, which only fueled  
 his obsession.

DARLA  
 They weren't agreeable to the  
 acquisition?

FELICIA  
 Not very, not from what I gathered.  
 It made Jeremy terribly frustrated. No  
 one had ever given him such opposition  
 before, and it wasn't something he was  
 accustomed to or willing to accept.  
 Things reached a point where solicitors  
 almost came to blows, and one day one  
 of Jeremy's found his mastiff dead on  
 his lawn. Jeremy was convinced it was  
 a threat, but I thought he was simply  
 being paranoid.

NIGEL  
 Sounds rather intense for typical  
 business dealings.

FELICIA  
 I won't hide the fact that it caused  
 a good deal of tension between us and  
 placed quite a bit of stress on our  
 marriage. Three days before he was  
 killed, I told Jeremy he needed to  
 choose between this acquisition and  
 me. I didn't really mean it...  
 (eyes tear up)  
 ...and now I wish I'd never said it.

She gets up and leaves hurriedly lest they see her weep, and they watch her go. After she's gone, Darla and Nigel look at each other, then go back to reading through the files.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WINSTON MANSION - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Darla is sitting on the sofa and Nigel is sitting in a nearby chair, both reading through the last of the files.

A RADIO on a table is playing the SONG "Kiss Me Goodbye" by Petula Clark, the volume low. After a moment, Felicia comes down the stairs from the second floor and stands nearby.

FELICIA

I've finished my packing. I suppose there's nothing left to do but wait for Percival to return.

Darla looks over at her and nods, then continues to read. Nigel doesn't look at her at all. Felicia is very much aware of how uncomfortable he is in her presence, and she slowly crosses over to a chair and sits down. She listens to the song for a while, then comments on it.

FELICIA

Lovely song.  
(beat)  
I can identify with the sentiment.

Nigel doesn't react, but he heard the comment. After a moment, he puts down the file he was reading.

NIGEL

Think I'll stretch my legs a bit.

He gets up and crosses to the doors that lead to a terrace and rear garden and steps outside. Darla watches him go, but Felicia doesn't, aware of the effect her comment had on him. Instead, she watches Darla.

FELICIA

Would you care for something else before we leave?

DARLA

(looks at her, smiles)  
No, thank you.

Darla goes back to reading the files. Felicia sits there for a moment, then gets up and goes out onto the terrace too -- and as she exits, Darla watches her go, aware of the tension between her and Nigel.

EXT. WINSTON MANSION - REAR TERRACE - SAME

Nigel is leaning against the fence that surrounds the garden, gazing into the night. Felicia approaches him from the house, and Nigel doesn't react as she stands beside him.

FELICIA

Lovely, isn't it? Reminds me of the garden near St. Hilda's where we used to meet, by the Cherwell.

Nigel says nothing and continues to gaze into the night.

FELICIA

What Percival told me about Jeremy's involvement in this organization, and  
(MORE)

FELICIA (CONT'D)  
 his own, was quite the surprise. But this now tops it all. What an impeccable sense of irony this universe has.

NIGEL  
 Sometimes one can't help but think it's laughing at us.

FELICIA  
 Yes, I imagine running into me again would stir up some unpleasant memories for you, especially like this. But to be perfectly honest... I'm actually rather glad that you have.

NIGEL  
 I don't see why. This should stir up even more unpleasantness for you than it does for me.

FELICIA  
 Yes, it should. And it's caught me quite off guard what I'm feeling right now, as it's not at all what I would have expected. But strangely enough, I am happy to see you again, after all these years. Curious, how the heart's reactions cannot be predicted, and certainly not that far in advance.

Almost unconsciously, Felicia starts running a finger along Nigel's arm, and while he notices it, he tries not to react to it at all. He still hasn't looked at her once since she came out here.

NIGEL  
 Felicia... your husband was just killed.

FELICIA  
 Murdered, not killed. And his body has just been put in the ground, and here I am making overtures to an old lover. You must think I'm absolutely horrible.

NIGEL  
 I think perhaps you've been very affected by this sudden loss, more than you might think, and you don't know what you're doing.

FELICIA  
 I always know what I'm doing.

Nigel slowly pulls his arm away, still not looking at her.

FELICIA  
 Would it help if I confessed that the marriage wasn't all it appeared to be  
 (MORE)

FELICIA (CONT'D)

for public consumption? That it had been gradually falling apart even before the nastiness surrounding the acquisition?

NIGEL

Whatever the case, it's none of my business. And it makes no difference to me, so there's really no point in telling me so.

FELICIA

You sound bitter. And if I recall, I'm the one who should be. After all, it was you who left, and broke the heart of an innocent and impressionable young woman who thought she'd found the love of her life.

NIGEL

You seem to have got over it and did rather well for yourself.

FELICIA

Oh, yes. I married a man who gave me everything. A well respected man admired by many, a leader in business, a pillar of the community. A man who almost made me believe in fairy tales again. But in the end, his work proved more important to him than I did.

(beat)

But that's neither here nor there now. It seems fate has conspired to bring us together once again. For what purpose, only it can know... but there must be one.

Before Nigel can say anything in response, Darla appears at the doors and calls out.

DARLA

Nigel?

NIGEL

(turns to her)

Yes?

DARLA

Hawthorne is here.

NIGEL

Right, I'll be right there.

Darla hesitates for just the briefest of moments, then turns and goes back inside. Felicia watches her go, and she's intuitive enough to know there's more going on between Nigel and Darla than the professional. She looks at Nigel and watches him, and he finally looks at her and returns her stare, aware that she knows and denying none of it.

FELICIA

Oh. You and Agent Chandler.

Nigel remains silent, his eyes never wavering from hers, confirming it.

FELICIA

You're right. I must have been affected. Otherwise, I would have seen it.

NIGEL

And if you must know, we're married.

FELICIA

Well, now. That is something I'd never have expected. Not from you.

NIGEL

I'm not the same man you knew at Oxford.

FELICIA

Apparently not. But then, I suppose we all change, if only due to the passage of time.

NIGEL

Excuse me.

Nigel turns to go back into the house. Felicia watches him go, then stays there and looks out over the garden.

INT. WINSTON MANSION - ENTRANCE HALL - SAME

Hawthorne and Darla are speaking beside the front door.

HAWTHORNE

So what did you find? Anything?

DARLA

Well, we learnt that Sir Jeremy had been trying to acquire a chemical company, and that negotiations for the acquisition had taken up much of his attention over the last few months.

HAWTHORNE

This was par for the course for Jeremy. Why would there be anything unusual in that?

NIGEL

(entering)

Mrs. Winston says he was particularly obsessed with this company and that the other party seemed to be giving him a difficult time.

(stands beside Darla)

From what we've read, it appears to have been something of a battle. There was quite a bit of bad blood... and there may even have been threats.



HAWTHORNE

I see. And the name of this company?

NIGEL

Gaston Chimiques. Otherwise known as  
the Gaston Chemical Company of France.  
Headquartered in Paris.

Hawthorne considers the information, and Darla and Nigel  
watch him, waiting.

HAWTHORNE

Seems you two will be taking another  
trip to the French capital.

Darla and Nigel exchange glances, then Nigel looks back at  
Hawthorne and shrugs.

NIGEL

There are worse places.

WIDE ANGLE - PARIS, FRANCE - EVENING

The City of Lights stretches out before us at dusk, and the  
INSTRUMENTAL TRACK "Paris en Colère" by Paul Mauriat begins  
on the soundtrack and continues throughout the following:

THE EIFFEL TOWER

Standing proud and tall, it towers over the Seine,  
illuminated from top to bottom.

EXT. PLACE DE L'ÉTOILE

Evening traffic moves around the Arc de Triomphe.

WIDE ANGLE - MONTMARTRE

The Basilica of the Sacré-Coeur overlooks the neighborhood  
below.

PONT NEUF

stretches across the Seine at the tip of île de la Cité.

NOTRE DAME

as seen from the Seine, its towers and flying buttresses  
beautifully illuminated.

THE CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES

as seen from atop the Arc de Triomphe, busy with pedestrian  
and vehicular traffic.

EXT. STREET

A CITROËN ID 19 TAXI drives by.

## THE TAXI

drives along another street, and we can see Darla and Nigel sitting in the back seat.

## EXT. HOTEL

The taxi arrives and comes to a stop at the curb.

## CLOSER ANGLE

The MUSIC continues as the taxi's rear door opens and Nigel and Darla step out with their BAGS.

NIGEL

Each time you and I arrive here, it's always the start of something more than we bargained for. I don't suppose this time will be any different?

DARLA

Keeps things interesting, I'd say. How boring would life be without the occasional surprise or two?

They start crossing toward the entrance.

NIGEL

Well, I've nothing against surprises, per se, but I typically like mine wrapped up in bows and ribbons, not as part of a murder investigation.

## INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Nigel and Darla enter with their bags and cross over to the reception desk.

DARLA

Look at it this way. An unexpected opportunity to once again enjoy all the amenities the City of Lights has to offer.

NIGEL

Except for Hawthorne's brilliant idea of asking C.E.R.T. to assist us. I'd much rather we worked this on our own.

DARLA

One should never reject the assistance of another.

They reach the desk and stop.

NIGEL

This coming from someone who adamantly refused letting anyone tread on her toes, including me? Someone who elevated doing things on her own to an absolute art?

DARLA  
Perhaps I've mellowed a little.

NIGEL  
Now that is a surprise.

The CONCIERGE comes over and greets them.

CONCIERGE  
*Bonsoir. Bienvenue à l'Hôtel Royale.*

NIGEL  
Mister Wilkins. Universal Exports. I have a booking.

CONCIERGE  
*Oui, Monsieur Wilkins. If you will sign the register, I will have Jacques show you to your suite.*

The concierge signals to a nearby BELLHOP, and Darla whispers to Nigel as he signs the register.

DARLA  
Universal Exports again? Can't you think of anything else?

NIGEL  
(shrugs)  
One needs a little consistency to offset the surprises.

Darla shakes her head and rolls her eyes.

INT. HOTEL - CORRIDOR

The elevator doors open and the bellhop steps out with their bags, followed by Darla and Nigel. They proceed down the corridor, and as they walk past a small table on which sits a vase filled with flowers, Nigel impulsively grabs a FLOWER and gives it to Darla.

NIGEL  
*Voilà, mademoiselle. Pour vous.*

DARLA  
You're suddenly in a good mood.

NIGEL  
Just trying to follow your advice, is all.

INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR

The group comes around a corner and approaches.

DARLA  
I'm trying to figure out what happened between reception and here. Did someone replace you whilst I wasn't looking?



NIGEL  
Here you are, my good man.

BELLHOP  
*Merci beaucoup.* Enjoy your stay in Paris.

NIGEL  
That we will.

The bellhop turns to leave.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The bellhop exits the room and closes the door behind him, shaking his head.

BELLHOP  
(under his breath)  
*Touristes...*

INT. HOTEL - SUITE

Darla stands in the middle of the room and watches as Nigel opens the curtains and looks out the balcony window.

NIGEL  
Splendid. Champers on ice, the Eiffel Tower in the window, and a beautiful lady in my room.  
(crosses to her)  
What more could a man possibly ask for, eh?

DARLA  
Not that I'm displeased with this change in attitude, but, are you sure this is wise?

NIGEL  
(puts arms around her)  
What do you mean?

DARLA  
We are here on a mission, after all, and a very serious investigation awaits us in the morning.

NIGEL  
That's right -- in the morning. For now, we've the entire evening to ourselves before all that seriousness begins, and I intend to make the most of it. Unless you have a better idea.

They kiss. After it ends:

DARLA  
I'll let you know if I think of one.

They start another kiss, longer and more passionate.

INT. CORRIDOR

The door opens just enough for Nigel's hand to stick out and hang a "NE PAS DÉRANGER" SIGN on the knob, then he closes the door again and locks it. And the MUSIC ends and fades as we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL - SUITE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Darla and Nigel are in bed, asleep; but while Darla sleeps peacefully, Nigel seems to be having a bad dream. His face is covered with sweat and his breathing is labored, and after a moment, he wakes up with a start. He lies there for a moment, then gets up and sits on the edge of the bed. The movement wakes up Darla, and she rouses and looks at him.

DARLA

Nigel? What's wrong?

NIGEL

Couldn't sleep.

Darla sits up and watches him, concerned, but he glances at her and waves her off.

NIGEL

It's nothing. Don't worry about it.

DARLA

Nothing? You're perspiring.

NIGEL

Am I? I should ring downstairs and ask them to turn down the heat a notch.

His quip doesn't fool Darla, and she moves closer to him, determined to find out what has been bothering him.

DARLA

Nigel, this is me, remember? You taught me everything I know.

NIGEL

Did I? Seems to me you were well ahead of the curve before we ever met.

DARLA

And one of the things you taught me was how to see what goes on beneath the surface. I know something's troubling you, and from all appearances, something you've been carrying for some time.

NIGEL

I must be losing my touch, then. Used to excel in keeping things hidden and being hard to read.

DARLA  
Whatever it is, you know you can tell me.

NIGEL  
I do, but... not now. Not yet.

DARLA  
If it's something that could interfere  
with our mission, it needs to be --

NIGEL  
(interrupts)  
It won't. I promise you.

He kisses her forehead, then goes back to bed. Darla watches him, not convinced, but there doesn't seem to be much she can do about it for now.

EXT. HOTEL - MORNING

INT. HOTEL - SUITE BEDROOM - SAME

Darla is sitting up in bed, still in her nightgown, eating breakfast from a TRAY. Nigel comes in from the main room, fully dressed and carrying a NEWSPAPER.

NIGEL  
Are you still eating? Thought you'd be finished by now.

DARLA  
Have you been out and about already?

NIGEL  
Whilst you've been wolfing down  
croissants and lounging about, I've  
been seeing to a plethora of minute  
details.

DARLA  
Such as?

NIGEL  
(sits on edge of bed)  
Such as making telephone calls, hiring  
a car, securing equipment... Oh, and  
buying the newspaper.

He playfully hits her on top of the head with the newspaper, and Darla feigns mock anger and holds up a CROISSANT threateningly.

DARLA  
Careful, now. I'm armed and dangerous.

NIGEL  
(mock fear)  
Oh no, the dreaded croissant secret  
weapon. A ghastly device disguised as  
an ordinary pastry. Utterly dastardly.

Darla looks at the croissant in her hand, then takes a big bite out of it and chews it.

DARLA  
And scrummy as well.

NIGEL  
The only danger from that are the calories.  
(pats her thigh)  
Well, time to call on our friends at C.E.R.T. Mustn't keep them waiting.

DARLA  
I've never been to their headquarters. Where is it?

WIDE ANGLE - PLACE PIGALLE - MORNING

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

EXT. BOULEVARD DE CLICHY - SAME

Nigel's rental car, a 1967 RENAULT 8 SALOON, is parked in front of a row of sex shops just west of Place Pigalle.

INT. RENAULT - SAME

Nigel is at the wheel, Darla sits beside him. Through the windshield, they watch one of the sex shops, the facade for C.E.R.T. headquarters.

NIGEL  
You were expecting something else?

DARLA  
Why is it all these organizations must locate their facilities beneath tawdry sex clubs, including ours?

NIGEL  
I've asked myself the very same question time and again, and I've never found an adequate answer. However, I do hear that V.I.S.T.A.'s headquarters in Madrid is situated beneath a bullfighting arena -- but don't quote me on that.

They glance at each other, and as often in the past, Darla isn't sure whether he's joking or not.

INT. C.E.R.T. HQ - SITUATION ROOM

CLAUDE GODOT turns around to greet Darla and Nigel as they approach him. He is 35, one of C.E.R.T.'s field operatives, and he speaks with a thick French accent. On the wall behind him is C.E.R.T.'s logo, and we finally find out what the acronym means: *Contre-Espionnage et Répression du Terrorisme*.



CLAUDE  
 (extends his hand)  
 Claude Godot.

NIGEL  
 (shakes his hand)  
 Agents Wilkins and Chandler.

DARLA  
 (shakes his hand too)  
 Hello.

CLAUDE  
*Bienvenue.* I am happy to make your  
 acquaintance. I will be assisting you  
 during your investigation in Paris.

NIGEL  
 That's the card you've drawn, eh?  
 Before we go any further, I must tell  
 you that with one sole exception, I've  
 never had very much confidence in your  
 people. Just want to get that right out  
 in the open.

CLAUDE  
 (smiles affably)  
 I appreciate your honesty. And I hope  
 I am able to change your mind about us.

NIGEL  
 That'll be a pleasant surprise.

CLAUDE  
 I will not be helping you alone. One  
 of our other agents has volunteered to  
 assist who is familiar with Monsieur  
 Gaston from the past. Ah, here she is  
 now.

Claude looks over at the woman approaching them, and Darla  
 and Nigel look too. She is CHANTAL THIERRY, 30 years old,  
 and she is extremely attractive, sensual, and coquettish.  
 She also happens to be one of Nigel's many past lovers, and  
 Nigel had no idea he'd be running into her on this occasion.

CHANTAL  
 Nigel!

NIGEL  
 (under his breath)  
 Oh, no...

DARLA  
 (looks at him)  
 What?

NIGEL  
 She's the exception.

Chantal arrives, speaking excitedly, and like Claude, she has a thick French accent. But in her case, it's incredibly sultry. She goes right up to Nigel and throws her arms around his neck and kisses his cheek.

CHANTAL

Nigel, *ça fait un bail!* It's so good to see you! It's been such a long time!

NIGEL

Chantal --

CHANTAL

When I heard you were coming I asked to be assigned to this case. It will be wonderful to be working together again! Just as before. *C'est super!*

NIGEL

Chantal... There's no other way to say this, so I'll just say it. I'm married now.

Chantal stops and stares at him, not sure she heard him correctly.

CHANTAL

*Comment?*

NIGEL

I'm married.

CHANTAL

(a beat)

*Non!* You are joking!

NIGEL

Afraid not. For the last two years.

CHANTAL

Married? You?

NIGEL

Yes.

CHANTAL

*Bah! C'est pas vrai!* To whom?

Nigel's eyes flash over to Darla, and Chantal looks over at her. Darla is watching silently, bemused, and Chantal slowly pulls her arms back away from Nigel.

CHANTAL

Oh... *Pardonnez-moi.* I am so embarrassed.

NIGEL

You're not the only one.

(introduces them)

Darla Chandler... Chantal Thierry.

CHANTAL  
(apologetic)  
*Enchanté.*

DARLA  
(skeptical)  
Likewise, I'm sure.

CHANTAL  
I had no idea.

DARLA  
Apparently not.

CHANTAL  
How could I?  
(to Nigel)  
I have not heard from you in four years.  
Not one word.

NIGEL  
Yes, it was rather remiss of me not to  
invite you to the wedding, wasn't it.  
You'll forgive the oversight, I hope?

CHANTAL  
Same sense of humor. At least that has  
not changed.

Claude has been waiting patiently, well accustomed to Chantal's busy love life, but he decides it's time to finally intervene.

CLAUDE  
Ahem. Shall we get back to business?

NIGEL  
(relieved)  
Yes, of course. That would be a splendid  
idea.

CLAUDE  
As I was saying, Agent Thierry has had  
previous experience with Gaston that  
could serve us well.

CHANTAL  
*Renseignements Généraux* had him under  
surveillance when I was with them for  
industrial espionage, but we were never  
able to make the case.

NIGEL  
Well, this may be a bit more than that  
if our suspicions bear out.

CHANTAL  
In the process, I found out many things  
about him. Embarrassing things, if you  
know what I mean.

NIGEL

I'm sure we do.

CHANTAL

They were of no use at the time, but I have them on file -- just in case. I put much effort into learning them and don't wish it all to go to waste.

NIGEL

Of course.

CHANTAL

I can tell you from personal experience he is a man of very eccentric tastes. *Chaud lapin aussi.*

DARLA

Beg pardon?

NIGEL

(to Darla, sotto voce)

Translates literally as "hot rabbit". I trust you can gather the meaning from that.

CHANTAL

As for his butler, hah, that's another one. *Gros con.* Thinks he is *Pepé Le Pew* -- and smells like him too.

CLAUDE

(cuts her off)

I think we get the picture.

(to Nigel)

Chantal and I are at your disposal, Agent Wilkins. How do you wish to proceed?

NIGEL

I want to put eyes and ears on Gaston for the next several days. A bug in his home would be a good start.

CHANTAL

(shrugs)

*Sans problème. C'est du gâteau.* I did it before.

NIGEL

Excellent. But we need to place a bug in his office as well.

CHANTAL

*D'accord.* But that is a bit more difficult.

CLAUDE

*Oui.* How do you plan to accomplish that?

Darla and Nigel glance at each other and smile.

NIGEL

Don't worry. We've already arranged it.

Claude looks from Nigel to Darla and back, wondering what he means.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

The building where Gaston Chimiques is headquartered, and the SONG "Comment Te Dire Adieu" by Françoise Hardy begins on the soundtrack.

NIGEL'S RENTED RENAULT

is parked across the street, and we can see Nigel and Darla inside.

INT. RENAULT

Nigel sits at the wheel, Darla beside him, waiting. After a moment, they see a vehicle coming down the street.

INSERT - THEIR P.O.V.

A telephone company TRUCK arrives in front of the building.

BACK TO SCENE

Nigel and Darla watch as it stops.

THE TRUCK

Claude gets out of the truck, wearing a telephone company employee uniform and carrying a CASE with equipment.

INT. RENAULT

Nigel nods to Darla and she starts to get out of the car.

EXT. RENAULT/STREET

Darla gets out of the car and crosses the street toward the building.

OFFICE BUILDING ENTRANCE

Claude stands beside his truck and checks the equipment in his case. Darla walks right past him, pretending not to notice him, and goes into the lobby. Claude finishes checking the equipment, then shuts the case and goes into the lobby too.

INT. RENAULT

Nigel watches him go in.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LOBBY

Darla is standing at the elevators, waiting. An elevator arrives and she steps into it as Claude approaches, but Claude stops to wait for the next one and the doors close.

INT. GASTON CHIMIQUES - OUTER OFFICE

The elevator arrives and Darla steps out. She walks over to a RECEPTIONIST'S desk and starts speaking to her.

DARLA  
 Penelope Lane, European Business Journal.  
 I have an appointment to interview  
 Monsieur Gaston.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LOBBY

Another elevator arrives and Claude steps in. He turns to face forward and the doors close.

INT. GASTON CHIMIQUES - OUTER OFFICE

PHILIPPE GASTON comes over to the waiting Darla, smiling and extending his hand. He is in his late 40's, slightly gray, handsome and distinguished.

GASTON  
 Philippe Gaston.

DARLA  
 Penelope Lane. Pleasure to meet you.

GASTON  
 The pleasure is mine, Mademoiselle Lane.  
 Shall we go?

They walk over to the elevators. An elevator arrives and Claude steps out of it, and they step into it as he goes up to the receptionist's desk.

INT. RENAULT

Nigel watches, waiting.

INSERT - NIGEL'S P.O.V.

A silver 1967 MERCEDES-BENZ 250SL "Pagoda" exits the building's parking lot, and we can see Gaston at the wheel and Darla beside him.

NIGEL

watches as the car drives down the street.

INT. GASTON CHIMIQUES - GASTON'S OFFICE

Claude comes in and goes behind the desk. He removes a small BUGGING DEVICE from his case, then installs it in the PHONE on the desk.

INT. RENAULT

Nigel waits.

INSERT - NIGEL'S P.O.V.

Claude exits the building's lobby and returns to his truck, and he glances toward Nigel and gives him a surreptitious little thumbs-up gesture just before getting in.

NIGEL

nods and smiles slyly, and the SONG ends and fades.

EXT. GASTON MANSION - DAY

A large mansion on the outskirts of Paris, surrounded by trees and beautiful landscaping.

CLOSER ANGLE

Chantal steps up to the front door, carrying a large BAG and wearing a wig. She rings the doorbell, and after a moment, the door opens and Gaston's BUTLER stands in the doorway. He is in his 50's and rather overweight, and despite his buffoonish appearance, he considers himself a casanova.

CHANTAL

*Bonjour.*

The butler was expecting the usual maid, and he looks around, then eyes her suspiciously.

BUTLER

Where is Yvette?

CHANTAL

Yvette could not be here today. She was taken ill. I am Brigitte.

The butler watches her, still suspicious, and Chantal shrugs, hoping he doesn't recognize her from the last time she was here.

CHANTAL

Will I not do?

The butler continues to watch her, and her beauty dispels his concern and convinces him to go ahead and let her in. Perhaps she'll succumb to his advances as easily as Yvette.

BUTLER

*Entrez.*

He steps aside and watches as she walks past him and into the entrance hall.

INT. GASTON MANSION - ENTRANCE HALL - CONTINUOUS

The butler closes the front door and follows Chantal in.

BUTLER  
 You may wish to begin upstairs in the bedrooms. That is how Yvette would do things.

CHANTAL  
*Oui*, she told me.

BUTLER  
*Bon*, I will take your coat.

CHANTAL  
*Merci*.

The butler helps her take off her coat, and Chantal is wearing a very sexy French maid outfit. She looks quite fetching indeed, and now that he can see her voluptuous body, the butler ogles her as she sets down her bag and starts to remove her CLEANING UTENSILS. After a moment, she notices him staring openly at her, and she stops and glares at him.

CHANTAL  
*Tu veux ma photo?*

BUTLER  
 (snaps out of it)  
*Comment?*

CHANTAL  
 (smirks)  
 Yvette also told me about you. So I will tell you about me. I am not Yvette.

Accustomed to rather meek and pliant maids, the butler is totally disarmed by her directness and confrontational attitude. He realizes Chantal is strong-willed and gives up on any notion of being able to seduce her.

BUTLER  
*Non...* obviously not.  
 (summons up his  
 dignity)  
 Call if you need me.

CHANTAL  
 (big patronizing smile)  
*Sans doute*.

The butler goes into the parlor with her coat, and Chantal mutters under her breath after he's gone.

CHANTAL  
*Espèce de con... Va te faire foutre.*  
 (continues preparing  
 utensils)  
 He is more insufferable than the other time. And even fatter.



INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Darla and Gaston are sitting at a table finishing their lunch, and Darla jots on a PAD as Gaston sips his wine. The SONG "La Derniere Valse" by Mireille Mathieu is playing softly on the restaurant's sound system.

GASTON

Do you have any more questions, *mademoiselle*? Our time is almost over.

DARLA

Yes, I do have one more question I would like to ask. We've heard rumors that your company was in the process of being acquired by a British interest, talks of which have been kept private for months. Winston Industries, to be precise. Is there any truth to that?

GASTON

(a beat)

Where did you hear this?

DARLA

From a little bird who happened to whisper in our ear.

For a moment, Gaston doesn't respond, just watches her steadily. Then he slowly smiles.

GASTON

I knew your magazine would not go to all of this expense simply to ask about my personal pastimes.

DARLA

Well, is there?

GASTON

Since you seem to have already done your homework, it won't deceive you if I deny it, therefore I won't insult you by pretending to. So yes, these talks were in fact happening as you say.

DARLA

I see. Could you elaborate?

GASTON

Lawyers for Winston approached us four months ago with a proposal to make Gaston Chimiques into a division of Winston Industries in France. After much consultation we tentatively agreed to explore the offer. But this matter has been suspended -- for the moment, at least. It would seem Madame Winston has taken her husband's death very badly and the lawyers have stopped all negotiations.

DARLA

Really.

GASTON

She appears to be uncertain precisely what to do. And between you and me, I have heard they cannot even locate her.

DARLA

How odd. But this turn of events would certainly seem to affect things in your favor... if you weren't entirely content with the acquisition.

GASTON

Such acquisitions are a fact of life in business, *mademoiselle*. To be honest, this development would permit us to expand our operations and do things we have been unable to do in the past, so it has the potential of being mutually beneficial. As for Madame Winston, who can say? Perhaps she has retired to a quiet place to mourn the passing of her husband until she decides how to proceed.

DARLA

Or whether or not to proceed at all.

GASTON

Whichever the case, we will wait for that. *Qui vivra, verra*. There is no hurry. *Avec le temps, ça s'arrangera*. In life, there is time for everything.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Nigel's rented Renault is still parked across the street.

INT. RENAULT - SAME

Nigel is sitting behind the wheel, waiting. Through the windshield, we can see Gaston's car returning, and Nigel watches as it approaches. Chantal's voice comes in over a TWO-WAY RADIO.

CHANTAL (V.O.)

This is *Oiseau*. Mission accomplished.

NIGEL

Understood. Well done.

Nigel continues to watch as Gaston's car goes down into the building's parking lot.

CHANTAL (V.O.)

(flirting)

I don't suppose we could celebrate in our usual manner...?

NIGEL  
(scolding)  
Chantal...

CHANTAL (V.O.)  
*On va en boîte?*

NIGEL  
Chantal!

INT. CHANTAL'S CAR - SAME

A red 1965 VOLVO P1800S 2-DOOR COUPE. Chantal is taking off the wig she wore earlier.

CHANTAL  
Or we could go back to my *appart'* for  
an hour or two... *avons du bon temps...*

INT. RENAULT

Nigel watches as Darla exits the building and starts to cross the street toward him.

NIGEL  
In the event it made little impression  
upon you earlier, let me remind you I'm  
a married man now. And very happily so,  
I might add.

INT. CHANTAL'S CAR

Chantal has taken off the wig and is fluffing up her own hair.

CHANTAL  
Married, unmarried -- *c'est kif-kif,*  
*n'est-ce pas?*

NIGEL (V.O.)  
To you, perhaps, but not to me. Not  
anymore.

INT. RENAULT

Nigel watches as Darla approaches.

CHANTAL (V.O.)  
(sighs)  
*Quel dommage.* Well, I must say I am  
disappointed, *chéri*. Very disappointed.

NIGEL  
Yes, you and at least a dozen others.  
See you back at headquarters.

CHANTAL (V.O.)  
(still flirting)  
*Au revoir.*

Nigel shuts off the radio just as Darla arrives, and she opens the door and gets in beside him.

NIGEL

Well?

DARLA

I'm afraid I didn't get very much. Beyond the distinct impression he wasn't fully on board with the acquisition, I don't know what to make of him, really. Very guarded.

NIGEL

That alone is enough to tell me something is afoot.

DARLA

Yes. If he was opposed to the take-over, that would certainly give him motive to have Sir Jeremy killed.

NIGEL

Perhaps this has nothing to do with S.M.A.S.H. after all.

DARLA

Too soon to know for sure, but it would ease Hawthorne's mind somewhat.

NIGEL

Chantal just called in. All taken care of on her end.

DARLA

Seems quite an efficient girl.

NIGEL

(looks at her; a beat)  
Yes, she is. One of the most proficient agents I've ever worked with.

DARLA

So how is it I've never heard about her till now?

NIGEL

Do you really wish me to be that forthcoming about all my past lovers?

DARLA

Not all. Just those who strike me as a bit of a tart and not very easily dissuaded.

NIGEL

Suffice it to say she and I worked together and were briefly involved about a year before you and I first met.

DARLA

If I recall correctly, she said she'd not seen you in four years. Now, by my calculations, that would be about a year after you and I first met, near the end of my training.

NIGEL

Yes, that's right. I did have one last encounter with her at that time -- in an attempt to get you out of my system. Didn't quite work, did it?

As Darla smirks and rolls her eyes, Nigel chuckles and starts the car.

INT. C.E.R.T. HQ - SITUATION ROOM - DAY

Claude is sitting at a table topped with ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT, fiddling with some knobs and monitoring the tap on Gaston's office phone. After a moment, Chantal storms in with her bag and dressed in her regular clothes.

CLAUDE

There you are. How did it go?

Chantal heads straight for a row of LOCKERS along the far wall, muttering under her breath.

CHANTAL

*J'y crois pas... C'est incroyable...*

CLAUDE

*Quoi?*

Chantal ignores him, very annoyed, and she opens a locker and starts to put away her things. At some point she drops the wig, and she picks it up and hurls it into the locker.

CHANTAL

*Putain de merde!*

Then she slams the locker door shut, and Claude cocks an eyebrow as he watches her.

CLAUDE

*Quelle mouche t'a piqué?*

Chantal takes a deep breath and tries to calm down, then she crosses over to the table and slumps into a chair across from him. She rests her chin in her hands, and as he watches her, Claude knows exactly what the problem is. But as is usually his manner, he will pretend to be oblivious and tease her a bit.

CLAUDE

(all innocence)

You do not look very happy. Did not go well?

CHANTAL  
 (sighs)  
*J'ai le cafard.*

CLAUDE  
 I do not understand.

CHANTAL  
 I do not wish to talk about it.

CLAUDE  
 Did you have problems planting the bug?  
 Was the butler a nuisance?

Chantal remains silent, and Claude suddenly pretends to get it.

CLAUDE  
 Ah, your former boyfriend no longer  
 wants to play. *Quelle horreur.*

CHANTAL  
 Leave me alone.

CLAUDE  
 That is it, isn't it? *Monsieur Rosbif*  
 turned you down. Why didn't you say so?

Chantal says nothing, drumming her fingers on the table, and Claude goes on melodramatically.

CLAUDE  
*Alors, c'est fini, la belle histoire.*  
*Domage, dommage.*

CHANTAL  
*Casse-toi!*

CLAUDE  
 (mock fear)  
*Mon Dieu, Chantal en colère?* I must  
 tell everyone to leave the building and  
 run for their lives. Immediately.

CHANTAL  
 (confrontational)  
*Tu me cherches?*

Chantal gets halfway up from her chair, ready for a fight, but Claude backs off and starts to chuckle.

CLAUDE  
 I am sorry. But you know what they say.  
*"Un de perdu, dix de retrouvés."* There  
 are other fish in the sea.

Chantal glares at him, then she calms down and drops back into her chair.

CHANTAL  
*Peut-être. But not like him. Pas le  
 grand amour -- mais c'est un bon coup.*  
 (sighs again)  
*C'est la vie, as they also say.*

Just then, Nigel and Darla come in, and Claude mutters under his breath.

CLAUDE  
*Quand on parle du loup...*  
 (waves at them)  
 Ah, come in. We were waiting for you.

Chantal glances briefly at Darla and Nigel as they approach the table, then busies herself with some paperwork.

CLAUDE  
 I am pleased to report the bug in his office is working well.

NIGEL  
 Anything interesting?

CLAUDE  
 He has a mistress.

CHANTAL  
 (interjects)  
*Quelle surprise.*

CLAUDE  
 He spoke with her a few minutes ago...  
 (glances at Darla)  
 ...but I cannot repeat in mixed company what was said.

NIGEL  
 Well, that bit of information doesn't help us in any way. At least I don't believe so.

CLAUDE  
 I'm sure his wife would like to know.

CHANTAL  
 Some men do not take their vows as seriously as others. And some women do not care.

Darla glances at Chantal, wondering what's eating her, but Nigel knows what the problem is and hopes Chantal will behave herself and not cause any trouble.

NIGEL  
 I certainly hope we get more out of this operation than further insight into his personal life.

CLAUDE  
Well, if not, we'll have a story to  
sell to Paris Match at the very least,  
no?

Nigel chuckles, then they hear a DIAL TONE come from the  
speaker on Claude's equipment, followed by the sound of a  
rotary phone being dialed.

CLAUDE  
He is making another call.

NIGEL  
Hopefully not the mistress again.

DARLA  
Sssh.

Claude turns on a REEL-TO-REEL TAPE MACHINE and turns up the  
volume on the speaker. They listen as the line RINGS, then a  
man answers with a thick Russian accent. His voice is cold  
and intimidating and would disturb just about anyone. It's  
Alexei Mishkin, whom we saw earlier at the facility in the  
Caucasus.

MISHKIN (V.O.)  
Hello.

GASTON (V.O.)  
We might have a problem.

MISHKIN (V.O.)  
Gaston? What problem?

NIGEL  
(identifies accent)  
Russian...

GASTON (V.O.)  
A reporter from an English magazine  
is asking questions about Winston. If  
that's what she is.

MISHKIN (V.O.)  
What kind of questions?

GASTON (V.O.)  
Not now. I am at the office. I will  
call you again this evening.

MISHKIN (V.O.)  
Very well. But I warn you -- do not  
waste my time with unimportant matters.

Mishkin hangs up and the line goes dead, and the group  
considers what they just heard.

DARLA  
Seems my performance didn't quite fool  
Monsieur Gaston after all.



NIGEL  
 (to Claude)  
 Play that back, would you? The last part.

Claude rewinds the tape and plays the last part.

GASTON (V.O.)  
 Not now. I am at the office. I will call  
 you again this evening.

MISHKIN (V.O.)  
 Very well. But I warn you -- do not  
 waste my time with unimportant matters.

NIGEL  
 Definitely Russian.

CHANTAL  
 Philippe has expanded his circle of  
 friends. Question is, what is their  
 connection?

NIGEL  
 Perhaps we'll learn more about that  
 this evening.

EXT. GASTON MANSION - NIGHT

Nigel's Renault is parked across the street. Claude's car, a  
 light blue 1966 CITROËN AMI 6 BERLINE with white roof, is  
 parked nearby.

INT. RENAULT - SAME

Nigel is sitting behind the wheel, Darla is sitting beside  
 him. Nigel speaks into the two-way radio.

NIGEL  
 Can you two hear me?

INT. CITROËN - SAME

Claude is sitting behind the wheel, Chantal is sitting  
 beside him, both listening to their two-way radio.

CLAUDE  
 Loud and clear.

INT. RENAULT - SAME

Nigel responds over the radio.

NIGEL  
 Good. Let's hope we can hear Monsieur  
 Gaston just as clearly.

CHANTAL (V.O.)  
 Unless he finds the bug, we should have  
 no problems.

INT. CITROËN - SAME

Chantal brings up a pair of BINOCULARS and looks through them at the mansion.

INSERT - VIEW THROUGH BINOCULARS

Through the partly open curtains, we can see Gaston through a window on the ground floor, sitting at a desk in the den.

BACK TO SCENE

Chantal watches through the binoculars.

                                  CHANTAL  
I can see him clearly. He is sitting  
in his den.

INTERCUT BETWEEN THE INTERIORS OF BOTH CARS

                                  NIGEL  
What is he doing?

                                  CHANTAL  
Nothing. He appears to be thinking.  
He is a great thinker, Philippe.  
                                  (blowing a raspberry)  
Half his company is built on secrets  
stolen from others. *Salaud*. He makes  
me ashamed to be French.

                                  CLAUDE  
I thought I did that.

                                  CHANTAL  
Six years ago when I was with RG, I  
watched him from this very same spot.  
Only he was in the bedroom, not the  
den. And he was with a woman who was  
not his wife.

Nigel and Darla exchange glances.

                                  DARLA  
You watched them?

                                  CHANTAL  
I not only watched them, I filmed them.  
I was going to use it to force a  
confession from him, but as I said,  
the case never got that far.

Nigel and Darla exchange glances again, and Darla tries not to laugh.

                                  NIGEL  
I don't suppose you still have that film?

                                  CHANTAL  
*Mais oui*. It is filed away with the  
rest of the evidence.

Claude looks at Chantal and stares at her.

CLAUDE  
(very surprised)  
I didn't know that. You never told me  
this.

CHANTAL  
Do you think I tell you everything?

CLAUDE  
(indignant)  
Apparently not.

Darla covers her eyes with a hand and laughs quietly.

NIGEL  
You know, I did consider bringing  
along a book to read to pass the time.  
Surveillance is notoriously boring. But  
I must say you two are providing more  
entertainment than I thought possible.

CLAUDE  
There, you see? You did not think we  
would work together well, the four of  
us. But all is, as you say, peachy?

NIGEL  
Well, that's what the Yanks would  
probably say. We might be more inclined  
to say hunky-dory, perhaps.

CLAUDE  
Well, you need not have been concerned.  
We are taking international relations  
to a higher level, *non*?

NIGEL  
Yes, I'm sure Britannia and Marianne  
are dancing together as we speak.

Claude chuckles and shakes his head, amused by Nigel's  
attitude toward the French. But Chantal sees something  
through the binoculars and suddenly gets serious.

CHANTAL  
He is making a call.

NIGEL  
(to Darla)  
Turn up the volume.

Darla turns a knob on a small RECEIVER, and the two couples  
listen to the conversation in their respective cars.

MISHKIN (V.O.)  
Hello?

GASTON (V.O.)  
This is Gaston.

MISHKIN (V.O.)  
 Alright, what is problem? What about  
 reporter?

GASTON (V.O.)  
 She wanted to know about the acquisition.  
 If it is true.

MISHKIN (V.O.)  
 Why are you bothering me with this? Our  
 operation is over. You and I have no  
 business anymore.

GASTON (V.O.)  
 It may be over, but someone is still  
 looking into it.

MISHKIN (V.O.)  
 So?

GASTON (V.O.)  
 So someone may discover our dealings  
 and perhaps more. I cannot afford such  
 a risk.

MISHKIN (V.O.)  
 (a beat)  
 Very well. I will see you at usual place.  
 Eleven o'clock.

Mishkin hangs up. The two couples consider what they've just  
 heard for a moment.

NIGEL  
 Did you two hear that?

CLAUDE  
*Oui.*

DARLA  
 "Our operation is over." What do you  
 suppose that refers to, hmm?

NIGEL  
 Only one way to find out.

EXT. GASTON MANSION - A WHILE LATER

The front door opens and Gaston comes out. He goes quickly  
 to his Mercedes-Benz parked in the driveway, gets in, and  
 starts the engine.

INT. RENAULT

Nigel and Darla watch.

INSERT - THEIR P.O.V.

Gaston's car comes out of the driveway, turns, and starts  
 heading down the street.

BACK TO SCENE

Nigel starts the engine and turns on his headlights.

INT. CITROËN

Claude does the same.

THE RENAULT

pulls out, and the instant it does, the SONG "Hello, I Love You" by The Doors begins on the soundtrack.

THE CITROËN

pulls out as well.

THE STREET

Both cars start going down the street, the Renault in front, following the Mercedes at a discreet distance.

INT. RENAULT - MOVING

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

INT. CITROËN - MOVING

Claude and Chantal watch the Renault up ahead as they follow it.

THE MERCEDES

drives along.

THE RENAULT

follows the Mercedes.

THE CITROËN

follows the Renault.

A BRIDGE OVER THE SEINE

All three cars travel across to the Left Bank, the Renault and the Citroën hanging back.

EXT. CAFÉ

Somewhere in Montparnasse, and Gaston's Mercedes is parked in front. Gaston himself is standing near the café's entrance, waiting.

INT. RENAULT

Parked about half a block behind Gaston's car, Nigel and Darla watch him, and Darla is holding a small CAMERA.

INT. CITROËN

Parked across the street, Claude and Chantal watch as well.

EXT. CAFÉ

A black 1968 BMW 2000CS COUPE arrives and parks right behind Gaston's car. Mishkin gets out and looks around, and as his steely eyes scan the area, this is the first time we get a real look at him. He is 38 years old, and the expression on his face is completely cold and emotionless. He shuts the door and starts to go over to Gaston.

INT. RENAULT

Darla brings up her camera and aims it at them.

INSERT - VIEW THROUGH CAMERA

We snap several quick photos of Gaston and Mishkin as they exchange a few words.

BACK TO SCENE

Darla continues to snap photos.

MISHKIN AND GASTON

Mishkin motions toward an alley beside the café, then he and Gaston start to go into it.

INT. RENAULT

Darla lowers the camera, and she and Nigel watch as Mishkin and Gaston disappear into the alley.

INT. CITROËN

Claude and Chantal watch as well.

INT. RENAULT

Nigel and Darla sit there and wait, watching the alley.

THE ALLEY

Mishkin comes back out of the darkness, alone, moving quickly and determinedly.

INT. RENAULT

Nigel and Darla watch him emerge.

INT. CITROËN

Claude and Chantal watch as he heads for his car.

MISHKIN'S BMW

Mishkin opens the door and gets in quickly.

INT. RENAULT

Nigel and Darla watch, puzzled by Mishkin's hurried manner.

THE STREET

Mishkin's BMW pulls out with a screech.

INT. RENAULT

Nigel and Darla watch the car quickly drive away, then look at each other, wondering where Gaston is.

INT. CITROËN

Claude and Chantal are also puzzled by Mishkin's quick departure and the fact Gaston has not returned, and they start to open their doors.

INT. RENAULT

Nigel and Darla also start to open their doors.

THE STREET

As Nigel and Darla get out of the Renault, Claude and Chantal are already crossing the street with their pistols drawn, and Chantal's is a BROWNING FN MODEL 1910 while Claude's is a BROWNING HI-POWER. Nigel and Darla shut their doors and race toward them, pulling out their own pistols.

THE ALLEY

The four of them run into the alley and disappear into the darkness, Nigel and Darla leading the way, Claude and Chantal following behind.

IN THE ALLEY

The four of them run down the alley.

FURTHER AHEAD

The group comes to a stop at the end of the alley and look around, then they see Gaston lying on the ground behind some trash bins. Nigel immediately goes to him and kneels beside him and turns him over, but Gaston is dead, his throat slashed.

CHANTAL

*Bordel! Quel désastre.*

As the other three watch, stunned, Nigel sighs, then he looks up at Darla.

NIGEL

Let's get those photos developed ASAP.

And the SONG ends and fades as he stands up again and stares at the body, shaking his head.

EXT. PLACE PIGALLE - NIGHT

INT. C.E.R.T. HQ - SITUATION ROOM - SAME

The four of them come in, taking off their coats.

CHANTAL

Well, Philippe a *passé l'arme à gauche*.  
I wonder who gets the house, the wife  
or the mistress?

CLAUDE

What if there is more than one mistress?

CHANTAL

Then let them all fight over it. At  
least that *connard* of a butler will be  
out of a job. *Ça me rend très heureuse*.

INT. C.E.R.T. HQ - DARKROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Darla, Claude, and Chantal watch as Nigel develops the  
PHOTOGRAPHS Darla took earlier.

CHANTAL

I always thought Philippe would *casse sa pipe* when his wife caught him in bed  
with the latest *nana*, not killed in an  
alley and dumped behind the trash like  
a common thief. But whatever he was up  
to, probably serves him right.

NIGEL

Would have been rather kind of him to  
let us know what he was up to before  
he kicked the bucket.

CLAUDE

Ah, but what fun would that be for  
things to be so easy, eh?

Nigel continues developing the photos, and Chantal crosses  
her arms and shakes her head.

CHANTAL

*Alors*, that film I took is no longer  
of any use now. *Quel dommage*.

CLAUDE

(sotto voce)

Let me have a look at it before you  
destroy it, *oui*?

CHANTAL

(has an idea)

Destroy it? Perhaps I should give it to  
Le Monde just in time for the funeral.

(grins deviously)

*Un plan d'enfer, n'est-ce pas?*



Nigel finishes developing the first photo and brings it out of the fluid.

NIGEL  
Alright, let's see what we've got here.

The photo shows Mishkin's face clearly, and Chantal does a double-take as she sees it.

CHANTAL  
*Mon Dieu...*

NIGEL  
You recognize him?

CHANTAL  
*Mais oui.* He is Alexei Mishkin.

NIGEL  
Mishkin...?

CHANTAL  
KGB.

NIGEL  
(surprised)  
KGB?

CHANTAL  
We have a file on him.

INT. C.E.R.T. HQ - RECORDS ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Nigel is looking at the file Claude has just handed him, and it's one single SHEET OF PAPER with a few paragraphs and a black-and-white PHOTOGRAPH of Mishkin stapled to it.

NIGEL  
You call this a file?

CLAUDE  
I admit the information is rather brief.

NIGEL  
Skeletal is more like it.  
(looks at photo)  
But this is definitely the same man.

Nigel shows the photo to Darla, and she looks at it and nods.

NIGEL  
I think it's time we contact Hawthorne,  
don't you?

INT. C.E.R.T. HQ - CONFERENCE ROOM - A SHORT WHILE LATER

The group are sitting around a table as Nigel speaks to Hawthorne via a TWO-WAY RADIO.

HAWTHORNE (V.O.)  
Killed?

NIGEL  
Yes. It happened so quickly there was little we could do. We've yet to determine what he was doing, but we have the identity of the man who killed him.

HAWTHORNE (V.O.)  
Who is it?

NIGEL  
Alexei Mishkin.

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

The name seems to surprise Hawthorne.

HAWTHORNE  
(a beat)  
Oh, dear...

NIGEL (V.O.)  
Director?

HAWTHORNE  
Are you certain of that?

INTERCUT BETWEEN HAWTHORNE AND THE OTHER FOUR

NIGEL  
Yes. Agent Thierry has positively identified him from a photo. C.E.R.T. has a... file on him.

HAWTHORNE  
It seems C.E.R.T. may have been ahead of us this time, unlikely as that may seem to you. Not very many are aware even of Mishkin's existence, let alone his affiliation. But I suspect even with that, they've no idea what's truly involved.

NIGEL  
Do you know what's truly involved?

HAWTHORNE  
We were never able to determine the identity of the Soviet agent overseeing Kalinka, nor who supplied the chemicals for the laboratory. It seems you may have found the answers to both.

DARLA  
Gaston, involved with Kalinka?

HAWTHORNE  
It would appear so.

NIGEL  
 We were beginning to think Sir Jeremy's murder may have had nothing to do with his work for S.M.A.S.H., only his own. Now it looks it was tied to both.

HAWTHORNE  
 Yes.

NIGEL  
 How do you wish us to proceed?

HAWTHORNE  
 Have you any idea where Mishkin is now?

NIGEL  
 No, none at all.

HAWTHORNE  
 I want you to ascertain his whereabouts, then contact me again immediately. You are not to do anything more until you receive further instructions from me.

NIGEL  
 Nothing more?

HAWTHORNE  
 Is that not what I just said? Locate him, but do not attempt to apprehend him. Is that clear?

NIGEL  
 Yes, perfectly.

HAWTHORNE  
 Good. Hawthorne out.

Hawthorne switches off his radio, then sits back to think, and we can see he is quite concerned. In the conference room, Darla seems just as puzzled by Hawthorne's attitude as Nigel.

DARLA  
 He doesn't want us to nab him?

NIGEL  
 Not yet, anyway.

They think about it for a moment, and Claude and Chantal wait for Nigel to make a decision.

NIGEL  
 You know, we only saw him briefly, but that bloke who boarded the whirlybird back in the Caucasus could be the same man.

DARLA  
 Possibly. Same height and general build.

Claude has no idea what they're talking about, and he looks from Nigel to Darla and back.

CLAUDE  
So what do we do?

NIGEL  
We try to find this Mishkin.

DARLA  
Where do we start? He could be anywhere.

Nigel frowns and nods, but Chantal speaks up.

CHANTAL  
As far as I am concerned, there is only one logical place to begin.

EXT. GASTON MANSION - NIGHT

It's around two in the morning by now, and all the lights are out.

INT. GASTON MANSION - BUTLER'S BEDROOM - SAME

Gaston's butler is sound asleep in bed, snoring. After a moment, someone shines a FLASHLIGHT at his eyes, and he stirs uncomfortably and tries to avoid it.

WIDER ANGLE

Chantal and Claude are standing on one side of the bed while Nigel and Darla are standing on the other. As Nigel continues shining the flashlight at the butler's closed eyes, Chantal moves in close and puts her gun in the butler's face and shakes him roughly.

CHANTAL  
*Bonsoir!*

The butler wakes up with a start, and with the light in his eyes, he can't see much more than the gun pointed at him and assumes the house is being robbed by intruders.

BUTLER  
Monsieur Gaston! Monsieur Gaston!

CHANTAL  
*Gaston est mort, connard!* Killed by a KGB agent he was in bed with! And unless you want to take his place in prison, you will tell us everything you know!

BUTLER  
What are you talking about?  
(a beat; incredulous)  
Gaston is DEAD??

CHANTAL  
Did you not hear me the first time, or do you also have fat blocking your ears?

BUTLER

*Sacrebleu!*

(pulls away)

Who are you?? What do you want??

Chantal and Claude grab the butler's arms and drag him out of bed, and he looks absolutely ridiculous in his pajamas and disheveled hair. Darla and Nigel remain where they are and watch.

CHANTAL

I am asking the questions, *trou du cul!*  
What do you know about Gaston and the  
Russians?

BUTLER

(totally confused)

Gaston?? Russians??

CHANTAL

WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

BUTLER

I know nothing! I swear! Nothing!

CHANTAL

(puts gun to  
his temple)

Talk, you fat pig! I have not fired my  
gun in weeks and I need to know whether  
or not it still works! Shall I try it  
on you?

BUTLER

I know nothing! You must believe me!  
Please do not kill me!! PLEASE!!!

Darla and Nigel continue to watch, trying not to chuckle. The butler sags to his knees at Chantal's feet, sobbing like a baby, and Chantal watches him with utter contempt and disdain. Nigel goes over to them.

NIGEL

You believe him?

CHANTAL

(disgustedly)

He is too stupid for Gaston to trust him  
with anything more than answering the  
door. *Il n'y a que dalle dans sa tête!*

NIGEL

(to butler)

Where is Mrs. Gaston?

BUTLER

(still sobbing)

She is at their home in the country.  
They had a big fight.

NIGEL

(sighs)

Then we've little choice but to turn this place upside down and try to find something that links Gaston to Mishkin. Paperwork, letters, anything that might offer a clue as to where Mishkin could be.

INT. GASTON MANSION - DEN - AN HOUR LATER

Chantal and Claude are searching throughout the entire room, and everything they've gone through so far is scattered all over the floor. BOOKS, PAPERS, and KNICKKNACKS lay strewn in complete disarray, PAINTINGS have been removed from the walls, and bookcases have been moved. The butler is sitting in a chair, watching and shaking his head ruefully.

BUTLER

What a mess...

CHANTAL

(looks over at him)

Perhaps Yvette can come later and clean it up for you, *oui*?

She gives him a penetrating stare, and he finally puts two and two together and realizes she was the maid who came earlier. Chantal sees the shocked expression on his face and grins deviously at him, then continues to search. Darla and Nigel come down the stairs from the second floor and enter the den.

NIGEL

We found nothing in the bedroom -- except for enough sex toys to cobble dogs with. Any better luck here?

CLAUDE

There is nothing. If there were documents regarding their dealings, he destroyed them or kept them in another place.

NIGEL

Not at the office, I would think. Someone could see them.

CLAUDE

*Oui*. Then where?

CHANTAL

(to butler)

Do you know if Gaston had a safe where he kept things? Or a safe deposit box at the bank?

BUTLER

*Non*.

Chantal takes out her gun and aims it at him, and he quickly raises his hands in the air.

BUTLER

I swear!

Chantal eyes him skeptically, then lowers her gun again, and the butler slowly lowers his hands.

NIGEL

Well, dead end, it seems. Not bloody likely we'll find anything more tonight. Unless we open up the walls.

As the others contemplate the situation in frustration, Darla moves away to look at something, and after a couple of steps she hears a CREAKING SOUND under her feet and stops.

DARLA

Wait a minute.

NIGEL

What?

DARLA

Did you hear that?

Darla walks over the same spot again, and we hear the same creaking sound. She stands on the spot and rocks back and forth on the balls of her feet, and the floor squeaks to her movements.

Nigel signals to Claude as Darla steps aside, and the two men move a coffee table out of the way and then grab the nearest edge of the rug and start rolling it up. As they roll it up past the spot where Darla was standing, a small trap door is exposed in the wooden floor.

NIGEL

Hello, what's this?

Nigel kneels on the floor and pries open the trap door, and beneath it is a small SAFE.

CLAUDE

*Voilà.*

BUTLER

I had no idea that was there! No idea!

CHANTAL

(snaps at him)

*Ferme ta gueule!*

The butler shuts up obediently. Claude kneels beside Nigel and examines the safe.

CLAUDE

Perhaps we find something now. But it will take hours to open it.

Darla brings out a GADGET and hands it to Nigel, and Nigel attaches it to the safe and activates it. It emits a tiny WHIRRING SOUND, and Claude and Chantal watch it with puzzled expressions. After a while, it emits a BEEP, and Nigel opens the safe. Claude is amazed, and he looks at Chantal.

CLAUDE

We should have one of those.

NIGEL

It would probably cost half your agency's yearly budget.

Claude looks at Nigel, wondering if he's joking or serious, but Nigel says nothing more as he and Darla start bringing out the contents of the safe. There are PAPERS and JEWELRY, and they look at each document before examining the next one. Then Nigel comes across a small piece of paper and stops as he reads what is scribbled on it.

NIGEL

Telephone number. And the initials A.M.

He and Claude glance at each other, then Nigel gets up and goes over to a PHONE on a table and picks it up. He dials the number and waits, but the line just rings and rings.

NIGEL

No answer.

(hangs up)

We need to find out where this number's located.

CLAUDE

*Pas de problème.* My contact at the telephone company can look it up for us and confirm if Gaston called it tonight. But we will have to wait until the morning.

NIGEL

I'd much rather follow this lead as quickly as possible... but I see no alternative.

(sighs)

Well, it's been a long day and I'm sure the four of us could use a spot of kip, eh?

CLAUDE

*Comment?*

NIGEL

Some sleep.

CLAUDE

*Ah, oui. Bien sûr.*

NIGEL

Let's get a few hours, then we'll meet back at headquarters at nine.



CLAUDE

*C'est bien.*

Raising her gun, Chantal turns toward the butler and signals him with her finger.

CHANTAL

Come with me, *connard*.

The butler gets up and walks over to her like a contrite little boy who's been summoned by a parent.

BUTLER

Where are we going?

Pointing the gun at his back, Chantal starts walking him toward the doorway to the entrance hall.

CHANTAL

We are going home for tonight. You are going downstairs into the cellar.

BUTLER

Why?

INT. GASTON MANSION - ENTRANCE HALL - CONTINUOUS

Chantal walks the butler across and towards the kitchen, who continues to speak in a comically hushed voice.

BUTLER

I do not feel safe here. The man who killed Gaston could come looking for me.

CHANTAL

I do not think so.

BUTLER

How can you be so sure?

INT. GASTON MANSION - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

As they come in, Chantal doesn't reply, just puts a finger to her lips to shush him. They reach the door to the cellar and Chantal opens it, then motions him to step through. The butler hesitates for a moment, then obeys. After he steps through, Chantal closes the door and locks it.

BUTLER

*Allô? Allô?* What are you doing? Don't leave me here!

Chantal turns and starts to leave the kitchen.

INT. GASTON ENTRANCE HALL - CONTINUOUS

Darla, Nigel, and Claude stand near the open front door and watch as Chantal approaches from the kitchen. We can hear the butler shouting and pounding on the cellar door.

BUTLER (O.S.)  
*Pardieu*, let me out of here! Let me out!

CLAUDE  
 (to Chantal)  
 You are enjoying this very much, aren't you?

CHANTAL  
 (going out front door)  
 Absolutely.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARIS - MORNING

We can see the Eiffel Tower on one side of the Seine and the Arc de Triomphe on the other.

INT. NIGEL'S RENAULT - MOVING

Nigel drives, Darla rides beside him.

DARLA  
 You know, now that I've witnessed her in action, I can see why you'd be rather fond of Chantal.

NIGEL  
 Yes, she's a real corker, isn't she?

DARLA  
 She's certainly not shy, I'll say that much.

NIGEL  
 No, shy is not a word that comes to mind when describing Chantal Thierry.

DARLA  
 How did you two meet?

Nigel hesitates for a moment, not particularly comfortable with the question.

NIGEL  
 We were assigned to a mission together. Investigating a local mobster with ties to the Soviets. First time I ever saw her, she was working undercover at the Moulin Rouge as one of the dancers.

DARLA  
 A girl of many talents, obviously.

NIGEL  
 I didn't really think much of her at first, but as you've seen, she knows how to handle herself.

DARLA

Oh, obviously. And exactly how long did you two...?

She doesn't finish the question, but her meaning is clear, and Nigel looks at her.

NIGEL

Do you really need to ask that now?

DARLA

Well, I was only --

NIGEL

(cuts her off)

I really don't see the relevance of it, and we've got our hands full as it is at the moment.

DARLA

Just curious, is all. Simple question, really.

NIGEL

And I'd love to give you a simple answer, but I'd rather focus my attention on the matter at hand, if you don't mind. And so should you.

Darla sighs, annoyed, and says nothing more.

INT. C.E.R.T. HQ - SITUATION ROOM - SAME

Claude and Chantal are sitting at the table, and Claude is scribbling on a PIECE OF PAPER and finishing a conversation on the PHONE as Darla and Nigel come in.

CLAUDE

*Merci, chérie. Merci mille fois. Au revoir.*

He hangs up and looks at Darla and Nigel as they stop at the table.

CLAUDE

I owe her a dinner now. Fortunately, she looks like Bardot.

(holds out paper)

We got it. Here it is.

Nigel takes the paper and reads aloud what Claude scribbled on it.

NIGEL

321 Rue Madeleine, Apartment #6.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A small building somewhere in the 8th arrondissement.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - SAME

The group move down the hallway and approach Apartment #6; Nigel and Claude in front, Darla and Chantal bringing up the rear. They stop outside the door, holding their silenced pistols ready.

CLAUDE  
(whispers)  
How do you wish to do this?

NIGEL  
(whispers back)  
Why not the direct approach?

Nigel prepares to kick in the door, but he stops as they hear someone exit a nearby apartment. All four of them quickly hide their weapons as an ELDERLY COUPLE comes down the hallway toward them. They try to appear nonchalant, and the old lady smiles at them as the couple passes by.

CHANTAL  
(smiles back)  
*Bonjour.*

They wait as the couple disappears around a corner, then bring out their guns again.

NIGEL  
Too many people about.  
(signals to Darla)  
Darla.

Darla goes up to the door and brings out a little GADGET, and she places the device over the keyhole and activates it. Claude watches as it makes a tiny WHIRRING SOUND, and he's starting to feel a bit outclassed by S.M.A.S.H.'s more sophisticated equipment.

CLAUDE  
Don't tell me. Half our budget.

NIGEL  
No, not that much.

Claude doesn't look convinced. Nigel indicates a small space between his thumb and index finger to reassure him, but Claude rolls his eyes.

After a moment, the device stops emitting the sound and Darla removes it. Nigel tests the doorknob, then he nods at Claude and signals him to be ready. He pauses for a moment, then suddenly swings the door open.

INT. APARTMENT - LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Nigel and Claude leap into the apartment, guns pointed, but there is no one inside to shoot at. They hesitate, listening, then slowly move in, and Darla and Chantal enter behind them, their guns also pointed.

They stop in the center of the room, then Nigel motions Claude and Chantal to check the bathroom. They move toward the bathroom as Nigel and Darla go into the bedroom.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM

Nigel and Darla enter carefully, ready to shoot anything that moves. But there's no one here, and empty drawers from the dresser litter the bed.

INT. APARTMENT - BATHROOM

Claude and Chantal approach the bathtub and quickly pull open the shower curtain, but there's no one here either.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM

Darla and Nigel open the closet very carefully and find that it's empty as well.

INT. APARTMENT - LOUNGE

Claude and Chantal are already here as Nigel and Darla return from the bedroom, putting away their pistols.

NIGEL

Seems our friend cleared out in a bit of a hurry. But I suppose I wouldn't hang about either if I had slit someone's throat last night.

CHANTAL

*Fils de pute...*

DARLA

So back to square one, it seems. Unless someone's got another idea.

Claude looks at Chantal, certain she has a suggestion, but she holds up her hands and shakes her head emphatically.

CHANTAL

Don't look at me. I am out of ideas.

CLAUDE

I never thought I'd hear that.

CHANTAL

(shrugs)

Contrary to appearances, I am not perfect.

CLAUDE

(shocked)

No? I feel like a little boy who just found out *Père Noël* does not exist.

CHANTAL

I am sorry to disappoint you, *petit*, but life is harsh.

CLAUDE  
 (to Nigel)  
 Perhaps we can wait for Madame Gaston  
 to return, see what she knows.

NIGEL  
 That's what we'd call clutching at  
 straws.

CLAUDE  
 She may not know anything about Mishkin,  
 but perhaps something that will lead  
 us in the right direction.

NIGEL  
 It's a long shot... but I suppose it's  
 better than sitting at headquarters  
 twiddling our thumbs.

Nigel goes over to a window and looks down at the street  
 below, thinking, and he reluctantly comes to a decision.

NIGEL  
 In the meantime, however, there's  
 someone who might be able to provide  
 some information on Mishkin, possibly,  
 and it just so happens she's in town.  
 Didn't want to risk a meeting, but...  
 I see no other choice now.

CLAUDE  
 When do we go?

NIGEL  
 We don't.  
 (turns to them)  
 This is one I need to do alone.

EXT. PALAIS GARNIER - NIGHT

The elegant opera house stands beautifully illuminated on  
 Place de l'Opera.

INT. PALAIS GARNIER - AUDITORIUM - SAME

On the stage, a performance of "Swan Lake" by the Bolshoi  
 Ballet is in progress, and Act 2's Pas de Deux of Odette and  
 Siegfried is being danced.

CLOSER ANGLE - STAGE

Dancing the role of Odette is TATIANA VERANOVA. She is  
 Ukrainian, 27 years old, and very beautiful. She is the  
 quintessential prima ballerina, and no one in the audience  
 would ever suspect for an instant that there's more to her  
 than meets the eye.

INT. PALAIS GARNIER - DRESSING ROOM - LATER

The performance is over and Tatiana is sitting in a chair and unstrapping her pointe shoes. There is a KNOCK on the door.

TATIANA

*Voidite.*

The door opens and a YOUNG WOMAN comes in and hands her a small, sealed ENVELOPE.

WOMAN

*Eto Vam.*

TATIANA

*Spasibo.*

Tatiana opens the envelope as the woman exits and pulls out a PIECE OF PAPER. She reads it, and whatever's written on it surprises her.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

A dark passage between two warehouses. A white 1967 RENAULT DAUPHINE SALOON arrives and slows to a stop halfway down the alley, and Tatiana is at the wheel. She turns off the headlights and engine, then gets out and shuts the door.

CLOSER ANGLE

Tatiana stands beside the car and waits. She looks down the alley in one direction, then the other. As she peers into the darkness, someone suddenly comes up behind her, very quietly, but she senses it and swirls around. She raises an arm to defend herself, then she sees that it's Nigel and immediately smiles and throws her arms around his neck.

TATIANA

Nigelushka...

She embraces him warmly, but Nigel gently removes her arms.

NIGEL

Tanychka... I'm married now.

For a moment, Tatiana doesn't react. She stares at him for a while as it sinks in, wondering if he's pulling her leg, then she finally decides that he isn't. And she is remarkably composed despite having received such a shock.

TATIANA

Who is lucky woman?

NIGEL

You'd like her, I think. You two have quite a bit in common, actually.

TATIANA

Besides you?

NIGEL  
 She has a public life, like you, and a secret one as well. Only she serves willingly.

TATIANA  
 Then she is fortunate in more ways than one.

INT. TATIANA'S CAR

Nigel and Tatiana get in and close the doors.

NIGEL  
 So how are things on your side of the curtain? Still managing to fool them?

TATIANA  
 If I weren't, I would be dead. And not only me.

(beat)  
 I do what I must. But I hate them. They are like reptiles. Like von Rothbart.

NIGEL  
 Not very good company at all for a delicate swan like you.

TATIANA  
 (sighs)  
 Life is what it is. Why did you want to see me?

NIGEL  
 Aside from witnessing the virtuosity of your thirty-two fouettés, I have something to ask you.

TATIANA  
 Ask.

NIGEL  
 What do you know about Alexei Mishkin?

Tatiana reacts to the name as if she's just seen a ghost, and Nigel watches her.

NIGEL  
 I've never been one to quote song titles, but you just turned a whiter shade of pale, my dear.

TATIANA  
 I know as much as I wish to know. Very cold man. Fears no one.

NIGEL  
 We're all afraid of something.



TATIANA

Not him. He is not human, that one. He is like machine.

NIGEL

So you know him.

TATIANA

Only by reputation. And within agency, it is very big reputation. Commands much respect. Like his father.

NIGEL

The old man was KGB as well?

TATIANA

Vladimir. Worked as controller for many years. Was arrested by British after compromising someone in their government and executed.

NIGEL

So I imagine the son has little love for my people. Would you happen to know anything about Project Kalinka?

TATIANA

No. They trust me only with what I need to know. What is it?

NIGEL

Mishkin's way of dealing with any future reform movements like Prague, I imagine. Put to a premature end, I might add.

TATIANA

(smiles)

I suppose you had nothing to do with that.

NIGEL

(smiles too)

My lips are sealed. What else do you know about him?

TATIANA

Only that he is highly-trained covert agent and assassin, one of best and most dangerous. Codename Panther. You never see him until he strikes, and sometimes not even then.

(beat)

I am sorry I have no more to offer.

NIGEL

That's alright. You've given me another piece of the puzzle, perhaps. Don't know how it fits, or whether it fits at all, but it's better than nothing.

(beat)

Good to see you again, Tatiana. Stay safe. *Do svidaniya.*

He pats her hand and starts to get out of the car.

EXT. TATIANA'S CAR/ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Nigel shuts the door and turns to leave, but Tatiana comes to the window and calls after him.

TATIANA

Nigelka...

Nigel stops and turns back to her.

TATIANA

If you are looking for him, he probably knows.

(deadly serious)

Be careful.

NIGEL

(a beat; smiles)

Aren't I always?

Nigel winks at her reassuringly, then turns and heads down the alley. Tatiana watches him go, very concerned for him.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

The hotel where Darla and Nigel are staying.

INT. HOTEL - SUITE - SAME

The door opens and Nigel comes in. He shuts the door and locks it, then turns to see Darla standing in the bedroom doorway and watching him.

DARLA

I was about to make a missing persons report.

NIGEL

Took a bit longer than I thought it would.

DARLA

What did?

Nigel doesn't reply. He steps into the kitchen and gets a GLASS OF WATER, and Darla comes over and watches as he drinks.

DARLA

I realize you don't want to bring in Claude and Chantal on whatever this is, but if it's part of this investigation, then I'm entitled to know.

Again, Nigel says nothing. He finishes drinking the water and goes into the bedroom, and Darla follows him.

DARLA  
Nigel, I'm your partner. In more ways  
than one.

INT. HOTEL - SUITE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nigel crosses to the bed as Darla comes in.

DARLA  
(continuing)  
You know you can trust me.

NIGEL  
(takes off his coat)  
I do.

DARLA  
Then why can't you tell me? Whom did  
you meet with? What did they say?

NIGEL  
All I can tell you is that this person  
is someone only Hawthorne and I know  
about, and that for the safety of all  
concerned that's the way it must remain.  
So I'm asking you to trust me.

Darla watches as Nigel removes his pistol from its holster  
and puts it on the bed along with his coat, resigning  
herself to the fact that he won't share with her whatever he  
did tonight.

DARLA  
Claude rang earlier. Says he's got an  
idea and that he's popping by tonight  
to discuss it.

Nigel is about to say something, but there's a KNOCK on the  
door.

NIGEL  
That should be him, then.

INT. HOTEL - SUITE

Nigel comes out of the bedroom and goes to the door. He  
stops to one side of it and gives the agreed-upon code  
phrase.

NIGEL  
*Sur le pont D'Avignon.*

Darla appears at the bedroom door and watches. A moment  
passes, but there's no response from the person outside.  
Nigel looks over at Darla, puzzled, then repeats the phrase  
insistently.

NIGEL  
*Sur le pont D'Avignon.*

There's still no response. Nigel looks over at Darla again just as someone shoots a bullet through the door with a silenced gun.

NIGEL

Blimey!

Nigel dives away from the door and rolls on the floor as Darla quickly ducks back into the bedroom to get her gun. The MAN out in the corridor kicks the door in, and Nigel barely manages to retreat into the bedroom as the man shoots at him.

INT. HOTEL - SUITE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nigel scrambles to get his gun from the bed, then joins Darla at the doorway as she trades fire with the man.

DARLA

I don't think that's Claude.

NIGEL

How astute of you to notice!

Crouched on either side of the door, Nigel and Darla continue trading fire with the man. Everyone's pistols are silenced and no one in the hotel is at all aware of the chaos.

DARLA

How'd he know where to find us?

NIGEL

(under his breath)

He's good, Mishkin. Tanya warned me.

DARLA

Tanya?

NIGEL

(brushes her off)

Never mind that now.

The man fires several rounds and leaps into the main room and takes a position to the other side of the bedroom door.

NIGEL

Blast! He's in.

DARLA

Who in blithering heck is Tanya?

NIGEL

Could this persistent inquiry into my former love life possibly wait until the situation's a bit more secure?

The firefight continues, and the man is relentless, returning fire like a machine. Nigel has had enough and gets an idea.

NIGEL

Keep him busy.

As Darla continues to trade fire with the man, Nigel opens the window and climbs out onto the balcony.

EXT. HOTEL - SUITE BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Nigel moves to the doors to the main room and takes a peek inside. The man is crouched behind the sofa, continuing to shoot into the bedroom with his back to the balcony. Nigel aims his pistol.

NIGEL

Hello!

He shoots at the back of the man's head right through the glass, shattering it, and the man drops. Then he sticks his hand through the broken glass and opens the door.

INT. HOTEL - SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Nigel comes in and steps up to the man's body as Darla emerges from the bedroom.

NIGEL

And goodbye.

Nigel and Darla exchange glances, recovering from the ordeal, then Nigel puts his pistol away.

NIGEL

Let's get him out of here before someone sees and rings the local constabularies.

They grab the body around the shoulders and start to drag it toward the bedroom when Darla suddenly shouts.

DARLA

Nigel -- !

Nigel turns his head just in time to see a second MAN just outside the door aiming a GUN at him. But before the man can shoot or Nigel can react, someone OUT OF VIEW in the corridor shoots the man with a silenced gun and the man drops to the floor.

For a moment, neither Nigel nor Darla moves, stunned by the quickness of the event. Then Claude appears outside the door, lowering his pistol and looking down at the man's body. Nigel lets out a deep breath, then goes to Claude and helps him drag the body into the room. They drop the body next to the first man's corpse, then Nigel looks at Claude.

NIGEL

You said you wanted to change my mind?

CLAUDE

*Oui.*

NIGEL  
 (pats him on the back)  
 Consider it changed, *mon ami*.

Claude smiles and nods. Nigel kneels beside the bodies and looks at the faces.

NIGEL  
 Well, neither of these blokes seems to be that Mishkin fellow. Pity.

CLAUDE  
 I suggest you pack your things quickly. You will need a new place to stay. I will arrange that.

Claude turns and exits the room, closing the door behind him. Nigel stands up and looks over at Darla.

NIGEL  
 Remind me never to take the piss out of C.E.R.T. again, eh?

INT. C.E.R.T. HQ - CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

Claude, Chantal, and Darla are sitting around the table, and Claude is talking on the PHONE.

CLAUDE  
*Une chambre pour deux, oui. Plus tard ce soir.*

Nigel enters with a PAPER BAG and sets it down on the table.

NIGEL  
 All I could find at this hour.

CHANTAL  
*Ah, merci. J'ai une faim de loup.*

CLAUDE  
 (on phone)  
*Pour une semaine, probablement.*

Chantal opens the bag and pulls out a CROQUE-MONSIEUR and starts eating hungrily, but Darla stares into the bag in disappointment.

DARLA  
 No chip butties?

Nigel gives Darla a look, and she chuckles and pulls out a sandwich. Chantal is puzzled by the reference.

CHANTAL  
 Is that Nouvelle Cuisine?

CLAUDE  
 (on phone)  
*Oui, très bien. C'est parfait. Merci beaucoup.*

(MORE)

CLAUDE (CONT'D)  
 (hangs up; to Nigel)  
 It is all arranged. I found a room for you at a little hotel here in Montmartre. I will take you there later.

NIGEL  
 So what's this idea of yours?

CLAUDE  
 Rather than waiting for Madame Gaston to return, we will go to her.

CHANTAL  
 My friend the butler was only too happy to tell us where to find the country home after I explained things to him.

Darla and Nigel glance at each other and try not to smile, wondering just how Chantal explained it to him.

CLAUDE  
 We delayed news of her husband's death from being reported for twenty-four hours, but she will find out tomorrow. And once she does, who knows how she will react? So let us put the squeeze on her now. *D'accord?*

NIGEL  
 Alright. But let me contact Hawthorne first and clue him in on what went on tonight.

INT. C.E.R.T. HQ - SITUATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Nigel is sitting at the table and using the two-way radio.

HAWTHORNE (V.O.)  
 Any progress in finding Mishkin?

NIGEL  
 No, sir. We managed to track down the location where Gaston reached him, but he was gone by the time we arrived.

HAWTHORNE (V.O.)  
 I see.

NIGEL  
 I took the liberty of meeting with "Swan" earlier tonight. She's here on tour, but she had little to offer.

HAWTHORNE (V.O.)  
 I'm not surprised. And you shouldn't have risked contact with her about this. She's far too valuable to compromise in any way.

Nigel knows this is true, and he accepts the reprimand.

NIGEL  
 There's something else you should know,  
 Director. Mishkin sent a hit team to our  
 hotel tonight. We dealt with it.

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

Hawthorne is sitting at his desk, and this information disturbs him.

HAWTHORNE  
 (concerned)  
 When was this?

NIGEL (V.O.)  
 Not two hours ago.

HAWTHORNE  
 And you've no idea where he is?

INTERCUT BETWEEN NIGEL AND HAWTHORNE

NIGEL  
 We have a lead, albeit a very tenuous  
 one. We intend to pursue it tonight.

HAWTHORNE  
 No. Leave that to C.E.R.T., then. I want  
 you and Chandler back in London tomorrow.

NIGEL  
 (surprised)  
 Tomorrow?

HAWTHORNE  
 And I want you both at headquarters as  
 soon as you arrive. You're to go directly  
 there from the airport. Do not go to your  
 flats first. Understood?

NIGEL  
 (a beat)  
 We'll be on the first flight.

Hawthorne cuts the frequency. Nigel turns off the radio and contemplates this sudden change of plans, troubled by Hawthorne's urgency.

INT. C.E.R.T. HQ - CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

As they continue to eat, Chantal speaks to Darla confidentially.

CHANTAL  
 So singing was not enough for you, hmm?

DARLA  
 Sorry?



CHANTAL

It is not usual for someone like you to be doing something like this.

DARLA

Oh. I, um, sort of stumbled into it.

CHANTAL

I wanted to be a model, but, here I am. Life has a way of working out not very much as we expect.

DARLA

Very true. If someone had told me several years ago I'd be doing this, I'd never have believed them. But now I can't imagine doing anything else.

CHANTAL

You and Nigel appear to make a very good team.

DARLA

(a beat)

Yes, we are.

CHANTAL

Well, you are very fortunate. And you must be very important to him for him to display such loyalty.

DARLA

Beg pardon?

CHANTAL

I am not ashamed to say I tried to rekindle his interest... but he would not respond. And I am not someone who is usually rejected, I can tell you that.

Darla is surprised by this revelation, but before she can say anything, Nigel enters the room and returns to the table.

NIGEL

Looks like we're going home.

The other three look at him and react with surprise.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

A small, nondescript and rather seedy hotel in Montmartre. Claude's Ami 6 arrives and stops in front.

CLOSER ANGLE

The doors open and the four of them get out. Carrying their bags, Darla and Nigel take in the shabby little hotel.

CLAUDE  
Not exactly the Ritz, but as it turns  
out it is only for one night, *oui*?

NIGEL  
We've stayed at worse.

The group stops in front of the entrance and Nigel turns to Claude and Chantal.

NIGEL  
Looks like it's up to you to find this  
bugger now.

CLAUDE  
If he is still in Paris, we will find  
him. Chantal will not let him get off  
so easy after all of this.

NIGEL  
I'm sure she won't.

CHANTAL  
Of that you can be certain. That  
*salopard* is starting to annoy me more  
than Gaston ever did.

Nigel chuckles. There is an uncomfortable pause, then Chantal suddenly hugs him, her voice breaking.

CHANTAL  
Take care of yourself, *chéri*. Very  
good care.

NIGEL  
*Toi aussi.*

Darla watches but says nothing. Chantal releases Nigel and moves away, unwilling to let them see the emotion on her face, and Nigel turns back to Claude, whom he has come to view with respect after Claude saved his life.

NIGEL  
Well, it's been -- how shall I put it?  
Hunky-dory.

CLAUDE  
(grins)  
Perhaps we will work together again in  
the future.

NIGEL  
I look forward to it.

CLAUDE  
(extends hand)  
*Bonne chance*, Agent Wilkins.

Nigel accepts Claude's hand and shakes it.

NIGEL  
Best of British to you, Agent Godot.

Claude watches as Nigel and Darla go into the lobby, then he looks over at where Chantal is standing by the car with her back to him. He goes over to her and stands beside her, but she doesn't look at him. Claude glances at her several times, then he suddenly tweaks her nose as a big brother would do to a kid sister. Chantal waves him away annoyedly, then she looks at him and smiles crookedly and almost starts to cry, appreciating his attempt to cheer her up.

INT. HOTEL - ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Darla is in bed, wearing a nightgown, awake and deep in thought. A RADIO on the night stand is playing the SONG "Nights In White Satin" by The Moody Blues, the volume low. Standing beside a desk in his pajamas, Nigel is finishing a conversation on the PHONE.

NIGEL  
Yes, that will be fine. Cheers.

He hangs up and crosses over to the bed.

NIGEL  
Flight 223 out of Orly at two-thirty.  
Earliest I could book.

Darla says nothing, thinking, and Nigel gets into bed beside her.

NIGEL  
What a couple of days it's been, eh?  
(beat)  
I'm going to miss those two.

DARLA  
You haven't answered my question.

NIGEL  
What question?

DARLA  
Who is Tanya?

That's the last thing Nigel expected Darla to bring up at the moment, and he sighs.

NIGEL  
I suppose I can't evade it forever.  
Very well. It's Tatiana Veranova.

DARLA  
The ballerina?

NIGEL  
She's whom I went to see earlier.

DARLA  
What on earth for?

NIGEL  
It's very simple, really. She's KGB.

DARLA  
(stunned)  
KGB?

NIGEL  
You of all people shouldn't be surprised.  
Little Miss Pop Star with a secret life.

DARLA  
How did you ever meet her?

NIGEL  
We met in '62. Right here in Paris, as  
a matter of fact. She was dancing in  
"Giselle" on tour at the National Opera;  
I was here to pick up some documents  
from a courier. They sent her to seduce  
me to confirm whether or not I was a  
British agent. It was her very first  
mission and she was rather nervous, so  
I allowed her to seduce me, then I told  
her I knew she was a swallow and I'd  
been aware of her intentions all along.  
She slapped me.

DARLA  
I'd have done the same.

NIGEL  
Then she promptly broke down and told  
me her story. How they'd forced her  
to work for them against her will.

DARLA  
Forced her?

NIGEL  
Started innocently enough. One evening  
after a performance of "Swan Lake" at  
the Bolshoi, a very large delivery of  
flowers arrived for her backstage.  
There was no card, no indication of  
who'd sent them. Several more deliveries  
arrived over the next few days, all in  
the same manner. Then one night as she  
left the theater, a man standing beside  
a limousine waved at her, then got into  
the car and was driven off. She asked  
around about him, but no one seemed to  
know who he was. Someone thought he  
might have a post in the government,  
but she wasn't sure.

Darla can sense where this is going, but she remains silent and lets him continue.

NIGEL

Two weeks went by, but no more flowers. She was about to forget the whole thing when the limousine driver appeared and asked her to accompany him to the car. She went with him and there was the mystery man. He introduced himself as Anatoly and said he was with the State Planning Committee, and he asked if she'd do him the privilege of dining with him. They had dinner several times, and he was very charming, very attentive. Then he revealed he was a major in the First Chief Directorate of the KGB and that he wanted to recruit her as a covert intelligence gatherer.

DARLA

Oh, dear.

NIGEL

After she got over her initial surprise, she politely declined. Told him she was very flattered by his attention but she was a dancer; she had no interest in political matters. He said he understood. Then he said it was a shame the next time she visited her parents would be either in the gulag or the cemetery, he wasn't sure which. And that's when she realized the trap she'd fallen into, how she'd been drawn into a spider's web and had no way out.

DARLA

How dreadful.

NIGEL

I offered to help her defect, but she said no, she couldn't endanger her parents that way. So I made her another proposal -- to provide me with any information she might come across in future that could be useful to S.M.A.S.H. And ever since that night, she's been working as a double agent, providing us with intel and feeding her case officer in Moscow lies about S.M.A.S.H. and C.E.R.T.

DARLA

That's quite a juggling act.

NIGEL

A very delicate one, to be sure. But one she's managed to maintain with all the skill and poise of her pointe work.

DARLA  
Do you trust her?

NIGEL  
Everything she's ever told us has always checked out. Believe me, Darla, she has no choice but to work for them -- and I've always been a spot on judge of people. She's really Odette... but she's forced to be Odile.

DARLA  
And your relationship with her, just as with Chantal, was more than just a working one.

NIGEL  
(a beat)  
That's right. And just as with Chantal, it's all in the past.

Darla says nothing more, assimilating all of this, and Nigel settles back to sleep. Then:

DARLA  
Chantal... Tatiana... Three old loves on one mission.

NIGEL  
Three?

DARLA  
Do you not think I'm aware of Felicia? All those fleeting glances, and your discomfort? I'm not thick, you know.

Nigel smiles ruefully, amazed for the umpteenth time at how intuitive she is.

NIGEL  
I did teach you how to see things under the surface. Not much escapes those keen eyes of yours, does it?

DARLA  
But if you must know, it really doesn't bother me very much.

NIGEL  
(a beat; surprised)  
It doesn't?

DARLA  
No.

NIGEL  
Why not?

DARLA  
Because after all this time, I think I  
know you well enough to trust you.

For a moment, Nigel is at a loss for words, very moved by  
her trust in him.

NIGEL  
I appreciate that.

DARLA  
(smiles and shrugs)  
I've little choice, do I?

Nigel watches her, then he smiles too and starts to laugh.

NIGEL  
No, none at all, I'd say.

Still laughing, he takes her in his arms, and they start a  
very long kiss as we slowly

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LONDON - ALBERT EMBANKMENT - AFTERNOON

Big Ben and Parliament dominate the scene across the Thames.

INT. NIGEL'S JAG - MOVING

Nigel drives, Darla rides beside him.

NIGEL  
I certainly hope Hawthorne is a bit  
more forthcoming this time around. It  
strikes me he knows a good deal more  
about all this than he's letting on.

DARLA  
He must have his reasons for keeping  
us in the dark.

NIGEL  
Possibly. I've operated before on a  
need-to-know basis, but there's  
something more here. Something personal.  
I can't quite put my finger on it.

DARLA  
One of his friends was assassinated.  
Can't get more personal than that.

NIGEL  
I don't mean that. Whatever's going on  
is about more than just our last mission.  
Feels like it goes back further. To what,  
precisely, is anyone's guess. I haven't  
the foggiest.

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

Darla and Nigel exit the elevator and approach Fiona's desk.

NIGEL  
Fiona.

FIONA  
Oh, good. I've been waiting for you.

NIGEL  
Hawthorne here?

FIONA  
No. They moved to another safe house overnight. Director informed me only this morning. He told me to give you this and have you contact him as soon as you checked in.

She hands him a SLIP OF PAPER and he reads it.

NIGEL  
(to Darla)  
New location. And the number where to reach him.

FIONA  
I'm off, unless you need me to stay.

NIGEL  
No, that's alright. Cheers.

Fiona gets up and heads for the elevator. Nigel picks up her PHONE and dials the number, then waits as the line rings.

HAWTHORNE (V.O.)  
You've arrived.

NIGEL  
Yes, we're here.

HAWTHORNE (V.O.)  
Good. There's little time to lose.

NIGEL  
Director, I --

HAWTHORNE (V.O.)  
(cuts him off)  
I want you to listen carefully. Mishkin is settling score for Kalinka. He's probably on his way to London as we speak. We'll be waiting for him. I want you and Chandler to --

The line suddenly goes dead, cutting Hawthorne off in mid-sentence.





BACK TO SCENE

NIGEL

Dear God...

He backs away from the window and quickly pulls his coat over his head.

NIGEL

Stand back!

Darla stands back and watches as Nigel leaps into the window and smashes through it.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Glass shatters all over the place as Nigel lands on the floor and rolls. He throws off his coat and immediately goes over to Hawthorne, who lies unconscious in a pool of blood.

NIGEL

Director!

Darla jumps in through the broken window and comes over as Nigel checks Hawthorne for a pulse.

NIGEL

He's alive. Barely. Check the rest of the house!

Darla quickly moves off to search the other rooms as Nigel tries to rouse Hawthorne.

NIGEL

Director, can you hear me? Director!

Hawthorne's eyes flutter open and he speaks weakly.

HAWTHORNE

Wilkins...?

NIGEL

What happened?

Hawthorne tries to respond, but he starts to cough up blood.

DARLA

(returning)

There's another dead guard back there, but there's no sign of Mrs. Winston.

HAWTHORNE

He took her... Mishkin...

NIGEL

(stunned)

Mishkin was here?

HAWTHORNE

...find her...

Nigel is incredulous, unable to believe Mishkin has struck so quickly before they had a chance to get ready, unable to believe what is happening.

NIGEL

We've got to get you to hospital first.

EXT. HOSPITAL - AFTERNOON

INT. HOSPITAL - A&E WAITING AREA - SAME

Darla and Nigel are standing near a water fountain, waiting for any word on Hawthorne.

NIGEL

How? How did he know where to find them?

DARLA

No one else knew but Fiona and us.

NIGEL

There must be a leak somewhere. A mole. There has to be.

DARLA

In S.M.A.S.H.? I can't believe that.

NIGEL

What else explains it? There simply wasn't time for him to suss out where they were. I'm willing to buy that he managed to locate us in Paris. But not this. Someone must have told him; tipped him off.

DARLA

Who?

The doors to an operating room open and a DOCTOR steps out and signals to them, and Darla and Nigel immediately go up to him.

DARLA

How is he?

DOCTOR

Thoracic trauma. Bullet shattered a rib and lodged in the left pulmonary artery. We've stopped the hemorrhaging and we're preparing him for surgery to repair the artery.

NIGEL

What are his chances?

DOCTOR

If he survives the operation, he should make a full recovery in a few weeks. If he survives.

Darla and Nigel say nothing, pondering the severity of the situation.

DOCTOR  
It's fortunate you found him when you did. Another fifteen or twenty minutes, he would have bled to death.

The doctor turns to go back into the room, but Nigel stops him.

NIGEL  
Doctor, I've got to speak with him.

The doctor opens his mouth to object, but Nigel continues insistently.

NIGEL  
Just for a moment. Another life may depend on it.

DOCTOR  
(a beat)  
Just for a moment.

INT. HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - SAME

Hawthorne is lying on a bed as MEDICAL STAFF prepare him for surgery. Nigel and Darla enter and step over to him, and he looks at them weakly.

HAWTHORNE  
Nigel...

NIGEL  
Director.

HAWTHORNE  
First Edmund... then Jeremy... and now me. All the old warhorses are going to pasture.

NIGEL  
You'll be back on your feet in no time, giving me a right ear bashing for botching up something or other.

HAWTHORNE  
But for now, you're in charge, Nigel. Do an old man proud, will you?

NIGEL  
Director, someone gave you up. I must find out who.

HAWTHORNE  
(shakes his head)  
Find Felicia.

NIGEL

How do I do that? You've got to give me a steer. Tell me about Mishkin.

Hawthorne's eyes close as he succumbs to the anesthesia, and Nigel sighs.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Nigel and Darla come out of the operating room, both still reeling from this sudden turn of events, and Nigel leans back against the wall.

NIGEL

First time he's ever called me anything but Wilkins.

(looks at her)

You said the Taylors saved you? I could say the same about Hawthorne and me. Yes, I was at Oxford, top of my class, triple first honors, brilliant future... but I had no clue what I wanted and no direction. He gave me one.

(beat)

I always thought he'd outlive me, and my replacement as well. But what was that you said, about our surviving whilst those around us fall?

Darla says nothing, recalling her words and realizing how prophetic they may turn out to be today. Nigel takes a deep breath and steels himself to take control and proceed with the mission.

NIGEL

Mishkin knows his men failed to get us in Paris. He'll use Felicia as bait.

DARLA

Then we'll be hearing from him.

NIGEL

I'm not going to wait for that. I want to take the fight to him. We need an advantage, and for that we need more information. We're way behind the curve as it is, and we can't get anything from Hawthorne for now.

DARLA

So what do we do? You're acting director now.

NIGEL

I want you to look in Hawthorne's files, the ones in his office. There are things there that aren't known to anyone else, not even in S.M.A.S.H. Things that are for his eyes only.

DARLA  
You want me to rifle through his private files?

NIGEL  
There must be something there that will shed some light on all this, because I cannot shake the feeling he's personally involved. He was very shocked when I first mentioned Mishkin back in Paris. I want to know why.

DARLA  
(a beat)  
Alright.

NIGEL  
Darla, I'm not declaring it officially, but between you and I, this is a Code Red emergency.

DARLA  
Understood. I'll get back to HQ straight away. Where will you be?

NIGEL  
(a beat; ominous)  
Trying to determine who the mole is.

EXT. FIONA'S FLAT - DUSK

An apartment building somewhere in Marylebone.

INT. FIONA'S FLAT - LOUNGE - SAME

The doorbell is RINGING and Fiona goes up to the door and looks through the peephole. wearing a robe. She is surprised by who she sees, and she unlocks and opens the door.

FIONA  
Nigel --

Nigel says nothing and pushes past her into the lounge. He stands there, looking around, and Fiona is utterly perplexed by his presence and his attitude.

FIONA  
Nigel, what's going on?

NIGEL  
Why did you do it?

FIONA  
What...?

Nigel starts to wander around the lounge, looking at things randomly as he speaks.

NIGEL

I mean, I always knew I'd be taking over the reins eventually. After all, who else is more capable, once Hawthorne decides to retire? He's always groomed me to be his successor, everyone knows that. But I hadn't planned on it so soon and I thought I still had another fifteen years or so of fun and games.

FIONA

What are you talking about?

NIGEL

Did you think you were doing me a favor? Is that it? An early promotion as some sort of belated wedding gift?

FIONA

What -- ?

NIGEL

Or perhaps this is your way of trying to drive a wedge between Darla and me. Yes, that seems more likely. And I can see why you'd think it would work. With me at the office and her in the field, it's only a matter of time before the separation and unequal rank does the rest.

FIONA

What are you talking about?

Nigel suddenly turns to her and grabs her arm and backs her against the wall, cornering her and staring directly into her face.

NIGEL

Is that it? Did I get it right?

FIONA

Nigel, you're hurting me!

NIGEL

Did I get it right? I have it right, don't I? Admit it. Do you honestly think I can't see it?

FIONA

Nigel, please -- !

NIGEL

Do you think me so gormless that I wouldn't see it? That I wouldn't cotton on to it? I've not survived in this job all these years by being naïve, so you may have fooled the others but I had you sussed right from the start!

FIONA

I don't know what you're talking about!

NIGEL

Oh, don't give me that. You sit there day after day like a little mouse, speaking only when spoken to, making everyone believe you wouldn't hurt a fly, and all the while you're waiting for just the right opportunity to come along to exploit!

FIONA

No! That's not true!

NIGEL

Of course it is! And we both know it! So let's clear the air for good and all! Let's get it all in the open right here and now! No more secrets, no more pretenses! You've been trying to find a way to tear me and Darla apart since the day we were married, and you're willing to do anything to get what you want!

FIONA

That's a lie!!

NIGEL

Anything at all, no matter the cost, as long as it serves to accomplish your goal! Even giving up Hawthorne if that's what it takes!

FIONA

Hawthorne -- ?

NIGEL

He's in casualty right this moment barely clinging to life thanks to you!

FIONA

What???

NIGEL

(continuing)

Lying on a table with his chest sawed open whilst doctors try to patch him back together again!

FIONA

(horrified)

Oh my God...

NIGEL

And all because you wouldn't accept the reality that Darla and I are a team, now and forever!



FIONA  
 (starts to sob)  
 ...dear God...

NIGEL  
 But it simply won't work, not even this!  
 Not even this will do it, because you'll  
never have me, understand? NEVER!

Fiona isn't even hearing him anymore, and she slowly slides down against the wall to a sitting position. She continues to sob, looking very small, and Nigel feels horrible as he watches her. But her reaction has told him everything he needs to know.

NIGEL  
 I'm sorry, Fiona... but I had to be sure.  
 And I don't have the time for finesse.

He helps her up gently and starts taking her to the sofa.

NIGEL  
 Someone told Mishkin where to find them.  
 He took Felicia and left Hawthorne to  
 die. Hawthorne's in a bad way, but  
 doctor says his chances are good.

He sits her down on the sofa and holds out his HANDKERCHIEF, and Fiona takes it and starts dabbing at her eyes.

FIONA  
 (brokenly)  
 You suspected me...?

NIGEL  
 I have to suspect everyone.

Fiona composes herself enough to look up at him.

FIONA  
 Except Darla.

Nigel meets her gaze steadily and nods almost imperceptibly.

NIGEL  
 Except Darla.

Fiona watches him, then continues wiping the tears from her face.

NIGEL  
 I'll ask Hawthorne once he returns to  
 transfer you where you won't need to  
 see me again. Can't imagine why you'd  
 want to after this.

Fiona finishes drying her face and takes a deep breath.

FIONA  
 No... that won't be necessary. I'll be  
 fine where I am.

Nigel watches her, surprised at how quickly she has forgiven him. He nods again, then turns and heads for the door.

NIGEL  
Lock this door after I leave and don't  
open it for anyone. And don't go  
anywhere until you hear from me again.

He exits.

EXT. NIGEL'S FLAT - EVENING

A terraced house somewhere in South Kensington.

INT. NIGEL'S FLAT - LOUNGE - SAME

The door opens and Nigel comes in. He closes the door and leans back against it, the events of the day weighing very heavily upon him, and closes his eyes to think. The PHONE on a desk starts to RING, and he instantly opens his eyes and goes to it and answers it.

NIGEL  
Hello?

MISHKIN (V.O.)  
Agent Wilkins.

NIGEL  
Mishkin.

MISHKIN (V.O.)  
Or should I say "Moose"? Not very  
flattering codename.

NIGEL  
It's sufficient. Your men back in  
Paris botched their mission. So hard  
to find reliable help these days.

MISHKIN (V.O.)  
As they say, if you want something  
done right, you must do it yourself.

NIGEL  
Words to live by.

MISHKIN (V.O.)  
I have Winston's widow.

NIGEL  
Yes, I gathered that.

MISHKIN (V.O.)  
If you want to see her alive again,  
you will do exactly as I say.

NIGEL  
If you harm a hair on her head, you're  
a dead man.

MISHKIN (V.O.)  
 Many have tried to kill me before. All  
 have failed.

NIGEL  
 There's a first time for everything.

MISHKIN (V.O.)  
 Perhaps. But it will not be you. You  
 are not good enough.

NIGEL  
 We'll see about that.

MISHKIN (V.O.)  
 I will contact you again. Wait for it.

Nigel is about to say something else, but Mishkin hangs up.

NIGEL  
 Bastard...

Nigel hangs up and sighs, then he brings out a small  
 TRANSMITTER and activates it.

NIGEL  
 "Moose" to "Squirrel".

DARLA (V.O.)  
 "Squirrel" here.

NIGEL  
 I just heard from our friend.

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

Darla is sitting at Hawthorne's desk and holding a FILE she  
 has been reading.

DARLA  
 Did he say where he is?

INTERCUT BETWEEN NIGEL AND DARLA

NIGEL  
 No. He said he'd ring me again and to  
 wait for it. Have you found anything?

DARLA  
 Nothing yet. But there was a file on Sir  
 Jeremy lying open right on Hawthorne's  
 desk, and I'm having a look at it now.

NIGEL  
 I just eliminated suspect number one  
 from the list. Not that I ever seriously  
 thought it was her...

(beat)  
 Right. I'll contact you when I hear  
 from Mishkin again. "Moose" out.

Nigel turns off his transmitter and frowns, trying to formulate his next move.

In Hawthorne's office, Darla goes back to reading the file, and we hear Hawthorne's VOICE speaking the words:

HAWTHORNE (V.O.)

Eight months after the death of his wife Emily, Jeremy married Felicia Spencer, daughter of the late Labour MP Andrew Spencer, mere weeks after I introduced them. Both were terribly lonely after their respective losses, and despite the great difference in their ages, the marriage appears to have flourished. I could not be more pleased. I had sworn to look after Felicia the rest of my days and wished to bring whatever stability and happiness to her life that I possibly could. She is not to suffer any more pain, and she is never to learn of the events which brought us together, further referenced in File 327-A.

Darla stops reading and lowers the file a bit, then she puts it down and gets up and looks through a FILE CABINET. She finds the FOLDER belonging to File 327-A and pulls it out and looks at the title on it.

INSERT - FILE

The title on the folder reads:

"THE NOTTING HILL SPY RING"

INT. NIGEL'S FLAT - LOUNGE

The phone starts to RING and Nigel grabs it immediately.

NIGEL

Yes?

MISHKIN (V.O.)

Wilkins.

NIGEL

Is that a lucky guess on your part?

MISHKIN (V.O.)

It is time for us to meet face-to-face.

NIGEL

I'm looking forward to that.

MISHKIN (V.O.)

You will find me at warehouse near Battersea Power Station. 25 Albion Road, by river.

Nigel gets a PEN and PAD from beside the phone and jots down the address.

NIGEL  
I'm familiar with the area.

MISHKIN (V.O.)  
(condescending)  
Then it should not be difficult for you.

NIGEL  
Not very much.

MISHKIN (V.O.)  
Come alone, or she is dead. I will be waiting.

NIGEL  
You won't have long to wait.

We hear the click as Mishkin hangs up. Nigel hangs up too, then he tosses both the pen and pad on the desk and quickly turns to go. As he does, the pen falls to the carpet.

EXT. BATTERSEA POWER STATION - NIGHT

The huge structure towers over the Thames, its four chimneys silhouetted against the night sky.

EXT. STREET - SAME

Nigel's Jaguar drives past a row of warehouses, turns a corner and comes to a stop.

INT. NIGEL'S JAG - SAME

Nigel turns off the headlights and engine, then opens the glove compartment and brings out his pistol and a couple of CLIPS. He puts one clip in his pocket, then puts the other one in the pistol, pulls back the slide, and chambers the first bullet. Then he starts to get out of the car.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Nigel gets out of the car and quickly crosses the street toward an alley between two warehouses, and he disappears into the darkness.

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

Sitting at Hawthorne's desk, Darla continues to read File 327-A. There are several black-and-white PHOTOGRAPHS included with the file, and she looks at one of them.

INSERT - PHOTOGRAPH

A photo of a British man in his 40's, impeccably dressed and distinguished. A caption on the photo reads:

ANDREW SPENCER

DARLA

looks at a second PHOTOGRAPH.

INSERT - SECOND PHOTOGRAPH

A Russian man in his 50's, and the caption reads:

VLADIMIR MISHKIN

EXT. ALLEY - SAME

Hiding in the shadows, Nigel brings out a pair of BINOCULARS and looks through them at a warehouse across the street.

INSERT - VIEW THROUGH BINOCULARS

Nigel scans the area around the warehouse, checking the doors and windows.

BACK TO SCENE

Nigel lowers the binoculars and formulates a plan of action, then brings out his transmitter. He is about to call Darla when Mishkin suddenly appears behind him and puts a GUN to the back of his head.

MISHKIN

I will take that.

Mishkin takes the transmitter out of Nigel's hand, drops it on the pavement and crushes it with his foot.

MISHKIN

Up. Slowly.

Nigel holds his hands out to the sides and stands up slowly, amazed at how Mishkin sneaked up on him without making a sound. Mishkin removes Nigel's pistol from its holster and looks at it.

MISHKIN

Walther PPK. Just like Mr. Bond.

(hurls gun away)

But unlike Bond, you will not prevail.

NIGEL

You certainly get around. I almost caught up with you in Paris. That was probably you in the Caucasus as well. And now you're here.

MISHKIN

I am everywhere I need to be. I come and go as I please. And no one can stop me.

(pushes him forward)

Move.

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

Darla continues reading the file, then comes upon something that surprises her. She stops and thinks about it, then something suddenly occurs to her and her eyes open wide.

DARLA

Oh, my...

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

Mishkin marches Nigel inside, his gun still at Nigel's back. The interior is rather dark and dusty and filled with stacked CRATES which cast shadows in the moonlight streaming in from the windows.

MISHKIN

You have overestimated your abilities.  
You may have destroyed facility and  
stopped Kalinka, but you cannot stop me.

NIGEL

I destroyed something? Nothing  
unimportant, I hope.

MISHKIN

Did you think that would not cost you?

NIGEL

Not much in life is free, I'm afraid.  
It's rather obvious you figured out  
our involvement in all that, but how  
did you manage to find the safe house  
so quickly? I've a hard time believing  
even you are that good.

MISHKIN

You have no idea what I know. I have  
eyes and ears everywhere. I know more  
than you will ever know. And you will  
die in your ignorance.

NIGEL

Oh, I'm sure I'll die eventually. Don't  
expect to live forever, you know. But  
not today!

And with that, Nigel suddenly swirls around and grabs Mishkin's gun hand and forces it up into the air, and Mishkin lets off a wild shot.

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

Darla is trying to reach Nigel by transmitter.

DARLA

"Squirrel" to "Moose", come in.

(no response)

"Squirrel" to "Moose", come in! Come in!

There's still no response, and Darla switches off and grabs the PHONE and dials Nigel's number. The line just rings and rings, and she slams down the phone and gets up.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

Nigel and Mishkin wrestle wildly as Nigel keeps Mishkin's gun hand in the air, slamming back and forth against the crates. It's a brutal, life-and-death struggle, as each man knows without a doubt that he will die if the other man gets the upper hand for even a few seconds.

Nigel manages to break Mishkin's grip on the gun and it goes flying. He punches Mishkin in the face, knocking him off balance long enough to break away from him, and turns to look for where the gun landed. But Mishkin recovers and tackles him, and the two men wrestle on the floor.

They grapple with each other for a while, then Mishkin knees Nigel in the gut and knocks the breath out of him and manages to break away. He starts to get up, but Nigel pounces on him and the two men continue to grapple with each other on the floor, rolling this way and that.

After a while, Nigel backhands Mishkin across the face and breaks away again; but as soon as he manages to get up, Mishkin knocks his legs out from under him and pins him down on the floor. As Nigel lies flat on his back, Mishkin puts his hands around his throat and starts to strangle him.

EXT. NIGEL'S FLAT - NIGHT

Darla's Triumph GT6 screeches to a halt at the curb.

INT. NIGEL'S FLAT - LOUNGE - SAME

The door opens and Darla bursts in, her pistol in her hand.

DARLA

Nigel? Nigel!

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

Mishkin is still strangling Nigel, and Nigel is close to losing consciousness. But as Nigel feels around the floor beside him, his hand comes upon a PIECE OF METAL and he grabs it. He swings with all his might and smashes Mishkin on the side of the head with it. Mishkin staggers back, releasing his hold on Nigel's neck, and Nigel leaps to his feet and tackles him to the floor.

As Mishkin lies flat on his back, Nigel pins him down before he can recover, grabs him by the collar with one hand, and proceeds to smash him in the face with the metal with his other. He smashes Mishkin's face savagely, brutally, over and over again, until Mishkin lies unconscious and his face is a bloody pulp. Then he finally stops, exhausted, and tosses the metal aside and slowly rises to his feet.



Nigel stares at Mishkin for a moment, catching his breath, then turns around and tries to figure out where Felicia is being held. As he peers into the darkness, Mishkin suddenly opens his eyes. Mishkin pulls out a knife, then gets up quietly. His back to him and still breathing deeply, Nigel is completely unaware of Mishkin coming up behind him. But then a GUNSHOT suddenly rings out and Mishkin drops to the floor.

Nigel jumps at the sound of the shot, then turns around and sees Mishkin on the floor. Then he turns in the direction of the shot and sees Felicia standing nearby beside some crates. Her hair and clothes are disheveled and she is still pointing Mishkin's gun at the body after shooting him. Nigel is both stunned and happy to see her, but at the moment he's too tired to hardly react.

NIGEL

I'd ask how you managed to do that, but I'm too out of breath at the moment.

He kneels beside Mishkin's body and feels for a pulse, but Mishkin is dead.

NIGEL

Well, I'm afraid you've finally been stopped, Mr. Mishkin, and by the very last person I'm sure you'd ever have expected. Though I must confess I wish I'd have had the honor.

He looks back at Felicia and sees that she's still pointing the gun, and he attributes it to shock and the ordeal she's been through. He tries to reassure her.

NIGEL

Felicia, he's dead. You can put the gun down.

Felicia doesn't respond, doesn't move, still pointing the gun... at Nigel.

NIGEL

Felicia...?

Nigel slowly stands up, staring at her as she holds the gun steady.

FELICIA

You nitwit. Always too smart-arsed for your own good.

Nigel is utterly stunned, utterly speechless. Felicia smiles thinly, then glances at Mishkin's body.

FELICIA

He served his purpose. He thought he was using me -- and all the while it was I who was using him.

INT. NIGEL'S FLAT - LOUNGE - SAME

Darla comes out of the bedroom and stops in the center of the lounge, very worried about Nigel and having no idea where he could possibly be. She notices the pen on the carpet at the foot of the desk, and she goes to it and picks it up. She tosses it on the desk, then notices the pad and sees the address Nigel jotted down earlier.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

Felicia continues to point the gun at Nigel, and he stands there staring at her in complete disbelief.

FELICIA

Starting to sink in finally, eh? I can see the flicker of understanding in your eyes, putting two and two together. Arrive at four yet?

It takes a moment for Nigel to find his voice, and when he finally speaks, it is full of sheer disappointment.

NIGEL

I certainly underestimated you.

FELICIA

As has everyone.

NIGEL

(dripping with sarcasm)  
"Innocent and impressionable"...

FELICIA

I was... back then. But exposure to life has a way of hardening even the softest of substances.

NIGEL

All this just to get back at me? And I thought Derek was obsessed.

FELICIA

This was never about you -- not as I first conceived it.

NIGEL

Then whom...?  
(beat; then a revelation)  
Hawthorne.

FELICIA

How much do you know about your fearless leader? About his past? As his most trusted underling, I imagine he'd confide things in you he wouldn't tell others. Or perhaps not. Then let me provide you with a little history

(MORE)

FELICIA (CONT'D)

lesson. How much do you know about my father, then? The Right Honorable Andrew Spencer, celebrated Member of Parliament until his untimely death at the height of his political career?

NIGEL

Only that he was killed in an accident not long before we met.

FELICIA

That's what I thought as well -- that he'd been killed in an accident. For years, all I knew was the official story, just like you and everyone else. Until Mr. Mishkin enlightened me about what really transpired.

NIGEL

Mishkin?

FELICIA

Oh, yes. He contacted me a week ago. Just appeared out of nowhere. He had quite a story to tell. I didn't believe a word of it at first... but he had a lot of evidence and he was most convincing. Turned out we had a lot in common. He'd lost his father as well, not very long after I lost mine. For years, he didn't know the real story to that either... but unlike me, he made it his business to dig for the truth until he finally found it. And then he came and told it to me.

NIGEL

Why?

FELICIA

Because his father knew my father -- in a manner of speaking. Vladimir Mishkin, legendary KGB controller and father of Alexei. He was the illegal *rezident* in London in 1956 and was running a network of British nationals right under everyone's noses. No one knew of his activities at all. He had spies positioned everywhere, particularly the Foreign Office, but he got ambitious and set his sights on turning a member of Parliament. After considering all the available prospects, he selected my father for the privilege.

NIGEL

Your father...

FELICIA

Luck of the draw, I suppose. Aware of his concern for the downtrodden, Vladimir sent a woman calling herself "Imogen" to tell my father how she and her small children were being evicted from their flat by a ruthless landlord after the death of her husband. My father couldn't resist such a sad story or turn his back on her plight, so he went to meet with "Imogen" -- unaware her real name was Natalya.

(beat)

She drugged him, and when he woke the next morning, Vladimir confronted him with photographs of himself and Natalya in a hotel room. Photographs which would remain secret, as long as my father did everything Vladimir ordered him to.

Nigel digests the unfortunate story, but he doesn't grasp the relevance of it to the current situation.

NIGEL

But how does that tie into --

FELICIA

(cuts him off)

Be patient. I'm coming to that. The good part.

(smiles thinly)

It's worth waiting for.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Darla's GT6 comes racing toward us and starts to turn at the corner, its tires screeching.

REVERSE ANGLE

The GT6 comes out of the turn, skidding, and races away from us.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Nigel listens as Felicia continues the story.

FELICIA

So there was my father, blackmailed into betraying England and passing on information to his new Soviet handler. An arrangement which lasted for several months -- until their activities were discovered by an ambitious and dogged MI5 officer who would later go on to form a new organization that would operate well beyond the purview of his former employers. An MI5 officer named... Percival Hawthorne.

Nigel is stunned by the revelation, and Felicia smiles at the expression on his face.

FELICIA

But that was not their first crossing of paths, however. For you see, Hawthorne and my father had already met before -- through their mutual friend Lord Edmund Taylor. Hawthorne was completing his proposal for the formation of S.M.A.S.H., and he enlisted Edmund to help him convince the Foreign Secretary to give him the nod. Edmund enlisted my father. My father was perfectly amenable to the idea at first... but then he was blackmailed and he quite suddenly changed his tune. He insisted there was no need for such an organization and that it would do little more than what was already done by SIS. Edmund was disappointed by this sudden retraction of support... but Hawthorne was suspicious. So he kept his eye on my father from that moment on, and his diligence paid off in due time.

EXT. CHELSEA BRIDGE - NIGHT

Darla's GT6 races toward us across the bridge, crossing the Thames.

REVERSE ANGLE

The GT6 races away from us, the power station in the background.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

FELICIA

My father went to meet with Vladimir in Notting Hill one night only to find Hawthorne and Special Branch already there. Hawthorne had Vladimir arrested on the spot. My father, however, he dealt with a bit differently. Ever the gentleman, he gave my father a choice: Turn himself in and destroy his career and family... or take the honorable way out. My father chose the latter, and put a bullet in his head. Hawthorne was good enough to provide him with the pistol, then hid my father's involvement. Then he went on to dismantle Vladimir's entire network, a triumph which secured him the funding for S.M.A.S.H. And all of this I was blissfully unaware of, until I found out twelve years later from the son of the man who compromised my father, now himself a KGB agent.

NIGEL

(disgusted)

And like father, like daughter. Just as your father allowed himself to be used and manipulated, so did you.

FELICIA

Not quite the same, actually. Alexei enlisted my help to avenge his father, and I pretended to help to avenge mine. An alliance of convenience, if you will; sort of like Churchill and Stalin during the war. We both wanted Hawthorne to pay... but me most of all after learning the truth. Can you imagine the audacity of the man, looking me in the face all these years, serving as sponsor and mentor only to assuage his conscience, even introducing me to my husband -- all the while knowing what he'd done to my father. The ultimate insult was offering to protect me after Jeremy's death from the very man who had opened my eyes, and sending you of all people to do it.

NIGEL

But why did Alexei approach you in the first place?

FELICIA

One of the Turks who smuggled you in and out of Georgia worked for him. He knew within hours it was S.M.A.S.H. who terminated Kalinka and traced that back to Jeremy's dealings with Gaston... then linked Jeremy to me.

NIGEL

So you knew about S.M.A.S.H. -- and Jeremy's involvement -- before Hawthorne ever told you.

FELICIA

And imagine my contempt when I learnt of that involvement. All those nights when he said he was working on business, I thought he was merely having an affair with his secretary. Instead, he was aiding the man who exploited my father's destruction. I was only too happy to help Alexei get Jeremy first. Your involvement I didn't know about until the other morning. And that's when I realized I could kill three birds with one stone. So it was Hawthorne I wanted initially. You... were just a bonus.

NIGEL

And here I was thinking you'd never got over me.

FELICIA

Don't flatter yourself. I got over you the minute you cast me aside like a soiled garment. But when I saw you again, I realized I'd never be truly whole until I made you pay along with your boss.

NIGEL

Then you'll be sorry to hear he's alive.

FELICIA

(a beat)

Is he, now? You wouldn't be lying just to throw me off, would you?

Nigel shrugs a little and says nothing, letting her wonder.

FELICIA

Well, if he is, the old bugger's stronger than I thought, then. No matter. I assume he'll be allowed visitors at some point. I've never liked hospitals, been frightened of them since I was a little girl, actually, but I suppose I can ignore that long enough to pop in and finish him off. Some poisoned tea should do the trick. Percival always loved his tea. Stirred anti-clockwise, if I recall correctly.

Nigel stares at her in dismay, unable to believe how cold she has become, unable to recognize at all the woman he once knew.

NIGEL

What happened to you...?

FELICIA

I've enjoyed our little chat, but the hour is growing late and I'm afraid time's run out for you as well, Mr. Wilkins, just as it did for Mr. Mishkin. But if it's any consolation, I'll think about you every time I put flowers on Jeremy's and Percival's graves.

Suddenly, there is a GUNSHOT, but it doesn't come from Felicia. Struck in the back, she opens her eyes wide in astonishment and stands perfectly still for a moment. A look of incredulity crosses her face, then she drops to the floor. Nigel watches her fall, stunned, and Darla emerges from the shadows behind Felicia, still pointing her pistol.

Nigel glances at Darla, then goes over to Felicia and kneels beside her. He feels for a pulse, but there is none. Darla slowly steps closer and stops, watching him. Nigel looks up at Darla, his face aggrieved, then he looks back at Felicia's body and shakes his head slowly, over and over again.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

INT. HOSPITAL - RECOVERY ROOM - SAME

Hawthorne is sitting up in bed, looking none the worse for wear considering what he's been through, and his wife ELEANOR is standing beside him. Darla and Nigel appear at the door and Darla knocks, and both Hawthorne and Eleanor look over at them.

ELEANOR

Ah, the Smashing Duo. Come to pay your final respects?

Darla smiles as she and Nigel come in, and the Hawthornes launch into the latest round of their affectionate and acerbic teasing.

ELEANOR

I was just telling your boss it won't work.

DARLA

What won't work?

ELEANOR

Playing the sympathy card. He seems to think just because he got shot I'm required to forgive him for all the little things he's done over the years that have brassed me off. But it will take much more than that, certainly.

HAWTHORNE

Evil woman.

ELEANOR

What? What's that again?

HAWTHORNE

You heard me. I don't know what's worse, getting shot or listening to all her codswallop.

ELEANOR

Manners, manners. You wouldn't want your loyal employees to think you're a nasty old codger, would you?

HAWTHORNE

What makes you think they don't already?

DARLA

How are you feeling?

HAWTHORNE

I was actually feeling rather well until she popped in. Don't know how the nurse let her through.



ELEANOR

I've seen that nurse. And if you keep making eyes at her as I saw earlier, you might as well not come home.

HAWTHORNE

(to Darla and Nigel)

You see now why I survived. Anyone who can live with that for thirty years can survive anything.

ELEANOR

Curmudgeon.

HAWTHORNE

Blatherskite.

Darla tries not to laugh. Hawthorne stares at Eleanor, and she looks from him to Darla and Nigel and back.

ELEANOR

I know. Business.

(kisses Hawthorne's cheek)

Don't be too hard on them. They're just children.

HAWTHORNE

Oh, clear off, will you? I've half a mind to stay here way past my recovery.

Eleanor waves at Darla and Nigel and heads for the door, and they watch her go, newly amazed at the playfulness between their boss and his wife. Hawthorne waits until she's gone, then gets serious.

HAWTHORNE

How's Felicia holding up?

NIGEL

(a beat)

Well...

HAWTHORNE

Can't imagine the ordeal she went through; what Mishkin did before you took him out.

NIGEL

Actually, it wasn't --

Hawthorne suddenly winces in pain and feels his chest.

HAWTHORNE

Perhaps you should give me the details later. Doctor will soon be back to chase you away and demand I continue to rest. As long as she's safe. That's enough for now.

Darla and Nigel exchange surreptitious glances, wondering how Hawthorne will take it when he learns the truth.

HAWTHORNE

By the way, I hear you've been doing a bang-up job in my place. But don't be getting used to it. I'll soon be back at my desk, good as new.

DARLA

And keeping us all on our toes. We're looking forward to it.

NIGEL

Darla, would you excuse us?

Darla knows exactly why Nigel wants to speak to Hawthorne in private, and she pats Hawthorne's arm.

DARLA

Think I'll invite Mrs. Hawthorne to the canteen. I'll be back later.

HAWTHORNE

Bring me a bottle of Scotch when you do, will you?

Darla smiles, then turns and leaves. Hawthorne watches her go, then looks at Nigel and waits for him to speak. After a moment, Nigel finally does.

NIGEL

Felicia was the leak. She was in league with Mishkin. She also tipped him off when you sent us to Paris.

For a long moment, Hawthorne doesn't speak, contemplating it as it sinks in. Then he sighs, accepting the inevitability of it with a fatalistic resignation.

HAWTHORNE

I prayed not... but I can't say I'm surprised at all. It was something I suspected deep down but didn't wish to be so. That's a weakness we can't afford in our business... but I never presumed to be perfect.

(beat)

I suppose you dealt with it.

NIGEL

Darla did.

Hawthorne nods briefly, accepting this too with the resignation of a man who has witnessed many things that he has had to make peace with. But we can see Felicia's death pains him terribly no matter how much he hides it.

HAWTHORNE

Well... all's well that ends well, in the words of the immortal bard. Things always turn out precisely the way they're meant to. We just play our assigned roles in the proceedings.

Neither man says anything more for a while, then Nigel voices what's on his mind.

NIGEL

Sir... there's something I wish to say. Something I feel I must say.

HAWTHORNE

Then say it.

NIGEL

I feel I share some responsibility for what happened.

HAWTHORNE

In what way?

NIGEL

When you asked why I wanted off this assignment, I couldn't tell you then, but, it was because of --

HAWTHORNE

(cuts him off)

You and Felicia?

For a moment, Nigel doesn't know what to say, amazed that he knew for all these years and never said a single word about it.

NIGEL

You knew.

HAWTHORNE

I make it a point to know everything about whom I recruit. You were no exception. How do you think you came to my attention in the first place?

Again, Nigel hasn't a clue what to say, and Hawthorne goes on.

HAWTHORNE

I knew you'd break her heart eventually, that you were the philandering type, so I figured I'd recruit you then and there, you'd end it with her quickly, and I'd pick up the pieces.

Nigel just watches him, allowing this revelation to sink in before he says anything else.

NIGEL

If you knew, why did you assign me to this case?

HAWTHORNE

Firstly, because you and Darla are my best agents. Secondly, because I hoped to disprove what in the back of my mind I suspected to be true, and gave Felicia the opportunity to do so. She ended up proving it anyway.

NIGEL

Then I have another question. Why did you want to recruit me at all if you knew what kind of man I was?

HAWTHORNE

Because I also knew that despite your shortcomings at the time, there was more to you than that, and that you'd make a crack agent as well. I do have an eye for potential, you know, both professional and personal. And I'd say the last few years have proved me right.

Nigel stands there, taking it all in, feeling too many conflicting emotions to say another word.

INT. DARLA'S FLAT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Darla is in bed in her nightgown, reading through the file from Hawthorne's office. Nigel comes in from the bathroom in his pajamas and sits on the edge of the bed to take off his slippers. The RADIO on the night stand is playing the SONG "If I Only Had Time" by John Rowles, the volume low.

NIGEL

Do you mind if we turn in tonight without our usual rituals? I'm minding the shop for now, and a leader needs his rest.

DARLA

(smiles)

Of course.

Nigel lays back in bed and stares at the ceiling for a moment.

NIGEL

Can I ask you something?

DARLA

What?

NIGEL

Will you let me have a look at that file before Hawthorne returns? I want to know what really happened that night, when he presented Spencer that choice.

DARLA

What really happened was a bit different from what Mishkin told Felicia. It was Spencer's decision to commit suicide. Hawthorne tried to talk him out of it. Told him he'd not only cover up his collusion, but that he'd be willing to claim Spencer had been helping him catch Vladimir as part of an MI5 operation. He told him no one ever needed to know what he'd done in a moment of weakness. Spencer's response was, "But I know." And he asked Hawthorne to look after his daughter... a request Hawthorne felt honor-bound to fulfill.

Nigel shuts his eyes tightly and shakes his head, haunted, contemplating how tragic and unnecessary recent events have been. Darla watches him, knowing how painful this is for him, and tries to find a way to lighten the mood.

DARLA

And now I have a question.

NIGEL

Fire away.

DARLA

Does everyone from your past have some reason to seek vengeance against you?

Nigel opens his eyes and looks at her, and realizes that she's joking. He smiles ruefully.

NIGEL

Not all of them, I suppose. Makes life interesting, though.

DARLA

I do hope we won't be going through this sort of thing every now and again.

NIGEL

Perhaps next time it will be someone you cheesed off at one point or another over the years.

DARLA

Not likely. I never cheesed off anyone.

NIGEL

Never?

DARLA

Well, perhaps one or two. But I'm sure they've long forgotten by now.

They chuckle, but then Nigel looks serious again.

NIGEL

You know, Hawthorne tried to be kind, and I appreciate that, but I can't help thinking: What role did I play in all this? Did breaking her heart so cavalierly all those years ago help transform a gentle, trusting girl into a cynical, conniving woman with iced water in her veins?

DARLA

She chose to respond to life the way she did. She was responsible for her own actions.

Nigel doesn't even seem to have heard her, and he goes on, almost as if to himself.

NIGEL

Was Derek right about the man I was back then?

A moment passes, then Darla responds. On the radio, the SONG "I Love How You Love Me" by Bobby Vinton begins.

DARLA

You're not that man anymore. You haven't been for a long time.

Another moment passes, and Nigel isn't entirely sure.

NIGEL

I hope so.

Darla looks at him and watches him, then she smiles.

DARLA

I know so.

She kisses him. He looks at her, then he returns the kiss, meaningfully. Then she lays her head on his chest... and he holds her tightly, wondering what he has ever done to deserve her.

FADE OUT

TITLE:

DARLA AND NIGEL WILL RETURN IN  
"SONG OF THE SWAN"

END CREDITS ROLL

accompanied by the rest of the song, which segues into the SONG "Never My Love" by The Association.

FINAL FADE OUT

THE END