

SWAN AND CROW: THE TULUM MACHINE

FADE IN:

EXT. CAMDEN TOWN, LONDON - DAY

SPARKS FLY as a tram's wheels screech to a halt - metal on metal. It's 1919, London.

SMOKE billows from the crumpled hood of a repainted former war supplies truck.

A shiny BLACK DRESS SHOE sloshes in a dirty puddle as EDWARD CROW (36), a handsome well-suited gentleman, climbs off a vintage motorcycle.

He lowers his pistol. Air rushes from a bullet hole in the rear tire of the truck.

Edward checks his brill-creamed hair in the wing mirror of his motorcycle and strides towards the truck.

Traffic banks up all around. Horns blast impatiently. Police sirens WAIL. Four police cars swoop in.

The DRIVER of the truck legs it. It's too chaotic for Edward to get a clear shot.

Edward gives chase, following the clang of the Driver's battered BROWN WORKBOOTS down the cobbled street.

Police officers roll up the canvas side of the truck to reveal a stack of tea chests marked: "Odessa Tea Trading Company". They crack one open. It's laden with guns.

The POLICE CAPTAIN dispatches officers on foot to search the surrounds, their heavy BLACK BOOTS thumping on the pavement.

EXT. CAMDEN MARKET, LONDON - DAY

Edward tails the Driver. They elbow their way through the bustling MARKET - through a BAREFOOT BOXING MATCH; past KIDS begging for money; Edward jostles a young WOMAN selling PUPPIES, apologizes.

The Driver turns into a narrow alley. Edward follows. Edward slips on some FISH GUTS, swears. Turns into even a narrower alley. Dead end.

BAP, BAP, BAP! The Driver fires shots down from SCAFFOLDING encasing a brick building. Edward dives behind a garbage heap. More shots, he's trapped.

DING! A bullet ricochets off the metal pole and spins on the ground next to Edward. He picks it up: Soviet markings.

BAM - another shot flies close to his head. Edward starts to raise his hands to surrender.

A DRIED PEA hits him on the temple. He flinches, looks down, startled.

A KNOCKER-UP WOMAN (60s) peers through a washing line pegged with frilly knickers (not the kind that "nice ladies" wear).

She's armed with a PEA SHOOTER, waves Edward to climb through a BASEMENT WINDOW. He jumps in. The Woman slams the window shut behind him.

INT. BROTHEL - DAY

The Woman eyes Edward amorously, flashing a toothless grin and her garter, angling for a tip.

EDWARD

Regretfully, His Majesty's Secret Intelligence Service has just reduced our "entertainment" budget. But, Miss...?

KNOCKER-UP WOMAN

*Ms Frolica Romper.*

EDWARD

*Ms Romper. King George is most grateful for your--*

Edward is confronted by her ample bosom.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

*--well-endowed... service to your country.*

Edward passionately kisses her hand. She blushes. He bolts out the door.

EXT. LANE - DAY

Edward bursts through another door out onto a laneway, frantically looks around. Wipes his mouth in disgust.

Edward sees the Driver sprinting away in the distance, disappearing down a narrow passage. He follows.

Another dead end. Edward heaves open the creaky metal cover to a rathole and pokes his head in.

INT. RATHOLE - DAY

Edward races along a dark service tunnel, following distant FOOTSTEPS.

RAT-A-TAT-TAT-TAT. A LOCOMOTIVE TRAIN clatters overhead. Edward peers down an access shaft. Light flickers below.

He swiftly climbs down an iron ladder. His shoe slips a few feet from the ground, he falls and lands awkwardly. Edward stands up and winces in pain. He's twisted his ANKLE.

EDWARD

Bugger!

Edward hobbles along a tunnel with disused rail tracks. A couple of RATS scurry past. He shudders.

BAP! BAP! Edward crawls along a bend. CLACK, CLACK. His opponent has run out of ammo.

Edward hobbles forward. The Driver backs into a dead end. Edward aims his gun.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Sorokin, drop the gun - it's over.

SOROKIN (33), piercing blue eyes, drops the gun but keeps one arm behind his back.

SOROKIN

(heavy Russian accent)

Stop following me, *dorogoy!* You good looking man and I hornier than Putorana snow sheep. Who know what could happen...?!

Edward raises an eyebrow, loses focus.

Lightning fast, Sorokin hurls a heavy cable, swings it like a LASSO, knocking Edward down and looping it around his ankles.

Sorokin hooks the cable's other end to an abandoned pulley and hoists Edward up feet first. He's dangling 10 feet in the air, getting closer to the blades of a huge ventilation fan.

BAP! Edward shoots at the cable and drops suddenly to the ground, knocking the back of his head on the train track.

Edward looks up to see Sorokin standing over him grinning. Sorokin's weather-beaten face and maniacal eyes swirl in and out of focus. Burn scars ravage his neck.

Sorokin pulls out a knife, the metal glimmering in the half-light. He caresses Edward's face with the blade.

SOROKIN (CONT'D)  
You really in the shitzki now,  
Comrade. Your *kletzkas* are mine.

CLANG. An empty brown beer bottle rattles along the ground. Voices echo in a slurred chorus of an IRISH DRINKING SONG.

Sorokin is startled by a group of WORKERS appearing around the bend. They point their torches at him.

SOROKIN (CONT'D)  
(in Russian)  
Damn it!

Sorokin picks up Edward's gun, points it at the Workers. They stop in their tracks.

WORKER #1  
(in Irish accent)  
We ain't after no trouble, like. We  
only work to feed the 'lil 'uns--

WHISTLES shriek in the distance.

Sorokin lowers the gun, walks around the Workers, eyes on Edward the whole time. The Workers raise the ropes and pickaxes they're carrying.

SOROKIN  
Today's your lucky day, *Comrade*.  
You have proletariat to thank for  
your blue blood not splatzing all  
over ground for rats to drink.

Sorokin takes off.

EDWARD  
Thanks awfully much, chaps--

The Workers move in on Edward. Edward looks confused.

WORKER #2  
Your watch!

WORKER #1  
Rich man's shoes. We'll 'ave those!

Worker #1 pulls Edward's shoes off - Edward moans in pain. They go for his pocket watch. Edward resists.

EDWARD

It's a fake-- not worth anything...

Worker #2 turns the pocket watch over. It's engraved:

*"Love is precious - so precious that it must be rationed,  
love Elizabeth"*

Whistles get louder.

WORKER #2

Coppers! I don't fancy hangin'  
'round fer a game of Paddy in the  
wagon, fellas...

Worker #2 drops the pocket watch and the group disperses. Edward sees the faces of POLICEMEN leaning over him.

EDWARD

Boys, call Lord Blacksmith. We  
stopped the arms deal but Sorokin's  
on the loose...

He passes out, TEETH jarring as his head hits the ground.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. COLLEGE, LIBRARY - DAY

Massive CANINE TEETH hover millimeters from human skin. Much PANTING and DRIBBLING.

A DOG looms over a young woman's NECK. He slowly places his teeth on her soft skin...

FLORENCE (O.S)

Hold!

The dog freezes.

FLORENCE (20), long brown hair, white cotton dress, lies on the floor, with her arms spread out and head tilted backward. The dog holds his pose.

FLORENCE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Release!

The dog gently moves away from the neck, Florence laughs and throws him a soft MAGPIE TOY.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

Good boy.

The dog lunges after the toy. A door SLAMS. The HEAD GOVERNESS (40), enters the room.

HEAD GOVERNESS

Miss Swan! Such unbecoming behavior for a Governess-in-training. How do you expect to be employed by a reputable family if you're always running wild with the animals?!

The Head Governess shakes a rolled up newspaper at the dog.

HEAD GOVERNESS (CONT'D)

Beast, get away.

The dog runs away and hides in a corner.

FLORENCE

Do you always have to ruin it?!

HEAD GOVERNESS

Back to class, young lady. Now. Or I shall have to inform the school's most eminent patron, the Duchess Maria-Anna, of your truancy...

Florence feigns fear, then runs out through the far door.

EXT. COLLEGE, FORMAL GARDENS - DAY

Florence dashes across a massive, well-kempt lawn. The Head Governess shouts after her through the window.

HEAD GOVERNESS (O.S.)

Off the grass!

Florence stops in front of a grey stone building in the Gothic ecclesiastical style. A sign overhead reads:

*"Governess Training College of West England"*

She opens the entrance door.

INT. COLLEGE, HALLWAY - DAY

Florence sneaks along a grand hallway with wooden panels.

A BELL RINGS and young women spill out, their voices filling the hall with chatter. Two STUDENTS spot Florence.

STUDENT #1

Flor, where did you disappear to this time?!

FLORENCE

Oh, I had the most *beastly* confrontation in the Library. You really wouldn't believe it--

STUDENT #2

*Of course, you did.*

Student #1 puts her arm around Florence's right shoulder.

STUDENT #1

Come with us.

Florence winces slightly and removes the girl's arm gently.

FLORENCE

(Russian inflection)

I have to take care of something before *hello-kew-shun* class. Trust me, I won't disappear for long.

INT. COLLEGE, WASHROOM - DAY

Florence massages her right shoulder in front of the mirror, gritting her teeth and sweating profusely.

She takes a small leather-bound NOTEBOOK from her pocket. Secreted in it is a small BROWN BOTTLE. She pours water in a glass, adds drops from the bottle, downs it in one.

Florence splashes her face with cold water, and lifts her hair to soothe behind her neck.

Knotted SCAR TISSUE and BURNS disfigure her shoulder.

The brown bottle next to the sink is labelled:

*"LAUDANUM - TINCT. OPIUM*

*POISON"*

BELLS ring calling students to classes.

INT. COLLEGE, HALLWAY - DAY

Florence sprints along an empty hallway. She pretends to sword fight with statues along the way.

INT. COLLEGE, CLASSROOM - DAY

Florence timidly enters the room, which is filled with young ladies practicing enunciating vowels. The TEACHER (40s) peers at Florence down her glasses and rolls her eyes.

TEACHER

Oh, how kind of you to grace us  
with your presence Miss Swan.

She stares Florence down. The other ladies giggle as Florence tiptoes in cartoon spy-style to her desk.

EXT. A GRAND MANSION - LATER

Florence darts across formal gardens of a grand mansion carrying her books.

INT. DUCHESS' BEDROOM - DAY

DUCHESS MARIA-ANNA (60) lays in bed, fanning her face dramatically, surrounded by servants.

DUCHESS MARIA-ANNA

Lower, lower... Dig into that arch,  
girl.

SERVANT

Yes, Duchess.

She moans as a servant massages her foot.

A quiet KNOCK comes from behind the wall panel next to her bed. The Duchess coughs to cover it up.

DUCHESS MARIA-ANNA

I fear the Consumption has finally  
come to spirit my unfairly nubile  
body to the next world (cough  
cough) Everybody out!! Save  
yourselves before it's too late!

The servants hurriedly leave the room. The Duchess jumps out of bed, miraculously recovered.

DUCHESS MARIA-ANNA (CONT'D)

All clear.

The wall panel slides open and Florence emerges. They hug.

FLORENCE

How are you, Auntie?

DUCHESS MARIA-ANNA

Well, it's not Saint Petersburg.  
And the British food is as edible  
as a Cossack's pee hole dandruff--

FLORENCE

--but at least we're safe from  
bullets, bears and Bolsheviks.

DUCHESS MARIA-ANNA

Well... that's precisely why I've  
sent for you.

Florence sits on the edge of the bed, bouncing.

DUCHESS MARIA-ANNA (CONT'D)

The time has come for you to leave.

FLORENCE

Leave?! But I only just arrived--

DUCHESS MARIA-ANNA

Lord Blacksmith from the Secret  
Intelligence Service called. This  
mission has come along a little  
sooner than expected--

The Duchess throws a newspaper on the bed next to Florence.  
[SFX: photo on front page is a moving scene of the Bolsheviks  
violently desecrating the Spring Palace - an elaborate regal  
building with gilded domes.]

FLORENCE

Not the Spring Palace!!!

DUCHESS MARIA-ANNA

Russia's most treasured monument.

Florence looks shocked.

DUCHESS MARIA-ANNA (CONT'D)

And they're only getting started.  
If we don't move swiftly, there  
will be nothing left.

The Duchess flips to the next page of the newspaper. [*SFX: Trotsky celebrates the maiden journey of his armored train.*]

The Duchess unlocks her dresser drawer, removes a package, and hands it to Florence. On top, a 2nd Class train ticket: King's Cross to Hertford. Florence looks unimpressed.

DUCHESS MARIA-ANNA (CONT'D)  
Your documents and employment  
letter. You didn't think all that  
training was just for jollybobbles?

Florence begrudgingly pulls the package out of her hands.

DUCHESS MARIA-ANNA (CONT'D)  
You need to blend in with a British  
family.

Florence straightens her back and sits demurely.

DUCHESS MARIA-ANNA (CONT'D)  
That's better. Look gorgeous and  
dumb - like a lamp.

Florence picks up a lamp adorned with porcelain swans and poses next to it with a blank expression.

DUCHESS MARIA-ANNA (CONT'D)  
I gave my highest recommendation  
for you to Lord Edward Crow. He's a  
widower with a child. *Officially*,  
you'll be Governess at his  
Hertfordshire residence.

FLORENCE  
And unofficially?

The Duchess takes a deep breath.

DUCHESS MARIA-ANNA  
I'm informed Sorokin is in London--

Florence drops the swan lamp. It smashes on the ground.

FLORENCE  
Sorokin!

DUCHESS MARIA-ANNA  
We've just stopped him doing an  
arms deal with the Irish  
Republicans.

FLORENCE

I can't believe that evil maniac is running wild, and you're sending me on a *Second Class* ticket to some rural peasant-pit to do menial labor?! *Quel horreur!*

DUCHESS MARIA-ANNA

Tas-- that's just a cover. Crow is one of our most valued operatives but he needs someone to help keep him... focused -- You'll see...

Florence sulks.

DUCHESS MARIA-ANNA (CONT'D)

This is a mission of grave importance to the good people of Russia. Not only that, but the security of Great Britain and our democratic partners depends on it.

FLORENCE

Believe me, I want to crush Sorokin, his red-coated comrades and their filthy guns more than anyone. But, one day - just one day - it would be nice to be able to stop moving. I feel like a compass that's lost its magnet. Never able to find my bearings--

The Duchess pats Florence on the head condescendingly.

DUCHESS MARIA-ANNA

You must maintain your code name as Miss Florence Swan at all times.

Florence forces a sarcastic smile.

DUCHESS MARIA-ANNA (CONT'D)

Await further instructions. And, in the meantime, do try not to draw attention to yourself.

The Duchess throws a bright pink, feather-trimmed dressing gown around her own shoulders with a dramatic flounce.

DUCHESS MARIA-ANNA (CONT'D)

Now, let's get you ready.

The Duchess picks up her fan and fake hobbles out of the room, with Florence in tow.

DUCHESS MARIA-ANNA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
God praise the King! It's a  
miracle. I have survived...!

EXT. LONDON KING'S CROSS STATION - DAY

Passengers board a TRAIN with several carriages at a busy  
train station. A STEAM WHISTLE sounds.

The train pulls out. PISTONS pump and STEAM hisses, as it  
picks up speed.

Trees fly past and Florence presses her face against the  
restaurant's WINDOW.

INT. TRAIN, DINING CAR - DAY

Florence sits gazing out the window. She wears a tweed skirt  
suit - she examines the staid fabric and sighs to herself.

The white tablecloth is set with gleaming silverware.

A WAITER approaches.

WAITER  
Yer tea, madam.

The Waiter carefully lays out a VICTORIAN TEA SET. He puts  
down a TEAPOT.

WAITER (CONT'D)  
As requested - Sencha. Of the  
rarest variety. Now, may I just see  
yer ticket, madam? It's only First  
Class customers in here, ye see...

The door to the Second Class carriage briefly slides open as  
a flustered TEA ATTENDANT returns from the din of swearing  
WORKERS and crying BABIES within.

Florence beams the Waiter a smile and beckons him to lean in.

FLORENCE  
I'm not supposed to tell you this  
but I'm from the Department of  
Railway Beverages & Condiments.

The Waiter nods.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)  
Couldn't help but notice that the spoon you used for the *brown* sugar had earlier been used for the *white* sugar. Now, that's a Code 4 violation. But I'm willing to overlook it if you leave me to continue my inspection in peace for the remainder of the journey.

The Waiter looks red-faced, bows and leaves.

Florence pours the tea, breathing in the perfumed aroma. She goes to rest her gloved hand on the table and a knife topples off, spinning towards the floor.

SCHWING. With ninja-fast reflexes, Florence grabs the knife before it hits the ground. She twirls it around her head in a silver blur with the skill of a master sword-fighter.

FLASHBACK:

INT. TAKEKO'S TRAINING ROOM - DAY

A SWORD FLASHES in a silver blur.

TAKEKO (50), a Japanese Onna-bugeisha, a female warrior, observes FLORENCE (16), practice TSUBAMEGAESHI CUTTING on a goza target with a NAGINATA SWORD. Florence is dwarfed by the large training room, exquisitely decorated in Japanese style.

Takeko stops her.

TAKEKO  
Remember, *hasuji*. The angle of the blade when it touches the target should be like this...

Takeko adjusts Florence's sword against the target.

NICHOLAS (50), stately presence, storms in. Takeko bows.

NICHOLAS  
(Russian accent)  
Fighting... saving lives... that should be left to the men. I brought you here to train the boys.

FLORENCE  
Father, but don't the men need saving too sometimes?

Takeko smiles quietly. Nicholas' face is a storm cloud.

TAKEKO

Sir, with much respect - she is learning skills that may one day save her life. The ice wind of change blows across Russia and the streets are no longer safe...

NICHOLAS

I just wish she'd give the same level of dedication to more "lady-like" pursuits.

WHOOSH WHOOSH SCHWING. Florence attacks the cloth target until the center falls out.

Nicholas picks it up and rests it on his palm - it's in the shape of a delicate flower.

FLORENCE

*Hasuji.*

His face is torn between infuriation and laughter. Takeko bows again as Nicholas strides out shaking his head.

Florence passes her sword to Takeko.

A BELL RINGS as a SERVANT brings a Japanese tea set.

SERVANT

Sencha from the spring harvest.

BACK TO SCENE:

DING-DING. Through the DINING CAR WINDOW, the sign for "Hertford" station comes into view. A black CROW perches atop it, cawing ominously.

EXT. BLACK CROW MANOR, ENTRANCE GATE - DAY

A CROW flies overhead and lands on the wrought iron entrance gate adorned with metal crows. A light breeze rustles the leaves on the trees.

Florence alights from a HORSEDRAWN CARRIAGE. She approaches the gate and sees a long driveway snaking up to an imposing gothic mansion. She swallows apprehensively.

An inquisitive field mouse stops at her feet and peers up. A crow swoops in, seizes the mouse in its claws and flies off.

Florence squeals, turns around and bolts after the carriage, which is disappearing into the distance.

A shabbily dressed GUARD emerges. He spies Florence's mound of suitcases and starts to take them in. Florence stops.

FLORENCE

No no NO! Get your hands off those right now! There's been a terrible mistake.

The Guard looks Florence up and down.

GUARD

New Governess, eh?

FLORENCE

What makes you say that?

GUARD

*"Ooh, there's been a terrible mistake!"* They always say that.

He chuckles to himself.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Next train's not until the 'morrow, love, so you may as well come in before it gets dark.

FLORENCE

They always say that...

The Guard grins wryly.

Florence hands over a LETTER with some trepidation.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

New Governess. Yes, that's me...  
Miss Florence Swan.

The guard scrupulously studies the letter, looks up at Florence's fresh face and beams a smile.

GUARD

Right, let me take your luggage - you'll need all your strength to deal with this lot. Mrs Dodd, the housekeeper, will show you round...

EXT. BLACK CROW MANOR, FORMAL GARDENS - DAY

Florence follows ELAINE DODD (50), the housekeeper, across formal gardens. Her greying hair is scraped into a bun; the topiary is groomed with equivalent severity.

As they approach the entrance door to the main mansion, they hear SCREAMS.

ZOE (8), an energetic Creole girl with a riot of brown curls, screams at the top of her lungs as she runs away from a MAID.

ZOE

Leave me alone! I'm not practicing piano and you can't make me!

She sees Florence and Elaine, does a quick curtsy, and takes off. Elaine shakes her head and shouts back after her.

ELAINE

Miss Zoe, come back here at once!  
(Sighs, to Florence)  
The lady of the house is quite a handful - not surprising really, what with Lady Crow's passing and his Lordship's work taking him far and wide, they've never really...

FLORENCE

... connected...

Florence spies Zoe hiding behind a topiary crow. Florence winks at Zoe when Elaine isn't looking. Zoe rolls her eyes.

ELAINE

Allow me to show you to your room.

INT. BLACK CROW MANOR, ENTRANCE HALLWAY - DAY

Florence walks across a checkered black and white MARBLE FLOOR. Large open spaces are framed in ornate WOODEN PANELS.

The PAINTED CEILINGS depict historical battles. Heavily GILDED FRAMES display artwork next to family portraits, with dogs included. She hears barking in the distance and smiles.

They ascend a sweeping staircase and wind down a labyrinth of hallways. They pass a door, much like all the others, that's slightly ajar. Elaine hurriedly shuts it.

ELAINE

That's Lord Crow's private study.  
It's strictly off limits.

INT. BLACK CROW MANOR, FLORENCE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Florence surveys her room curiously. It's small but light, decorated in a shabby chic Bohemian style, with faded Persian carpets, billowing curtains and mountains of cushions.

FLORENCE

This is quite...erm... "organic",  
isn't it?!

ELAINE

Lord Edward has quite a flair for  
design. He also likes to offer the  
*best* staff accommodation to anyone  
brave enough to look after *that*  
unruly creature...

A small balcony overlooks the formal gardens. They see Zoe bounding across the gardens. There's a colander on her head with two wooden spoons for ears and a tube for a mouth, like a freakish alien from outer space.

Elaine glances at Florence's vast amount of luggage.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

(under breath)

Clearly *someone's* not on rations  
anymore...

Florence walks towards the windows, absorbed in her new surroundings. Elaine exits inconspicuously, giving Florence the once-over from a distance.

INT. BLACK CROW MANOR, MAIN HALLWAY - LATER

Florence wanders down a corridor. Each room has a different theme - Moroccan, French, Bavarian...

She comes across at a grand dining room. Cranes her neck around the doorway and sees Elaine polishing silverware.

FLORENCE

Ah, I see this is where we have the  
meals then, Elaine?

Elaine pauses her polishing, stares in disbelief.

ELAINE

We have the meals in the servants'  
quarters, Miss Swan.

Florence contemplates this novel concept. Then, a room across the hall, lined floor to ceiling with books, catches her eye.

INT. BLACK CROW MANOR, LIBRARY - LATER

Florence enters - carved bookcases and painted frescos delight her senses. There's an ornate GLOBE OF THE WORLD.

Her gaze locks on a STEINWAY GRAND PIANO. She bounds towards it, sits down, and begins to play a Russian classical piece, then switches to Elgar. For her, it's pure joy.

ZOE (O.S.)  
Boring!!!  
(in a silly voice)  
Creature's ears hurt.

Zoe stands over Florence's shoulder making a sucking noise through the tube in her mouth.

ZOE (CONT'D)  
I'll suck your eyeballs out while  
you sleep...

Florence picks up a MUSIC SHEET from a pile on a side table. She tinkers with a CUBAN jazz tune.

ZOE (CONT'D)  
Better.

Florence turns around, smiles, and introduces herself.

FLORENCE  
Good Day Miss Zoe - I mean,  
Creature - I'm Florence.

ZOE  
Are you the new governess? You're  
much younger than the old fossils  
they usually send.

FLORENCE  
In years, maybe, but in experience  
I've seen enough for several  
lifetimes already.  
(Pause)  
Why don't you show me around?

Zoe grimaces.

ZOE  
Elaine could do that.

Florence whispers.

FLORENCE

I don't expect she knows all the secret creature features, does she?

Zoe laughs.

ZOE

If I were to show you, they wouldn't be secret anymore!

FLORENCE

Well, if you share some secrets, I might trade a few of my own and I've got some pretty good ones...

Zoe is intrigued.

ZOE

Very well. Only if you swear not to tell anyone.

Florence crosses her heart.

FLORENCE

Promise you won't suck my eyeballs out just yet?

Zoe shrugs her shoulders and SUCKS LOUDLY through the tube.

EXT. SECRET INTELLIGENCE SERVICE (SIS) HQ, LONDON - DAY

Wind WHISTLES LOUDLY as Edward strides towards a grey unmarked government building on a busy street in London with a slight hobble. His grey suit matches his surroundings.

He flicks his muted beige scarf over his shoulder, shields his sculpted hair from the howling gale.

INT. SIS HQ, MEETING ROOM - DAY

Edward drops a "Cabinet Brief" FOLDER onto an imposing mahogany desk.

It knocks over a name tag, which Edward hurriedly picks up and straightens: "*Lord Henry Blacksmith - Chief, Secret Intelligence Service*".

A red light on the corner of the desk flashes. Edward steps back and sits in a small faded green armchair set up opposite, about 10 feet back.

A fine wood and embroidered silk screen automatically slides out from the wall, obscuring the desk. FOOTSTEPS, a vague silhouette (LORD BLACKSMITH (60)) seeps through.

Papers rustle.

LORD BLACKSMITH (O.S.)  
(muffled and distorted, as  
if in a tunnel)  
Uh-huh. Uh-huh. Hmm. Uh-huh.

Edward makes himself comfortable, puts his feet up, and lights a cigar.

EDWARD  
So, Sir, do you have any idea how  
Sorok--

LORD BLACKSMITH (O.S.)  
I'll ask the questions, Eddie! What  
was Sorokin doing in London?

Edward enthusiastically leans forward.

EDWARD  
We believe he was here to do an  
arms deal with the Irish  
Republicans. They and the Ruskis  
seem to have bonded over their  
mutual love of potatoes and hatred  
of the Brits. We managed to foil  
the drop off, but only by a bee's  
todger. Sorokin gave me the slip...  
(under breath)  
But I get the impression he wanted  
to give me something else...

LORD BLACKSMITH (O.S.)  
Uh-huh.

EDWARD  
However, Sorokin is growing in  
power. He's a conniving, well-  
connected, manipulative, un-  
exfoliated, mentally unhinged,  
sartorially retarded, sexually  
ambiguous--

Edwards knuckles are white as marble.

LORD BLACKSMITH (O.S.)  
Enough adjectives.

EDWARD

My point is, he's got nothing to live for and will die for the cause. If we're to destroy the Bolsheviks--

LORD BLACKSMITH (O.S.)

Ha! Destroy the Bolsheviks? To date, we've barely made a ding-a-ling in their armor. Look, I agree that Sorokin is a pernicious little Bolshie but we've got larger herring to fry. You must have seen what happened to the Spring Palace. What do you suggest we do?

Edward tugs at his hard-as-a-rock brill-creamed fringe, breathes deeply.

EDWARD

I believe the Allies are the key. We cannot do this on our own. Safety in numbers, you know.

Blacksmith drums his fingers loudly on the table.

LORD BLACKSMITH (O.S.)

You're a smart fellow, Eddie. We can't just fill the Commies' heads with bullets and Western ideals. We need to feed the people hope - this is a propaganda war.

EDWARD

We need to make the Allies believe the White Army has a chance against the Bolsheviks.

LORD BLACKSMITH (O.S.)

We'll begin with the Americans.

EDWARD

Yes! They're always up for a bit of fisty-cuffs.

LORD BLACKSMITH (O.S.)

Well... this is more of a hearts and minds kind of mission - more *hearts* than minds actually...

EDWARD

A lady?

LORD BLACKSMITH (O.S.)  
If the rumors circulating at  
Claridges, Mayfair are anything to  
go by, I doubt this will be a  
challenge for you, Crow...

Edward blushes and puts out his cigar. Jumps up from his  
chair and prepares to leave.

EDWARD  
Jolly good. I'll give this my full  
attention, Sir!

LORD BLACKSMITH (O.S.)  
Edward!

Edward turns back.

LORD BLACKSMITH (CONT'D)  
Don't get attached. Remember this  
is strictly business.

EDWARD  
I don't think that I'm even  
capable, Sir.

Edward turns to leave again. Knocks over a pelican ornament.

LORD BLACKSMITH  
Edward! Have you thought any more  
about me assigning you a partner?

EDWARD  
Not happening, Sir.

LORD BLACKSMITH  
Well... try not to get distracted  
then. Know thy enemy. And this  
enemy... is ruthless. Remember what  
they did to the Russian Czar...

EXT. BLACK CROW MANOR - DAY

A twig SNAPS loudly under the tire of a shiny black motorcar.  
The car drives in the gates, down the long drive and parks.

The household lines up in a formal welcome cavalcade. Elaine  
nudges Florence into line.

Edward emerges from the car, his unrestrained curls and  
brightly colored silk scarf flowing in the breeze.

Florence spots Zoe wrapped up in a Persian rug with a flowerpot on her head. Florence gasps and gestures for Zoe to come and join them.

ELAINE  
(under breath)  
Miss Zoe, behave!

Zoe lets out an inhuman bellowing noise.

EDWARD  
Excellent. I see that my daughter is possessed by the evil spirit of soft furnishings. The idea of hiring a new governess was to put an end to this sort of behavior...

He sees Florence, is taken aback.

EDWARD (CONT'D)  
Err...well, you must be Miss Florence Swan then? I was expecting someone more...

ZOE  
Prehistoric.

Zoe shortens her arms like a T-Rex.

ZOE (CONT'D)  
Yes, me too. But we'll see how she goes...

Florence smiles nervously.

FLORENCE  
Lord Crow. To banish an evil spirit is a rather complicated business that cannot be rushed...

She looks over at Zoe.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)  
Or you risk making a stain on a badly made child and spoiling a perfectly good rug. Or is it the other way round...?

Zoe giggles. She lays on the ground and unrolls like a chameleon's tongue, coming to rest on Edward's shiny brown boots. She looks up, spots a small box in his coat pocket.

ZOE

Papa! Is that my present? That doesn't look like the jousting stick that I asked for...

Edward removes the box from his pocket and hands it to her. Zoe tears it from his hands and opens it - it's a pen in the shape of a beefeater from the Tower of London.

ZOE (CONT'D)

But what am I going to do with THAT? I told you that I want to be a medieval knight or a chimney sweep when I grow up. Why do you never listen to me?!

EDWARD

The pen is mightier than the sword, my girl.

Florence raises an eyebrow. Zoe sulks. Edward looks disappointed and irritated. The beefeater's head bobbles comically as Zoe brandishes the pen, pretending to joust with an imaginary opponent.

INT. BLACK CROW MANOR, HALLWAY - DAY

Zoe drags Edward along the hallway by the coattail. She stops sharply and turns towards him.

ZOE

Papa.

EDWARD

Yes, my girl.

ZOE

What's a playboy?

EDWARD

Where on earth did you hear such unbecoming language?!

He shoots a stern look at Florence.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Is this your doing?

Florence shakes her head innocently.

ZOE

The newspaper Elaine was reading called you a "play-boy" - and so I wondered if that's why you go to the theatre all the time? To watch plays. And 'cos you're a boy...?

Edward clears his throat and blushes. Zoe turns to Florence.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Daddy's *always* busy. If he's not being a playboy, he's rustling up the Princess Royal's new knickers--

EDWARD

Zoe! What must poor Miss Swan be thinking?!

Edward's eyes beg Florence to let him explain.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

I'm a fashion buyer for the British Royal family. I travel the world procuring the best belts, buttons and *bustiers* for his Royal Highness and the House of Windsor. Anything you learn here must be kept strictly under wraps. Understood?

FLORENCE

The secrets of the King's undergarment drawer, and other matters of national importance, are completely safe with me, Sir.

EXT. PARK - MORNING

Edward runs along a remote forest track in the vast manor grounds. He jumps over logs, commando crawls through vines and negotiates various obstacles in an assault course.

Edward runs his hand through perspiration-drenched hair. He forces air into his lungs, exhausted and out of breath.

The morning sun rises over the LAKE. Edward walks down to the water's edge, splashes his face in the water.

A flash of white fabric catches his eye. Florence is floating face down, motionless, on the surface of the lake, a few hundred meters out.

EDWARD

Christ alive, we've broken her  
already!

Edward peels off his tracksuit and dives into the lake wearing only his boxers and undershirt. He swims frantically to reach Florence, pulls her up by the shoulders.

Florence's eyes pop open. She shoves Edward away from her.

FLORENCE

(inhales deeply)  
Seventeen, forty three. Damn it, I  
nearly got to eighteen.

Florence turns and swims back to shore. Edward treads water, panting and looking in disbelief, then paddles after her.

He drags himself out of the water. Florence is standing on the shore dripping wet, wringing out her long hair.

Edward faces up to her, too close for comfort.

EDWARD

Who are you? Where are you from? Is  
that a Cornish accent?

Florence is tight-lipped.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Do you have a family? Where are  
they?

FLORENCE

We haven't seen each other in a  
while...

She eyes Edward's clinging wet underwear and then his tracksuit on the ground.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

What are you doing out here?

EDWARD

It's my estate, Miss Swan.

FLORENCE

Yes, of course. I just didn't pick  
you as the, err, outdoor type.

EDWARD

I could say the same about you,  
Miss Swan. We do have a swimming  
pool, you know.

(MORE)

EDWARD (CONT'D)

I thought you'd decided to do  
yourself in on your first week!

FLORENCE

I'm perfectly fine, Lord Crow.  
Thank you. No rescuing required. I  
used to go diving for pearls off  
the Cornwall coast every summer...

Edward notices she's wearing only a white underdress that's  
hugging her curves. He loses focus and blushes anxiously.

EDWARD

Righty-ho. Jolly good, then. Better  
look out for sharks!

He hastily picks up his clothes from the ground and jogs off.

Florence bites her lip and picks up her clothes. As she  
stands up, the sun bounces off the water and shines in her  
eyes, blinding her.

Florence closes her eyelids and clenches her jaw.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Florence (17) opens her eyes. The bright light of a spotlight  
burns her retina.

Covered in MUD and BLOOD, she crawls up the side of a HOLE in  
the ground, and looks up. She squints at the night "sun".

Florence tries to get out but is pulled back. She looks down--

MARIA (20), dressed in white, pulls Florence down and lies on  
top of Florence, shielding her. Florence glimpses a soldier's  
blue eyes (SOROKIN (31)) as he stands over Maria.

Florence feels a jolt as a bullet rips through Maria; the  
weight of Maria's body presses down on her. From beneath, she  
sees a red bloodstain permeating Maria's white dress.

LATER

Shivering and choking back tears, Florence clambers out from  
under Maria's body. She bends down and kisses Maria's hand.

The spotlight swings in the other direction. Florence is in  
the shadows. She clambers out of the hole and the twisted  
mass of bodies forms a morbid silhouette behind her.

Soldiers with rifles line people up, their hands raised. Other soldiers light torches and set fires.

Florence starts to run. She notices her right shoulder is bleeding - the bullet has hit her too.

Sorokin sees Florence, throws a burning torch at her. Flames block her path. She recoils in pain as her shoulder is burnt.

Florence sees a drunk soldier passed out nearby with a vodka bottle at his feet. She relieves him of his coat and shields herself from the flames with it.

She launches herself at Sorokin, throws the vodka over his face and body and pushes him into the fire.

Sorokin screams and rolls on the ground in agony. His piercing blue eyes cut straight through Florence.

Then she RUNS for her life.

BACK TO SCENE:

Florence RUNS through the FOREST, dappled greenery and sunlight flashing by, brushwood crackling underfoot.

She breathes a sigh of relief when the manor house comes into view. A crow-shaped WEATHER VANE SPINS in the light breeze.

INT. BLACK CROW MANOR, STUDY - DAY

Florence and Zoe SPIN the ornate GLOBE OF THE WORLD.

FLORENCE

--and between Russia and China is Mongolia. It's occupied by China, but in the past the Mongols were a mighty empire.

ZOE

Mongols...? I thought they were those small dogs that jump off cliffs.

Edward quietly walks in, watching the two of them. Florence notices him but Zoe doesn't.

FLORENCE

Those are *mongooses*. Have you heard of Genghis Khan?

ZOE

Nah-uh.

FLORENCE

His conquests made the Mongol Empire the largest in history. He unified tribes, enabled secure trading on the Silk Road, and even brought law and order to Russia.

ZOE

He sounds incredible.

FLORENCE

He was a murderous, brutal ruler--

ZOE

So, was he a goodie or baddy then?

FLORENCE

People are never only one thing. Are you good *all* the time?

Zoe grins and shakes her head. Edward shakes his head behind Zoe, mimicking her.

ZOE

Maybe he just needed a friend--

EDWARD

Boo!

Zoe jumps.

ZOE

Daddy! That's not fair.

EDWARD

I have the afternoon off and was going to suggest that we go down to the village green for the County Fair - but apparently that's only for well-behaved children...

Zoe rolls her eyes.

ZOE

People are *much* more complex than that, Daddy. And, besides, how are they going to know?

Edward hesitates, struggling to argue. Florence pulls a small NOTEBOOK from her pocket and pretends to check something.

FLORENCE

Well, I've been keeping a record actually.

(MORE)

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

And right now, your good / bad ratio is about 50:50... But if you brush your hair and get your coat on without making a fuss you might just make the grade...

Zoe rushes out obediently. Edward raises an eyebrow.

EDWARD

Perhaps you would like to join us, Miss Swan? I think we'll take the horse and carriage.

FLORENCE

Of course, Sir. Safety in numbers, as they say.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

A horse-drawn carriage travels along an empty country road.

INT. HORSE DRAWN CARRIAGE - DAY

Zoe sits next to Edward; Florence is opposite. Edward studies Florence's face with curiosity. Florence is lost in thought, watching the fields pass by.

EDWARD

There's something to be said for the slowness and tranquility of country life. In the city, everyone is always in such a rush to get somewhere.

Zoe sighs.

ZOE

I wouldn't know. I never get to go anywhere...

Florence zones in on the conversation.

EDWARD

You know that I work alone, darling. You'd be bored as an eel at a running club.

ZOE

I wish you had a more exciting job.

Zoe grins mischievously.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Then I won't have to tell my school friends that you draw the stripes on prisoners' uniforms.

Zoe!

FLORENCE

Zoe!

EDWARD

\*

The carriage stops suddenly, and Edward and Zoe fall towards Florence. Florence catches Zoe.

They hear SCREAMS and SHOUTS outside.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Lock the doors.

He jumps out of the carriage.

Florence frantically locks both doors and rushes to the window but the commotion is just out of sight.

FLORENCE

Zoe, you must stay put. Don't open the door no matter what! Alright?

ZOE

Flor, what's happening?

FLORENCE

Shh.

Florence slips quietly out through the carriage door. Zoe locks the door behind Florence and presses her frightened but curious face against the window.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Florence slowly edges forward along the side of the carriage. The HORSES restlessly strike the ground with their hooves.

Florence sees the COACHMAN slouched by the side of the road, unconscious. A GUARD is unconscious on the other side.

She sees Edward embroiled in a fight with three RUFFIANS. His fighting style is erratic but he seems to be gaining an advantage through bewildering his opponents.

Edward pushes RUFFIAN #1 hard, he lands on top of a hedgehog. Spines pierce his buttocks. The man writhes in pain. Florence is relieved, but remains alert, watching.

Edward apologizes to the animal, checks it's alright.

Florence slowly moves towards the Coachman and checks his VITAL SIGNS - still breathing.

Florence grasps the horses by their bridles and whispers something in their twitching ears. They calm down.

Her attention returns to Edward, now arm-locked by RUFFIAN #2 and taking hard punches to the body from RUFFIAN #3.

FLORENCE  
(quietly)  
Ouch!

Florence goes to intervene but stops herself as Edward musters strength, trips and accidentally knocks out the RUFFIAN #3 with a powerful headbutt.

Suddenly, RUFFIAN #2, a meat-mountain, slips his arm around Edward's neck and grabs him in a tight CHOKE HOLD by his brightly colored scarf.

Florence hesitates, conflicted. Edward's face is turning blue. Florence peels off her dainty white lace gloves.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)  
(under breath)  
Sorry Auntie!

She confidently strides towards Ruffian #2 and shouts.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)  
Release that man at once!

Ruffian #2 peers down at dainty little Florence and laughs.

RUFFIAN #2  
Anything for a lady.

He drops Edward on the ground. Edward hits the deck hard. Ruffian #2 walks towards Florence with a big sleazy smile, his Dali-style MOUSTACHE pointing skywards.

Florence backs away, trying to buy time.

Edward lifts his head and attempts to get up, but he crashes back on the ground, battered and dazed.

Ruffian #2 sidles up to Florence and wraps his massive hand around her cheek.

Out of the corner of her eye, Florence checks to see if Edward is up - she's on her own.

She smiles coyly at the meat-mountain and slaps him across the face with her frilly white gloves.

The big man is surprised but laughs like a drain. Florence delivers a swift KNEE STRIKE. His laughter fades.

RUFFIAN #2 (CONT'D)

Now, that's not very ladylike, is it?! I can do rough if that's the way you like it.

FLORENCE

You'll be wishing you knew how to fight like a lady when I'm finished with you.

Ruffian #2 charges, picks up Florence like a feather and drops her onto the coachman's bench.

Behind them Edward attempts to get up again and fails.

Ruffian #2 slides his ham-fists up Florence's skirt.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

You want to see what's up my skirt, Salvador Lardy? Let me show you...

She starts spreading her legs, planting one leg firmly into the floor. Ruffian #2 leers and moves his head closer.

WHAM! Florence delivers a powerful ROUND BODY KICK.

Ruffian #2 falls on his knees, winded and hurting.

Florence plants the HEEL of her BOOT into the man's forehead with a REAR-LEG PUSH KICK. He collapses on the ground.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

You're just not my cup of tea.

She stands over Ruffian #2, pulls a knife out of her boot, and plants it against his throat.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

Care to tell me what this is all about?

The man BREATHES heavily and GRUNTS something incomprehensible. His skin reddens under the blade.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

Speak up, little lady!

She presses the blade in harder.

RUFFIAN #2

We were... we were paid to get some guns back.

FLORENCE

Who paid you?

No answer, only grunting.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

Who?!

RUFFIAN #2

Russians. I don't know them.

Florence raises the knife, poised to strike the man, but sees Edward getting up, making wobbly steps towards them.

She looks at her knife, puts it away and knocks the big man out with a DOWNWARD ELBOW STRIKE. Edward looks on baffled, rubbing his head.

LATER

The horse carriage is loaded with the three Ruffians, all tied up.

EDWARD

Ask the Chief Superintendent to send a motorcar.

The Coachman nods. The carriage takes off.

Edward sits down on the side of the road next to Zoe, Florence and a GUARD. Florence leans over to Edward.

FLORENCE

(whispered)

Sir, what was all that about?

EDWARD

(whispered)

Sorokin's men.

Florence turns pale.

FLORENCE

(whispered)

Sorokin?! I mean-- who's that? And what does someone want with a fashion buyer?

EDWARD

(whispered)

You'd be surprised how cutthroat this business can be, Miss Swan. Sorokin is... well, probably the less you know, the better.

A shiny black motor car pulls up.

INT. CAR - DAY

Florence and Edward each sit staring out of opposite car windows. Zoe sits in the front seat next to the CHAUFFEUR. Edward takes a deep breath and looks at Florence.

EDWARD

Now, I have to ask, Miss Swan - Where...? How... does a governess learn to fight like that?! I mean, you snapped that that tree trunk like a pussy willow.

Florence peers at him with concern.

FLORENCE

Sir, I fear you may have concussion. You're making no sense at all.

EDWARD

But... I saw you kick him... and then--

Edward recreates her fighting moves. Florence pushes him firmly back into his seat and pretends to examine his eyes.

FLORENCE

Yes, definitely concussed - your pupils are gogglier than a frog on a Ferris Wheel... I would have offered to help but you said that you only work alone. And, by the time I got there, you'd taken down all three oafs single-handedly. It was really rather impressive...

Edward's face swells with pride. Zoe cranes her neck around to listen, looks impressed.

EDWARD

Oh, well, yes...

FLORENCE

All you need to know is that the Duchess wouldn't send anyone less than competent. I ensured that Zoe was out of harm's way. You're not doubting the Duchess, are you?

Edward is frustrated.

EDWARD

No.

FLORENCE

Then, there's nothing more to be said on the subject.

INT. BLACK CROW MANOR, HALL - NIGHT

Florence, Edward, and Zoe enter the house. Florence and Edward eye each other suspiciously. Florence shuffles out of sight and to her room.

INT. BLACK CROW MANOR, FLORENCE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Florence opens the package from the Duchess. It's a vintage spy hologram phone and a pistol. [*SFX: Florence speaks to a hologram of the Duchess, who is feeding pigeons cake.*]

FLORENCE

Aunty, Sorokin's men ambushed us...

DUCHESS MARIA-ANNA

(through phone)

His network runs wider than we thought. And Lord Crow? What did he do when all this was happening?

FLORENCE

He's got, shall we say, a very "unconventional style"... I don't know if I can work with him.

DUCHESS MARIA-ANNA

You must first gain his trust...

FLORENCE

Hmmm, he works alone apparently.

DUCHESS MARIA-ANNA

Since when have you ever had an issue with getting your own way?!

Florence rolls her eyes and hangs up. The phone can immediately be heard ringing down the corridor.

INT. BLACK CROW MANOR, EDWARD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Edward sits at a leather-bound desk with the phone to his ear. He holds a small paper scroll in his hand, unrolls it:

*"You are cordially invited to Supper at Wilton's  
Restaurant..."*

A carrier pigeon with a leg clip flutters off the windowsill.

EDWARD

Lord Blacksmith. A pigeon? Nice touch.

LORD BLACKSMITH

(through phone)

So, Eddie, my man. Are you ready to meet your date?

EDWARD

Alright - who is this woman then?

LORD BLACKSMITH

(through phone)

She's responsible for some of the most impressive erections on the Eastern Sea Board.

EDWARD

Sir?

LORD BLACKSMITH

(through phone)

Construction industry. New York. Truckloads of money. Her twin brother James also happens to be the U.S. Minister for Defense. Loves to party. And, lucky for us, she's looking to marry some British aristocrat totty.

EDWARD

You know I've no intention to re-marry. Ever.

LORD BLACKSMITH

(through phone)

After what happened, I don't blame you, Eddie. Just play along though.

(MORE)

LORD BLACKSMITH (CONT'D)  
Weasel your way into Virginia's  
heart - and get her to put in a  
good word with Jimmy Boy.

EDWARD  
Hmmm... A weasel is just a  
glorified rat.

LORD BLACKSMITH  
(through phone)  
Or, I know - you must have some  
noble bachelor chums?

EDWARD  
A corruptible bachelor with a title  
and a penchant for American broads?  
Easy-peasy...

LORD BLACKSMITH  
(through phone)  
Oh, I knew you'd be up for it,  
Eddie! Our troops in Russia are on  
the brink.

Edward sighs.

EDWARD  
Anything for my country... Sir, one  
last thing - can you authorize a  
highest-level background check. The  
name? Florence Swan.

INT - BLACK CROW MANOR, DINING ROOM - DAY

Florence enters the dining hall as Elaine is bringing Zoe her  
breakfast at the table.

ELAINE  
Good morning, Miss Zoe. Eggs, alien-  
style, as you requested.

Two fried eggs sit on the plate, with broccoli antennae.

Florence goes to sit down next to Zoe. Elaine clears her  
throat, pushes the chair in before Florence has a chance.

Florence eyes Elaine with resentment.

FLORENCE  
Thank you, Elaine. I almost forgot  
where I was.

Elaine peers down her nose at Florence as she leaves.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)  
How did you sleep, Miss Zoe?

ZOE  
I had dreams about monsters but I  
wasn't sure if they were real.

FLORENCE  
Don't worry, you're safe. Where's  
your father?

ZOE  
He's left for London.

FLORENCE  
Oh. He's gone. Just like that?  
Without telling anyone.

ZOE  
I think it's a romantic engagement.  
He asked Elaine to press his  
Parisian long johns, so one can  
only speculate...

Florence raises an eyebrow.

BANG! GUNSHOTS.

FLORENCE  
Get down!!

Florence grabs Zoe and commando rolls with her under the  
table. Zoe looks shocked, then cracks up laughing.

ZOE  
Don't worry, Flor. It's pheasant  
hunting season. Daddy allows  
hunting on his grounds.

Florence peers out the front window to see some hunters. All  
seems peaceful. She exhales deeply, steadies her nerves.

FLORENCE  
Right, how about we go and surprise  
your father?

EXT. ST. JAMES'S PARK, LONDON - DAY

Edward dodges motorcars as he crosses the street to "WILTON'S  
RESTAURANT."

INT. WILTON'S RESTAURANT, LONDON - DAY

Edward and friend OSCAR (32), a tall gentleman, are greeted by a RESTAURANT MANAGER. Edward tilts his DERBY HAT.

The Manager takes their hats and coats and leads the two men to a private room.

Once seated:

OSCAR  
(to Manager)  
Your finest scotch. Eddie?

EDWARD  
Earl Grey, please.

Oscar is disappointed.

OSCAR  
You have to get yourself in a jolly mood for our guest.

EDWARD  
Would whisky breath impress a woman this early in the day?

Oscar is cheesed off.

VIRGINIA (28), a fashionably dressed, attractive woman with curly bobbed hair, bursts into the room.

Edward and Oscar stand up.

EDWARD (CONT'D)  
Miss Ford.

Virginia stretches her hand out for a kiss.

VIRGINIA  
*Lord Crow, I assume?*

She speaks with an Inland North American accent. Virginia turns towards Oscar, who bows politely.

EDWARD  
Let me introduce my--

OSCAR  
--much better looking friend. Oscar Carmichael. *Earl* Oscar Carmichael.

VIRGINIA

(looking at Edward)

Ooh, looks like his title's bigger than yours! It's a pleasure to meet you boys.

Edward blushes and kisses her hand.

EDWARD

Erm, the pleasure is mine, I think...

Virginia giggles loudly and sits down.

VIRGINIA

Waiter! Your finest scotch, please.

Edward glances at Oscar, who winks at him.

EDWARD

Miss Ford, have you been in London long?

VIRGINIA

Oh, call me, Virginia. Only for two days, sweetheart. It's been all work and no play and I'm dying to check out the night scene.

OSCAR

Well, without wanting to impose, I may know a place or two should you need company--

Virginia looks at Edward.

VIRGINIA

Are you a dancing man, Lord Crow? I heard the British don't dance much.

OSCAR

Do call him Edward. I assure you Eddie's a brilliant dancer. Hips wigglier than a reticulated python.

Edward blushes again.

VIRGINIA

Well then, are you free tonight, Edward? Please feel free to bring your rather entertaining spokesman, Earl Carmichael along otherwise it might be rather a quiet evening.

The Waiter brings two rounds of scotch, and tea for Edward.

Virginia raises an eyebrow.

EDWARD  
(to the Waiter)  
There's been a mistake.

Edward takes the scotch from Oscar, moves his tea set over.  
Oscar glowers.

EDWARD (CONT'D)  
(to Virginia)  
Can't wait.

Virginia looks at him seductively. They clink glasses.

In the corner, a BAND wearing Canotier hats tune their instruments. The pianist kicks off with a jaunty Havana JAZZ PIECE.

It's Florence in disguise. She looks over at Edward but he doesn't see. Zoe hides behind a big drum. Florence puts her finger to her lips, and lowers her hat to cover her face.

INT. CLUB, LONDON - NIGHT

Revelers dance away to lively JAZZ tunes.

Virginia laughs, COCKTAIL in hand, draping herself over Edward. Pretending to be drunk, he whispers in her ear.

Edward sees Oscar and waves frantically for him to come over. Edward peels Virginia off his arm.

EDWARD  
Oscar, we've been waiting for you.

Virginia quite drunk, laughs.

VIRGINIA  
Howdy, *Earl* Oscar of the Kingdom of  
Eng-a-land.

Edward fetches a drink from a tray and passes it to Oscar.

EDWARD  
To the British troops.

OSCAR  
Cheers to that.

Oscar turns to Virginia.

OSCAR (CONT'D)  
Darling Virginia, would you excuse  
Edward and me for just a moment?

Oscar pulls Edward away. They observe Virginia from a distance as she decorates her hair with cocktails sticks. Oscar whispers.

OSCAR (CONT'D)  
Now, remind me, how rich *exactly* is  
my future wife?

Edward whispers something in his ear. Oscar's jaw drops. He immediately turns back to Virginia and gives her his undivided attention.

Virginia, however, fancies Edward. The three of them continue dancing and drinking late into the night.

EXT. STREET, CHELSEA (POSH LONDON SUBURB) - NIGHT

Edward, Virginia, and Oscar stumble to Oscar's townhouse. Virginia is leaning on Edward.

OSCAR  
Come on, I'll open a frisky little  
Claret that I got on auction at  
Christies.

EXT. OSCAR'S CHELSEA TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Florence presses her eye against the front window, hiding between the flowerpots. It's morning.

Through a crack in the curtains, a man's naked back gently rises and falls as he sleeps with his arms around someone.

Silk stockings, high-heeled shoes, a woman's dress, are strewn across the floor of a large room.

Florence looks shocked. Puts her hand over Zoe's eyes.

INT. OSCAR'S CHELSEA TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Virginia sleeps, snoring on a couch, wearing her underdress.

It's Edward's bare back, as he sleeps on a large bed. His arm embraces Oscar's chest tenderly. Oscar is fully dressed.

Edward opens one eye, assesses the situation. Sits up. To his relief, Virginia is a safe distance away.

He shakes Oscar.

EDWARD

Oscar, wake up.

Oscar moans and rubs his head. Oscar's awake now, looks around, sees Virginia.

OSCAR

Holy macaroni! Did anything happen last night?

EDWARD

We all kept our inexpressibles on, if that's what you mean. I say we make the lady more comfortable and swiftly depart before she wakes.

OSCAR

Tip top idea.

They carry Virginia's limp body onto the bed, pull the quilt on, and quietly exit the room into the main hallway.

Florence moves across to the front door and very carefully and quietly opens the letterbox, straining to hear.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

So, we'll rendezvous again on the Cam later.

EDWARD

Now, remind me to call home later. I need to check that my new governess isn't leading my daughter astray. She wasn't exactly what I had in mind. I'm not sure how long she'll last, to be honest...

EXT. OSCAR'S CHELSEA TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Florence looks upset at what she's overhead. She jumps up as footsteps approach the front door. She and Zoe skedaddle.

INT. OSCAR'S CHELSEA TOWNHOUSE, DINING ROOM - DAY

Virginia enters the dining room. There's no one around. She finds breakfast on the table and a note. She reads aloud:

VIRGINIA

--join us tonight for some punting  
in Cambridge. We'll send a car.  
Love, O & E"

Virginia does a little dance.

EXT. RIVER CAM, CAMBRIDGE - NIGHT

It's sunset. Zoe and Florence are in a punt, navigated by a  
CHAUFFEUR.

ZOE

--I can't believe Darwin was in the  
Beagle for five months. What do you  
think it felt like to be the first  
man to step on a faraway Pacific  
island and see a giant tortoise?

FLORENCE

He probably thought: "Mm, that'll  
make a nice big tasty stew!"

ZOE

Flor!

FLORENCE

Well, let's see how you'd feel  
after five months at sea--

ZOE

I think I'd like to be an explorer  
or a ship captain--

FLORENCE

That sounds terribly working class--

ZOE

What's wrong with that?

FLORENCE

Um, alright... well, how many women  
captains do you know?

ZOE

But... why--

FLORENCE

Watch out!

CRUNCH. She hangs onto Zoe just as another punt with tipsy  
REVELERS bumps into theirs.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)  
I've a child in my punt! You should  
need a license to drive one of  
these things!

OSCAR  
My sincerest apologies,  
Mademoiselle.

A couple kissing in the back of the punt break up. Florence  
sees Edward and Virginia.

EDWARD  
Miss Swan? What are you doing here?  
Zoe?

ZOE  
Surprise!

FLORENCE  
Surprise...?

FLORENCE (CONT'D)  
I thought you were on business in  
London?

EDWARD  
I am... I am on business.

Virginia moves to the front of the punt, knocking over a  
bottle of champagne.

VIRGINIA  
Is *that* what you call it, Eddie?

Edward is red-faced. BANG. They all jump. BANG BANG. More  
gunshots.

EDWARD  
Get down!!!

FLORENCE  
Get down!!!

Florence throws Zoe to the floor of her punt; Edward does the  
same with Virginia. Oscar takes cover behind a picnic hamper.  
Florence's Chauffeur bails and starts swimming to shore.

Edward and Florence are still standing. Edward looks at  
Florence quizzically.

EDWARD (CONT'D)  
I said "Get down"!

FLORENCE  
You first. Sir.

Another bullet whizzes past between them. They both hit the  
deck simultaneously.

A small wooden MOTORBOAT heads straight for them. TWO HEAVIES with guns have the group in their sights. Florence and Zoe's punt is closest.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)  
(to Zoe)  
Now, I need you to be brave, Zoe dear. Things are going to get a little a damp. Count to three with me--

Zoe nods nervously. Florence starts rocking the punt.

|      |                   |     |
|------|-------------------|-----|
|      | FLORENCE (CONT'D) | ZOE |
| One. | One...            |     |

The punt rocks wildly. Florence rocks it harder.

|      |                   |              |
|------|-------------------|--------------|
|      | FLORENCE (CONT'D) | ZOE (CONT'D) |
| Two. | Two--ooh!         |              |

The punt gains momentum almost capsizing.

|          |                      |              |
|----------|----------------------|--------------|
|          | FLORENCE (CONT'D)    | ZOE (CONT'D) |
| THREE!!! | ThhhrrreeeeEEEEEE!!! |              |

The punt flips over. Florence scoops Zoe up and swims with her underneath it. They resurface inside hull of the upturned punt where there's a big air pocket. They gasp for air.

ZWOOSH! The motorboat hits the smooth hull of the upturned punt, acting as a ramp and launching the boat into the air.

HEAVY #1 gets jettisoned from the motorboat and plops into the river. A mob of angry swans swoop in, honking and pecking at him. The boat bounces erratically across the water.

Florence gives Zoe a rope to hold onto.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)  
Hang on tight. I'll be right back.

Florence takes a deep breath, dives and surfaces next to Edward's punt.

EDWARD  
ZOE!!! You've drowned her, you bloody lunatic!

FLORENCE  
She's safe. She's alright.

Edward looks unconvinced.



HEAVY #2  
(Russian accent)  
The American. Our instructions to  
interrupt trans-Atlantic relations.

Edward and Florence look at each other. Heavy #2 jumps  
overboard, swims to shore and runs away.

Florence raises her gun.

EDWARD  
Leave him.

Edward turns the boat engine off. Florence lowers her gun.  
Edward grabs it, turns it over in his hand.

EDWARD (CONT'D)  
This is Secret Intelligence  
Services standard issue--

Edward points the gun at Florence.

EDWARD (CONT'D)  
Who the hell are you and what do  
you want?!

Florence smiles at him coyly.

FLORENCE  
Now, is that any way to treat your  
new partner?

EXT. RED LION PUB, CAMBRIDGE - NIGHT

The bedraggled punting party approach the pub garden. The  
trees are invitingly lit with glowing lanterns.

Zoe is wrapped in a blanket. Oscar and Virginia empty water  
from her expensive heels. They're in remarkably good spirits.

Edward and Florence walk in frosty silence. Edward goes to  
say something to her but he's too livid to speak.

ZOE  
Well, that was exciting!

EDWARD  
No, it wasn't!

FLORENCE  
No, it wasn't!

VIRGINIA  
Well, I for one need a stiff--

She eyes Oscar's athletic physique through his sopping shirt.

VIRGINIA (CONT'D)  
--drink. And then I'd like someone  
to please tell me what the hell is  
going on.

EDWARD  
I could murder--

The red rage in Edward's face rises as he looks at Florence.

EDWARD (CONT'D)  
--a steak.

EXT. RED LION PUB, GARDEN - NIGHT

A steak knife cuts through the medium-rare meat.

EDWARD  
Mm, this is delicious.

The group sits in the orchard outside a Tudor-styled pub with white wattle and daub walls and a thatched roof. Zoe plays nearby in a treehouse.

VIRGINIA  
So, let's get down to brass tacks,  
girls and boys. I'm guessing you  
didn't want to make my acquaintance  
for purely social reasons.

EDWARD  
Well, that was a happy coincidence.  
But, no, you're right, Virginia.

Edward takes a deep breath.

EDWARD (CONT'D)  
What I'm about to tell you goes no  
further...

Virginia, Oscar and Florence all nod.

EDWARD (CONT'D)  
(to Florence)  
Don't pretend like you don't know  
what's going on--  
(Pause)  
So, we're facing a dangerous threat  
from the Bolsheviks. They've  
already taken the Spring Palace.

(MORE)

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Now, one of their most diehard supporters, Sorokin is selling arms to disenchanted workers and revolutionaries-for-hire across the globe to fuel an uprising against the Allies. We suspect he's getting them ready for Trotsky to ride in on his armored train, indoctrinate them all and paint the world Red.

VIRGINIA

That's a shame. I was hoping for a bit of a roll in the hay... So, let me guess - you want me to put in a good word with my twin brother Jimmy and get the U.S. of A. to join the party? Am I right?

EDWARD

Well...

VIRGINIA

I thought that someone might actually be interested in *me* for a change-- You know that I received exactly the same education and had all the same opportunities as James. Do you know the only reason why I can't do his job?

Virginia impales a sausage on her fork viciously and brandishes it at Edward and Oscar. They both recoil with sympathetic pain.

FLORENCE

Miss Ford. Virginia. But, we'll all know about the crucial part you will have played in keeping the world safe. And, most importantly, *you'll* know. This is so much bigger than just you or me. We all need each other in times of crisis.

She takes a deep breath and looks directly at Edward.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

No man - or woman - is an island. Isn't that right, Lord Crow?

Edward begrudgingly nods.

VIRGINIA

Yes, you're right... I'll think about it. For now though, let's enjoy being alive. More drinks!!

Oscar has been looking at Virginia with admiration.

OSCAR

I have to say, you really are the full package, Virginia.

Virginia smiles.

Florence turns to the WAITER and points in the direction of the piano. The waiter nods.

Florence sits in front of the piano, checks the tone. She calls Zoe.

FLORENCE

Zoe, will you turn the pages for me, please?

Zoe eagerly skips over.

Florence pounds the keys playing a RAGTIME JAZZ classic. Another MUSICIAN joins and enthusiastically picks up the SAX. Florence sings:

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

My Harlem baby--

Edward leans forward. Oscar and Virginia exchange surprised looks. Florence and the musician energize the room.

VIRGINIA

(with a broad smile)

You've got to be kidding me - this is from New York, baby!

Oscar invites Virginia to dance, which she gladly accepts.

LATER

POP goes another champagne cork. Everyone's had quite a bit of fizz.

Zoe's bored, running around with a napkin on her head pretending to be a ghost.

EDWARD

(to Virginia)

--the situation is desperate. The troops are running out of supplies.

OSCAR

This is our last chance to shift the balance and drive the Bolshies out of Russia. Communism is spreading like an ideological disease. Although I admit some of their ideals are quite noble--

Florence looks at Zoe, who's starting to fall asleep. She picks up some napkins.

EDWARD

--if the world sees the Soviets win, other people may get the idea, and there will be chaos--

FLORENCE

Zoe, look.

Florence twists a napkin into a figure and picks up a glass of champagne.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

This is a regular American. His name is Charles. He has family money, so he doesn't have to work.

Florence makes the napkin Charles do a little dance. Zoe lifts her head with interest. Everyone goes quiet.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

This is his wife, Mary. Mary has many fine dresses. As is the normal way, they drink champagne every night.

She pours some champagne on napkin Charles and Mary's heads, which fizzes. Zoe laughs.

ZOE

They sure like bubbles!

Florence "sits" the napkins against her plate. Edward picks up a teaspoon and a wooden toothpick, and makes them "walk" towards the napkins.

EDWARD

And this is Bob, a worker, in the factory that makes Mary's many dresses. And his five-year-old son Tommy. Tommy is so skinny because he never gets enough food.

Virginia watches on with a poker face.

Florence grabs a bulbous vinegar bottle, plonks it in front of teaspoon "Bob".

FLORENCE

And this is why the factory owner,  
Fat Horatio should pay Bob more--

EDWARD

Bob sees Charles on the street and  
says: "Spare change, sir? I need  
money to buy food for my son"--

FLORENCE

--and Charles says: "You need a  
better-paying job, my man."

Edward breaks Jimmy the toothpick.

EDWARD

Then Tommy gets very sick and dies.

ZOE

Oh, no!

Virginia leans forward and looks interested.

EDWARD

If this was A Christmas Carol, the  
guilt would start to eat away at  
Charles about poor Tommy.

FLORENCE

But he and Mary carry on with their  
lives drinking bubbles and thinking  
that it's not up to them to make  
sure that factories pay workers  
proper wages.

EDWARD

Until one night...

Zoe is all expectation.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

... one night Bob comes to Charles'  
house...

He picks up a steak knife.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

And kills poor Charles and Mary, so  
that he can take their money.

Edward stabs the knife through the napkin Charles and Mary.

FLORENCE  
Come on! That's hardly a happy  
ending suitable for a child.

Virginia laughs mischievously.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)  
The ending could've been different.

Florence picks up the napkins and the teaspoon again.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)  
Fat Horatio increases Bob's wages.

She impales an olive with another toothpick.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)  
And Tommy grows up healthy.

Zoe laughs at the olive.

ZOE  
He's fat!

Virginia smiles.

EDWARD  
But unfortunately for Charles, he  
just can't win.

ZOE  
Why?

Florence walks the teaspoon Bob to napkin Charles and Mary.

FLORENCE  
Bob comes to Charles' house and  
kills him and Mary. Because he's  
heard about it happening to other  
well-meaning affluent people and he  
thinks no one will stop him.

She sticks the steak knife through the napkins.

ZOE  
Noooo.

FLORENCE  
And that, my dear, is what's  
happening in Russia. That's why  
your Papa is asking Miss Virginia  
for help. To stop Bob.

ZOE

But then Jimmy would still be  
skinny and die?

EDWARD

Well, if Charles was more generous  
to begin with, Tommy would be fine.

Florence stands up and slams her fist on the table.

FLORENCE

But it should be for Fat Horatio to  
pay his own workers properly!

Edward faces up to her.

EDWARD

If we always left it up to someone  
else to help those who need it then  
nothing would ever change. We need  
each other!

They burn holes into each other with their eyes. Florence  
sits back down quietly, flustered and contemplative.

VIRGINIA

Alright, I get it. I'll help you.  
But let me ask you something, Miss  
Swan - why does this mean so much  
to you?

FLORENCE

I was close to some good people in  
Russia.

EDWARD

Is that where you learned your  
impressive martial skills?

FLORENCE

Yes but from a Japanese woman  
warrior, Takeko... But now everyone  
and everything there is gone. That  
could happen just as easily here,  
in America, or Europe.

VIRGINIA

Alright, Eddie, Flor. I'll help  
you. I'll send a telegram to Jimmy  
tomorrow - he always does what I  
advise him to do.

(Pause)

But in exchange, I'd like a title.  
You know what I mean?

She looks at Oscar. Oscar beams her a smile.

OSCAR  
"Your Ladyship" does have a nice  
ring to it...

Oscar blows smoke rings with his cigar. Virginia pretends to catch a SMOKE "ring" on her wedding finger.

INT. LORD BLACKSMITH'S OFFICE, SIS HQ - NIGHT

Blacksmith's silhouette can be seen through the silk screen SMOKING a pipe.

Edward and Florence sit next to each other on small faded green armchairs on the other side of the screen.

LORD BLACKSMITH  
(muffled voice)  
Well done on getting the Yanks on  
side. I knew this partner thing  
would work out!

Edward grumbles, helps himself to vintage scotch from Blacksmith's cabinet.

LORD BLACKSMITH (CONT'D)  
So, that's the first stage of the  
plan completed. Now, to take on the  
Bolsheviks in Russia.

FLORENCE  
I just don't see how we'll be able  
to get all the Allied troops and  
weapons deployed to Russia in time.

EDWARD  
As much as it pains me, she's  
right.

Florence smiles.

LORD BLACKSMITH  
What if we didn't have to get all  
the Allied forces mobilized one by  
one? What if we had a super weapon  
that could take down Trotsky's  
train from a single location?

An ornamental duck opens its beak and a beam of light projects from it onto the wall beside Florence and Edward. It's actually a film projector.

[SFX: *Projection of a giant copper orb with various sections like a closed tulip. Each section has a keyhole and a small plaque with the flag of an Allied country next to it.*]

LORD BLACKSMITH (CONT'D)  
May I present, the Tulum Machine.

Both Florence and Edward stare open-mouthed.

LORD BLACKSMITH (CONT'D)  
At the end of the Great War, the Allied forces made a pact: to be prepared to unite against any enemy that ever threatened world peace again. No country would be able to use it without the consensus of all of the others.

[SFX: *In the projection, various world leaders shake hands.*]

FLORENCE  
The whole being greater than the sum of each of its parts...

LORD BLACKSMITH  
Exactly. We just had no idea we'd have to use it so soon.

EDWARD  
So, how does this Tulum Machine work?

LORD BLACKSMITH  
Each allied country holds a key. The weapon will only be released if all of the keys are engaged at exactly the same time.

Florence and Edwards fight each other to get their questions in first.

FLORENCE  
And, what does the weapon *do*?

EDWARD  
And, how do you know it even works if you've never used it before?

LORD BLACKSMITH  
We don't know exactly - the weapon's Chief Engineer became comatose before he had chance to write the final specification.

(MORE)

LORD BLACKSMITH (CONT'D)  
But we know it's powerful enough to  
change the game. And right now,  
it's the only hope we've got.

FLORENCE  
Where is it and how do we get  
everyone there at the same time?

LORD BLACKSMITH  
I've called a special meeting of  
the representatives of the Allied  
Nations. Thanks to you, the  
Americans are on their way with  
their key. You both must ensure the  
safe passage of the British key.

The ornamental duck closes its beak and the projected image  
vanishes. The duck then tilts its tail skywards and a long  
wooden box slides out from between its tail feathers.

Edward takes the box and opens it slowly with Florence  
peering over his shoulder. A long thin steel key with a  
British lion embossed on the handle sits inside.

Florence reaches to touch it. Edward SNAPS the case shut and  
places it on the table between them. Florence glares at him.

LORD BLACKSMITH (CONT'D)  
You'll stop in Lisbon and  
Alexandria before arriving at your  
final destination of Ölüdeniz.

[SFX: As Blacksmith speaks, the *GLOBE OF THE WORLD* from  
Edward's library spins from destination to destination.]

LORD BLACKSMITH (CONT'D)  
The ship leaves tomorrow.

EDWARD  
Why not go straight to Ölüdeniz?

LORD BLACKSMITH  
In Lisbon, you'll contact an agent  
of General Orlov to arrange a  
meeting with the General in  
Alexandria.

FLORENCE  
The White Army...

LORD BLACKSMITH  
Orlov's been in exile in Egypt for  
two years now and needs some  
convincing to come to Ölüdeniz.

(MORE)

LORD BLACKSMITH (CONT'D)

If you're to have any chance of winning over the Allies, he is the man. He was the Czar's right hand and is respected by all.

EDWARD

And if that fails?

LORD BLACKSMITH

He *must* come with you. He has the Russian key to the Machine and you need a symbol, a man to represent the old Russia. With the Czar's family, relatives, and all his other generals executed, there's no one else left. You fail to convince Orlov, and all hope is lost. Can His Majesty rely on you?

Behind the screen, the silhouette of Lord Blacksmith rises to leave. Edward and Florence jump to their feet.

EDWARD

Yes, Sir!

FLORENCE

Yes, Sir!

Florence snatches the KEY BOX off the table and strides out.

INT. EDWARD'S CHELSEA TOWNHOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Florence opens the KEY BOX with shaking hands. Next to it she opens the notebook concealing the LAUDANUM bottle. She fills a glass with water.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. COUNTRY COTTAGE GARDEN - DAY

LAUDANUM drops fall into a glass held by ALEXANDRA (40), flowing BROWN HAIR. She hides the bottle behind a book.

Florence, who is a few years younger, lounges in the chair opposite Alexandra. She gives Alexandra a disapproving look.

FLORENCE

Mother, I saw that.

ALEXANDRA

(slurred)

Shh. Dear daughter, we all have our means of dealing with loss.

(shouts to Nicholas)

Sweetheart, please come!

NICHOLAS (51) comes out of the doors of the country cottage.

He leans over to kiss Alexandra and sees her eyes are swimming. She passes out. He kisses her hand instead.

NICHOLAS

When we can go back home, things  
will be better.

FLORENCE

When will that be, Father?

They both look on as a carriage parks outside the cottage. SOROKIN (30), a soldier with a youthful face and bright blue eyes, cleans his BROWN WORKBOOTS on the doormat before bringing in their suitcases.

NICHOLAS

Once the peasants realize that  
weapons and empty promises won't  
line their stomachs.

Sorokin carries suitcases past Florence and looks at her lustfully. He notices Florence looking at him, grins and puckers his lips.

FLORENCE

You are not to look at me "*sluga*".

Florence shudders.

BACK TO SCENE:

Florence leans her forehead on the BATHROOM MIRROR. Her eyebrows gather.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Florence kneels beside the hole with bodies, wailing. She finally breathes and crawls over to peer into the hole.

Florence looks down and sees NICHOLAS and ALEXANDRA. They hold hands, dignified, even in death.

Florence's eyes are red, her face hardens.

BACK TO SCENE:

Florence looks at her reflection in the steamed-up mirror. She drinks from the glass. Her hands stop shaking.

She wipes the mirror. [SFX: *She sees in the reflection Florence of two years ago, stumbling through the forest.*]

FLORENCE  
(breaking voice)  
Keep moving. Just a little longer.

EXT. EDWARD'S CHELSEA TOWNHOUSE - DAY

The shiny wheels of a Rolls Royce SPIN and stop suddenly. Duchess Maria-Anna and an ATTENDANT alight from the car in front of the townhouse.

INT. EDWARD'S CHELSEA TOWNHOUSE, EDWARD'S BEDROOM - DAY

KNOCK KNOCK. Elaine rushes into Edward's bedroom without waiting for an answer.

Edward is packing. He hastily conceals an armory of weapons under a pile of foppish scarves.

ELAINE  
(breathless)  
Lord Crow, Her Royal Highness, the  
Duchess Maria-Anna, is here.

EDWARD  
The Duchess?

ELAINE  
In the library... with Miss Swan.

Edward and Elaine scuttle down the hallway and press their ears against the library door.

INT. EDWARD'S CHELSEA TOWNHOUSE, LIBRARY - DAY

Florence and the Duchess sit very close to each other, speaking in low voices.

DUCHESS MARIA-ANNA  
Do you think Lord Crow has any  
suspicions about your identity?

FLORENCE  
Oh, he just thinks that I'm a  
secret agent pretending to be a  
governess, who's trained in the art  
of Japanese fighting, underwater  
warfare, Russian politics and Jazz  
piano.

(MORE)

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

His fluffy little Bohemian mind  
couldn't cope with any more  
surprises!

DUCHESS MARIA-ANNA

Good. You know that if you reveal  
your identity on this mission, the  
whole world will know. Are you sure  
you are ready for that?

FLORENCE

In life, I can't stop moving but,  
in my mind, I'm trapped in a prison  
of fear. Sorokin invades both my  
waking thoughts and my dreams. I  
don't know how much longer I can  
carry on this way, Aunty...

DUCHESS MARIA-ANNA

This is a powerful weapon, my girl.  
You must choose when to use it  
wisely.

CRASH. The door swings open suddenly. Elaine and Edward fall  
through.

Elaine grabs a feather duster, pretends to clean. Edward  
grabs the first thing he can reach from the bookshelf,  
presents it to the Duchess with a little bow.

EDWARD

What an unexpected honor, Your  
Royal Highness. May I present you  
with...

Edward looks down and sees he's holding an emu paperweight.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

The Emu of...

He notices the Duchess' ears are straining under the weight  
of her giant earrings.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

... Ear Health.

The Duchess looks bemused, rises and walks to Edward.

DUCHESS MARIA-ANNA

Lord Crow, what a delicious  
surprise it is to see you!

Edward blushes and places the emu down on a coffee table.

DUCHESS MARIA-ANNA (CONT'D)

And now, alas, I must leave, like  
the first nipplewort of spring...

The Duchess leans in to kiss Florence goodbye and passes her a sealed envelope. Florence turns it over and studies the seal in disbelief. She swiftly holds it against her dress so Edward can't see it.

DUCHESS MARIA-ANNA (CONT'D)

(whispered)

Keep it safe... until you need to  
make your claim.

Edward stands fidgeting with the emu again, annoyed he can't hear what is going on.

INT. EDWARD'S CHELSEA TOWNHOUSE, DRAWING ROOM - DAY

Florence is agitated and paces around the room.

FLORENCE

But you need me for this meeting!

EDWARD

Out of the question. Who's going to  
look after Zoe?

FLORENCE

Why do you get to go? You'll be  
gone for weeks!

Edward can't decide which suit to pack.

EDWARD

It's *my* mission.

FLORENCE

It's *our* mission and she's *your*  
daughter!

EDWARD

I'm the senior agent.

FLORENCE

You need me - I speak Russian,  
French, and some Japanese. I can  
help you reach an understanding.

EDWARD

Absolutely not. That's my final  
word on the subject.

FLORENCE

You can't stop me going. I have as much right to be there as you do.

They both stand facing each other with hands on hips.

EDWARD

Well, we're going to have to reach some sort of...compromise.

They both shudder.

FLORENCE

We'll bring her with us.

EDWARD

Ships and secret meeting places are hardly safe for a little girl.

FLORENCE

She'll be safer with you and me on the ship than at home in that creepy old mansion.

EDWARD

It's gothic. You wouldn't know good style if it hit you in the quim!

Florence is ropeable.

FLORENCE

You fancy yourself as such an iconoclast but you can't even save the world and look after an eight year old at the same time. I don't know how your wife put up with you!

Edward's face falls. Florence eyes are instantly filled with regret. She gently squeezes Edward's arm.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

If anything ever happens to her, it's on my head.

Edward removes Florence's hand from his arm. CRASH. The door opens suddenly. Zoe and Elaine fall through with their suitcases.

ZOE

We're ready!!!

EXT. PORTSMOUTH DOCKS - DAY

Edward, Florence, Zoe and Elaine board a Queen Elizabeth-class BATTLESHIP, the name emblazoned on the hull: "HMS WARSPITE".

EXT. HMS WARSPITE - DECK

They continue on to the crew section.

FLORENCE

(to Zoe)

Did you know this is the most powerful ship in the world?

ZOE

Whoah!

FLORENCE

Those fifteen-inch guns can get through any destroyer's armor.

ZOE

And this is just for us?

Florence laughs.

FLORENCE

We have a very important meeting to attend and need to make absolutely sure nothing gets in our way.

ZOE

I've never been on a ship before. Thank you, Flor.

FLORENCE

Thank your father.

ZOE

He never usually takes me anywhere. I know this is because of you.

Edward, who's following them, smiles to himself.

INT. HMS WARSPITE, FLORENCE'S CABIN - DAY

Edward helps with Florence's suitcases. He puts down the suitcases and holds onto one wooden box.

He opens it. Two revolvers are inside. He lovingly rubs their hand-crafted wooden barrels.

FLORENCE

What do you have in there?

He hands over the box to Florence. Florence admires the craftsmanship of the guns.

EDWARD

They belonged to my late wife,  
Elizabeth. If you're going to be  
protecting my daughter, you'll need  
to be properly equipped.

Florence looks back at Edward - there's sadness in his face.

FLORENCE

I'll take care of them - all of  
them.

Edward turns to leave.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

What happened to Elizabeth?

Edward hesitates.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - DAY

Edward and his wife ELIZABETH (24), a striking Creole, ebony skin, walk with a pram. Edward kisses her on the cheek and stops in at the Ironmonger. Elizabeth keeps walking.

EDWARD (V.O.)

There was a man in the village. He  
used to work on my estate.

GEORGE (40), disheveled and disorientated, sees Elizabeth and stumbles in her direction.

EDWARD (V.O.)

He was traumatized in the war and  
became addicted to opium. I felt  
sorry for him.

George approaches, reaching out a swollen, shaky arm to her. Elizabeth takes out her purse and pulls out a few coins. George tries to grab the purse from her.

GEORGE

I know you've got more than that! I  
can't even afford to feed myself  
since your husband let me go!

ELIZABETH

You're not in your right mind,  
George--

Elizabeth hangs onto the purse. They tussle back and forwards, nearly knocking over the pram.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Edward!!! Help!

The baby in the pram cries. It's the little Zoe.

GEORGE

What kind of a society are we  
living in when an Englishman  
starves while an American slave  
lives like a queen?

ELIZABETH

Edward!!!

George lets go of the purse and looks at Elizabeth with hatred. He whips out a knife and pierces Elizabeth's waist. SCREAMS erupt from the villagers.

Edward rushes out, catches Elizabeth before she falls. The purse drops to the ground. George picks it up and runs away.

A bloodstain forms around Elizabeth's waist.

EDWARD

Help! Please help us!!

Baby Zoe WAILS.

BACK TO SCENE:

The ship's foghorn WAILS. Florence flinches.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

A man possessed by addiction may as  
well be possessed by the devil  
himself, as far as I'm concerned.

FLORENCE

I am truly sorry, Lord Crow.

Edward nods at Florence and leaves promptly.

EXT. HMS WARSPITE, SEA - DAY

The HMS Warspite glides through the water.

INT. HMS WARSPITE - MESSDECK - DAY

In a spacious STOKER'S MESS, Florence teaches Zoe to sword fight, to the cheer of some SEAMEN on a break.

There's a makeshift GOZA TARGET in the background, strapped to a wooden pillar.

Edward enters with the silver-haired CAPTAIN (65), a stocky, weathered man. A shaggy little TERRIER with a waistcoat that says "First Mate" trots after the Captain.

The Captain's silver mustache wobbles as he laughs.

CAPTAIN

Avast!

Zoe stops and runs to Edward.

ZOE

Papa, Papa, Florence gave me a sword!

The tip of her sword narrowly misses Edward's leg.

EDWARD

Aayyy! She gave you *what*?

Edward looks accusingly at Florence, then inspects the sword.

FLORENCE

Don't worry, these are bland training swords.

Edward seems satisfied.

EDWARD

Let me guess, you know sword fighting as well?

Florence smiles.

FLORENCE

It's fairly standard where I'm from. I got my first sword when I was six...

EDWARD

Well, Miss Swan. I don't know that I approve.

FLORENCE

My father never did either.

EDWARD

Wise fellow. So, tomorrow we arrive in Lisbon.

FLORENCE

Yes, regarding that... We're not due to meet Orlov's contact until ten, yes?

Edward nods.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

I was planning on doing some reconnaissance in Alfama. The Captain tells me it's worthy of investigation.

She looks at the Captain, who winks back.

EDWARD

Full of wine bars and dancing, that's why...

ZOE

Can I come?

EDWARD

Zoe, it will be past your bedtime.

Zoe looks disappointed.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

But I don't really like the idea of you going unaccompanied either, Miss Swan.

FLORENCE

Well, we can't leave Zoe alone.

CAPTAIN

Leave her here with us.

The Captain signals behind him to Elaine and the whole crew of naval officers.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

I'd like to see anyone try to get past His Majesty's Navy. There's nowhere safer she could be.

Zoe sulks.

EDWARD

Thank you, Captain.

CAPTAIN

At your service, Sir. Don't worry,  
we'll find something suitable for a  
young lady.

Zoe leans on her sword, mad.

ZOE

Shi--ver me timbers!!

Sailors laugh, Edward suppresses a smile. Zoe turns towards  
the goza target, slams it with her sword.

FLORENCE

Remember what I said, Zoe. Focus  
and target specific areas. Don't  
let your anger take over.

Zoe keeps trashing the target. Edward and the Captain depart.  
Florence leans against the wall, watching Zoe. Zoe's sword  
lands flat again and bounces off the target to a chorus of  
"Oohs" from the crew.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

Enough for today, Zoe. You should  
never practice in frustration.

Florence unwraps a woolen blanket - already in there is a  
glinting real "jewel steel" SAMURAI SWORD. She wraps the  
training swords in with it and puts them behind the target.

Zoe and Florence wave goodbye to the sailors.

EXT. PORT OF LISBON - NIGHT

The battleship docks. Edward and Florence disembark.

Zoe stands next to the Captain waving them off.

CAPTAIN

Right, Miss Zoe! Do ye want to  
learn Uckers? But let's make it a  
bit more interesting - winner gets  
to fire the first torpedo...

Zoe instantly perks up.

EXT. LISBON, ALFAMA - NIGHT

Narrow, cobblestone streets line the lively Alfama  
neighborhood. Moorish buildings are softly lit by gas lamps.

The streets are alive with laughter, music, and the clamor of bars, cafes and restaurants.

An older Señora takes Edward by the arm and gestures for him to dance with her. Edward gives in and shuffles around awkwardly. Florence laughs uncontrollably.

As the sun sets, CANDLES are lit at tables lining the paseos.

INT. PARREIRINHA DE ALFAMA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A CANDLE flickers, the flame reflecting off wine glasses.

Edward, Florence and Russian agent, DIMITRY (30), are finishing dinner in a restaurant with low-arched stone ceilings and blue and white AZULEJO TILED walls.

DIMITRY  
(strong Russian accent)  
I'll pass your invitation on to the General.

EDWARD  
This is of the utmost importance.

DIMITRY  
I can't promise anything. I suggest you make your way to Alexandria, as planned, and hope for the best.

Florence reaches for something in her purse.

FLORENCE  
Dimitry, if you could oblige, I have this note for the General.

She passes an envelope to Dimitry, who hesitates to take it. Edward catches Florence's hand and snatches the envelope.

EDWARD  
(between his teeth)  
What are you doing...?

Florence smiles politely in front of Dimitry. Edward opens the envelope under the table, but the note inside is sealed. He's puzzled. Dimitry watches their exchange with interest.

FLORENCE  
(between her teeth)  
We're on the same side, remember.

EDWARD  
(to Dimitry)  
Yes, everything is in order here...

Edward reluctantly passes the sealed envelope to Dimitry.  
Dimitry snatches it from him.

DIMITRY  
I'll meet you at the Catacombs of  
Kom El Shoqafa in five days. With  
or without the General.

FLORENCE  
Thank you, Dimitry. Will you stay  
for the Fado?

DIMITRY  
No time for Fado-ing around.

He leaves the table, bows politely and leaves.

Edward sharply turns towards Florence.

EDWARD  
What was that about?

FLORENCE  
Please trust me. It's a personal  
matter between the General and me.

EDWARD  
Partners don't spring surprises on  
each other during international  
security meetings.

FLORENCE  
Your feedback has been duly noted.

Edward sighs.

EDWARD  
Whatever you're up to had better  
work. There's no meeting without  
Orlov and, without the meeting, the  
mission is over.

The room fills with the devastatingly melancholic sound of  
the PORTUGUESE GUITAR. A FADO SINGER (26) enters the stage.

Everything and everyone goes quiet. The Singer's voice  
bounces off the ceiling, it's everywhere.

FADO SINGER

(lyrics from a song, in  
Portuguese)

Oh, what immense beauty,  
My land, my hill, my valley  
Of golden leaves, flowers, and  
fruits  
Do you see lands of Spain,  
Sands of Portugal,  
Vision blinded by tears.

EDWARD

(whispers to Florence)

I don't know the words, but she's  
ripping my soul apart.

FLORENCE

(whispers)

She could be singing about buying a  
new carpet beater, and I wouldn't  
even care - it's that beautiful.

The entire room is mesmerized by the performance.

FADO SINGER

(sings in Portuguese)

In the mouth of a seaman  
In the fragile sailing ship  
The hurtful song fading  
With the piercing of desires  
From the lips burning with kisses  
That kiss the air and nothing more,  
That kiss the air and nothing more.

Edward fights back tears, not wanting to show emotion in  
front of Florence. Florence smiles and pretends not to see.

FADO SINGER (CONT'D)

(sings in Portuguese)

Farewell mother, farewell Maria...

A SHORT WAITER generously tops up people's glasses from a  
wine bottle, circulating so smoothly he's barely visible.

FADO SINGER (CONT'D)

Give me my rest at sea  
Or spread your wings and fly away  
with me,  
Spread your wings and fly away with  
me.

The Waiter keeps looking over at Edward and Florence.

EXT. LISBON, ALFAMA - NIGHT

Edward and Florence wander the now empty and quiet streets. They reach a sweeping promenade. Waves SPLASH against the stone river walls.

Instead of heading to the ship, Edward leads Florence around a corner. She starts to protest.

EDWARD  
Look, the Belém Tower.

He points at a moonlit 16th-century limestone FORTRESS in the Portuguese Manueline style.

FLORENCE  
(coyly)  
Someone was making a statement!

EDWARD  
Let's climb it.

FLORENCE  
Last one to the top is a rotten  
custard tart!

She dashes up the steep stairs. Edward tosses his scarf over his shoulder and gives chase.

EXT. TURRET OF THE BELÉM TOWER - NIGHT

They reach the top panting and are struck by the view from the top - it spans from the old town to the hills on the other side of the TAGUS RIVER.

EDWARD  
A rare sanctuary of peace and calm.

FLORENCE  
Meanwhile, on the other side of the continent, a leather-clad maniac in an armored train is about to kill more families and rip the heart out of a beautiful country...

EDWARD  
What made you decide to join the Intelligence Service?

FLORENCE  
King and Country, nifty gadgets - you know, the usual.

EDWARD

I don't believe you.

Florence looks defiantly at Edward.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

This job involves lying to those closest to you, being away from home for long periods and constantly having to look over your shoulder - it's not something that many have the disposition for.

FLORENCE

I'm fairly uniquely qualified. But not out of choice... You have Zoe to consider though.

Edward sighs deeply.

EDWARD

Every time I look at her, I see her mother. It's too much to bear sometimes.

FLORENCE

You don't know how lucky you are to have such an amazing little girl. The poor child has already lost her mother - don't deprive her of a father as well.

EDWARD

And who do you let get close to you then? It's possible to build one's fortifications too strong, you know.

The Torre do Relogio clock a few blocks away strikes eleven.

FLORENCE

Right... Shall we?

Florence makes the first step towards the stairs. Looks back at Edward, smiles, and continues along.

INT. HMS WARSPITE, EDWARD'S CABIN - NIGHT

Edward tries to tame his wild hair with a comb in front of the mirror.

The sounds of the busy port burst in through the open window. The Torre do Relogio clock strikes midnight.

He places his comb on the wash table and leaves the cabin wearing a pair of black silk TIGER-PRINT PYJAMAS.

INT. HMS WARSPITE, FLORENCE'S CABIN - NIGHT

Florence brushes her long hair by the washstand in the small cabin. She looks ethereal in a white, long linen nightdress.

She puts down the hair brush, opens the brown bottle of LAUDANUM and fills a glass of water.

KNOCK KNOCK. She hastily throws a TOWEL on top of the bottle. Florence opens the door - it's Edward. She smirks at his pajamas.

EDWARD

May I?

Florence says nothing.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

I think we should talk tactics for tomorrow. Make sure there are no... surprises. That's what partners do, right?

Florence lets him in. They stand there looking at each other.

FLORENCE

Let's hear your battle plan then.

She gestures for him to sit down at a small table. They sit.

EDWARD

Erm, well, I'm not usually much of a planner. And definitely not much of a collaborator...

Florence rolls her eyes. Edward jumps up with such force that his chair-leg scrapes the floor, rattling the washstand.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Forget it, then.

The towel slips down and Edward sees the brown LAUDANUM bottle next to a glass of water. He stops. Florence follows his gaze and sees the bottle.

FLORENCE

Edward, it's not what you--

Edward notices that half the bottle is already gone.

EDWARD

I've trusted my life - and Zoe's -  
to an... *addict*?

FLORENCE

Please, let me explain--

He looks at Florence in despair, and storms out of the cabin.  
Florence runs after him.

INT. HMS WARSPITE, HALL - NIGHT

Edward runs into his cabin, slams the door shut on Florence.  
She bangs on his door.

FLORENCE

Edward, open the door.

She bangs harder.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

It's not what it looks like.

No answer from Edward.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

It's medically prescribed for  
chronic pain. Let me show you...

Edward opens a crack in the door.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

Please don't make me do this out  
here.

Edward stares at her with distrust.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

Very well, then...

Florence faces away from Edward, takes down the straps of her  
nightdress and allows it to drop to her waist. Her SCARS are  
exposed bare in the moonlight.

Edward blushes, looks both ways down the corridor to see if  
anyone is around, then pulls Florence into his cabin.

INT. HMS WARSPITE, EDWARD'S CABIN - NIGHT

Edward covers his eyes with one hand, tosses Florence a  
blanket to preserve her modesty.

EDWARD

What on earth happened to you?

FLORENCE

Shot. Then burned. Left for dead. I was the only one in my family to survive.

EDWARD

Does it hurt?

FLORENCE

With every single fiber. Even sleep provides no refuge.

EDWARD

I'm just--

FLORENCE

--because of what happened to Elizabeth. Yes, I know. But you must understand that I have no choice but to take that poison: three drops, three times a day.

EDWARD

No doubt that's what George thought.

FLORENCE

He was a troubled man whom life had given up on. So, he gave up on life.

Florence holds Edward by the shoulders.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

My whole life depends on seeing this mission through. All of our lives depend on it.

EDWARD

I'm finding it really difficult--

FLORENCE

--to trust me. I know. I've also seen what it can do to people - my mother was an addict, more the "wellness tonic" in a floral teacup type. But I know the darkness. She gradually lost interest in everything. I don't ever want to be like that.

The blanket slips off Florence's shoulder. Edward studies her scars.

EDWARD

For someone so young, this is a very heavy burden to have to carry. I am sorry, Miss Swan.

FLORENCE

Florence. Lord Crow, please call me Florence.

EDWARD

Edward. Call me Ed and I'll throw you overboard to the sharks.

Florence smiles.

The wind blows through the curtains of the open cabin window, bringing with it a FADO SONG from the old town.

INT. HMS WARSPITE, ZOE'S CABIN - DAY

White sheets lie crumpled. BOINK BOINK - bedsprings CREAK with suggestive up and down motions. Edward jumps up and down on Zoe's bed.

EDWARD

Wakey wakey, little one.

ZOE

Papa! Let me sleep, you fozzling old jollocks...

EDWARD

My dear daughter, where did you learn such language?!

Zoe wipes the sleep from her eyes.

ZOE

The Captain and his crusty ol' sea dogs have been teaching me.

EDWARD

The last thing I want is for my sweet little girl to be swearing like a sailor and fighting like a pirate.

Florence pops her head around the door.

FLORENCE

Like an Onna-bugeisha.

ZOE

Too late. Maybe you should have put me into boarding school?

The ship's foghorn sounds. Edward wraps a sheet around himself.

EDWARD

Then you wouldn't get to see the Mummies - woo-ohh!!! Next stop, Egypt!

EXT. PORT OF LISBON, DAY

The Warspite powers out to sea leaving a thick trail of whitewash.

INT. HMS WARSPITE, CAPTAIN'S DECK - NIGHT

Edward picks up a SEAGULL statue, turns it upside down and pulls off its feet. He inserts the feet into the bird's head and rotates them - they're antennae, which CRACKLE as the "gull radio" searches for a radio frequency.

EDWARD

Sir, we've made contact with the Russian agent. Over.

Edward sips a piping hot cup of Earl Grey.

LORD BLACKSMITH

(through radio)

Roger that (shrill voice). ROGER THAT (low muffled voice). What's next? Over.

EDWARD

We meet at the Catacombs of Kom El Shoqafa, in three days. Over.

LORD BLACKSMITH

(through radio)

Hurry. Trotsky's train of the *Predrevoyensovet* is bound for the Southern Front.

Steam from Edward's tea fogs up the porthole window. Edward wipes it with his sleeve and an image appears in the reflection:

[SFX: *Trotsky's armored train hurtles along at high speed.*]

LORD BLACKSMITH (CONT'D)  
From there, he plans to invade  
Estonia. If we don't blow the train  
apart with the Tulum Machine, it  
will be the end of Western  
Civilization as we know it. We  
don't have much time. Over.

[SFX: *Pistons pump and steam spews from the train's engine.  
Feathers of an ill-fated bird flap in the front grill.*]

LORD BLACKSMITH (CONT'D)  
Oops - I "overed" too soon. You  
know that background check you  
asked for? Sealed by Royal Decree.  
Make of that what you will. Over.

Edward wipes beads of sweat from his brow. He forces the  
porthole open to let some air in. The image disappears.

EDWARD  
Roger that. Over and out.

EXT. HMS WARSPITE, OUTSIDE CAPTAIN'S DECK - NIGHT

A DARK FIGURE removes a portable listening device from the  
glass window of the door, and melts into the darkness.

INT. HMS WARSPITE, MESSDECK - NIGHT

The noise of the engines HUMMING is absorbed into hubbub of  
the messdeck at mealtime.

Florence and Edward sit at the Captain's table with the  
senior naval OFFICERS. Zoe and Elaine are at a separate table  
playing Uckers.

FLORENCE  
That woman in the kitchen--

Florence nods towards a WOMAN working in the galley, with her  
hair tied under a SCARF.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)  
She keeps looking in our direction.

Edward laughs.

EDWARD

Don't worry, everything's fine. I'm a super recognizer - if something was up, I would have noticed.

FLORENCE

Captain!

The Captain grins and raises his glass to Florence, with a twinkle in his eyes.

CAPTAIN

My Lady.

FLORENCE

Did you have any new crew join the ship in Lisbon?

CAPTAIN

Not that I know of. Possibly some extra maintenance or kitchen help, but I don't look after that.

Florence looks unsure, glances at Edward.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Be assured, everyone is checked for papers and weapons.

A Short Waiter brings an oyster appetizer, lays out fish knives and fills champagne glasses. Florence watches his every move. The table wash their oysters down with champagne. The Waiter returns with their mains.

WAITER

Polvo à la Lagareiro.

He places a plate of colorful octopus surrounded by roasted baby potatoes in front of Florence.

EDWARD

Mm, delicious.

The Waiter puts another plate in front of Edward. Quick as a flash, the Waiter lunges towards Edward's neck with a long kitchen KNIFE.

Florence's arm blocks the blade. Her other arm strikes up at the Waiter with a fish FORK and pierces the bottom of his CHIN. She twists the fork, and the Waiter falls to the floor.

Edward touches his neck - it's bleeding, but only superficially.

Commotion kicks off among the OFFICERS.

GUNSHOTS. The Scarf Woman immobilizes an OFFICER and fires at Florence and Edward with the Officer's gun.

Florence uses the Waiter's body as a shield from the bullets.

FLORENCE  
Elaine, Zoe, - get DOWN!

Elaine pulls Zoe under a table.

Officers draw their guns and fire back at the Scarf Woman.

Edward crawls fast towards the galley. He takes aim...

The Scarf Woman hides behind a suspended rack with hanging cast iron pots and pans. Edward shoots the ropes supporting it, and the metal mass falls down on the Scarf Woman.

EDWARD  
(to the Officers)  
Stand down!

The gunfire stops. Edward walks to the galley, sees the Scarf Woman has been finished off by a frying pan to the head.

EDWARD (CONT'D)  
(cheekily)  
As they say, a woman's place is in  
the kitchen.

Florence glares at Edward, gestures to the Waiter's body.

FLORENCE  
The last man who said that got  
forked.

The Captain joins them, Terrier in tow.

CAPTAIN  
Everyone else in one piece?

Edward and Florence suddenly look at each other and frantically search the room.

EDWARD  
Zoe!

FLORENCE  
Zoe!

They breathe a collective sigh of relief to see Elaine and Zoe huddled behind an ice sculpture of King George at the back of the room.

Zoe runs towards them, crying. Florence scoops Zoe up and hugs her, facing Zoe away from the grim aftermath.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)  
Zoe, don't look.

Edward pushes the rack off the body and turns the head of the Scarf Woman towards him.

EDWARD  
I'll be damned! Flor...

Florence passes Zoe to Elaine, stands over the body.

FLORENCE  
What a shame.

CAPTAIN  
A shame? She wanted to kill us!

FLORENCE  
Voice of an angel though. She was a rather talented Fado singer.

CAPTAIN  
Heart of the devil. I never did trust those folksy types. Why would they come after you?

The Captain and Edward turn the Fado Singer over and search her pockets. The Captain pulls out and unfolds papers:

*"Bill of Lading*

Lisbon - Alexandra

*ODESSA TEA COMPANY..."*

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)  
Tea traders?

EDWARD  
Not tea - arms. Probably Portuguese *comunists*.

Florence examines the papers. Next to the "Customs officer" signature is a stamp: it's a crest emblazoned with a MAGPIE.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. / INT. LISBON SHIPPING DEPARTMENT - DAY

MONEY changes hands.

A CUSTOM'S OFFICER leaves his desk to stand outside and SMOKE a cigarette.

FINGERS flick through shipping forms, locates the HMS Warspite's.

A STAMP slams down heavily on a paper form.

BACK TO SCENE:

Florence runs her finger over the stamp.

FLORENCE

This is Sorokin's doing. He must know we're meeting with the Russians.

EDWARD

Well, from now on, we take no chances.

(to Captain)

Show the crew what happens to traitors.

The Terrier BARKS at a large SEABIRD perching on the deck. The bird launches itself into the air, soaring gracefully into the night sky.

From above, another dark grey BATTLESHIP is seen gliding through the water some distance in front of the Warspite.

EXT. HMS WARSPITE, DECK - DAY

SPLASH. Sailors throw two bodies overboard wrapped in cloth. The Captain strides in front of the lined-up ship crew.

CAPTAIN

I repeat, at sea, the actions of traitors are punishable by death.  
DISMISSED!

The crew scatters around the ship, attending to their tasks.

LATER

Relieved shouts ring out from the deck.

NAVIGATOR

Land ahoy! Alexandria is in sight.

CAPTAIN

Prepare to dock!

EXT. WINDSOR PALACE HOTEL, ALEXANDRIA - DAY

The grandiose FACADE of an Edwardian hotel rises up behind the port. BRITISH GUESTS and EGYPTIAN STAFF mill around the lush gardens.

A TOWERING FIGURE stands at the penthouse window.

INT. WINDSOR PALACE HOTEL, GENERAL ORLOV'S SUITE - DAY

GENERAL ORLOV'S broad shoulders almost block the view. He surveys the port from the window while smoking a pipe. A lime green IGUANA perches on his shoulder.

A SERVANT enters.

SERVANT

General, the ship has docked.

The General silently observes the sea. The Servant nods and scampers away. The General takes another puff, exhales smoke through his full-bodied WALRUS MUSTACHE and turns.

INT. WINDSOR PALACE HOTEL, HALLWAY - DAY

The General walks commandingly through the hallways, flanked by two stocky BODYGUARDS - one is Dimitry. HOTEL STAFF bow deeply, then quickly clear out of his way.

EXT. PORT OF ALEXANDRIA - DAY

The port is lined with low-rise, simple white square buildings. Mosque towers break the otherwise flat horizon. Egyptian fishing boats sneak between the large docked cruise liners and military ships.

Edward and Florence head to shore on a small transporter boat. The Captain and Zoe wave goodbye from the ship's deck. Edward blows a kiss.

As they cruise towards the ancient city, Florence wraps a traditional black scarf around her hair and face. Edward admires her brilliant eyes.

FLORENCE

I don't want to attract too much attention.

EDWARD

Good luck with that!

Florence glances at Edward's umbrella.

FLORENCE  
Is there rain forecast?

EDWARD  
One never knows.

FLORENCE  
This isn't London.

EXT. ALEXANDRIA PORT - DAY

Edward and Florence are picked up by a black cab.

INT. CAB - DAY

The cab drives through the city, past affluent, wealthy neighborhoods, lined with palm trees. Florence looks over at Edward. He's deep in thought.

FLORENCE  
He'll be there, I promise.

The CAB DRIVER registers another black cab following them.

CAB DRIVER  
Friends of yours?

Edward and Florence peer through the rear window.

FLORENCE  
This could be the General's people.

EDWARD  
Let's hope so.

They turn a corner. The Catacombs of Kom El Shoqafa come into view. The cab driver pulls up.

EXT. CATACOMBS OF KOM EL SHOQAF A - DAY

Edward and Florence walk past a "NO ENTRY" sign in Arabic, down a passageway running alongside a tall limestone structure. Edward carries a large bronze torch.

It's dusty and there are cobwebs. Florence sneezes.

FLORENCE

What is this place? It doesn't look like the maid has been in a while...

EDWARD

The Catacombs of Kom El Shoqafa - discovered only recently. And, while the politicians argue about who should fund security, we can enjoy this Wonder of the Middle East all to ourselves. Come.

The passageway gets narrower. They must duck and crawl through a small opening in the ground. A few moments later, a dark figure (ROGUE AGENT) disappears behind a large stone near the entry.

INT. CATACOMBS OF KOM EL SHOQAFa - DAY

It's pitch black inside. Edward lights the torch. Rats SQUEAK and scuttle out of the way. Edward jumps.

EDWARD

What was that?! Please don't say rats...

Florence senses Edward's fear.

FLORENCE

I think it may have been my stomach. I only had a small kipper and tea for breakfast today...

Edward looks mildly repulsed but relaxes a bit. As their eyes adjust, he points the torch towards the ceiling to illuminate an ancient mosaic.

EDWARD

It's an active excavation site. So, few people have seen this place.

Florence is enchanted. Drops of water from an underground stream fall off the ceiling, breaking the silence.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

It's been deemed one of the most significant archaeological finds since the pyramids themselves.

They walk through an arch supported by two stone columns, with serpents carved into them on both sides.

FLORENCE  
Edward, quiet.

FOOTSTEPS approach from behind Edward and Florence. They turn, draw their guns, ready. The shadow of what looks like a TOWERING FIGURE appears.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)  
General!!

The man steps forward into the light. It's Dimitry.

DIMITRY  
Sorry, my friends. Always the bridesmaid, and never the bride, as you say.

EDWARD  
Where's Orlov?

Edward still has his gun pointed at Dimitry, brandishing his UMBRELLA in the other.

DIMITRY  
Do you mind, Zorro? Give me a minute and I explain everything.

Edward looks at Florence. She nods. They lower their weapons.

DIMITRY (CONT'D)  
Orlov has gone on ahead. He will meet you at the final destination.

FLORENCE  
Oh, how curious.

DIMITRY  
Not at all. The General does not like to wait. And the damp is not good for his foot rot.

EDWARD  
But he's got his key with him, yes?

Dimitry hesitates.

DIMITRY  
Yes, yes of course. I remind him myself - I say "*General, don't forget your key!*"

FLORENCE  
You did give him my note, Dimitry?

DIMITRY

Absolutely. He said it was one of the best notes he has received.

Florence nods.

FLORENCE

It *was* a good one... Alright then. Well, now that we're here, would you like to tour the Catacombs?

DIMITRY

I really should go now... I need to pick up more lizard food and polish General's medals. Busy, busy...

FLORENCE

I insist. It's on the way out anyway.

Florence takes Dimitry's arm. He looks shiftily behind him.

Edward leads the way. They descend deeper into the Catacombs. Their torches light up excavated animal and human bones and ancient Egyptian carvings in the walls.

EDWARD

What's most interesting about these Catacombs is that, at first sight, the artwork is traditionally Egyptian. Yet look at their heads.

He points out the head of a woman figure carved in the wall.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Do you notice anything?

FLORENCE

No...

EDWARD

The heads are Hellenic, in Roman style. That's so unique.

FLORENCE

Things aren't always as they seem.

EDWARD

That's exactly my point.

DIMITRY

I'm curious, what was the subject of your university studies, Crow?

EDWARD  
History, archaeology, literature.

Dimitry laughs.

DIMITRY  
How typical of British spies. I  
never understand that.

EDWARD  
There's more to our work than just  
guns and fast cars. Intelligence  
gathering requires--

DIMITRY  
We're in same profession, remember.  
It's just in Russian Secret  
Service, we focus more on the  
killing aspect.

They all laugh slightly uncomfortably.

EXT. CATACOMBS OF KOM EL SHOQAF A - DAY

A shadowy figure (ROGUE AGENT) is setting something up behind  
a large stone next to the entrance to the Catacombs.

INT. CATACOMBS OF KOM EL SHOQAF A - DAY

The group stops at the foot of stone stairs leading to the  
exit. Dimitry steps aside into a doorway, covers his ears.  
BLAST. A powerful explosion thrusts Florence and Edward to  
the sides, rocks hurdle down the stairs.

As the dust settles, Florence peels herself off the floor,  
barely able to see anything, coughing. She wraps her scarf  
around her nose and mouth.

FLORENCE  
Edward?! Dimitry?

EDWARD  
Watch out!

As a huge BOULDER rolls down the steps, Edward pushes  
Florence out of the way and falls after her. BANG. The  
boulder crashes into the doorway where Dimitry has been  
sheltering. It's eerily quiet.

FLORENCE

They must be setting charges for the next stage of the excavation. We've got to get out of here.

EDWARD

Excavations like these are done with trowels and brushes, not explosives.

FLORENCE

Where's Dimitry?

They turn to Dimitry's legs sticking out from underneath the boulder. He's been crushed to death. Florence gasps. Other small rocks fall down and cracks appear in the walls.

EDWARD

Come on!!

Florence glances back at Dimitry. More rocks fall.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

There's no time.

They race back up the stairs.

EXT. POMPEY'S PILLAR CEMETERY - DAY

Edward and Florence emerge through the exit and out into the cemetery, which is lined with square cube-like TOMBSTONES. They bend over panting and squinting as their eyes adjust to the bright sunlight.

The ROGUE AGENT hides in the bushes; he looks surprised to see them. He maintains his cover and stands, aiming his gun at Edward. Edward and Florence are unaware they're in danger.

Edward stumbles back, nearly falls in a tomb. Florence pulls him clear just in time. The Rogue Agent can't get a clear shot.

EDWARD

This place gives me the willies.

The Rogue Agent aims again. He's got Florence in his sights. His finger squeezes the trigger.

Suddenly, a GIANT RAT runs up Edward's leg. Edward squeals hysterically. He beats at the rat with his umbrella. BANG BANG. Shots RING out from the tip of the umbrella - it's actually a gun.

A stray shot ricochets and hits the Rogue Agent in the head. He falls back into an exposed underground sarcophagus chamber and lands face to face with an ancient mummy.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Got him!

The rat lies dead on his back. Edward stands over it with his umbrella.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

I thought the forecast looked a bit hairy today.

Another SQUEAL comes from the sarcophagus chamber. Edward shudders - more rats.

In the background, behind a palm tree, Orlov sits bound and hooded, wearing only his khaki military issue underwear. He's struggling to wriggle free or get anyone's attention.

Next to Orlov lie a pair of battered BROWN WORKBOOTS and a discarded empty WOODEN KEY BOX. Next to them, a row of lizard's footprints abruptly come to an end in the dust.

An EAGLE flies majestically overhead.

EXT. PORT OF ALEXANDRIA - DAY

Through the sight of a telescope, an EAGLE flies. The Captain and Zoe stand on the upper deck of the Warspite as he lets her use his telescope.

Zoe's swivels the telescope towards the rear of the vessel and sees Edward and Florence disembarking onto the lower deck from the transporter boat.

Edward greets Zoe with a wave and indicates to the Captain to raise the anchor. The Captain orders the crew into action. Zoe runs down to meet Florence and Edward.

ZOE

Where are we going next?

FLORENCE

Turkey, off the coast of Ölüdeniz.

ZOE

Ölüdeniz?

FLORENCE

It's literally translated as "Dead Sea".

ZOE

Why's the sea dead?

FLORENCE

It's actually very much alive - teeming with fish life and the bluest water you've ever seen. But it's called that as it's a place of calm even in the wildest storms.

STEAM TURBINES thrust shafts up and down in the steamy ENGINE ROOM below deck, propelling the warship forwards. STEAM billows from its funnels.

INT. / EXT. TROTSKY'S TRAIN - DAY

PISTONS fire up and down.

*[SFX: The train hurtles southward at speed across RUSSIA on Edward's antique GLOBE OF THE WORLD, leaving a trail of STEAM behind it. TROTSKY faces ahead: a determined revolutionary.]*

EXT. DEAD SEA - DAY

Warspite crosses calm, azure, waters and drops anchor just out from a peninsula. Ships with French, American, Greek, Italian, Canadian, and Japanese flags, are anchored nearby.

The Captain, Florence, and Edward embark on a boat and sail towards a deserted inlet.

EXT. INLET - DAY

The boat approaches the only building in the inlet. It rises up out of the water on stilts and is built in the style of a traditional Turkish teahouse.

FLORENCE

What a fascinating building.

CAPTAIN

The Tulum Station Teahouse. A legend. Never thought I'd live to see it.

Florence looks around.

FLORENCE

This place looks so... quiet, and remote. Where do they keep the weapon?

Edward winks at her.

EDWARD

Come.

Edward and Florence disembark on the docks, with a massive military presence of allied warships all around.

CAPTAIN

Just give us a signal if you need  
any back-up, righty-ho?

The Captain waves them off.

EXT. TULUM STATION TEAHOUSE - DAY

Florence and Edward enter the building through a grand entranceway adorned with metal lanterns.

INT. TULUM STATION TEAHOUSE - DAY

An elderly woman, the TEAHOUSE OWNER, welcomes Florence and Edward into a large reception room exquisitely decorated with rugs, lanterns and intricate wood carvings.

The Teahouse Owner leads them to a smaller private room.

INT. TULUM STATION TEAHOUSE, TEA ROOM - DAY

Florence coughs as they enter a tea room filled with heavy smoke. A PIPER plays the TULUM PIPES in the background.

Many men in both military uniform and civilian clothing sit around the table: FRENCH ADMIRAL (50), GREEK POLITICIAN (65), a young and dashing AMERICAN AVIATOR (35), AMERICAN ADMIRAL (60), ITALIAN BANKER (45), JAPANESE GENERAL (70), and CANADIAN POLITICIAN (50).

Hand-crafted COPPER TEA POTS, small glasses with tea and shisha adorn the table.

CANADIAN POLITICIAN

Personally, I think we should  
withdraw and stop the bloody civil  
war--

ITALIAN BANKER

--and give up on decades of  
investment?

JAPANESE GENERAL

We've lost thousands of  
soldiers in Siberia, is that  
for nothing?

AMERICAN ADMIRAL

The Americans are fully committed--

FRENCH ADMIRAL

--We all know the Americans are always looking for wars to test out new weapons.

The American Admiral is about to fire back when everyone goes quiet as they see Edward and Florence approach the table.

EDWARD

Greetings, gentlemen. Lord Blacksmith sends his regards.

GREEK POLITICIAN

Better late than never. The British are finally here.

FRENCH ADMIRAL

Why did I not think to bring my secretary...?

The French Admiral thrusts his tea glass at Florence, expecting a refill. Florence pretends not to see.

FLORENCE

Duchess Maria-Anna also sends her regards.

She quietly sits down at the end of the table.

AMERICAN ADMIRAL

Do you have the keys?

Edward reaches for his bag and places the BRITISH KEY on the table. The Piper stops playing.

EDWARD

Our key.

ITALIAN BANKER

*Excellent!*

AMERICAN AVIATOR

And the Russian key? Where is Orlov? Wasn't he coming with you?

Florence looks down. Edward clears his throat.

EDWARD

Orlov's staff informed us that he would be making his way here under his own steam. Is he not here yet?

AMERICAN ADMIRAL

Does it look like he's here? We had an agreement!

EDWARD

And I'm sure that he'll honor that agreement - on his own terms...

CANADIAN POLITICIAN

We don't need a Russian to dictate to us what to do. What about the Alliance?

FLORENCE

I can vouch for him.

ITALIAN BANKER

And you are...?

FLORENCE

Florence Swan. I know Orlov personally. And, if he says he'll be here, he will.

The Leaders look at Florence with suspicion, trying to get her measure. She's as cool as a cucumber.

EDWARD

Miss Swan is my partner. She has brokered the meeting with the General.

The Leaders mutter disapprovingly amongst themselves.

FLORENCE

As time is of the essence, I suggest that we get started and Orlov can join when he arrives. If he doesn't, then you are free to expel the British from the Alliance and take our ship.

Edward's taken by surprise - that wasn't in the plan.

AMERICAN ADMIRAL

Alright then. Gentlemen... and Lady... Follow me.

The Admiral nods to the Teahouse Owner, who opens a small cabinet and rotates a heavy BRONZE HANDLE. Three times clockwise, two times anti-clockwise, one time... we lose count.

Finally she stops. CLICK - everyone goes quiet. An ornate wooden screen covering the entire back wall back suddenly slides aside. Behind are HEAVY STEEL DOORS.

No one moves, everyone waiting for someone else to.

AMERICAN ADMIRAL (CONT'D)  
I'll use my key, shall I?

The American Admiral takes his key, engraved with a STAR (U.S. military insignia), inserts it in the keyhole and turns.

The Greek Politician lovingly polishes his key. Edward turns to the Teahouse Owner.

EDWARD  
The Russian can enter with his own key. Please tell him to find us inside. And...

He looks around cautiously.

EDWARD (CONT'D)  
(whispered)  
Keep an eye on things, Mrs Yilmaz.  
Use the broadcast if you need to.

The Teahouse Owner nods.

The Leaders pick up their guns and gather by the doors. The NOISE continues, then stops abruptly.

The METAL DOORS suddenly open with a loud bang to reveal an enormous ELEVATOR, lit up with soft, golden light. The American Admiral steps in and everyone piles in after him.

The doors shut, the Teahouse Owner cranks the handle again.

The Piper takes a deep breath and blows into the TULUM PIPES.

INT. TULUM STATION TEAHOUSE, ELEVATOR - DAY

The massive elevator keeps going down and down. It's glass on one side and passing sea life can be seen as the elevator descends at speed into a seemingly bottomless abyss.

Florence whispers nervously to Edward:

FLORENCE  
How many more floors is it?

EDWARD

About a hundred. This structure is the finest feat of British engineering - which no one is allowed to learn about.

BANG. The elevator shakes suddenly. They all steady themselves against the walls. Florence stifles a SCREAM.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Don't worry, it's just an earthquake.

FLORENCE

Earthquake?!

AMERICAN AVIATOR

Turkey is seismically active. So the whole structure is kind of... floating. Earthquakes are, by far, the least threat.

Florence looks pale, swallows hard.

FLORENCE

Lovely!  
(whispers to Edward)  
Good thing I'm not claustrophobic.

Edward squeezes her hand.

EDWARD

Don't worry. We're nearly there.

Florence looks at Edward's hand in hers, and is too stressed to put up much resistance.

She looks around to see the Greek politician furiously doing "Hail Marys", the Canadian Politician with his eyes closed and the Japanese General doing breathing exercises.

The elevator gradually slows down and comes to a stop. The doors open. They all spill out, relieved to be out of there.

INT. UNDERGROUND RAILWAY - DAY

The American Admiral leads the group down a wide, dimly lit tunnel. They then pile into a open-top TRAIN CAR. The train disappears into the tunnel.

EXT. VOLCANO - DAY

The train pops out of the side of a dormant VOLCANO.

EDWARD

Apparently the most secure facility  
in the world.

FLORENCE

I can see why...

The group leave the train car and hurry to a massive HANGAR.

INT. HANGAR - DAY

The doors of the hangar roll up to reveal a giant copper orb with various sections like a closed tulip. The group stands staring at it in silent admiration.

AMERICAN ADMIRAL

Here it is, the Tulum Machine.

FLORENCE

Is it correct that we don't know  
how it works?

AMERICAN ADMIRAL

The weapon is capable of unleashing  
fire power of untold proportions,  
wiping out enemy troops, guns,  
armored cars at once - that much we  
know.

AMERICAN AVIATOR

And from a great distance.

The Italian Banker rubs his hands.

CANADIAN POLITICIAN

But the Chief Engineer went  
comatose before he could complete  
the specification.

ITALIAN BANKER

Found with an empty bottle of  
Pastis, a skin-full of ether and a  
rather jumpy giant poodle, isn't  
that right *Francois*?

The French Admiral looks guiltily at his shoes.

AMERICAN ADMIRAL

There was a test done once. Let me show you.

The American Admiral points his pen against a wall. It's actually a projector.

[SFX: *In a grainy movie, the "petals" of the machine open and unleash fierce, rapid rocket fire, obliterating a train traveling at speed a hundred miles away.*]

The Leaders are stunned.

GREEK POLITICIAN

Miraculous!

The INTERCOM BROADCAST crackles.

TEAHOUSE OWNER

(through intercom)

Attention, the Russian has arrived.

FLORENCE

Finally!

The American Admiral picks up an intercom device in the wall.

AMERICAN ADMIRAL

Please send him here at once.

LATER

The Leaders sit around on luxurious RUGS, sipping tea. A tall figure in Russian military uniform alights from the train car - finally, General Orlov has arrived.

Florence rises and runs towards him. The General raises his arm and signals her to stop.

GENERAL ORLOV

(gravelly voice)

My child, stay distant. I fear I am diseased with Spanish Flu.

Everyone recoils in horror. Florence focuses, searching for recognizable signs - he's wrapped up to his eyeballs in a scarf, with only his trade mark WALRUS MUSTACHE poking out.

GENERAL ORLOV (CONT'D)

To be safe, you may want to give your insides a soapy clean with Sunlight carbolic.

The American Aviator pulls out a HIP FLASK and offers WHISKY to the others, who readily hold out their tea cups.

AMERICAN ADMIRAL  
The old remedies are the best.

EDWARD  
Let's not lose any more time.

The American Aviator opens a copper PANEL with keyholes, marked with the MILITARY INSIGNIA for each country.

AMERICAN AVIATOR  
Gentlemen, each of you come forward  
and activate your key.

He turns towards General Orlov.

AMERICAN AVIATOR (CONT'D)  
Except for you, Sir. Please wait  
over there.

The General nods. The Iguana prepares to jump from his shoulder and he pets it firmly - neither seems at ease.

The other Leaders and Edward come forward, insert and turn their keys. LIGHTS flash inside the machine and COGS rotate with a SCREECHING sound.

The Japanese General steps forward but hesitates. He turns around to face the group.

JAPANESE GENERAL  
If I do this...

EDWARD  
*If?!*

JAPANESE GENERAL  
If I do this and we win, Japan gets  
all the Kuril Islands.

Edward rolls his eyes. General Orlov checks his watch and shuffles his feet impatiently.

GENERAL ORLOV  
Alright, alright. Insert the key  
already.

JAPANESE GENERAL  
And the Sakhalin Island.

Orlov shrugs in annoyance.

GENERAL ORLOV

Fine. The Great Russian Empire  
doesn't care for a frozen rock and  
its bearded savages.

Florence moves forward to object, but Edward shoots her a  
"Don't you dare" look. She bites her tongue. The Japanese  
General bows, inserts his key and turns it.

The Italian Banker inserts his key and turns it. He walks  
away proudly, whistling a tune from *Il Commiato*. Edward,  
Florence and the French Admiral shift uncomfortably.

The Machine amps up the noise and internal flashing lights.  
Finally, General Orlov steps towards the Machine.

GENERAL ORLOV (CONT'D)

AHH-CHOO!!

He unleashes an almighty sneeze. A slimy pendulum of snot  
dangles from a lever. Everyone recoils in fear and disgust.  
Orlov adjusts his mustache, raises his arm with a pointed  
index finger and addresses the group standing behind him.

GENERAL ORLOV (CONT'D)

Tulum Machine must come with me. My  
ship.

EDWARD

But we agreed to use Warspite! It's  
the most advanced super dreadnought  
out there.

Edward looks at the others.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

No offense, chaps.

The other Leaders all nod in begrudging agreement.

GENERAL ORLOV

You British, so arrogant. Bolshies  
will see your precious ship with  
its extra long hull and sailors  
singing "Land of Hopeless  
Dentistry" coming from many mile  
away! We take Russian ship,  
Potiomkin. Everyone think she out  
of service and coming back for  
repair. This plan much better.

Edward and the American Admiral exchange desperate looks. The  
French Admiral turns to them.

FRENCH ADMIRAL

(whispers)

We are out of time. My intelligence sources report Trotsky and the Red Army are near the Estonian border.

They all nod to each other.

EDWARD

Alright, General. Your ship.

Orlov does a little celebratory dance, then reins it in.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

But we all come with you.

Orlov's cheerfulness fades.

AMERICAN AVIATOR

If you're unable to accept these fair terms, we can but question your loyalty to the Alliance.

Orlov reluctantly inserts the last key, pretending to have a coughing fit. The French Admiral pats him robustly on the back, makes sure he turns it and they both hastily jump back.

The Machine's mighty ENGINE kicks in. WHEEEE-WHOOO!!! The high-pitched sound of the Tulum Pipes pierces the air. Everyone hastily covers their ears.

The Machine's petal-shaped arms fold inwards, many moving parts shift and fold into the center of the orb. The Machine is transformed into a bulbous metal phallus-shaped missile resting on a platform, with large wheels at the rear.

Florence smirks.

FLORENCE

(to Edward)

I wouldn't want that thing to explode too close to me...

EDWARD

Whatever do you-- Oh...!

AMERICAN ADMIRAL

It's ready. Let's move.

The American Admiral uses a copper-plated REMOTE CONTROL to move the Machine towards the train tunnel. The others follow.

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

Florence, Edward, Zoe and other Leaders board battleship Potiomkin with their luggage and cargo. Zoe drags the Goza target behind her. Elaine hurries her along.

Orlov watches them like a hawk from the CONNING TOWER.

The Captain helps lug the last couple of trunks up the loading ramp. The Terrier jumps atop a trunk and barks.

ZOE

First Mate, I'll miss you. Be a good boy.

The Terrier whines.

CAPTAIN

As our services no longer appear to be required, we will see you back in Portsmouth.

The Captain notices Orlov observing them. The Terrier growls.

LATER

Florence and Zoe wave goodbye to the Captain and his crew as the Warspite motors away in the other direction.

EXT. POTIOMKIN, DECK - NIGHT

It's a clear, dark night and stars flicker across the sky, including the swirl of the Milky Way.

Florence and Edward enjoy the cool breeze outside their cabins by the light of a lantern.

FLORENCE

Finally, we can put an end to this civil war.

EDWARD

Isn't it ironic that we resort to using the ultimate weapon of destruction to bring peace.

FLORENCE

Sometimes... the end justifies the means.

EDWARD

Hmm, that sounds like something from a Trotsky propaganda pamphlet. Or an American war manual.

FLORENCE

But Trotsky fights for the idea, never for the people. That's the difference, I think.

EDWARD

I could never understand the Russians. So willing to endure pain, hardship, harsh dictators... - all to change the world.

FLORENCE

Maybe when you understand the Russians, you will understand women...?

Edward has been distracted by a swirl of bioluminescent plankton floating just under the ocean's surface, reflecting pinpoints of light from the stars above.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

Edward? There is something that's bothering me.

EDWARD

I promise, that's just rotting fish guts on a passing fishing boat.

FLORENCE

No... Orlov would never give up the islands to the Japanese. He's fought against that his whole life. He didn't even blink.

EDWARD

It was hard to see under his scarf if he was blinking or not...

FLORENCE

Let's take a look around this ship.

EDWARD

Now? Don't you want to admire the wonder of nature a bit longer...?

Edward leans on the side of a the boat, gently places his hand on top of Florence's and gazes out across the phosphorescent blanket as a shooting star lights up the sky.

Florence yanks Edward up by the hand and back to reality.

FLORENCE

Yes, now.

EDWARD

(clears his throat)

Just give me one moment!

INT. POTIOMKIN, EDWARD'S CABIN - NIGHT

Edward rushes in, speed-brushes his teeth and sprays on some cologne. Checks himself out in the mirror, pomades his hair.

He inhales and touches his pocket watch in his top pocket. He removes it, lightly kisses the inscription from Elizabeth, and places it in an ornate KEEPSAKE BOX on the dresser.

Halfway out the door, he glimpses his gun box. He pauses, comes back and puts a gun down the back of his trousers.

EXT. POTIOMKIN, DECK - NIGHT

Edward and Florence quietly open the door to Zoe's cabin a crack. She's soundly sleeping.

They continue down narrow metal stairs to the deck. Edward rushes ahead and offers his hand to Florence. She looks a bit puzzled but takes it anyway. Drunk sailors on a deck below fill the air with merriment.

A TARPAULIN covers a stack of crates at the end of the deck. Florence stops in front of them.

FLORENCE

Right, here.

Edward looks doe-eyed at Florence - this is his moment. Florence turns away from him and bends over, her bottom in the air, the light wind lifting the hem of her floaty dress.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

Well, go on, lift it up!

Edward blushes but reaches a shaking hand towards the hem of her dress. He's so surprised and excited, he can hardly look.

Florence thrusts the corner of the tarpaulin into Edward's hand. He feels a bunch of fabric being thrust into his hand, starts to breath more heavily.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)  
Hurry up! What are you doing?

EDWARD  
Umm, well, sometimes it's good to  
build up to these things...

Edward yanks hard on the fabric - he's going in, eyes closed, mouth open and ready for action.

The TARPAULIN that he's been clutching amorously falls off the crates and onto the ground.

"ODESSA TEA TRADING COMPANY" and the magpie emblem is emblazoned on every crate.

FLORENCE  
What is this? Is this--

GENERAL ORLOV (O.S.)  
Found what you're looking for?

Edward opens his eyes, confused and embarrassed. He and Florence turn to face the General.

General Orlov steps into the light, wrestling his stressed out Iguana back into his pocket. Florence's eyes squint.

FLORENCE  
General, how's Kimchi?

GENERAL ORLOV  
Kimchi?

He follows Florence's gaze, leading to the Iguana.

GENERAL ORLOV (CONT'D)  
Oh, the lizard? She's fine.

He pets the Iguana, which wriggles uneasily.

IGUANA  
[Iguana noise]  
(subtitles: "Help!")

Florence reaches down the back of Edward's trousers, takes his gun and places it in his hand. She nods reassuringly at Edward and he points his gun at General Orlov.

FLORENCE  
First, put the animal down on that  
crate.

She gestures towards a crate on the side. He shudders.

GENERAL ORLOV

With pleasure!

Orlov tosses the Iguana onto the crate. It scuttles away and hides behind the crate.

FLORENCE

Now, take off the scarf.

GENERAL ORLOV

Trust me, you do *not* want what I've got, *gertsoginya*.

He looks at Edward.

GENERAL ORLOV (CONT'D)

And you don't even want to imagine what I've got for *you*, pretty man.

EDWARD

Now, General...

FLORENCE

He's not a General. Orlov's Iguana's name is not Kimchi. And it's a male. Take off the scarf.

The "General" breaks into a broken, dry, creepy laugh and slowly removes the scarf.

Florence and Edward watch in horror as the General's distinctive walrus mustache slides off the man's face and onto the ground. His ice blue eyes fix on Florence like lasers. It's Sorokin.

SOROKIN

The General seemed rather "attached" to his furry little friend. But I took it anyway.

Florence lets out a bloodcurdling SCREAM.

FLORENCE

What have you done to my Godfather?

EDWARD

Godfather?!

Sorokin laughs. Edward squeezes the trigger. Sorokin quickly ducks and runs. BANG. As the gun goes off, Sorokin trips on the Iguana's tail and falls, the bullet narrowly missing him.

The DOORS of the sleeping cabins all burst open at once and the Leaders run out with their guns drawn.

The American Aviator is in full uniform with an elaborate armory of guns and grenades. The Japanese Admiral still has an eye mask on his forehead. The French Admiral is in pink frilly nightwear.

Florence points to Sorokin, who's still on the ground.

FLORENCE

This man is an imposter! He's a murderous Bolshevik who stole Orlov's beloved mustache and tricked us into delivering the Tulum Machine right into his hands.

CANADIAN POLITICIAN

What kind of a sick individual steals another man's mustache?!

The mustached gentlemen in the group all stroke their tashes and nod in agreement.

GREEK POLITICIAN

I know I'm supposed to be all for democracy, but let's shoot him now!

A chorus of "Ay"s rings out.

ITALIAN BANKER

Not so fast.

The Italian Banker turns his gun on the Greek Politician.

FRENCH ADMIRAL

Ah-ha, I knew it! For once, I'm not the one being accused of playing for the wrong side!

SAILORS armed with guns, ropes, poles and other items stand behind Sorokin and even out the numbers. They help Sorokin stand up.

EDWARD

Sorokin. Surrender at once! You must see that Trotsky is a madman leading you all to certain death.

FLORENCE

(in Russian)

You tear out the heart of Russia. You only care about your own selfish gains and not for the hardship you cause to the people.

The Leaders, except for Edward, turn their guns on Florence.

AMERICAN ADMIRAL

Another Ruski! She's one of them!  
Arrest her.

EDWARD

No, that's preposterous. She's from  
Cornwall...

FLORENCE

No, he's right, Edward. I am  
Russian. I have run from this for  
too long. You all have a right to  
know - especially you, Edward.

Edward looks completely baffled.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

I said that Sorokin is only  
interested in his own selfish  
gains. That he doesn't care about  
the hardship he causes to the  
people of Russia.

Sorokin laughs.

SOROKIN

Hardship? What do you know about  
hardship, *gertsoginya*? With your  
champagne and white frilly dresses  
and palaces in country. Ooh, let me  
carry those heavy bags for you. Let  
me polish those new shoes for you.  
Let me bury that pretty sister for  
you.

Florence's lip starts to quiver.

SOROKIN (CONT'D)

Because that's all that a peasant  
like me is good for isn't it,  
*gertsoginya*? Well, I don't work for  
you anymore. I don't work for any  
of you.

EDWARD

(to Florence)

This man worked for you?

SOROKIN

I work for Russia and a world  
revolution is coming. My name will  
mean something. Sorokin - that's my  
name. Not "boy", not "*sluga*", not  
"slave".

Florence winces with regret.

SOROKIN (CONT'D)

But, now that I sell guns, for some reason, everyone want to listen to me. Although your father didn't listen to me when I said my family was hungry. And that turned out to be quite big mistake for him.

Sorokin raises his fingers in a pretend gun to his head. Florence has tears streaming down her face.

SOROKIN (CONT'D)

And now that I have most powerful weapon in the world, everyone will listen to me. You will be my slave now, *gertsoginya!* Duchess...

FLORENCE

You don't have to call me that.

SOROKIN

Oh, what-- do your important friends not know who you are...? Well, Gentlemen, we are in presence of royalty!

Edward looks at Florence again, even more confused.

SOROKIN (CONT'D)

May I present to you, Grand Duchess Anastasia Nikolaevna Romanova. Last member of Russian Royal family - I helped to bonk off the rest...

Sorokin laughs. The others laugh nervously, thinking it must be a joke. Florence lets the laughter die down.

FLORENCE

This man is insane!  
(Pause)  
But he's also right.

JAPANESE GENERAL

No, no, I think this is a fraud!

FRENCH ADMIRAL

*C'est impossible!*

Edward rubs his chin, entertaining the possibility.

EDWARD

Well, you certainly behave like a princess sometimes. What with all the secret notes, a Russian General for a godfather, thinking normal people drink champagne every day...

GREEK POLITICIAN

Doesn't everyone go through a phase thinking they're a princess at some stage, yes? No...?

JAPANESE GENERAL

More importantly, everyone knows the Russian Royal family was executed. Every last one of them.

Florence fights back tears.

FLORENCE

Except for one.

Florence removes a sealed envelope from her pocket.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

This confirms my claim.

The French Admiral takes it, and his mouth falls open.

FRENCH ADMIRAL

The Great Seal of the Realm.  
*Pardon*, I thought you were the secretary...

The American Admiral reaches for the envelope, carefully breaks the seal, and quickly scans the letter inside. He turns towards Florence and bows.

AMERICAN ADMIRAL

Your Royal Highness.

The Japanese General snatches the letter and also scans it.

JAPANESE GENERAL

How this is possible, I'm not sure...

EDWARD

Let me see.

He takes the letter, reads it, then smiles at Florence and shakes his head.

Behind him, Zoe, the Captain and the Terrier's heads pop up and down from behind crates, moving closer to Florence. Florence looks straight at Sorokin.

FLORENCE

I don't want to be a Duchess,  
Sorokin. And I don't expect you to  
serve me.

Florence touches Edward on the arm.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

My experience in England with your  
family, Edward, has taught me that  
I want a new Russia where no one  
has to go hungry.

SOROKIN

Says the daughter of a most brutal  
Czar.

Florence levels her eyes at Sorokin again.

FLORENCE

But most of all, I don't want to  
have to run from you anymore.

SOROKIN

Well, BOO!

Sorokin lunges at Florence with a sword that he's been hiding behind his back. Florence reacts and jumps back.

Zoe and the Captain leap from behind a crate and counter Sorokin's blow with their bland TRAINING SWORDS, which instantly shatter. They look forlornly at the splintered metal on the ground.

Sorokin charges towards Zoe. She somersaults between his legs and throws a real SAMURAI SWORD towards Florence. The sword grazes Edward's cheek, and cuts a lock of his hair, which tumbles to the ground.

The sword HANDLE plants firmly in Florence's hand. Florence throws a confused but grateful look to Zoe and the Captain.

CAPTAIN

I've been sailing these seas long  
enough to know when a storm is a-  
brewin'.

The magnificent Warspite is moored alongside the Potiomkin.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Now, let's take cover, little lady!

Zoe scampers out of sight.

Sorokin and Florence deliver a fast and furious sequence of sword attacks and counter-attacks. Florence is the more skilled swords person, but Sorokin is stronger.

Edward fights the Italian Banker behind their backs; eventually throwing the traitor overboard.

Sorokin's men and the Leaders fire at each other from behind from all corners of the ship, the crates, and the stairs.

The air becomes very smoky. Florence takes advantage of the smoke cover to charge at Sorokin with her sword.

Sorokin leans against a mast, nonchalantly deflecting Florence's blows.

SOROKIN

*Anastasia*, I've waited for this moment forever.

He puckers up his lips.

SOROKIN (CONT'D)

Come closer, so I can make friends with your *Pizda s ushami*.

He makes suggestive tongue movements. Florence furiously attacks but she's not quite on her game.

SOROKIN (CONT'D)

All alone now, aren't you?

He pushes Florence and she falls on her back, rolling out of the way of Sorokin's plunging blade just in time. He rips the skirt of her dress, revealing her leg.

Sorokin leers. He slashes one sleeve off her dress, then the other. He's getting increasingly hot under the collar.

Behind them, Edward brings Sorokin's men down one by one:

MAN #1 is lassoed with a rope, hoisted feet first up a mast and pecked by angry seagulls.

MAN #2 has his head smashed together between two lanterns and his long sideburns catch alight.

MAN #3 is pushed onto a missile and torpedoed out to sea.

Edward is back to back with the American Aviator, who's smoking a CIGAR, and flips his guns in Wild West style before shooting his next combatant.

Edward checks on Florence's situation and sees her trapped, with pieces of her dress coming off one after another.

EDWARD  
(to American Aviator)  
Hey, Calamity John!

He nods at Florence. They start clearing a path towards her.

Cornered, Florence deflects Sorokin's blows defensively.

SOROKIN  
You have no one, bitch!!!

Florence's eyes freeze on a point just behind him, with steely concentration in a Zen-like trance.

As we circle around Florence, the apparition of a SWORDSWOMAN stands next to her, mirroring her every movement, just a little faster and more lethal.

It's the Ghost of Takeko, the Japanese Onna-bugeisha who trained Florence earlier in her life. [SFX]

The commotion on the ship gives way to JAPANESE DRUMS and SHAMISEN. [SFX]

Florence starts to gain on Sorokin. He's surprised by her powerful counterattack. Florence turns her head, sees Takeko and smiles to her.

The Ghost of Takeko begins to grow in size and the spirits of bare-chested KODO DRUMMERS assemble behind her. As the giant black DRUMS pick up speed and volume, Florence moves faster and in sync with Takeko. She's unstoppable.

Sorokin's men realize he's losing and join the attack on Florence from all sides. But Florence has released the warrior inside and is downing enemies all around.

The Leaders, who've finished off the rest of Sorokin's men, look over at Florence. The Japanese General freezes, mesmerized.

The Ghost of Takeko grows larger and larger, until the red silks of her dress blow through the entire ship. The Kodo Drummers multiply and their figures and drums now fill the dark sky around the ship.

Florence backs Sorokin up against a mast, with the bloodied bodies of his men piled all around them. She's grubby and disheveled: a warrior, not a princess.

She presses the tip of her sword against Sorokin's neck. He raises his arms.

The flames of rage ignite her eyes.

FLORENCE

Did you enjoy killing them?

Sorokin shrugs his shoulders.

SOROKIN

I kill many people. I don't remember them all.

FLORENCE

Surely you remember Nicholas and Alexandra? And Maria?

SOROKIN

Oh yes, the Czar and his pretty whores.

Sorokin licks his lips.

FLORENCE

Well, I know that I would enjoy killing you. How easy it would be to just lean on this sword...?

She leans in. Blood trickles from Sorokin's neck. He drills Florence with his crazy eyes. Florence withdraws the sword and steps back.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

But I would kill you and I would still feel alone. Arrest him!

Navy Officers run over and arrest Sorokin. Florence shakes the blood off her blade and looks up. Kodo Drummers go quiet and disappear, and the Ghost of Takeko fades in the background.

The Japanese General approaches Florence.

JAPANESE GENERAL

After training, a warrior teacher always drinks tea. Was your sensei's favorite Jasmine-cha or Kocho? I may have known him.

FLORENCE

Sencha. She only ever drank Sencha.

The Japanese General bows to Florence with respect.

JAPANESE GENERAL

The great Onna-bugeisha Takeko is the only one who taught *hasuji* of such precision and grace. Your Royal Highness.

The remaining Leaders are talking in raised whispers. The American Admiral and Canadian Politician size Florence up.

As Sorokin is led away, he purses his lips at Florence. She gives him the look of death. He then locks eyes with Edward.

SOROKIN

*U tebya sho zhopa sho rozha: vse prigozhe*

(subtitles: *Your ass is the same as your face: all beautiful.*)

EDWARD

What did he call me? I have a feeling it wasn't good...

FLORENCE

Oh, he was very complimentary actually. But, it depends on your perspective, I suppose...

EDWARD

Ohh...! He's a complex individual.

Edward takes Florence by the elbow.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Are you alright?

FLORENCE

I just need a moment.

Florence leans over and rests her head on Edward's shoulder. He tenderly strokes her ruffled hair.

ZOE

AHHHHHHH!!!!

Zoe's SCREAMS ring out from the upper deck.

Edward and Florence run upstairs to find two Naval Officers dead, and Sorokin dragging Zoe to the edge of the ship, holding a knife to her neck. The Terrier YAPS noisily.

SOROKIN

Don't move!

Sorokin is impatiently looking overboard, as if waiting for something. Zoe's eyes are wide with fear.

ZOE

You are not a nice man! Let me go!!

Zoe starts to wriggle.

SOROKIN

I said *HOLD!!!*

Florence nods at the Terrier. The Dog lunges forward, flies through the air and locks his jaws onto Sorokin's neck.

Sorokin drops the knife and tries to wrench the Dog off. Zoe hides behind Edward. Sorokin and the Dog topple overboard.

Florence runs forward and looks over the edge. The wake of a huge SPLASH fizzes. Dog and Sorokin are nowhere to be seen.

ZOE

First Mate! No...

Florence swan dives overboard. Edward rushes to the railing. It's eerily quiet, only a few bubbles burst on the surface.

EDWARD

Florence!

Edward, the Captain and Zoe rush down to the LOWER DECK. Suddenly Florence surfaces with the Dog. She tearfully puts its limp body into a bucket, and the Captain hauls it up.

CAPTAIN

Quick, get the bellows!

Edward throws a rope ladder down to Florence to pull her from the water. She shakes her head.

FLORENCE

I need to get Sorokin. He must be buried in the dirt without dignity, like he did to my family.

EDWARD

Leave him!!!

Florence takes a deep breath and dives down. She can barely be seen beneath the dark water.

UPPER DECK

The Captain pumps air into the Dog's lungs with the bellows. He checks his watch.

CAPTAIN

It's been five minutes!! Come on!

The Leaders peer down from the upper deck to see Edward and Zoe below anxiously waiting for Florence to resurface.

QUICK CUTS between:

- (1) The Captain frantically PUFFING air into the Terrier;
- (2) Trotsky's train gaining momentum and PUFFING steam;
- (3) Edward and Zoe watching the water for signs of Florence. Edward PUFFING and pacing, taking off his gloves, then shoes and socks.

UPPER DECK

The Captain checks the Dog's breathing. Still nothing. Checks his watch again.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Fifteen minutes!!

The American Admiral scans the water below with binoculars.

AMERICAN ADMIRAL

No ordinary person can hold their breath for fifteen minutes! For God's sake, jump in and get her, Ed!

LOWER DECK

Edward looks up at the American Admiral.

EDWARD

Miss Swan - I mean, Romanov - is no ordinary person. The last time I tried to rescue her from drowning, she attacked me...

(Pause)

Oh, sod it!

Edward throws his scarf down, gloves, and dives into the water. He searches around underwater but can't see much.

The American Admiral swivels SEARCHLIGHTS to illuminate the deep green sea around him.

UPPER DECK

The Captain abandons mouth to mouth on the Dog. Gently rests his head on his beloved First Mate.

LOWER DECK

Zoe is in floods of tears.

UNDERWATER

Edward is running out of breath. He sees a flash of WHITE in the distance, musters all his energy and swims towards it.

It's Florence. He grabs her waist and pulls her to him.

She opens her eyes and looks at Edward with anger and immense sadness.

He uses the last oxygen in his lungs to KISS her. She kisses him back with her last breath and they kick their legs in time and rise to the surface together.

Florence and Edward GASP for air as they break through the surface of the water. Everyone watching on GASPS too, then CHEERS with relief.

LATER - UPPER DECK

Florence and Edward huddle under blankets.

Zoe stands holding a SWORD BOX with a BONE resting on top. She passes these to the Captain.

ZOE

He was the ultimate warrior.

CAPTAIN

And the best friend that anyone could hope for.

The Captain tosses the sword box and bone into the sea and wipes a tear from his eye.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Damn, salty Mediterranean air...

The Captain blows his nose on a napkin and looks at Florence.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

The last Russian Princess, eh? Who would've thought!

He bows to her, his eyes sparkle.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

If you're looking for a husband to carry your suitcases and sharpen your swords, I'm at your service.

EDWARD

Um, well, I'm sure there will be a number applicants for that position...

Florence laughs. The American Admiral shows up.

AMERICAN ADMIRAL

We didn't find any trace of Sorokin. No body, nothing.

LATER - SHIP'S MAIN CONNING TOWER, SUNSET

Florence and Edward stand at the highest vantage point on the ship. Florence studies the quiet surface of the sea.

FLORENCE

I suppose now the Tulum Machine is back in the Allies' hands, you won't be needing a partner anymore?

EDWARD

What? But... You're more than just a partner, Flor - God, I don't even know what to call you anymore?!

FLORENCE

Flor is perfect.

EDWARD

Flor, you're part of our family now. I'm afraid you're stuck with us - if you want to be, of course! Granted, some of us are possibly a bit of a handful but--

FLORENCE

Shhh!

Florence points to a canvas FLAG BAG atop the mast.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

(whispers)

I think I heard something... The  
last of Sorokin's men maybe?

She gestures to Edward to check it out. He climbs the ladder and she follows. As he bends over to peer into the flag bag, she smiles gleefully at his perky buttocks.

Florence gives him a playful slap, knocking him inside the flag bag. She jumps in after him.

UPPER DECK

The Leaders stand on the deck with the Captain and Zoe. Zoe points up towards the top of the mast.

ZOE

What's that, Captain?

They look up to see the motions of passionate "rumpy-pumpy" in the flag bag. The Leaders give each other knowing looks.

CAPTAIN

Well, my dear... Sometimes, we get  
rats in the flag bags... And so,  
that's what that is - a couple of  
rats fighting over a sausage.

A lone bird circles overhead. A Magpie lands on the mast, next to the flag bag.

At sea level, a few LARGE AIR BUBBLES float to the surface where Sorokin fell into the water. POP! A bubble EXPLODES.

EXT. POTIOMKIN (CONNING TOWER) - DAY

Edward and Florence's LIPS connect in an explosive KISS inside the flag bag. The SKY smolders with the burnt orange of sunrise.

[SFX: Trotsky's train EXPLODES as it reaches the Estonian border on Edward's antique GLOBE OF THE WORLD, obliterated by a missile launched from the Tulum Machine.]

THE END