

Septic

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Septic**ACT I**SCENE I

FADE IN:

SERIES OF SHOTS

Multitude of people crossing a busy street.

Garbage men placing garbage in garbage truck.

Money exchanging hands.

A hot dog being placed in a hot dog bun by a vendor.

A traffic jam on a busy highway.

Factory pipes emitting smog into the air.

A person blowing their nose into a tissue.

INT. CLOVER RESTAURANT - CORNER BOOTH- NIGHT

Couples dine in the exclusive restaurant, as SOFT MUSIC PLAYS and couples CONVERSE amongst one another. One such couple is seated in a private booth. They are VERONICA SAMMS and FERGUSON SILLS, who both work for British Intelligence. They are both having an intimate conversation.

VERONICA

(soft)

It's such a lovely evening. I never knew such a brisk evening since my childhood. London at it's finest. I hope we can share more of them. Ferguson?

Ferguson is completely oblivious to Veronica's words, as he stares down at the food on his plate. Veronica inquires Ferguson.

VERONICA

(concerned)

Ferguson, is everything alright?  
You've been unusually quiet  
tonight, and you haven't touched  
your food.

FERGUSON

(calmly explains)

Well, there is something I've been  
meaning to tell you. Remember the  
medical school I applied to a year  
ago? Well, I just received a  
notice from them in the mail the  
other day. I've been accepted.

VERONICA

(exultant)

That's wonderful, Ferguson.  
Congratulations!

(hesitates)

But you can't go. You do remember  
our responsibility? To protect the  
sanctity and well being, and to  
uphold the dignity and prestige of  
Britain and all of its citizens.  
Ferguson, we are British  
Intelligence agents.

FERGUSON

Yes, we are. That is why what I am  
about to tell you is all the more  
difficult. Veronica, I have  
decided to resign from the bureau.  
I feel now is the proper time to  
dedicate myself to a vocation more  
palatable and worthwhile. Instead  
of battling perpetrators, I will  
fight the abstract villains of  
diseases and pathogens.

VERONICA

I can't believe you. After all the  
years of service and of capturing  
potentially dangerous masterminds.  
After all we experienced as a  
couple, both in and away from the  
line of duty. I can't believe how  
selfish you are.

## FERGUSON

Please believe me, Veronica. This decision was not a simple one to arrive at. I am leaving behind all that I have ever known. I just feel a change of pace would be best. I've always been intrigued by medicine and have finally decided to make a career of it while I am young. After serving the needs of the great citizens of Britain, I feel it's time for me to serve them in another fashion. A much safer fashion at that, may I add.

## VERONICA

So you mean to tell me that British Intelligence does not provide you with any feeling of accomplishment? Ferguson, I don't know who you are trying to convince, but I am certainly not one.

(gets up to leave)

I sincerely hope you are happy.  
Goodbye.

Veronica quietly flees out of the restaurant, leaving Ferguson alone at the table. Ferguson motions toward a waiter for the check.

FADE OUT.

SCENE II

FADE IN:

EXT. FRENCH PIER (PARIS) - NIGHT

Veronica is undercover spying on an alleged dealing between foreign insurgents, as she hides behind a wooden crate. Veronica is recording information on the meeting. Veronica quietly watches.

VERONICA'S POV

FISHING BOAT

Holds foreign insurgents and DAMIAN RHODES transpires.

BACK TO SCENE

Veronica watches the meeting closely, as she quickly notices something through her scope.

SCOPE POV

VIALS OF FOREIGN LIQUIDS

Being given to Damian from the insurgents in a suitcase.

BACK TO SCENE

Veronica continues to spy, when she suddenly SNEEZES. The men, hearing the SNEEZE, quickly look around. Damian motions to his men to look for anything/anyone on the piers. Veronica rises and goes to escape. However, she is met by a HENCHMAN of Damian's. The Henchman grabs hold of Veronica.

VERONICA  
(hits the henchman)  
Get off of me, you lout!

HENCHMAN  
Oh, now, flattery will get you  
nowhere, love.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRENCH PIER (PARIS) - BOAT - NIGHT

The henchman brings Veronica over to Damian and the insurgents.

HENCHMAN  
Boss, I found her behind a crate on  
the East end.

DAMIAN  
(slowly walks towards  
Veronica)  
My, my, Miss Samms. We meet again.  
I thought the last time we would  
convene was after you and Mr. Sills  
foiled my plans to heist all the  
top banks in Europe.

VERONICA  
(strong)  
I thought someone of your caliber  
would be far more prudent to base  
your encryptions in a more complex  
computer language. Hexadecimal?  
(MORE)

VERONICA (cont'd)  
 We could do that with our eyes  
 closed!

DAMIAN  
 (intense)  
 You've meddled in my business for  
 the last time, Miss Samms! Give my  
 regards to my parents and sister.  
 (motions to one of his  
 men)  
 Shoot her.

One of Damian's men, clad in a ski mask, FIRES a SHOT,  
 killing Veronica. Damian then orders his men to place the  
 body in the ocean.

DAMIAN  
 (stern)  
 Let us work fleetly, gentlemen.  
 The authorities mustn't find a  
 thing.

The men start to work in a more rapid fashion. Damian and  
 his men stand by the edge of the boat, as they prepare to  
 dump Veronica's body overboard.

DAMIAN  
 (commiserates)  
 Oh, dear Miss Samms. Your  
 curiosity got the best of you, in  
 more ways than you wished to  
 imagine. I wish you could have a  
 far more dignified interment. Oh,  
 who am I kidding? Dump her over!

Damian's men heed his orders, as they dump the body  
 overboard.

VERONICA'S CORPSE

Slowly sinks under the briny deep.

Damian now speaks with his of his men, JAMES.

DAMIAN  
 Did you find anything on her?

JAMES  
 (shows Damian the  
 evidence)  
 Yes. We found a sound recorder,  
 and some spy equipment.

DAMIAN

Bring all of it back to our offices. We'll dispose of them immediately.

JAMES

Sir Rhodes, how will we explain the gunshots that were fired?

DAMIAN

We'll just tell them pier watch saw a shark. Come now, James. We must depart. The coup de gras is now. Operation Septic is now underway.

FISHING BOAT

Rapidly pulls away under the moon-lit sky.

FADE OUT.

SCENE III

FADE IN:

EXT. JOAN OF ARC MEDICAL CENTRE - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

People are entering/exiting the lobby.

CUT TO:

INT. JOAN OF ARC MEDICAL CENTRE - DR. SILL'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Ferguson Sills is busy reading up on the medical files of some of his patients. He decides to check his e-mail. Ferguson turns on his computer and signs in. Ferguson opens of his e-mails and starts to read it.

FERGUSON'S POV

COMPUTER MONITOR

As the e-mail opened starts to reveal a wide array of images, as it finally reading, "OPERATION SEPTIC: TOMORROW - ?"

BACK TO SCENE

Ferguson looks confounded at the message, and is soon interrupted by a TELEPHONE RING.

FERGUSON  
 (clicks out of the e-mail;  
 answers the phone)  
 Hello?

Ferguson's Secretary, GERTRUDE KNOWLES, is on the other line.

GERTRUDE (V.O.)  
 (over telephone; in  
 French; subtitled)  
 Dr. Sills. You have a call.

FERGUSON  
 (curious; in  
 French; subtitled)  
 From whom may I ask?

GERTRUDE (V.O.)  
 (over telephone; in  
 French; subtitled)  
 He says he's an old friend of  
 yours. Shall I transfer it to you?

FERGUSON  
 (in French; subtitled)  
 Yes, please.

(Ferguson pushes the button on his phone, as he answers the call)

FERGUSON  
 (phone in hand)  
 Hello?

DAMIAN RHODES (V.O.)  
 (sinister)  
 Hello, Ferguson. Or shall I say,  
 Doctor Sills? What a pleasure to  
 hear from you. Do you remember me?  
 If not, let me refresh your memory.  
 I'm the bloke you put away ten  
 years ago. I almost had all the  
 banks of Europe in the palm of my  
 hand, but you thwarted me. And now  
 I'm back. Did you miss me?

FERGUSON  
 Like a strep throat pathogen. What  
 do you want, Damian?



DAMIAN RHODES (V.O.)

My, aren't we a little hostile? I just called to say hello and to see if you received my e-mail. I hope it wasn't too over the top. I was looking for a more subtle approach this time around.

FERGUSON

Yes, it was about as subtle as an army tank. How did you get out and what are you planning to do?

DAMIAN RHODES (V.O.)

Good behavior, as well as a superb team of attorneys helped reduce my sentence from twenty-five to life to ten years. Oh, who am I kidding? I broke out. Our agency is one of the most complex in the world. A jailbreak is as simple as taking candy from a baby.

FERGUSON

I hope you are fully aware that I no longer partake in espionage for this fine nation. I found that medicine provides a far greater challenge than capturing lowlifes such as you.

DAMIAN RHODES (V.O.)

Oh, yes. All the more reason for me to call you to exult in what will be my greatest scheme to date. Viruses. The silent killers. They can't be seen, touched, or detected by the human senses. And when they strike, they do so in a silent but sudden manner. I guess you can call them the best assassins this side of Baghdad. And I will be releasing them on all of Europe starting tomorrow. And there's not a thing you can do about it.

FERGUSON

(inquisitive)

What kind of viruses?

DAMIAN RHODES (V.O.)

Let's just say they make anthrax and small pox look like head colds.

(MORE)

DAMIAN RHODES (V.O.) (cont'd)

They are top secret and were developed by our agency to be dispensed at this time.

FERGUSON

And you honestly feel you'll get away with such a dastardly plan? Our intelligence contains some of the finest minds this side of the Western hemisphere. You don't think they're already devising a scheme to counter?

DAMIAN RHODES (V.O.)

I am all but certain they are, Ferg. But they'll be doing it without one their finest. I hope you recall an acquaintance of yours, Ms. Veronica Samms?

FERGUSON

(stern)

What did you do to her?

DAMIAN RHODES (V.O.)

Well, let's just say I've provided her with a chance to explore the depths of the ocean floor.

FERGUSON

(intense)

You wouldn't. Tell me where she is!

DAMIAN RHODES (V.O.)

I won't tell if you won't, doc. Let's not waste time on such petty matters. As we speak, I have already selected the fine characters to perform this work of insurgent art. They are some of the smartest and most secretive in our department. They will be dispersing the viruses throughout all of Europe.

FERGUSON

Where? When? Tell me at once!

DAMIAN RHODES (V.O.)

Well, I'd love to continue our wonderful session, but as you can see, I have an entire continent to conquer.

(MORE)

DAMIAN RHODES (V.0.) (cont'd)  
I hope you're free, doctor, because  
you're gonna have a full slate  
tomorrow. Good day.

FERGUSON  
(hesitantly)  
Wait! Hello?

Damian has hung up, as Ferguson is left with an empty line.

FERGUSON  
(SLAMS the RECEIVER down)  
Damn it!

Ferguson quickly goes to the rack to get his hat and coat and quickly exits his office.

INT. JOAN OF ARC MEDICAL CENTRE - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

GERTRUDE is busy organizing files at her desk. Ferguson appears and is about to depart the building.

FERGUSON  
(puts on his coat and hat)  
Trudy, cancel all of my  
appointments for today.

GERTRUDE  
Doctor Sills, are you mad? You  
have a full schedule today. What  
are you planning to do?

FERGUSON  
(heads towards the door)  
I'm meeting an old friend.

FADE OUT.

SCENE IV

FADE IN:

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - ESTABLISHING SHOT - NIGHT

INT. FERGUSON'S FLAT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ferguson is fast asleep, when suddenly the DOORBELL RINGS. A startled Ferguson pops up from out of bed, and goes to answer. Ferguson pulls a gun out from his night stand draw, and tentatively heads towards the door.

INT. FERGUSON'S FLAT - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Ferguson slowly creeps down the corridor, as he approaches the door, as the DOORBELL continues to RING incessantly. Ferguson reaches and slowly begins to unlatch the door. Ferguson slowly then quickly opens the door and points his gun. He is met by CYRIL ENDERBY, his former boss at British Intelligence.

CYRIL

(startled; with hands raised)

Ferguson, how nice to see you!

FERGUSON

(puts his gun down)

Cyril, what are you doing here at this time of the night?

CYRIL

Well, I haven't heard from you in quite some time. I just thought I'd drop by to say hello.

FERGUSON

(looks curiously at him)

At three in the morning?

CYRIL

May I come in?

FERGUSON

(lets Cyril in)

Of course. Can I make you some tea?

The door closes behind both men.

INT. ARCHIBALD'S FLAT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

TEA CUP

As steaming water is poured into it.

Ferguson and Cyril are enjoying a light snack, as they converse.

CYRIL

(looks around the flat)

I love what you've done with your flat, Ferg. It is quite commodious and inviting.

FERGUSON

(takes a sip of Orangina)

Thank you, Cyril. It suits me well, I suppose. I've never been one for the fab and fancy.

CYRIL

I hope all is going well in the world of medicine.

FERGUSON

Yes, in case you were wondering, I had to cancel my appointments for today, though. Something came up.

CYRIL

Would that something have to do with a strange and rather disturbing e-mail?

FERGUSON

(astounded)

How did you know?

CYRIL

Yes, Ferg, unfortunately, we received the same one, with a virus attached. It put all of our computers out for the entire day.

FERGUSON

Forgive me if this sounds harsh, but I don't think you're here to see how I am.

CYRIL

As always, Ferg, you've surmised correctly.

(MORE)

CYRIL (cont'd)

Damian Rhodes is out, Ferg, and he's launching a full-blown attack on the entire mainlands of Europe. Operation Septic is said to be his biggest and most dastardly to date.

FERGUSON

And this concerns me, how?

CYRIL

(sheepish)

Well, yes, Ferg, that is the other thing. I've come here tonight to ask you if you would undertake Operation Septic.

FERGUSON

(astounded)

Are you daft, Cyril? It's been five years since I've last worked for British Intelligence. Surely you don't think I can foil such a plot?

CYRIL

If I didn't think you could, then I wouldn't have come here, Ferg. Even our newest recruits and graduates are not fully capable of taking on Damian. You're the only agent I can think of who can outsmart, outthink, and outlast him.

FERGUSON

But it's been so long, Cyril. Your technology, equipment and protocol must be so different now.

CYRIL

You're such a fast learner, Ferg, that I really don't think it would be a problem if - -

FERGUSON

(stubbornly interjects)

Absolutely not. I shall not partake in any more cases for British Intelligence. That part of my life has gone the way of the manual typewriter.

CYRIL

(beseeches)

If not for me, then for the fine  
people of Britain and all over  
Europe, Ferg.

FERGUSON

I currently serve them with my  
practice as a physician, and that  
suits me just fine. I'm not the  
man you're looking for, Cyril.

CYRIL

Ferg, please...

FERGUSON

(adamant)

No, Cyril. I thank you for your  
visit, but my mind is made up!  
Now, if you please, I have to get  
some rest. I have a busy day  
tomorrow.

Cyril looks blankly at Ferguson, as he slowly heads towards  
the door and exits. Ferguson sits down on a chair and tries  
to compose himself. Ferguson quickly sees something.  
Ferguson heads over to his kitchen counter.

Ferguson picks up a picture frame.

PICTURE FRAME

Contains a picture of Veronica and Ferguson at the Eiffel  
Tower in Paris.

Ferguson looks softly and attentively at the picture.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT I

**ACT II**

SCENE V

FADE IN:

EXT. BRITISH INTELLIGENCE BUILDING - ESTABLISHING SHOT -  
MORNING

CUT TO:

INT. CYRIL ENDERBY'S OFFICE - DAY

Cyril is beside himself, as he is being bombarded by phone calls and reports. He is trying his best to attend to it all.

CYRIL

(talks into phone)

Yes, I have the file right here.  
I'll explain it to you in just a  
minute, if you could please hold...

(pushes button and taking  
other call)

Yes, hello, I have the report here  
on my desk. I believe it will be  
in Geneva on the sixth of December,  
but I can't say for sure. If you  
could please hold...

(shuffles files)

Yes, hello, thank you for waiting.  
We plan to do that on Monday, but  
first we must attend to Operation  
Septic, because if we don't...  
Hello?

(yells angrily)

Oh, bloody hell!

A VOICE suddenly intervenes.

FERGUSON (O.S.)

Looks like you've bit off more than  
you can chew.

Ferguson is standing in the doorway, as Cyril looks on in complete puzzlement.

CYRIL

(sober)

May I ask what you are doing here?

FERGUSON

If my memory serves me correctly, I  
believe you asked me to take on  
this mission of yours.

CYRIL

Do you really mean that?

FERGUSON

Cyril. When has a Brit ever went  
against his word?



Cyril beams, as Ferguson stands.

FERGUSON  
So, when do we start?

CUT TO:

INT. BRITISH INTELLIGENCE BUILDING - CORRIDOR - MORNING

Cyril and Ferguson are walking, as they discuss the most recent news in British Intelligence.

CYRIL  
(shows Ferguson the facility)  
As you can see, not much has changed since your departure, Ferg. Our facilities have remained as up-to-date in accordance to the times as possible.

FERGUSON  
So, have there been any new additions, in terms of technology, to British Intelligence?

CYRIL  
Some that could confound the most complex of minds. We will now be entering the tech lab, Ferg.

Cyril and Ferguson come to a stop at a gray, metal door.

CYRIL  
This door can only be opened by the fingerprints of employees here. As such...

Cyril places his finger in the locking device.

CYRIL'S FINGER

As the locking device reads his fingerprint. The door immediately opens.

CYRIL  
Open Sesame.

Cyril and Ferguson enter into the Tech Lab.

INT. TECHNOLOGY LABORATORY - MORNING

The lab is ASTIR with scientists BANTERING amongst one another and testing out new gadgets. Cyril shows Ferguson around.

CYRIL

As you can see, we are constantly developing and testing new devices that will hopefully put us at the forefront of espionage gadgetry. Are you okay, Ferg?

FERGUSON

(looks around the lab in awe)  
I feel like a tot in a toy shop.

CYRIL

Yes, I echo your sentiment. Come, let me show you the - -

Before he can finish, Cyril is interrupted.

RONALD (O.S.)

Cyril, good day, sir!

Cyril and Ferguson turn around, as they are met by RONALD JAMISON, a recent graduate and current employee at British Intelligence.

CYRIL

Good morning, Ronald.  
(introduces Ronald)  
Ferg, I'd like for you to meet Ronald Jamison. He has been with us for five years now and has already established himself as one of our finest young agents.

RONALD

(extends his hand)  
Mr. Sills, I can't begin to tell you what an honour and pleasure it is to meet you. I have been here for five years now and the mere mention of your name evokes images of a mythic figure.

FERGUSON

There, there, Ronald. You're making me feel like an artifact.

(MORE)

FERGUSON (cont'd)  
So, five years? What do you  
specialize in?

RONALD  
Well, first I started at a desk job  
monitoring and recording phone  
calls. I then steadily proceeded  
to foreign missions and security  
control.

FERGUSON  
I am sure you will serve the fine  
people of Britain well.  
(turns to Cyril)  
So, Cyril, what are we working  
with?

INT. BRITISH INTELLIGENCE BUILDING - INFORMATION CENTER -  
MORNING

COMPUTER MONITOR

Cyril, Ronald and Ferguson are working on a computer, trying  
to hack into the computer systems of very confidential files.

CYRIL  
(types at keyboard)  
Ferg, it has been damn near  
impossible for us to access these  
files. They contain vital  
information that we need on  
Operation Septic. They seem to  
have a one-of-a-kind firewall.

FERGUSON  
May I see?

CYRIL  
(rises from his seat)  
Of course.

Ferguson sits down and starts to type on the keyboard.

FERGUSON  
(steadily types)  
Okay, and here. It's accessing.  
We have broken their encryption  
processes and the files will be  
downloading.

CYRIL  
And you wonder why we miss you.

FERGUSON

Look at this.

All of the men look.

MENS' POV

COMPUTER MONITOR

Displays a complex grid with the entire nations of Europe.

BACK TO SCENE

The men try to pick up as many clues as possible.

FERGUSON

(looks closely at monitor)

My goodness, they really did their homework. This is a map of all of Europe.

CYRIL

This seems to be a complex web of the prospective nations that they're attempting to inflict with those viruses. Six nations, six viruses, one mission.

RONALD

Shouldn't we report this to the authorities, which could help them anticipate a potential attack?

FERGUSON

Yes, but we must also remember that Damian has some of the authorities in his back pocket. Remember the Nice Niche Nabbing of ninety-two? He had basically half the police force paid off. They'll just play dumb and say it's a false alarm.

CYRIL

Looking at the map as we have, it looks as if Damian's targeting the foremost locations in all of Europe: Lisbon, Paris, Zurich, Madrid, even London. My God, he's going to infect all of Europe.

RONALD  
(points to numbers on  
computer monitor)  
What are these numbers here?

FERGUSON  
(closely eyes the map)  
Those are the estimated time  
intervals, in which the viruses  
will be spread throughout each  
location. They are in military  
time. They are all set to be  
released within a twenty-four hour  
period. The first one starts at  
dawn. What time is it?

CYRIL  
(looks at his watch)  
Ten-thirty.

FERGUSON  
(arises from chair)  
Come We mustn't waste a second.

INT. BRITISH INTELLIGENCE BUILDING - WEAPONS ROOM - LATE  
MORNING

Cyril and Ferguson are preparing for the mission. Ferguson  
looks at some of the high tech gadgets he'll be using, as  
Cyril attempts to explain each of them to him.

CYRIL  
As you can see, Ferg, we've come  
quite a long way in weaponry since  
you were last here.

FERGUSON  
I can remember when we had cap guns  
and walkie-talkies.

CYRIL  
(hands Ferguson a device)  
Here, I want you to take this. It  
is a miniature communication  
device, in case you have any  
questions or if you need to contact  
us.  
(presses the button)  
Once you press this button, it will  
be initiated, you then talk into  
the small speaker as such.

FERGUSON

Are there any other devices I'll be using?

CYRIL

Yes. This device has an extra strength magnet and can polarize itself to the most heaviest of metals. Our scientists are quite familiar with these devices and their functions, and will show you how to use them. Ronald, do you have the time?

RONALD

(looks at his watch)

Yes. It's almost nine.

CYRIL

Oh, yes. We must hasten this up a bit. Time is of the essence. Come, gentlemen.

Ronald and Ferguson follow Cyril, as they all depart the laboratory.

INT. BRITISH INTELLIGENCE BUILDING - CYRIL'S OFFICE - DAY

Ronald and Ferguson sit in chairs, as Cyril is behind his desk, preparing to send out Ferguson on the mission.

CYRIL

Ferguson, I can't thank you enough for doing this. Please be careful and make your return a triumphant one.

FERGUSON

I can and I will.

RONALD

Mister Enderby, I was wondering if I could accompany Ferguson on this grand mission. I know I can be of some avail.

CYRIL

Your enthusiasm and cooperation are appreciated, Ronald.

(MORE)

CYRIL (cont'd)

I just don't think it would be wise for you to become involved in a mission so dicey and unpredictable. Damian Rhodes is a sociopath who takes no names and will stop at nothing. You will be ultimately risking your life if you choose to go along.

RONALD

That's a risk I am willing to take.  
 (looks at Ferguson)  
 Please, Mr. Sills? I won't get in the way and we can communicate using these devices. It would be an utmost honour to go on a mission with one of Britain's finest.

FERGUSON

(looks at Cyril)  
 Cyril, what do you think?

CYRIL

Very well, Ronald. Get ready and Godspeed. Ferguson, ditto. Now go get this bloody bastard.

FADE OUT.

SCENE VI

FADE IN:

MONTAGE - AROUND LISBON

Open air bazaars are astir with the BANTERING of merchants and customers.

Cars are out on the roads and highways headed to work and other random locales.

Produce farms are busy tending to their crops and livestock.

The piers are rife with boats and fishermen, ready to load up for another day on the high seas.

END MONTAGE

EXT. FISHING DOCKS - BRIDGE - DAY

Ferguson is hiding underneath the bridge, looking vigilantly for signs of anything suspicious.

FERGUSON  
(speaks into communication  
device)  
Ronald, are you there?

RONALD (V.O.)  
(over communication  
device)  
Crystal clear, Ferg.

FERGUSON  
Do you see anything?

RONALD (V.O.)  
(over communication  
device)  
Nothing at all, Ferg. Are you sure  
we are in the right place?

FERGUSON  
(speaks into communication  
device; in a whisper)  
I am going to end this  
conversation. I think I'm picking  
up something. It's him. It's  
Olivier DeMarco. He hails from  
Portugal and is being used by  
Damian to dispense the virus here.  
(puts away device)  
That will be all, Ronald.

INT. COFFEE SHOP (LISBON) - DAY

Ferguson is eating a light breakfast in a corner booth. He currently has his eyes peeled, as he quickly sees Olivier.

FERGUSON'S POV

OLIVIER

Eats his breakfast in a corner booth at the opposite end of the coffee shop.

BACK TO SCENE

Ferguson continues to subtly watch Olivier. He then pulls out an infrared scanning device, and then starts to flash it on Olivier.



## OLIVIER'S COAT POCKET

As the infrared device reveals a vial of liquid in his coat pocket.

Olivier finishes up his meal, gets up, pays the check and departs. Ferguson quickly calls for his check and begins to follow Olivier.

## EXT. FISHING DOCKS - SMALL PASSAGEWAY - DAY

Ferguson is hiding underneath a passageway, dressed as a local fisherman. He is again attempting to spy on Olivier. Ferguson again pulls out the infrared tracking device, as he quickly sees something.

## FERGUSON'S POV

## CORNER OF FISHING DOCK

Olivier meets with an employee from the docks, showing him what appears to be his ID.

## BACK TO SCENE

Ferguson takes the infrared tracking device and points it in the direction of Olivier.

## DEVICE'S POV

Records the Olivier's information.

## BACK TO SCENE

Ferguson finishes recording and proceeds to look at the information.

## FERGUSON'S POV

## INFRARED DEVICE'S SCREEN

Displays the information on Olivier and his boat.

## BACK TO SCENE

Ferguson finishes reading the information on Olivier, as he puts away the device. He then proceeds to slip on a nearby puddle of water and plunges into the water.

INT. UNDERWATER - DAY

Ferguson is underneath the water, as he begins to swim. He continues to swim, as he takes out his x-ray device and looks up at under all the boats.

FERGUSON'S UNDERWATER POV

OLIVIER

Stands on his boat, as he has the vial with the virus on his boat deck.

BACK TO SCENE

Ferguson slowly swims towards the surface, as he tries patiently to make his move. He is now at the surface, as he watches Olivier from behind. Ferguson now makes his move onto Olivier's boat.

Ferguson tentatively walks towards Olivier, who still has his back turned. Ferguson, with gun in hand, is about to halt Olivier, when Olivier quickly turns around, with gun in hand, halting Ferguson.

OLIVIER

(points his gun)

So, we meet again, Senor Sills.

Drop it.

FERGUSON

(drops his gun)

Olivier.

Olivier quickly takes Ferguson's gun and throws it overboard.

OLIVIER

I thought I saw you in the coffee shop. I guess you should always go with your instincts.

FERGUSON

I suppose. Who are you working for?

OLIVIER

I'd tell you, but then I'd have to kill you. How's that sound?

FERGUSON

Sounds like a fair proposition.  
However, you wouldn't want blood  
and fish guts all over this fine  
vessel, would you? Now tell me,  
what is Damian planning?

OLIVIER

(pulls out a huge machete)  
You will find out as soon as I gut  
you like one of these fish!

Olivier SCREAMS and charges at Ferguson, as Ferguson hits the ship's floor, accidentally hitting the starter for the motor of the boat. The boat starts to speed off.

Ferguson and Olivier begin to tussle, as Olivier delivers a punch to the face. Ferguson again hits the ground but not before Ferguson delivers a kick to Olivier's leg.

VIAL WITH VIRUS

Flails loosely about on the floor of the boat.

Olivier is down, as Ferguson quickly leaps up and grabs the gun and the vial. Ferguson is quickly elbowed by Olivier, which causes him to hit the floor again. Olivier retrieves the gun, and points it at Ferguson.

OLIVIER

(angrily points the gun)  
I've waited a long time to do this.  
Any last words?

Ferguson looks stoically at Olivier.

FERGUSON

Head's up.

Before Olivier can shoot, he hits his head on an overpass and is knocked unconscious. Ferguson quickly leaps up and regains control of the boat, as he slows down its motor. Ferguson then spots a rescue phone, and quickly puts it to use.

FERGUSON

(talks on the phone)  
Hello. I need a rescue crew for  
this boat and contact the local  
authorities at once.

Ferguson hangs up the phone and awaits the rescue boat. He picks up the fish, sniffs it, and flings it into a nearby bucket.

FERGUSON  
I've always liked steak better.

FADE OUT.

SCENE VII

FADE IN:

AROUND MADRID, SPAIN - MONTAGE

People cross the busy streets, and walk about the bustling sidewalks.

A matador evades the horns of an angry bull at a bull fight in Pamplona.

People ascend and descend the steps of local churches and basilicas.

The large castles dominate the Spanish skyline with their grandeur and stillness.

END MONTAGE

EXT. LOCAL CAFE (MADRID) - TERRACE AREA - DAY

Ferguson and Ronald are enjoying some beverages, as they await their next mission.

RONALD  
How were you able to figure out that Olivier was going to strike at the docks?

FERGUSON  
(explanatory)  
I figured that most Damian's accomplices will endeavour to strike at locations that are either popular or densely populated. The more people present, the greater opportunity for germ dissemination. Did you happen to here from Cyril?

RONALD

Yes. He said it is imperative for you to keep a low profile and that I should take authority for all Intelligence communication. On account of your work.

FERGUSON

Of course. I know you for only a day, Ronald, yet I feel completely comfortable confiding in you.

(looks sternly at Ronald)

And I don't trust many. In this line of work no one can.

RONALD

(looks at ring on  
Ferguson's finger)

What a fine piece of jewelry. Are you engaged?

FERGUSON

Oh, no. Just from an old friend. We used to work together. Are you familiar with Veronica Samms?

RONALD

Am I? She was one of the finest to ever step foot through Intelligence offices. You two worked together?

FERGUSON

(waxes nostalgic)

Perpetrators called us the Gruesome Twosome. Nobody could pull anything by us. She was the consummate professional, as well as my best friend.

(beat)

We grew apart after I left for a career in medicine. She was less than enthused.

RONALD

It is quite a shame she left us so soon. The body still hasn't been found. Some say she had it coming.

FERGUSON

(looks angrily at Ronald)

Explain yourself at once!

RONALD

She should have never left to spy on Damian. As you stated earlier, he is capable of anything and has no regard for human life. If anything else, she should have known better.

FERGUSON

(sternly)

I concur with all the following except the latter. I strongly suggest you know your facts before you present them.

(beat)

If it weren't for a defective walkie-talkie, she would still be with us. I've dedicated this mission in her memory. I will not sleep until Damian Rhodes is brought to justice.

RONALD

And we will do just that.

FERGUSON

(looks at his watch)

Ronald, I must be off now. I will establish contact with you as soon as I feel I've drawn a beat. Stay aware and look out for anything or anyone suspicious.

(beat)

Ronald, my apologies for my temper. I just feel very adamant about certain personal matters. Your company is both pleasant and reassuring.

Ferguson departs, as Ronald remains at the table in the cafe's terrace.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX (MADRID) - ROOFTOP - DAY

Ferguson is spying on the city of Madrid, looking for anything or anyone suspicious. Ferguson decides to take out his binoculars and have a glimpse.

BINOCULAR POV

FERGUSON'S BINOCULAR POV

GIOVANNI FLAMENCO

Quickly glances around, and enters a nearby burlesque house.

BACK TO SCENE

Ferguson places down his binoculars and pulls out his communication device.

FERGUSON

(speaks into device)

Ronald, are you there? I think I saw Giovanni Flamenco. He just entered a burlesque house.

RONALD (V.O.)

Why would a burlesque house be open at this time of day?

FERGUSON

Must be the early bird special. I'm going in. Godspeed, Ronald.

Ferguson turns off his communication device and moves downstairs.

EXT. FRONT APARTMENT COMPLEX (MADRID) - DAY

Ferguson is downstairs, as he looks both ways and crosses the street to the burlesque house.

Ferguson is about to enter the burlesque house, when he hesitates. He heads towards the back.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX (MADRID)- BACK ALLEY - DAY

Ferguson slowly enters the back alley and tries to enter the burlesque club through the back door.

He quickly hides behind a nearby dumpster, in hopes that no one will see him.

Ferguson suddenly hears something transpiring from behind the back door.

EXT. LOCAL BURLESQUE HOUSE (MADRID) - BACK DOOR - DAY

A MAN BURSTS through the door and HITS the ground with a THUD.

The MANAGER of the burlesque house appears, and castigates the deadbeat customer.

MANAGER  
 (angry; in Spanish;  
 subtitled)  
 Come back when you decide to pay  
 for your lap dances! Deadbeat!

The manager turns around, as the door behind him slowly begins to close.

Ferguson quickly makes his move from out behind the dumpster and enters the back door just in time.

INT. LOCAL BURLESQUE HOUSE (MADRID)- BACK ROOM - DAY

Ferguson is now inside, as he slowly walks in back of the manager of the burlesque house.

The manager, intuiting something, turns around, as Ferguson quickly moves OUT OF FRAME. He sees nothing, turns back around and gives a dismissive shrug.

Ferguson looks around for anyone and quickly moves to a back room.

The manager is walking around the back stage area, when he is met by the ASSISTANT MANAGER.

ASSISTANT MANAGER  
 (nervous; in Spanish;  
 subtitled)  
 Boss, boss. I've been looking all  
 over for you.

MANAGER  
 (curious; in Spanish;  
 subtitled)  
 What's the matter?

ASSISTANT MANAGER  
 (nervous; in Spanish;  
 subtitled)  
 It's Marielena.  
 (MORE)



ASSISTANT MANAGER (cont'd)

She was supposed to do the  
afternoon shift today. She called  
in sick.

MANAGER

(in Spanish; subtitled)  
You're kidding. Get Miranda to go  
on then.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

(in Spanish; subtitled)  
Sorry, boss. She left ten minutes  
ago to see her daughter.

MANAGER

(in Spanish; subtitled)  
What about that new girl, Carmen?

ASSISTANT MANAGER

(excited; in Spanish;  
subtitled)  
Ah, yes, Carmen! She starts today.

MANAGER

(in Spanish; subtitled)  
Where is she?

ASSISTANT MANAGER

(in Spanish; subtitled)  
I think she's in her dressing room.

MANAGER

(testy; in Spanish;  
subtitled)  
What are you waiting for?! Go get  
her!

The Assistant Manager goes to the backstage dressing room to  
summon Carmen.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

(knocks on dressing room  
door; in Spanish;  
subtitled)  
Carmen, dear. You're on. Carmen?

The door opens, as CARMEN emerges from the dressing room, as  
the assistant manager escorts her to the stage.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

(encouraging; in Spanish;  
subtitled)  
Knock 'em dead. And show some  
skin!

The Assistant Manager motions to the DEEJAY, who prepares the crowd for Carmen's arrival.

DEEJAY  
 (speaks into microphone;  
 in Spanish; subtitled)  
 Okay, everyone. I know you've been waiting, and your patience has finally paid off. Mariaelena will not be here today.

The CROWD BOOS in disapproval, as the Deejay continues.

DEEJAY  
 (encouraging; in Spanish;  
 subtitled)  
 Okay, okay In her place we have a newcomer. She is the spicy one from Seville, the mistress from Madrid, the plump one from Pamplona.  
 (motions to the backstage)  
 The one, the only... Carmen!

Carmen slowly emerges from behind backstage, and is met with cheerful applause.

Carmen starts to slow dance, as she flows with the music.

CROWD

CHEERS and watches in approval.

Carmen continues to dance seductively, as she looks directly at Giovanni.

GIOVANNI

Quickly taken by Carmen, looks lasciviously at her.

Carmen slowly moves offstage and into the audience, as she makes her way towards Giovanni's table.

Carmen gives Giovanni a private dance, as he watches in quiet approval. The two start a conversation.

CARMEN  
 (sotto voce; in Spanish;  
 subtitled)  
 Hello, handsome.

GIOVANNI

(intimate; in Spanish;  
subtitled)

You are a sight to behold, my love.  
I've never seen you before, but I  
am now a better man for it.

CARMEN

(sotto voce; in Spanish;  
subtitled)

You are too sweet, dear.  
(caresses Giovanni's chin  
and grabs his face; sotto  
voce; in Spanish;  
subtitled)

I want to get a good look at your  
beautiful face. Look at me.

Giovanni obeys, as Carmen takes her fingers and puts them  
through Giovanni's hair.

CARMEN'S HAND

Digs slowly digs deep into Giovanni's coat pocket, pulling  
out the vial with the virus.

Carmen is continuing to seduce Giovanni, when his passion  
gets the best of him.

GIOVANNI

(passionate; in Spanish;  
subtitled)

I can't stand it any longer. I  
must unveil you to see what your  
beautiful face looks like.

CARMEN

(defiant; sotto voce; in  
Spanish; subtitled)

Oh, please don't...

Giovanni proceeds to rip off Carmen's veil, revealing her  
true identity. Carmen is actually Ferguson.

Giovanni, startled screams, and jumps up from his seat.

GIOVANNI

(angrily)

You will pay, Senor Sills!

Ferguson quickly punches Giovanni, who hits the floor.  
Ferguson runs out of the burlesque house, as a PATRON mourns  
his departure.

BURLESQUE HOUSE PATRON  
 (mournfully; in Spanish;  
 subtitled)  
 And to think, I was going to give  
 her flowers and chocolates!

CUT TO:

EXT. LOCAL BURLESQUE HOUSE (MADRID) - BACK ALLEY - DAY

Ferguson, still dressed as Carmen, quickly runs down the alley, as he rapidly places the vial in his coat pocket.

Giovanni is not far behind, as he wields his GUN and starts to FIRE SHOTS at Ferguson.

Ferguson quickly hails a cab, as he quickly gets in and directs the Taxi Driver.

FERGUSON  
 (in Spanish; subtitled)  
 Take me to the farthest part of the  
 city. Fast!

The taxi takes off, as Giovanni quickly pursues it in his car.

INT. TAXI CAB - DAY

The CAB DRIVER starts to converse with Ferguson.

TAXI DRIVER  
 (in Spanish; subtitled)  
 Must be a slow day today, huh?

FERGUSON  
 (sarcastic; in Spanish;  
 subtitled)  
 Don't even ask.

Giovanni FIRES a BULLET from his gun, as it HITS the back window, SHATTERING the GLASS.

TAXI DRIVER  
 (turns around; in Spanish;  
 subtitled)  
 Oh my God, what the fuck happened  
 to my window?

FERGUSON  
 (points to Taxi Driver; in  
 Spanish; subtitled)  
 Look out!

The Taxi Driver turns back around and quickly notices something.

TAXI DRIVER'S POV

FRUIT AND VEGETABLE STAND

As the taxi tab is ready to hit it dead on.

BACK TO SCENE

The merchants of the stand quickly move out of the way, as the TAXI CAB BURSTS through the stand, destroying everything.

Some fruit residue splashes onto the windshield of Giovanni's car, as he frustrating puts on his windshield wipers.

The taxi cab continues to race through the street, as the taxi driver looks back at Ferguson.

TAXI DRIVER  
 (nervous; in Spanish;  
 subtitled)  
 Man, what did I do to deserve this?

Ferguson again points straight ahead, as the taxi driver looks again.

TAXI DRIVER'S POV

WIDE ANGLE ON MEAT STAND

As the taxi is about to hit it head on.

BACK TO SCENE

The taxi driver screams in fright, as the CAB BURSTS through the meat stand.

CAR WINDSHIELD

Has a huge slab of meat stuck to it.

TAXI DRIVER  
 (yells loudly; in Spanish;  
 subtitled)  
 (MORE)

TAXI DRIVER (cont'd)  
El Diablo, el Diablo, es pollo  
loco, pollo loco!

EXT. LOCAL HIGHWAY (MADRID) - DAY

Both cars now make their way onto the busy highway, as they race rapidly. The taxi driver, fed up and frightened, decides to call it a day.

TAXI DRIVER  
(opens car door; in  
Spanish; subtitled)  
Forget this job, I'm going back to  
my mother's farm!

The taxi driver throws himself out of the moving car, as a startled Ferguson looks on.

Ferguson quickly jumps into the front seat and gets behind the wheel.

Giovanni FIRES a few more SHOTS from his GUN, as they HIT the side of the cab.

Ferguson looks at Giovanni, then looks straight ahead.

FERGUSON'S POV

LARGE TRUCK

As the taxi is about to crash into it.

BACK TO SCENE

Ferguson quickly changes lanes, as Giovanni's car is caught off guard.

Ferguson now has control of the car, as he looks in back to see Giovanni fading away. A semi-relaxed Ferguson breathes a sigh of relief when he quickly notices something.

FERGUSON'S POV

ROAD SIGN

Reads, "BRIDGE IS OUT", in Spanish.

BACK TO SCENE

Ferguson eyes go wide, as he quickly jumps out of the taxi.

The taxi falls over the bridge and plunges into the water, making a huge SPLASH.

Ferguson is lying in the empty street, as he has the vial with the virus in hand. He quickly hears something and turns around.

FERGUSON'S POV

GIOVANNI'S CAR

SPEEDS right towards Ferguson.

BACK TO SCENE

Ferguson cannot react quick enough, as the car runs him over and continues driving.

INT. GIOVANNI'S CAR - DAY

Giovanni is beaming, as he knows he has vanquished Ferguson. He then takes his car phone and dials a number.

GIOVANNI  
(happily talks on his car  
phone)  
Yes, Senor Rhodes. It's Giovanni  
Flamenco. You'll be happy to know  
that I've killed Senor Sills. He  
was a tough cookie, but I got - -

Before Giovanni can finish, he is met with a fist to the face. Ferguson is on the side of the car, as he is using his ultra-power magnet to stick to the door.

FERGUSON  
(punches Giovanni)  
Hell hath no fury like a woman's  
scorn!

Ferguson is now inside the car, as both he and Giovanni begin to tussle.

Giovanni elbows Ferguson in the face, as Ferguson falls to the back seat.

Giovanni pulls his gun out and is about to shoot Ferguson, when he is met by a kick in the face.

Giovanni looks straight ahead.

GIOVANNI'S POV

CAR IN FRONT

As Giovanni's car is about to run into it.

BACK TO SCENE

Giovanni quickly takes the wheel, and veers into an empty lane.

Giovanni looks behind him, as Ferguson hardly punches him and jumps to the front seat.

Ferguson is now behind the wheel, as he takes control of the car, but not before Giovanni recovers his gun.

GIOVANNI  
(points his gun at  
Ferguson)  
Give me the virus, now!

Ferguson hesitates and pulls hardly on the steering wheel.

CAR

VEERS off the road, and CRASHES into a side bridge.

Both men fly out of the car, as Ferguson quickly grabs onto a portion of the side bridge, as Giovanni plunges into the water below.

FERGUSON

Hangs loosely by one hand to the side bridge. He composes and slowly begins to pull himself up.

Ferguson is up, as he encounters a random pedestrian.

FERGUSON  
(speaks to the pedestrian;  
in Spanish; subtitled)  
Contact the authorities, quickly!

Ferguson heads toward the bridge's edge, as he looks over.

FERGUSON'S POV



GIOVANNI

Lies motionless in the water.

BACK TO SCENE

Ferguson checks his coat pocket and pulls out the vial with the virus. Ferguson looks attentively at the vial. He is soon met by another PEDESTRIAN.

PEDESTRIAN  
 (shows Ferguson some  
 money; in Spanish;  
 subtitled)  
 How much for a good time?

FADE OUT.

SCENE VIII

FADE IN:

EXT. UNKNOWN BUILDING - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

CUT TO:

INT. DAMIAN RHODES' OFFICE - DAY

TELEVISION SCREEN

Shows the news, as it shows news of Giovanni's car crash and arrest.

Damian, along with his ASSISTANT watches the news on the television, and he is none too pleased.

DAMIAN  
 (angrily watches  
 television)  
 Damn it to bloody hell! My  
 operation is being ruined! I want  
 to know who is behind this.

ASSISTANT MANAGER  
 I haven't the slightest clue, boss.  
 Somebody's beating us to the punch.  
 Gio was one of our finest.

Damian looks angrily back at the television, and he stops cold.

DAMIAN  
(looks wildly at  
television)  
Who is that?

ASSISTANT MANAGER  
(confounded)  
Who are you talking about, Mr.  
Rhodes?

DAMIAN  
(points to television)  
That person right there!

DAMIAN'S POV

TELEVISION SCREEN

Shows Ferguson at the scene of the incident.

BACK TO SCENE

Damian looks rabidly at the television set, as he looks on intensely.

ASSISTANT MANAGER  
(concerned)  
Is everything alright, Mr. Rhodes?

DAMIAN  
Where is our next stop on our  
mission?

ASSISTANT  
Amsterdam, Mr. Rhodes. Why do you  
ask?

DAMIAN  
Something old, something borrowed,  
something new. We are going to  
take this to a whole other level.  
We are going to beat him at his own  
game.

ASSISTANT  
Who do you speak of, Mr. Rhodes?

DAMIAN  
(intense; sotto voce)  
An old friend.

MONTAGE - AROUND AMSTERDAM

People walk along the sidewalks and cross the busy streets,  
umbrellas in their hands, fighting off the rain.

Fresh tulips blossom in the fields, as farmers pick and place  
them in wicker baskets.

Large, looming windmills spin gently in the wind's embrace.

A police officer directs traffic along a busy street.

END MONTAGE

INT. DUTCH HOTEL (AMSTERDAM) - HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Ronald and Ferguson are reviewing notes, preparing for the  
next phase of the mission. Ronald beams at some items he has  
purchased.

RONALD  
(admires some tulips and  
chocolates)  
Aren't these tulips lovely, Ferg?  
They were just picked from a  
florist outside of Zeist.  
(eats a chocolate)  
And oh, these chocolates are so  
delectable.  
(hands one to Ferguson)  
Try one, Ferg.

FERGUSON  
(stern)  
With all due respect, Ronald, let  
us not forget the reason we are  
here.

RONALD  
My apologies. Is everything  
alright?

FERGUSON

I'm fine, Ronald. It's just that I'm starting to have my doubts if we can continue to catch some of these men that Damian has sent to do his bidding.

(beat)

We were extremely lucky to catch the first two men. They were perpetrators whom I was familiar with. For all we know, Damian could have anyone carrying out his work.

RONALD

(optimistic)

Everything will be just fine. We'll just have to keep alert and in contact during every available situation.

(beat)

Is it time to go, yet?

FERGUSON

(looks at his watch)

Ten more minutes. Have you heard from Cyril?

RONALD

Yes. He said you should really try and focus in the Red Light District. I think I should accompany you on this particular juncture.

FERGUSON

(stern)

That will not be necessary. I want you to remember to find a spot where you can remain inconspicuous. Some Dutch authorities can be quite suspicious and will arrest you on the spot if they sense anything.

(beat)

I want you to remain in distant but approximate contact with me. This is going to be quite a challenge. However, I am confident we will prevail.

(looks at his watch)

It's time. Wish me luck?

RONALD  
Like you need it.

EXT. CITY SQUARE (AMSTERDAM) - SIDEWALK - DAY

Ferguson is taking a promenade along the sidewalk, dressed casually in beige jeans, leather jacket, plain top, dark sunglasses and sneakers. Ferguson heads down the stairs into the local subway station.

INT. SUBWAY STATION (AMSTERDAM) - DAY

Ferguson pays the toll, walks through the turnstile, and ascends the stairs to the train depot.

INT. SUBWAY STATION (AMSTERDAM) - PLATFORM - DAY

People are standing/sitting on benches, anxiously awaiting the train's arrival.

Ferguson quickly glances around at the people trying to find anyone suspicious. However, his attempt is futile, as the people arise from the benches and those standing move around. Ferguson suddenly hears something, and turns around.

FERGUSON'S POV

SUBWAY TRAIN

Pulls into the station.

BACK TO SCENE

Ferguson looks at the train in disappointment, as it pulls up and stops, as the doors open.

TRAIN

ROARS down the train tracks.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - DAY

People are sitting/standing, going along for the ride until they arrive at their respective stops. However, Ferguson is nowhere in sight.

EXT. UNDERNEATH TRAIN - DAY

Ferguson is riding underneath, as he tries to see if anyone on the subway has the vial with the virus, using the x-ray device.

Ferguson then starts to talk into a headset designed for communication.

FERGUSON  
(yells into headset)  
Ronald, can you hear me?

RONALD (V.O.)  
(from over headset)  
Ferg, is that you?

FERGUSON  
(yells into headset)  
Yes, Ronald.

RONALD (V.O.)  
(from over headset)  
Where in sam hill are you?

FERGUSON  
(yells into headset)  
I'm on the tram. Or rather  
underneath it.

RONALD (V.O.)  
(from over headset)  
(incredulous)  
Are you daft, Ferguson?! You can  
get killed!

FERGUSON  
(speaks into headset)  
Well, it's the only way I can track  
the next culprit. I couldn't flash  
the x-ray device on the subway.  
I'd stand out.

RONALD (V.O.)  
Do you see anything?

FERGUSON  
(looks upwards; speaks  
into headset)  
Let me check.

Ferguson looks upward.

UP ANGLE - SUBWAY CAR

As the skeletons of the riders are shown through the x-ray device.

FERGUSON  
(speaks into headset)  
I don't see anything. Let me go to  
the next car.

Ferguson quickly slides over to the next subway car, as he looks with his up with his x-ray device.

UP ANGLE - SUBWAY CAR

As the skeletons of the riders are again shown.

Ferguson quickly spots something.

FERGUSON  
(looks upward; speaking  
into headset)  
Ronald, I think I see something.

Ferguson uses the x-ray device.

UP ANGLE - SUBWAY CAR

As the x-ray device reveals a woman's handbag with a vial and a map of Europe.

FERGUSON  
(looks closely; speaks  
into headset)  
I see a beaker in her handbag,  
along with a map of Europe. She  
also has a pair of sexy leopard  
panties. Ronald, I need for you to  
contact Cyril immediately.

RONALD (V.O.)  
(from over headset)  
Affirmative, Ferg. Is there  
anything else I can... hey, who are  
you? What are you doing? Get off  
of me this instant! Hey! Ferg!

FERGUSON  
(nervously speaks into  
headset)  
Ronald? Are you there? Answer me!

Ferguson is about to put away his communication device, when the train makes a sharp turn.

Ferguson is caught off guard, as he loses his balance, and is inches from hitting his head on the train tracks.

VIALS WITH VIRUSES

Slowly beginning to slip out of Ferguson's coat pocket.

Ferguson quickly sees the vials, and scoops them up, and places them in his shirt pocket.

Ferguson continues to watch the lady in the subway car, as the train continues to travel.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - LAST TRAIN STOP -40 MINUTES LATER - DAY

The train comes pulling into the station and comes to a SCREECHING halt. Passenger disembark, as the lady with the handbag, gets off.

Ferguson slowly slides out from underneath the train.

FERGUSON  
(looks exasperated at  
train)  
Best way to travel my ass!

Ferguson looks straight ahead.

FERGUSON'S POV

WOMAN

Heads up the stairs of the subway station.

BACK TO SCENE

Ferguson slowly begins to follow the woman, as he conceals himself behind a nearby telephone booth.

Ferguson is immediately met with the sound of Ronald's voice from over his communication device.



RONALD (V.O.)  
Ferg, are you there?

FERGUSON  
(exclaims; speaks into  
device)  
Yes, Ronald.

RONALD (V.O.)  
Ferg, I've been apprehended by  
someone I believe is working for  
Damian. He's tall, has a beard,  
and goes by the name of - -

Before Ronald can tell Ferguson, Ferguson is hit in the back  
of the head and is knocked unconscious.

COLIN McDONALD, another one of Damian's men, stands by  
Ferguson's body, as the lady from the subway car accompanies  
him.

COLIN  
(looks disdainfully at  
fallen body)  
My, my, Mr. Sills. So we meet  
again.  
(turns towards lady and  
hands her money)  
Excellent job. He bought it hook,  
line, and sinker. Now, it's time  
we take out the garbage.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. TRASH COMPACTOR - DAY

EXTREME CLOSEUP - FERGUSON'S SHUT LEFT EYE

Slowly begins to open.

Ferguson finally awakens, only to discover that he is inside  
of the trash compactor, his hands and feet all tied up, his  
mouth covered in duct tape, and the vials with viruses taped  
to his chest. Ferguson then begins to hear a RUMBLING SOUND  
coming from inside.

INT. WASTE MANAGEMENT FACILITY (AMSTERDAM) - DAY

GARBAGE TRUCK

Lifts up the trash compactor.

INT. TRASH COMPACTOR - DAY

Ferguson, starts to tumble inside the trash compactor, along with the slews of garbage.

INT. WASTE MANAGEMENT FACILITY (AMSTERDAM) - DAY

The garbage truck unloads the trash from the compactor onto a nearby conveyor belt, as Ferguson HITS the belt hard.

The conveyor belt slowly begins to move, as Ferguson flails about, trying to escape.

INT. WASTE MANAGEMENT FACILITY (AMSTERDAM) - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

An EMPLOYEE is busy at the controls, monitoring the day's work, while looking at a girly magazine. He is soon interrupted, as the door opens, and another fellow EMPLOYEE enters.

EMPLOYEE #1  
 (startled; frantically  
 touches controls; in  
 Dutch; subtitled)  
 Jan, how great to see you? What's  
 up?

EMPLOYEE #2  
 (walks over to employee;  
 uncovers girly magazine;  
 sarcastically; in Dutch;  
 subtitled)  
 Henrik, hard at work, I see.

EMPLOYEE #1  
 (a little embarrassed; in  
 Dutch; subtitled)  
 Okay, what do you want, Jan?

EMPLOYEE #2

(explanatory; in Dutch;  
subtitled)

The boss sent me up here. We have a heavier load than usual. He wants you to speed up the conveyor belt in Sector 3C.

EMPLOYEE #1

(a little confounded)

Are you sure? It looks pretty good to me.

EMPLOYEE #2

(in Dutch; subtitled)

Well, not to him. He said speed up the conveyor belt.

EMPLOYEE #1

(in Dutch; subtitled)

But, if we make it go any...

EMPLOYEE #2

(angrily interjects; in  
Dutch; subtitled)

Just do it, Henrik!

EMPLOYEE'S HAND

Turns the lever for the conveyor belt.

INT. WASTE MANAGEMENT FACILITY (AMSTERDAM) - CONVEYOR BELT -  
DAY

Ferguson is still trying to feel his way out of the rope and tape, when he intuits the change of pace in the conveyor belt.

Ferguson quickly looks around, and then in front.

FERGUSON'S POV

GARBAGE INCINERATOR

Burns brightly and scalds the incoming garbage.

BACK TO SCENE

Ferguson is quickly approaching the incinerator, as he tries to figure out something.

Ferguson looks around, and discovers an empty glass bottle behind him.

Ferguson tries to grip the glass bottle with his tautly-tied fingers.

Ferguson gets a small but firm grip on the bottle, as he SMASHES it up against the side of the conveyor belt.

Ferguson then tries to grip some of the shattered glass.

FERGUSON'S HANDS

Quickly uses the glass pieces to cut away at the rope and tape.

Ferguson gets closer, closer, closer to the incinerator... when he finally cuts himself loose and jumps off the conveyor belt just in time with the viruses in tact.

Ferguson lays prostrate on the ground, his legs still tied and his mouth still covered. He loosens the tape and rope from his legs, and then quickly removes the tape from his mouth, making a grimace afterwards. Ferguson then looks cautiously at the viruses.

FERGUSON  
(shakes his head in  
disdain)  
Now I see why people hate garbage  
day.

FADE OUT.

**SCENE IX**

FADE IN:

EXT. SWISS HOTEL (ZURICH) - ESTABLISHING SHOT - EARLY  
AFTERNOON

CUT TO:

INT. SWISS HOTEL (ZURICH) - HOTEL ROOM

Ronald is quietly and attentively reviewing some papers from British Intelligence, when he is interrupted by a sudden KNOCK on the DOOR.

Ronald jumps up, quickly grabs his gun, and tentatively heads over to the door.

Ronald gently begins to open the door, and quickly points his gun.

RONALD'S POV

FERGUSON

Stands outside the hotel corridor, disheveled and obviously beat.

BACK TO SCENE

Ronald looks with pure astonishment.

RONALD  
(looks astounded at  
Ferguson)  
Ferg, is that you?  
(lets Ferguson through the  
door)  
Come in here, at once.

Ferguson slowly walks through the door, and into the room.

RONALD  
(sits Ferguson down and  
pours him a cup of tea)  
Ferg, what on bloody earth  
happened?  
(smells Ferguson and makes  
a face)  
And what is that God awful smell?

FERGUSON  
That smell would be me, Ronald.  
Just as you were about to tell me  
who apprehended you, I was hit over  
the head.  
(takes a sip of tea; beat)  
Next thing I knew, I was tied up in  
a trash compactor and ready to be  
burned to bloody bits.

RONALD  
(curious)  
How did you find me?

FERGUSON  
I called British Intelligence the  
minute I escaped from the waste  
facility. Cyril told me you would  
be here. This is the next target.

RONALD

How were you able to escape?

FERGUSON

I found a glass bottle, shattered it to bits, and used the pieces to cut the tape and rope.

RONALD

Bloody brilliant.

FERGUSON

Speaking of escapes, how were you able to get away from that man?

RONALD

Oh, yes, good query. He wanted me to tell him who I was working for.

(takes a sip of tea;beat)

He kept on insisting, so I told him I would only whisper it to him. He fell for it, and when he put his face up close to mine, I got him with some pepper spray and ran out of there the minute he fell to the floor.

FERGUSON

A bit dicey, but effective nonetheless. Did you get a name?

RONALD

Sadly, no. He was just as secretive as I was.

FERGUSON

Very well done, Ronald. Any word from Cyril?

RONALD

Yes. I lost my communications device from escaping that man, I told Cyril.

(shows his new communication device)

And he sent me a new one. He also said to watch out for Colin McDonald. Are you familiar with him?

FERGUSON

It seems to ring a bell, but I'm going to need a refresher.

RONALD  
(takes his laptop)  
Why don't we look him up on my  
laptop?

FERGUSON  
Very well, then.

Ferguson types on the keyboard of Ronald's laptop, as he soon discovers something.

MENS' POV

COMPUTER MONITOR

Displays the information under the listing, "Colin McDonald"

BACK TO SCENE

Ronald and Ferguson study the information on the screen closely.

FERGUSON  
(reads the computer  
monitor)  
Ah, now I see. Colin McDonald is  
not his real name. It's Gustaf  
Heindersen.

RONALD  
Who?

FERGUSON  
Gustaf Heindersen. He's the  
premiere Norse agent. He was with  
Damian when they tried to steal top  
secret technology information from  
British Intelligence.

RONALD  
So what happened?

FERGUSON  
British Intelligence nailed him  
like a fly to the wall. He got  
twenty five to life. How he got  
out is beyond me. Is he the man  
who kidnapped you?

RONALD  
Yes. I can't believe you were able  
to recognize him so quickly.

FERGUSON

He's gone by a couple of aliases through the years: Martin Franco, Pierre Lafayette, to name a few. He was also charged for identity theft three years ago.

(beat)

Hey, I thought you said the man who kidnapped you was heavysset?

RONALD

Oh, yes. Gustaf was accompanied by two menacing bodyguards. I probably mistook them for him.

FERGUSON

(looks sternly at Ronald)

That's fine. Just be careful where you go and who you associate with. Be impervious of nothing or no one. You have no idea who or what you could be dealing with.

(beat)

Do you have the time?

RONALD

(looks at his watch)

Twenty to.

FERGUSON

Oh, I must be off, then.

Ferguson changes into some new clothes and is about to head out, but not before he has something to give Ferguson.

FERGUSON

(hesitates)

Oh, before I depart, I have something to give you.

(hands Ronald a manila folder)

Here.

RONALD

(looks curiously at manila folder)

What is it?

FERGUSON

These are some important documents that I have never before divulged to anyone.

(MORE)



FERGUSON (cont'd)  
They are situated with important  
strategies, past and potential  
suspects, even some on the mission  
we are currently after.

RONALD  
Thank you.

FERGUSON  
If anything should happen to me, I  
want you to have them. You have  
exemplified nothing but the finest  
knowledge, professionalism, and  
courage required in an agent for  
British Intelligence.  
(beat)  
I can think of no one I'd rather  
give these two.

RONALD  
I will guard them with my life.

FERGUSON  
(heads toward the door)  
So, aren't you going to wish me  
luck?

RONALD  
Like you need it.

Ferguson shakes his head and departs from the hotel room.

MONTAGE - AROUND ZURICH

People walk along the streets, as a police officer directs  
traffic.

Clocks TICK and CHIME in the windows of busy shops, as  
pedestrians walk on by.

The mountains dominate the skyline, as they rest peaceful and  
still in the background.

END MONTAGE

EXT. SWISS ALPS - LODGE - OUTSIDE AREA - DAY

Ferguson is peacefully but attentively sitting at a table in  
terrace area overlooking the Alps.

Ferguson carefully watches the mountains, at the same time, looking around for anything or anyone suspicious.

Ferguson gets up, as he looks for a quick and easy conveyance to the Alps. Ferguson looks around, as he makes a discovery.

FERGUSON'S POV

TRUCK

As it reads, "SUMMIT SKIS AND APPAREL" on the side. The back door of the truck is completely wide open.

BACK TO SCENE

Ferguson, sensing his opportunity, makes a quick break for it. Ferguson looks for anyone, and seeing no one, quickly jumps inside the truck. The DELIVERYMAN of the truck soon returns, and closes and locks the back door, enters the truck, and drives off.

EXT. SWISS ALPS - MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY

AERIAL SHOT - SWISS ALPS

The truck travels up the winding bends and turns of the mountainside.

EXT. SWISS ALPS - SKI RESORT AND LODGE - DAY

The truck arrives at its destination, as it stops. The DELIVERYMAN gets out of the truck, goes towards the back door, and unlocks it. The Deliveryman pulls out a small bin that reads, "SOILED SKI OUTFITS", and heads over to the lodge.

INT. SKI LODGE (ZURICH) - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

The Deliveryman enters into the reception area with the bin of soiled ski outfits and meets with the MANAGER of the ski lodge.

SKI LODGE MANAGER  
(angrily; in Swiss;  
subtitled)  
Where the hell have you been?!  
(MORE)

SKI LODGE MANAGER (cont'd)  
 These suits were supposed to be  
 here two hours ago!

DELIVERYMAN  
 (in Swiss; subtitled)  
 Take it easy! Do you think it's  
 easy getting up these mountains by  
 way of car!

SKI LODGE MANAGER  
 (calmly; in Swiss;  
 subtitled)  
 Just please bring these suits back  
 here to the laundry room. Our next  
 lesson starts in half an hour.

The truck driver takes the bin into the laundry room, as he  
 presents the manager with a clipboard to sign.

DELIVERYMAN  
 (hands clipboard to  
 manager; in Swiss;  
 subtitled)  
 Sign here, please.

SKI LODGE MANAGER  
 (angrily signs the  
 clipboard; in Swiss;  
 subtitled)  
 Just try and make it on time next  
 week.

DELIVERYMAN  
 (takes clipboard; in  
 Swiss; subtitled)  
 Will do.

The Deliveryman turns around to leave, and rolls his eyes in  
 disdain. The ski manager is about to empty out the laundry  
 bin, when he is interrupted by an employee calling his name.

LODGE EMPLOYEE (O.S.)  
 (in Dutch; subtitled)  
 Mister Ludwing, we need you up at  
 the desk!

Mister Ludwing grumbles sighs and mumbles under his breath,  
 and goes toward the desk.

The laundry bin starts to move, as Ferguson pops out from  
 underneath the ski outfits. He gasps for air, as he looks at  
 the surroundings. Ferguson notices some suits dangling from  
 a wall hanger.

Ferguson is about to reach for the suit, when he hears someone coming. He quickly retreats to a nearby linen closet and closes the door.

A couple of ski lodge employees pass by the laundry room, as they talk amongst each other. The closet door slowly opens, as Ferguson exits.

INT. SKI LODGE (ZURICH) - BACK ROOM - DAY

Ferguson, dressed in ski lodge employee attire, tries to act casual and acclimate to his respective surroundings. He is soon met the by the ski lodge manager.

SKI LODGE MANAGER  
(observant; in Swiss;  
subtitled)  
You must be the new guy.

Ferguson, uncertain of what to say, is unresponsive.

SKI LODGE MANAGER  
(angrily; in Swiss;  
subtitled)  
Well, what are you standing around for? I have a full lodge, half of the ski outfits aren't washed, and the ski instructor is half an hour late. I'm in such a bind.

Just as the manager says, this, DANIEL, another ski lodge employee, comes bearing more bad news.

DANIEL  
(in Swiss; subtitled)  
Mister Ludwig, I just got off the phone with the ski instructor. He says he won't be able to make it. He has the flu.

SKI LODGE MANAGER  
(in Swiss; subtitled)  
What about Donna?

DANIEL  
(in Swiss; subtitled)  
She has the day off.

SKI LODGE MANAGER  
(in Swiss; subtitled)  
Then what about you?

DANIEL  
 (in Swiss; subtitled)  
 Sorry, sir. I have desk duties  
 this shift.

SKI LODGE MANAGER  
 (exasperated; in Swiss;  
 subtitled)  
 Then who do I get to teach the  
 lodgers how to ski?

The ski lodge manager suddenly meets eyes with Ferguson.

SKI LODGE MANAGER  
 (looking lasciviously at  
 Ferguson; in Swiss;  
 subtitled)  
 You. The new guy. You can do it.

FERGUSON  
 (waves his hands; in  
 Swiss; subtitled)  
 Oh, no. I don't know how to ski.

SKI LODGE MANAGER  
 (in Swiss; subtitled)  
 That's odd, because everyone who  
 works here is required to know how  
 to ski. It's official lodge  
 policy.

FERGUSON  
 (beat; in Swiss;  
 subtitled)  
 Well, you didn't let me finish.  
 What I meant to say is that I only  
 ski on high slopes.

SKI LODGE MANAGER  
 (in Swiss; subtitled)  
 Wonderful, because that's where I'm  
 stationing you for today. I have a  
 bunch of new clients who are  
 anxious to try out the west slope.  
 (beat)  
 By the way, what is your name?

FERGUSON  
 (beat)  
 Alfred.

SKI LODGE MANAGER  
 (extends his hand; in  
 Swiss; subtitled)  
 Alfred, I'm Mister Ludwing.  
 (points to the Alps; in  
 Swiss; subtitled)  
 Those are the Swiss Alps. Now that  
 you've been introduced, it's time  
 you hit the slopes.  
 (grabs Ferguson by the  
 arm; in Swiss; subtitled)  
 Come.

EXT. SWISS ALPS - SKI AREA - DAY

Mr. Ludwing and Ferguson arrive at the ski slopes. A bunch of beginning skiers are awaiting their arrival, as they see the men approach.

MR. LUDWING  
 (speaks aloud to crowd)  
 Good afternoon, ladies and  
 gentlemen. I am deeply sorry for  
 the delay. We have just received  
 word that our regular ski  
 instructor will not be joining us  
 today due to illness. However, in  
 his place we have a ready and  
 viable replacement  
 (beat)  
 Ladies and gentlemen, I would like  
 you all to meet your instructor for  
 today, Alfred.

The crowd of skiers clap respectably, as Ferguson gently waves his hand in a "hello" motion.

MR. LUDWING  
 If you have any questions, Alfred  
 will be more and happy to answer  
 them for you. Again, my deepest  
 apologies for any inconvenience and  
 enjoy your stay!  
 (whispers in Ferguson's  
 ear; sotto voce)  
 Don't you dare screw this up!

Mister Ludwing warmly waves to the crowd of skiers before departing. Ferguson is now with the crowd of skiers, as they are set to begin.

FERGUSON  
 (hesitant; beat)  
 Hello. So, does anyone have any  
 questions?

A WOMAN SKIER quickly raises her hand, as Ferguson  
 acknowledges her.

FERGUSON  
 (points to Woman Skier)  
 Yes?

WOMAN SKIER  
 (kindly)  
 Yes, I was just wondering. Will we  
 be going near any trees? I heard  
 that a lot of fatalities that occur  
 while skiing involve trees.

FERGUSON  
 No ma'am, I can assure you that we  
 will not be skiing around any  
 trees. Anyone else?

A MAN SKIER quickly raises his hand with a question.

MAN SKIER  
 Hello, everyone. My name is Ted  
 Mahoney. I would just like to say  
 how proud I am to be around a group  
 of people that accept new  
 challenges in their lives. I must  
 confess, this my first time out  
 here on the slopes, and I hope to  
 have a great a time as everyone  
 here.

The crowd of people clap accordingly, as Ferguson kindly  
 interjects.

FERGUSON  
 Thank you, sir. Did you happen to  
 have a question?

TED  
 Why, yes. I was just wondering if  
 we'll be going to a high slope of  
 the Alps.

FERGUSON  
 Well, that all depends. I really  
 have to see how all of you are, in  
 terms of experience and skill.

WOMAN SKIER

But we're all just beginners.

FERGUSON

We'll see if we'll be going on a high slope. Let's just focus on the basics for now. Is everyone ready to begin?

Everyone readies themselves as Ferguson starts the first lesson.

FERGUSON

Alright, the first lesson we will learn is how to ski and stop when you're on the slopes.

(demonstrates to the skiers)

First, when you're going down the slope, you ski down by keeping your skis apart, as such. Next, to stop yourself from going any faster, and to prevent yourself from getting hurt, you close up your skis as such. Now you all try.

The skiers follow Ferguson accordingly, and start to practice the motions on their own skis.

FERGUSON

(demonstrates to the skiers)

Any questions so far?

The group is unresponsive, as Ferguson continues.

FERGUSON

Okay, everyone, we're going to start our first practice run down this slope. Now before we start, I want you all to - -

Before Ferguson can finish, he quickly spots something from afar.

FERGUSON'S POP

SIDE OF MOUNTAIN

As Gustaf can be seen traveling up on a t-bar.



BACK TO SCENE

Ferguson looks on semi-nervously, as he decides to cut the session short.

FERGUSON

(nervous)

I'm sorry folks, but we'll have to wait on our practice jump. I have to head back to the lodge. I forgot my... knit cap. I am prone to getting head colds and - -

TED

(pulls out a knit cap from his coat pocket; hands it to Ferguson)

That's okay. I have an extra one right here. I always carry one in case of an emergency.

FERGUSON

(reluctantly takes knit cap)

Thank you. Alright. I want to show you the proper way to head down a jump. But before I do that, I have to get the forms.

WOMAN SKIER

(curious)

What forms?

FERGUSON

Liability forms. You see, lest something happen to you while you ski on the slopes, the ski lodge is held personally liable for all injuries and damage.

TED

How wonderful. Leave it to other nations around the world to give people their money's worth. We can sure learn a lot from the Swiss.

FERGUSON

Yes, I'm sure. Just stay together...

(beat)

And don't get hurt.

Ferguson departs, as he starts off slowly but quickens his pace, as he goes to follow Gustaf.

MONTAGE - FERGUSON RUNNING

Ferguson takes a t-bar up one slope.

Ferguson runs past a few skiers, who watch him curiously, as he ascends higher up.

Ferguson runs through caverns, as he is almost to the top.

END MONTAGE

EXT. HIGHEST TOP OF ALPS - CLIFFSIDE - DAY

GUSTAF HEINDERSEN has just arrived at the top of the Alps, as he looks down from the cliffside at the Alps. He is trying to catch his breath, as he pulls out the vial with the virus from his inner coat pocket. Gustaf looks to his left.

GUSTAF'S POV

LOCAL RESERVOIR

As water flows incessantly and effortlessly into a small rivulet at the bottom of the Alps.

BACK TO SCENE

Gustaf slowly removes the cap from the vial, as he is about to pour the virus, when a voice suddenly interrupts.

FERGUSON (O.S.)

The depths of a Swiss reservoir in the Alps. My goodness, I didn't think you could master such a grand old scheme.

(beat)

Did you think of it all by yourself?

Gustaf stops in his tracks and rapidly turns around.

GUSTAF'S POV

FERGUSON

Stands sternly inside the overpass of the cave.

BACK TO SCENE

Gustaf quickly pulls out his gun.

GUSTAF  
(aims his gun)  
How did you find me?

FERGUSON  
(slowly approaches Gustaf)  
I have my ways. Why don't you give me the virus and we'll call this a day?

GUSTAF  
(points his gun)  
Never. You thwarted my last scheme to kidnap the Prince of Sweden. I would've had a king's ransom. Literally.

FERGUSON  
You should know that crime doesn't pay.

GUSTAF  
And I will soon have my just rewards. As soon as I pour this into the reservoir.

FERGUSON  
Why would you want to endanger the lives of countless citizens all in the name of making a bloody buck?

GUSTAF  
(angrily points his gun)  
You stay back, now.  
(yells angrily)  
I mean it!

FERGUSON  
(calm)  
Now, Gustaf. I mean you no harm. If you'll just give me the virus, I'll be on my way and this meeting will be between us and only us. On my word.

GUSTAF  
(scoffs)  
Hah! Do you think I was born yesterday?  
(MORE)

GUSTAF (cont'd)  
 You worked for British  
 Intelligence. I'd rather trust  
 Lucifer.

FERGUSON  
 (slowly approaches Gustaf)  
 Gustaf, we are both rational  
 people.

FERGUSON'S LEFT HAND

Conceals a gun.

Ferguson continues to slowly approach Gustaf, as Gustaf remains still with his gun and the virus. Gustaf attentively watches and listens to Ferguson, when he soon notices something.

GUSTAF'S POV

SMALL, CLEAR SHEET OF ICE

As Ferguson's foot slowly nears it.

BACK TO SCENE

Gustaf continues to listen to Ferguson speak, as Ferguson nears him.

FERGUSON  
 (calm)  
 Now, we don't want to anything  
 rash. So, maybe if we were to...

Ferguson swiftly pulls out his gun and tries to aim, but slips on the sheet of ice, and proceeds to fall. Ferguson is prostrate and in pain, as he looks up.

UP ANGLE - GUSTAF

Points his gun.

GUSTAF  
 (witty)  
 Have a nice trip? Hand them over.  
 And no funny business.

Ferguson reaches into his coat pocket, and hands the vials with the viruses over to Gustaf. Gustaf quickly snatches them up.

GUSTAF

(points his gun)  
 My, how the tables have turned. Not only am I in possession of the virus, I am also going to put you out of the picture for good. Operation Septic will proceed without a hitch. Not bad for a day's work.

FERGUSON

Do you know you are one ugly looking son of a bitch?

GUSTAF

(slowly lifts Ferguson off the ground; holds Ferguson by shirt)  
 Well, I'd love to stay here and listen to your sweet nothings, but I've got business to attend to.  
 (walks over to cliffside; dangles Ferguson over the cliff; looks intensely at him)  
 I want to get one last look at the late, great Ferguson Sills. Have a nice trip!

Gustaf proceeds to let go of Ferguson, as Ferguson plummets to his death. Gustaf takes a minute to savor the moment, places the viruses in his coat pocket, and turns around to depart.

GUSTAF'S BACK

As a shadow emerges out of nowhere. A pair of legs kicks Gustaf in the back of the head, as Gustaf falls forward and hits his head on a part of the cavern.

Ferguson emerges, as he is wearing pitons on the upper portions of his arms. Ferguson quickly turns over Gustaf's body, and takes the viruses from Gustaf's coat pocket.

FERGUSON

(checks Gustaf's pulse)  
 Out cold. Just the way you should be.

A voice of a GUARD soon interjects.

GUARD (O.S.)  
 (in Swiss; subtitled)  
 Hey, what are you doing here?

FERGUSON  
 (shows his shield; in  
 Swiss; subtitled)  
 I am an agent for British  
 Intelligence. Listen, this man is  
 extremely dangerous. I want you to  
 handcuff him and alert Swiss  
 authorities at once.  
 (points to Alps; in Swiss;  
 subtitled)  
 I want this whole area cordoned  
 off to all personnel, guests, even  
 the Pope.

Ferguson heads off toward the cavern, but hesitates.

FERGUSON  
 (turns around; in Swiss;  
 subtitled)  
 Oh, and one more thing...

GUARD  
 (curiously; in Swiss;  
 subtitled)  
 What?

FERGUSON  
 (in Swiss; subtitled)  
 Get me a large hot chocolate.

Ferguson departs into the cavern.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT I

## **ACT II**

### SCENE XV

FADE IN:

MONTAGE - AROUND PARIS

People cross the streets of a busy roundabout, as an officer directs traffic.

Fountains with statues of cherubs spout water effortlessly, as children and adults throw coins in for good luck.

The Eifel tower looms over the skyline, as people ambulate past it and some remain and marvel at its grandeur

A pair of lovers show their affections for each other on a park bench.

END MONTAGE

EXT. FRENCH CAFE - PATIO AREA - DAY

Ronald and Ferguson are having lunch at a table in a deep corner of the patio. Ronald has a beret on, as he playfully and proudly looks at it, as Ferguson looks on in disdain.

FERGUSON

(stern)

Will you take that blasted thing off?! We have to remain as inconspicuous as possible.

RONALD

(looks admirably at his beret)

Sorry, Ferg. I got such a great deal on it from the street vendor. Hey, by the way, why didn't you contact me when we were in Zurich? You could have been bloody killed!

FERGUSON

The higher up the Alps you go, the less frequency there is. If I even tried to contact you, all I would have gotten was static.

RONALD

Do you think you know where the next agent will strike?

FERGUSON

(slightly perplexed)

My instincts tell me they'll attempt to strike at the Eifel Tower. However, I just received word from Cyril that some foreign delegates will be dining at the Che La Vi this evening.

(beat)

I think it is in our best interests to investigate there.

(MORE)

FERGUSON (cont'd)

Something tells me they'll pay a visit to enjoy some splendid French cuisine, nevermind poisoning some of it.

RONALD

Why do you think they'll strike at a French restaurant?

FERGUSON

Politics, Ronald. If you look at the foreign spectrum, politicians and foreign ambassadors are the most powerful figures in their respective countries.

(beat)

Any harm that is done to them is enough to bring some countries to their knees. It is Damian's warped mind that in order to get to a country and its money, one must go through a country's politics.

RONALD

So, if these delegates are harmed or killed, Damian can have some of these countries in his back pocket?

FERGUSON

Precisely. We have to prepare ourselves for anything. This dinner is said to be immensely exclusive, so security will be tight.

(beat)

We have to remain inconspicuous to get inside, and at the same time be directly involved in stopping these agents.

RONALD

(takes a sip of his coffee)

Sounds like a tall order.

MONTAGE - AROUND PARIS

The entire skyline of Paris is quiet, as the air is crisp and brisk, and lit with the lights of the city.

Traffic continues to go around the Arc de Triumph, as it looms over the cars and its lights luminesce.



The Eifel Tower is also lit up, as passerby ambulate and admirers stand and look in awe.

A couple sit on a park bench and kiss affectionately.

EXT. FRONT CHE' LA VIE RESTAURANT (PARIS) - NIGHT

Throngs of citizens, paparazzi, and media crews are teeming around the streets outside the restaurant, hoping to catch a glimpse of or get an interview with foreign delegates, local celebrities, etc.

Private cars and limousines pull up to the restaurant, as people step out and wave politely to the crowds of people, who applaud accordingly, as camera bulbs flash.

EXT. CHE' LA VIE RESTAURANT (PARIS) - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Ronald and Ferguson are secretly watching the scene from across the street in a dark, back alley. They are closely watching for anything/anyone suspicious, as they start to converse among each other.

RONALD

(closely watches)

Do you see anything?

FERGUSON

(closely watches)

Nothing so far. A couple of foreign delegates are just arriving, along with some local actors and actresses. This is an invitation only event.

(beat)

It will be damn near impossible to get inside.

RONALD

Are you sure you don't want help with this one? I think I can get you in. I just have to show them my id.

FERGUSON

Thank you, Ronald, but that will not be necessary. I have devised a plan that I am confident will get me inside the restaurant.

RONALD

Are you sure it will work?

FERGUSON

Just leave it to me, Ronald. If I am in need of any assistance, you will be contacted immediately.

RONALD

(skeptical)

But we haven't spotted anyone suspicious. They could be out roaming the streets of Paris, dispensing the virus, as we speak.

(beat)

Ferguson, I think it would be in our best interest to - -

FERGUSON

(angrily interjects)

And I think it would be in our best interests to leave the espionage to me! You still have yet to understand how to think like a criminal mastermind. They could be anywhere and...hey, who is that?

Ferguson looks curiously across the way.

FERGUSON'S POV

LIMOUSINE DOOR

Slowly opens, as MAX FLEISHENBURG, a sinister German agent, walks out. Max makes his way past the cameras and throngs, shows a doorman his invitation, and walks right into Che La Vie.

BACK TO SCENE

Ferguson quickly rises up.

FERGUSON

It's him.

RONALD

Who?

FERGUSON

Max Fleishenburg.

RONALD

Who?

FERGUSON

He is a German agent who almost held the entire city of Moscow hostage after he stole a top secret missile.

(beat)

He was going to set off the missile within the entire mainlands of Europe. No nation would be spared. We were very fortunate to apprehend him within a twenty-four hour period. I don't know how he did it, but he got in.

RONALD

What do we do?

FERGUSON

I'm going in. Watch for Max, in case he plans to make an early exit. If you see anything or anyone suspicious, contact me and British Intelligence immediately.

RONALD

Affirmative.

FERGUSON

Godspeed, Ronald.

Ferguson departs, as Ronald stays behind.

CLOSEUP - RONALD'S STOIC FACE

EXT. OUTSIDE CHE LA VIE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The throngs of people and paparazzi continue to welcome the arriving cars and limousines, as more guests of the dinner continue to arrive.

Ferguson manages to avoid any notice, as he slips towards the back alley of the restaurant.

EXT. BACK ALLEY OF RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Ferguson is now in the back alley, as he looks around for a back entrance into the restaurant. Ferguson is quickly sees a door, and goes toward it, when he suddenly hears someone coming.

Ferguson makes a quick break behind a nearby dumpster, as a CHEF of the restaurant, who is terribly sick, appears, sniffing and sneezing his way through the night.

SICK CHEF

(sickly; in  
French; subtitled)

Oh, my goodness me. I am so sick,  
and now I have to go back in there  
and cook some more. Nonsense!

(sneezes)

Achoo!

EXT. BACK ALLEY - BEHIND DUMPSTER - NIGHT

Ferguson is calmly waiting behind the dumpster, and he tries to figure out how to get inside. Ferguson quickly sees what appears to be a rotten vegetable and Ferguson gets a quick idea.

The chef continues to struggle with his cold, as Ferguson quickly appears and makes small talk.

FERGUSON

(emerges from nowhere; in  
French; subtitled)

Good evening, kind sir.

(puts his arm around Chef  
and walks; shows Chef the  
vegetable; in French;  
subtitled)

Say, would you know if this is a  
potato or turnip?

The chef looks confusingly at the withered vegetable, as Ferguson takes his head and SLAMS it into the side of the dumpster. Ferguson quickly takes the body, looks for anyone, and immediately goes into a corner of the alley.

EXT. CHE' LA VIE RESTAURANT (PARIS) - BACK ALLEY - TEN MINUTES LATER

Ferguson walks out, in full chef's garb, as he goes toward the back alley, as he heads to the back door. Ferguson knocks on the door, as another CHEF answers the door.

FERGUSON  
(in French; subtitled)  
Hello. Sorry. I went out for a  
smoke and I got locked out.

Ferguson walks into the kitchen.

INT. CHE LA VIE RESTAURANT - KITCHEN AREA - NIGHT

Ferguson is now in the kitchen, as a chefs are hard at work, preparing the meals, cutting, mixing, garnishing, stirring, yelling at each other, etc. Ferguson is watching in awe, as he is soon met with the HEAD CHEF.

HEAD CHEF  
(angrily; in French;  
subtitled)  
There you are! Where's Pierre?

FERGUSON  
(in French; subtitled)  
He's still outside. But I would  
stay away from him.  
(makes a smelling motion  
with his hands)  
Whew!

HEAD CHEF  
(in French; subtitled)  
Well, I guess you'll have to take  
over for him. I have a packed  
restaurant, half the entrees aren't  
even cooked, and I haven't even  
gotten to dessert yet!

Ferguson stands and watches the Head Chef, as he continues to emote

HEAD CHEF  
(impatient; in French;  
subtitled)  
Well, don't just stand there!  
(hands Ferguson a tray)  
(MORE)

HEAD CHEF (cont'd)  
Bring these soups over to table  
four. Now!

Ferguson picks up the tray with the soups, as he goes to take them to their respective table. Ferguson looks outside the tiny kitchen window and sees something.

FERGUSON'S POV

MAX

Sits at a table with an unknown guest, sipping wine and making small talk.

BACK TO SCENE

Ferguson looks suspiciously at the soups, as he starts to bring them to the tables.

INT. CHE LA VIE RESTAURANT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Ferguson is entering the dining room, tray with soups in hand, as he genially smiles at the DELEGATES seated at table four. Ferguson places the soups on the table, as the delegates smile accordingly. The delegates are about to dig in, when Ferguson suddenly intervenes.

Ferguson sticks his finger in one the delegate's soup, and takes a taste of the soup.

FERGUSON  
(makes a face; in French;  
subtitled)  
Oh, no. Needs more seasoning.  
(confiscates the soups; in  
French; subtitled)  
I'll be right back with these.

Ferguson takes the soups back to the kitchen.

INT. CHE' LA VIE RESTAURANT (PARIS) - KITCHEN AREA - NIGHT

Ferguson looks at the soups, as he takes a spoonful of each soup, tightly closing his eyes, as he gingerly takes a sip of each bowl. Nothing happens. Ferguson, relieved, brings the soups back out to the delegates.

SAME - MINUTES LATER

TRAY OF PRIME RIB

Waits to be taken to its table.

Ferguson comes through the door, after returning the soups. He sees the prime ribs, and goes to take the tray over to its respective table. However, Ferguson hesitates, as he suspects that they may be poisoned.

Ferguson takes a nearby knife, looks for anyone, and seeing no one, begins to slice the prime rib and eats it. In a far corner of the restaurant, a fellow chef watches in silence and shock at what Ferguson is doing.

INT. CHE' LA VIE RESTAURANT (PARIS) - DINING AREA - NIGHT

TRAY WITH PRIME RIBS

Are half eaten

Ferguson smiles at the delegates, as he brings them their food. The delegates smile, as they anticipate their food. However, their smiles soon turn to stunned looks as they look at their half-eaten food. They look incredulously at Ferguson.

FERGUSON

(a little embarrassed; in French; subtitled)

We're cutting back. What can I say?

(makes a money sign with his hands; in French; subtitled)

Money.

Ferguson turns around and heads back to the kitchen area, when he is soon met by very angry head chef.

HEAD CHEF

(in French; subtitled)

Just what in the hell are you doing? Franklin told me what you've been doing. Do you think I'm running a soup kitchen?

(angrily hands Ferguson a bottle of wine; in French; subtitled)

Here. Take this bottle of wine over to table seven.

(MORE)

HEAD CHEF (cont'd)  
 And if I here anything else, your  
 ass will be next on the menu!

The Head Chef departs, as Ferguson remains still with the wine. He takes a corkscrew and pops open the bottle. Ferguson looks out the window, as he looks for table seven.

FERGUSON'S POV

MAX

Sits at table seven, smoking a cigarette, and impatiently waiting for his wine.

BACK TO SCENE

Ferguson composes himself, as he tries to think of how to approach Max without being recognized. He suddenly spots something.

FERGUSON'S POV

BRILLO PAD

Lies idly on the kitchen sink.

BACK TO SCENE

Ferguson gets an idea, as his eyes widen.

INT. CHE' LA VIE RESTAURANT (PARIS) - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Ferguson's back is seen, as he is bringing the wine to Max's table. Ferguson now has a mustache, which he has made out of the brillo pad.

MAX  
 (testy; in French;  
 subtitled)  
 Well, it's about time! For a  
 minute I thought you went to the  
 vineyard!

FERGUSON  
 (sotto voce; in French;  
 subtitled)  
 Sorry, sir. May I pour you a  
 glass?

MAX  
 (in French; subtitled)  
 Please.



Ferguson begins pouring the glass, as he subtly looks at Max's coat.

FERGUSON'S POV

VIAL WITH VIRUS

Rests comfortably in Max's inner coat pocket.

BACK TO SCENE

Ferguson, brightened by another idea, decides to spill some of the wine on Max.

MAX  
 (angrily rises from his  
 chair; looks at his suit;  
 in French; subtitled)  
 Damn it, you idiot! This suit is  
 brand new! Where is the manager?

FERGUSON  
 (wipes Max's suit; sotto  
 voce; in French;  
 subtitled)  
 My deepest apologies, sir. I will  
 have you cleaned up right away!

Ferguson sees a chance to grab the vial, but before he can, Max quickly recognizes him.

MAX  
 (suspicious)  
 Wait a minute. You look familiar.

FERGUSON  
 (sotto voce)  
 I don't know what you mean, sir.

MAX  
 (rips the fake mustache  
 off Ferguson's face)  
 Aha! Just as I thought! So, we  
 meet again, Ferguson.

FERGUSON  
 Yes, Max.

MAX  
 (pulls out his gun and  
 holds up the restaurant;  
 in French; subtitled)  
 Alright, nobody move!

EVERYONE in the restaurant GASPS and heeds Max, as they lower themselves to the floor. The chefs also exit from the kitchen, with their hands up.

MAX

(points gun at Ferguson)  
I don't know how you found me. What gave you the notion I would be here tonight?

FERGUSON

(sarcastic)  
I don't know. Maybe it was my espionage instincts.  
(beat)  
Or it could have been your ever-present stench of cheap cologne and Beck's.

MAX

Well, I guess I have no choice but to challenge you to a duel.

FERGUSON

Oh, please. Do you really think it is necessary to fire guns in this fine restaurant?

MAX

Not that kind of duel. I was thinking more along the lines of a taste test.

(motions to one of the chefs; in French; subtitled)

You, get me another bottle of wine, and don't do anything funny. Now!

The chef runs into the kitchen.

FERGUSON

What are you trying to do, Max?

MAX

You'll soon see.

The chef arrives from the kitchen with the wine and a corkscrew.

MAX

(snatches the bottle of wine)  
Give me that!  
(MORE)

MAX (cont'd)  
 (uncorks the wine)  
 Now, I'm going to open this up, and  
 then the fun will begin.

Max goes over to an empty table, takes two wine goblets, and starts to pour the wine. Max then begins to shuffle the wine glasses behind his back, all the while facing Ferguson and everyone in the restaurant.

WINE GOBLETS

As Max's hands quickly shuffle them around.

MAX  
 (shuffles the wine goblets  
 behind his back)  
 You see, I learned that in ancient  
 times, men who fought to see who  
 was noble and honest would have  
 tasting contests. The more wine  
 that was consumed, the more candid  
 the men became. This helped to see  
 which men were being honest...  
 (stops shuffling; beat)  
 And who was lying.

Max finishes shuffling the goblet and carries them over to Ferguson.

MAX  
 (presents the goblets to  
 Ferguson)  
 I have here in my hands two wine  
 goblets. One of them contains a  
 lethal poison that I have been  
 carrying along with the virus.  
 (beat)  
 The other contains a delicious  
 tasting raspberry Merlot, aged  
 fifteen years.  
 (beat)  
 If you pick the right one, you live  
 to see another day and can  
 hopefully save these fine people  
 from impending doom. If you choose  
 the wrong one...  
 (beat)  
 Well, I don't think I have to tell  
 you. We will choose our respective  
 glasses. Let the games begin.

Max points his gun at Ferguson, and leads him over to the table with the wine goblets. Both men take their respective seats.

Ferguson fiercely looks at the goblets, as he appears worried. Max seems smug but is paying close attention to every move that Ferguson makes.

MAX

(calm)

Please, take all the time you need.

I can wait all night.

(turns towards the people)

And so can they.

Ferguson looks at both goblets. Ferguson takes one of the glasses, but hesitates.

MAX

Quite the fickle one, are we.

Well, I think of all the times you

need to be selective, this would

certainly be one.

FERGUSON

Whatever happens, Max, I ask that you please do no harm to anyone in this restaurant.

MAX

I think the people in this restaurant should be the least of your concerns. So, still thinking about it?

Ferguson takes a moment, and then finally picks up one of the goblets, as Max takes the other goblet.

MAX

(holds his glass)

Well, the moment of truth has finally arrived. In case this is your last drink, any last words?

FERGUSON

(holds up his goblet)

Bottoms up.

Both Max and Ferguson take sips from their respective goblets, and place the cups down. Ferguson looks calm but worried, as Max has a smug grin on his face, then subsequently faints to the floor.

Everyone gasps in horror, as Max flails about on the floor, feeling the effects of the poison. Ferguson quickly picks up Max's dropped gun and starts to take initiative.

FERGUSON

(commands the people; in  
French; subtitled)

Alright, I want everyone to stay  
calm and stay back!

(points to a chef; in  
French; subtitled)

I want you to find the nearest  
telephone and call the local  
authorities and then the hospital.

(points to a security  
guard; in French;  
subtitled)

I want you to make sure everyone  
exits the restaurant in a safe and  
orderly fashion.

(points to another guard;  
in French; subtitled)

I want you to cordon off this area  
so no one else can get in. Now!

INT. CHE' LA VIE RESTAURANT (PARIS) - ONE HOUR LATER

The restaurant is utterly vacant, with only medical and  
police crews on the scene. Ferguson is talking with the head  
chef.

HEAD CHEF

(apologetic)

I would just like to say how sorry  
I am. It was such a big night,  
that I completely got wrapped up in  
everything.

FERGUSON

No apologies necessary. I hope I  
didn't entirely ruin your night.  
However, there was a method to my  
madness. Whenever you have a  
chance to put away someone like  
Max, you do whatever you can.

HEAD CHEF

(calm)

Well, everyone here appreciates  
what you did for us. If not for  
you, we could have all been  
enjoying our last meals tonight.

FERGUSON

(looks admirably at the  
group of chefs)

I think you should also be thanking  
your fine group of chefs.

GROUP OF CHEFS

Stand and smile modestly at Ferguson.

FERGUSON

You all responded extremely well  
and stayed calm throughout the  
entire situation. Splendid job all  
around.

HEAD CHEF

Before you depart, I must ask you.  
How did you know which goblet to  
drink from?

FERGUSON

Max's hands.

HEAD CHEF

(confounded)  
His hands?

FERGUSON

Yes. As I was waiting tables, I  
closely watched the way in which  
Max held his wine glass. He always  
held it by the bulb part, never  
from the stem.

(beat)

After carefully viewing the  
glasses, I saw the one with the  
least amount of fingerprints and  
could tell which glass was tainted.

(beat)

Max would never poison himself. I  
just hesitated to give Max the  
impression that I was unsure of  
which glass to choose from. In  
vino veritas.

HEAD CHEF

In wine there is truth.

As the two men talk, the ambulance is carting off Max's body  
in a gurney, as Ferguson suddenly intervenes.

FERGUSON

Would you excuse me for a moment,  
please?

Ferguson stops the ambulance, and places his hand into the coat pocket of Max.

FERGUSON'S HAND

Holds the vial with the virus.

FERGUSON

(speaks to ambulance  
members)

Almost forgot something.

Ferguson is about to head out the door, when he is interrupted by the Head Chef.

HEAD CHEF

Hey, is there anything I can do to  
repay you?

FERGUSON

Actually there is. I want you to  
have your restaurant checked for  
any foreign substances, make sure  
everyone outside gets home safe.  
And put some more seasoning on your  
prime rib.

Ferguson exits the restaurant.

FADE OUT.

## **SCENE XI**

FADE IN:

MONTAGE - AROUND LONDON

People are ambling along Picadilly Circus, as the streets are aglow with lights and the banter of people.

Westminster Abby stands still and majestic in the crisp evening air.

Big Ben dominates the skyline, as it tells the time while lit up.

London Bridge is slow and calm on this night, as it will soon be slammed.

END MONTAGE

EXT. LOCAL HOTEL (LONDON) - ESTABLISHING SHOT - NIGHT

CUT TO:

INT. LOCAL HOTEL (LONDON)- HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Ronald and Ferguson are sitting together, preparing for the next and final mission of Operation Septic. Ronald is busy taking notes from his laptop, as Ferguson prepares himself.

FERGUSON

(puts a clip in his gun)

This is the final leg of Operation Septic. This is the moment British Intelligence has been waiting for. I have a funny feeling Damian is going to pull out all the stops for this one. Any word from Cyril?

RONALD

(reviews his notes)

Very little. He told me that Damian has kept the last leg of Operation Septic very clandestine. We really don't know who or what it will be.

FERGUSON

Then we must leave no stone unturned. We have to be extra careful. I feel a bit of extra pressure, being this is my native land. We can't let the good people of London down.

RONALD

And we won't. We've gotten this far. We just have to follow the procedure that's worked well for us.



FERGUSON

(soft)

Ronald, I want to tell you that if we are to succeed in stopping Operation Septic, I consider the time spent with you one in which I will hold forever in high regard.

(beat)

I am confident you will represent and uphold the dignity and safety of this fine nation now and forevermore. Thank you.

RONALD

Please, don't make me blush, Ferg.

Ferguson grins sardonically, as Ronald begins to discuss strategy.

RONALD

(looks at his notes)

Is there any particular location where you think they will strike?

FERGUSON

I haven't the slightest clue. Since London is one of largest cities in Europe, I'm going to have to narrow my searches.

(beat)

I'm gearing toward areas where people will not be present and where no one will expect to search. Damian always loves surprises. I'm not sure whom to look for. It could be anyone.

RONALD

Do you have anyone in mind?

FERGUSON

Nary a one. Not having been an agent for some time will make it more difficult to keep up with any new agents.

(beat)

I'll have to rely on my knowledge and instincts. This will not be easy.

Ferguson takes a sip of his Orangina.

RONALD  
Nothing ever is.

INT. LOCAL HOTEL (LONDON)- HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ferguson is putting the finishing touches on his preparations, readying himself for the final leg of the mission. Ferguson looks at his watch, and decides to head off.

Ferguson is headed towards the door, but not before he stopped by Ronald.

RONALD  
Oh, Ferg, wait.

FERGUSON  
Yes, Ronald.

RONALD  
I just wanted to give you something before you left.  
(presents a bottle of Orangina)  
Here. I know you really enjoy it. I just thought you'd like to have one.

FERGUSON  
(slowly takes the bottle)  
Thank you, Ronald. I hope this won't be my last one.

RONALD  
I seriously doubt it.

FERGUSON  
Any word from Cyril?

RONALD  
He said to be very careful, trust no one, and to wear clean underwear. Best of luck, Ferg.

Ferguson smiles warmly, as he departs.

CLOSEUP - RONALD'S SOBER FACE

INT. SUBWAY STATION (LONDON) - NIGHT

Ferguson leans nonchalantly against a subway wall, attentively watching everyone who passes by or gets off the tube.

Ferguson quickly sees someone, and intuits something. Ferguson increases his pace, as he starts to trail the person up the stairs.

FERGUSON

Dashes in and around the subway station, pursuing the object of his suspicion.

Ferguson sees a subway wall, and he calmly makes his way around the wall and sees the back of someone.

FERGUSON  
(grabs the person's arm)  
Got you!

The person turns around, as it is a HOMELESS PERSON.

HOMELESS PERSON  
(terrified)  
Please, kind sir, don't hurt me!

Ferguson gently lets go of the homeless person, as he stands sheepishly.

FERGUSON  
(hands the homeless person  
some change; a little  
embarrassed; sotto voce)  
Sorry, mate.

EXT. GOTH DISTRICT (LONDON) - NIGHT

Ferguson is now in the streets of the Goth district of London. He is slowly walking around as he looks vigilantly for anything or anyone suspicious.

Some fellow Goth onlookers stare curiously at Ferguson. Ferguson looks his way and crosses the street, as he is now in front of a popular night club in the district, The Goth Stop. Ferguson braces himself and enters into the club.

INT. GOTH STOP NIGHT CLUB (LONDON) - NIGHT

A Goth-clad doorman checks Ferguson's id, and lets him through. Ferguson begins to make his way through the club.

Crowds of young adolescents, all clad in Goth apparel, dance amongst each other, as the MUSIC BLARES from the loud speakers, and strobe lights glare brightly. A Goth-clad DeeJay is in a far corner of the club, as he works the turntables with ease.

Ferguson continues to tentatively make his way through the throngs of Goth-clad adolescents, as he encounters a young GOTH PARTIER in search of a good time.

GOTH PARTIER

(coquettish)

Hey there, handsome. I haven't seen you here before. What's with the lame togs? I'm Amanda, and I'd love to show you a good time.

FERGUSON

(pulls out his shield and gun)

Hello, Amanda. My name's Ferguson. Would like a plug in your bum?

GOTH PARTIER

(runs away frightened)

Oh, goodness no!

Ferguson, unfazed by the incident, continues his way through the club. Ferguson quickly sees something.

FERGUSON'S POV

GROUP OF GOTH PARTIERS

Sit in a far corner of the club, with some foreign substances, waiting to have good time.

VIAL OF BLUE TRANSPARENT LIQUID

Rests in the hands of one of the partiers.

BACK TO SCENE

Ferguson, astounded by the sight, pushes his way past some club-goers and goes to the far corner.

One of the PARTY-GOERS opens his mouth and is ready to pour a drop of the liquid on his tongue.

SMALL DROPLET

Falls from the vial.

Ferguson quickly intervenes.

FERGUSON  
 (snatches the vial from  
 the boy)  
 Give me that! Are you daft?! Do  
 you want to infect everyone here?

Ferguson, with vial in hand, begins to sniff the liquid  
 inside the vial. Ferguson discovers that it is not the  
 virus, but a liquid version of crystal method.

FERGUSON  
 (sotto voce)  
 Crystal meth.

Ferguson turns back toward the party-goers, and they looks  
 none too pleased.

GOTH BOY  
 (angrily)  
 What's up your bum, mate? We're  
 just trying to have a good time!

GOTH GIRL  
 (impudent)  
 Yeah. You're not even dressed for  
 the occasion, you wanker!

FERGUSON  
 (a little embarrassed;  
 hands the crystal method  
 back)  
 Sorry.

Ferguson quietly departs.

EXT. FRONT GOTH STOP - LATE NIGHT

Ferguson exits the Goth Stop, and soon encounters gypsy-like  
 MYSTIC, who starts to cast a spell on him.

FEMALE MYSTIC  
 (sotto voce)  
 Good evening, blessed precious.  
 (MORE)

FEMALE MYSTIC (cont'd)

The night is young, but also  
tainted with evil and negative  
spirits.

(starts to dance around  
Ferguson; sotto voce)

We must cleanse ourselves of such  
negative spirits and be at one with  
each other and the earth.

(hands Ferguson a lemon  
wedge; sotto voce)

In order to reach nirvana, we must  
first experience the bitterness  
that we, as well as the world,  
inflict upon others, then we will  
all be happy...happy...happy!

FERGUSON

(curiously holds the lemon  
wedge; beat)

Thank you very much.

FEMALE MYSTIC

(sotto voce)

No, thank you, blessed precious.

The female mystic dances off into the night, as Ferguson  
stares curiously at the lemon wedge, shrugs, and places it in  
his side coat pocket.

Ferguson starts to despondently amble aimlessly down the  
sidewalk.

EXT. UNKNOWN BUILDING - ESTABLISHING SHOT - LATE NIGHT

The parking lot is empty, as nary a soul is present.

INT. DAMIAN RHODES' OFFICE - NIGHT

Damian is sitting pensively at his desk, as he awaits a  
telephone call. The TELEPHONE RINGS, as Damian picks up.

DAMIAN

(talks into receiver)

Hello. Oh, it's you. All is well  
I hope.

UNKNOWN PERSON (V.O.)

Yes. I plan to strike soon. Mr. Sills is nowhere in sight, and I plan to dispense the virus in less than an hour.

DAMIAN

(sinisterly pleased)

Splendid. Now I want you to listen. Mr. Sills has thwarted each of my endeavours to spread the viruses. It is all up to you. I want every stopped pulled out to execute this mission unerringly.

(beat)

Think two steps ahead at all times, and most of all, remain inconspicuous in doing so. Am I clear?

UNKNOWN PERSON (V.O.)

Crystal.

DAMIAN

I will now leave you to carry out what will be your most dastardly act for our fine organization. Make us proud.

CLOSEUP - UNKNOWN PERSON'S LIPS

UNKNOWN PERSON

Will do.

EXT. SIDEWALK - STREET BENCH - LATE NIGHT

Ferguson sits crestfallen on a bench, with the huge silhouette of Big Ben behind him. It is getting later, and Ferguson has still not found the perpetrator who will dispense the virus.

FERGUSON

(speaks to Big Ben)

Looks like we've run out of luck, Ben. Our fine city will be rife with disease, all because of me.

(beat)

We'll all be falling down, just like bloody London bridge.

(MORE)

FERGUSON (cont'd)  
 (beat; loudly)  
 Wait a minute. That's it! London  
 Bridge!

Ferguson quickly rises from his seat and departs for London Bridge.

EXT. LONDON BRIDGE - ESTABLISHING SHOT - LATE NIGHT

The bridge is completely vacant, as morning will soon be approaching, as well as a slew of cars.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON BRIDGE - CONTROL ROOM - LATE NIGHT

A CONTROL BOOTH OPERATOR is busily supervising the bridge, as he prepares himself for the soon-to-be morning commute. However, for the moment, he is distracted by a cup of coffee, scone, and crossword puzzle.

BOOTH OPERATOR  
 (works on crossword  
 puzzle)  
 A four letter word for "unwilling  
 to work"?  
 (unknowingly shrugging)  
 The hell I know.

A voice of an unknown soon interrupts.

UNKNOWN PERSON (O.S.)  
 Hey, your shift's over, mate.

BOOTH OPERATOR  
 (incredulously turns  
 around)  
 To bloody hell it is. Who are you  
 to tell me - -

Before the operator can finish, a GUN SHOT hits his head, instantly killing him.

UNKNOWN PERSON (O.S.)  
 Now it is.

EXT. LONDON BRIDGE - EARLY DAWN

Ferguson has just arrived at London Bridge. He is vigilantly looking around for anything/anyone suspicious.



Ferguson quickly notices. A loud, clapping NOISE can soon be heard in the distance. Ferguson quickly turns around to see.

FERGUSON'S POV

RONALD

With gun in hand, claps softly.

RONALD  
Well done, well done.

BACK TO SCENE

An astounded Ferguson starts to inquire Ronald.

FERGUSON  
(astounded)  
Ronald, what are you doing here?

RONALD  
(sinister)  
Just admiring the view.  
(presents the vial with  
the virus)  
Looking for this?

FERGUSON  
(astounded)  
Ronald, you wouldn't.

RONALD  
(sinister)  
Oh, yes I would. We thought we had you dead back in Amsterdam. How you managed to escape is beyond me. But then again, once an agent...

FERGUSON  
So that man you said that kidnapped you - -

RONALD  
(interjects)  
Fake. Just like the past five years have been. I've gained access to incalculable amounts of information, making the plans we have with Damian all the more advanced and sinister.  
(beat)  
And now adding your papers to the mix will only put more fuel to the fire.

FERGUSON

(intense)

How could you? Living a lie this whole time, betraying the Intelligence code of honour, your own country and people.

RONALD

(nonchalantly)

How about to the tune of a million pounds? Yes, once I pour this into the water beneath the bridge, it will be smooth sailing from here on in.

(beat)

I was originally going to get a quarter of a million, but since you collared all of the spies, I was able to up my asking price.

(beat)

By the way, thank you for that.

FERGUSON

(pulls out his gun and points it at Ronald)

Give me the virus, Ronald.

RONALD

(nonchalant)

Oh, please, do think that will convince me?

FERGUSON

(intensely points his gun at Ronald)

I said, give me the virus, Ronald.

RONALD

(provoking)

If you want it that bad, shoot me.

An angered Ferguson FIRES his GUN, as it hits Ronald in the shoulder. Ronald doesn't flinch, nor does he fall, as Ferguson looks on in puzzlement.

FERGUSON

(perplexed)

How come you aren't bleeding?

RONALD

Blanks. I switched the clips when you weren't looking. Pretty clever, eh?

(MORE)

RONALD (cont'd)

I thought someone of your pedigree  
would surely sniff that one out.

(beat)

I guess not.

(points his gun at  
Ferguson)

Give me all of the viruses and put  
your hands in the air. And don't  
try anything funny.

Ferguson reluctantly takes the viruses out of his coat pocket and gently lays them down on the asphalt. Ronald carefully approaches the viruses, all the while watching Ferguson, as he quickly scoops them up. Ronald places his vial with the virus in the small pouch, along with the others.

RONALD

(looks admiringly at the  
viruses)

Talk about your liquid assets. How  
ironic is this for an ending? The  
person who pretended to work for  
British Intelligence is now going  
to kill two of the finest British  
Intelligence agents. Try selling  
that one to Hollywood.

FERGUSON

What do you mean two?

RONALD

(sinister)

Who do you think killed Veronica?

Ferguson's face goes cold, as he angrily attempts to confront Ronald.

FERGUSON

(angrily runs towards  
Ronald)

You son of a bitch!

RONALD

(CLICKS his gun)

Uh, uh, uh. Wouldn't want to do  
anything rash, now, would we?

(beat)

That's right, Ferg. I killed  
Veronica. She was a feisty one,  
but we got here. She's fish food  
now.

(beat)

(MORE)

RONALD (cont'd)

So would you like to join her in a watery grave, or would you prefer a much dryer interment?

FERGUSON

You don't realize what you're getting yourself into. Once Damian has no use for you, you'll be the next one in Davy Jones's locker.

RONALD

Thanks for the column, Dr. Phil, but I'll take my chances. With a million pounds to my name, I'll certainly have a lot to think about.

(beat)

I'm so sorry it has to end this way, Ferg, but the powers that be, particularly financial ones, only beckon us but once in our lives. Any last requests?

FERGUSON

(sober)

As a matter of fact, I do. If you are going to kill someone, the least you could do is look presentable. Tie your bloody shoelace.

Ronald fulfills Ferguson's request, as he looks down at his shoes to tie them. However, Ronald quickly notices something.

RONALD

(looks down at his shoes)

Hey, I'm wearing loaf - -

Before Ronald can finish he is met with a quick punch from Ferguson, as the gun and viruses fly out of his hand.

POUCH WITH VIRUSES

Lies unbroken and idle on the asphalt.

Ferguson and Ronald start to tussle.

FERGUSON

(punches Ronald)

That's the oldest trick in the book. I can't believe you fell for it!

RONALD

You will pay for this.

Ronald elbows Ferguson in the face, as Ferguson falls back.

Ronald rises, and, seeing his gun, hurries to get it. But before he can run, he is tripped up by Ferguson.

Ronald crawls on the ground towards the gun, as Ferguson uses all his might to stop Ronald. Ronald stretches out his left hand, reaching for the gun, when Ferguson leaps on top of Ronald, and proceeds to knock the gun further away.

An enraged Ronald pushes Ferguson to the ground, and starts to punch him mercilessly. Ronald soon tires, as Ferguson soon counters with a head butt, and the scuffle continues.

INT. LONDON BRIDGE - CONTROL ROOM - EARLY DAWN

The lifeless body of the Control Room Operator lies askew in a chair, as it falls forward and onto the control board. The arm inadvertently pushes a lever.

LEVER

Reads "SUSPEND BRIDGE"

EXT. LONDON BRIDGE - EARLY DAWN

Ronald and Ferguson are continuing to scuffle. Ronald knocks Ferguson to the ground, as Ferguson quickly spots the viruses lying idly near him.

Ferguson reaches for the viruses, only to be denied when Ronald, grabs him by the face, and starts to slam his head into the asphalt.

Both men rise to their feet, as they both slam each other up against a side of the bridge. Ronald gets the upper hand, as he starts to throttle Ferguson by the neck.

RONALD

(intense; chokes Ferguson)  
Why don't you give up now?

FERGUSON

(slightly out of breath)  
Not on your life.

RONALD  
How about on yours?

Ronald punches Ferguson, sending him to the ground. Ronald has recovered his gun, as he points it at Ferguson.

RONALD  
(aims his gun at Ferguson)  
Now it's time to say goodbye.

Before Ronald can fire his gun, a large, trembling NOISE intervenes, as the ground bridge beneath Ronald and Ferguson begins to TREMBLE.

Ronald becomes distracted, as he turns around to look at his surroundings.

Ferguson takes the opportunity to go for the viruses. Ferguson grabs the viruses, but is soon interrupted, as the bridge starts a deep incline, Ferguson plummets sharply, holding tightly to the pouch with the viruses.

Ronald also plummets, as he begins to fall aimlessly.

Ferguson is holding tight to the viruses and to a metal beam of the bridge by one arm, while he tries to balance himself with the other. Ferguson tries to gather himself, but is soon met with a voice.

RONALD (O.S)  
Alright, Ferg...

Ferguson looks downward.

FERGUSON'S POV

DOWN ANGLE - RONALD

Holding tightly to a metal beam of the bridge by one hand, aiming his gun at Ferguson.

BACK TO SCENE

Ferguson is taken aback, as he feels he has been vanquished.

RONALD  
(intense)  
It's no use, Ferg. Give me the viruses, now, or die!

FERGUSON

(calm)

My mother always told me, when life  
hands you lemons...

(pulls out lemon wedge;

hardly squeezes it)

Make some lemonade!

The juice from the squeezed lemon goes into Ronald's eyes,  
temporarily blinding him.

RONALD

(yells painfully)

Aaahhhhhh!!!

Ronald takes his other hand to rub his eyes, loosening his  
grip on the bridge, thus making him fall.

DOWN ANGLE - RONALD

Screaming wildly, as he sharply plummets from the bridge.

Ferguson tries to compose himself, as he continues to hang  
loosely from the bridge.

POUCH WITH VIRUSES

Rests firmly in Ferguson's hand.

Ferguson seems a tad nervous, when he starts to hear a  
WHIRRING NOISE.

INT. LONDON BRIDGE-CONTROL ROOM

CONTROL MONITOR

Reads, "TERMINATE SUSPENSION".

LONDON BRIDGE

Starts to piece itself together.

Ferguson, seeing that the bridge is slamming, tries to  
maneuver his way up. He pulls his body up with all his  
might, holding tightly to the pouch with the viruses.

The bridge has slammed, as Ferguson has all the viruses in hand. Operation Septic has been defeated.

EXT. OPEN ROAD (LONDON) - DAWN

STRETCH LIMOUSINE

Rides briskly down the road.

INT. STRETCH LIMOUSINE - BACK SEAT

Damian is enjoying a light drink, as he watches the television set in the back seat of his limousine. He arrives at a local news channel and turns up the volume with his remote.

DAMIAN'S POV

TELEVISION SCREEN

Shows the scene at London Bridge, as a TELEVISION REPORTER provides the details.

TELEVISION REPORTER

Good morning, I'm Emma McClure.  
We're here at London Bridge, in  
what appears to be a homicide.  
London Bridge Control Operator  
Angus Chandler was found dead by a  
fellow employee, who was to relieve  
him of his shift. Police are now  
searching for the killer.

(beat)

The bridge also had a brief scare,  
as it suspended for a full five  
minutes. Thankfully, no cars or  
commuters were on the bridge at the  
time. This just in. Authorities  
have just found the body of Ronald  
Jamison, a current agent at British  
Intelligence. Authorities  
discovered the body floating on the  
Eastern End below the bridge.

(beat)

(MORE)



## TELEVISION REPORTER (cont'd)

In other news, various foreign agents have been apprehended by their respective local authorities for participating in a lethal disease dissemination plan, titled Operation Septic.

(beat)

They have all admitted to working for one Damian Rhodes, a former British Intelligence hopeful turned insurgent, who was jailed for the attempted heist of several prominent banks in Europe five years ago, but managed to escape uncaught. Police will also be in search of Rhodes' whereabouts.

(beat)

We now go to our roving reporter, Nigel Kane, with breaking news. Nigel?

The television soon turns to reporter NIGEL KANE, who is at the docks in Paris with a breaking story.

## NIGEL KANE

Thank you, Emma. I'm here at the St. Pierre Piers in Paris. Authorities have just recovered the body of former British Intelligence agent, Veronica Samms. The body was discovered by a local fisherman, who uncovered the body in his net while reaping in his gains for the day.

(beat)

Authorities have also discovered what appears to be a recording device in Samms' coat. We will give you further information as this story develops.

BACK TO SCENE

An enraged Damian starts to yell.

## DAMIAN

(throws his glass at television screen)

By Lucifer's bloody beard!

(picks up his limousine telephone; yells into telephone)

Driver, I want you to take me to London Bridge. Immediately!

LIMOUSINE DRIVER (V.O.)  
 (from over phone)  
 Right away, sir Rhodes.

Damian tries to calm himself, as he watches the direction the limousine is going in.

DAMIAN  
 (sotto voce)  
 This isn't the right way.  
 (picks up telephone; yells  
 into telephone)  
 Driver, you're going the wrong  
 bloody way! You're supposed to get  
 off at the North End. You're going  
 South! Driver, are you listening  
 to me?

Damian, now suspicious, quickly pulls out his gun, as he tries to open the back seat doors.

DAMIAN RHODES  
 (presses door button)  
 I don't have time for bloody games.

However, the door buttons do not work. Damian starts to feel edgy, as he tries to open the back seat windows.

DAMIAN RHODES  
 (presses window button)  
 I need some fresh air.

However, the back seat windows also do not open. Panic starts to set in.

DAMIAN RHODES  
 (picks up phone;  
 nervously talks into  
 phone)  
 Driver, I demand that you tell what  
 is happening. I specifically asked  
 to be taken to London Bridge. And  
 why are the door and window buttons  
 not working?

DRIVER (V.O.)  
 (from over phone)  
 Yes, I heard your request before,  
 mister Rhodes. I know of a quick  
 shortcut that will have us there in  
 no time. The buttons for the doors  
 and windows have been  
 malfunctioning.  
 (MORE)

DRIVER (V.O.) (cont'd)  
I am bringing the car to the  
mechanic this afternoon to have  
them fixed.

DAMIAN RHODES  
(relieved; calmly speaks  
into phone)  
Thank you. That is all.

Damian gently hangs up the phone, puts away his gun, and  
breathes a huge sigh of relief.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAWN

The limousine pulls into a local junkyard.

INT. LIMOUSINE - BACK SEAT - DAWN

Damian looks around, and hears the limousine coming to a  
stop. Damian pulls out his gun, as he quickly picks up his  
phone.

DAMIAN  
(yells into phone)  
Driver, why are we stopping? This  
is not London Bridge! Driver,  
driver!

Damian pulls with all his might to open the door, but to no  
avail. Damian decides to shoot the windows open with his  
gun.

DAMIAN  
(readies his GUN)  
I'll get out of here, myself!

Damian pulls the trigger, but no bullets come out. The gun  
makes a clicking sound, as Damian looks curiously at his gun.

DAMIAN  
(astounded; sotto voce)  
There are no bullets.  
(yells and flails about)  
Driver, driver, get me out of here  
at once!

EXT. LOCAL JUNKYARD - EARLY MORNING

LIMOUSINE DRIVER DOOR

Slowly begins to open.

The chauffeur of the limousine slowly steps out of the door from behind the wheel, as he closes the door behind him. The chauffeur is dressed in proper attire, complete with matching hat, sunglasses, and a mustache.

The chauffeur turns to look at the limousine, as the screaming and imploring of Damian continues from inside the back seat. The chauffeur opens the palm of his left hand.

BULLETS

Drop to the ground.

The chauffeur then slowly peels off his mustache, and removes his sunglasses. The chauffeur is Cyril in disguise.

Cyril looks at the limousine, as he turns toward something.

CYRIL

(motions with his hands)

Okay, Patrick, drop it!

Cyril watches the limousine, as a giant WRECKING BALL CRASHES down from below, CRUSHING the limousine with Damian inside. Cyril turns around.

CYRIL

(looks up at him)

Thank you, Patrick.

CYRIL'S POV

PATRICK

Stands at the controls of the crusher, giving Cyril a thumbs-up sign.

CYRIL

(looks at crushed  
limousine)

Now that's what I call an English  
pound.

Cyril turns around and departs from the junkyard.

FADE OUT.

**SCENE XII**

FADE IN:

EXT. LONDON BRIDGE - UNDERPASS - DAWN

SUN

Begins to rise over the skyline of London.

Ferguson is standing all-alone in the underpass, as he watches in quiet observation and contemplation at the sunrise over yonder. Ferguson, his thirst calling him, digs into his small bag to get out the bottle of Orangina which Ronald gave him.

FERGUSON'S HAND

Reaches into his knapsack, but pulling out one of the vial with the virus.

Ferguson unknowingly takes the virus and starts to drink, as he quickly pulls it away from his lips, but not before swallowing it.

FERGUSON  
(despondently looks at the  
empty vial)  
Shit.

Ferguson digs into his knapsack, pulls out the rest of the viruses, and quickly drinks them one-by-one. Ferguson then pulls out his cell phone and dials the OPERATOR.

TELEPHONE OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Hello?

FERGUSON  
(speaks into telephone)  
Yes. Hello. I have a report.  
There is a white male, in his mid-  
to-late thirties, black hair, about  
five eleven, and he is fatally ill.  
I don't know what he has, but  
whatever it is, it appears  
dangerous. He is at London's West  
End, near London Bridge, beneath  
the underpass.  
(beat)  
I was wondering if you could please  
bring authorities, as well as the  
best medical team possible. Please  
hurry.

TELEPHONE OPERATOR (V.O.)  
(from over phone)  
Alright, we'll be over immediately.  
May I ask who's calling?

FERGUSON  
(speaks into telephone)  
Just call me a concerned citizen.

Ferguson hangs up the cell phone, takes out his wallet, and proceeds to toss them both into the nearby water. Ferguson then takes out the bottle of Orangina.

FERGUSON  
(talks to bottle of  
Orangina)  
Never thought you'd be the death of  
me.

Ferguson takes a big gulp of the Orangina, and then starts to feel his stomach hurt. Ferguson grunts in discomfort, as he clenches his stomach. Ferguson then proceeds to vomit, as his eyes start to water. Ferguson vomits some more, before crawling into a fetal position. Ferguson stops moving.

A POLICE OFFICER soon emerges from the underpass, as he discovers Ferguson's body and tentatively approaches it.

POLICE OFFICER  
(looks at the body)  
What in Sam Hill?  
(calls over to his men)  
Everyone, come quick! Now!

Police officers, as well as a large medical team, emerge on the scene, as they crowd around the body.

POLICE OFFICER  
This looks serious, everyone. I  
want this whole area cordoned off.  
Now!

The police officers and medical team quickly go to work, as they attempt to prevent the worst.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END

**OMITTED SCENE**

FADE IN:

MONTAGE - AROUND ITALY

The Leaning Tower of Pisa stands askew in the sun, looming over passerby.

Automobiles pass by the Coliseum, which dominates the scene.

At a vineyard, farmers reap in grapes, which are ripe and ready to be made into wine.

EXT. ITALIAN CAFE - TERRACE - DAY

Ronald and Ferguson are enjoying the brisk Italian day, as they have a light brunch and prepare to stop the next culprit.

RONALD

(eats; with mouth full)  
My goodness, this rigatoni is  
delicious Try some, Ferg!

FERGUSON

No, thank you. I have all that I  
need right here.  
(picks up Orangina and  
drinks it; looks and  
speaks to bottle)  
We've seen a lot together.

RONALD

(picks up menu and looks  
at it)  
Hey, they have some delicious  
pastries here. Whadya say we get  
some?

FERGUSON

(testy)

I'd love to wine and dine, Ronald,  
but let us not forget that we have  
a mission to accomplish!

RONALD

(sheepish)

Oh, yes. So, do you see anyone?

FERGUSON

Not currently. I received a call  
from Cyril. He says that Damian has  
hired Italian espionage agent,  
Antonio Lodigiani, to do his  
bidding here in Rome.

RONALD

Who?

FERGUSON

Antonio Lodigiani. I am vaguely  
familiar with him. However, it's  
been so long, I haven't the  
bloodiest notion what he looks  
like.

RONALD

Did Cyril say to look anywhere?

FERGUSON

There was a report that he planned  
to head to the Coliseum. However,  
that report proved to be erroneous.

RONALD

Anywhere else?

FERGUSON

Cyril said something regarding an  
Italian opera house. World-  
renowned tenor Luigi DiGianado will  
be performing there today. The  
whole Italian upper crust will be  
in attendance.

RONALD

Speaking of crusts, want to split a  
pizza?

Ferguson looks speechless at Ronald.



EXT. ITALIAN CAFE - PATIO - AFTERNOON

Ronald and Ferguson, both wearing dark sunglasses, try to remain inconspicuous, spy on people entering the Opera House, which is across the street.

FERGUSON

(sotto voce)

I don't see anybody suspicious. By the looks of it, security is tight.

RONALD

(sotto voce)

Do you think that he'll be in the crowd?

FERGUSON

(sotto voce)

I am not sure. I don't know if they manned any of the back exits. I'm heading over in a few minutes.

RONALD

(complains; sotto voce)

Where is my cannoli The waiter took my order ten minutes ago.

FERGUSON

(testy; sotto voce)

Would you quit worrying about bloody pastries and focus, Ron!

(looks and exclaims)

Wait! I think I see something. Give me the binoculars.

Ronald quickly hands the binoculars to Ferguson, who takes them and looks.

FERGUSON'S BINOCULAR POV

MYSTERIOUS MAN

Enters through a side of the Opera House.

BACK TO SCENE

Ferguson hands the binoculars back to Ronald.

FERGUSON

I think I see him. I'm going over.

Ferguson departs across the street.

RONALD

Ferg, do you need backup? Ferg!

Ronald looks despondently, when the waiter arrives at the table with his cannoli. Ronald looks happily at the cannoli.

RONALD

(looks happily at waiter)

Oh, it's here. Thank you.

EXT. OPERA HOUSE - BACK ALLEY - AFTERNOON

Ferguson stealthily proceeds around the back alley, as he hides behind a dumpster. Some stevedores are hauling some crates into the Opera House. Ferguson carefully watches them, as he makes his move, and enters into the back of the Opera House unnoticed.

Ferguson moves around the back, as he quickly makes his way to the back, where he enters into a nearby rest room.

INT. OPERA HOUSE - MENS' BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

Ferguson is now inside the bathroom, as he goes to a faucet, turns it on, and gently washes off his face. A TOILET FLUSHES, as an Opera House Attendant comes out of the stall, and is about to depart, when Ferguson intervenes.

FERGUSON

(in Italian; subtitled)

Excuse me. Your shirt has some soap on it.

The Opera House Attendant looks at his shirt, as Ferguson punches him hard in the face, knocking him out cold. Ferguson checks the Attendant's vital signs, as he picks him up and takes him into an empty stall.

EXT. OPERA HOUSE - MENS' BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

BATHROOM DOOR

Slowly opens. Ferguson, now disguised as an Opera House Attendant, exits out, as he ambles around backstage. Suddenly, he spots something.

FERGUSON'S POV

ANTONIO

Also dressed as an Opera House Attendant, enters into a room.

BACK TO SCENE

Ferguson quickly hides behind an open corner backstage, as he looks and waits for Antonio to exit. Antonio exits the room and closes the door behind him. The sign on the door reads, "LUIGI DiGIANADO".

Ferguson emerges from out of the corner and quickly sneaks inside of the dressing room.

INT. LUIGI'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Ferguson is now inside, as he looks around the room for anything suspicious. He quickly notices something.

THROAT SPRAY BOTTLE

Has the monogram "L.D.", rests on a dresser.

Ferguson looks at the spray bottle, picks it up off the dresser, takes off the lid, and carefully smells it. It is the virus. Ferguson vigilantly looks at the contents inside the bottle, when he hears voices from outside the room. He quickly recovers the spray bottle, frantically looks around, and hides in a nearby wardrobe closet.

Seconds later, LUIGI DiGIANADO, and an OPERA HOUSE EXECUTIVE enter into his dressing room. Luigi is none too pleased, as he and the Executive are having an argument.

SUBTITLED - IN ITALIAN

LUIGI

I cannot believe this! I was supposed to do this show tonight. Why do you want me to sing during the day. My voice is at its strongest at night!

OPERA HOUSE EXECUTIVE

Our dearest apologies, Mister DiGianado. It's just that we already have an actual performance scheduled here for tonight.

LUIGI

(offended)

What do you mean an actual performance? I am one of Italy's finest tenors! How dare you offend me?

OPERA HOUSE EXECUTIVE

(tries to explain)

No, Mister Lodigiani, I didn't mean that! I meant we have a performance of Palliaci here tonight, so therefore your performance had to be moved up to today.

LUIGI

(cranky)

Fine.

(looks around his dresser)

Where is my throat spray?! I must have my throat spray! It was here when I left the dressing room.

OPERA HOUSE EXECUTIVE

Alright, I will get you some throat spray.

LUIGI

(stern)

I want it in my monogrammed crystal throat spray. It has my initials on it.

OPERA HOUSE EXECUTIVE

Yes, Mister Lodigiani. I assure you it will get done.

The Opera House Executive leaves the Luigi's dressing room.

LUIGI

(looks at his watch and exclaims)

My God, look at the time! I have to get dressed!

Luigi goes to his wardrobe closet and opens the door. However, it does not open, as Luigi pulls hardly on it, but it still will not budge. An angered Luigi grabs the telephone on his dresser and quickly dials a number.

LUIGI

(incensed)

Hello, Benito! This is Mister DiGianado. My wardrobe closet door won't open. Get someone here at once!

Luigi hardly SLAMS the RECEIVER down, as he sits sulkily in his chair.

LUIGI

I have to go to the bathroom.

Luigi exits his dressing room. Seconds later, Ferguson slowly exits the wardrobe closet, and heads out of the dressing room.

EXT. LUIGI'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Ferguson is now outside backstage, as he looks around for a room to hide. He discovers one, as he quickly heads inside.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Ferguson has entered the dressing room, as it is already occupied by the maestro, ROBERTO PONTI. Roberto looks suspiciously at Ferguson.

SUBTITLED - IN ITALIAN

ROBERTO

Yes, may I help you?

FERGUSON

Yes, mister, mister - -

ROBERTO

(warmly extends his hand)

Roberto Ponti. It's a pleasure.

FERGUSON

Mister Ponti, may I ask you something?

ROBERTO

Of course, my friend.

FERGUSON

(coy)

Well, I'm trying to become a professional maestro, and I was wondering if you could give me some pointers.

ROBERTO

Absolutely. What is your question?

FERGUSON

Well, right now, I'm trying to be able to make the brass and strings play simultaneously, without one sounding over the other. How should I wave my baton?

ROBERTO  
 (takes his baton and  
 demonstrates)  
 Oh, yes. Well, you have to take  
 your baton, like this, and gently  
 wave it to the - -

Before Roberto can finish, Ferguson takes out a electric-shock device and gives Roberto a small shock, knocking him out cold. He then starts to take off Roberto's clothes.

EXT. ROBERTO'S DRESSING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The door to Roberto's dressing room opens, as Ferguson, now dressed as Roberto, quietly but quickly exits. He is soon met by a BACKSTAGE ATTENDANT, who informs him that the show is about to start.

BACKSTAGE ATTENDANT  
 (in Italian; subtitled)  
 Mister Ponti, you're on in five  
 minutes.

FERGUSON  
 (in Italian; subtitled)  
 Yes, thank you.

Ferguson heads over to the stage and quickly pokes his head out from behind the curtain.

FERGUSON'S POV

OPERA AUDIENCE

Wait patiently in their seats for the show to commence.

BACK TO SCENE

A slightly astounded Ferguson pulls his head back behind the curtain. The same Attendant from before suddenly grabs Ferguson and leads him to the stage.

BACKSTAGE ATTENDANT  
 (in Italian; subtitled)  
 Okay, Mister Ponti, it's showtime.  
 Break a leg!

The Attendant departs, as Ferguson is left by himself.

INT. OPERA HOUSE AUDITORIUM - FRONT STAGE - DAY

Ferguson slowly ascends to the front stage, as he is met with thunderous applause from the audience.

He slowly approaches the maestro's stand, as he prepares himself. Now prepared, Ferguson turns toward the audience.

AUDIENCE

Watches Ferguson and wait for him to begin.

Ferguson then turns around.

LUIGI

Stands and looks impatiently at Ferguson to give him the signal.

Ferguson then turns to his left.

ORCHESTRA

Waits for Ferguson to commence.

Ferguson hesitates, as he gathers himself, lifts the baton, and begins.

The ORCHESTRA plays their respective INSTRUMENTS, as Luigi starts to TREBLE an ARIA. Ferguson gently waves his baton, as everyone follows accordingly.

Luigi continues to SING, as his VOICE REVERBERATES throughout the auditorium.

INT. OPERA HOUSE AUDITORIUM - TOP BALCONY - DAY

Meanwhile, Antonio is secretly hiding in the top balcony. He is beside himself, as he sees Luigi, who should be infected, singing uproariously on stage. Antonio carefully and quietly watches from above, when he quickly spots someone.

ANTONIO'S POV

FERGUSON

Disguised as Roberto, carefully leading the orchestra and Luigi.

BACK TO SCENE

An enraged Antonio carefully digs into his coat and pulls out a pipe-like apparatus. He then takes out a gun, and starts to connect the two pieces. Antonio then takes the gun and positions it and himself on the balcony railing.

INT. OPERA HOUSE AUDITORIUM - FRONT STAGE - DAY

Ferguson continues to lead the orchestra and Luigi, as so far everything is going well. Ferguson turns toward the brass section of the orchestra, when he suddenly notices something.

FERGUSON'S POV

REFLECTION OF ANTONIO AIMING HIS GUN

Shows clearly in the glint of the drum.

BACK TO SCENE

Ferguson, now worried, starts to oddly maneuver his body, in hopes of escaping the shot of Antonio.

ANTONIO

Disrupted by Ferguson's sudden movements, repositions himself.

FERGUSON

Moves weirdly, as he starts to dip his body. Luigi, his rhythm thrown off, starts to SING unsteadily. Ferguson tries to focus on the orchestra and Luigi, while keeping an eye on Antonio.

ANTONIO

Now fully positioned, starts to ready his gun.

SNIPER'S POV

The scope of the gun is placed right on Ferguson.

Ferguson, still trying to retain his composure, leaps up from the maestro's stand, as he frantically waves his baton. The ORCHESTRA PLAYS even louder now, as Luigi starts to TREBLE at his highest, as Ferguson lifts his baton high above his head.

The song is now complete, as the AUDIENCE gives everyone a standing ovation. Luigi heads to the front of the stage, as he looks and beckons Ferguson. Ferguson calmly joins Luigi on stage, as the two bow to the audience.

SNIPER'S POV

As the scope of the gun is now aimed at Luigi.



LUIGI AND FERGUSON

Smile appreciatively at the audience, basking in their praise. They then motion to the orchestra, who all rise, as they too receive great applause. Ferguson quickly spots something.

FERGUSON'S POV

ANTONIO

Stands in balcony, and FIRES his GUN.

BACK TO SCENE

Ferguson's eyes go wide, as he tackles Luigi to the ground. The FIRED SHOT hits no one, as everyone inside the auditorium gasps and ducks in their seats.

FERGUSON  
(concerned; in Italian;  
subtitled)  
Are you alright?

LUIGI  
(in Italian; subtitled)  
Yes. What happened?

FERGUSON  
(in Italian; subtitled)  
I think there's a sniper. I'll be  
right back.

Ferguson departs, as a perplexed Luigi remains on the ground. Ferguson heads toward the exit, as he soon sees Roberto with a SECURITY GUARD.

ROBERTO  
(points and exclaims; in  
Italian; subtitled)  
That's the guy!

The Security Guard goes after Ferguson, who dashes off toward the exit.

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)  
(shouts; in Italian;  
subtitled)  
Hey you, get back here!

Ferguson dashes off toward the exit, as he departs from the Opera House.

EXT. OPERA HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Ferguson is now outside, as he turns and quickly spots something.

FERGUSON'S POV

ANTONIO

Gets on his moped and departs.

BACK TO SCENE

Ferguson frantically looks around, when he spots a YOUNG MAN getting on his moped. He quickly goes over to the Young Man.

FERGUSON  
 (takes out his badge and  
 shows it to him; in  
 Italian; subtitled)  
 I'm sorry. This was parked in an  
 illegal space. I'm afraid I'm  
 going to have to give you a ticket.

YOUNG MAN  
 (tries to explain; in  
 Italian; subtitled)  
 Officer, please. I didn't know.

FERGUSON  
 (in Italian; subtitled)  
 Okay. I'll let you go this time.  
 But first I have to go for a ride.

Ferguson drives off on the Young Man's moped, as the Young Man watches in shock.

YOUNG MAN  
 (shouts in distress; in  
 Italian; subtitled)  
 No! I have a date tonight.  
 (makes gestures with his  
 hands)  
 We were gonna kiss, kiss, hump,  
 hump!!

Ferguson rides after Antonio on the moped, as he looks closely for him. He quickly spots him, as Antonio makes a left turn at the nearest traffic light. Ferguson rapidly follows him as he turns, as he looks for Antonio but sees no one.

He quickly looks around, but sees no sign of Antonio. Suddenly, a GUNSHOT is FIRED, just narrowly missing Ferguson's head. A startled Ferguson quickly turns his head.

ANTONIO

Looks wickedly at Ferguson, and quickly rides off. Ferguson rapidly follows him, as he increases his speed.

ANTONIO

Weaves his way through some traffic, as Ferguson is not far behind. He FIRES another SHOT, as it misses Ferguson and hits the side of a car. Ferguson cuts through, as he continues the pursuit.

ANTONIO

Runs through a red light at a cross section , as he rides in front of a moving car, which SCREECHES to a halt, as the Driver loudly HONKS his HORN.

FERGUSON

Remains hot on Antonio's trail. He rapidly rides along the road, as he narrowly misses crashing into a vehicle, which SCREECHES to a halt, as the Driver also HONKS his horn. Ferguson, undaunted, continues.

ANTONIO

Now slightly ahead of Ferguson, makes his way onto the sidewalk, HONKING his HORN, as all of the pedestrians SHOUT and move out of his way.

FERGUSON

Still rides in the street, closely watches Antonio on the left side of the street. He takes his eyes off of the road in front of him, but soon redirects his attention.

FERGUSON'S POV

BARRIER READING "ROAD CLOSED" IN ITALIAN

BACK TO SCENE

Ferguson, startled, quickly leaps over the barrier, and lands safely on the ground, as he remains on Antonio's tail.

ANTONIO

Makes his way toward a crosswalk, but suddenly tries to deceive Ferguson, by changing directions. It works, as Ferguson goes VEERING into a nearby alleyway.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - AFTERNOON

Ferguson speeds down the alleyway.

PUDDLE OF WATER

Lies idly on the pavement, as the wheel of the moped, SPLASHES onto it. The water makes the bike lose its balance, as Ferguson goes flying off the bike and HITS the pavement hard. He lies listlessly on the ground.

NOSE OF MOPED

Slowly emerges from the entrance of the alleyway. Antonio appears, as he has been waiting for Ferguson. Antonio watches in delight/malice at a fallen Ferguson. He accelerates his speed, as he readies his gun.

FERGUSON

Remains lying on the ground.

Antonio gets closer, closer, and immediately FIRES SHOTS at Ferguson. Ferguson, however, quickly emerges, with trash can cover in hand, and blocks the GUNSHOTS. The SHOTS RICOCHET off of the cover.

ANTONIO

Rides closer to Ferguson, as he FIRES his GUN. However, he is out of bullets.

FERGUSON

Looks up and sees something.

FERGUSON'S POV

FIRE ESCAPE LADDER

Looms above the alleyway.

BACK TO SCENE

Seeing his chance, Ferguson quickly tosses the trash can cover frisbee-style at the ladder.

The cover HITS the LADDER, bringing it down. The LADDER HITS Antonio square in the face, knocking him off his bike.

Ferguson quickly moves out of the way of the bike, as it goes CRASHING into the brick wall. He gets up and quickly goes over to Antonio, who lies unconscious on the ground.

SIRENS soon sound, as some Police Cars converge on the alleyway, as they crowd around both men.

EXT. LOCAL SIDEWALK - LATE AFTERNOON

After answering some questions from Italian police, Ferguson promenades along the sidewalk. He arrives at a local beverage stand, where he stops to get a drink from a VENDOR.

FERGUSON  
(hands Vendor a Euro; in  
Italian; subtitled)  
Orangina, please.

The Vendor hands Ferguson a bottle. Ferguson takes the bottle and is about to open it, when he notices that is not Orangina, but Fanta.

FERGUSON  
(in Italian; subtitled)  
Excuse me, sir. I asked for  
Orangina?

VENDOR  
(in Italian; subtitled)  
Yes, orange, orange.

Ferguson quickly snatches the Euro from out of the vendor's hand, and gives him back the Fanta.

FERGUSON  
(strong; in Italian;  
subtitled)  
You can keep it!

Ferguson walks away, continuing along the sidewalk.

FADE OUT.



