

The logo features the letters 'MZIP' in a large, bold, black sans-serif font. A thick black arrow curves from the top left, pointing down towards the 'M'. A smaller, thinner black arrow curves from the bottom right, pointing up towards the 'P'. The letters 'tv' are positioned at the bottom right of the 'P' in a smaller, white, lowercase sans-serif font. Below the main text, the words 'MOVIES & MINIS' are written in a bold, black, uppercase sans-serif font, with an ampersand between 'MOVIES' and 'MINIS'.

**MZIP** tv  
**MOVIES & MINIS**

*modesty blaise*

# *I, Lucifer*

*part three*

*written by Pete D. Gaskell*

FADE IN:

EXT. OUTSIDE VILLA - DAY

CLOSE on MODESTY BLAISE, down on her knees, looking right into the camera with a devastated expression.

As a tear makes its steady way down her cheek, she absently attempts to wipe it away, but only smears it.

By her side lies her gun, still SMOKING.

A shadow descends over her, causing Modesty to look up - right into the ghoulish grin of SIMON DELICATA.

He clicks his fingers at his men, who gather around him.

DELICATA

Take her away.

Several of the men push their way forward, grabbing out at Modesty, who remains limp, not struggling. They haul her off.

INT. MODESTY'S ROOM - LATER

Modesty stands with her back to the door, facing the wall, expression hidden from view.

The door opens, and she turns to find STEVE COLLIER and DIANA PILGRIM entering the room.

Steve guides Diana forward - as she strides right up to Modesty, determination etched on her face...

SLAP! Diana SWIPES her hand across Modesty's cheek, livid.

DIANA

You bitch! You killed him!

Feeling her cheek, Modesty looks at Diana impassively. Diana reaches forward again, but Modesty CLUTCHES hold of Diana's hands, holding them steady.

MODESTY

Listen to me!

DIANA

(still steamed)

No!

MODESTY

Listen! You think I had a choice?  
There was no other way.

DIANA

Thought you'd find a way! That's what you do, isn't it?

MODESTY

Not this time.

(gently)

Diana, I'm hurting just as much as you, more than you, believe me.

DIANA

Bullshit! If you loved him as much as you said you did, you'd be a mess right now!

MODESTY

But I can't afford to be! That's what they want!

Diana stops struggling, finally listening properly to what Modesty's trying to say.

MODESTY (CONT'D)

I have to bottle up my emotions, my feelings, everything. Save it for another time, a better time. And you have to do the same.

She looks imploringly at Diana, who nods, then buries her head into Modesty's chest, snuffling.

DIANA

It's just...I'd almost given up hope before, then he came back, and now he's gone for good. Too cruel.

Modesty wraps her arms around Diana, hugging the younger girl, comforting her. She lightly kisses Diana on the top of her head, before looking beyond her at Steve.

MODESTY

Steve? Quick conference?

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Steve closes the door behind him, then turns to face Modesty, who's sitting on the edge of the bath.

MODESTY

How are you feeling?

STEVE

As good as can be expected, considering I think I might be in love with a murderer...

MODESTY

(harsh)

Stop it. You know full well I had no other choice.

STEVE

But it's like Diana said - why aren't you feeling any guilt?

MODESTY

I won't let myself.

Steve shakes his head as he makes his way over to where Modesty is sitting.

STEVE

Handy trick. Mind telling me the secret?

MODESTY

It's not one you can tell. You develop it. Live the life I've had...it's survival instinct. There when I need it.

(perkier)

But the first step is not to talk about it.

She gets to her feet, making her way over to the toilet, leaving Steve behind.

MODESTY (CONT'D)

Speaking of survival, we're breaking out of here tonight. Up for it?

Steve nods - then performs a classic double-take, his brows knitting in confusion.

STEVE

What? I thought you'd bought yourself some time...?

MODESTY

Stay of execution, nothing more. Seth will find a way of getting rid of me before long, and I don't intend to wait for that.

STEVE

But how are we going to...?

Modesty reaches behind the toilet tank - and then pulls back, now with gun in hand.

MODESTY

Parting gift from Willie. They didn't search the room.

(MORE)

MODESTY (CONT'D)

(shrugs)

Must have figured that he was on his way in, not out. Stroke of luck for us.

Fascinated, Steve gets up to join her, looking round to see what else is back there.

STEVE

Is that all?

MODESTY

Hardly. Enough for our purposes, at least.

She leans in, whispering in Steve's ear.

MODESTY (CONT'D)

We'll wait 'til about midnight, then me and you will sneak out.

STEVE

What about Diana?

MODESTY

Forget it. She's still got a chip inside her.

STEVE

Haven't you got a knife or something back there?

He pops his head round, looking for something that could be of use, until Modesty restrains him.

MODESTY

No, Willie took his knife with him.

She reaches round onto the window-sill, finding purchase on the table knife she stole earlier, which she holds up.

MODESTY (CONT'D)

Unless you fancy your chances with this?

(puts the knife down)

That's not all, though. Not being harsh or anything, but she'd slow us down.

Steve nods, accepting the inevitable.

STEVE

Fair enough. Are you going to tell her?

MODESTY

After what I've just done? No way.

STEVE

So, what? We just walk out without saying anything?

MODESTY

I wish there was another way, Steve, I really do. If you want to tell her, you can, but I'm not party to it.

She turns away without even waiting for a response, heading for the door.

MODESTY (CONT'D)

Best get some sleep. We need all the energy we can get later.

And with that, she exits, leaving Steve alone, pondering his next course of action.

INT. MODESTY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Modesty sits by the door, efficiently screwing a silencer onto the barrel of a gun.

Steve approaches her quietly, looking pensive.

MODESTY

You ready?

STEVE

As I can be.

Job done, Modesty hands Steve the gun, which he takes gingerly - holding it as far away from him as possible.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I'm not comfortable with this.

MODESTY

I'd worry if you were.

She brings up a silenced gun of her own, and climbs up onto her feet.

MODESTY (CONT'D)

It's only in case of emergency.

STEVE

Is an emergency likely?

MODESTY

Hopefully not. Just follow my lead and walk on your heels - it's quieter that way.

Steve nods, and Modesty slides the door open, stepping through silently...

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Immediately, she turns to her right - as the guard on watch STANDS to attention - caught totally by surprise!

SLAM! BANG! OOF!

Without any mercy, Modesty WHACKS the flat of her hand against his stomach, ELBOWS him in the chin, then BACKHANDS him across the face.

As he slides to the floor, out for the count, Steve emerges from the room - taking note of Modesty's handiwork.

STEVE  
(whispering)  
Was that necessary?

MODESTY  
Yes. Talking isn't.

Steve nods, taking her point, then throws one last look at the sleeping Diana before the door slides closed.

He then hurries to keep in step with Modesty, who's already started to sidle her way down the corridor.

Together, they slink silently through the shadows, Modesty graceful, Steve less so, but managing.

It isn't long before they come to the doors leading into the living room.

Modesty holds up a warning finger, then TWISTS the handle on the door, letting it gently open.

She peers in - and is relieved to find no-one in sight.

With a beckoning hand to Steve, she moves into the room, still not making a sound.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Forward they creep, sticking to the walls, hiding in the protection of the shadows.

They make their way towards the glass outer doors - which are half-open.

Beyond stands a guard, looking out into the grounds, his back to the room.

Putting a finger to her lips, Modesty moves through the room towards the door, bringing her gun up.

Steve stays back, hiding - and rests his arm on a nearby shelf - not noticing the china pot until...

SMASH!

The pot CRASHES to the floor - and the guard spins around immediately - eyes WIDENING at the sight of Modesty!

PHUT!

Instantly, Modesty FIRES her silenced gun - and the guard drops to the ground - but not before setting off an invisible ALARM!

Alarms BLARE out - and Modesty GRABS hold of Steve by the hand, and PULLS him out of the room...

EXT. OUTSIDE VILLA - CONTINUOUS

Still pulling Steve along in her wake, Modesty CHARGES through the grounds, heading for the trees.

Behind her, the sound of guards RUSHING out, guns CLICKING, can be heard.

SPOTLIGHTS kick in, SWEEPING around the grounds, SEARCHING for the fugitives!

Modesty and Steve reach the cover of the first trees. Immediately, Modesty lets go of Steve's hand, and the pair take a second to get their breath back.

STEVE

I'm sorry. I didn't...

MODESTY

Never mind. We'll have to make do.  
Give me your gun.

Nodding, Steve brings his gun into sight - his hands visibly shaking from fear.

Modesty takes the gun and quickly brings it to bear, as she turns to face the house.

Steve hangs around behind her, looking and feeling like a spare part.

STEVE

Can I help?

MODESTY

You've done enough.  
(looks round)  
(MORE)

MODESTY (CONT'D)

You see those steps leading down into the ocean? Head for them, don't look back.

STEVE

Right. And then what?

MODESTY

I'll be with you soon as I can.

STEVE

Okay. Best of British.

And with that, he CHARGES through the trees in an ungainly fashion, leaving Modesty to face the music.

Several guards come RUSHING out of the house, making their way straight for her.

Modesty glances around, looking for anything that can be of use - and her gaze lands on an underhanging branch.

Pocketing her guns, Modesty LEAPS up and GRABS hold of the branch, then SWINGS one leg across onto an adjoining branch.

Two guards PUSH through into the trees, their moves precise and efficient, checking around for Modesty.

None look up - and Modesty HANGS above the pair of them like a harbinger of doom...

SWOOSH!

Elegantly, she SWINGS down from the branch - CRACKING the guards' heads together.

The two men CRUNCH down into the ground, dropping their automatic rifles.

Quickly, Modesty unlaces one of her boots, and uses a lace to tie a fallen twig to one of the rifle triggers.

Then, she KICKS the rifle along the floor, out of reach - before TUGGING the lace...

RAT-A-TAT-TAT!

The automatic rifle KICKS out some BULLETS - but heading from a different direction to that which Modesty moves in!

Using the advantage, Modesty SPRINTS through the remaining trees, gaining on Steve easily.

Just as Steve gets to the set of stone steps leading down right into the sea - Modesty's alongside him!

She GRABS hold of him, causing him to jump!

MODESTY  
Told you I'd catch up.

STEVE  
Didn't think you'd be that quick!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

GUNFIRE echoes around, as several more GUARDS pile towards our two escapees - who've run out of running room.

MODESTY  
Probably too quick. Can you swim?

STEVE  
A little.

MODESTY  
Good!

And with that, she releases her grip on Steve - PUSHING him down the steps before he can stop her!

As he BUMPS down the steps one after another, Modesty pulls out both her guns, her fingers COILED around the triggers...

Just as the guards get into range, Modesty FIRES both guns at once - BLASTING through her clips, taking down men with ease!

But her rapid firing soon comes to an end - both clips spent - and still guards continue to approach!

Nothing else for it - Modesty LEAPS off the edge of the top step - throwing away both guns in the process!

As she DIVES backward, she extends her arms out into a perfect reverse swan-dive!

SPLASH!

She hits the water just before the guards can aim their guns!

Immediately, she starts swimming in a strong BACKSTROKE, once again catching up to Steve, who's THRASHING around wildly.

MODESTY (CONT'D)  
Down!

Steve looks around - but Modesty takes a DEEP BREATH and DROPS under the water-line, PUSHING Steve's head down too!

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

SETH emerges from within the corridors, tying up his dressing-gown, woken from a deep sleep.

SETH

Who raised the alarm?

Delicata's standing by the window, binoculars to his eyes, scanning the landscape.

DELICATA

Blaise. She and Collier broke out ten minutes ago.

SETH

And the girl?

DELICATA

Still in her room. We checked.

SETH

Good.

And he's not prepared to say any more - much to the surprise of Delicata, who tears his gaze away from his binoculars and onto Seth.

DELICATA

That all you can say?

SETH

There's nothing more to say. Blaise was always expendable, and, whilst regrettable, Dr. Collier's research so far should be enough for our needs.

DELICATA

So what? You're just gonna let 'em go?

Seth merely flicks an eyebrow at Delicata, before turning on his heel and wandering back into the house again.

DELICATA (CONT'D)

Last I heard, they were in the water. I've got my men getting a speedboat ready.

SETH

Call them off.

DELICATA

What?

SETH

I have a much more effective strategy in mind.

He leaves the room, and Delicata follows, intrigued and still a mite annoyed.

INT. SETH'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Calmly, Seth walks through the room to his desk. Opening a couple of drawers, he takes out his notepad, a pen, and a small boxy device.

With a small smile to the just-entering Delicata, Seth holds his fingers down across two separate switches, then makes an appropriate note.

SETH  
You see? Clean and efficient.

DELICATA  
You're certain they're dead?

SETH  
Have the chips ever failed?

Delicata can only shake his head, as Seth begins to pack everything away.

SETH (CONT'D)  
Now, if that is all, I'd better  
return to bed, before my wife gets  
restless.

With a small nod to Delicata, he moves through the room, heading for the door.

DELICATA  
What about Lucifer? If he finds out  
about Blaise...

SETH  
He is your problem for the moment,  
Mr. Delicata.  
(cold)  
I have every faith in you.

And with that, he exits, leaving Delicata to gnash his teeth together in frustration.

EXT. SEA - SAME TIME

Steve BREAKS the water, GASPING for air, taking in great lungfuls. Modesty appears alongside him, looking a little more serene.

STEVE  
(in between breaths)  
What the bloody hell were you  
playing at?

MODESTY

The way you were thrashing about,  
you may as well have painted a  
great big target on our backs!

STEVE

Well, I'm sorry if I'm not Olympic  
class! It doesn't really figure  
into my daily life!

Unable to resist a small smile, Modesty cranes her neck  
around, looking back to the shore.

MODESTY

Looks like they've abandoned the  
search for a while.

STEVE

Oh, well, everything's fine and  
dandy, then, isn't it? Never mind  
that we're paddling around in the  
sea with no clue where we are...

MODESTY

Steve! Shh!

(points)

You see that cove over there? Head  
for it.

And with that, she takes a deep breath, pinches her nose, and  
DIVES back under the water.

Steve strains to find the cove - which is quite close -  
sheltered and hidden from the shore.

With a sigh, Steve PLUNGES back under the water...

FOLLOW Steve as he SWIMS with a rough stroke through the  
water, following Modesty's movements.

She's graceful as she SLIPS through the sea, her legs moving  
like pistons, precision personified.

Eventually, she begins to SWIM upward, and then disappears  
from view entirely.

Taking that as his cue, Steve begins to PUSH up through the  
water - and that's when a HAND PLUNGES down to meet him!

The hand GRIPS hold of Steve, PULLING up through the water...

...and onto a small wooden rowing-boat!

Steve COLLAPSES backward on the boat, dripping wet - and then  
his eyes WIDEN as he looks at his saviour...

WILLIE GARVIN! Grinning with a glint in his eye, and very  
much alive!

WILLIE  
What's the matter? You look like  
you've seen a ghost...

STEVE  
But you...what?

He looks between Willie and Modesty in utter confusion.  
Modesty's reclining next to him on the boat, also smiling.

MODESTY  
We planned the whole thing.

STEVE  
How?

MODESTY  
You know how it is when you've  
known someone for a while. You  
don't always have to speak to know  
what the other one's thinking.

EXT. OUTSIDE VILLA - FLASHBACK

Modesty and Willie together on the cliff-edge.

MODESTY (V.O.)  
So we had most of our escape plan  
figured out before the duel played  
out.

WILLIE (V.O.)  
Only trick was making sure I was  
the one with my back to the sea.

As the pair take their steps away from each other - Willie  
with his back to the sea, as hoped.

STEVE (V.O.)  
Why?

WILLIE (V.O.)  
'Cos a gunshot wound's easier to  
fake than a bloody great knife,  
isn't it?

EXT. BOAT - NIGHT

As before.

STEVE  
No, but Modesty shot you, there was  
the blood and everything...

He leans forward, looking at Willie's chest - and the blood  
soaked on his shirt.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Look!

WILLIE

I did that meself.

STEVE

What?

MODESTY

I didn't shoot him, Steve.

EXT. OUTSIDE VILLA - FLASHBACK

ON Modesty as she ROLLS into view, bringing up her gun and FIRING at Willie!

MODESTY (V.O.)

I aimed to miss. Which is pretty difficult when you've been trained to hit the target every time.

WILLIE (V.O.)

And miss she did. Just.

STEVE (V.O.)

So how come...?

ON Willie, as we see him draw his knife - but RAKING it across the palm of his hand before THROWING it!

WILLIE (V.O.)

I knew all eyes would be on the Princess, so I took the chance.

(beat)

Draw some blood, wipe it across my hands, then my chest. Easy does it.

EXT. BOAT - NIGHT

Steve's still struggling to take all this in, running his hands through his soaked hair.

STEVE

But you fell off the cliff, straight as a die. How did you manage to survive a fall like that?

WILLIE

Training. Used to it. Trust me, once you've jumped Taupo Falls, anything else would be a piece of cake.

Modesty reaches over and taps Steve on the thigh warmly.

MODESTY

It's like anything else, Steve.  
Planning, forethought, skill, and a  
little bit of luck.

STEVE

You're so full of yourselves,  
aren't you?

MODESTY

(retracting her hand)  
What?

STEVE

So smug. All this "we fooled  
everyone and won" stuff. But what  
about the innocents in this? What  
about Diana?

That concerns Willie - his brow starts to crease with worry.

WILLIE

What about her? She all right?

STEVE

Physically, yes. Mentally? The pair  
of you have convinced her that  
you're dead. She's heartbroken!  
(scowls)  
And what are you going to do? Turn  
up out of the blue and shout  
"Surprise!"?

MODESTY

We had to. I couldn't afford to...

STEVE

And me! Why didn't you tell me? You  
told me we were escaping, why  
couldn't you...?

MODESTY

Because I couldn't trust you to...

STEVE

(fuming)  
What?!

MODESTY

Let me finish! I couldn't trust you  
to keep schtum. It's not your  
fault, you're not used to this. I  
only told you what you needed to  
know.

STEVE

So what are you saying? I'm not  
worthy of staying in your company?  
I'm not good enough?

Willie watches the pair of them ripping into each other with  
interest, and a look of sympathy.

There's a BUZZ, and Willie reaches over and produces his  
mobile phone, checking it quickly.

WILLIE

Can you two put away the domestic  
'til later? Our ride's coming in...

STEVE

What do you mean, ride?

VROOM!

All three of them look up - as a British RAF jet SWOOPS over,  
dropping three cables out of its doors!

The cables TUMBLE down towards the boat - and on the end of  
each is a life-jacket!

Willie and Modesty GRAB for a jacket each, and begin to SHRUG  
them on.

Steve reaches out for his warily - pulling the jacket over  
his shoulders, frowning.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Did I mention I'm not a good flier?

No time to answer, though - the jet ROARS away, REELING in  
our three heroes as it goes!

The three of them DANGLE in the air, clinging on to the  
cables as they SOAR through the night sky!

EXT. CHATEAU - DAY

A palatial structure, surrounded by a moat and protected by a  
drawbridge, like the castles of old.

CANNES, FRANCE

The ROARING of a jet engine as a plane flies overhead jerks  
us back into the present, as an old Bentley TRUNDLES to a  
halt by the drawbridge.

Two men climb out - JACK FRASER, who was driving, and SIR  
GERALD TARRANT. Both are dressed impeccably - Sir Gerald even  
has a bowler hat and an umbrella.

They start for the drawbridge - but Sir Gerald places a restraining hand on Fraser's arm.

SIR GERALD

Best wait with the car, Jack. You never know who might be watching.

Fraser NODS once, then turns away, but keeps an eye on Sir Gerald, as he approaches the bridge.

A few seconds later, there's a CREAKING of gears, and the drawbridge begins to descend.

Sir Gerald steps forward, seemingly unaware of the overly-dramatic entrance.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Sir Gerald is ushered through into an open pool area, where a portly figure wrapped in a towel approaches him, hand extended - RENE VAUBOIS.

RENE

Sir Gerald! Long time, mon ami.

Sir Gerald shakes Rene's dripping wet hand - before shaking the droplets off.

SIR GERALD

Indeed. Good to see you too, Rene.

French to the core, Rene leans in for a customary kiss on the cheek - but Sir Gerald's umbrella raises to attention, blocking him.

SIR GERALD (CONT'D)

Don't push it.

Rene LAUGHS, and, after a beat so does Sir Gerald. Leaning over, Rene finds purchase on a glass of wine.

RENE

May I offer you a glass of this fine Bordeaux?

SIR GERALD

No thank-you. A little early for my constitution.

RENE

Of course. I'm sure we have some tea somewhere.

Sir Gerald nods courteously, and the pair begin to walk around the pool.

SIR GERALD

I see you've fortified yourself in since we last spoke. Have you become paranoid in your old age, or are we expecting the Huns to attack any minute?

RENE

(chuckles)

Yes, it might be a little over-cautious, but security is everything these days.

(cocks an eyebrow)

Taking the advice of a mutual acquaintance.

SIR GERALD

Yes, that sounds like her, all right. Speaking of which...?

RENE

(nods)

They're in the drawing room.

He gestures with a hand towards a colonnaded porch - and then steps aside to let Sir Gerald lead.

INT. DRAWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A beautiful room - oak-panelled, paintings hanging from the walls, antique furniture.

Dominating the room is a large round wooden table, around which sit Modesty, Willie and Steve, silver tea service in front of them.

The doors open, and Sir Gerald and Rene enter. Rene flops down into the nearest available seat, propping his feet up on the table.

Sir Gerald, meanwhile, nods politely at the welcoming smiles of Modesty and Willie.

SIR GERALD

Good to see you both.

MODESTY

And you.

She steps aside, gesturing between Sir Gerald and Steve.

MODESTY (CONT'D)

Steve Collier, this is Sir Gerald Tarrant.

SIR GERALD  
(shakes Steve's hand)  
How do you do?

STEVE  
So where do you fit in?

The pair break away, and Sir Gerald sits down a little stiffly, suddenly awkward.

SIR GERALD  
A rather impertinent question. One that I didn't ask you.

Modesty sits down between them, quick to act as peacemaker.

MODESTY  
You'll have to forgive Steve. He's a little...direct.

SIR GERALD  
I'll say.

MODESTY  
(turning to Steve)  
Sir Gerald's a civil servant, Steve. One with an interest in what I do.

STEVE  
Ah. A spy, then. Or a spymaster?

SIR GERALD  
Haven't been called that in a long time. You know, sometimes I miss the Cold War...

MODESTY  
(taps Sir Gerald on the hand)  
Apparently, congratulations are in order. Willie tells me you arranged our little pick-up...

SIR GERALD  
(waves it away)  
Nothing to it, really. An RAF navigational error is nothing new.

MODESTY  
(cheekily)  
I'd have thought it would be alarming if the systems worked...

From the head of the table, Rene BARKS out a laugh.

RENE

You British. I'm fascinated by your sense of humour. Self-deprece, dep-ray...I can't say it, but I love it!

MODESTY

Glad we amuse you, but this isn't just a mutual appreciation society.

RENE

True. You want to, what is it, pick our brains?

MODESTY

Yes.

She leans forward, steeping her fingers on the table, looking at every one of them in turn.

MODESTY (CONT'D)

The extortion notes, the kidnapping of Diana, they were all a means to an end. Unfortunately, we don't really know what the end is.

STEVE

We do know a bit. It's something to do with archaeology. Finding something. Seth's admitted as much.

MODESTY

(chewing her lip)

I was wondering...what archaeological digs are the French government financing, Rene?

Rene leans under the table, flicking a switch - and one of the wall-panels behind him SLIDES up, revealing a map of the world!

About half a dozen lights start BLINKING in various locations, though mainly in Africa.

RENE

Those are all we have at the moment.

MODESTY

Right.

(to the others)

Seth and Regina are Parisians, born and bred. It stands to reason that their endgame is related to the French in one way or another.

SIR GERALD

I'm afraid that doesn't really narrow things down enough.

MODESTY

Not quite. But just out of interest, which digs are we running at the moment?

Sir Gerald clears his throat - but before he can speak, Rene flicks the switch again - and the position and number of the lights change!

SIR GERALD

How did you manage to...?

RENE

I have my sources.

Willie's sitting forward, fascinated by something. He points at one of the lights in particular.

WILLIE

Why's that one in North Africa green?

RENE

Ah. That's the only joint venture.

MODESTY

Now that sounds promising. Where are we talking about here?

SIR GERALD

(getting in quick)  
Carthage. Small team. Dedicated. Routine stuff, mainly.

RENE

(wagging his finger)  
But...we've been getting strange reports from them for a while. Brief messages. Never finding anything, but insisting all is going well.

That catches Modesty's attention. She folds her arms, her mind starting to work overtime.

MODESTY

As if they were being forced into writing them.

(puzzled)

But why is this interesting Seth?

Willie's looked thoughtful during this entire exchange, and now he sits forward, eager.

WILLIE

Something I read a while back.  
About how the Carthaginians nicked  
a load of treasure from all over  
the place. Some even said that's  
where King Solomon's mines really  
are.

STEVE

(suddenly sits forward)  
King Solomon? That's it!  
(turns to Modesty)  
Seth told us himself, remember?  
Allan Quatermain thrown in - I  
thought it odd at the time...

MODESTY

You're right. That must be the  
place. Everything's starting to...

Clapping her hands together, she's suddenly the picture of  
action - looking straight at Sir Gerald.

MODESTY (CONT'D)

Can you get us onto that team?

SIR GERALD

Afraid not. Small team, like I  
said. Everyone knows everybody  
else. Couldn't smuggle you in.

RENE

I could.

Everyone turns to the Frenchman, who finally takes his feet  
off the table, becoming much more serious.

RENE (CONT'D)

I know a pilot who does supply runs  
for them every few weeks. His next  
one is the early hours tomorrow.

WILLIE

In with the cargo?

MODESTY

Makes a change from first-class.

STEVE

(sighs)  
Not flying again...

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Steve nervously enters a rather plush bedroom, finding  
Modesty already in the kingsize bed, tucked under the covers,  
chewing on something.

MODESTY

Have to say, can't fault Rene's hospitality. These chocolates are gorgeous.

(ponders)

...and Swiss, I think.

Shaking his head, Steve sits on the end of the bed, biting his lip.

STEVE

I don't know how you do it.

MODESTY

(raising an eyebrow)

What?

STEVE

This. Tomorrow you're flying back into the lion's den like Daniel with a death wish, but you wouldn't know it from how you're acting.

MODESTY

Experience.

STEVE

(waving a hand)

Yes, I've seen the scars.

Modesty sits up, a provocative smile on her lips, teasing Steve, massaging the back of his neck.

MODESTY

All of them?

Steve brushes her hands away, turning to face her.

STEVE

No! I'm trying to make a serious point here, Modesty!

MODESTY

I know. And I don't want you to. I need to relax before tomorrow.

STEVE

Well, I can't.

MODESTY

You don't need to be. I'll make sure Rene sets you up with transport back to England.

Steve recoils back as if he's been slapped.

STEVE

You don't want me to help you?

MODESTY

You can't help.

STEVE

Why? You reckon I'll get in the way  
or something?

MODESTY

Yes, to be perfectly honest.

All trace of humour has evaporated from her face now. She looks with a steely gaze right into Steve's eyes.

MODESTY (CONT'D)

Willie and I know the score. We'll  
get in, do what we have to do, and  
get out. This is a game for  
professionals, not amateurs.

STEVE

And the people involved?

MODESTY

(shrugs)

I'll save the ones that deserve it,  
kill the ones that don't. Simple as  
that.

Steve shakes his head, a righteous anger starting to burn within him.

STEVE

No, it isn't. These aren't  
chesspieces you're dealing with.  
They're people. Real people with  
minds of their own.

(gestures with a jabbing  
finger)

You're toying with their thoughts,  
feelings, emotions, and don't give  
a damn about the consequences!

MODESTY

I can't afford to!

STEVE

Oh, yes. Your "experience" talking  
again. But it's blinding you from  
seeing what you're doing.

MODESTY

The ends are worth the means.

STEVE

Are they?

Silence - the pair are staring each other down - neither willing to waver, not even an inch.

No response from Modesty for a while - and then the corners of her mouth twitch into a smile.

MODESTY

You're sexy when you get all righteous, you know that?

The little non sequitur breaks Steve's concentration completely - and he can't resist.

STEVE

(smiling back)

Grrr...

Modesty pulls up the covers and pats the side of the bed next to her.

MODESTY

Come on. We'd better get some rest - we have to be up early tomorrow.

STEVE

(mock salute)

Yes, ma'am.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - NIGHT

A battered Cessna lies parked on a rain-soaked runway. Modesty, Willie and Steve approach, laden down with baggage.

Willie's carrying two sports bags, one in each hand - whilst Modesty and Steve both have rucksacks on their backs.

WILLIE

Never keen on travelling light like this, Princess.

STEVE

This is light?

MODESTY

All we could rustle up at short-notice. We'll have to make do.

From underneath the wing of the plane, the pilot emerges. Sharp-eyed, scruffy, wearing a back-to-front cap and with a lit cigarette in his mouth. SKEET LOWRY.

He recognises Modesty and Willie immediately - his eyes widening and his jaw dropping.

SKEET

(harsh South African accent)

Jeesus!

MODESTY  
(wicked smile)  
Not quite.

Skeet quickly throws down his used cig and starts flattening his shirt, trying to put on a show.

WILLIE  
At ease, soldier.

SKEET  
I had no idea. Heard you'd retired  
a while back.

MODESTY  
We had. Long story.

SKEET  
(nods at the plane)  
Short flight.  
(serious)  
You got the money?

Willie throws down one of his bags - and Skeet is immediately on it, unzipping the bag. Inside are piles and piles of BANKNOTES.

SKEET (CONT'D)  
The other bag?

With a slight smirk, Willie unzips his other bag - to reveal a veritable arsenal of weaponry - handguns, knives, grenades...

SKEET (CONT'D)  
(gulps)  
Ready to go when you are.

MODESTY  
No time like the present.

Nodding, Skeet hurries over to the plane, whilst the others follow him. Modesty wrinkles her nose at the rusty plane.

EXT. PLANE - NIGHT

As the rickety little Cessna banks and weaves through the night sky.

INT. CABIN - SAME TIME

Willie and Steve are sitting on crates, rocking as the plane weaves. Steve's got a life-jacket on, and his hand rests near the toggle. Willie watches, amused.

Modesty, meanwhile, clambers through the cabin, hands clinging on to the roof for support.

She approaches Skeet, who's flying the plane one-handed. Upon noticing her, he winks, then pushes some clutter off a nearby crate.

Nodding, Modesty takes the seat, watches Skeet for a few moments, then leans forward.

MODESTY

So. You been doing this a while?

SKEET

Flying? All my life, you know that.

MODESTY

Flying this particular route.

Skeet just shoots her a sidelong glance, saying nothing. Modesty feels the need to elaborate.

MODESTY (CONT'D)

Running errand-boy missions for the French government? A bit of a departure from what you're used to...

SKEET

I fly here, fly there, get paid. Same as ever.

MODESTY

But you've flown this before, haven't you?

Again, no response from Skeet.

MODESTY (CONT'D)

Seen anything unusual lately?

SKEET

I don't see anything, don't say anything. Just fly.

End of conversation. Modesty drums her fingers on her thigh for a few moments, then nods at the window

MODESTY

Are we nearly there?

SKEET

(pointing ahead)  
You see that patch of desert?

MODESTY

In amongst the other patches of desert?

SKEET

Yep. That's where we're heading.

MODESTY

Great.

She curls her legs up underneath her, getting settled.

EXT. DESERT AIRSTRIP - NIGHT

The plane touches down on the runway with a SCREECH of brakes, then taxis along for a short while.

As soon as it's come to a halt, the back doors open and Steve rushes out - desperate to escape.

He's followed by Modesty and Willie, who nimbly jump out of the plane, gear hoisted over their shoulders.

They take a moment to scan the landscape - all that can be ascertained in the darkness are mesas and sand dunes.

Skeet approaches the group, unlit cigarette hanging out of his mouth.

MODESTY

Where's the camp from here, Skeet?

SKEET

I'll show ya.

CLICK! He flips open his lighter - and a small FLAME is seen - standing out amidst the darkness.

VROOM! The sound of VEHICLES roaring onto the airstrip causes Modesty and Willie to look round in apprehension.

A squad of JEEPS - five in total - BOUND across the tarmac towards the plane.

MODESTY

Skeet, what have you done?

SKEET

(shrugs)

What I was paid to do.

The jeeps roll to a stop - immediately, several guards jump out, rifles at the ready and pointing at our trio.

Realising there's nowhere to go, Modesty and Willie reluctantly lift their hands over their heads. As does Steve, after a shove from Modesty.

The last man climbs out of the jeep - a dominant figure against the landscape, chewing on his cigar.

SIMON DELICATA.

He approaches the group with a glint in his eye and a vicious grin on his face.

DELICATA  
Back from the dead, huh? Knew you  
couldn't keep away.

MODESTY  
So what are your orders, Delicata?  
Kill us straight off?

DELICATA  
Yep.

As he says this, he snaps a clip into his handgun, then points it directly at Modesty's forehead.

DELICATA (CONT'D)  
But that's too easy. You've pissed  
me off, and you're gonna pay for  
that.

STEVE  
Wouldn't death be punishment  
enough?

MODESTY  
(under her breath)  
Steve...

Delicata turns his attention to Steve with a mocking gaze.

DELICATA  
Huh. You switch sides and gain a  
sense of humour. Too bad. Boss is  
gonna want a word with you too.

Finally, Delicata looks at Willie, who defiantly stares into the distance, not meeting Delicata's glare.

DELICATA (CONT'D)  
As for you, Garvin. You're my  
special project. I'm gonna break  
you. Leave you begging for mercy.  
And then I'm gonna kill ya.

With a LAUGH, he suddenly steps forward, WRAPPING his arm around Willie, CRUNCHING him into a HEADLOCK!

THUMP! Taking advantage, Delicata PUNCHES Willie right in the face, splitting Willie's lip!

STEVE  
Get off him!

Steve reaches for Delicata, but the big man casually SWATS him away with a BACKHAND SWIPE!

As Steve lands with a CLUMP on the tarmac, Delicata backs away, taking in the whole group again.

DELICATA

Bad idea.

MODESTY

Surprised you know what an idea is.

DELICATA

(sadistic)

Oh, I'm getting plenty.

He gestures with his gun back to the jeeps.

DELICATA (CONT'D)

First, we're taking you back to camp. You too, Lowry.

The guards close in on the group, beginning to shepherd them towards the parked jeeps.

DELICATA (CONT'D)

Any of you tries any funny stuff, I'm pushing you out into the desert.

MODESTY

How far are we from civilisation out here?

DELICATA

'Bout a week's trek. If you had water.

(leers)

Which you won't.

With that, he SHOVES Modesty into one of the jeeps himself, SLAMMING the door behind her.

INT. JEEP - LATER

Modesty, Willie and Steve are securely strapped to their seats with multiple seat-belts, surrounded by armed guards.

They BOUNCE and JOSTLE as the jeep BOUNDS over the sand-dunes, but the guards remain focused.

Modesty glances out of the window to find...

EXT. DIG SITE - DAY

Dawn breaking over a spectacular sight.

CARTHAGE, TUNISIA

A beautifully preserved Roman town. Government buildings, houses, baths, a theatre - all in stone and marble.

Off to one side lies the dig site - cut off from the main town area.

There's a cluster of tents surrounding a couple of Roman buildings, and several pits DUG into the sand.

As the jeeps close in on the site, we see that there are several workers in the pits - all of whom are digging away, strangely vacant looks on their faces.

The convoy finally parks up in front of a small group of people - several guards surrounding a few familiar faces.

Seth, deathly still as ever, scrutinising the new arrivals. REGINA, clinging to him as usual. SCHULTZ, sword at the ready, their bodyguard.

As the jeeps begin to unload, Seth takes note of the situation, barely affording Delicata a glance.

Skeet is immediately over to Seth, expectant look on his face, chewing gum like he means it.

SETH

Congratulations, Mr. Lowry. You will be paid upon completion, as agreed.

(points at one of the buildings)

We have accommodation for you in the barracks.

As Skeet moves off, Seth catches sight of Modesty and Willie being marched away from the jeeps, and turns to Delicata, his mouth curled into a scowl.

SETH (CONT'D)

I thought I'd made my position regarding those two quite clear.

DELICATA

You did. I didn't listen.

SETH

It would seem you have a resistance to simply killing them.

DELICATA

Maybe I do. Maybe I wanna see them suffer.

SETH

This is an operation, there's no time for melodrama.

DELICATA

There won't be any. I was thinking they could work the dig.

Seth ponders this for a moment, before narrowing his eyes, his voice a cold whisper.

SETH

Fine. But on your head be it.

He then approaches the little group, looking directly at Steve, who shuffles under Seth's piercing gaze.

SETH (CONT'D)

Dr. Collier! Good of you to return.

STEVE

Wouldn't miss this for the world.

SETH

Fantastic. I'm glad you're able to complete your research.

He half-turns away...before looking back over his shoulder, as if just remembering something.

SETH (CONT'D)

Of course, there's been a slight alteration to our terms. You'll now be working for me without pay. I'm sure you'll understand.

Steve looks from Seth to Delicata, and then to Schultz's gleaming sword. He gulps.

STEVE

Perfectly.

SETH

Good. Now, if you three can follow me...

He turns on his heel, walking towards the cluster of buildings, Regina by his side once more.

Something catches Modesty's eye - a metallic cage-like construction, half covered by tarpaulin.

MODESTY

What's that?

SETH

That is what this entire operation  
has been working towards. And you  
need know no more.

The finality in that statement is obvious. Silence descends  
over the party as they trudge through the sand towards a  
small Roman building.

A mausoleum.

INT. MAUSOLEUM - DAY

SLAM!

Modesty, Willie and Steve are roughly thrown against the  
stone walls, face-first.

Delicata hovers menacingly over them, waiting for any  
trouble, whilst Schultz lurks around Seth and Regina.

Seth calmly produces his notepad and pen from inside his  
jacket pocket.

SETH

Strip them.

As Regina GIGGLES excitedly, Schultz steps forward, SWIPING  
his sword through the air.

SLASH!

With precise strokes, Schultz cuts through the clothing of  
our heroes, ripping the material to shreds.

The host of weaponry Modesty and Willie have strapped to  
their bodies is revealed for all to see.

SETH (CONT'D)

You know where to check.

Responding to Seth's command, Schultz and Delicata begin to  
expertly remove all the weapons from their chosen target.

Delicata RIPS off the straps tied to Willie's back,  
concealing a double-sheath of knives. Bending down, he also  
pulls a machete out of Willie's sock.

Not finished yet, Delicata FLEXES his hand before carefully  
sliding it up Willie's arse - finding purchase on a tiny  
knuckle-duster wedged up there.

WILLIE

(through gritted teeth)  
Bet you've always wanted to do  
that, eh, Delicata?

GROWLING, Delicata reaches around with his hand and violently TWISTS Willie's genitals - causing Willie to HISS in pain.

DELICATA

One more tug and you'll never play  
the Magic Flute again.

Willie wisely says nothing, and Delicata, grimacing horribly, backs away.

Schultz, on the other hand, is still going over Modesty, running his hands over her, much to her disgust.

He removes a gun strapped to her thigh, and a crossbow bolt attached to her leg.

Moving upwards, he unfastens a holster under her chest, complete with two guns, before delving his hand into her bra.

MODESTY

Don't enjoy yourself too much.

Smirking, Schultz lifts his sword with his other hand - the gesture as provocative as possible.

Withdrawing his other hand, we find he's holding a tiny handgun, hidden in the cup.

He turns to rejoin his superiors, but Seth angrily TAPS his notebook with his pen.

SETH

The kongo.

Turning back, Schultz grabs hold of the back of Modesty's head, yanking it backward - and CATCHING the small kongo stick that she was using as a headband.

Satisfied, Seth turns to leave, his goons dragging the accumulated weaponry behind.

Regina nudges her husband.

REGINA

(with glee)

Are we going to wall them in alive?

SETH

(shakes his head)

No. At least...not yet.

And with that, they exit - drawing the heavy stone door into place, closing off the outside world.

Modesty, Willie, and a shell-shocked Steve take stock of their situation, wandering around the one-room tomb.

STEVE

Is it me, or has this gone a little bit wrong?

MODESTY

Don't state the obvious, Steve.

STEVE

Why not? It isn't like there's much else to do.

Modesty raises a warning finger at him, her tension rising, her cool draining away.

MODESTY

Don't! We can't just sit here and mope. There must be something we can use...

WILLIE

'Ere, Princess, take a look at these.

He's standing in one corner of the room, looking at a number of silver shower-heads that look horribly out of place, mounted on the wall.

MODESTY

Somehow I don't think Seth's overly concerned with our hygiene, do you?

She and Willie share a look, reasoning it out.

STEVE

Why, what are they...?

As if to answer his question, a HISSING sound starts to emanate from the showers, and STEAM begins to spread...

Modesty immediately grabs Steve by the hand, forcing his head close to hers.

MODESTY

Steve, don't panic. Listen, OK?  
Just don't panic!

As Steve tries to nod, Modesty reaches over to his shoulder, finds a bunch of nerve-ends, and PINCHES hard!

Steve SAGS immediately, losing consciousness. Modesty gently lays him down on the floor against the wall.

The GAS continues to POUR out of the shower-heads, the SMOKE THICKENING!

Both Modesty and Willie find themselves COUGHING, tears in their eyes, as they huddle against the wall themselves.

Another shared look - and then they both arrange themselves into the lotus position. Modesty with elegance, Willie less so, but good enough.

They both concentrate, closing their eyes, regulating their breathing, lapsing out of consciousness...

TIME-LAPSE

To later, as the smoke begins to dissipate, leaving the three unconscious figures splayed out on the floor.

Standing over them are Delicata and Schultz, both kitted out with gas masks.

Schultz grabs hold of Modesty by the arm and bodily DRAGS her out of the room, whilst Delicata does the same with the two men - both at once.

EXT. OUTSIDE MAUSOLEUM - DAY

Once they're out of the building, both Schultz and Delicata pull their gas-masks up, breathing properly again.

SCHULTZ

I still say we should have killed them there and then.

DELICATA

German efficiency, huh? Trust me, don't argue. With what we've got planned, they'll wish we had killed 'em here...

He starts to pull Modesty away, trudging through the sand.

SCHULTZ

Where are you taking her?

DELICATA

Hell.

FOCUS on Modesty's sleeping form, as we CUT TO:

INT. LUCIFER'S QUARTERS - DAY

ON Modesty as she slowly begins to wake - finding herself draped over an overstuffed armchair.

Looking round, she finds herself in a garishly decorated room - obscure sculptures, burning candles, the whiff of incense.

A carbon copy of Lucifer's room in Cyprus - right down to the four-poster bed, and LUCIFER himself, lounging on said bed.

He has a bunch of grapes in hand, picking them off at random. Noticing Modesty's awake, he shows her the bunch.

LUCIFER  
Grape?

MODESTY  
(still woozy)  
What colour?

LUCIFER  
Green.

MODESTY  
No thanks. Not enough bite.

Lucifer CHUCKLES loudly as Modesty settles into a sitting position on her chair.

LUCIFER  
I expected nothing less. You confound me. You were able to fool even me with your schemes. What manner of trickster are you?

MODESTY  
The worst kind. A woman.

LUCIFER  
(inclines his head)  
It appears I have done you a disservice. You are clearly unique in your talents.

Smiling weakly to placate him, Modesty gestures around at the room with a lazy hand.

MODESTY  
Why have I been brought here?

LUCIFER  
Oh, they probably expect me to torture you, or make love to you, or somesuch.

MODESTY  
Is there a difference?

Not picking up on the sarcasm, Lucifer climbs off his bed, moving over to Modesty, circling her.

LUCIFER  
Truth be told, I'm tiring of this situation. I'm keeping this charade going for appearance's sake, but...

He tails off, unwilling to go any further. Suddenly interested, Modesty sits forward, raising an eyebrow.

MODESTY

But...?

LUCIFER

Seth's manner has changed as he's approached his goal. He's become more abrupt, less reverent. Almost insulting to me. No longer am I a deity. Now I feel like a mere tool.

Modesty nods, reaching out and taking Lucifer's hand in her own, as Lucifer looks at her imploringly.

MODESTY

He's not changed, Lucifer. It'll just have become more pronounced, but that's what he was always like. You were too blinkered before now.

LUCIFER

Then it is you who have helped me see the light. I am eternally in your debt.

He clambers down onto his knees, looking deep into her eyes. Almost pleading. Desperate.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

Tell me...who am I?

Modesty can only blink back at him, her mind reeling at the sudden change in power dynamics.

MODESTY

I can't tell you.

Lucifer sighs, downcast.

MODESTY (CONT'D)

...but I promise I'll do my best to help you find out for yourself. If you help us escape.

LUCIFER

How can I...?

MODESTY

I don't know yet. I'll figure out a way. I'll let you know when the time comes.

She breaks away from his grasp, escaping out of the chair, making for the door.

MODESTY (CONT'D)

Trust me.

And with that, she exits, leaving Lucifer on the ground, still kneeling, watching after her.

INT. BARRACKS - DAY

Willie and Steve enter this dusty building, filled with rows of empty bunk-beds.

As they move through the room, they find some of the beds occupied by seemingly comatose figures.

STEVE

Who are these people?

WILLIE

If I was guessing, I'd say they're the original archaeologists.

Steve looks at them more carefully, concern etched across his face. He pauses in front of one of them, a MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN, who's pallid and barely breathing.

STEVE

Any idea what's wrong with them?

WILLIE

You're the doctor. You tell me.

STEVE

Looks like some sort of induced coma, but...

WILLIE

The gas. They've been here a while. Must have been subjected to it a few times.

STEVE

A mindless workforce...

Shuddering, he looks along the beds at the rest of the former archaeological team, pity in his eyes.

A COUGH from the far side of the room JOLTS him out of his reverie, and both he and Willie follow the sound, finding someone sitting on the end of her bed, alone.

DIANA PILGRIM.

Hearing them approach, she shakes her head vigorously, raising a warning finger.

DIANA

Not again. Not today.

STEVE

You sure about that?

She SNAPS her head round, her mouth open in shock.

DIANA  
Steve? That you?

She reaches out with a hand, which Steve clasps warmly.

STEVE  
Yes. I'm here. I'm sorry, I didn't  
mean to abandon you, but...

DIANA  
She made you?

STEVE  
Er, yes.

DIANA  
Why follow her?

STEVE  
Because it keeps me alive.

DIANA  
(slight smile)  
That sounds like something Willie  
would say.

WILLIE  
True. It does.

Stunned, Diana reels back, before JUMPING immediately to her feet, arms extended, hoping - and Willie takes her into a huge hug, nuzzling her neck affectionately.

WILLIE (CONT'D)  
'Ello, Di, love. Been a while.

DIANA  
You don't say. I thought you  
were...

WILLIE  
Nah. Takes a lot to kill me.

DIANA  
But I heard...everyone was saying  
that Modesty killed you...

WILLIE  
All part of the Princess' plan.  
Should know that by now.

DIANA  
And this? Is this part of her plan?  
She here?

MODESTY (O.S.)

Yes.

Willie and Steve turn to find Modesty striding towards them, determined, intense, full of purpose.

DIANA

So...are we getting out of here, then?

Again, everyone looks to Modesty, who can only shake her head in response.

STEVE

Sorry, Diana. We've, er, been captured again.

DIANA

Huh. Happens to you guys a lot, doesn't it?

WILLIE

Looks like it.

Gently, Modesty taps Willie on the shoulder, and he steps aside, giving Modesty access to Diana.

MODESTY

(sotto voce)

Listen, I'm sorry about...

DIANA

Forget about it. We've got more important stuff to deal with right now.

Piece said, she sits down on the bed, leaving Modesty looking pretty impressed in her wake.

WILLIE

How are we doing plan-wise, then, Princess?

STEVE

I'd have thought "escape" would be top of the agenda, am I right?

MODESTY

I think Willie's looking for something a little more specific than that, Steve darling.

She begins to stroke her chin, her mind working overtime.

MODESTY (CONT'D)

But to answer your question, no, I haven't as yet.

(MORE)

MODESTY (CONT'D)

We might have an ace in the hole,  
but now's not the time to play it.

(beat)

Ideally, I'd like to spend a couple  
of days getting the lay of the  
land, working out how things run.

(to Diana)

Have we got time to spare, Diana?

DIANA

(shrugs)

Should do. Things aren't working  
out for Seth right now. He's  
getting desperate. Probably why he  
kept you guys alive.

MODESTY

(nods)

Makes sense. Steve - you seem to  
have more sway with Seth than the  
rest of us. Do some gentle  
prodding, see what you can find  
out.

Steve just blinks back at her, unsure about being the centre  
of attention.

STEVE

And how do you propose I do that?

EXT. TENT - DAY

Seth and Steve sit together in deckchairs, covered by little  
more than an awning.

They overlook the complete dig site - a spectacular view of  
history being uncovered.

Seth takes a glass of a silver tray and offers it to Steve.

SETH

Mint tea?

STEVE

Thank-you.

He takes the proffered tea, as Seth picks up a glass of his  
own and begins to drink.

Steve has a small sip, and screws up his face. Not impressed.

SETH

Not to your liking?

STEVE

I'm not much of a tea-drinker, I'm  
afraid.

SETH  
Pity. This is the best drink for  
these climates.

STEVE  
Well, if there's nothing else...

Seth takes another sip, nodding towards the dig.

SETH  
Impressive, isn't it?

STEVE  
Yes.

His eyes wander over to a machine - what we caught a glimpse  
of before, but now uncovered.

It looks like a cage, big enough for a man, or possibly two.  
Spherical, technical, and with a great big gun pointing from  
one end.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
I'm most interested by that.

SETH  
(follows his gaze)  
Oh, yes. Our ultimate tool. Built  
with your assistance. That will  
help us find the real treasure  
within.

STEVE  
So why bother with the rest?

Close by, there's a couple of separate mini dig-sites, manned  
by a few workers, guarded by some of Seth's men.

SETH  
Several reasons. There are many  
more treasures scattered around  
this area. Most will be close to  
the surface. Also, there's the off-  
chance that our real prize may be  
found by one of these teams.  
(dark)  
But mainly? To break their morale.

With a terrible smirk, he DOWNS the rest of his glass,  
causing a horrified Steve to merely stare in disgust.

EXT. DIG SITE A - DAY

Modesty stands, arms folded, over a pit, facing Schultz,  
who's leaning on his sword.

SCHULTZ

Dig.

MODESTY

You haven't given me a shovel.

SCHULTZ

You don't need one. Use your hands.

Modesty advances towards him, her eyes narrowed...

SMACK!

A backhand SLAP from Schultz sends Modesty TUMBLING down into the pit.

She ROLLS back up into a crouch - to find Schultz's sword inches from her face!

SCHULTZ (CONT'D)

Dig.

Defeated, Modesty SIGHS, COUGHING up some sand in the process. She BURIES her hands in the ground.

EXT. DIG SITE B - SAME TIME

As Willie SCRABBLES away with his hands in the sand, uncovering a large STONE BLOCK.

Backing away, Willie BUMPS into the towering figure of Delicata, who looks between Willie and the block.

DELICATA

What are you doing, Garvin? Running away?

WILLIE

You can't expect me to lift that.

DELICATA

Can't I?

He stares daggers at Willie, who returns the glare with equal intensity and grit.

WILLIE

No. It's too bloody heavy, any idiot can see that.

Delicata merely smirks, before striding over to the block. He places his hands around it, getting a feel for the weight.

Then, with a bit of effort - he LIFTS the huge block HIGH in the air!

He walks back over to Willie, still carrying the block - but then his grin turns cruel.

DELICATA

You know what? You might be right.  
This is a little...

And he DROPS the block - right on Willie's FOOT!

DELICATA (CONT'D)

...heavy.

Willie GROWLS in pain - but Delicata drowns out the sound with his own raucous LAUGHTER.

INT. BARRACKS - NIGHT

Modesty and Willie sit side-by-side on one of the beds. Their clothes are dirty and torn, their hair matted, their skin glistening with sweat. They've been here a while now.

Willie's busy tying a bandage over the end of one of his feet - a quick glimpse of the skin underneath reveals it as a nasty shade of black.

Steve approaches the pair - by contrast, he looks no different from when we last saw him.

STEVE

Still nothing. She's tired out,  
poor girl.

MODESTY

There shouldn't be any results if  
Lucifer's listening to me.

STEVE

How did you get so much sway with  
him, anyway?

MODESTY

My feminine wiles. They come in  
handy on occasion.

She shares a sly smile with Willie, which only irritates Steve.

STEVE

So, this is it? We're just going to  
keep on stalling for time?

All sense of humour drains from Modesty's face.

MODESTY

No. I don't know about anybody  
else, but I've had enough of that  
sneering Schultz.

WILLIE

Yeah. If Delicata keeps on the way  
he is, I'll run out of body bits  
before too long.

STEVE

And I've had enough of Seth's  
bloody mint tea.

(beat)

Granted, it's not quite on the same  
level.

MODESTY

(ignoring him)

We've been on the back foot for too  
long. Now's the time to do  
something about it.

(wondering)

Though I'm sure there's something  
I'm missing...

WILLIE

Now you come to mention it, there's  
definitely summat. But I can't put  
my finger on it either.

But Modesty's attention is elsewhere - her eyeline has landed  
on a slightly raised section of the stone floor.

MODESTY

What's that?

STEVE

Oh, probably some drainage system,  
or something.

Fascinated, Modesty and Willie leap off the bed and rush over  
to the section of floor, although Willie lags behind, limping  
a bit.

Upon reaching the section, he grasps it with both hands,  
PULLING it away - revealing a narrow vertical tunnel.

MODESTY

Well-preserved sewage system. God  
bless the Romans.

Without further ado, Modesty quickly WHIPS off her shirt, and  
throws it at a stunned Steve.

STEVE

What are you doing?

MODESTY

We don't know how narrow or dirty  
it is down there. Clothes could get  
filthy or snagged.

STEVE  
But so could you!

MODESTY  
It'll wash off skin. Safer this  
way.

She kicks off her shoes and trousers, leaving herself standing in just her underwear.

With a nod and a wink to Willie, she steps into the tunnel, almost dropping out of eyesight immediately.

MODESTY (CONT'D)  
Looks like it goes on for quite a  
way. If I'm not back in an hour,  
panic.

And with that, she VANISHES, diving into the abyss.

INT. DRAINAGE CHANNEL - CONTINUOUS

Cramped, narrow and dark. Modesty can just about make her way through, CRAWLING forwards on her hands and knees, her eyes trained upward.

As she progresses, we hear the occasional SPLISH-SPLASH of standing water, and then a HISS of pain.

A stream of BLOOD trickles out from Modesty's hip - she's caught it on one of the walls.

Pushing on, Modesty finds a faint BREEZE blowing her hair. Looking up, there's a shaft of light from above.

Modesty quickly PUSHES the roof - which comes loose - it's another tile.

EXT. DIG SITE - CONTINUOUS

Modesty's head PEEKS out from underneath the raised floor-tile, glancing around furtively.

This is an area we haven't seen before - the back entrance. Bulldozers, cranes, Land Rovers, crates, even a TANK!

Boxes are being carted backwards and forwards by some of Seth's men, overseen by Skeet, who's busy smoking.

Modesty takes all this in, before lowering the tile, once more slipping down into the depths.

INT. BARRACKS - LATER

Willie and Steve crouch over the loose stone, waiting for Modesty to reappear.

Giving up, Steve turns away, kicking at the ground.

STEVE

She shouldn't have gone down there alone. Anything could have happened. And what if someone found her?

With a sigh, Willie joins Steve, placing a reassuring hand on his shoulder.

WILLIE

Don't worry, mate. The Princess can slip in and out of places without anyone seeing.

MODESTY (O.S)

I certainly can.

Spinning around, Willie and Steve find Modesty standing over the raised floor-tile.

She's drenched, dirty, but wearing a quirky grin. Steve's attention is automatically drawn to her wounded thigh.

STEVE

Are you all right?

MODESTY

Fine. Nothing a good shower won't fix.

(sniffs)

A very good shower.

WILLIE

Did you find anything?

MODESTY

Yes. It comes out near a parking bay of some sort. Plenty of transport there.

STEVE

How wide is the tunnel?

MODESTY

Almost not wide enough.

STEVE

(stroking his chin in thought)

Well, Diana's slimmer than you are.

(MORE)

STEVE (CONT'D)  
Perhaps you two should use that  
route, and we'll find our own way.

Modesty and Willie both look at him in surprise, then at each other. Willie shakes his head.

WILLIE  
He's got balls, I'll give him that.

MODESTY  
(shakes her head)  
No, Steve. No-one's being left  
behind. Not this time.

She sets off, heading for the door.

MODESTY (CONT'D)  
Willie, walk with me.

Obligingly, Willie falls into stride with Modesty, and they begin speaking in hushed tones, leaving Steve alone.

STEVE  
You're cutting me out of your plans  
again?

With a deep sigh, Modesty turns back to face Steve.

MODESTY  
Yes. But it's for the greater good,  
trust me.

STEVE  
Can I just say that I'm not keen on  
this? I'd like to be kept informed  
from now on.

MODESTY  
You won't have to. One way or the  
other, this is our final plan.

And with that, she resumes her hushed conversation with Willie, leaving an awkward Steve to stare at the ground in deep thought.

EXT. DIG SITE A - DAY

Modesty's scrambling around in the sand, digging frantically with her hands, all under the watchful eye, and sword, of Schultz.

Unbeknownst to Schultz, Modesty has started to gather together a pile of sand in her hand.

Suddenly, she SNAPS around - FLINGING the ball of sand into Schultz's face!

CRACK! Modesty KICKS the sword out of Schultz's hand - sending it FLYING out of reach!

She adopts a classic martial-arts pose, BECKONING him on...

Schultz LUNGES in clumsily - and Modesty calmly SWIPES his fist away, before KARATE-CHOPPING him to the ground!

Landing with a BUMP, Schultz finds his sword within his grasp - he REACHES for it...

Modesty approaches Schultz - as he TURNS over, pointing his sword right under her chin!

A hand ROUGHLY pushes the sword away - Schultz looks up to find Delicata stood over him.

DELICATA

What the hell you doing?

Schultz scrambles back up to his feet, still fired up with anger and hatred.

SCHULTZ

She provoked me! Pushed me too far.  
Let me finish her.

DELICATA

The boss man won't like it.

SCHULTZ

To hell with him. I should run her  
through where she stands.

Delicata looks over at Modesty for a moment - a cruel glint in his eye.

DELICATA

Sorry, sweetheart. The man needs  
his fun.

Grinning terrifyingly, Schultz steps forward slowly, wafting his sword, picking his spot...

LUCIFER (V.O.)

NOOOOOOOOOOO!

Out of seemingly nowhere, the huge figure of LUCIFER CRASHES into Schultz - sending the lithe German FLYING through the air!

Hurrying in Lucifer's wake are Seth, Steve, and a number of guards, concern on their faces.

SETH

Lucifer! Desist immediately!

LUCIFER

No. He was going to kill my prize.

SETH

She has been difficult lately.  
Unwilling to adhere to the  
guidelines we laid down.

LUCIFER

But that is not punishable by  
death!

Sighing, Seth looks over at Delicata, who shakes his head.

SETH

What punishment would you suggest?

Lucifer BLINKS, before slowly turning to face Modesty. Their eyes make contact for a split-second, before Lucifer turns back to face the others.

LUCIFER

Like before. A duel.

SETH

Hmmm...fair enough. Bring Garvin.

Schultz has made his way back over to the group by this point, and he's not liking the sound of this.

SCHULTZ

No! I want the honour of killing  
her.

DELICATA

Yeah, and I want Garvin.

Seth strokes his chin, thinking this through.

SETH

Fine. The men could do with some  
entertainment anyway.  
(checks his watch)  
It's eleven o'clock now. Let's meet  
at two in the amphitheatre, where  
Schultz can impress us with his  
display of swordsmanship.

And with that, he NODS once at Schultz, who allows himself the luxury of a small smile.

CLOSE on Modesty, standing alone, the desert behind her. She steels herself, balling her hands into fists by her side.

EXT. AMPHITHEATRE - DAY

ON Modesty, standing alone, staring ahead - her face frozen in a mask of concentration.

At her feet lies a fencing sword - a rapier, gleaming in the afternoon sun.

PAN AROUND Modesty to take in the full spectacle of the amphitheatre - rows and rows of well-preserved stone seats circling her, entrapping her.

On the terraces sit the entire party - the archaeologists, watching events in a drugged-up daze; Seth's men, armed and spoiling for a fight; Willie, flanked by Steve and Diana, looking tense.

Right at the front sit the top table - Seth, Regina, Delicata and Lucifer. All relishing the prospect ahead.

A LOUD burst of APPLAUSE heralds the entrance of the second combatant - Schultz.

As he walks through the arena, we see that he is kitted out like a gladiator of old - helmet, breastplate, armour.

MODESTY

Oh, that's just not fair.

She throws a half-hearted hopeful glance at Seth, who merely nods his approval.

Bending down, Modesty picks up her sword, tests its weight, and points it right at Schultz.

SETH

En garde.

Quick as a flash, Modesty turns her blade on herself - SLASHING her own top - baring her chest!

A great GASP goes up from the crowd as Modesty unleashes a wicked smile at the stunned Schultz.

MODESTY

(indicating)

Let's see how good you are aiming for multiple targets.

Schultz is rooted to the spot, transfixed. Modesty uses this to her advantage.

She rushes him, SWIPING with her sword - but Schultz's reflexes kick in, and he BLOCKS it expertly.

Unfazed, Modesty tries a backhand SWEEP - but once again Schultz is equal to it!

And then it's his turn to take the initiative - he LUNGES forward, causing Modesty to hurriedly BLOCK.

But now the tide has turned - Schultz, settling into a rhythm, produces expert move after expert move - PARRY, LUNGE, SWIPE, PARRY...

Modesty backpedals faster and faster, her blocks only just diverting away Schultz's blade - her technique ragged.

The Schultz onslaught continues - he's enjoying this, launching into his full repertoire. Confidence coursing out of him, he even plants one hand on his hip, traditional fencing style.

Still very much on the retreat, Modesty skips back and back - until her feet SKID out from under her on the sand!

She lands on the ground, her sword bouncing out of her grasp.

Taking his chance, Schultz LEAPS into the air, going for the big finish...

SCHULTZ

Et la!

Down comes his sword - but it only hits air! Modesty managed to ROLL away at the very last second!

Grabbing her sword, Modesty jumps to her feet, just as a snarling Schultz WHIRLS around, sword ahead of him!

Ducking away, we fall back into a similar pattern as before, with Schultz on the offensive, Modesty the back foot.

In the crowd, Steve NUDGES Willie.

STEVE

How good a fencer is Modesty?

WILLIE

Nowhere near good enough. She can't win it this way.

(to himself)

Come on, Princess, figure it out.

Steve, nervous, CLASPS hold of Diana's hand tightly.

Back on the arena floor, Schultz is continuing to stalk Modesty with his sword, pushing her around like a puppet on a string.

It's only a matter of time before Modesty makes another mistake...and sure enough, she FALLS again!

This time, there's no messing around from Schultz. He's over her immediately, sword ready for the killing blow...

The crowd FALLS SILENT, expecting the inevitable...

Sword poised, Schultz LOOMS over Modesty - but then Modesty REARS up, SPITTING at Schultz's head!

Momentarily disorientated, Schultz wavers - and Modesty SCRAMBLES up, placing her head in his chest and DRIVING him forward like a marauding bull!

Bending down, Modesty SCOOPS up her fallen sword, breaking away from Schultz.

Before he has chance to resume his poise, Modesty SLAPS him around the head with the flat part of the blade, before KICKING him in the stomach, and then DROP-KICKING him across the arena!

In the crowd, Steve sits up, impressed.

STEVE  
What's she doing?

WILLIE  
(smiling)  
Using her noggin.

Schultz takes a moment, recuperating a little - before CHARGING in - technique lost in the adrenaline rush.

Modesty calmly BLOCKS the attack with her sword, before ELBOWING Schultz viciously in the midriff.

As he STAGGERS backward, Modesty PLANTS her sword in the ground, using it as a lever.

Grabbing hold of the sword, she WHIRLS around - KICKING Schultz HARD - sending him FLYING!

Smiling, Modesty JUMPS off the sword, KICKING it up with one foot and back into her hand.

MODESTY  
Now you're in a fight, sir.

Snarling, Schultz ADVANCES once more. He LUNGES, but Modesty BLOCKS neatly.

Schultz isn't for giving up, though - he pulls a great move, TWISTING Modesty's sword out of her hands!

The tide's turned once again!

As Schultz steadily walks toward Modesty, sword drawn, Modesty closes her eyes, whispering to herself.

Then - she DASHES towards Schultz, taking him by surprise!

He brings his sword up to bear - catching Modesty on the side, immediately drawing BLOOD!

But Modesty doesn't care - she CLINGS onto his sword-arm with both her hands, steadily PULLING it back towards her...

Then - with all her might and a SCREAM of adrenaline - she FORCES the sword upwards!

Right under Schultz's unprotected chin - and DRIVEN further up still!

Blood FOUNTAINS upward in a sickening SPLURGE.

Schultz WOBBLER as the sword SLICES through - and then he SLUMPS to the floor, a BLOODY MESS.

In his fallen wake is Modesty, bent over, clutching her side, clearly in pain.

She begins to STAGGER around the arena, her movements uncoordinated, her breathing ragged.

Panicking, Steve gets to his feet.

STEVE

Modesty!

An arm SNAKES around his throat, TIGHTENING.

WILLIE

(vicious whisper)

Move a muscle, and I'll break your neck. Got it?

Steve's too terrified even to nod.

Modesty, meanwhile, continues to wander around the arena, clumsily moving towards where Seth and the others sit.

Her hand, clasped to her side, is doing little to staunch the wound - blood is seeping through nastily.

Watching this, an excited Regina turns to her husband, showing him her thumb.

REGINA

Can I do the old...

She WAGGLES her thumb, and Seth, amused, nods.

REGINA (CONT'D)

Goody!

And with that, Regina begins to SUCK her thumb, almost like a child, enjoying the moment.

Modesty, meanwhile, has reached Seth - and COLLAPSES over his lap, arms FLAILING, utterly exhausted.

As she LAPSES out of consciousness, Seth turns to his wife, eyebrow raised.

Giggling, Regina keeps her thumb in her mouth still - drawing out the moment.

She's just about to draw out her thumb when...

A huge hand SMOTHERS it.

Lucifer's.

LUCIFER

No.

(answering Seth's wordless question)

Modesty has once again proven her worth in a trial. You should honour her word.

Seth looks about to protest, but Lucifer's eyes are smouldering.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

It would not be wise to displease me, so near to your eventual goal.

Seth considers this for a moment, before relenting.

SETH

Agreed.

(to Delicata)

Get her to the medical people.

As a disgruntled Delicata PICKS up Modesty, SLINGING her over his shoulder and carrying her away, Lucifer faces Seth once more.

LUCIFER

I am ready.

SETH

What?

LUCIFER

Ready to find what you are looking for.

SETH

(evil grin)

Really?

EXT. DIG SITE - DAY

Lucifer walks alongside Seth and Regina, marching ahead of a gaggle of guards - Steve and Diana bringing up the rear.

Steve gives Diana's hand a little SQUEEZE.

STEVE

Are you sure you'll be all right?

DIANA

Like I said the seventy-seven other times you asked - if I'm not, you'll sure know about it.

STEVE

(mock affronted)

Excuse me for...

DIANA

Caring? Nah, I like it, really. It's sweet.

Steve places his hands over his heart in horror.

STEVE

Oh, take that back!

DIANA

Too bad. You're stuck with it.

She taps him lightly on the cheek and steps forward, towards the cage.

Anxiously, Steve moves to one side, finding himself next to Seth and Regina, who are watching the cage, transfixed.

The cage, in all its glory, is a horrifying contraption, like a cross between a hamster's wheel and a centrifuge.

Lucifer steps towards it, taking hold of Diana's hand and gently guiding her in, before climbing in himself.

He pulls the cage door behind him, then GRABS hold of Diana in the crux of one bicep, pulling her in close.

As the cage starts to ROTATE on its axis, Diana and Lucifer find themselves pressed quite tightly together.

DIANA (CONT'D)

(whispering in Lucifer's ear)

You know what to do?

LUCIFER

(whispering also)

Of course. It is a simple task.

DIANA

Is there any way you could sound  
any more arrogant?

Lucifer just blinks, foiled by the sarcasm. The cage  
continues to TURN, moving faster now.

LUCIFER

You have no need for concern.  
Modesty values you highly, so I  
shall keep you safe.

DIANA

Even someone with my "defect"?

LUCIFER

I apologise for that. My reasoning  
must have been..."defective"?

A faint smile appears on his lips - but it's quickly lost as  
the cage begins to reach MAXIMUM speed!

Now TURNING and ROLLING, both horizontally and vertically,  
the cage is gathering speed and momentum!

ELECTRIC sparks start to SURGE off it - a LIGHTNING STORM of  
pure ENERGY!

Seth's eyes start to widen, an excited timbre in his voice.

SETH

It's working...

Over and over the cage TUMBLES, SPINNING, SWERVING,  
ROTATING...

Lucifer's hand stretches out, GRIPPING hold of a lever,  
TWISTING it sharply...

The gun-barrel attached to the cage begins to MOVE in  
accordance with Lucifer's actions.

It POINTS at a largely untouched stretch of desert - and then  
Lucifer SQUEEZES the trigger!

A BEAM of WHITE-HOT ENERGY SURGES from the gun-barrel -  
BURNING a great SMOULDERING X in the sand!

Job done, the cage begins to power down, its speed slowing,  
the electricity fading.

But the energy is now in Seth, seemingly, as he excitedly  
grabs hold of Regina, planting a KISS on her lips!

SETH (CONT'D)

We've found it! Finally!

He points at several of his men in a blur of movement.

SETH (CONT'D)  
Bring the bulldozers! Get the  
equipment! Time to uncover the lost  
treasure of the ages!

Regina's still reeling from the sudden burst of excitement  
from her husband, but she's revelling in it, all a-quiver.

Gripping hold of her hand, Seth PULLS her along with him, as  
he SPRINTS toward the X - belying his age with his enthusiasm  
and exuberance!

Steve remains where he is, now a solitary figure, watching as  
the cage reaches a halt.

The door opens, and Lucifer STAGGERS out, looking drained,  
almost weak.

But Steve's not concerned about him - he's more worried about  
Diana - who TOPPLES out of the cage, COLLAPSING face-first on  
the sand!

Rushing to her, Steve begins to feel for her pulse - and  
starts to panic!

He listens to her chest, going through the motions in a fit  
of worry.

Screwing up his courage, he takes a DEEP BREATH, giving her a  
KISS OF LIFE!

He rears back, hoping for some effect - and none is  
forthcoming. His face falls, until...

She suddenly BREATHEs a DEEP BREATH herself!

Her eyes FLUTTER open, meeting Steve's anxious gaze.

DIANA  
Don't do that again. Sneaking up on  
a blind girl. Could give me a heart-  
attack!

Together, they break out in LAUGHTER. Relief flooding out.

INT. BARRACKS - LATER

Steve guides a still-weak Diana through the barracks towards  
her bed - but hesitates when he finds Modesty and Willie  
hunched over one of the bunks.

Modesty looks quite pale and drawn, her hand clamping some  
thick bandages to her wound.

STEVE  
I thought Seth sent you to the  
medical people?

MODESTY

He did, but I killed the best  
medic, didn't I?

(nods at her bandages)

They gave me these and told me to  
clear off. Somehow, I don't think  
they're that concerned about my  
well-being...

STEVE

What can I do?

MODESTY

(waves a hand at Diana)

Look after your patient. I'll be  
fine, I've had worse.

Steve's a little uncomfortable at that, but he obeys  
Modesty's wishes, taking Diana to her bed.

Upon his return, Steve squints at what Willie's doing. He's  
scrawling with a pen on the bedsheets, a small notebook open  
in one hand.

STEVE

What's he doing that for?

WILLIE

Practice. Keeping me hand in the  
old forgery game.

STEVE

Why?

MODESTY

You sure you don't recognise that  
notebook, Steve?

Confused, Steve looks at the book again - and then his eyes  
widen in realisation.

STEVE

But...he wouldn't let that out of  
his sight. How did you get hold of  
it?

WILLIE

Whole point of the caper.

Modesty, realising Steve's lost at sea again, beckons him  
over with a warm smile.

MODESTY

Willie's right. That whole fight  
with Schultz was engineered so I  
could get close enough to Seth.

EXT. AMPHITHEATRE - FLASHBACK

As Modesty FALLS into Seth's lap - her arms FLAILING...

...as one of her HANDS enters into his jacket, retrieving the notepad, quickly dropping it down her waistband.

INT. BARRACKS - CONTINUOUS

As before.

Steve's got a hand to his chin, pondering - then he points at Willie, who's still busy writing.

STEVE

That's why you throttled me!

WILLIE

Yep. You nearly blew the whole gaffe with that little stunt.

Steve takes a few steps back, his face becoming quite pale as realisation strikes.

STEVE

Christ. I'm really not cut out for this, am I?

Modesty gives him a reassuring, sympathetic look, before gesturing towards Diana.

MODESTY

Maybe not. But you look after your end of the bargain, and let us handle ours.

Nodding, Steve accepts this, heading over to Diana, leaving Modesty and Willie alone.

Modesty looks over at Willie as he takes his pen away with a look of pride.

WILLIE

There. Near as dammit.

Modesty looks between Willie's writing on the sheet, and Seth's handwritten notes dubiously.

MODESTY

(playfully)  
You sure?

WILLIE

Not my fault if he writes like a spider doing a waltz, is it?

MODESTY

Only kidding. Those will be fine.

WILLIE

(pointing to his earlier  
attempts)

Better than them ones, at any rate.

MODESTY

It'll do. We're only talking about  
a quick glance, anyway.

WILLIE

Right. I'll get it done and get out  
there.

He slowly takes his pen to the notepad, gently adding new  
lines of notes, under Modesty's approving gaze.

EXT. DIG SITE - EVENING

Skeet leans against the wall of one of the buildings,  
absently watching the sun set over the excavations.

He produces a battered pack of cigarettes and a lighter,  
lighting up.

WILLIE (O.S.)

Now there's an idea. Wouldn't mind  
one of them meself.

Skeet quickly turns to find Willie alongside him, hand out,  
expectant look on his face.

Shaking his head, Skeet gives Willie a cigarette, lighting it  
for him.

SKEET

You have some nerve, you know that?

Willie chuckles, blowing smoke into the air.

WILLIE

Bit rich, coming from you.

SKEET

(shrugs)

I do what I'm paid to do.

WILLIE

And how much are you getting paid?

SKEET

Enough.

Reaching into his pocket, Willie produces Seth's notepad,  
flicking it open to the last page.

He hands it over to Skeet, who looks at it dubiously.

WILLIE  
Enough to cover this?

Skeet quickly glances at the notes - and his eyes widen.

SKEET  
How did you get hold of this?

WILLIE  
Ways and means. Question still stands.

SKEET  
(gulps)  
I didn't expect...

WILLIE  
You should have done, working with Delicata and his mob. Only way you get out is in a wooden box.

He takes the notepad out of the suddenly-pale shaking hands of Skeet, pocketing it.

WILLIE (CONT'D)  
Now we can make you a deal. We'll double what Seth's paying you, and you get out of here with your skin intact.

SKEET  
Seth isn't the one who's paying me.

WILLIE  
(eyes narrow)  
Even so...

ON Skeet, as he takes this in, debating. Eventually, he nods, throwing his cigarette away, crushing it with his foot.

EXT. OUTSIDE BARRACKS - NIGHT

ON one of Seth's men, standing guard outside the barracks along with a partner.

He stubs out his cigarette on the ground - before spying a huge foot right next to it.

Looking up, he finds the imposing figure of Lucifer in front of him.

Lucifer BEAMS at the guard, before unleashing a vicious PUNCH to the face, sending the guard sprawling.

The other guard reaches for his gun - but Lucifer's too quick - he grabs the gun first and BENDS the barrel!

Almost casually, he SHOVES the guard into the wall of the barracks, knocking him out cold.

Lucifer then carefully KNOCKS twice on the door - and Willie steps through, admiring Lucifer's handiwork.

WILLIE

You're pretty blimmin' good at this, you know.

He looks up to find Lucifer holding out the bent-out-of-shape gun. Taking it off him, Willie turns it around in his hands.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

This is neither use nor ornament.

He throws it over his shoulder, preferring instead to search the first guard, withdrawing his gun.

Steve and Diana emerge from the barracks, Steve guiding her with care.

Willie taps Steve on the shoulder, offering him the gun.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

You any good with one of these?

STEVE

Not really.

WILLIE

Well now's the time to get some practice in.

He pushes the gun into Steve's hands, but Diana strokes him on said hand, smiling a little.

DIANA

Don't worry, I'll help.

STEVE

(gently)  
But you can't see...

DIANA

Neither can you now it's dark. I'll do what I can.

Impressed, and a little embarrassed, Steve taps Diana on the hand in respect. Willie watches this with some amusement.

WILLIE

Right. Well, you two, follow...

LUCIFER  
(stepping forward)  
Lucifer.

WILLIE  
Yeah, I can't call you that. Me old  
mum would have my guts for garters.

He gestures between Steve, Diana and Lucifer.

WILLIE (CONT'D)  
You lot follow Lucy here, I'll  
round up the stragglers.

As he says this, the archaeological team appear in the doorway, looking around in a daze.

Willie pops his head around the door-frame, finding Modesty stood over the entrance to the drainage channels.

If anything, she looks worse than when we last saw her - pale, shivering - but defiant.

MODESTY  
I'll catch you up.

Willie nods once, firmly, before turning his attention to the assembled archaeologists.

WILLIE  
Come on! Chop-chop! Look lively!

EXT. AIRSTRIP - NIGHT

Skeet's plane stands on the runway - Skeet himself dangling out of it, spanner in his mouth.

The group of escapees approach the plane tentatively - Lucifer and Diana in front - the latter holding onto Steve to guide her. Or maybe the other way round.

DIANA  
Shh!

She stops dead - holding up her hand. Tilting her head to one side, she lets out a low clicking sound with her tongue...

Then silence. Tension running high.

Diana taps Steve on the hand, which he brings up, revealing the gun inside.

Together, they lift up the gun, with Diana pushing Steve's hand towards one side of the plane.

BANG!

Steve FIRES the gun - but he moves his hand at the last minute - shaking its aim off!

The bullet WHIZZES into the metal of the plane, BOUNCING off at an odd angle...

...and catching a nearby guard in the chest!

Steve whispers in Diana's ear.

STEVE

Told you I was no good.

DIANA

Didn't you get him?

STEVE

Not the one I was aiming for...

Another guard steps into the light, gun drawn, looking for the hidden attackers.

CRACK!

From out of nowhere, Lucifer appears, disarming the guard instantly.

The guard tries to throw a punch - but Lucifer brushes it away with ease, before HEADBUTTING the guard violently!

Staggering backwards, the guard's powerless to prevent Lucifer from SLAMMING a fist into him, knocking him out!

As if on cue, Steve and Diana head towards the plane, the assorted others in tow.

Skeet jumps down upon seeing them, helping them into the plane, chewing his gum frantically.

SKEET

Hurry up, Dodge is about to turn nasty...

The group CLAMBER inside, one-by-one.

SKEET (CONT'D)

Sit on whatever you can find...  
(looks inside)  
Not that.

Everyone aboard, Skeet leaps in, pulling the door closed behind him.

And that's when we see Lucifer, standing alone on the runway, looking around in desperation.

LUCIFER

Modesty?

(under his breath)

Seth...what have you done with her?

He clenches his hands into fists and STORMS off the runway, a man on a mission.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

A veritable treasure trove, stretching for as far as the eye can see.

Jewels and ornaments in all shapes and sizes, radiating wealth, tremendous expense, and beauty.

And gold. Everywhere, the glint of gold.

Seth stands amidst it all, a manic grin on his face and wonder in his eyes, like all his Christmases have come at once.

Behind him, Regina is going through the treasure, adorning herself in necklaces and jewellery, modelling, pouting and loving every second of it.

Delicata watches all this with a cold eye, though even he lets out a low whistle upon seeing the scale of the place.

Then - there's a THUD from O.S., followed by a BUMP!

Delicata SWIVELS round - to see Lucifer MARCHING into the cave, determination etched on his face.

He's BREEZING through the guards - WRENCHING the gun off one, CLOBBERING him with it, then SPINNING to SLAM the barrel into the cheek of another...

Nothing and no-one can stop his progress - he knows everyone's attack before it happens.

THUD. WHACK. CRUNCH!

He SWIVELS, aiming a perfect KICK at one guard's groin - then HEADBUTTS him - sending him reeling backward, right into another guard behind!

With a GROWL, Delicata RUSHES to face Lucifer - but the younger man DUCKS the FLAILING fist...

He then LASHES out with a KICK to Delicata's kidneys - and a hard KNEE to the stomach sends Delicata staggering backwards...

Delicata THROWS a kick with his leading leg - but Lucifer CATCHES it, and TWISTS - sending Delicata CRASHING into a cave wall!

Unimpeded now, Lucifer marches straight through the cave, closing in on Seth, who TURNS in shock!

Extending a hand, Lucifer GRABS hold of Seth by the throat, HOISTING him into the air as if he was weightless!

LUCIFER  
Where's Modesty?

Seth shakes his head, starting to CHOKE.

SETH  
I...don't...know...

LUCIFER  
Liar!

He THROWS Seth clean across the cave - sending him CRUNCHING into a wall!

Regina, watching all this, lets out a SCREAM of horror, before reaching into her handbag...

But nothing's stopping Lucifer now - he strides over to Seth, LIFTING him up off the floor and SLAMMING him against the wall, over and over...

LUCIFER (CONT'D)  
You've been lying to me from the beginning. Using me. All for your own ends!  
(SLAM)  
Who are you?  
(HAMMER)  
Who am I?

BANG!

REGINA  
My ungrateful son.

Lucifer STAGGERS backwards - revealing Regina standing behind him, a small gun pointed right at him.

LUCIFER  
(gasping)  
A woman. Had to be.

Blood begins to pool through his chest. He touches it, confused and intrigued by the sticky substance.

And then he SLUMPS to the floor - the mighty has fallen.

Wiping away a tear, Regina hurries over to her husband, nursing him, comforting him.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - NIGHT

As Skeet's plane SKIMS along the runway, before LAUNCHING into the air with a RATTLE.

INT. PLANE - CONTINUOUS

Skeet is behind the controls in the cockpit, with Diana and Steve huddled together on a box alongside him.

Steve's sitting facing backwards into the rest of the cabin - and then something crosses his mind.

STEVE

Hang on a minute. Where's Modesty and Willie?

Skeet looks over at him sharply, making sure to keep a steady hand on the controls.

SKEET

What? They weren't with you?

STEVE

I must have forgotten to check in the crush.

(imploring)

Can we turn back?

SKEET

You having a laugh? I'm not going back there.

STEVE

But we can't just leave them!

SKEET

Yes, we can. And we are doing.

Steve's anger starts to rise - he puffs his cheeks out in annoyance, but Diana taps him gently on the hand.

DIANA

There's nothing we can do, Steve.

STEVE

But...

DIANA

They're better off without us. Isn't that what they've been trying to tell us the whole time?

STEVE

(nods)

I suppose.

He turns and looks out of the window, pondering, as we:  
MELT through the glass and TILT down...

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

As a Range Rover BOUNDS over the dunes, its headlights turned full, its speed reckless.

INT. RANGE ROVER - CONTINUOUS

Willie's behind the wheel, tense, eyes focused straight ahead. Modesty is slumped on the passenger seat next to him, her breathing ragged.

WILLIE

Come on...

He yanks the gear-stick, hammering the wheel in frustration, pushing the jeep to its limits.

Risking a glance at Modesty, he gives her a sympathetic look through gritted teeth.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

I'll get us out of this, Princess,  
I promise.

Modesty, barely conscious, doesn't acknowledge him.

EXT. DIG SITE - NIGHT

Seth and Delicata stand watch as several of the guards hoist up a treasure chest onto a waiting trailer.

The guards back away, their job done.

Seth peers inside the trailer - which has become a mobile treasure-house.

Nodding, he turns to Delicata.

SETH

We have what we came for.

Taking that as a sign, Delicata brings up a machine-gun, pointing it at the collected group of Seth's men.

DELICATA

Consider your employment  
terminated, fellas.

RAT-A-TAT-TAT!

Delicata unloads the magazine of the machine-gun, RIDDLING all of the guards with bullets.

The fire from the muzzle of the barrel lights up this macabre scene - it's a slaughter.

When he's done, Delicata looks with an air of satisfaction at his handiwork.

A pile of corpses.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

As the Range Rover crawls its way up a towering mesa, rolling up and over the horizon...

EXT. DESERT - DAY

...and making its way down another, now in the shining sun.

INT. RANGE ROVER - CONTINUOUS

Willie's still behind the wheel, drenched in sweat, SLAMMING his hands on the wheel.

Modesty, laid out on the passenger seat, is looking increasingly weak and drawn.

Suddenly, there's a COUGH from the engine!

WILLIE

No! You stupid bugger!

He WHACKS the dashboard, but it's to no avail - the fuel tank registers as EMPTY.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Bollocks.

Thinking fast, he KICKS open his side-door, then picks up Modesty in his arms and carries her out.

EXT. DESERT - CONTINUOUS

He places her gently on the ground as he digs around inside the Range Rover for a moment.

Finding a backpack, he slings it over his shoulder, before pulling off a water-flask and handing it to Modesty.

She weakly takes a couple of sips, before SPLASHING some on her hands and wiping her still-bleeding wound.

WILLIE

Come on, Princess. No rest for the wicked, eh?

He scoops her up in his arms and proceeds to march in the direction of yet more sand mesas - no end in sight.

TIME-LAPSE

To another part of the seemingly endless expanse - with Willie still half-carrying, half-dragging Modesty along.

Modesty lifts the water-flask to her lips - draining the last few drops.

The pair of them struggle on, weakened by the heat. Modesty is beginning to GASP, and Willie's tiring fast.

But suddenly - Willie freezes in place, his eyes locked on something on the horizon.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

(hoarse whisper)

Princess. Take a look. I don't trust my eyes at the minute.

With a struggle, Modesty lifts up her head, focusing as best she can on whatever it is that's caught Willie's attention.

Shimmering in the horizon is sanctuary - a caravanserai!

An Islamic desert fortress-cum-waystation from medieval times, complete with battlements, stone walls and towers.

Modesty's eyes widen in surprise, and her voice swells with hope.

MODESTY

I see it too.

WILLIE

(grins)

That clinches it. If I wasn't so bloody knackered, I'd be waving my shirt round my head and yelling "we're saved, we're saved!" right now...

The pair have a quiet chuckle, but Modesty's humour quickly drains away.

MODESTY

Unless we're seeing the same hallucination.

WILLIE

Don't. It's rough enough thinking  
as it is at the moment, let's keep  
anything we do think positive, eh?

With a painful shrug, Modesty nods, and Willie smiles,  
setting off towards the caravanserai with renewed energy.

EXT. DESERT - LATER

As a TANK TRUNDLES over the dunes, CRUSHING them under the  
weight of its tracks.

Attached to the tank is the treasure-trailer, being pulled  
along by a chain, BOUNCING on the uneven ground.

Delicata stands tall in the hatch of the tank, cigar in  
mouth, arrogance on his face, master of all he surveys.

Tossing away his used cigar, he ducks back through the hatch.

INT. TANK - CONTINUOUS

Seth is operating the controls as Delicata leaps down  
alongside him.

DELICATA

So...we did it.

SETH

Yes. I feel like a triumphant army  
parading the spoils of war through  
my empire.

Delicata peers through the viewer.

DELICATA

An empire of sand, huh?

Seth shoots him a frustrated sidelong glance.

SETH

You know full well what I meant.

DELICATA

And your army? Two people?

SETH

Two people could conquer the world,  
if they're the right people.

(looks around)

Which reminds me. Where is my wife?

DELICATA

You've just dug up billions of  
dollars' worth of gold and jewels,  
and you have to ask that question?

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The tank and trailer have come to a stop. Seth marches around to the doors to the trailer, followed by Delicata.

Seth takes a moment, then FLINGS open the trailer doors, stepping inside.

INT. TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

The trailer is piled high with crates, boxes and treasure-chests, though there is still the glint of the treasure within.

No sign of Regina, though.

SETH  
(desperate)  
Where is she?

Delicata starts to LAUGH as he marches into the trailer, heading for a treasure-chest.

With a lazy SHOVE, he throws open the lid...

...to reveal Regina inside - drowning in gold and jewels, her skin blue, suffocated.

She has gold coins in her eyes, and her mouth is prised open with jewels and diamonds.

It's a macabre sight, and one that brings Seth to his knees.

SETH (CONT'D)  
(throaty)  
No...

Delicata looks down on the grisly image, pleased with his handiwork.

SETH (CONT'D)  
Why?

DELICATA  
'Cos she was annoying.

SETH  
You bastard...

He jumps to his feet, rushing over to Delicata in a fit of fury - but Delicata just PUSHES him aside with ease.

DELICATA

'Course, it's depreciated the value  
of the goods, but I suppose we  
could run a colonic on her  
something.

(horrible grin)

Worth it for dramatic effect,  
though, huh?

Seth clenches and unclenches his fists, lost in a world of  
desperation and despair.

SETH

Why? Why did this happen? Tell me!

DELICATA

Uh-uh. You don't give the orders  
any more, remember?

(beat)

Plan always was that you ran things  
'til the treasure came topside,  
then it was my show.

SETH

But...

DELICATA

And I'm just tying up the loose  
ends. Her, you...

Reacting to this, Seth looks up, straight at Delicata - as  
the big man draws a gun from his waistband.

BANG! BANG!

Delicata shoots out Seth's kneecaps - causing him to topple  
to the floor in agony.

DELICATA (CONT'D)

Job and done.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

ON the trailer as it gets pulled through the desert by the  
tank - and we FOCUS on the doors...

...to find Seth's limp body NAILED to them - his clothes  
torn, his kneecaps bleeding.

Vultures CIRCLE around him - and as we watch, one SWOOPS down  
and in for the kill...

PUSH PAST the trailer to the tank, where Delicata is visible,  
head poking out through the hatch.

Suddenly, he YANKS the brakes hard!

He emerges fully from the hatch - his gaze locked on one thing, and one thing only.

The abandoned Range Rover - and a set of footprints leading away from it...

DELICATA

Jackpot...

EXT. CARAVANSERAI - DAY

The trail of footprints runs out at the foot of the towering structure, which looms majestically on the horizon.

INT. CARAVANSERAI COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Inside, there's a huge open-air courtyard, with several stairways leading off onto a higher level.

In the centre of the courtyard is a well, and Willie's working it now, pulling up a bucket of water.

As it reaches the lip of the well, Willie reaches in and dabbles some on his fingers, then tastes it.

Nodding, he unhooks the bucket, hoisting it over his shoulder.

He then strides across the courtyard towards one of the stairways and begins to climb.

INT. CARAVANSERAI ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A simple stone room, with an outside wall and a hole cut into it that acts as a window.

Modesty lies on the floor, tucked up in a carpet that doubles as a blanket.

Willie enters, carting in the bucket, along with his trusty backpack and a hookah.

Setting the hookah down, he gently nudges Modesty awake, showing her what he's found.

WILLIE

We've properly landed on our feet here, Princess.

MODESTY

Really?

Willie has a quick rummage in his backpack, producing some dried loaves of bread and bags of rice.

WILLIE

Not gourmet, but better than eating sand, eh?

MODESTY

How long have they been here?

WILLIE

Ages, but they know how to preserve stuff, the Arabs do. Can't see a sell-by date or anything.

MODESTY

Edible? And what's the water like?

WILLIE

(lightly)

You're hardly in a position to have anything else, are ya?

He offers her the bucket, which she tentatively takes off him, seeing her own pale reflection in the water.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

(holding up the hookah)

Put that in your pipe and smoke it, eh?

Modesty LAUGHS at that, but then -

BOOOOOOOM!

The outer wall CAVES IN!

Debris RAINS down all over the place, kicking up thick CLOUDS of DUST!

Coughing, Willie fights his way to the wall - looking out through the now-shattered stonework...

...to find Delicata stood on top of his tank, arms wide.

DELICATA

(shouting)

Garvin! You can't say I don't make an entrance!

WILLIE

(muttering)

Son of a bitch...

Ducking back inside, Willie makes his way over to Modesty, picking up the hookah, brandishing it like a club.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

(to Modesty)

Whatever happens, stay here. Got it?

Modesty nods, as Willie MARCHES right out of the door leading down to the courtyard.

There's a grim look on his face - he's spoiling for a fight.

INT. CARAVANSERAI COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Willie emerges out onto the balcony overlooking the courtyard below, just as the main doors OPEN inwards.

Into the courtyard strides Delicata, brandishing a wicked grin and a knife, which he holds up for Willie to see.

DELICATA  
Recognise this?

Willie squints - and a look of recognition washes over him. It's one of his own knives!

WILLIE  
Gone down to a petty thief now,  
Delicata? That's low, even for you!

DELICATA  
Nah, I only stole from you. Which  
feels kinda fitting, somehow...

WILLIE  
Really?  
(hoists his hookah)  
Let's see how this "fits in", then,  
eh?

And with that, he LEAPS down off the balcony, FALLING right towards where Delicata stands...

Just as he approaches the big man, Willie WHIRLS his arm around, SWIPING with the hookah, sending the knife flying!

Willie LANDS on the balls of his feet, and immediately LASHES out with the hookah again, catching Delicata in the cheek!

Delicata STAGGERS back a little, and Willie pushes home his advantage, LUNGING in with the hookah once more...

But this time, Delicata's fast enough to GRAB hold of Willie's wrist!

The pair struggle for a while, but Delicata's strength is greater - he manages to PULL Willie around, SLAMMING him and the hookah into a wall!

GLASS SHATTERS everywhere - and as Willie half-turns to shield his face from the shards...

THUMP! He gets a HARD elbow in the cheek, followed by a DOUBLE-FIST to the back of the head, sending him sprawling!

Delicata STAMPS down with a heavy boot on Willie's backside, FLATTENING him against the ground...

Bending down, Delicata CLAMPS his hands on either side of Willie's body, then HOISTS him high in the air, over his head!

He WHIRLS Willie's prone form round and round in the air, rotating like the blades of a helicopter - before FLINGING him clean across the courtyard!

Willie lands in a crumpled heap, struggling to find his footing. Delicata begins to steadily, cockily, approach.

DELICATA

This is how it should be. No  
weapons, no toys, no games. Hand-to-  
hand, mano e mano.

Now towering over Willie, he unleashes a VICIOUS punch to the face, sending Willie ROCKING backwards on his knees.

A hard KICK to the stomach sends Willie toppling backwards in an inelegant backward roll.

DELICATA (CONT'D)

Though this is almost too easy.  
Give me a challenge, huh?

He LASHES out with a foot again, aiming for Willie's throat - but Willie CLAMPS his jaw down, BITING into Delicata's foot!

As Delicata HOBBLER away in pain, Willie CLIMBS to his feet, a bit of swagger restored.

WILLIE

Like this?

Taking full advantage of the moment, Willie KICKS Delicata hard in the groin, PUNCHES him full in the face, and then one more HARD PUNCH in the stomach!

He lines up another punch - but this time Delicata CATCHES it, pulling Willie's fist away!

And then he STAMPS down HARD on Willie's foot, on the battered big toe specifically!

Willie HOWLS in pain, CLUTCHING his foot in agony!

THUMP! A HAMMER-BLOW of a haymaker from Delicata sends Willie CRASHING back to the ground again!

This time, Delicata FALLS on top of him, his hands immediately SQUEEZING Willie's throat, THROTTLING the life out of him...

Willie desperately SCRAPs and STRUGGLES, twisting this way and that, but the big man's strength is overpowering...

But then Willie's attention is drawn elsewhere - his gaze falls on a point over Delicata's shoulder...

Delicata isn't fazed - he continues to apply the pressure - but eventually he gives in, turning to see:

Modesty in the doorway of her room at the top of the stairway, gingerly making her way towards the action.

With a GROWL, Delicata shoves Willie aside, KICKING him once in the stomach before racing across the courtyard.

DELICATA  
Damn gatecrasher...

He charges up the stairs two at a time, reaching the balcony in moments.

Without hesitation, he reaches out and HAULS Modesty up into the air as if she weighed nothing!

DELICATA (CONT'D)  
No-one tell you? Invite only.

And with that, he FLINGS Modesty off the balcony, down towards the courtyard below!

Willie can only look on helplessly as Modesty TUMBLES towards the ground, falling, falling...

He can't watch - he WINCES, closing his eyes as Modesty's descent continues...

But at the last minute, out of sheer reflex, Modesty EXTENDS her hands, performing an elegant SOMERSAULT and landing on her feet!

Winching from pain, she clutches her side, but fights through it, winking cheekily to Willie, who watches in mute appreciation...but there's no time to gloat!

Delicata HURLS himself from the balcony, arms extended, looking to CLOTHES-LINE Willie!

But Willie CATCHES the FALLING Delicata in a BEAR-HUG of his own - and the two of them LAND with a CRASH on the floor!

They ROLL around on the floor for a while, fighting for dominance, but it's Willie who ends up on top, a fire in his eyes and a fury in his fists.

DELICATA (CONT'D)  
Me and you fighting over a girl.  
Bring back memories?

Willie FUMES at that! He GRIMACES in agony from the drudged-up memory, but PINS Delicata to the ground!

WILLIE  
Not again! Not again!

He PUMMELS Delicata with a RAIN of blows - pent-up anger POURING out of him!

WILLIE (CONT'D)  
Don't drag her into this!

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! The beating continues!

But Delicata STEELS himself - and then REARS up suddenly, HEADBUTTING Willie, sending him REELING!

Delicata CLAMBERS to his feet, assessing the situation.

MODESTY  
(whistles)  
Over here!

Turning, Delicata finds Modesty standing with her legs apart, her hand gripping hold of Willie's knife!

Quick as a flash, she THROWS it towards Delicata, but he SWERVES out of the way.

The knife SAILS beyond him, much to his amusement. He lets out a deep LAUGH as he turns to face Modesty.

DELICATA  
You missed.

MODESTY  
(defiant)  
Did I?

Confused, Delicata turns round - to find Willie now holding his knife - the true aim for Modesty's throw!

WILLIE  
Say goodnight, Gracie.

SWOOSH! Willie THROWS the knife with devastating speed and accuracy right for Delicata!

The big man LEAPS in the air - but he's not quite quick enough - the knife SLICES the tendons behind his kneecaps!

SCREAMING in agony, Delicata CRAWLS across the courtyard, DRAGGING himself along, heading for the well.

Looking up, Willie spots the overhanging beams over the well and JUMPS to catch hold of it!

Calmly, he waits for Delicata to reach the well and begin to HAUL himself up on it.

Then, Willie SWINGS, using the beam as a makeshift trapeze - CATCHING Delicata with both feet!

Knocked off balance, Delicata TUMBLES forwards - right down the well!

As soon as he lands, Willie rushes towards the well, as does Modesty, just in time to see his rapidly disappearing form vanish from sight.

Drained, Willie SLUMPS against the well. Modesty puts a comforting hand on his shoulder.

MODESTY

Feel better?

WILLIE

Much.

(musing)

Y'know, I reckon it's a good thing, me doing him in like this.

MODESTY

What, not killing him outright?

WILLIE

Yeah. I mean, he won't survive or anything, but he'll try. Won't make no difference, and he'll die suffering. Fitting, innit?

MODESTY

(slight grin)

You have a sadistic streak in you.

WILLIE

I am what you made me.

They share a laugh, good humour returning, as they make their way to the main doors, which Willie throws open to reveal the tank and the treasure trailer.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

What happened to "stay where you were", anyway?

MODESTY

(shrugs)

I was never any good at following orders. Much prefer issuing them.

WILLIE

You tell me.

MODESTY

Anyway, I hope that was code for  
"thank you for saving my life"...?

A knowing smile from Willie, which Modesty picks up on.

WILLIE

So.

(jerks a thumb behind him)

Food. Shelter.

(now points at the tank)

Transport. Reward. Looks like the  
end of this caper.

MODESTY

Not quite.

And off her cold look, we DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHATEAU SWIMMING POOL - DAY

The swimming pool of Rene's chateau, and Sir Gerald, briskly  
approaching, meeting Rene himself at the poolside table.

RENE

Sir Gerald! Catching me before my  
morning swim again.

SIR GERALD

Glad you're so predictable, Rene.

RENE

(indicating a wine bottle)

Drink?

Sir Gerald shakes his head, which doesn't stop Rene from  
pouring a glass for himself as the pair take their seats at  
the table.

RENE (CONT'D)

It seems congratulations are in  
order. Your people came up with the  
goods, didn't they?

SIR GERALD

They're not my people, Rene.

RENE

As good as.

SIR GERALD

You didn't think they would?

Rene shrugs by way of response.

SIR GERALD (CONT'D)

It's a fatal mistake to underestimate Modesty Blaise. Or Willie Garvin.

(leans forward)

And, more importantly, me.

RENE

What do you mean?

SIR GERALD

Give it up. The game's over. You're the spider in the centre of this tangled web of deception, aren't you?

Rene says nothing, preferring to drink his wine instead.

SIR GERALD (CONT'D)

It all makes sense. Any time Modesty upset the apple-cart a little, you stepped in.

(beat)

Hiring Delicata? I take it that was you? With his reputation, he could get the job done and clean up afterwards. Perfect for your needs.

(waves a hand around)

Even explains this place. How you could afford it, and why you needed it.

RENE

You have any proof of any of that?

SIR GERALD

Of course not. But I just have to know.

(strokes his chin)

All those years we fought alongside each other, smuggling people over the Wall, under the Wall, around the Wall...dead drops and black ops, cover-ups and covert ops, was it all in vain? Are you the man I used to be proud to call my closest confidante? At all?

RENE

(long pause)

Yes. I'm the same man, if not more so. You talk about the Cold War. What were we fighting for? Democracy? Capitalism?

(pours some more wine)

What are the rewards of capitalism? Money and fame. It occurred to me that I had achieved neither.

(MORE)

RENE (CONT'D)

This was my opportunity to redress that balance. Make my mark in history. The mark we deserved to make.

SIR GERALD

That's not what we signed up for. Fame and glory was for other people. We did the hard work and I thought you'd made your peace with that.

He stands up, pushing his chair back, patting his jacket pocket with a small smile.

SIR GERALD (CONT'D)

But thank you for clarifying a few matters.

The blood drains from Rene's face as he sees the bulge in Sir Gerald's jacket pocket.

RENE

You haven't...

SIR GERALD

Haven't I?

He reaches into his jacket - and produces an old-style REVOLVER, spinning the barrel as he drops it on the table.

RENE

What's this?

SIR GERALD

A symbol.

(sighs)

French deserters during the First World War were given a choice when they were recaptured. Death by firing squad, the ultimate shame...or one room, one drink, one bullet. A chance to earn back some of the honour they'd thrown away. A touch of the bravery.

(looks directly at Rene)

It's a chance I'm offering you.

RENE

And if I don't take it?

Sir Gerald shakes his head and turns on his heel, walking back into the chateau proper.

SIR GERALD

Au revoir, Rene.

Rene watches him go, then picks up the gun, turning it over and over in his hand...before tossing it down.

Pulling off his towel to reveal his bathing suit, he DIVES into his swimming pool, CUTTING through the water with ease.

He performs a couple of quick lengths, and is halfway through the third when he suddenly STOPS!

Then, with a SPLASH, he gets viciously PULLED UNDER!

The SPLASHING continues as water and foam is kicked up everywhere - but then it ends.

The waters go still.

And then a lithe figure in a black diving suit EMERGES from the water, stepping onto the poolside.

She pulls the suit back from her head to reveal that she is MODESTY BLAISE!

Stopping at the table, she picks up the half-filled wine glass and tips it in an imaginary toast to the pool.

MODESTY

Salud.

She DOWNS the wine, placing the glass down on the table, and we MATCH CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A wine glass and accompanying bottle being plonked down onto the wooden table.

"Lonely Girl" by Sandi Thom begins to play, as we PULL BACK to take in the surroundings.

We're in the patched-up kitchen of Modesty's country retreat/safehouse, and Modesty herself is mooching around the kitchen with a glum expression.

She settles down in one of the chairs and pours herself half a glass - when another bottle SLAMS down next to hers.

Looking up, she finds Willie taking a seat opposite her, his own bottle and glass at the ready.

WILLIE

Why the long face? Thought you'd be celebrating now it's all over.

MODESTY

How can I?

WILLIE

Oh, you mean Lucifer, or whatever  
the heck his name was?

(shrugs)

Can't save 'em all.

MODESTY

I can try.

WILLIE

(nods, then lifts up his  
bottle)

Come on. Have a drink.

MODESTY

What is it?

WILLIE

Red.

Modesty looks down at her own glass - filled noticeably with  
white wine.

MODESTY

Ah, never mind. Wanted rose anyway.

Smiling, Willie POURS the red into her glass, which she  
SWIRLS around for a while before CLINKING against his.

MODESTY (CONT'D)

It's not just that, though. I got a  
Dear John phonecall from Steve  
earlier.

WILLIE

So? Thought you'd been wanting to  
let him down gently for a while.

MODESTY

I had. But now he's gone ahead and  
done it, I can't help wondering...

WILLIE

This really has knocked you for  
six, hasn't it?

(moving on)

Funny thing is, I got a phonecall  
from Diana probably about the same  
time. I bet you anything that if we  
compared notes their speeches would  
line up.

Modesty raises a curious eyebrow at that as she drinks.

MODESTY

You think those two will make a go  
of it?

WILLIE

Could do.

MODESTY

Makes sense. He could be all protective, and she could call him on it.

WILLIE

And he could do his experiments and stuff on her.

Modesty SPLUTTERS at that, struggling to stop herself from laughing, and failing miserably.

MODESTY

Do you think you'd better rephrase?

WILLIE

(shaking his head)

I'll go look for summat to eat.

He gets to his feet and starts to rummage through the assorted cupboards.

MODESTY

(quietly)

But the thing is - was Steve right? Have we lost sight of the little things? The people we're dealing with, the emotions, all that? The human touch?

WILLIE

Nah. You can't afford to let it rule you when we're on a job.

MODESTY

But does that come across? Or am I cold and aloof?

WILLIE

(turning back)

Listen. I know you way more than Steve ever could. And I know that everything you do, you do it for the right reasons. The ends justify the means. They have to.

MODESTY

Thank you.

WILLIE

If nothing else, it proves you can't mix business and pleasure.

MODESTY

Wise words.

WILLIE

Should be. They're yours.

A warm smile between the pair. The relief is clear on Modesty's face as Willie turns back to the cupboards.

MODESTY

So what are you going to do now?

WILLIE

Back to the Treadmill, I think. Throw a few darts, pull a few pints, pull a few women. Usual deal. You?

MODESTY

Well, I have a dinner date in Panama City I've been putting off for a while. After that, who knows?

(beat)

Something tells me we won't be at a loose end for too long.

WILLIE

Caper?

Modesty's head WHIPS around suddenly, surprised at Willie's suggestion - but then she sees him holding out:

A jar of capers.

MODESTY

You spoil me.

WILLIE

Oh, do I?

Putting down the capers, he reaches into his pocket, producing a SHINING SILVER TIARA.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Gift from the authorities. Fresh from the forehead of the Queen of Sheba herself. Give or take a century or twenty.

Stunned, Modesty takes the tiara, her eyes wide, before gingerly placing it over her head.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Nothing but the best for the Princess.

(mock subservient)

Anything else for the madam?

MODESTY

Yes.

(bangs the glass down)  
More wine!

WILLIE

(bows, tugs an imaginary  
forelock)  
Yes, ma'am.

He's about to reach for his wine glass, when a mobile begins to RING - segueing into "Killer Queen" by Queen.

MODESTY

Oh, can you get that for me,  
please? It's in my bag.

WILLIE

You know, I think you're enjoying  
this a bit too much...

Shaking his head with a slight grin, he rummages around in Modesty's handbag for a moment before retrieving the phone.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

(into phone)  
'Ello?

He hands the phone over to Modesty.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

It's for you.

MODESTY

It would be. It's my phone.

She takes the phone, collects herself, then answers.

MODESTY (CONT'D)

Blaise.

MUFFLED VOICE (O.S.)

Congratulations.

MODESTY

For?

MUFFLED VOICE (O.S.)

The success of your latest  
escapade.

MODESTY

Is it not courteous to know the  
identity of someone who  
congratulates you?

MUFFLED VOICE (O.S.)

My name is Brunel.

MODESTY  
As in the shipbuilder?

BRUNEL (O.S.)  
More an interested party.

MODESTY  
Really? My autograph doesn't come  
cheap, you know.

BRUNEL (O.S.)  
What about your services?

MODESTY  
I'm not for hire.

BRUNEL (O.S.)  
But I have a wonderful little  
operation that...

MODESTY  
Is it legal?

BRUNEL (O.S.)  
Not in the strictest sense of the  
term, no.

MODESTY  
Then we have no deal.

BRUNEL (O.S.)  
Allow me to elaborate...

MODESTY  
No. Allow me to end this  
conversation with two words:  
I'm retired.

With that, Modesty switches off her phone and TOSSES it into  
her wine glass.

And off the SPARKING phone, we:

BLACK OUT.

MODESTY BLAISE WILL RETURN IN:

*The Silver Mistress*

Starring:

GEMMA ARTERTON as  
MODESTY BLAISE

JASON STATHAM as  
WILLIE GARVIN

|                         |                      |
|-------------------------|----------------------|
| CHRIS HEMSWORTH         | BENEDICT CUMBERBATCH |
| MARY ELIZABETH WINSTEAD | JURGEN PROCHNOW      |
| CATHERINE DENEUVE       | THOMAS KRETSCHMANN   |
| DANIEL AUTEUIL          | RUPERT EVERETT       |

with  
RON PERLMAN

and GEOFFREY RUSH as  
SIR GERALD TARRANT

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