

Skunkworks

by Ben Ellis

INT. EXHIBITION MAIN HALL - DAY

A large exhibition hall hosts an annual third world development and humanitarian conference.

EKON 'EKO' IDIONG, 30s, stands alone behind a curtain. His neat 1930's hair style with side parting, horn-rimmed glasses, bow-tie & hipster clothes display a steady ship, his eagerness to help means he's always navigating rough storms.

He holds up a portable water-filter (size of water bottle) which is coloured blue down one half, with a protruding spout, and yellow on the other.

Eko undoes his flies.

Eko lowers the portable water-filter, making a few adjustments before tilting his head back as he relieves himself into the bottle.

Eko wipes the blue spout with a wet wipe, then walks through the curtain onto the main stage with over 100 people watching to be greeted by water-filter entrepreneur, CLIVE HAWKINS, 50s, old hippy, founder of 'H2O2GO', who is mic'd up.

CLIVE

And it's as simple as that ladies
and gentlemen.

Clive receives the water filter from Eko who slowly recedes into the shadows.

CLIVE

You can urinate into the H2O2GO
bottle through the yellow hole-

Eko stops receding.

CLIVE

-and drink from the blue spout,
beautifully filtered, pure water.

Eko steps forward.

EKO

Clive.

Clive looks at Eko.

CLIVE

Bottoms up!

Clive's face rapidly contorts as he attempts to block the pure piss from going down his gullet with his tongue but still give the illusion of drinking.

Urine pours out the side of his mouth. Clive removes the bottle with a grimace, retching.

CLIVE
 Hmmmm-
 (retches)
 -refreshing, clean water.

INT. EXHIBITION STAND - DAY

Eko and Clive are manning the H2O2GO stand. Clive is wiping his mouth with a thousand wet wipes.

CLIVE
 I had a team of designers make that bottle idiot-proof. It's got icons, look there.

Clive holds up the bottle which clearly shows a penis icon on the yellow side.

CLIVE
 What part of that is confusing?

EKO
 My glasses were steamed up.

CLIVE
 It's colour-coded, what made you think urine goes in the blue end? Is your piss blue?

EKO
 No. I just-

CLIVE
 How did you squeeze your penis into the spout?

EKO
 It's cold-

Eko sees MP, SIR MARMADUKE WILLIAMSBOROUGH, a minister at The Foreign Office. This is his chance to make amends.

EKO
 Clive, let me get that government contact you've always wanted.

CLIVE
 I'm not doing another demonstration.

Eko recoils at the stench coming from Clive's mouth.

EKO
 No, please no, just talk to him. From a distance.

Eko steps into the ministers path.

EKO

Sir Williamsborough, let me introduce you to Clive Hawkins, inventor of the H2O2GO.

Sir Marmaduke, 60s, posh Tory, pinstripe suit, well fed, approaches with three advisors. He picks up a water-filter.

MARMADUKE

You're the talk of the town. I'm afraid I missed your presentation, what is this ingenious device?

CLIVE

A water purifier, sir.

Sir Marmaduke looks into the spout.

MARMADUKE

Desalination?

CLIVE

Urine.

Sir Marmaduke freezes, dropping the filter to the floor.

MARMADUKE

Urine?

CLIVE

Yes sir. This filter can purify 2 pints of urine in 5 minutes and be used over 1000 times.

Sir Marmaduke sticks a hand out to one side. An advisor puts a wet wipe in it. Sir Marmaduke wipes his hands.

MARMADUKE

I hear you need a voice within government to help exports?

CLIVE

Assistance would be gratefully appreciated, sir.

MARMADUKE

Excellent. There are certain financial incentives we can both take advantage of. I'll shall get my people to talk to-

CLIVE

Me?

MARMADUKE

Of course. Just don't ask me to imbibe my own morning ablutions.

To his advisors as he walks off.

MARMADUKE

That's why I always keep a bottle of Châteauneuf-du-Pape on hand.

Cue posh laughter with advisors.

Eko picks up a water-filter.

EKO

He's going to milk all he can out of this thing.

CLIVE

I know, but he's got connections, and if he can get milk out of it, he's doing better than me.

EKO

I'll try and speak to someone else, someone more-

A suited government agent approaches Eko from behind.

AGENT

Ekon Idiong?

EKO

Yes.

The agent guides Eko to one side for a private chat.

AGENT

With the merger of the Department for International Development with The Foreign and Commonwealth Office, I am here to formally inform you; you're sacked.

The agent holds out their hand expectantly.

EKO

What? Now?

AGENT

Of course, now.

Eko hands over his ID card and lanyard. He proffers the water-filter he has in his hand too. The agent refuses.

Eko holds up the filter to Clive as he's escorted from the exhibition hall by the agent.

EKO
Leave this with me, Clive. I'm
going to fix this!

Clive is glad to see the back of Eko.

EXT. OUTSIDE EXHIBITION HALL - DAY

Eko is walking away from the exhibition hall lost in thought, still holding the water-filter. A stall is selling refreshments, Eko buys a bottle of orange juice and downs it.

Eko's phone rings. It's Flo. Eko answers with trepidation.

EKO
Hello?

CUT TO:

FLORENCE 'FLO' SUNDAY, Eko's girlfriend, 30s, in the kitchen of their neat & stylish flay, making tea, still in her nurses uniform after a night shift in A&E, pissed off & tired.

FLO
I'm done here, Eko. I. Am.
Fucking. Done. We're leaving,
alright? You hear me? Gone!

CUT TO:

EKO
Another tough night, love?

CUT TO:

FLO
What the fuck is wrong with
people in this city? The 'A' in
'A&E' stands for accident,
pulling toys out of rectums,
ain't no accident.

CUT TO:

EKO
Look, I've got some good news and
some bad news.

CUT TO:

FLO
OK. What's the bad news?

CUT TO:

EKO
I lost my job.

CUT TO:

Flo is pouring water into the kettle.

FLO

That's great news! We can start looking at places in the country and finally get out of London.

CUT TO:

EKO

I'm a data scientist, what can I do in the country? Count sheep?

CUT TO:

FLO

'Remote working', it's the future. Anyway, what's the good news?

EKO

I fixed the kettle.

CUT TO:

Flo goes to switch the kettle on, halts, grabs a wooden spoon and uses that to flick the kettle's switch. The kettle immediately bangs and smoke comes out.

FLO

Bloody hell Eko, why can't you just buy a new kettle like any other modern man? You can't fix *everything*.

CUT TO:

EKO

What happened?

CUT TO:

FLO

Doesn't matter. We'll talk later about moving out of London.

Flo puts her mug in the cupboard, then looks around for a drink and grabs a blue/yellow water-filter from the counter.

EXT. RIVER THAMES EMBANKMENT - DAY

Eko ambles along, breathing in the fresh air of unemployment. He sits on a bench and receives a text from a friend.

Heard you got fired, might be something here at The Home Office. We could do with your brain power! :)

Eko replies.

Thanks but I'm done, moving to the country! :)

Eko leans back with a sigh, a weight has been lifted.

A man holding two coffees joins Eko on the bench; STEVE BUCHANAN, a new weight. A man in his 50s, dressed like an 80s advertising exec, slicked back hair, and filofax.

STEVE

You look relaxed for someone
who's just lost their job.

Steve hands Eko a coffee.

STEVE

Chai latte with soya and a
soupçon of nutmeg, right?

Eko takes the coffee. Smells it. Keeps it.

EKO

Who are you?

Steve shuffles over, showing Eko his phone; an exact clone of Eko's. Eko watches his own phone as it navigates by itself.

Steve opens a secret folder labelled - Expense Invoices.

EKO

Woah, not there! I get the point.

Steve stops navigating the phone and chuckles.

STEVE

We've got a lot in common.

EKO

Yeah?

STEVE

Yeah, blonde MILFs for starters.

Eko looks around to see if anyone is watching.

EKO

MI5? MI6? GCHQ?

STEVE

No mate, nothing so grand.

Steve nods to Eko to look at his own phone.

STEVE

'Skunkworks'.

EKO

Never heard of it.

STEVE

Exactly. Check out that job description. Data science at the cutting edge of government policy.

Eko is interested. Steve can see he's hooked him.

STEVE

That's the real shit, innit?

EKO

What department?

STEVE

None of them. Totally autonomous.

Steve's teeth and cufflinks gleam in the sunlight.

EKO

Whereabouts?

STEVE

London, of course.

EKO

OK, I'm listening.

STEVE

What about your missus? She was pretty adamant about leaving town earlier. She's already contacted a few agencies in the Lake District.

Steve shows Eko his phone which is now a clone of Flo's.

Eko scrolls through a couple of estate agent websites.

EKO

Flipping heck!

STEVE

Don't worry about Flo. We can *manage* what she sees and what she can and can't find.

EKO

Look, I'm not sure this is going to be my thing, you know?

STEVE

You want to stay in London, right?

EKO

Well, yeah, but-

Steve stands up.

STEVE

Check your calendar, you've got
an interview in 2 hours.

(winks)

See you then.

Steve chucks his phone into The Thames.

STEVE

Never trust those things.

A calendar alert pops up on Eko's phone - Interview.

Eko looks up but Steve is gone. Eko gets up and looks around
but there's no sign of him anywhere.

A small explosion comes from The Thames as Steve's phone
self-destructs underwater.

Nearby, Steve is crouched down behind a small doughnut stand,
a finger on his lips encouraging the vendor to remain quiet
and keep the magic of his mysterious vanishing act intact.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Eko is sat on one side of a desk in a plain office, getting
interviewed by two suited interviewers on the other.

On a wall is a framed poster of a waterfall. On a side table
is a small water fountain, trickling away. On another wall is
a bizarre modern piece of art featuring water coming out of a
tap. One of the interviewers is pouring out water into
multiple glasses, more than there is people in the room.

Eko is crossing his legs, the imagery taking its toll.

INTERVIEWER 1

Mr Idiong, welcome to Skunkworks,
first we'd like to-

EKO

I'm really sorry, but I really
need the toilet. I shouldn't have
had that glass before I came in.

INTERVIEWER 1

No problem. Just down on the
left, then turn right. Then left.

Eko stands still cross-legged, willing the directions to end.

INTERVIEWER 1

And then right, then straight on.

EKO

Thanks.

INTERVIEWER 2
And it's on your left.

INT. TOILET - DAY

Eko runs in, skidding around the door, positions himself in front of a urinal. He then lets it all flow with a deep sigh.

A stopwatch button is clicked.

STEVE
2 minutes flat. You must have a smaller bladder than I thought.

Eko spins around, spraying the urinal and his trousers.

EKO
What?

Steve sits casually in a cubicle with the doors open, holding a stopwatch. Steve looks down at Eko's waist.

STEVE
Small bladder's least of your worries, mate.

Eko see's urine on his trousers.

EKO
Blimey! You startled me.

Eko turns back around to finish off.

EKO
What are you doing in here?

STEVE
Interviewing you.

EKO
I'm in the middle of one already with those two-

STEVE
No, no, this is the interview proper. Now where do you see yourself in 5 years time?

Eko is forcing out the last remnants of urine.

EKO
Errr, I, err...I'm pleased you asked me that-

STEVE
I'm only shitting you, Eko.
Chill, you got the job.
(MORE)

STEVE (CONT'D)

You think we don't do thorough due diligence here? That feedback survey you completed for that horrific tank top purchase you made last week? That was us. You getting sacked from DfID? Us. We need another data science analyst nerd, and you fit the bill. So how about it?

Eko has finished and zips up his flies, turns around.

EKO

What exactly is the job?

STEVE

Great question. Skunkworks are compact, flexible, departments on the cutting edge of industry and government, reporting only to the very top. We work directly with No. 10, advising on policy, analysing data and not getting bogged down with archaic procedural anomalies such as permission and accountability.

EKO

So, I'd be doing what exactly?

STEVE

You ever tried wiping your arse in the dark?

Steve claps his hands and the lights go off.

STEVE

It would be difficult, right?
Shit everywhere.

Steve claps his hands again, the lights come on and Steve is standing right next to Eko.

Eko steps back in surprise and sits in the urinal.

STEVE

There's terabyte upon terabyte of data out there, growing exponentially. It needs analysing so we can direct, nudge and guide people to act more efficiently. Like we did with you, using water cues and suggestions to get you into this toilet. Imagine doing that on a national scale?

EKO

We'd need more toilets.

STEVE
Sounds good, right? Challenging.

EKO
Yes. I need to talk to Flo.

STEVE
Your pay is double what you were getting.

EKO
Double?!

STEVE
Yeah, didn't I mention that? As I said, we aren't beholden to the usual Whitehall rules here.

PADMINI 'MINI' HOQUE, late 20's, immaculately presented, ex-emo, wily, enters in a hurry.

MINI
Oops, sorry!

STEVE
It's OK. All gender neutral round here. Woke **AND** saving money.

Steve steps aside to let Mini into the cubicle.

STEVE
Eko this is Mini, she was released to us very recently. Mini, Eko.

MINI
I'd stop and shake your hand but-

STEVE
I wouldn't.

Eko raises a hand.

EKO
Hi.

Mini enters the cubicle and shuts the door.

Steve enters the cubicle next to Mini. Drops the stopwatch into the toilet and flushes it.

STEVE
Never trust those things.

Steve lowers the toilet seat then turns to face Eko.

STEVE
I'll see you back in reception.

Eko goes to wash his hands.

Steve sits down on the toilet seat. A little explosion comes from inside Steve's toilet.

STEVE

So, Mini-

Claps his hands, the lights go off.

STEVE

You ever tried wiping your arse in the dark?

INT. OFFICE RECEPTION - DAY

Eko is sitting on a sofa, the front of his shirt and trousers visibly wet. His phone starts ringing. It's Flo.

EKO

Shouldn't you be asleep?

FLO (V.O.)

I'm excited about moving.

EKO

Er, I might have found a new job.

FLO (V.O.)

No! You're going to become a simple farmhand, remember?! Our kids are going to be frolicking on hay bales and collecting fresh eggs every morning.

Steve and Mini enter reception.

FLO (V.O.)

Oh Eko, this fantasy wasn't going very far anyway. It's weird but I can't find anywhere to rent outside London. Like, anywhere!

Eko looks at Steve.

EKO

Nowhere to rent outside London?

Steve shrugs sheepishly.

INT. SKUNKWORKS OFFICE - DAY

Steve leads Eko and Mini into a mission control style room, a wall of screens at one end with banks of desks facing it.

The screens constantly update stats and figures, from population to how many traffic jams there are, to how many bins are being collected.

All staff (excl. Madison) are gathered around a large screen where KEITH KENSINGTON, 30s, head nerd, incel libertarian, hasn't accepted he is going bald, is hosting a briefing.

KEITH

'Afternoon burglars'. Lazy bastards, can't even get up before lunch to rob people. There are an average of 17 house burglaries reported in London between the hours of 1pm and 5pm on a weekday.

HUGO JONES, 30s, IT whizz, 6ft 8in+ tall, loves AI.

HUGO

How do people at work know they weren't robbed before 1pm?

Eko and Mini are wide-eyed at Hugo's height.

KEITH

Christ knows, these are police figures. I've told Steve, we can reduce this number by half.

HUGO

8 and a half burglaries?

STEVE

A bold promise, Keith.

Everyone turns round.

STEVE

Keith's really put the rest of you up to your neck in shit here. With the possible exception of Hugo.

Everyone glares at Keith.

STEVE

But fear not minions. I have returned with reinforcements, Eko and Mini, the new super partnership. Eko is the numbers nerd and Mini is the mind bender.

AURORA CHOW, 40s, a flower child psychologist, an emigre from Hong Kong, hugs both Eko and Mini.

AURORA

Welcome to our home. I'm Aurora. This is Hugo, Keith and Edwin.

EDWIN SAMMER, early 20s, a savant, sees patterns everywhere, acts like he's tripping on LSD.

Aurora leads them closer to the briefing.

KEITH

So, ideas people?

HUGO

Ensure everyone locks the door before they go to work.

KEITH

That's a given, what's next, stick a sign on your front door saying 'Please don't nick anything'?

AURORA

Better education and integration for kids from all socioeconomic backgrounds?

KEITH

That's beautiful 'n' all but we need to show results pronto.

Edwin rolls his hands like he's making a ball out of clay.

EDWIN

Burglars don't like noise.

He then sneaks over to a desk, pockets a stapler and puts a finger to his lips.

Keith looks at Hugo. Hugo's just as puzzled.

EKO

I think what Edwin is trying to say is that a noisy distraction would put burglars off from committing illegal acts.

Edwin smiles. Everyone else understands.

HUGO

What sort of distraction?

MINI

People breaking the law don't like the sound of police sirens. So I've heard.

EKO

Yes, air raid sirens, alarms, megaphones.

KEITH

OK. Hugo, you go and see what systems you can hack into. I'll calculate the most effective locations to trial first. Aurora, you research what other forms of distraction would deter potential burglars. Edwin, you go do whatever it is you do.

EKO

What about us?

KEITH

You couldn't fix me a cuppa, could you? Kitchen's just through there. Two sugars, there's a love.

INT. SKUNKWORKS KITCHEN - DAY

Eko and Mini are alone in the kitchen. Eko is making tea.

MINI

You're actually making him tea?

EKO

We have to ingratiate ourselves into the new team.

MINI

Spit in it.

EKO

I'm not spitting in his tea.

MINI

This lot are do-fucking-lally.

EKO

We just need to get settled in.

Mini is exasperated.

MINI

I don't know what I'm doing here.

EKO

It's a job.

MINI

It's a frickin freakshow, what's next, a bearded lady?

MADISON SPECTOR, late 30s, number-cruncher, bodybuilder, enters with her steroid fuelled chin stubble and muscles.

MADISON
Hi guys, I'm Madison.

Eko and Mini freeze. Eko regains his composure first.

EKO
Hi, I'm Eko and this is Mini.

Steve is shouting from the office.

STEVE (O.S.)
Everyone get out here now!

INT. SKUNKWORKS OFFICE - DAY

Steve is in front of the large display with everyone else facing him (excl. Hugo). Madison, Eko and Mini join them.

Steve puts a photo of an MP up on the screen.

STEVE
Priorities have changed. This man-

EKO
Sir Marmaduke Williamsborough.

STEVE
Yes, him. He's just gone viral.

Steve shows an image of Marmaduke pissing on a Zoom call.

STEVE
This is a screenshot of him pissing across his bedroom with some local charity volunteers.

KEITH
Actually pissing on them?

STEVE
No, they were on the other end of the call.

KEITH
Oh, thank God for that.

STEVE
Oh yeah, no harm done then.

EKO
He's an idiot.

STEVE
I know you've only just met Keith, but easy fella, we've all got to work together.

EKO

No, I mean Sir Marmaduke. He's a self-serving, arrogant, entitled weasel. Why wouldn't the party use this opportunity to remove him?

STEVE

He's a total fuckwit, I agree, unfortunately most of them are. But he has kompromat.

MADISON

On who?

STEVE

The PM. So, people. Ideas.

MINI

What's his current status?

STEVE

He's at home, changing his pants, all internet connected devices unplugged, waiting for us to tell him his next move. The press are already at his front door and Number 10 want this buried.

KEITH

Is it genuine?

STEVE

I can play it if you want but there's an old shrivelled dick and it's pissing piss all over the bedroom floor. It looks pretty fucking genuine to me.

Eko feels the water-filter in his jacket pocket.

STEVE

Think people!

Eko nervously clears his throat.

EKO

This is a personal water-filter, the user can urinate into this end and 5 minutes later drink purified water out of this end. I know for sure that Sir Marmaduke was at an humanitarian conference this morning and saw this item. We could say he was trying it out.

Madison, Aurora, Edwin and Mini all look at each other.

KEITH
That's ridiculous.

Steve considers it.

STEVE
It's an idea, granted, but it's
terrible. We need a better one.

Steve's phone rings, he answers.

STEVE
Yes?
(beat)
Christ sake!
(beat)
We only got this 10 minutes ago!

Steve puts a hand over the phone.

STEVE
Any other ideas?

Everyone shakes their head, no. Steve gets back on the phone.

STEVE
We've got one, it's a long shot
but it might just work. Do you
know what a piss filter is?

EXT. FRONT OF SIR MARMADUKE'S HOUSE - DAY

Sir Marmaduke has a beautiful detached house in a posh area of London with both entrances of his double entry driveway swarming with press.

In the background, Eko and Mini can be seen in the distance crossing the road, heading for a rear alley.

EXT. BACK OF SIR MARMADUKE'S HOUSE - DAY

Mini is leading Eko down a beautifully pristine back alley. Mini is counting the houses as they walk past them. Eko is wearing a bluetooth phone ear piece.

MINI
One...two...three...

EKO
It's the one with 4 chimneys.

MINI
You should've been a detective.

EKO

No, I can just count to four.

MINI

That's why you're the numbers guy?

EKO

So, what did Steve mean when he said you'd been *released*? I mean, most people are *hired* aren't they?

MINI

I was released from prison two days ago.

Eko stops in disbelief.

MINI

I was using some serious Derren Brown shit on customers at my dad's car dealership. I may have forged the odd loan application too, but, you know, nothing violent. Just smart.

EKO

You got caught.

MINI

But I can be violent if I need to.

They're outside an 8ft wall. Eko talks to his ear-piece.

EKO

We're here. Over.

Mini rolls her eyes.

INT. SKUNKWORKS OFFICE - DAY

Steve is wearing a headset and running operations.

STEVE

OK people, we have been dealt a unique opportunity here, save a fuckwit MP AND decrease burglaries in one genius move. We're going to concentrate all activities in a 5 mile radius around Sir Marmaduke's pisspad. Let's show the world what we can do. Keith, eyes on CCTV?

KEITH

Check.

STEVE

Hugo, air raid sirens hacked?

Hugo sticks his head above the super-computers in the corner.

HUGO

Check.

STEVE

Madison, hot line to the police?

MADISON

Check.

STEVE

Aurora, you're keeping an eye on us, analysing internal weakness?

AURORA

Check.

STEVE

Edwin, you OK mate?

Edwin sticks a thumb up as he stares at the super-computer.

Steve holds a finger against his earpiece.

STEVE

Let's do this!

EXT. BACK OF SIR MARMADUKE'S HOUSE - DAY

Mini and Eko both look at the 8ft wall then each other.

Mini whispers towards the wall.

MINI

Sir Marmaduke? Are you there?

Mini speaks louder.

MINI

Sir Marmaduke?

Mini shouts.

MINI

Marmalade man!

Nothing.

EKO

I'll give you a leg up, try and see what's over the wall.

Eko gives her the filter, pulls out a handkerchief to wipe the soles of her shoes, then gives her a leg up so Mini is standing on Eko's shoulders and can see over the wall.

EKO
Can you see him?

MINI
Yeah, he's by the window.

Mini starts waving the piss-filter, urging him to come out.

MINI
He won't move. He can see me but
he won't open the door.

EKO
What's his problem?

MINI
Probably the fact a strange woman
is waving a piss filter at him.

Eko activates the ear piece.

EKO
Breaker, breaker. Target will not
exit the building.

INT. SKUNKWORKS OFFICE - DAY

STEVE
Jesus! This weasel is only a
chicken shit as well.

Steve dials another number.

STEVE
Yeah, we got a problem. The
Marmalade Pisser is currently
shitting himself and won't leave.
(listening)
Yeah, we've got eyeballs on him.
You need to get him out into the
back garden right now!

Keith whispers an idea to Steve.

KEITH
What if we activate the noise
distraction now? It would
distract the press too.

Steve likes it, sticks a thumb up.

STEVE
You dumb-arses at Number 10 are
lucky you've got us. You tell
Marmalade to leg it when the
alarms and sirens go off, got it?

Steve ends the call and focuses on his team.

STEVE

Hugo? Have you got everything ready to wake the dead?

HUGO

Yes, sir.

STEVE

Madison, the police on board?

MADISON

Ready to go.

STEVE

Hugo! Hit it!

EXT. BACK OF SIR MARMADUKE'S HOUSE - DAY

Mini is still on Eko's shoulders as sirens and alarms blare.

Sir Marmaduke moves the phone away from his ear as someone is screaming down it. He tentatively opens the bi-fold door, and steps out, a little rat-like dog runs out through his legs.

MINI

Yeah, that's it, come down here!

(to Eko)

He's coming.

Mini is waving the piss-filter, urging Sir Marmaduke on.

EKO

Steve, Sir Marmaduke is making his way out. Over.

EXT. FRONT OF SIR MARMADUKE'S HOUSE - DAY

The press spread out like startled prey, investigating the air raid sirens, alarms and multiple police sirens. A police helicopter can be heard above.

INT. SKUNKWORKS OFFICE - DAY

STEVE

OK, Marmalade is on the move. Madison, any police updates?

MADISON

No suspects yet but early days.

STEVE

I wanna kill two birds here, show those slime-bags at Number 10 what we're all about.

EXT. BACK OF SIR MARMADUKE'S HOUSE - DAY

Sir Marmaduke is at the end of the garden looking up at Mini.

MINI

It's a water-filter, you saw it
this morning at the conference.
This is your alibi.

MARMADUKE

What the hell is going on?

MINI

You've been pissing about, mate.

MARMADUKE

It wasn't me!

MINI

Focus on this, Shaggy. The piss-
filter is going to save you.

MARMADUKE

Oh Christ, not this thing again!

MINI

So you do recognise it then?

MARMADUKE

You want me to piss into it?

MINI

No! Fill it with tap water then
demonstrate it in front of the
press, explain how you were
testing it out at home.

From behind the wall, Eko speaks.

EKO (O.S.)

And plug the company name,
H2O2GO.

MINI

Ready?

She drops the piss-filter, Marmaduke doesn't catch it, the
dog grabs it and runs off, Marmaduke gives chase.

MINI

Did you rinse it out?

EKO

No.

MINI

Ergh, that's grim.

INT. SKUNKWORKS OFFICE - DAY

STEVE

Marmalade has the filter. Where are we with phase two, Madison?

MADISON

No suspects apprehended yet.

STEVE

Fuck it! I don't want to waste this opportunity.

Keith sidles up to Steve.

KEITH

We do have a suspicious individual located behind an MP's house. A sacrifice for the greater good.

Steve is quietly impressed.

STEVE

Ooooh, fucking hell Keith, you're cold man. I like it. Do it.

KEITH

Madison, tell the police there's an IC3 male suspect at the rear of Sir Marmaduke' house-

STEVE

Hold on, have you seen Eko? The only thing he's robbed is a shit charity shop. No, I thought you meant Mini. She's got previous.

MADISON

You want to arrest Mini?

STEVE & KEITH

Yes.

Steve gets Eko on the phone.

STEVE

Eko, mate, a slight change of plan. Stay exactly where you are.

EXT. BACK OF SIR MARMADUKE'S HOUSE - DAY

Eko is listening to his ear piece.

MINI

Are you going to let me down?

EKO
Hang on.

MINI
I'm gonna jump.

Eko holds on tighter to her ankles.

EKO
No, no, wait a minute, there's
more instructions.

INT. SKUNKWORKS OFFICE - DAY

MADISON
Police are approaching the scene.

Keith is sitting at a computer.

KEITH
Sir Marmaduke's area only had 2
burglaries last year because
houses are so well protected.

STEVE
So with Mini's arrest, we'll have
established an apprehension rate
of 50%. Excellent work people!

Steve talks to Eko.

STEVE
Stay where you are, Eko.

EXT. BACK OF SIR MARMADUKE'S HOUSE - DAY

Police sirens blare, police enter both ends of the alley.

Eko panics as he lets Mini down.

EKO
Crumbs!

Mini casually looks at Eko, whilst she adjusts her hair.

MINI
Chill out, they aren't after you.

POLICE
Don't move!

A police officer walks towards Eko, who's shaking. The
officer pats him on the back.

POLICE
Great job, sir.

Mini gets handcuffed and led away.

EKO
 Sorry, I didn't know.

EXT. FRONT OF SIR MARMADUKE'S HOUSE - DAY

The press have returned to Sir Marmaduke's house after the sirens and alarms, awaiting Sir Marmaduke's statement.

Sir Marmaduke exits his house and walks down the gravelled drive, piss-filter in hand, as the automatic gates open.

JOURNALIST 1
 How long have you been into
 water-sports, Sir Marmaduke?!

JOURNALIST 2
 Are you resigning?!

JOURNALIST 3
 Do you know how much your carpet
 cleaning bill is going to be?!

Sir Marmaduke halts on the edge of his drive and reads a prepared statement.

MARMADUKE
 Recent events have been taken
 wholly out of proportion. An
 unfamiliarity with new technology
 meant one was caught-

JOURNALIST 1
 With your trousers down?

MARMADUKE
 Unawares. I was testing out this
 water purifying device, a great
 symbol of British engineering and
 ingenuity by H2O2GO.

Sir Marmaduke drinks from the mangled water-filter. His face screws up, subdues a retch, turns to grimace at the cameras.

MARMADUKE
 Like a fine Châteauneuf-du-Pape.

His body shivers.

MARMADUKE
 I have the full support of the PM
 and the cabinet. I have nothing
 more to add, thank you.

INT. SKUNKWORKS OFFICE - NIGHT

Everyone from Skunkworks (excl.

Mini and Hugo) are sitting around a communal area eating pizzas and drinking, in high spirits and congratulating themselves.

STEVE

Hugo! Finish that off tomorrow,
there's a couple of large pizzas
here with your name on.

Hugo walks over from behind the super-computers.

HUGO

All done, all the loose ends
neatly tied up in a bow.

Hugo sees the screenshot of Sir Marmaduke on the large touchscreen and walks over to it.

Just then Mini enters. There's a round of applause & cheers.

Steve approaches with a slice and puts an arm around her.

STEVE

The star of the show, made the
ultimate sacrifice for the team!

MINI

I'm not dead.

Steve urges Mini to take the slice of pizza. She takes it.

STEVE

Seriously, Number 10 are well
happy the story was buried.

Eko approaches her.

MINI

Don't. Even.

Hugo taps the screenshot image with his pizza slice.

HUGO

What's this doing up here?

KEITH

Have you defragged your brain?

MADISON

That's Sir Marmaduke, the pissing
MP we rescued today.

HUGO

I've been dealing with the alarm
distraction. *This* is a deep-fake
video I made yesterday.

Everyone stops.

STEVE
You fucking what?

KEITH
I knew it!

STEVE
You kept that quiet.

HUGO
I got some new Ukrainian deep-
fake software off the dark web
and tried it out on a hacked
video a mate sent me.

MADISON
OK. So why is it on the internet?

HUGO
Is it?

STEVE
Fucking. Yes. Jesus, are you
starved of fucking oxygen up
there or something?

Hugo looks over at the super-computer.

HUGO
It must have been 'Maggie'.

Mini whispers to Aurora.

MINI
Who's Maggie?

AURORA
The artificial intelligence.

KEITH
Maggie's just an AI, Hugo.

HUGO
Not *just*, she must have decided
posting it online was best.

STEVE
She decided? Are you for real?

Steve marches over to 'Maggie' throwing a bit of pizza at it.

STEVE
Fucking upload this, Maggie!

Hugo runs over to clean up Maggie.

Mini catches Eko's eye as she looks at Steve matching into his office. Eko smiles at her. Mini ignores him.

INT. EKO'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Eko walks in, turns the light on, Flo is sitting there dressed in her nurses uniform but half asleep.

EKO
Blimey! I didn't see you there.
You alright?

FLO
No. I haven't slept because
there's been bloody air raid
sirens going off for some reason.
I've binned the kettle.

Eko puts down his bag and attempts to lift the mood.

EKO
Well, I've got some good news.

Flo forces a smile.

EKO
I got that new job.

FLO
It better be in some picturesque
corner of God's green and
pleasant land, and not in this
hellhole.

EKO
Double the money!

FLO
Is that all you think about?

EKO
Actually, no it's not-

FLO
Are we prostitutes?

EKO
I'm not sure that's the
appropriate terminology-

FLO
Try this terminology: I'm
leaving.

Flo picks up her work bag and leaves.

Eko is left standing in the kitchen. He gets out a saucepan fills it with water, puts it on the boil, gets down some Ovaltine, puts some in a mug, and whilst he waits for the water to boil he shops for a new kettle on his phone.