

AGATHA

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Daily Mirror

THE DAILY PICTURE

NEWSPAPER WITH THE LARGEST NET SALE

GERMAN
ARMAMENTS:
ALLIED
AGREEMENT

No. 7,204

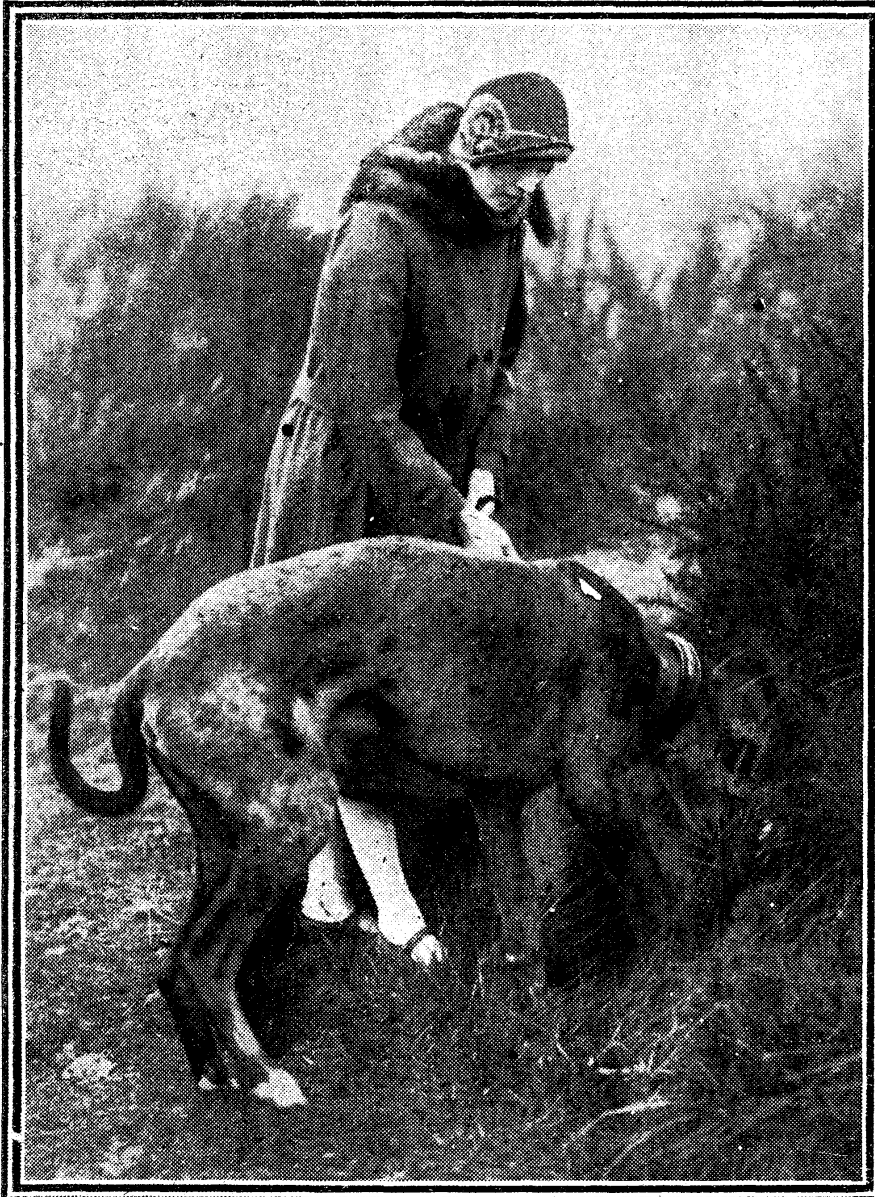
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MONDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1926

[24 PAGES]

One Penny

RECORD ARMY OF SEARCHERS HUNT FOR NOVELIST



A Great Dane, one of the hundreds of dogs that joined in the hunt yesterday.



Bloodhounds trying to pick up a scent at the spot where Mrs. Christie's car was found.



Mrs. Agatha Christie, the missing novelist.



Three of the many women who joined in the hunt.



The scene at Newlands Corner yesterday as the thousands who took part in the search arrived by car or cycle.

The five thousand people who yesterday hunted for Mrs. Agatha Christie in the neighbourhood of Newlands Corner, Surrey, constituted the greatest army of searchers ever organised by the police in quest of a single person. Fifty search parties were arranged,

each under the command of a police officer. All that was found was a woman's vanity bag, and it is not known whether that was Mrs. Christie's. It may have been dropped by one of the many women who joined energetically in the search.

OVER BLACK:

Inspired by a true story...

In 1926, the world was still recovering from the Great War, England rebuilding, Germany under harsh control via the Treaty of Versailles. Although Hitler wouldn't come into power for another decade, the peace was still tenuous. But on this day, the biggest headline in all of England had nothing to do with politics...

EXT. NEWLANDS CORNER - ENGLAND - DAY

TITLE CARD: DECEMBER 19, 1926

The normally idyllic setting of Newlands Corner resounds with the barking of BLOODHOUNDS on the hunt. A hundred VOLUNTEERS push through the fields, scouring the area.

From atop the hill, a POLICE CAR careens down the slope, angling towards the lake where DIVERS dredge the watering hole. CIVILIANS AND LAW ENFORCEMENT look on, haggard but excited, hoping they'll be the ones with news.

The POLICEMAN lurches out of the car, waving a telegram.

POLICEMAN
They've found her, they've found her!

Stunned silence at this news. A long WHISTLE BLAST echoes throughout Newlands Corner and the search grinds to a halt.

EXT. SWAN HYDROPATHIC HOTEL - ENGLAND- DAY

SIRENS ECHO through the seaside town of Harrogate. The Swan Hotel perched high above the grey-blue ocean, churning with the same agitation as the POLICEMEN who pull their Daimlers to an abrupt stop in front of the therapeutic establishment.

HALF A DOZEN POLICE AND SCOTLAND YARD DETECTIVES MARCH towards the entrance, black boots gleaming. Their air of importance scatters the GENTLEMEN BANKERS, WELL-DRESSED LADIES, and MIDDLE CLASSES.

A newspaper blows across the street, barely missing the front DETECTIVE'S BOOT. It reads: FAMOUS NOVELIST MISSING ELEVEN DAYS.

This is DETECTIVE NICHOLAS SINCLAIR, 40s, handsome, charming, astutely intelligent, rising rapidly up the ranks. He commands an air of authority, one that he can quickly douse to blend into the background on a case. But currently, he's the source of everyone's attention.

For this is the biggest case in all of Great Britain.

INT. SWAN HYDROPATHIC HOTEL - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

The Detective and his team burst into the lobby. He quickly looks at the nervous HOTEL MANAGER.

DETECTIVE SINCLAIR
Is anyone with her?

HOTEL MANAGER
I heard another voice, sir.

Detective Sinclair and the YORKSHIRE CONSTABLE look at each other. The Detective cocks a brow. He might almost be enjoying this. Almost.

DETECTIVE SINCLAIR
She might be in danger.

YORKSHIRE CONSTABLE
You suspect she's been kidnapped?

Detective Sinclair DRAWS HIS GUN.

DETECTIVE SINCLAIR
I suspect many things.

And then he bounds up the stairs. The Constable follows his cue, drawing his weapon--

INT. SWAN HYDROPATHIC HOTEL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Detective Sinclair leads the charge, the Constable close on his heels, policemen fanning out behind them. The sheer white curtains billow with the harsh sea wind, eerie, haunting.

Finally, the Detective reaches the door at the end of the hall. A nod, everyone ready. He kicks it open to REVEAL...

INT. SWAN HYDROPATHIC HOTEL - ROOM SIXTEEN - CONTINUOUS

...a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, 30s, ash blonde hair delicately pinned, a long silk dress, hurrying to the balcony, almost as if to jump to her death in the churning ocean below. She whirls as--

MEN SWARM THE ROOM. EVERY NOOK AND CRANNY SEARCHED FOR ANOTHER PERSON. The wardrobe, commode, balcony -- nothing.

Detective Sinclair lowers his weapon, addressing the great Agatha Christie who looks a bit too frail, too exhausted.

DETECTIVE SINCLAIR
Ah Mrs. Agatha Christie, we find you at last. And where, pray tell, have you been the last eleven days?

She crinkles her brow.

AGATHA CHRISTIE
I...don't know.

But her behind her back, she DROPS A MYSTERIOUS BLACK JOURNAL through the balcony railing into the ocean below.

SMASH-CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: ELEVEN DAYS EARLIER, BERLIN

INT. SMALL APARTMENT - DAY

German military insignia line the walls. Hands meticulously work on the tiny wires and chargers of a bomb. The hands carefully place it in a brown parcel box. A KNOCK on the DOOR. He seals the package. Opens the door. Passes it off.

EXT. EMBASSY ROW - DAY

A MYSTERIOUS MAN carries the package, his face never seen. His polished shoes sharply strike the sidewalk.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STREETS OF BERLIN - LATER

Detective Sinclair's black boots race through the streets. Around him, buildings in disrepair, sparse window displays, panhandlers, the post-war economic struggle.

EXT. BRITISH EMBASSY - SAME TIME

The Mysterious Delivery Man reaches the Embassy Gates. Behind him, a FLOCK OF BIRDS take flight--

EXT. BERLIN SQUARE - SAME TIME

-- Sinclair barrels through the startled birds. He weaves around PEDESTRIANS, mumbled apologies, charming even in panic.

EXT. BRITISH EMBASSY - SAME TIME

The GUARD absently nods to the Mysterious Delivery Man, reads the parcel, then spots a BRITISH SOLDIER APPROACHING.

GUARD

'Morning Captain, package just came for you. Special delivery. More of that Scottish whiskey you like?

SOLDIER

Ah it's early.

He reaches for the parcel, but the Guard DROPS IT in the hand-off. A terrifying moment. Even the Mysterious Delivery Man pauses in crossing the street. But no explosion.

The Soldier leans down, gently shaking it.

BRITISH SOLDIER

Still in one piece. Though this stuff'll be the death of me.

He heads inside. The Guard swings shut the GATE when it's suddenly stopped and thrust forward: Sinclair. He flashes his badge.

SINCLAIR

Scotland Yard, Detective Sinclair.
Stop all deliveries, all visitors,
seal up the gate!

He leaps the stairs two at a time. The British Soldier ahead of him enters the building. Sinclair nears the doors when--

--A FIREBALL EXPLODES OUT OF THE EMBASSY.

SINCLAIR DUCKS, FLYING GLASS, SMOKE BILLOWING. He's too late.

Across the street, the Mysterious Delivery Man watches his handiwork. The chaos and panic.

Sinclair recovers first. He scans the crowd, searching. Most people move forward--drawn to the accident--but ONE MAN MOVES AWAY, PUSHING AGAINST THE CROWD. Calm. Too calm.

Sinclair takes off in pursuit, veering down a side street.

EXT. MARKETPLACE - BERLIN - CONTINUOUS

Sinclair rounds the same corner. A busy marketplace. He races down the aisle of stalls, MERCHANTS SHOUTING IN GERMAN. The crowd parts for a moment REVEALING--

--the fleeing back of the Mysterious Man, ducking down a side aisle. Overturning a cart to block Sinclair's path.

Sinclair searches for an alternate route--

INT. FABRIC SHOP - CONTINUOUS

--he races through the bolts of fabric, parallel to his prey's path. He slams through the back door and into--

INT. BACKROOM - CONTINUOUS

--an ILLEGAL GAMING ROOM. Dark, sinister. A DOZEN THUGS stand, raising their GUNS at the intruder. Sinclair lifts his hands above his head, innocent, doffs his hats.

SINCLAIR
 'Afternoon, Gentlemen. Just passing
 through...don't mind me...excellent
 wager on that hand...smart move...

He boldly backs through the room and out the rear exit--

EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

An empty corridor. Sinclair looks for his prey. Then the ECHO OF FOOTSTEPS down a side alley.

Sinclair skids to the end. The CLANG of the fire escape ladder being pulled up.

Determined, Sinclair pulls himself up a series of pipes to a balcony. His coat catches. Damnit. He slips out of it, climbs higher and higher--

EXT. ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Sinclair races across the rooftops, reaches the end of the buildings, teeters on the edge. There's no way anyone could make that jump.

He doubles-back. Up ahead, the FLASH OF A DARK COAT AND THEN--

--THE MYSTERIOUS MAN'S GONE.

Sinclair skids to a stop. An impressive view of Berlin. Below, a hundred black coats, a hundred men. His prey has given him the slip. Again.

EXT. STYLES ESTATE - YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND - DAY

A beautiful morning in the English countryside. Flying over the hill on a beautiful mare, Agatha riding sidesaddle. She gallops hard, takes a jump, clears it.

CHARLOTTE
 (in the distance)
 Mrs. Christie!

CHARLOTTE, Agatha's secretary, watches her ride towards the next fence. Clenches her eyes.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
Oh I can't watch.

But Agatha has no fear. She flies over the tall fence, clears it. But the horse loses her footing in the mud, and Agatha goes flying into the creek.

Charlotte races over, terrified. But Agatha sits up, laughing, drenched.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
Mrs. Christie, are you all right?

AGATHA
Oh yes, just thought I'd take a morning swim.

She stands, gathering her wet skirt. Charlotte shakes her head, then holds out the morning paper with a wide smile: THEATER TROUPE APPREHENDED FOR ROBBERIES.

CHARLOTTE
You made the front page!

Agatha smiles as they head towards back of the house.

AGATHA
The credit goes to Inspector Barrow. It just reminded me of a story that I'd been thinking up. Figured they could use the help.

INT. LIBRARY - STYLES ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

Agatha and Charlotte enter the cheerful room. Fire crackling, stacks of books, pages of notes, and a black typewriter at the ready on a stately desk.

Charlotte picks up the mail, starting their daily routine.

CHARLOTTE
More letters from your readers. They're still in an uproar over your latest.

AGATHA
And it almost seemed like it might be a nice day.

CHARLOTTE
Oh listen to this.

But Agatha's distracted by the front page of the morning paper: GAS EXPLOSION AT EMBASSY IN BERLIN.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

(reading letter)

"Dear Mrs. Christie, poppycock, I say. You can't make the narrator the murderer. It's utterly misleading."

Agatha stares at the headline, a puzzle forming.

INT. STYLES HOUSE - AGATHA'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Agatha heads into her room, unbuttoning her wet dress. She spots her daughter, ROSALIND, 7, precariously perched on a stool, reaching for a pink suitcase. She slips--

--but Agatha catches her just in time.

AGATHA

You had to have the pink one?

ROSALIND

Of course, pink is the color of her birthday party.

AGATHA

Oh, I'm going to miss you. A weekend sleep-away. I'm terribly jealous.

ROSALIND

I know. Papa won't take that trip to Spain with you.

AGATHA

He'll come around. We need a good adventure.

ROSALIND

(nodding)

That's what Charlotte says. Because Berkshire is dreadfully boring. There aren't any murders at all like in your books.

Agatha stifles a laugh.

AGATHA

Well, I'm glad there's no murders in Berkshire! You better go pack.

(off Rosalind's look)

I'll be fine, I promise.

Rosalind hurries off as Agatha stands, taking in her daughter's worry.

EXT. YORKSHIRE ROAD - DAY

Agatha speeds along in her pre-war Morris Cowley with Rosalind. Snow blanketing the hills.

EXT. EVELYN'S HOUSE - DAY

Agatha pulls up the drive, her AUNT waiting out front. Rosalind dashes out to join her SECOND COUSIN in the garden.

AUNT EVELYN, 60s, a handsome woman, links her arm through Agatha's after a thorough once-over, leading her for a walk.

EVELYN
You look exhausted.

AGATHA
Well, don't posture, Aunt Evelyn. I do hate when you mince words.

EVELYN
It's been months since your mother's funeral.

AGATHA
I think it will be months still until I feel myself again. I never realized how much I depended on her.

EVELYN
And where's Archie?

AGATHA
At the golf club mostly.

EVELYN
I could hit that man. He's always been useless in such moments.

They walk for a moment in silence.

AGATHA
Did you see the morning post? There was a gas leak at the Embassy. A soldier died, a former POW.

EVELYN
Terrible tragedy. Remember my cousin? He spent three years at sea, survived countless storms, only to drown in his bath. No rhyme or reason.

AGATHA
Yes, there doesn't seem to be a link.

EVELYN

A link? Why do I feel like you've had one of your hunches again?

AGATHA

Oh it's nothing. I just noticed a few other former POWs have died in the last few months under rather odd circumstances. But they're from different hometowns, units, interment camps. Seem never to have crossed paths.

EVELYN

Have you written Barrow about it?

AGATHA

Not until I have a more solid theory. I don't want to be a nuisance.

EVELYN

Agatha, Inspector Barrow was one of your father's oldest and dearest friends. You could never be bothersome. Besides, you were right about those robberies. Using their performances as air-tight alibis. But no one even thought about the long monologues in Act Two.

AGATHA

Enough time to slip away and put their costumes to good use.

EVELYN

Genius. Why you're practically an honorary Scotland Yard Detective!

INT. AGATHA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Agatha lies in bed, but can't sleep. ARCHIE, 30s, her husband, a good-looking former RAF pilot, enters.

AGATHA

I thought you'd be home hours ago.

ARCHIE

Well, I wasn't. Card game at the club.

He slides under the covers, turns away from her, and clicks off the lights. The gulf between them wide. Agatha tries to sleep, but finally gives up and slips out of bed.

INT. STYLES ESTATE - LIBRARY - LATER

Agatha sits at her desk, clacking away on her black typewriter in the quiet of the night. As she writes, the scenes take shape in her mind: "The Butler walks towards the doctor's desk, his employer's nightly brandy in his hands."

INT. STUDY - **AGATHA'S IMAGINATION** - SAME TIME

Four simple walls. As she writes, the details fill in. Her protagonist walks forward, the glass of brandy in his hand. Books suddenly fill the shelves, a mahogany desk appears.

INT. STYLES ESTATE - LIBRARY - SAME TIME

HER TYPING: "A dictaphone plays on the ornate side table, an armchair partially pulled out..."

EXT. STUDY - **AGATHA'S IMAGINATION** - SAME TIME

Ornate, antique furniture quickly clutters the room. The dictaphone appears on the side table. Diplomas fly up to line the wall. The Butler pushes aside a paisley armchair that appears in the scene. As he does so, he sees the collapsed Doctor behind the desk.

INT. STYLES ESTATE - LIBRARY - SAME TIME

Her typing: "The Doctor lies sprawled out, mouth agape. In his hands--" She stops.

Agatha rifles through her papers, looking for a book on military weapons. But her hand pauses as she sees the newspaper again: EMBASSY EXPLOSION.

Her fingers tap on the desk, thinking. She closes her eyes.

INT. EMBASSY - **AGATHA'S IMAGINATION** - SAME TIME

She imagines the former POW walking into his office with his briefcase -- no, no, a package. Then an explosion. It extends out of the room, but in her mind stops just short of the other bystanders, almost like a rubber band snapping back.

INT. STYLES ESTATE - LIBRARY - SAME TIME

Agatha grabs her journal and opens it to a list of POW NAMES. She adds the victim from the newspaper and his former unit: 44TH INFANTRY. Underneath it, THREE OTHER POW NAMES with their deaths and army units. None are the same.

She looks at the newspaper photograph again. An almost perfectly round hole in the Embassy wall, its circumference charred black.

Agatha walks to the bookshelves and scans book after book until: 19TH CENTURY CONSPIRACIES, SECRETS, AND WARFARE. She finally falls upon a sketch of an explosion that looks EXACTLY LIKE THE EMBASSY, perfect circle, charred hole.

AGATHA

(reading)

The 1817 Waterfront Explosion was attributed to the Brotherhood of Unity. Although never fully apprehended, the group disbanded after the fall of its leaders. It's existence now only legend.

Agatha rips the current page out of the typewriter and inserts a fresh sheet. Her fingers fly across the keys: INSPECTOR BARROW, SCOTLAND YARD...

EXT. PARLIMENT HALLWAY - DAY

INSPECTOR BARROW, 60s, salt and pepper hair, authoritative, eavesdrops like a little girl, his ear to the door of a conference room. His YOUNG ASSISTANT CLEAR HIS THROAT.

Barrow whirls around.

YOUNG ASSISTANT

Telegram from Sinclair. We decoded it. He'll meet you in Paris.

Barrow reads Sinclair's message: SOLOMON EXPRESS, NOON.

INSPECTOR BARROW

Ring my wife, have her--

YOUNG ASSISTANT

--pack your bags immediately. Done, sir. And the rest of the morning post.

The Assistant hands over the rest of the mail and exits. Barrow's eyes fall on Agatha's letter. He quickly opens it, reading, as he leans back in to eavesdrop.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - PARLIAMNET - CONTINUOUS

A small room filled with pomp and circumstance. A dozen suited and wiggid CABINET MEMBERS hold a meeting, tensions high.

MINISTER OF DEFENSE

We should strike back at Germany!
We all bloody well know it wasn't a
gas leak.

SHOUTS OF APPROVAL. CHAMBERLAIN, 50s, Health Minister, stands.

CHAMBERLAIN

The Treaty of Versailles wasn't
tough enough. We suspend their
trade, demand greater reparations.

LORD HARTON, 40s, dashing, Undersecretary to Finance, tries
to talk reason into them.

LORD HARTON

Penalize them more? We're already
sending them into a recession. It
will only increase animosity.

MINISTER OF DEFENSE

Lord Harton, Britain's not fairing
much better. We're drowning in
debt. What does the Chancellor of
the Exchequer have to say? Eh,
Churchill?

CHURCHILL

It's not our finest hour
financially. But that doesn't mean
Prime Minister Baldwin cowers with
weak sanctions and tariffs.

CHAMBERLAIN

I say we blast them to smithereens!

This causes a SHOUTING MATCH between all parties. The
Minister BANGS his gavel, drawing order once more.

MINISTER OF DEFENSE

Enough! What has Scotland Yard found?

The CHIEF OF SCOTLAND YARD, DUNCAN, 40s, an ambitious weasel,
clears his throat to address the crowd.

CHIEF DUNCAN

It was definitely no gas leak.
We're tracing the bomb now, and
should know who in the German
Government gave the order within a
matter of weeks.

MINISTER OF DEFENSE

Weeks? You've ten days before the
UN reconvenes and decides if
they're declaring bloody war.

And this causes another SHOUTING MATCH between sides.

INT. PARLIAMENT LOBBY - LATER

As the members file out of the antechamber, Barrow waits for the Chief, quickly falling into step beside him.

CHIEF DUNCAN
(annoying)
Inspector Barrow, I should have known you'd be here.

INSPECTOR BARROW
Wouldn't miss it, sir. Did you tell them about Mr. Grey?

CHIEF DUNCAN
Ah the elusive Mr. Grey. A man you've yet to prove exists outside your conspiracy theory. So, no, I'd rather not get laughed out of Parliament.

INSPECTOR BARROW
Sinclair caught up with Grey outside the Embassy, moments after the explosion. He was watching his handwork.

This slows Barrow's boss.

CHIEF DUNCAN
And he apprehended him? With evidence?

INSPECTOR BARROW
Not exactly.

CHIEF DUNCAN
Ah so once again nothing but a figment of your imagination.

INSPECTOR BARROW
My informant has a sound lead. And Sinclair picked up Grey's trail again. If we just--

CHIEF DUNCAN
Anonymous informants and faceless criminal masterminds. You're weeks away from retirement, Barrow, let it go. Never fear, we'll manage just fine without you.

His boss takes off.

INSPECTOR BARROW
 (undertone)
 Like hell you will.

INT. REYNOLDS ESTATE - BERKSHIRE - ENGLAND - NIGHT

GUESTS in their finery, MUSIC, LAUGHTER. Agatha DANCES, teaching the CHARLESTON to her hosts, the dapper MR. AND MRS. REYNOLDS. Agatha reaches for Archie to join in. He refuses.

AGATHA
 Come on, darling, I won't take no
 for an answer.

ARCHIE
 Yes, it's a rather unappealing
 quality of yours.

He tosses back his drink. Agatha's facade drops for a moment. Mrs. Reynolds pulls Agatha back into their circle as LT. FORDHAM, a stalwart conservative, passes by.

MR. REYNOLDS
 I say, Lt. Fordham, hear anything
 more about the Embassy?

LT. FORDHAM
 Damn bastards probably let it
 happen on purpose. You don't see
 any of their buildings exploding
 from gas leaks in Berlin.

AGATHA
 Perhaps it wasn't a gas leak.

ARCHIE
 Do not start. She sees conspiracies
 everywhere. It's her damn writing.
 Going daft, I tell you.

MRS. REYNOLDS
 (laughing off his comment)
 Well, whatever it is, it's working.
 Why you positively stumped me with
The Murder of Roger Ackroyd.
 However do you come up with such
 devilish plots?

AGATHA
 Oh I've always had an overactive
 imagination, I'm afraid. I can see
 every detail down to the last knick-
 knacks in a room. Then I put myself
 in my character's shoes and try to
 pull off the perfect crime. But
 inevitably I make mistakes.

MR. REYNOLDS
That the Detective pieces together!

AGATHA
Exactly.

MRS. REYNOLDS
Oh dear, I almost forgot. Poor
Lucille sends her regards. Quite out
of sorts. Her husband wants a
divorce. Can you imagine the scandal?

As she talks, Agatha watches ARCHIE TWIST HIS WEDDING BAND.
THEN PULL OUT A HANDKERCHIEF WITH THE INITIALS N.N.

MRS. REYNOLDS (CONT'D)
Then again, they never were a great
romance, not like you and Archie,
but still. I suggested a long visit
to the Continent until the whispers
die down.

LT. FORDHAM
She better hurry before the Pound's
worthless abroad.

But we're in AGATHA'S IMAGINATION as she pieces it together.

EXT. GOLF CLUB - **AGATHA'S IMAGINATION** - DAY

Archie twisting his wedding band. His tan line FADING. A
woman, HIS MISTRESS. Dabs his forehead with the handkerchief.

MR. REYNOLDS (V.O.)
Churchill's to blame. Giving him
the Chancellor of the Exchequer
just because he's a war hero. Man
doesn't know a thing about finance.

INT. REYNOLDS ESTATE - SAME TIME

MRS. REYNOLDS
Agatha, more champagne?

Agatha snaps out of her reverie. Archie reaches for a drink.
She slips her hand into his coat pocket and pulls out
scorecard from the golf club. Signed by "Nancy, xoxo."

She looks over at Archie in devastation. He sees the paper in
her hand and tosses back his drink, knowing she knows.

INT. STYLES HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Agatha and Archie enter in the midst of a heated argument.

AGATHA

Damn it, Archie, I can't watch your every move anymore.

ARCHIE

Yes, you're too busy with Rosalind and your writing and your adoring fans.

AGATHA

Oh, you're a wretched man. I hate the attention! I'd rather live in obscurity, but started writing because we were broke, Archie, broke. Why can't you be proud of me, supportive--

ARCHIE

It's unnatural! A woman making more than her husband.

AGATHA

At least I work! You spend all your days at the golf club.

ARCHIE

I tried to teach you the game.

AGATHA

And I find it mind-numbing. I want to travel, London, Spain, see the theater, visit the ruins, volunteer at a hospital, live outside Berkshire.

ARCHIE

Well, I don't! So just go, go, find bloody meaning in your life and let me live here in peace with Nancy! Don't you see, there's nothing left. I love her.

Agatha sucks in her breath.

AGATHA

You can't mean that. I won't give up on us, Archie.

ARCHIE

You will when I file for divorce!

AGATHA

Like hell you will! Break it off. And while you're at it, give back her wretched anniversary gift to us.

She grabs an ugly tea pot off a tray, and throws it at Archie's feet. He jumps.

ARCHIE
You're deranged!

AGATHA
And you're a coward.

Archie storms out. Charlotte enters, worried.

CHARLOTTE
Are you all right?

Agatha shakes her head, holding back tears. She bends down to clean up the broken pieces. Charlotte hurries over to help.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
It might be for the best, Mrs. Christie.

AGATHA
Unfortunately, logic and love rarely go hand in hand.

Agatha stands up as Charlotte finishes.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
Thank you, Charlotte. I think I just need a drive to clear my head.

CHARLOTTE
Of course, Mrs. Christie. Oh, I almost forgot. One of Inspector Barrow's men came by this evening, a Detective Dunnegan.

Agatha pauses in shrugging on her coat.

AGATHA
About my letter?

CHARLOTTE
Yes, he left his calling card, staying at the Rose and Thorn Inn. Not the place I'd expect a gentleman, but then with the recession, perhaps they couldn't afford more. He said he'd ring again on the 'morrow.

EXT. BERSKHIRE - NIGHT

Agatha speeds along the road, wind blowing in the window despite the cold as she tries to compose herself.

She heads to the outskirts of town. Up ahead, the LIGHTS AND MUSIC from the Rose and Thorn Inn. Agatha notices the sign and slows, considering. She pulls into the carpark.

INT. ROSE AND THORN INN - NIGHT

A rowdy bunch, mostly LOWER CLASS MEN and a few TAWDRY WOMEN. Agatha enters and falters, seeing the crowd. But then she squares her shoulders and steps forward as if she has a standing reservation. She quickly scans the room.

She wades into the revelry, searching for Detective Dunnegan, a DRUNKEN SAILOR swoops in as the BAND plays a lively JIG.

DRUNKEN SAILOR
Slummin' eh? Come on, 'ave a dance.

He yanks her into his arms and swings her around.

AGATHA
I'm afraid my dance card's full.

She spins under his arm and away from him, spotting DUNNEGAN, in his Scotland Yard uniform. A lovely BAR WENCH on his lap.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
Detective Dunnegan!

He doesn't hear her over the din, so Agatha moves forward--
--but the SAILOR grabs her again, determined.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
Sir, I'm married.

DRUNKEN SAILOR
(laughing)
I 'ave a wife. Don' bother me none.

He grips her tighter. Agatha's eyes narrow, furious.

AGATHA
So like my husband.

She shoves him back. He STUMBLES, FALLING ONTO A STOOL, WHICH LEANS BACK ON TWO LEGS. THE WALL SAVES HIM FROM A FALL.

HIS FRIENDS LAUGH. HE JOINS IN AFTER A MOMENT.

DRUNKEN SAILOR
No wonder her husband ain't around!

She hooks her shoe into the precarious stool and YANKS HARD. HE FALLS TO THE GROUND, HIS HUMOR GONE, ANGER IN ITS PLACE.

Agatha realizes her mistake, she's gone too far. She races toward Dunnegan who's seen the commotion. He steps in, and without a word, drops the sailor with a VICIOUS PUNCH.

Agatha gasps in horror. But when Dunnegan turns, a friendly smile is firmly in place. Transforming into a man one can trust. But we really wish she wouldn't...

DUNNEGAN

Terribly sorry, Mrs. Christie. What a great surprise. Good of you to come. I work with Inspector Barrow.

He motions Agatha towards a back table.

THE BARMAID GLARES AT AGATHA, the most well-to-do patron taken from her and now an unconscious customer. The barmaid doesn't step aside for Agatha, so she kindly goes around.

AGATHA

(to the bar maid, sincere)
Lovely shoes, really.

The Bar Maid tries not to crack a smile, fails, follows.

BARMAID

What'll it be? We may 'ave some champagne somewhere.

AGATHA

Whiskey. Straight up. It's been one of those nights.

The bar maid's eyebrows shoot up, but she nods and leaves.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

I take it you received my letter. The gas leak at the Embassy wasn't really a gas leak, was it?

He weighs her as the barmaid returns with the whiskey.

DUNNEGAN

How did you know?

He takes out a pad and paper to write down the information.

AGATHA

The only victim was a POW and last month, a local boy from the 17th, also a former POW was killed in a factory accident. An explosion.

She pulls out her journal from her purse. She opens it to her sketch of the 1817 explosion she found in her library.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

And the blast radiuses both looked like this explosion from 1817, a very unique bomb created by the...

But Agatha slows, noticing A GERMAN TATTOO under his sleeve: BRUDERSCHAFT.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
(translating it)
...Brotherhood...

She tries to close her journal, but he stops it with his hand.

DUNNEGAN
Mrs. Christie, please go on.

AGATHA
You say you work with the Inspector
in the 9th Precinct?

DUNNEGAN
Correct. Have you found the connection
between these POWs and the Brotherhood?

But Agatha's staring at the buttons of his coat. The 8th Precinct emblazoned on them.

AGATHA
I--excuse me--this whiskey's gone
straight to my head.

Agatha realizes her drink's relatively untouched. She tries to brazen through it anyway, rising, but he places his hand firmly on hers, trapping her.

DUNNEGAN
It would be wise of you to let this
matter go. The world beyond this
little town is far more complicated
than you realize.

AGATHA
I realize a great many things. Who
do you work for?

He smiles angrily, his true self coming out.

DUNNEGAN
No one you ever want to meet.

She tries to yank her hand away. He TISKS.

DUNNEGAN (CONT'D)
(threatening)
Play nice. Just like you taught
your lovely daughter.

Agatha turns ashen, true fear setting in. She has to escape.

DUNNEGAN (CONT'D)
Did you tell anyone else this theory?

AGATHA
No, no one else.

DUNNEGAN
Excellent. Let's go.

He pulls her up. She rises with more gusto than he expects, purposely falling into a table of BRAWNY DRUNK MEN.

AGATHA
Might I join you?

They grin and stand. Dunnegan yanks her back.

BRAWNY MAN
Hey! She's with us, mate.

DUNNEGAN
I think not.

AGATHA
Yes, I'd quite like a dance. Or more.

She gives a brilliant smile to the MEN, yanking with all her might for her freedom. Dunnegan reaches for her but the brawny men all stand, unwilling to give up their new toy.

Dunnegan narrows his eyes, then throws a swift jab to the man to his left, an elbow to the right, a kidney punch backwards. But he's outnumbered--

--a solid punch sends him reeling into another table, OVERTURNING IT. GLASS SHATTERING. TEMPERs RISING--

--INTO AN ALL OUT BRAWL. MEN START SWINGING, CURSING, SLINGING INSULTS--

TABLES CRASH to the floor. WOOD SPLINTERS. BARMAIDS SHRIEK.

AGATHA JUMPS over the wreckage, whirls with a dancers ease as TWO FIGHTERS fly towards her, dodges a THROWN STOOL--

--WHEN SHE'S YANKED DOWN BY THE BARMAID who takes pity on her. They crawl under the safety of a long table. Above them, the sounds of FISTS hitting flesh.

BARMAID
Hate your date that much?

AGATHA
He's a nefarious imposter.

BARMAID
Ain't they all?

AGATHA
It would appear so.

Reaching the end of the tavern, the barmaid nods to the exit. Agatha makes a run for it. She almost makes it when--

--the DRUNKEN SAILOR from the beginning grabs her arm. She picks up a tray and smashes it into his head. He collapses.

Reaching the exit, she gives one backwards glance, Dunnegan on the far side of the tavern. Their eyes meet for a terrifying moment--

--and then she pushes open the door and races into the night.

INT/EXT. CAR - ROAD - NIGHT

Agatha's headlights spear through the snowfall. Windshield wipers rapidly swishing. She nervously checks her rearview mirror as a BLACK SEDAN approaches.

It blinks its headlights. The sedan SPEEDS CLOSER--

--IT SWERVES INTO THE OTHER LANE, PULLING ALONG SIDE HER--

--TERRIFIED, SHE GUNS HER CAR. As they round a curve, an ONCOMING CAR forces her PURSUER BACK. She tries to HONK FOR HELP at the other vehicle. But it doesn't slow.

AGAIN THE OTHER CAR SPEEDS AROUND HER...and keeps going. Agatha collapses back, relief flooding through her.

But as she rounds the blind curve up ahead, that same CAR HAS STOPPED TO BLOCK HER PATH. Too close, she slams on her BRAKES, SWERVE, HITS THE FRONT OF THE OTHER CAR.

It fishtails in one direction as her Morris Cowley careens off the road, teetering on the edge of Newlands Pointe.

Agatha pushes open her door, half crawls, half stumbles out. She ducks low, hidden along the far side of the car as Dunnegan steps out of the black sedan.

Thinking quickly, Agatha grabs her purse and then leans back on her elbows. She raises her foot to wedge it between the car door and the floor mat. With a MIGHTY PUSH, she SENDS THE CAR CAREENING down the hill.

Then Agatha scrambles into the bushes, hiding.

Dunnegan looks down at the supposedly dead Agatha Christie in her crashed Morris Cowley. He waits for any sign of life. Agatha waits for him to decide.

Dunnegan starts to head down the hill to confirm her demise--

WHEN ANOTHER CAR PULLS UP.

STRANGER
Sir, you okay?

Dunnegan pastes on a cheerful smile.

DUNNEGAN
Yes, ran off the road trying to
save a stray dog.

STRANGER
I'll give you a lift.

Left with no choice, Dunnegan leaves.

Agatha collapses into the brush, relieved, fighting back the hysteria, gun slipping from her fingers. She waits until the stranger's tail lights disappear, then stands, gathering herself. And she heads off towards the nearby train station.

INT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

The Clandon train station, a few waiting passengers. Agatha hurries over to a phone booth, pulls out her journal, and finds a phone number. She dials.

INT. LONDON TOWNHOME - SAME TIME

A lone phone RINGING on an end table. MRS. BARROW, 60s, comes down the hallway, tying her robe, concerned as she picks up.

INT. TRAIN STATION- CONTINUOUS

AGATHA
Mrs. Barrow, it's Agatha. I need to
speak with the Inspector immediately.

MRS. BARROW (O.S.)
Agatha, dear? Why whatever is the matter?

INT. LONDON TOWNHOME - A MOMENT LATER

Mrs. Barrow leans against the wall, reeling at Agatha's story.

MRS. BARROW
Oh dear God. I could kill my
husband for putting you in danger.
But he's not in the country. You
can catch up with him in Paris, he
travels under the name Harley Quin.

INT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Agatha slams down the phone, then makes her second call.

AGATHA
Aunt Evelyn, you need to keep Rosalind,
take her to the Torquay cottage.

AUNT EVELYN (O.S.)
What, why? You sound terrified. Did
something happen with Archie?

Agatha hears her daughter call for her in the background. She gets choked up.

AGATHA
No--yes, something like that. Please
just trust me. Keep her safe.

And she hangs up. Agatha hurries over to the ticket booth.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
A ticket for the next train to
Dover, then ship passage to Paris.
And postage for these.

She grabs some postcards.

TICKET SELLER
Name to book it under?

AGATHA
Ag--Agnes. Mary Agnes.

TICKET SELLER
Surname?

She glances at the sign for the WESTBOUND trains.

AGATHA
Westmacott. Mary Westmacott.

EXT. PARIS - DOCK - DAWN

Paris waking up for the day, an impressively beautiful sight.
Agatha disembarks from a ship and hurries down the gangway.

EXT. TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - SOLOMON EXPRESS - DAY

A final boarding WHISTLE for the great Solomon Express.
Agatha hurries along the platform with shopping bags in hand.
A TRAIN PORTER helps her aboard as the engines REV to life.

She pauses on the step to lean back and take in the grandiose
train. Cream and royal blue with brass fixtures.

Warm lights burning in the coach windows. The falling snowflakes make it all the more magical. And then she steps into the luxury.

INT. SOLOMON EXPRESS - CONTINUOUS

The Train Porter leads her down the carpeted hall to her shared compartment. They pass other boarding PASSENGERS. Agatha accidentally steps on the toes of a LOVELY LADY. She apologizes and hurries on. The Porter slides open the door.

INT. SOLOMON EXPRESS - COMPARTMENT 8 - CONTINUOUS

A SPINSTERLY WOMAN, 60s, in a lacy black dress, peers up with her magnifying glass and gives a welcoming smile.

SPINSTER

Well hello m'dear. I'm Mrs. Marble from Torque. And you?

AGATHA

Miss Mary Westmacott.

She takes the spinster's hand and tries not to smile as the woman pulls out her HEARING HORN.

SPINSTER

Charmed, charmed. Traveling alone, are you? Best that way. Longing for adventure, I'd say. No luggage?

AGATHA

Lost in transit I'm afraid.

SPINSTER

The incompetency of foreigners. Now if you'll pardon, I was just getting to the most devilish bit in my novel.

She taps Agatha's novel, The Murder of Roger Ackeroyd. Agatha's eyes widen but she brazens through.

SPINSTER (CONT'D)

Ever read it?

AGATHA

I have not.

INT. SOLOMON EXPRESS - LATER

Agatha steps into the corridor, now dressed for dinner in a RED SILK DRESS (a nod to the red kimono in Orient Express) with a jaunty hat and netting, which cleverly obscures some of her face. She pulls it down even more and heads to dine.

INT. DINING CAR - SOLOMON EXPRESS - CONTINUOUS

Agatha scans the room, searching for Inspector Barrow. It's quite full: A SHEIK'S WIFE (traditional burka), A GOVERNESS (sublimely serene), TWO BELGIUM FOREIGN OFFICERS (old chums), A FRENCH AMBASSADOR (foppish), and A SMALL BUSINESSMAN buried in his paper.

HOST

Looking for someone, miss?

AGATHA

Yes, I--

But she breaks off mid-sentence as the compartment door opens at the opposite end of the dining car: Dunnegan.

She GASPS in horror, spins rapidly, and whispers to the Host.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

Has a Mr. Harley Quin come to dine?

HOST

Taking it in his room, madame.
Compartment 12.

She flees the dining car.

INT. SOLOMON EXPRESS - CORRIDOR

Agatha knocks on Compartment 12, glancing back nervously. Inspector Barrow opens the door. He stares at her, flummoxed.

INSPECTOR BARROW

Good God, what in heaven's name are
you doing here, Agatha?

He yanks her into the compartment.

INT. INSPECTOR BARROW'S COMPARTMENT - LATER

Barrow clasps her hand, fatherly, worried, having just heard her story. Agatha sets down her empty glass.

INSPECTOR BARROW

Would you like another drink?

AGATHA

No, no. I'm just not used to danger and intrigue outside of my novels. I'm afraid I've put your operation in jeopardy if Dunnegan sees me.

INSPECTOR BARROW

Don't worry about that, m'dear. My partner's on his tail. We're hoping he leads us to Mr. Grey.

AGATHA

Mr. Grey?

Barrow considers Agatha for a moment, then sits down.

INSPECTOR BARROW

It's just a name we've given him. I've been chasing him for half my career it seems. Most of my colleagues think I'm chasing a ghost, that no one person could be responsible for so many infamous assassinations. But Mr. Grey's real. A hired gun with contacts everywhere.

AGATHA

Good God, and he's on this train?

INSPECTOR BARROW

(nodding)

We believe he's rendezvousing with one of his top spies. Agatha, I've put you in grave danger. Your father would have my hide were he still alive.

AGATHA

My father would have told you not to listen to me to begin with. But you did anyway. And for that I am grateful.

INSPECTOR BARROW

You can't return home, Agatha, not until we apprehend Grey. Come the morning, I'll have hatched a plan to get you off this train and into safety.

INT. AGATHA'S COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

A lantern burns a soft glow over the compartment. Agatha lies on her bed, reading the spinster's copy of her novel, shaking her head occasionally at a part she still doesn't like.

Agatha looks up as she hears FOOTSTEPS pass her compartment.

She peers out, curious, but only sees the SHIEK'S WIFE exiting the toilette. She takes refuge inside again.

Agatha walks over to the window and, as the train rounds a corner, she sees TWO FIGURES on the landing between cars. The BURN of a cigarette being lit. But the train straightens before she can see more.

Agatha strains to hear the conversation outside. Frustrated, she spots the spinster's HEARING CONE. Snaking it out the window, Agatha can hear.

GERMAN SPY

Grub gott. Gut dich zu sehen, Mr. Grey.

MR. GREY

(in German)

Tis a stupid name they've given me. I took care of our problem. We suspect a partner, but that too will be taken care of. We continue on with the plan.

GERMAN SPY

(in German)

It's risky.

MR. GREY

(in German)

It is always risky to pursue greatness. But we will change the course of history. Do you have our next *ziel*?

AGATHA

(to herself)

Ziel?

Agatha doesn't know this word. She writes it down.

GERMAN SPY

(in German)

Yes, I used my resources to find him again. He is--

But their next words are lost as the TRAIN WHISTLE BLOWS ONCE. Soon, their words drift back to her as the train slows.

MR. GREY

Our friend at the *Rötlich Rosa* will help us.

She writes "Rotlich Rosa" down, also uncertain.

GERMAN SPY

Die bruderschaft der einen hagel

AGATHA

Die bruderschaft der einen hagel.

(translating)

Hail the brotherhood of one.

The cold air and Agatha's muttering awakens the spinster.

SPINSTER

Oh dear, everything alright?

AGATHA

Mrs. Marble, do you speak German?

Do you know the word *zeil*?

SPINSTER

Oh yes, I've read it in my novels.

Target. As in assassination!

AGATHA

Oh God!

Agatha throws caution to the wind, and cranes out the window as the train pulls into the station, but THEY'RE GONE. She slams closed the window, hurrying to the door.

She manages to see the SMALL BUSINESSMAN from the dining car, back to us, enter compartment thirteen, but no one else.

Agatha scurries across to Inspector Barrow's compartment, trying to open his door, but it's locked.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

(low-toned)

Inspector! Inspector, open up!

FUMBLING from inside, then the lock slips free. Agatha slides open the door--

INT. INSPECTOR BARROW'S COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

AGATHA

Inspector, you must--

She stops in shock. The Inspector's COLLAPSED ON THE FLOOR, TURNING BLUE as he strains for air. She hurries to his aide.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

I'll call a doctor.

He grabs her as she reaches for the call button and signals with his eyes to a glass on his table. She reaches for it, looks inside: WHITE POWDER AT THE BOTTOM.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

Oh god! Strychnine, they poisoned you. I should call for help, maybe there's time--

She stands to reach for the bell but again he grabs her hand, pointing to her GOLD WEDDING BAND.

INSPECTOR BARROW

(gasping)

No. Want church--COAL--after it. Stop them.

And with that, he shudders his last breath and dies.

Agatha just stares in horror. She's jolted when the TRAIN STARTS MOVING AGAIN, LEAVING THE STATION.

She flings open the door, looking for the ATTENDANT. HE'S UNCONSCIOUS, slumped at his post. She opens her mouth to SCREAM when suddenly--

--A HAND CLAMPS OVER HER MOUTH. She's DRAGGED back into the compartment. She STRUGGLES but her ATTACKER'S MUCH STRONGER.

He SPINS AND SLAMS HER INTO THE BACK WALL, still stifling her SCREAMS. Agatha raises her eyes and sees--

--DUNNEGAN. Her eyes widen in terror.

DUNNEGAN

Thought I'd already taken care of you.

He raises his free hand to STRANGLE HER SLENDER THROAT.

She FIGHTS, pushing against his hands. It's futile, she can't rip his hands away. She blindly reaches for the table, her hand finding the POISONED TEA CUP.

It's too small to do any damage. So she wraps her finger in the handle, smashes it against the wall, and THEN RAMS THE SHARP SHARDS INTO HIS SIDE--

--HIS HOLD LOOSENS. She flings herself towards the door, her throat too tight from the strangling to scream. She just grazes the handle when he YANKS HER LEG. SHE FALLS HARD. DRAGGED BACKWARD. HE RAISES HIS HAND FOR A MIGHTY HIT WHEN--

--the DOOR FLINGS OPEN AND A MAN FLIES THROUGH THE AIR, TACKLING DUNNEGAN.

Agatha scrambles into the corner as her SAVIOR pauses in the fight after a SOLID LIFT HOOK and he turns almost as if to doff his hat. And of course he's--

--DETECTIVE SINCLAIR.

SINCLAIR
Mrs. Christie, I presume.

AGATHA
How do you do?

She can't believe she just said that. He can't believe she's so beautiful, not what he imagined at all. So intent, he's blind-side by an UPPERCUT FROM DUNNEGAN. Sinclair recovers.

They face off, both well-trained. DUNNEGAN LUNGES--

A BLOCK, THEN JAB TO THE KIDNEY BY SINCLAIR--

PISSED, OUR ENEMY PULLS A KNIFE.

SINCLAIR CHANGES HIS STANCE.

SINCLAIR
You wouldn't happen to have a
weapon perchance?

Agatha yanks open the night stand drawer, rifles around, and spots Barrow's GUN as THE MEN CIRCLE EACH OTHER.

JAB. MISS. BLOCK. GRAZE ON SINCLAIR THAT DRAWS BLOOD.

Agatha raises the GUN, HANDS SHAKING, SEEING SINCLAIR'S WOUND. He's still very much in the fight but also suddenly aware of her actions.

As Detective Sinclair staves off Dunnegan...

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)
Might not be the best idea, the
gunshot'll draw too much attention.

AGATHA
And the rukus you're making won't?

SINCLAIR
Excellent point. It might help if
you opened your eyes to aim.

Agatha realizes she's indeed clenched her eyes shut on the prospect of killing a man.

AGATHA
I'd rather not.

And then in the blink of an eye, DUNNEGAN LUNGES AT SINCLAIR WITH A MIGHTY SLASH, SINCLAIR DODGES--

--DUNNEGAN USES THE OPPORTUNITY TO SUDDENLY GRAB AGATHA with the KNIFE AT HER THROAT--

Sinclair reaches forward, GRABS THE GUN FROM AGATHA'S SLACKED HAND, STEPS FORWARD INTO HER, PRESSES THE GUN ALONG HER ARM--
--AND SHOOTS DUNNEGAN IN THE HEART.

He crumples. Agatha feels the dead man slide down her body.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
He's dead.

SINCLAIR
Quite.

AGATHA
I mean, Inspector Barrow. He was poisoned, strychnine. It mimics a heart attack. No one would have been the wiser.

But Sinclair's already leaning over his mentor and partner.

SINCLAIR
Christ. Dunnegan gave me the drop in our compartment.
(talking to Barrow)
How'd they do it, old chap?

AGATHA
The door was locked from the inside...

Agatha spots the adjoining compartment door, which is opened when couples both have first class suites. She hurries over and it easily slides open.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
It was Mr. Grey.

She steps into the compartment and looks around. MOSTLY EMPTY. A USED GLASS. RUMPLED SHEETS. AN IVORY TIPPED CIGARETTE IN THE ASHTRAY, STILLING SMOKING.

CUT TO:

HER IMAGINATION RECREATING THE SCENE

Mr. Grey's hand jimmying open the lock. Slipping the poison. Barrow reenters. He pours the steaming tea. The poison in his system.

All the objects Agatha's noticed suddenly fill in: The cigarette appears in his hand. The WHISTLE of a stop. The window open. Grey slipping out.

INT. ADJOINING COMPARTMENT - SAME TIME

Agatha hurries over to the open window.

AGATHA
He must have slipped off before we
left the last station.

SINCLAIR
You actually saw Mr. Grey?

AGATHA
Only his back, I--

But before she can finish, the revived PORTER STUMBLES IN AND SEES THE TWO DEAD BODIES, ONE SHOT. HE HURRIES OUT.

PORTER
MURDER! MURDER ON THE SOLOMON
EXPRESS!

Sinclair grabs Agatha's arm.

SINCLAIR
That's our cue to leave. Hurry!

He hustles Agatha away from the panicking Porter, ignoring the ROUSED TRAVELERS now poking their heads out, and pushes her inside her compartment.

AGATHA
Wait, where are you going?

SINCLAIR
After Grey. Don't answer any
questions until the next stop.

AGATHA
(sputtering)
Wait, what? You can't possibly mean
to leave me here.

SINCLAIR
The Constable in the next village
is a good friend, he'll sort things
out, keep you safe. Good luck.

And he shuts the door in her face.

Agatha opens it right back up, furious and flummoxed.

AGATHA
Good luck? Why how dare you--?

But as she starts to head after him, THE TRAIN CAR DOORS SUDDENLY FLY OPEN.

TWO LARGE TRAIN ATTENDANTS AND THE ROUSED ON-BOARD INSPECTOR BURST ONTO THE SCENE. THE PORTER POINTS TO AGATHA AND SINCLAIR.

PORTER

Them, it was them!

Sinclair and Agatha break into a run, pushing passed startled travelers. The AUTHORITIES in hot pursuit. He races into his compartment and Agatha follows. Sinclair immediately throws the lock and barricades the door.

SINCLAIR

Fine, stay in this compartment then.

And he pushes her aside, flying about the room to pack his meager belongings. BANGING ON THE DOOR by their pursuers and SHOUTING TO "Open Up!"

AGATHA

I'm coming with you.

SINCLAIR

With me? Now why in God's name would I bring you with me? You're delusional from shock.

AGATHA

Because I'm the one Barrow entrusted with his dying breath to stop them!

Sinclair slams closed his valise and checks his pistol, before tucking it into his coat.

SINCLAIR

Did Barrow tell you about his secret informant?

AGATHA

I am his secret informant, you idiot! Have been for years.

Sinclair SCOFFS.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

Oh I like that, just because I'm a woman!

SINCLAIR

Because you are a small-town novelist who's only knowledge of international intrigue is cooked up in your imagination.

AGATHA

And yet they almost killed me last night. Why the devil else would I be on this train?

This pauses Sinclair.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

Aha, there. You see.

SINCLAIR

I see that you are a civilian, Mrs. Christie, and I'm pursuing one of the most dangerous and elusive men of my career. So if you'll excuse me--

And he opens the window, pulls himself out and disappears.

EXT. TRAIN - SIDE LADDER - CONTINUOUS

Sinclair grabs onto the metal ladder that leads atop the train, then climbs. WIND WHISTLING, SCENERY BLURRING BY. A movement catches his eye and he looks below to see Agatha hoist herself out the window and reach for the ladder.

AGATHA

(to herself)

What the hell am I doing?

He stares in horror, her body suspended for a breathless second, wind whipping her gown, and then she gets a firm hold.

EXT. TOP OF TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Sinclair, now firmly atop the speeding train, reaches down to hoist Agatha up.

SINCLAIR

Have you lost your mind?

AGATHA

Mr. Grey thinks I'm dead, I have to stay that way. Besides, Barrow wanted my help. There's more you don't know--

BELOW THEM, THEY HEAR THEIR PURSUERS FINALLY BREAK INTO SINCLAIR'S COMPARTMENT. Sinclair looks down to see them looking up from the window. And then they start to follow.

SINCLAIR

Oh bloody hell!

AND THE CHASE IS ON. AGATHA AND SINCLAIR RACE TOWARDS THE BACK OF THE TRAIN. AGATHA'S RED SILK DRESS FLYING BEHIND HER.

AGATHA

--I haven't even gotten to the most important part. The Brotherhood of Unity!

They reach a GAP between two trains. He jumps it, then begrudgingly lifts her over, curious to hear the rest.

SINCLAIR

The Brotherhood of Unity? They haven't existed for years, if ever.

AGATHA

Neither has Mr. Grey to some. But the explosions match. I looked at Barrow's forensic report. Same chemicals the Brotherhood used in all of their bombings.

SINCLAIR

Over a hundred years ago. Next you'll be blaming the American Colonists or how about the Roman Empire?

AGATHA

It is not that absurd and you know it. The Brotherhood could still very well exist -- a secret fraternity is after all a secret!

SINCLAIR

Fine. Then why, in all the time I've hunted Grey, have none of my leads ever hinted at the Brotherhood? Not a single one!

AGATHA

Perhaps you're not a very good Detective.

He wants to throttle her. Instead, he continues to out-race their pursuers. They reach the end of the train. He holds out his arm, stopping her from falling over the edge. She looks down.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

You'll die!

SINCLAIR

The train will slow when it rounds the curve. I'll aim for the snow banks. Mrs. Christie, be sensible, go back! I've got it from here!

And then the WHEELS GRIND AGAINST THE CURVED RAIL, sparks flying, train slowing. Sinclair LEAPS OFF THE TRAIN.

Agatha gasps at his skilled landing, looks back. Sees her pursuers. Then gathers her skirts, closes her eyes -- is she really going to do this? Does she have a choice? She opens them and JUMPS--

AGATHA
(midflight)
Oh Gooooood!

--AND LANDS IN THE SNOW BANK, rolling and skidding a bit down the embankment back onto the rail road tracks.

Sinclair pushes himself up on his elbows and stares at her.

SINCLAIR
You are insane!

AGATHA
Only because you won't listen to me.
Barrow believed me, even if you don't!
(standing)
Besides, in a game of chase,
Detective Sinclair, I'd rather be the
cat than the mouse.

SINCLAIR
(sarcastic, livid)
Well then, by all means, let us
backtrack and chase Mr. Grey. I'm
sure somewhere along the way I'll
be able to drop you at a sodding
Foreign Office.

AGATHA
(snorting)
You can try. But I write mystery
novels, Detective. I must always
know the ending.

Sinclair grits his teeth and heads towards a FARMHOUSE in the distance. Agatha dusts herself off and follows.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

A lone farmhouse, red barn, almost idyllic in the snow. Out front, a truck in the middle of repair, parts strewn about.

AGATHA
Should we knock?

SINCLAIR
We're currently fugitives.

Sinclair walks over to the closed garage and leans down to inspect the PADLOCK. He pulls TOOLS OUT OF HIS COAT POCKET AND QUICKLY PICKS THE LOCK.

AGATHA

What in heaven's name are you doing?

He ignores her and opens it to REVEAL A RESTORED MODEL-T.

SINCLAIR

Ah a classic model-T. My father bought one of the first. Not my top choice but...

He opens the car door and looks down at the wiring, trying to figure out how to hotwire it.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

...shouldn't be too hard.

AGATHA

(glaring)

You can't possibly mean--You want us to steal this poor man's car? That's unforgiveable. He clearly loves it, an avid antique car collector or--or this was his father's and he's restored it, kept it in proper shape, drives it only on special occasions like his son's graduation or a--a big job interview that could change his career, his destiny--

Sinclair gawks at the yarn she's spun.

SINCLAIR

It's just a bloody model T.

AGATHA

That doesn't mean it couldn't be true.

SINCLAIR

Fine, then he could also be a sadistic criminal who uses this car to commit heinous crimes against kittens and scullery maids.

AGATHA

That's absurd. Kittens and scullery maids have nothing in common and sociopaths are nothing if not consistent. Besides, I won't be an accomplice in thievery.

SINCLAIR

You fled the scene of a murder as a key witness, conspired to commit a second one, and you're worried about stealing a car?

Yeah, that's true. Agatha gives in gracefully.

AGATHA
Right, so, I'll just give it a good
crank then.

She braces herself, then cranks the stubborn thing.

SINCLAIR
A bit more.

She cranks harder. The engine comes to life.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)
Haha, we got it!

He smiles. She tries not to smile. She fails. Agatha takes the passenger seat beside him and they're off.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Sinclair pulls up to the last train station where Grey slipped off the Solomon Express. He leaves the car idling.

SINCLAIR
Stay here.

Agatha ignores him and gets out. He quirks a brow.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)
Was I unclear, Mrs. Christie?

AGATHA
No, but I'm sick of doing what I'm
expected to do. So I've decided to
use free will.

SINCLAIR
Then consider self-preservation.

AGATHA
I am. I'm staying next to the man
with the gun.

SINCLAIR
I meant, self-preservation from me!

She ignores him and walks ahead. They reach the train tracks and walk to the far side. FRESH FOOTPRINTS.

AGATHA
Mr. Grey.

They follow the footprints back over the tracks and around the depot to the carpark. They lead to where a car once was.

FRESH TIRE MARKS out of the lot, heading North.

SINCLAIR
He went North.

EXT. ROAD - SWITZERLAND/GERMANY BORDER - NIGHT

Snow blankets the ground. The quiet of the middle of the night. Agatha finishes telling him about Barrow.

AGATHA
Barrow must have meant "gold" not
"coal." See, if I hadn't come you'd
never know that little tidbit.

SINCLAIR
Worth every excruciating second.
Cracks the whole case wide open.

AGATHA
There's no need for sarcasm. If you
want to be angry about Barrow's
death, I understand. But aim your
ire elsewhere. He was very dear to
me, to my family. I'm sure you two
were quite close as well.

A beat. Sinclair doesn't like her insight, but still.

SINCLAIR
Is there anything special about
your wedding ring?

AGATHA
Not that I'm aware of.

SINCLAIR
Tell me about the other POWs.

AGATHA
The first article I noticed was a
boy from the 67th, killed in a
fire. The second a drowning, the
third a factory accident. But why
were they killed? Their deaths were
barely newsworthy, completely
unlike the Embassy bombing. You
really think Mr. Grey wants to
incite another war? It would be a
loss on both sides.

SINCLAIR
If you corner an animal, it will lash
out. Germany wants its pride back.

AGATHA

Yes, that does follow the
Brotherhood of Unity's credo.

SINCLAIR

(annoyed)

It also follows a dozen other
secret societies and spy rings but
most importantly the German
Government. One really doesn't need
to look much farther.

AGATHA

Only if one is exceedingly short-
sighted! The answer is never that
obvious.

SINCLAIR

Of course it is. The most obvious
answer is normally the right one.
Unlike in mystery novels, the real
world doesn't need convoluted plot
twists!

And he slams on the BRAKES as they reach a fork in the road.

AGATHA

(gasping at the insult)
My plots are not convoluted!

A sign points in one direction for FREIBERG, GERMANY, the
other for BASIL, SWITZERLAND. Both utterly certain--

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

Freiberg.

AGATHA

Basil.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

That's absurd. Why would he head
that way?

SINCLAIR

Because he's German.

AGATHA

A German spy. Spies operate outside
their country, so we head to Basil.

SINCLAIR

Yes, but spies always run to ground
in the places they know best. So
unless you can recall some clue in
their conversation to lead us
South, then--

AGATHA

Rötlich Rosa. "Crimson rose", I believe, if my German's not too off. Does that mean anything?

SINCLAIR

Do you mean the Scarlet Rose?

AGATHA

Why yes that's it.

Detective Sinclair grits his teeth and turns towards Switzerland. She quirks her eyebrow at him, waiting.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

I take it the Scarlet Rose is in Basil, Switzerland.

DETECTIVE

Indeed.

AGATHA

And it's a...

SINCLAIR

(clearing his throat)
Whorehouse.

AGATHA

Ah.

SINCLAIR

Don't gloat.

AGATHA

Why would I possibly gloat over the fact that you've memorized all the establishments of ill-repute across the continent?

SINCLAIR

Spite?

EXT. SCARLET ROSE BROTHEL - NIGHT

A rather upscale two-level establishment at the end of a private lane. Tall trees surround it, barren of leaves but beautiful. The CACKLES AND HOOTS inside are far less elegant.

Sinclair clicks off the headlights and heads down the private drive. He pulls off the road just before the carpark.

SINCLAIR

I'll see what I can find out.

Agatha nods and starts to open her door. He slams it closed.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

This is becoming a tedious game. I hardly think you could pass as my exceedingly permissive wife.

AGATHA

I could pass as--

SINCLAIR

Don't even say it.
(undoing his tie)
Mrs. Christie, I really wish it hadn't come to this.

AGATHA

To what?--

But the next thing she knows, he's used his tie to ROPE HER HANDS to the steering wheel.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

(gasping)
Untie me this instant!

SINCLAIR

Inspector Barrow was one of the most skilled and seasoned detectives in all of Scotland Yard and yet they killed him. I'm not losing anyone else tonight.

This mollifies her.

AGATHA

You could have just said so.

SINCLAIR

I fear curiosity might still get the best of you.

AGATHA

Well, at least scuff up your shoes and hide the family crest on your cuff links. You reek of British nobility. Second son of a Baron, I'd guess.

SINCLAIR

How the devil did you--?

He sighs, yanks down his coat sleeves and kicking mud on his boots. He slams closed the door with--

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

Third son of Viscount actually.

Sinclair heads through the crowded carpark and up to the MENACING BOUNCER. With a few bills, he buys himself entrance.

The door opens. MUSIC pours out. Then it closes. Leaving too much silence for Agatha. She taps her fingers. She hums a tune. She cranes out the window.

In an upper bedroom, a LIGHT flicks on, a FURTIVE LOOK OUTSIDE BY A MAN, HAT PULLED LOW, then the GAUZY CURTAINS snap shut. Agatha looks away. Pretends not to care. Then cranes out again.

AGATHA
Oh bloody hell.

And she goes to work on the tie with her teeth. Finally free, she slides out of the car, heading for a better vantage point. Sticking to the trees, the Bouncer doesn't notice her. But she's too far down below to see into the upper window.

Looking around, she spots a rather fetching climbing tree.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
Right then. I can do this.

And she climbs. Reaching the third limb, her foot searched for a perch to hoist her just a bit higher when--

--her foot SLIPS. A MUFFLED SHRIEK. The TEAR of fabric. A thigh high slit in her dress.

She gives it a disparaging look but keeps going. Finally, she can see into the window. The SILHOUETTE of TWO MEN ARGUING.

ONE MAN pauses in front of the window, and she can see in clearly through the curtain gap. He's tall and burly: COLONEL METZGER, a German war hero.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
Definitely not Mr. Grey.

The Colonel stands at the window, pondering.

COLONEL METZGER
(in German)
And if I do this, you can guarantee
me war?

Agatha GASPS. The Colonel turns away, heading back to the his friend. But Agatha can't see from her vantage point. So she dares to inch out on an extended branch, practically wrapped around it.

She's close, so close to seeing, when the SMALLER MAN TURNS and PACES AWAY. So she inches out a bit more, a bit more, when suddenly--

--SNAP. The branch can't hold her weight and she goes CRASHING to the ground. A moment to catch her breath, then...

AGATHA
Bloody HELL.

Agatha pushes the hair out of her eyes and sees a pair of BOOTS. She follows the boots up to the face of the BOUNCER.

BOUNCER
Who are you? What are you up to?

AGATHA
I--I--

She slowly stands, brushing off her derriere while wildly thinking of an excuse. A GIGGLE floats her way just as her hand finds the ripped slit.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
I'm the new girl, of course.

Agatha juts out her stockinged leg for emphasis.

The Bouncer looks her up and down.

BOUNCER
From Llistral? You're early.

AGATHA
Eager to get to work. Shall we?

She begins to walk towards the front doors. A moment later, he follows. She breathes a sigh of relief until--

INT. BROTHEL - CONTINUOUS

--the doors swing open, and she sees a PARADE OF PROSTITUTES in scandalously low-cut gowns amid leering men.

She scans the room and spots Sinclair. He promptly CHOKES on his drink when he sees her. The Bouncer shoves Agatha towards one of the girls.

BOUNCER
Let the mistress know her new one's arrived. We asked for exotic and get a damn Brit.

The Prostitute nods and reaches for Agatha's arm, dragging her towards the back. The girl opens a hidden door.

INT. BROTHEL - DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The dressing room for the girls. A rack of garish gowns and costumes to suit any man's fantasy.

PROSTITUTE

Well, pick one out. They're all bad so don't hunt long. The Madame is in with one of her regulars, but she'll be angry as hell if you don't get straight to work.

The Prostitute slaps Agatha on the bum and winks.

INT. BROTHEL - A WHILE LATER - NIGHT

Sinclair stands near the dressing room door, seeming to inspect a particularly scandalous painting.

BUTLER

We're about to start up poker again, sir, unless you'd like for me to arrange other entertainment.

SINCLAIR

Oh, I already have my eye on one--

The door swings open and Agatha sashays out in an emerald green low-cut silk number.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

--and here she is.

He wraps his arm around Agatha's waist.

AGATHA

(re: the pornographic painting)
Perusing the high class art?

SINCLAIR

What the hell are you doing here?

AGATHA

Improvising. I know, I know, next time I'll stay in the car.

COLONEL METZGER

(German accent, rough English)

Ah new one tonight. British eh?
Well turn around.

Colonel Metzger stands behind Agatha, his BODYGUARDS near, a BRUNETTE wrapped around him.

Agatha GROANS, her back to the voice.

AGATHA
Oh please tell me he doesn't mean me.

SINCLAIR
No such luck. That's Colonel Metzger, do not encourage him. Even fellow Germans fear the bastard.

AGATHA
Wonderful.

She slowly turns, sees that it's the man from upstairs, and keeps right on turning back towards Sinclair.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
(aside)
He was upstairs with Mr. Grey. I'd bet my life on it.

SINCLAIR
I think you already have.

She gives a look of desperation as...

COLONEL METZGER
Very nice. I take her.

SINCLAIR
I'm afraid I already had my eye on her. You understand.

Sinclair wraps his arm around Agatha's waist.

COLONEL METZGER
I'm afraid it doesn't work that way. You're new here, you'll learn.

Colonel Metzger nods to his BODYGUARDS who move forward swiftly, catching both of Sinclair's arms, a pistol shoved in his side. He exchanges looks with Agatha -- he'll figure something out.

SINCLAIR
Ah, it's very clear now. I prefer redheads anyway.

The Colonel grabs Agatha's arms and, left with little choice, she lets him drag her upstairs.

Sinclair scans the crowd, tempted by the Brunette, but remembering his words he offers his hand to a Redhead.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)
Shall we?

INT. BROTHEL - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The Colonel leads Agatha down the hallway, starting to drink heavily from his flask.

COLONEL METZGER
What's your name?

AGATHA
Nancy.

GERMAN COLONEL
Terrible name.

AGATHA
It is, isn't it?

Agatha looks back in time to see Sinclair mounting the stairs with his own prostitute in tow. Her eyes fall on a closed door, the one she saw from outside. She indicates so.

Sinclair gives her a discreet nod. Fortified by his nearness, she heads inside with the Colonel.

Sinclair heads toward the room in question.

PROSTITUTE
(heavy German accent)
No, no, that one is taken.

But he opens it anyway. Empty. The only movement from the gauzy curtains Agatha saw from outside.

He let's the Prostitute lead him to another room.

INT. BROTHEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Colonel falls onto the bed in the center of the room, rightly dubbed the "Golden Cupid" -- ornate banisters and naughty cherubs abound. Agatha chokes back a startled laugh.

COLONEL METZGER
(in German)
Help me out of this.

AGATHA
Of course.

Having done this for her husband, she braces herself to tug off his boots. He gets too much joy in bracing his foot against her arse. She yanks extra hard, and he almost flies off the bed.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
Oh dear, are you all right?

He SLAPS her ass, LAUGHING.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
You're all right.

She peels off his jacket and feels inside the pockets. A silver cigarette case but nothing else.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
(stalling)
Would you like a cigarette?

GERMAN COLONEL
Only smoke cigars.

AGATHA
Really?

She looks at the case, curious, when he grabs her and hauls her atop him. Hands everywhere, lips everywhere. She tries to avoid his assault.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
Wouldn't you like to talk a bit?
Get to know each other?

She scrambles away, willing the door to open.

COLONEL METZGER
(in German)
Get back here.

AGATHA
I must decline.

The GERMAN SWEARS heavily and reaches for the BUTLER'S BELL. He yanks hard. She leaps to stop him, but he uses the motion to pin her underneath him.

COLONEL METZGER
Much better.

AGATHA
I really hate Sinclair.

This pauses the German who stares down at her agog.

GERMAN COLONEL
(confused)
Sinclair?

AGATHA
Sinclair.

And with that, she slams the LAMP IN HER HAND down on his head. He falls to the ground, UNCONSCIOUS.

She stands and scoops up the CIGARETTE CASE from the floor. Inside, a folded missive: stationary with a CREST and a series of numbers: 467231.

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

BUTLER (O.S.)
Sir, you rang?

Agatha stares at the door in horror. She places the missive back in the case and his coat, looks for an escape, hurries to the window. Too far to jump. But as the Butler becomes more insistent, she looks down and sees a small ledge.

AGATHA
Oh god.

Garnering her courage, she opens the window, balances on the ledge outside, and shimmies out of the line of sight just as the Butler breaks down the door.

He RAISES THE ALARM when he spots the fallen German.

BUTLER
(in German)
DOCTOR! THE COLONEL!

EXT. BROTHEL WINDOW LEDGE - SAME TIME

Agatha inches along the ledge. Her HEEL CATCHES, SLIPS--
--she catches herself. Kicks off her shoes and keeps going. Nearing a window, she peeks in. A COUPLE HAVING CREATIVE SEX.

She ducks down, embarrassed, then intrigued. One more peek. She cocks her head to the side.

AGATHA
(re: coupling)
Fascinating.

Then she keeps going. Another window. She looks inside.

A SOLDIER pulls the ATTIC DOOR DOWN REVEALING A SECRET ROOM. RADIO OPERATORS AT WORK. A SPY OUTPOST.

She GASPS and inches along the ledge once more.

Third window. And inside Sinclair pushing his prostitute out the door, hearing the SHOUTS OF THE BUTLER.

BUTLER
(in German)
Doctor for the Colonel, quick!

Agatha taps on the window. Sinclair JUMPS, turns, spots her. Slamming closed and locking the door, he helps her inside.

INT. SINCLAIR'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

AGATHA
I could kill you.

SINCLAIR
It sounds like you killed the
Colonel.

AGATHA
So sorry I wasn't in the mood for
seduction tonight! I knocked him
out when someone didn't come to my
rescue.

SINCLAIR
I couldn't get rid of her. Girl was
tenacious.

AGATHA
And how did you finally?

SINCLAIR
Asked for another.

AGATHA
To replace her?

SINCLAIR
(blushing)
No, just another.

Agatha swats him.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)
I let her choose.

AGATHA
There are tons of costumes
downstairs. You could have stated a
preference for--oh never mind. We
need to get out of here. I found a
missive. From Mr. Grey, I presume.

SINCLAIR
What did it say?

AGATHA
It was coded, but I memorized it
and left it behind. Didn't think we
wanted him to know that we know in
case they aborted it and we lost
our one lead.

Sinclair deciphers that ramble.

SINCLAIR
Sound logic.

At that moment, A BELLOW IN GERMAN. The Colonel has awakened. Sinclair yanks open the door to confirm this. The Colonel storms out of his room.

COLONEL
(in German and English)
Find her, find her!

Sinclair's redheaded whore shows up with her friend.

DETECTIVE SINCLAIR
Ladies, back so soon!

He throws this loud enough for Agatha to dive under the bed.

The whores start to enter then SHRIEK as the BOUNCER KICKS DOWN DOORS in the establishment, looking for Agatha.

The Bouncer lands on Sinclair.

SINCLAIR
No need, sir, just these ladies and myself.

The women SIMPER and start to peel off his clothe.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)
Ladies, ladies, you know what I'd really love. Costumes.

At this, Agatha rolls her eyes.

A bit put-out by all his requests, the prostitutes nevertheless exit in their chemise and garters.

Sinclair helps Agatha up and takes in her glare.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)
It was your idea. Now put on her dress.

INT. BROTHEL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Sinclair peeks out. All clear. He turns back as Agatha finishes dressing in a gold gown.

SINCLAIR
Ready?

AGATHA
For what--?

But it ends on a SHRIEK as he lifts her up over his shoulder, SKIRT COVERING HER HEAD, KNICKERS OUT.

SINCLAIR

They can't see your face, now can they?

MEN SNICKER as he passes with Agatha over his shoulder. Sinclair rounds a corner, sees Colonel Metzger and his bodyguards. He slips down a back servant stairway instead.

But at the base, another BOUNCER. Sinclair tries to barrel past him, but he's quickly stopped.

GUARD

Hey, you can't take 'em with ye.

SINCLAIR

Bloody hell.

Sinclair GIVES A QUICK JAB TO THE MAN'S NOSE, knocking him out. Then he drops Agatha and they race out the back--

EXT. BROTHEL CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS

--and hurry towards the Model T. Sinclair hops behind the wheel as the great Agatha Christie cranks the Model T in a tawdry whore's outfit. It REVS to life.

COLONEL METZGER

They're getting away!

The Colonel barrels out of the whorehouse.

Agatha throws herself into the car and they're off. Sort of. Much too slow to out-race their pursuers. Behind them, TWO CARS rev to life with the Colonel and his men.

AGATHA

Can't you go faster?

SINCLAIR

If I could go faster, I would!

As they round the first curve, they're SLAMMED FROM BEHIND.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

Take the wheel!

Agatha does so, replacing her foot over his as they're SLAMMED AGAIN. Sinclair swivels, pulls out his gun, and AIMS AT THE PURSUERS. SHOOTS--

--THE BODYGUARDS RETURN FIRE. AGATHA DUCKS AS THE WINDSHIELD SHATTERS--

--SINCLAIR PERKS BACK UP AND TAKES AIM AT THEIR TIRE. HE HITS, IT BLOWS OUT, THE FIRST CAR SPINNING--

--AS COLONEL'S CAR PASSES IT AND VEERS LEFT. THE COLONEL GETS OFF A SHOT. TOO CLOSE. It barely misses Agatha. She banks hard around the last curve, reaching the main road. She speeds into TRAFFIC, MAKING A HARD RIGHT--

--AFTER A MOMENT SHE MAKES ANOTHER HARD RIGHT STRAIGHT INTO THE WOODS, GRAVEL FLYING.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

AGATHA
Hiding!

And with that, she yanks the car to a halt and cuts the lights. The COLONEL AND HIS MEN SPEED BY ABOVE THEM ON THE MAIN ROAD.

A moment of silence, then Sinclair looks over at Agatha. Her sleeve's bloody. He slides over, worried.

SINCLAIR
You're bleeding. Were you hit?

She looks down at her arm and winces.

AGATHA
Glass from the windshield. Can you see to get it out?

He leans in to inspect the wound. It's too dark.

SINCLAIR
No, but there's an Inn up the road.

She nods and moves over so that he can take the wheel.

INT. SWISS INN - LATER

A quaint, simple room. Agatha sits on a stool in front of a vanity as Sinclair enters with a basin of water.

AGATHA
Was the Innkeeper suspicious?

SINCLAIR
I spun a lovely yarn about my darling sister hiding from her evil husband and paid her handsomely for her silence.

Sinclair sets down the water and lowers her sleeve. He's not immune to her bare skin, but adopts a professional demeanor.

AGATHA

Be careful to--

SINCLAIR

I do have some experience with such things. It's not my first gun fight unlike others in this room.

AGATHA

It might not be my first.

He raises an eyebrow.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

Fine, but if it requires stitches, I'll see to it myself. I was a nurse in the war.

SINCLAIR

Is that why you're doing this? Risking your life? You envied your patients their war.

AGATHA

Of course not. I'm doing this because I don't want war again. Ever. Besides, what choice do I have? Go home so that Mr. Grey can kill me again?

SINCLAIR

You could hide until this is over. Far away from the action.

He leans down to clean her wound, close, intimate. A bond growing between them after the events of the evening.

AGATHA

I've been far away from the action my entire life. Trying to be the right daughter, the right wife.

She meets his eyes, confessing.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

Do you know, when my mother was sick, I knew, I just knew it was her liver but the Doctors ignored me, Archie ignored me. And I let them. She died just a few months ago. This time I'm not backing down. I'm right about the Brotherhood.

SINCLAIR

You're risking your life on a hunch, Mrs. Christie.

AGATHA

If a man did the same, he'd be considered a hero. If a man jumped off that train, or snuck into the brothel, he'd be considered brave, a patriot. Why must I give a reason to want to help save the world?

SINCLAIR

Saving the entire world, are we?

AGATHA

Part of it. And I'm not sitting on the sidelines anymore.

He weighs her for a moment.

SINCLAIR

You need stitches. As it's your right arm, you might consider letting me have a go...

She nods. He hands her a bottle of brandy.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

Anesthetic for the pain?

She nods and takes a long swallow as he begins to stitch.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

So where is your husband, Mrs. Christie? Does he share your penchant for heroics? Should I worry he'll swoop in to save the day as well?

Agatha chokes on the brandy.

AGATHA

Hardly. He's probably enjoying the solitude. He so loves his peace and quiet and daily routine.

SINCLAIR

And he married you?

AGATHA

There's no need to be insulting.

SINCLAIR

I didn't mean it as an insult. He sounds like a terrible bore.

Agatha gives a startled laugh.

AGATHA

That's a dreadful thing to say. But rest assured, he's nothing like you.

Their eyes meet. Sinclair surprised by her back-handed compliment. Agatha embarrassed.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

Are you done?

SINCLAIR

Almost. Then you can draw me the symbol you saw on that missive.

INT. SWISS INN - DAWN

Sinclair watches Agatha sleep, his eyes drawn to the basin of bloody water and her wound. Then he lifts the sketch she drew - the symbol on the missive. He considers it once more, then recognition hits. He nudges her awake.

SINCLAIR

Mrs. Christie, it's an eagle not a hawk. The symbol of the Frankfurt Science Academy. Also known as, Germany's foremost explosives lab.

AGATHA

Oh god, he's making another bomb.

Agatha hops out of bed to hurriedly leave the Inn.

EXT. SWITZERLAND - HIGHWAY - MORNING

Agatha and Sinclair cross the border from Switzerland to Germany. A thick morning fog. They can almost feel themselves entering enemy territory.

EXT. FRANKFURT BUILDING - DAY

Agatha and Sinclair pull up to a brick building. He opens her door and escorts around to the front entrance. She pauses, staring at the sign, confused: BRITISH FOREIGN OFFICE.

AGATHA

Detective, this isn't the Science Academy but rather the British...Foreign...

But her voice trails off, realization dawning. She spins around. Sinclair's gone.

She spots him across the street getting back in the car. She tries to cross but traffic blocks her.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
Sinclair!?

SINCLAIR
I'm sorry, Mrs. Christie. I might
want to play the hero, but I can't
while worrying about you.

And he leaves, feeling a bit guilty -- he has no idea she's
reliving Archies's departure as well as his.

EXT. FRANKFURT ACADEMY OF SCIENCE - DAY

The SAME SYMBOL over the impressive marble facade.

INT. FRANKFURT ACADEMY OF SCIENCE - DAY

Sinclair pushes into the rather busy morning at the Academy.
A lecture in the main hall, GRADUATE STUDENTS AND SCIENTISTS
heading inside. He heads to the LOBBY DESK.

SINCLAIR
Detective Sinclair, Scotland Yard,
I need to see a log of all visitors
and shipments out.

GUARD
Scotland Yard? Ah for the
Inspector?
(off Sinclair's confused
look)
Inspector Randall from Britain,
assigned by the UN.

SINCLAIR
(lying)
Yes, didn't know who'd they sent to
inspect the labs. He'll need a
manifest.

GUARD
No shipments out today, and all
visitors are confined to the main
lobby with the morning's lecture.
There was only the delivery of
Inspector Randall's equipment.

And then we hear none other than--

AGATHA
Ian Randall?

GUARD
Yes, that's him. The courier took
the package to him personally.

Sinclair turns. This isn't happening. He grabs her arm.

SINCLAIR
Get out of here!

Agatha flips through her journal, glaring at him.

AGATHA
(utter fury)
Let go of my arm or I'll knee your
family jewels so hard you'll never
hope for an heir, then I'll scream
to high heaven til we're both
thrown out.

He weighs her for a moment. She meets his gaze.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
Despite what you think, you can't
do this alone!

He lets go of her arm. She thrusts the journal in his face.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
Ian Randall was a POW in the same
unit as the soldier in the Embassy
explosion.

SINCLAIR
What?

He whirls on the guard, as the ramifications hit them both.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)
(to Guard)
Take us to the Inspector now! Or
I'll have this place shut down!

The Guard grabs his keys, and they hurry upstairs.

INT. LABORATORY FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Through a security door, then another, the Guard nervous, fumbling with keys. Finally, they hurry past offices and labs with glass observation windows, SCIENTISTS hard at work. The Guard reaches the end of the corridor and leads them into a the chemistry containment room.

INT. CONTAINMENT ROOM- CONTINUOUS

Ventilation vans, high-tech machinery, steel cylinders of chemicals.

SINCLAIR
Where is he?

GUARD
I--he should be here.

Agatha's notices a metal, vault-like door; she heads over.

AGATHA
What about this room?

GUARD
That's highly unstable materials.
It's strictly off-limits--

But Agatha peers in the tiny porthole and sees the INSPECTOR COLLAPSED ON THE GROUND.

AGATHA
Sinclair!

Sinclair and the Guard hurry over and see as well.

SINCLAIR
Unlock it!

GUARD
I don't have the code, no one does
except the head of the Department.

But as the Guard's panicking, Agatha pulls out the clue from Metzger's coat pocket. She looks at Sinclair. He nods and bends down to the rotary dial steel lock.

AGATHA
(reading)
46-72-31.

Sinclair spins the dials and it opens. They stare at each other -- this is bad, very bad.

INT. VAULT - CONTINUOUS

Agatha races over to the Inspector and checks his pulse.

AGATHA
He's dead.

She turns and stops cold. In Sinclair's hands, a briefcase with a BOMB. Only TWO MINUTES REMAIN on the countdown. They both turn to look at the HIGHLY FLAMMABLE CHEMICALS IN STEEL CYLINDERS around them.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
Can you disarm it?

SINCLAIR
Not this fast. It'll take out half
the block unless we--

AGATHA

Go!

They race out of the vault, pushing the Guard, and slams closed the thick steel door, spinning the lock. Sinclair spots a FREIGHT ELEVATOR.

SINCLAIR

How far down does the elevator shaft go?

GUARD

Just the basement!

It's the best they can do. Sinclair pries open the door and drops the bomb down the empty shaft--

SINCLAIR

RUN!

INT. LABORATORY HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They burst into the hallway.

AGATHA AND SINCLAIR

BOMB! GET OUT, GET OUT!

TIME SLOWS as scientists and secretaries hear the news and literally drop what they're doing, glass vials shattering, phones clanging onto desks.

Agatha runs, next to Sinclair. He grabs her hand and they leap down the stairs as the--

--THE BOMB EXPLODES, A FIREBALL SHOOTING UP THE ELEVATOR SHAFT, BLASTING INTO THE HALLWAY, SLAMMING THEM AGAINST THE WALL. BLACK SMOKE EVERYWHERE.

CUT TO:

INT. BRITISH FOREIGN OFFICE - FRANKFURT - DAY

Covered in soot from head to toe, very much the worse for wear, Agatha and Sinclair sit side by side on a bench.

Agatha's shell-shocked. Sinclair's silently thinking. He absentmindedly runs a finger under his eye, leaving a streak of clear skin. The only streak.

The RADIO PLAYS, only adding to the tension of the office.

RADIO

Many say the bombing at the Frankfurt Science Academy, a research facility funded by the German Defense Department, was an act of retaliation by the British. But Parliament vehemently denies they had anything to do with it. Earlier this week, the British Embassy in Berlin was rocked by an explosion. Likewise, German officials deny any wrongdoing on their part. As hostilities grow, speculations abound as to Prime Minister Baldwin's address at the UN Summit.

The HEAD OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE, GENERAL LINDSEY, 50, furious, marches towards them, scattering personnel in his path.

LINDSEY

(to Sinclair and Agatha)

Get in my office!

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Lindsey slams the office door shut behind him. He tosses the report of the University bombing onto the table.

LINDSEY

(furious)

So, care to explain, how a goddamn German explosives lab just blew up, a bomb brought in by a British Inspector--

SINCLAIR

Actually, technically--

(a death look by Lindsey)

Right, go on, General.

LINDSEY

Damn right, I'll go on. Because then to really bugger us over, you decide to add a bloody Scotland Yard Detective and a--

(reading his file)

Miss Westmacott, whoever the devil you are? -- to the scene of a catastrophic bombing of our enemy. For Christ's sake, you may have just caused another war! The Foreign Ministry's backpedaling so fast our asses are on fire. The Germans are demanding your head, want to interrogate you personally.

(MORE)

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
 We've tried to mollify them by
 pointing out you evacuated the
 place, but they don't give a damn!

Lindsey throws down his file and leans over his desk.

LINSDEY
 And let's not forget the mess you
 left behind on the Solomon Express.
 Two bloody bodies. The Swiss want a
 piece of you too. I have half a
 mind throw you to the wolves. And
 nevermind the fact, that you're
 accusing Colonel Metzger, a
 decorated German soldier, of first
 bombing our Embassy and then
 turning around and blasting his own
 people at the labs? Are you insane?
 WELL??

SINCLAIR
 Yes, we didn't see that last part
 coming either. I assure you I'd
 have looped you in otherwise.

LINDSEY
 (roaring)
 LOOPED US IN? This was an
 unsanctioned investigation--

Agatha looks over surprised at this information. Sinclair
 shrugs it off.

SINCLAIR
 My partner--

LINDSEY
 Is dead! Off chasing a lead with no
 merit according to your boss.

AGATHA
 If there wasn't any merit, then he
 wouldn't have been murdered. It
 only stands to reason.

LORD ADDISON
 And who the hell are you? And for
 God's sake, clean yourself up!

He toses a handkerchief to Agatha. She wipes her face.

LINDSEY
 Detective, you've been ordered back
 to Scotland Yard --

Lindsey turns back to see Agatha soot-free for the first
 time. He pulls to a full stop, mouth agape.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
 Good God, you're Agatha Christie!

AGATHA
 I'm sorry, have we met?

LINSDEY
 No, you're just the biggest
 headline in all of England.

And with a flourish, he slams down the copy of yesterday's
 NEWSPAPER: HER PICTURE. The headline reads: MYSTERY WRITER
 CHRISTIE MISSING, ABANDONED CAR FOUND, HUSBAND SUSPECTED.

AGATHA
 Oh. My. God.

She sags into a chair.

LINSDEY
 I suppose I should thank you for
 deflecting some press off this mess.
 Except you have an nation searching
 for you! It's been four days now.
 They found your car at the bottom of
 a ditch, your secretary attests to a
 violent argument between you and
 your husband, and your Aunt's gone
 into hiding with your daughter. Yet
 you haven't come forth in days! Pray
 tell me why.

Agatha takes the paper in her hand, horrified.

AGATHA
 I sent letters to Archie and my
 secretary, saying I was headed to a
 healing spa. I thought I was
 keeping them safe, I thought--

She chokes off, near her breaking point.

LINSDEY
 You thought not at all, you insipid
 bored little housewife--

Sinclair's had enough. He goes toe to toe with Lindsey.

SINCLAIR
 She had no idea this was going on.
 It wasn't her husband who ran her
 off the road, but rather a German
 operative.

Agatha stares at Sinclair, surprised at his defense of her.

LINSDEY
 (skeptical)
 In Berkshire?

SINCLAIR
 Quite so. And although my boss may not believe Barrow's theory about Mr. Grey, I do. If he's not stopped, he'll lead both countries to war against their will.

LINDSEY
 Against their will? Even if he does exist, who do you think he works for? The bloody German government, that's who!

A beat. Agatha peeks up, looking Sinclair, willing him to believe her.

SINCLAIR
 Perhaps not. Mrs. Christie has strong evidence a rogue faction, the Brotherhood of Unity, is behind all of this. If we stop them, we stop war.

Lindsey considers this, then bursts out LAUGHING.

LINDSEY
 Oh, Mrs. Christie's come up with this has she? Well, by all means, let's race into action on the whim of a silly, disgruntled novelist desperate enough for attention that she staged her own death!

Agatha sucks in her breath.

AGATHA
 I did no such thing. Well, not on purpose.

LINDSEY
 Aha, there you have it! I'm putting an end to this. Mrs. Christie, you are officially in my custody. I'm shipping you home immediately.

He yanks up the phone.

LINSDEY
 (into phone)
 Get me Scotland Yard!
 (to Sinclair)
 (MORE)

LINSDEY (CONT'D)

And Detective, I suggest you disavow this entire affair, blame the whole thing on your senile partner, and let the big boys handle things from here on out if you have any chance of saving your career--

BAM! Sinclair CLOCKS HIM IN THE FACE. LINDSEY GOES DOWN HARD. Agatha GASPS. Sinclair hangs up the phone and grabs the CONFIDENTIAL FILE ON COLONEL METZGER. He stalks over to the door and yanks it open.

Agatha continues to sit there, shocked, Lindsey's words hitting hard. Maybe she made a dreadful mistake in all this.

Sinclair starts to walk out, then turns back.

SINCLAIR

Well, are you coming?

Agatha nods, a smile, and follows. She grabs Lindsey's keys off a hook in the wall.

EXT. FRANKFURT STREETS - DAY

Sinclair and Agatha hurry over to Lindsey's parking spot, nervously waiting for the alarm to sound on their departure.

They hop in the car, speeding towards the exit. In the GUARD TOWER, the command comes in to seal up the lot. AS THE GATES START TO CLOSE, SINCLAIR GUNS IT, JUST MAKING IT THROUGH, THE GUARD SHOUTING AFTER THEM. SINCLAIR WEAVES INTO TRAFFIC.

INT./EXT. FRANKFURT STREETS - LATER

Agatha reads the file as Sinclair drives.

SINCLAIR

Why would anyone suspect your husband of murdering you?

AGATHA

So that he could live happily ever after with his mistress, I presume.

SINCLAIR

He's an idiot.

Both look a little shocked at his words.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

(qualifying)

There aren't many women I know who'd jump off a train, pursue a known assassin, and survive a bomb blast.

AGATHA

Thank you. The scandal's only going to grow worse though, and I daresay I won't be able to explain it away with the truth.

SINCLAIR

Leave it me. I still have a few friends I can call upon. What's a name you'll remember?

AGATHA

Neele. But why?

SINCLAIR

A woman bearing a striking resemblance to you will check in at the Hydropathic Hotel under the name Neele. She's has an uncanny ability to imitate others.

AGATHA

And when I finally return?

SINCLAIR

You'll take her place with an airtight alibi for your missing days. I take it you won't mind if I take your wedding ring then?

AGATHA

(confused)

No.

She slips it off.

SINCLAIR

There's a jeweler in London, he might tell us what Barrow found so special about your ring.

Sinclair pulls to a stop in front of a telegraph office. He gets out and looks back at her.

AGATHA

I promise to stay right here. I won't move an inch. As your partner, you can trust me.

SINCLAIR
 (groaning)
 Oh God, who said you were my new
 partner?

He slams out of the car. She smiles.

EXT. COLONEL METZGER'S APARTMENT - FRANKFURT - NIGHT

Sinclair and Agatha pull up outside a rather shabby building.

SINCLAIR
 Not very impressive for the Colonel.

AGATHA
 (reading Lindsey's file)
 He has an estate outside of town,
 but he keeps this apartment off the
 books, or so he thought.

Sinclair nods as they head inside.

INT. METZGER'S APARTMENT BUILDING- NIGHT

Sinclair and Agatha reach Colonel Metzger's apartment at the top of the third-floor walk-up. WORKMEN (PAINTERS) finish up for the day. Sinclair leans against the door, listening.

LANDLADY
 (in German)
 May I help you?

They turn to see the LANDLADY approaching, an older woman. Agatha looks at him to make the explanations.

SINCLAIR
 (aside)
 My German's terrible.

AGATHA
 (in German)
 Uh hello. We are friends of Colonel
 Metzger. Good, good friends.

Agatha gets off a few more sentences of conversational German to the LANDLADY, a cynical woman.

SINCLAIR
 I don't think she's buying it.

AGATHA
 Definitely not.

Sinclair reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out a wad of bills. He politely hands over the bribe.

The landlady nods and pulls a key from around her neck, bending down to open Colonel Metzger's door.

The door swings open to REVEAL--

--METZGER HANGING FROM THE RAFTERS, apparent SUICIDE. The landlady SCREAMS and hurries off to call the police.

LANDLADY
Polizei! Ich rufen sie die solizei.

SINCLAIR
We don't have long.

They scan the room for clues. Agatha grabs the SUICIDE NOTE.

AGATHA
He's taking credit for the British Embassy bombing, stating his orders came straight from the German President.

SINCLAIR
I take it he conveniently left out that he also just bombed his countrymen's labs.

AGATHA
Indeed.

Agatha catalogues the room. DUST RINGS, the furniture replaced outside of them. ICE ON ALL WINDOWS BUT ONE.

Her eyes fall on the desk, a leather satchel of tools, a phone. The bomb maker's table from the opening.

INT. METZGER'S APARTMENT - **AGATHA'S IMAGINATION** - SAME TIME

Colonel Metzger at his desk. Putting away his tools. An explosion in the distance. Flash of Frankfurt Science Academy. Smiles of satisfaction. A ringing phone.

MR. GREY (O.S.)
(gravelly voice)
Well done.

COLONEL METZGER
Tis necessary to sacrifice a few for the greater good.

MR. GREY (O.S.)
And now it's your turn. Confess to the British Embassy bombing. Tie it to the government.

COLONEL METZGER

(angry)

Never--I must be here til the end.
How dare you ask this--how dare--

A hand over his mouth. Chloroform. No, poison in his drink.
He collapses. Rope hoisting him. Hanging from the beam.

SINCLAIR (O.C.)

Mrs. Christie--

INT. METZGER'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Agatha snaps out of her imagining, the Colonel's empty glass of brandy in her hand. She turns to see Sinclair by the fireplace, trying to save some charred photographs, celluloid almost completely melted.

AGATHA

Photographs?

SINCLAIR

Damn, nothing left of them. What was he hiding?

Outside, SIRENS.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

The Germans are damn efficient.

Sinclair looks out the FROSTED WINDOW. TWO UNIFORMED POLICEMEN head into the building. Agatha hurries to the door and watches them begin to climb the stairs.

AGATHA

The fire escape!

Sinclair slides open the window. She races over, but her heel catches on a nail in the wooden floor. She bends down. Looks at the NAIL. The other PEGS in the boards.

SINCLAIR

Mrs. Christie!

She reaches up and grabs a KNIFE off the table. She pries up the board. Inside, a METAL BOX. She grabs it just as the POLICE reach the landing outside, the knob turning--

Sinclair hauls her out the window just in time.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - CONTINUOUS

Sinclair slides down like a sailor on a ship. He looks up where Agatha struggles to descend in her heeled boots.

SINCLAIR

Hurry!

AGATHA

Why ever hadn't I thought off that?

SINCLAIR

Hold onto the sides and slide, I'll catch you.

As the police near the window, she does as she's told. A bit too swiftly. She braces for the landing.

Sinclair hurries forward but her acceleration catches him off-guard, and he finds himself more breaking her fall than catching her, PETTICOATS over his head.

He tries to wiggle free, hand on her bare leg. Agatha tries to extricate him, mortified.

AGATHA

Stop. Moving!

She lifts her skirts and untangles them. He stands, righting his suit, his tie, uncomfortably. He notices her skirt hiked up in back, petticoat showing. He smooths it down. A bit too intimately. An awkward beat, as they both try to ignore it.

SINCLAIR

Right, so, uh, shall we?

She nods, handing the BOX to Sinclair who tucks it in his coat. They hurry down the alleyway towards the main street. She slows her step and he pauses, looking back.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

Perhaps an apology's in order. I saw nothing, I swear it--

AGATHA

What? Oh no, not that. It's just-it wasn't suicide.

SINCLAIR

We were in there less than five minutes. How could you possibly know that?

Agatha strides next to him, and he falls into step beside her as she enumerates her points.

AGATHA

First, a self-important man like the Colonel would never commit suicide.

INT. COLONEL METZGER'S APARTMENT - **AGATHA'S IMAGINATION**

The scene picks up where she left off, Grey (a shadowy figure) hoisting Colonel Metzger up.

AGATHA (V.O.)
Second, the furniture was not
returned to its proper place.

The furniture stand a few inches outside the DUST RINGS.

AGATHA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Because the killer, presumably Mr.
Grey, left hurriedly -- but why? Why?
Oh the painters arrived outside.

The PAINTERS setting up their ladders. The NOISE alarms Grey.

AGATHA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
So, fearing discovery, Grey fled.
Only one window had no ice,
recently opened. Like us, he needed
an escape.

EXT. FRANKFURT STREETS - SAME TIME

SINCLAIR
That only points to another
intruder. He could have come and
gone long before the Colonel hanged
himself.

As they round the corner onto the main street, they see the
LANDLADY gesticulating madly to the POLICE.

LANDLADY
(in German, up ahead)
I'm telling you, a man and woman
were just in the apartment.

Sinclair backs Agatha into a nook, blocking her with his body
as if they're sweethearts.

AGATHA
Still, there were certain...
inconsistencies with the body.

SINCLAIR
Do tell.

AGATHA
When a man is hanged, well, there's
a certain surge of blood. I take it
you know where I'm going with this.

SINCLAIR

I'm at a loss.

AGATHA

As a nurse in the war, I saw the occasional suicide from a particularly derelict soldier so I speak purely of the science of it.

SINCLAIR

As a medical professional, of course.

AGATHA

Yes, right, well...
(clearing her throat,
embarrassed)
His lower extremities indicated death before the hanging. The rope was all for show.

SINCLAIR

Please do spit it out, Mrs. Christie, all this hemming and hawing is taking up valuable time.

AGATHA

(snapping)
Fine, the little colonel -- so to speak -- would have been standing at attention. Erect.

SINCLAIR

(smirking)
And there we have it.

AGATHA

(riled)
You knew what I was getting at. You just wanted to hear me say it!

SINCLAIR

Guilty as charged.

She yanks her arm away but then looks over to see the POLICE shining a flashlight into their car, and the others parked on the street. MORE POLICE ARRIVE AND FAN INTO THE SHOPS, including LINDSEY AND HIS MEN FROM THE FOREIGN OFFICE. A shouting match about turf between the Germans and the Brits.

AGATHA

Now what do we do?

Sinclair notices a throng heading around the corner. He pulls them towards the crowd, and they push into--

INT. DANCE HALL - CONTINUOUS

A crowded dance hall with couples body to body on the dance floor, loud music, revelry. Sinclair spins her into the mix just as LINDSEY AND HIS MEN push inside.

As Sinclair and Agatha begin to play a careful game of hide and seek with Lindsey's men who circle the outskirts of the crowd, searching for them. Sinclair leads them expertly in and out of people, finding cover, dancing with ease.

SINCLAIR

Look, I agree it wasn't suicide.
Mr. Grey wanted him to take the
fall. That's his modus operandi.
Would you like to know his most
infamous fall guy?

AGATHA

Who?

SINCLAIR

Gavrilo Princip.

Agatha stumbles. Sinclair easily catches her. Their eyes lock.

AGATHA

The man who murdered Archduke
Ferdinand? Who started the Great War?

SINCLAIR

Or did he? There are those who
believe another mastermind was
behind it.

AGATHA

Mr. Grey.

Sinclair shrugs.

SINCLAIR

Perhaps. In any case, he couldn't
have foreseen the far-reaching
ramifications of that murder. At
the time, it was simply a dispute
between Serbia and Bosnia.

AGATHA

How reassuring. You didn't think this
was pertinent information before now?

SINCLAIR

It's just a theory.

A beat. Lindsey gets a bit too close to seeing them, so Sinclair throws her into a dip. Then spins her across the way as Lindsey pushes through the crowd.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

So you write mysteries?

Agatha gives a startled laugh. As they talk, the dance grows more intimate, the danger closer as Lindsey nears.

AGATHA

I do. I take it you hadn't heard of me then?

SINCLAIR

I don't read much. What are they about?

AGATHA

Murders in small towns, greed, jealousy, all solved by a retired Belgian detective who I made far too old to be stuck with but he's a favorite with the fans.

SINCLAIR

I can't envision you tucked away all day writing alone.

AGATHA

When I was younger, I thought I was destined for the stage.

SINCLAIR

Really?

AGATHA

Hmm, classically trained vocally, but I have wretched stage fright.

SINCLAIR

You're afraid of something? How refreshing. Do you often choose poison as the murder weapon because you were a nurse?

AGATHA

(quirking a brow)

I thought you hadn't read any of my novels.

Sinclair spins her away to avoid the question. She literally comes to face to back with one of LINDSEY'S GOONS. She quickly spins back.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

Why haven't you married?

He tries to spin her out again, but she counters and moves closer.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
Don't third sons of Viscounts have tons of simpering young things?

SINCLAIR
That was the problem. They simpered, and whined, and sang in high-pitched little voices. They most assuredly would never have been a wartime nurse.

AGATHA
Is that a compliment?

SINCLAIR
It's a fact. Like you, the War gave me purpose. It's hard to give that up.

AGATHA
Too hard.

SINCLAIR
But your husband wanted you to?

AGATHA
I suppose. He certainly doesn't approve of my writing.

SINCLAIR
Perhaps that's part of why you do it. Do you think if you were happy in your marriage, you'd stop writing?

She looks up at him.

AGATHA
Honestly, I think if he supported me, I'd be a far greater success as a novelist. And he as a businessman. Life is meant to be lived with a partner. An equal partner.

SINCLAIR
What a romantic sentiment.

AGATHA
What a cynical reply.

SINCLAIR
Yes, well, Barrow was my first partner, albeit not romantically--

AGATHA
Good clarification--

SINCLAIR
--and that didn't end so well.

AGATHA
I don't think we've reached the end yet. I daresay, I'm still rooting for the good guys.

Sinclair smiles, then watches as Lindsey and his men give up and head out.

SINCLAIR
Come on. Let's see what Colonel Metzger hid so carefully away.

Sinclair leads Agatha off the dance floor to the back of the smoky room. They sit down, and he pulls out the box. Inside, A STASH OF PHOTOGRAPHS.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)
More photographs. Colonel Metzger during the war. Stationed at a POW Hospital.

PHOTOGRAPH #1: COLONEL METZGER with a MAN in a white coat.

AGATHA
He's with a doctor.
(pulling out her reading glasses to magnify it)
Dr. Kaufer.

Sinclair flips to the next one.

PHOTOGRAPH #2: Colonel Metzger and the Doctor in A CLINIC SURROUNDED BY POWS IN BEDS, mostly British, one Russian. In the background, a NURSE.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
Oh my god, that's the boy killed in the factory accident. From the 44th Infantry. And next to him--

SINCLAIR
Inspector Randall and the soldier from the Embassy. Look in the back, a soldier from the 67th. You can tell by his uniform.

Agatha pulls out her JOURNAL. She flips past the ARTICLE OF THE FACTORY ACCIDENT TO ANOTHER ONE ABOUT A FIRE. The smiling face of a strapping young man, Captain Morley.

AGATHA

(reading)

"Captain Michael Morley, 67th infantry, killed two months ago in a fire." He was the first POW article that I clipped.

She compares the photograph of Captain Morley in the article to that of the man in the POW Hospital. It's him.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

So that's what connects them, this hospital. Whyever didn't I think of it? Soldiers from all over end up in the same infirmaries. And whatever they saw or heard while there, Mr. Grey's making sure they never speak of it.

SINCLAIR

Nor the Colonel anymore. That only leaves two POWs. If Grey hasn't already gotten rid of them.

They look at the photograph. One of the remaining men turned partly away from the camera.

AGATHA

We have to find out who they are.

SINCLAIR

Indeed we do.

Sinclair picks up her glasses, magnifying the Cathedral seen through the hospital window--

CUT TO:

INT. BERLIN - FLAT - MORNING

--the same Cathedral now seen in person through a window in Berlin. Pull-back to Sinclair casing the MILITARY HOSPITAL. MEDICAL PERSONNEL come and go. SOLDIERS HEAVILY GUARD IT.

Sinclair looks over at Agatha as she finishes pinning up her hair beneath a NURSE'S CAP.

SINCLAIR

You're sure you're up for this?

AGATHA

You have you trust me if this is going to work. Besides, your German's terrible, and men are far more suspicious of other men.

SINCLAIR

And who are women suspicious of?

AGATHA

Anyone younger, smarter, prettier,
or nicer than they. Where do you
want to enter?

Sinclair nods, turning to blueprints of the building.

SINCLAIR

East Wing, only one guard's on duty
for the early shift. Take the first
corridor, head down to the morgue,
last door on your left.

AGATHA

Watch for my signal.

SINCLAIR

With bated breath.

Agatha exits and heads towards the hospital.

EXT. MILITARY HOSPITAL - BERLIN - CONTINUOUS

Agatha approaches the entrance where TWO GUARDS inspect
badges. The MORNING SHIFT enters as the NIGHT SHIFT leaves.
She blends in with a group of NURSES who all wave and smile
at the guards. Agatha does so as well, snagging a BADGE from
a departing NURSE'S COAT. She manages to enter without
incident.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Agatha briskly moves through the hall, keeping up appearances
as a Nurse. She sees the sign for the morgue, heads that way.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

She pushes a gurney into the morgue. Smiles at the SOLDIER on-
duty. Heads into the back autopsy room. Opens the exit door.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - BERLIN - NIGHT

Blending into the shadows, Sinclair sees THREE QUICK FLASHES
from Agatha. He heads her way.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Agatha rolls a gurney down the hall, reading signs. She makes a hard turn, seeing the Administration Offices. She pulls up to a dark office - RECORDS.

She taps the body on the gurney and Sinclair deftly rolls out. He bends down to pick the lock while Agatha nervously looks over their shoulders.

INT. RECORDS ROOM - NIGHT

Agatha and Sinclair's flashlights move from cabinet to cabinet, box to box. Agatha spots a cabinet, a drawer labeled: PERSONNEL.

AGATHA

Here it is.

She pulls it open, rifles for a moment, and then pulls out Dr. Kaufer's personnel file.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

(reading)

Oh dear. I don't think the good doctor will be helping us identify these men.

SINCLAIR

Why?

AGATHA

He's dead.

SINCLAIR

How?

AGATHA

Car accident. Run off the road. Sounds eerily familiar. Mr. Grey really doesn't like to leave friends behind.

Sinclair comes over and pulls out the photographs they found at Colonel Metzger's apartment. He flips to the photograph showing SIX BRITISH POWs, COLONEL METZGER, DR. KAUFER, A NURSE, and FOREIGN POWs in beds in the background.

FOUR British POW's have already been crossed out: the Inspector, the soldier from the Embassy, the factory, and the fire victim. Colonel Metzger has also been crossed out. Sinclair now CROSSES OUT THE DOCTOR.

LEAVING TWO BRITISH POWs.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
And then there were two.

SINCLAIR
If they're still alive.

AGATHA
Perhaps there's someone besides the
late Dr. Kaufer who could identify
them for us.

Agatha points to the NURSE in the background.

SINCLAIR
The nurse?

AGATHA
(reading the doctor's file)
Two worked with him back then. Rose
Frankel age 50, not her. And a
Klara Becker. She still works here,
surgical wing. Shall we?

INT. MORGUE - DAY

With a single punch, Sinclair KNOCKS the SOLIDER unconscious.
Drags him into the backroom.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Agatha waits with an empty wheel chair, keeping a look-out.
Sinclair steps out of the morgue now dressed as a GERMAN
SOLDIER. He passes her a blank chart.

She begins to create a fake roster for him.

SINCLAIR
Just don't give me gout or gonorrhoea.

AGATHA
For the surgical wing? Don't worry,
I'll give you something far more
dire. Very manly.

INT. SURGICAL WING - DAY

Agatha wheels Sinclair into the infirmary. He's doing a
rather stellar job as the miserable patient. He scans the
room, nods to a BLONDE in the back.

SINCLAIR
There she is.

Agatha wheels Sinclair over to KLARA BECKER, (late 20s) a friendly sort, bubbly, not the smartest gal.

AGATHA
(in German)
New patient. Checking in for surgery.

KLARA
(in German)
Right this way. Is this your first day?

AGATHA
(in German)
Yes, well, no. I used to work here.
(feigned recognition)
Oh mein Gott. Klara, how are you?

She wraps Klara in an enthusiastic hug. Klara's confused.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
(in German)
I'm Mary. Don't you remember me? We worked with Colonel Metzger.

KLARA
(in German)
Oh, of course! I hated that man. Always forcing us to learn English. But it came in handy with some of them. Aber einige von ihnen waren so charmant, Meine Mutter würde mich umbringen--

Agatha bites her lip, trying to follow Klara's ramblings in German. But she's just not fluent enough as they settle Sinclair into a bed.

AGATHA
(interrupting)
Yes, yes, perhaps we can practice our English together. Besides, this patient hates to hear about his surgery. Prostate cancer. Losing his manly bits.

Klara gasps in horror, tisking. Sinclair snaps his head up, glaring at Agatha. She innocently smile, fluffing his pillow.

KLARA
How sad.

AGATHA
Hmm, yes. He reminds me of a patient I once had. Actually, you might remember him.

(MORE)

AGATHA (CONT'D)
I just picked up some photographs
from my mother's house.

Agatha rifles into her bag and pulls out the photographs.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
See, there you are. And this man
was my very first patient, but I
can't remember his name. Can you?

Klara takes the photograph.

KLARA
No, but he made friends with the
guards, wealthy, an officer. They
transferred him a few weeks later.

Klara smiles and points to the other man in question, looking
partly away from the camera.

KLARA (CONT'D)
But of course, I remember Lord
Harton, quite charming. We were all
so in love with him, yes?

Sinclair's eyes widen at Lord Harton's name.

AGATHA
Lord Harton, of course.

KLARA
I'm almost tempted to say hello to
him, see if he remembers me.

AGATHA
You mean, in a letter?

KLARA
Nein. Lord Harton's in town on a
diplomatic mission. It was in the
papers. Trying to keep the peace.

The SURGEON enters and motions Klara over. She excuses
herself. Sinclair grabs Agatha's hand.

SINCLAIR
Christ. I've heard of Harton, he's
the Undersecretary to Finance, no
wonder Grey's been waiting to kill
him last. It will surely send us
into war.

AGATHA
Oh God.

Then she sees the Surgeon approach.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

Oh God.

The Surgeon reads Sinclair's chart.

SURGEON

(in German)

Captain, you must be in tremendous pain. Get him into a gown, prepped for surgery. In the meantime...

The Surgeon pulls out a vial.

SURGEON (CONT'D)

(in German)

...morphine for the pain.

Agatha's eyes widen as he injects Sinclair before she can stop him. Then the Surgeon nods to Klara to wheel his next patient away. As they leave, Klara glances back, remembering.

KLARA

Oberlin, that was your first patient's name.

AGATHA

I--thank you. Any chance you know where to find Lord Harton?

KLARA

Nein. But the paper said they're seeing the Chinese Miracleman tonight.

AGATHA

(confused)

Who?

KLARA

The Chinese Miracleman.

And then she's gone, whisked into the operating room. Agatha turns back to Sinclair, panicked.

AGATHA

What do we do?

But Sinclair is totally and utterly lost to the morphine.

SINCLAIR

(loopy)

My toes feel funny. Splendid actually. Are they still attached to my body? Oh there they are.

AGATHA

(groaning in misery)

This is not happening.

SINCLAIR

Agatha. A-ga-tha. That's a very pretty name.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Agatha wheels the drugged Sinclair down hall after hall, searching for an escape. She sees the Nurses Dormitory. An idea hits her. She opens the door. It's empty.

INT. NURSES DORMITORY - CONTINUOUS

Agatha hurries over to the windows, claps in discovery at the last one. She slides open the window. Sinclair peers out and sees a METAL CHUTE.

SINCLAIR

Is that a slide?

AGATHA

A "cylinder fire escape" they call it. Installed for all us women during the War for fear that we'd panic and stumble down stairs during an air raid.

SINCLAIR

Rubbish. We should have let the lot of you fight the damn war.

AGATHA

Sinclair, I need you to focus. Can you make it down?

SINCLAIR

Of course.

He stands with authority and only a slight wobble.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

Ladies first.

She hesitates, then crawls into the shoot and down she goes.

Sinclair pulls himself into the slide and stares into the dark, spiraling tube. He pulls out his gun for safe measure.

And then he lets go, flying through darkness, hands raised, a SHOUT of excitement, having the time of his life--

EXT. HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

Sinclair hurtles out of the slide and smacks into Agatha. He straightens himself with effort -- gun in hand -- only to realize she's staring at TWO MILITARY MEN on a SMOKE BREAK.

Seeing his gun, they immediately DRAW THEIR WEAPONS. A STAND-OFF. Agatha's eyes widen, arms slowly going up.

She casts Sinclair a desperate look. And suddenly he changes into a character, that of "older brother."

SINCLAIR

Ah grüß gott!

He casually waves his gun around, making a scene as the enraged idiot. His performance helped by the morphine.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

(in perfect German)

So this is him? First you get my sister pregnant, then you point a gun at her.

The Guards blanch. Sinclair HOLSTERS HIS GUN, trying to further disarm the men.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

(in perfect German)

Greta, well, is he the father?

Agatha dumbly nods.

AGATHA

Ja.

She starts crying. Horrified, the soldier lowers his weapon.

MILITARY MAN

(in German)

No, no, it wasn't me. You have the wrong man. I've haven't slept with a nurse in ages. Ever. I mean ever.

His buddy starts to LAUGH.

SECOND MILITARY MAN

(laughing, in German)

Serves you right, Mendel, for all your womanizing. Bound to have an angry brother or father sooner or later.

MILITARY MAN

(in German)

I swear, it wasn't me.

(MORE)

MILITARY MAN (CONT'D)
 She can't be more than four months,
 and I married six months ago.
 Faithful ever since.

AGATHA
 (in German)
 Four months?!
 (seeing Sinclair look)
 Oh fine, it's not him.

Sinclair grabs Agatha's arms.

SINCLAIR
 (in German, chastising
 Agatha)
 Accusing an innocent man?
 (nodding to military men)
 My apologies.

And then Sinclair flings his arm around her, high as a kite.
 She manages to drag him away towards their rented flat.

ALLEYWAY

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)
 Haha! You're not the only clever one!

AGATHA
 Why is it whenever we're in
 trouble, I'm a bloody floozy. I.
 Am. A. Lady. Sinclair.

She emphasizes this by poking him in the ribs.

SINCLAIR
 A very lovely lady.

AGATHA
 And you're very cheerful on
 morphine. Whatever made you think
 of that stunt?

She pushes him into the stairwell of their flat.

INT. FLAT STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

She struggles to maneuver Sinclair up the stairs.

SINCLAIR
 Men are far more terrified of female
 hysterics than guns nowadays. Can't
 abide the crying.

AGATHA
 Yes, well, your German accent could
 use some work...

SINCLAIR

I told you it was wretched. The others at Oxford didn't fair much better. Still I had excellent marks. Are you impressed?

AGATHA

Terribly. Wait, that's it!

In her excitement, she loses her grip on Sinclair and he slides down the stairs.

SINCLAIR

What's it?

AGATHA

You greeted them with "grüß gott" not "grub dich". The formal dialect of Southern Germany. Nobody uses it anymore, only someone taught in a classroom would.

SINCLAIR

Are you disparaging my education? Why am I on the ground?

She leans down to haul him up.

AGATHA

Don't you see?

FLASH OF HER MEMORY ON THE TRAIN - Mr. Grey's spy greeting him, a silhouette outline by Grey's cigarette.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

Mr. Grey's accomplice on the train used the same phrase, and his accent was learned not native-born. Just like yours. He's British!

She swings open the door to their flat.

INT. FLAT - CONTINUOUS

Sinclair sits heavily on the bed.

SINCLAIR

You don't say?

AGATHA

It's so obvious now, almost like out of one of my books. A British soldier turned during the Great War to the German side. A POW from this very hospital.

She pulls out the photograph. Sinclair raises his hand as if he's having the greatest epiphany of his life.

SINCLAIR
I suspect Colonel Metzger had
something to do with this!

AGATHA
Well, of course, he recruited the
POW. And now Mr. Grey's killing off
anyone that may have witnessed our
POW switch sides. There are only
two left. Lord Harton and Oberlin!

SINCLAIR
So what does that mean?

Agatha groans in frustration at Sinclair's confused state.

AGATHA
One of them is the spy, and the
other Mr. Grey's next target!

Sinclair stands with a burst of energy.

SINCLAIR
We must find them at once!

And then he collapses onto the bed, out cold.

AGATHA
Sinclair?

Agatha tries to shake him awake to no avail.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
Bloody everlasting hell.

INT. FLAT - LATER

Agatha enters, exhausted, newspapers and flyers in hand. Sinclair moans, barely able to lift his head.

SINCLAIR
What happened? Where are we?

AGATHA
Berlin. You've been passed out on
morphine while I spent the
afternoon going to every hotel in
this town. Lord Harton's not
staying at any of them.

SINCLAIR
You may need to refresh my memory.

She waves the newspaper in front of him. A PHOTOGRAPH OF LORD HARTON in town on official business.

AGATHA

He's in town. Grey's after him. And
I have no leads, not one single--

But as she talks, her catches on an ad at the back of the paper. Agatha stops, her eyes widening.

CUT TO:

BATHROOM

Agatha pushes Sinclair into an icy tub of water. He sputters and surfaces, wide awake.

SINCLAIR

What the hell was that for?

She shoves the paper in his face. A theater billing.

AGATHA

I should have asked Klara for it in
German. Der Wunderbare Mandarin!

SINCLAIR

(translating)
The Miraculous Mandarin. The new
Hungarian ballet.

AGATHA

And curtain goes up in less than
half an hour!

SINCLAIR

I'm up, I'm up!

And he staggers out of the bath.

INT. FOREIGN OFFICE - LINDSEY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Lindsey mans his desk, black eye from Sinclair, staring at another British Headline: AGATHA CHRISTIE MURDERED OR WITH AMERICAN LOVER? His UNDERLING enters.

UNDERLINGS

The woman's been spotted in Berlin,
sir. Inquiring about a one Lord
Harton on a diplomatic mission.

LINDSEY

Get my car--

UNDERLINGS

Uh, sir, if you'll recall they took--

LINSDEY

Just get me any sodding car!

And Lindsey exits, on the war path.

INT. OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

From the top of the lobby balcony, we see the last of the finely-dressed patrons head up the stairs lit by crystal chandeliers. The ORCHESTRA finishes tuning their instruments. The LIGHTS DIM thrice to signal the start of the show.

As seen from above, Agatha and Sinclair burst into the theater, hurrying to the HEAD USHER. The camera lowers down and catches up with the conversation in progress.

HEAD USHER

(reading his list)

Lord Harton...yes he's in Box Five.

But sir--

Sinclair doesn't wait, running up the stairs. The Head Usher is mortified, racing after, blocking Agatha.

HEAD USHER(CONT'D)

Sir! Scotland Yard has no authority here! No, madame, you must wait here, the ballet has started.

USHERS block her path upstairs. Sinclair calls down.

SINCLAIR

(calling back to Agatha)

Watch the exits for Mr. Grey!

Agatha nods. She paces nervously, watching everyone that passes. She spots a MAN IN A COAT suspiciously slipping out a SIDE DOOR. She hurries after him, rounding the corner, almost running into him. But it's an ELDERLY GENTLEMAN, NOT GREY.

AGATHA

Pardon me.

She leans against the wall. Nerves getting the best of her.

INT. THEATER - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Sinclair races for Box Five, the Head Usher on his heels. Sinclair brushes aside the curtain. Inside, a dozen GERMAN OFFICIALS AND TWO DIPLOMATS. The head of the DIPLOMAT'S SECURITY steps out, blocking Sinclair's path.

DIPLOMATS' SECURITY
 (in German)
 You can not enter.

SINCLAIR
 I'm with Scotland Yard, we have
 reason to believe--

DIPLOMATS' SECURITY
 As if we'd trust Scotland Yard. We
 have security well at hand--

SINCLAIR
 Fine, guard your countryman all you
 want. But I'm looking for Lord
 Harton, who happens to be--

LORD HARTON
 Right here.

They all whirl to see LORD HARTON, Parliament's peacekeeper.

SINCLAIR
 Lord Harton, we believe you're in
 danger. Your fellow POWs have been
 targeted.

LORD HARTON
 You mean, the bomb at the Embassy?

Sinclair nods. Harton pales.

SINCLAIR
 A planned attack. Another former POW was
 killed just hours ago.

DIPLOMATS' SECURITY
 Killed by Germans? We don't need
 accusations from the likes of--

LORD HARTON
 Now see here, I'm a Lord of the
 realm, and I'll make whatever--

DIPLOMATS' SECURITY
 We've secured this building.
 You are here on a formal
 invitation from--

LORD HARTON
 Bedamn national pride. I
 bloody well won't be going
 back into that box like a
 sitting duck--

Sinclair's attention is diverted from the pissing match when
 he spots a FLORIST acting furtive, slipping out a door with a
 long BOX. Sinclair's instincts go up.

SINCLAIR
 Harton, get the hell out of here!
 Get the others too if you can.

And then Sinclair's off, leaving Harton to go toe to toe with Germany's insulted security. British nobility vs. German muscle.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Sinclair bursts into the stairwell, too late to see the florist's path. He starts down the stairs, when he notices a ladder to his left, leading up to a trap door. The trap door swings slightly, having just been opened.

Sinclair reverses his route and starts to climb, heading up to the lighting catwalks.

INT. LADIES ROOM - OPERA - SAME TIME

Agatha splashes water on her face. At the other end of the counter, a WOMAN sprays perfume from a smoky brown bottle.

The woman watches her askance, then takes a final drag on her long cigarette and turns to leave as Agatha heads to the toilette. Agatha literally bumps into the woman, catching herself on the woman's long arms COVERED IN GLOVES. Rather unfashionable long gloves. The WOMAN WINCES.

AGATHA
I'm terribly sorry.

WOMAN
Kein problem.

The woman gives a tight smile and leaves. Agatha starts to continue on her way, her mind racing, something out of place.

She turns to look at the ashtray, cigarette still smoking, ivory tipped. And it hits her.

FLASH OF MR. GREY'S SOLOMON EXPRESS TRAIN COMPARTMENT: THE IVORY TIPPED CIGARETTE.

Agatha slows her step.

FLASH OF MR. GREY IN THE SOLOMON EXPRESS CORRIDOR, SEEN ONLY FROM BEHIND, A SLIGHT SWAY OF THE HIPS. IN AGATHA'S MIND, CAMERA PANS AROUND TO THE FRONT OF THE MAN -- IT'S A WOMAN.

FLASH OF THE SAME WOMAN, but more made-up with make-up and hair, IN THE BROTHEL ON COLONEL METZGER'S LAP. HER HAND ON HIS LAPEL WHERE THE CIGARETTE CASE WAS FOUND.

FLASH OF COLONEL METZGER'S HOISTED UP ON A ROPE, HANGED, ROPE BURNS ON THE MURDERER'S ARMS. Then GLOVED ARMS, A WINCE.

Agatha's eyes widen shock.

AGATHA

Oh my god.

And then the CLICK OF A PISTOL BEING COCKED.

WOMAN

Hello, Mrs. Christie.

Agatha turns to face the beautiful woman.

AGATHA

Hello, Mr. Grey. Or should I say
Mrs. Grey.

MRS. GREY

Tis a terribly stupid name your
government's given me. But you are
very clever, I should have guessed it
would take another woman to finally
discover me.

Agatha nods in acknowledgement of Mrs. Grey's deduction.

AGATHA

It's so obvious now, but when
you're chasing one thing, you don't
look for the other.

MRS. GREY

And what did you notice?

AGATHA

An ivory tipped cigarette, a sway
of the hips, you at the brothel.
And the security line at the Opera
tonight. They were checking the
men, but not the ladies. What a
perfect way to smuggle in a weapon.

MRS. GREY

I find it very helpful that we
women aren't treated as equals.
With seven brothers, I learned that
early. After all these years, I am
still in the game, they are not.
But, Mrs. Christie, I fear you
should have stayed out of this.
It's a shame--

Grey takes Agatha's purse and opens it, while carefully
keeping the gun trained on Agatha. She pulls out Agatha's
JOURNAL.

MRS. GREY (CONT'D)

--I'm actually a great fan of your
writing.

AGATHA

Then please call me Agatha.

MRS. GREY

Karina.

(waving journal)

You won't mind me taking this.

Mrs. Grey grabs Agatha's arm, spinning, pistol in her back, leading her out of the restroom.

INT. LIGHTING GRID - SAME TIME

Sinclair reaches the top of the ladder and hoists himself onto the lighting grid. A rather precarious set-up of metal scaffolding and smaller beams. It's tight, limited head room.

Sinclair scans the area, it's hard to see far ahead. He pulls out his gun and slowly begins to search.

Up ahead, a FLASH of something metal. His view is blocked. He edges out onto a beam, then sees part of a FOOT as if a man's lying down. He stealthily moves forward to REVEAL...

A SNIPER. The florist lies on the grid, arms braced, looking through his sight lines.

Sinclair raises his gun as a FOLLOW SPOT swivels, momentarily blinding him. The sniper sees Sinclair. FIRES. No one hears over the ORCHESTRA, THE DRUMS.

Sinclair's hit on his arm, he starts to fall. He grabs the rigging rope, but his gun clatters uselessly below.

Sinclair DANGLES PRECARIOUSLY, trying to SHOUT A WARNING to the SECURITY TEAM. But his WARNING IS DROWNED OUT BY THE MUSIC AND DRAMA ON-STAGE OF A FICTIONAL FIGHT.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE STORAGE - SAME TIME

Mrs. Grey pushes Agatha through the clothes, trunks, and props of the storage area. Agatha looks around wildly for an escape. One of GREY'S HENCHMAN JOINS THEM.

MRS. GREY

We've been compromised. Give them the signal now, then get the car ready. We leave them behind if we have to.

The GOON nods and hurries off.

AGATHA

Please feel free to leave me behind
as well.

Agatha spots a MOUSETRAP on the floor in the corner.

MRS. GREY

Wouldn't dream of it. You could be
very useful, Mrs. Christie. Tonight
is only the beginning. And you
British are so easily distracted.
Scatter some bread crumbs one way
and you dutifully follow.

As Mrs. Grey distractedly watches the ballet and audience
through a side curtain, Agatha uses her toe to bring the
mousetrap closer.

AGATHA

I take it I'll be the bread crumbs?

MRS. GREY

Indeed. Shall we?

Mrs. Grey pushes her forward.

AGATHA

Wanting a better vantage point for
your evil scheme. What is your
plan?

Mrs. Grey just smiles.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

Ah yes, I appreciate your silence.
I hate it then the villain
confesses their entire plot.
Although in this instance, I'd make
an exception.

Grey LAUGHS as Agatha carefully steps over the MOUSETRAP but
Grey keeps walking, UNAWARE.

Her FOOT LOWERS. SNAP. She HOWLS IN PAIN. Agatha GRABS GREY'S
INJURED ARMS AND PUSHES HER INTO A PILE OF TRUNKS.

CUT TO:

INT. LIGHTING GRID - SAME TIME

SINCLAIR DANGLING ON THE ROPE, PUSHING OFF, SOARING THROUGH
THE AIR IN AN ARC. Surprising the sniper. He KICKS OUT.

The SNIPER RIFLE GOES FLYING, clattering a few feet away. The
sniper rolls to his feet, ducks Sinclair's PUNCH, and
COUNTERS WITH AN UPPERCUT.

The BATTLE BEGINS--

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE STORAGE - SAME TIME

Mrs. Grey stalks Agatha backstage, searching for her HIDING PLACE. Agatha crouches behind a WARDROBE.

MRS. GREY
Come out, come out, wherever you are.

And Agatha does. She slams a PROP SWORD into the back of Mrs. Grey. Grey's pistol clatters to the floor--

--she WHIRLS, backhanding AGATHA. Agatha reels.

Grey reaches down for the pistol, but Agatha, thoroughly pissed off, GROWLS AND CHARGES HER LIKE A BULL, KNOCKING HER TO THE FLOOR.

They grapple on the floor, scrambling for the GUN, their battle beginning--

CUT TO:

INT. LIGHTING GRID - SAME TIME

Sinclair SLAMS his FIST INTO THE SNIPER'S FACE, THEN A QUICK JAB to his KIDNEY. The sniper manages to BLOCK A HIT.

But the FIGHT wears on the support ropes. Just as Sinclair seems to have the upper hand, A SUPPORT ROPE UNRAVELS AND SNAPS, SENDING HIM FLYING BACKWARDS, SLIDING TOWARDS THE AUDIENCE BELOW.

The sniper use the opportunity to grab HIS RIFLE--

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE STORAGE - SAME TIME

Grey's hand wraps around the pistol. Agatha scurries away, reaching down for a SANDBAG that she swings as GREY SHOTS.

SAND GOES EVERYWHERE, the sandbag taking the bullet. Agatha hurtles herself towards the MAIN STAGE AREA--

CUT TO:

INT. LIGHTING GRID - SAME TIME

SINCLAIR, STILL SLIDING BACKWARDS ON THE UNHINGED CATWALK, catches himself on the railing and hurtles over it to a stable beam. Weaponless, seeing the sniper grabs his weapon, Sinclair turns to RETREAT BUT WALKING TOWARDS HIM--

LORD HARTON. PISTOL RAISED. Is Harton the traitor?

Sinclair looks behind him: the SNIPER.

SNIPER
(in German)
All hail the Brotherhood of Unity.

HARTON PULLS THE TRIGGER AND--

--SHOOTS THE SNIPER.

A moment of stunned silence. Then Harton offers his hand to pull Sinclair onto the main catwalk.

As Sinclair takes it, he notices a METAL FLASH ACROSS THE WAY. A SECOND SNIPER.

SINCLAIR
THERE'S ANOTHER ONE.

Too late Harton and Sinclair race forward to stop him when--

THE SNIPER OPENS FIRE.

THE WORLD SLOWS. BULLETS RAIN DOWN ON BOX FIVE--

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE - SAME TIME

Agatha runs behind the stage scrims, their RIPPLES SLOWING AS SHE HEARS THE GUNFIRE. She bursts onto the stage. DANCERS IN SLOW MOTION, FALLING OUT OF THE DANCE IN SHOCK.

PANDEMONIUM IN THE AUDIENCE. MASS FLEEING. PANIC.

THEN SHOTS FROM DIRECTLY ABOVE. SHE LOOKS UP AS THE SNIPER FALLS TO HIS DEATH ON THE STAGE.

Agatha stares at his body, then up to SINCLAIR IN THE LIGHTING GRID. Their eyes lock. They were too late.

EXT. BALLET HOUSE - LATER

The deathly quiet after the storm. Paramedics take the last covered body out of the building. Sinclair and Agatha sit on the steps, deflated, exhausted, bloodied and battered.

A sedan pulls up and Lindsey steps out -- Sinclair's been expecting him. Lord Harton, finishing his discussions with the German security, heads over.

Lindsey stalks to Sinclair, voice booming.

LINSDEY

Sinclair! Two murdered German Diplomats and you at the scene of the crime again. Even the Soviet Union's offering their bloody assistance, you arrogant, insubordinate, bastard. I could have your badge revoked--

SINCLAIR

Don't bother--
(standing)
I quit.

He tosses his badge at Lindsey's feet.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

This is on you, on Scotland Yard. Tonight not only did we meet the infamous Grey, but the sniper revealed he works for...

AGATHA

The Brotherhood of Unity.

LINSDEY

Oh do shut up, Mrs.--

SINCLAIR

Don't make me deck you again, Lindsey. She's been right from the get-go.

AGATHA

When will you understand that you're being played, both governments are. By Grey and this man--
(holding the photograph)
A double-agent, Oberlin.

LORD HARTON

Sir John Oberlin to be exact. He works in the Defense Department.

(MORE)

LORD HARTON (CONT'D)
 He was never the same after the Great War, I should have seen this coming.

LINSDEY
 Lord Harton, surely you're not part of this madness.

AGATHA
 Grey needs one more high-profile target to ignite war. If I were her, and I had Oberlin's inside knowledge, I'd strike on British soil.

Before Lindsey can respond--

UNDERLINGS
 Sir! The Germans want a word with you. The snipers had Lee-Enfield Rifles, British Army Issue.

LINSDEY
 Jesus, how's that possible?
 (to Sinclair)
 Stay here!

Lindsey moves forward, instantly swarmed by the GERMAN POLICE and REPORTERS who have broken past the police line. His staff flank his side.

When he looks back, Agatha, Sinclair, and Harton are gone. Only the descending fog to be seen.

LINSDEY (CONT'D)
 Damn it.

ANGLE ON SIDE STREET

Sinclair, Harton, and Agatha hurry away from the scene.

LORD HARTON
 Detective, I'm at your disposal.

SINCLAIR
 Good, because we're going to need you. Oberlin's our only link to Grey. And you're our only link to Oberlin.

AGATHA
 How fast can we get to London?

EXT. LONDON STREETS - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: TWO DAYS LATER

Agatha, Sinclair and Lord Harton exit their car. Agatha once again hiding behind a hat and netting. She can't fail to notice the local NEWSTAND with her face plastered all over them. They head towards a MEN'S CLUB.

SINCLAIR
You're clear on the plan?

LORD HARTON
Rendezvous, tip my hand at my suspicions, and offer to join their cause.

SINCLAIR
Give him the file. Say you've come across some interesting information in the Finance Department, but it's encoded.

LORD HARTON
Then he'll pass it off to Grey and we shall follow. Never fear, he'll trust me. We served through tough times in the war.

AGATHA
That didn't stop Oberlin from killing the others.

Sinclair nods and stealthily PASSES HARTON PISTOL.

SINCLAIR
In case it comes this. But only if he strikes first.

Harton nods. They come to the impressive mahogany doors.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)
As no woman's ever passed through Banford's hallowed walls, I'm afraid you'll have to sit this one out, Miss Westmacott.

AGATHA
What a surprise, Detective Sinclair.

Lord Harton heads in. Sinclair turns back.

SINCLAIR
I got your ring back from the jeweler. Nothing out of the ordinary.

He passes her an ENVELOPE WITH THE RING.

AGATHA
Another dead end. Be careful.

SINCLAIR
I have matters well in hand.

INT. MEN'S CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Dark paneled walls. A stodgy, aristocratic MANAGER at the door. He nods to Lord Harton.

MANAGER
Lord Harton, good to see you. Right this way.

INT. MEN'S CLUB - GREAT ROOM - DAY

Sinclair heads over to a gaming table. Harton gives him a last look, then touches a panel that springs open.

INT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Dark wood walls. It reeks of old money. Lord Harton's alone. He paces, staring at portraits on the wall without really seeing them, then at his time piece, then back at the wall.

EXT. LONDON'S STREETS - DAY

Agatha leans against a lamp post, her eyes drawn to the headlines. TWO LADIES pass by, also noting them.

LADY
I hear they now suspect suicide.
Poor woman's mother dies,
cuckholded by her husband. She
must've lost her mind, wandered
into the woods to her death.

LADY TWO
That's not what the Inquisitor
says. It hinted the police believe
it's all a vengeful ruse by Mrs.
Christie, framing her husband. That
she's fine and dandy hiding out.

Agatha watches as they head into a PERFUME SHOP. The CLANGING OF THE SHOP BELL draws her attention. As if pulled by instinct, Agatha heads inside.

INT. PERFUME SHOP - SAME TIME

Agatha scans the walls and sees MRS. GREY'S BROWN PERFUME BOTTLE. FLASH OF IT AT THE BALLET. The shopkeeper walks over.

SHOPKEEPER

(re: perfume)

Red Moscow. It was created exclusively for Russian Empress Maria Feodorovna in 1913 and became a huge success in Russia.

AGATHA

I'll take it.

She moves to the cash register, listening to the radio.

RADIO

Churchill speaking at the Labor Union Rally tonight. Defending his actions on the Coal Strike. Protestors are already lined up outside Malbourough House.

FLASH OF BARROW'S LAST WORDS: "Want Church--Coal--after it."

RADIO (CONT'D)

And now many fear his latest folly: returning Britain to the Gold Standard.

Agatha stares at her ring.

AGATHA

Gold. Gold standard. Oh god.

INT. LIBRARY - SAME TIME

SIR OBERLIN, 40s, chipper, steps in to join his old pal.

OBERLIN

Good to see you, Harton.

HARTON

And you. I've brought you something for your collection.

Harton reaches into his coat and pulls out TWO WRAPPED PACKAGES. Inside one, an ANTIQUE PISTOL.

OBERLIN

Brilliant, bloody brilliant.

He opens the other one, a journal, AGATHA'S JOURNAL.

OBERLIN (CONT'D)

(flipping through it)

A woman's journal?

Oberlin looks up and straight into the barrel of HARTON'S GUN. He steps back in fear.

LORD HARTON
 Sorry, old chap, needed to make
 sure you had the damning evidence.

OBERLIN
 Oh god, no. Please, Harton, please--

AND HARTON PULLS THE TRIGGER. NOTHING. THE ROUND EMPTY.

SINCLAIR STEPS OUT OF THE SHADOWS.

SINCLAIR
 I rather thought it was you. Put it
 down, Harton.

LORD HARTON PANICS, HE GRABS FOR OBERLIN USING HIM AS A
 SHIELD. TAKING THE ANTIQUE PISTOL FROM HIS HANDS. HE SHOOTS.
 SINCLAIR DIVES FOR COVER--

INT. MEN'S CLUB - ENTRYWAY - DAY

Agatha bursts in and hears the GUNFIRE. The Manager,
 distracted by the sound, lets her race past him.

MANAGER
 Madame, no, you cannot!

He hurtles himself after her, but Agatha's too fast. She
 pushes through the stunned men.

INT. MEN'S CLUB - PRIVATE LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

AGATHA BURSTS INTO THE ROOM. SINCLAIR HAS HARTON ON THE
 FLOOR, HANDCUFFING HIM. He looks up, pleased with himself.

SINCLAIR
 It was Harton.

AGATHA
 I know.

Sinclair wants to throttle her. Ahead of him again?

SINCLAIR
 How could you possibly know?

AGATHA
 Because Grey plans to assassinate
 Churchill within the hour. And
 Harton's next in line for his job.

SINCLAIR
 That blithering idiot, the
 Chancellor of the Exchequer? Are
 you sure?

She lifts her ring.

AGATHA
Gold Standard. Coal Strike.
Barrow's last word: Church. If I
were a character, I'd shoot myself
for overlooking the clues.

She looks over to Oberlin who's nursing a BULLET GRAZE.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
Begging your pardon.

And they're off to save the day.

EXT. MEN'S CLUB - DAY

Sinclair hurries to the car but they're blocked in by a SNARL OF TRAFFIC ON THE STREET, CARS BACKED UP, AN ACCIDENT. Sinclair joins the POLICE to try and sort out the mess.

But Agatha sees a POLICE HORSE. She grabs the reins and vaults up, heading over to Sinclair

AGATHA
Get on!

He hesitates, then vaults into the saddle behind her. She kicks the horse into a gallop and THEY'RE OFF!

AGATHA (CONT'D)
Can you ride?

SINCLAIR
A fine time to ask!

--THEY RACE THROUGH A BUSY INTERSECTION, CARS HONKING--

AGATHA TAKES TO THE SIDEWALK. PEDESTRIANS SCATTER--

--BURSTING OUT INTO ROUNDABOUT, OVER THE BRIDGE, PAST BIG BEN. It strikes the hour.

AGATHA
Hold on!

SINCLAIR
How could I possibly hold on anymore?

She urges the mare faster, RACING DOWN THE STEPS OF HYDE PARK--

PIGEONS SCATTER, PEOPLE SHRIEK, THROUGH THE PUDDLES FROM A RECENT RAIN--

--UP AHEAD, A HIGH STONE WALL SURROUNDING THE PARK. Beyond it, MALBOUROUGH HOUSE.

A grand estate, currently the sight of a major PROTEST.
LABORERS SIGNS READ: GOLD STRIKE, KILLING THE COUNTRY. WORSE
THAN WAR.

Sinclair and Agatha lean low, bracing, and then they take the
mighty JUMP OVER THE WALL--

-- RIDING INTO THE PROTEST. Sinclair and Agatha dismount,
fighting passed the angry mob, gaining entrance.

INT. MALBOUROUGH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Cigar smoke fills the air, hundreds of bodies pressed
together. The LABOR UNION MEN standing strong, CHEERING,
BELLOWING. CHEAP CHAMPAGNE PASSED BY WAITERS.

And on the STAGE, WINSTON CHURCHILL orating behind a podium
with all the vigor and charisma he'll later be renowned for.

CHURCHILL

And so, as Head of the Bank of
England, we must stand strong!
Returning to the Gold Standard may
be hard at first, but steadfast and
resolute, it will lead to jobs!

ROARS OF APPROVAL. Sinclair and Agatha try to move forward to
the stage but they're separated by the crowd. Still they push
onwards towards Churchill.

CHURCHILL (CONT'D)

It will lead to stability!

ROARS OF APPROVAL.

Agatha notes the WAITERS on-stage, pouring a champagne
waterfall. ONE TAKES A GLASS FROM ON TOP, TURNS AWAY FOR A
MOMENT, SLIGHT SWAY OF THE HIPS. It's GREY IN DISGUISE.

Agatha looks over to Sinclair on the other side of the stage.

AGATHA

(shouting)
Sinclair!

CHURCHILL

To food on the table and warmth in
the hearths of the British people!

ROARS OF APPROVAL.

Grey passes the champagne glass to Churchill. Agatha's so close,
but so far away with his ardent supporters blocking her.

CHURCHILL RAISES THE GLASS, WHITE POWDER ON BOTTOM.

AGATHA
 (shouting)
 Sinclair, the CHAMPAGNE!

Sinclair sees her pointing, trying to move forward, unable.

CHURCHILL
 To the re-election of the Labor Party!

Sinclair raises his gun, FIRING IN WARNING, TRYING TO STOP CHURCHILL BUT FIREWORKS EXPLODE ON-STAGE, CANCELING HIM OUT.

Churchill SAVORS THE MOMENT, TOASTING THE ENTIRE ROOM.

Agatha watches in horror as Churchill RAISES THE GLASS--

--SINCLAIR AIMS DOWN HIS GUNS SIGHT LINE, AND SHOOTS--

--SHATTERING THE CHAMPAGNE GLASS IN CHURCHILL'S HAND.

Stunned silence. Then CHAOS, CHURCHILL LED OFFSTAGE.

AGATHA LOCKS EYES WITH GREY ON-STAGE. She literally steps on the TWO BURLY MEN DUCKED IN FRONT OF HER, HURTLES ON STAGE--

AGATHA
 Not this time you bloody bitch--

And LAUNCHES HERSELF AT GREY, SENDING THEM BOTH CRASHING INTO THE CHAMPAGNE FOUNTAIN.

Sinclair arrives moments later, GUN TRAINED ON GREY. Grey sees this, CURSES, AND LIES BACK IN DEFEAT.

CHURCHILL
 Anyone want to tell me what the hell is going on?!

SINCLAIR
 Care to put all the pieces together for us, Mrs. Christie?

AGATHA
 Of course. Although this twist, even I couldn't write.

INT. MALBOUROUGH HOUSE - BACK ROOM - LATER

A small back room of the mansion, the RALLY SUPPORTERS LONG GONE. Agatha and Sinclair finish recapping the events for Churchill and his ADVISORS while Grey fumes, tied to a chair.

CHURCHILL

So you're saying this woman is the notorious spy and acclaimed assassin, a one Mr. Grey, that you've been chasing for years?

SINCLAIR

Indeed.

CHURCHILL

Unbelievable. But why me? To what end?

The door opens and General Lindsey escort Lord Harton in, handcuffed pissed again.

AGATHA

Ah, Lord Harton, you've arrived. Wouldn't want you to miss this!

LINSDEY

Seems I had to chase you to England to clean up your mess again. But at least you caught this turncoat and the German spy.

AGATHA

Oh Grey isn't German, she's Russian!

Fabulous music cue as she drops this bomb. Everyone shocked, confused. Grey betrays her unease only for a moment.

SINCLAIR

Russian? Why would they want Churchill dead?

AGATHA

Why for Britain to become Socialist.

CHURCHILL

Aha! I've said Stalin's out to get us all.

LINSDEY

That's madness!

AGATHA

Is it? Mr. Churchill has already led this nation into a major Labor Strike with the coal dispute.

(aside to Churchill)

Begging your pardon, but it didn't go so well.

Churchill shrugs good-naturedly.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
 Russia wanted Germany and Britain
 to destroy each other...

INT. AGATHA'S IMAGINATION - SAME TIME

She recreates the plot in her mind, the future if they hadn't stopped it. War, recession, debt, protests, hunger, strikes.

AGATHA (V.O.)
 Cripple their economies. Far worse
 than the last war because we're
 already too battered and bruised.
 Millions dead, resources depleted,
 food shortages, energy crisis,
 protests, depression. And who would
 we turn to in such a crisis? The
 Chancellor of the Exchequer,
 Churchill.

Now we're back on the Solomon Express. The small businessman -
 - MRS. GREY -- waits outside on the landing. Inside, Agatha
 looks to see the SHEIK'S WIFE and CAMERA PANS AROUND TO
 REVEAL LORD HARTON IN DISGUISE.

AGATHA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Unless he were gone and the
 Russian's had one of their in
 place, Lord Harton, to lead us down
 the path of socialism. Stalin's
 great answer to the people's
 problems. And so the Red Curtain
 would fall across Europe, starting
 in Britain.

CHURCHILL (V.O.)
 Britain almost taken down by a
 pompous British Lord and female
 assassin, amazing.

And now we're back in the brothel with Grey.

AGATHA (V.O.)
 Grey's not just a gun for hire. No,
 she's Stalin's greatest asset, the
 head of his entire spy ring.

Grey heads up into the basement spy room, commanding the
 center. A map showing her assets far and wide.

INT. MALBOUROUGH HOUSE - SAME TIME

Agatha leans down to Karina.

AGATHA

How many other of your spies are in our government? In Germany's? Stalin will be upset to know your true identity's been found.

Grey knows she shouldn't say anything, but she must know.

MRS. GREY

How?

AGATHA

How did I know? You made three mistakes. First, your perfume--

LINDSEY

Bloody perfume?

AGATHA

--was Red Moscow, created exclusively for Russian Empress Maria Feodorovna. No German lady would be caught dead wearing it. Second, you told me your real name, Karina, also very Russian. And finally, we were so focused on the British and Germans in the hospital photographs--

Agatha pulls out her journal and the photograph.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

--we didn't pay attention to the Russian POW.

(pointing to the Russian POW in the back bed)

He bears a striking resemblance to you. One of your seven brothers, I'd guess?

Agatha holds up the POW Hospital photo -- the Russian POW next to Lord Oberlin and Harton looks very much like Karina.

SINCLAIR

So her bother recruited Lord Harton to work for the Russians?

(to Harton)

And when we were got too close, you raced to my rescue, killing your own man. How better to prove your innocence?

Lord Harton glares at him.

AGATHA

Yes, let's see how does the nursery rhyme go: "Two little Injuns foolin' with a gun, One shot t'other and then there was one."

CHURCHILL

Ruddy bastard, I actually liked you. Take them away!

And Lindsey drags Harton away, followed by Grey.

LORD HARTON

(to Churchill)

You pompous, idiotic bellower. You just lucked up into this position with tall tales of war heroics. I was a rising star. History won't remember your name except as a brief failure. A failure, Churchill!

And then he's out the door and away. Agatha looks at the photograph from the POW Hospital.

AGATHA

"And then there were none."

CHURCHILL

Charming fellow, isn't he? And might I say, Mrs. Christie, lovely to see that your husband didn't murder you after all. 'Fraid you can't give this explanation though. The Ruskies mustn't know how close they got.

AGATHA

I'll take it to my grave.

And Churchill's off. She turns to Sinclair.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

Although I had almost forgotten my little predicament.

SINCLAIR

Leave it to me, Mrs. Christie, to take it from here.

INT. HARROGATE HOTEL - DAY

Sinclair leads Agatha into the hotel room from the opening. Her DOUBLE, the woman that looks so like her, nods in greeting. On the bed, the same outfit as the young woman.

AGATHA'S DOUBLE
Mrs. Christie.

And she exits. Agatha watches her go.

AGATHA
How absolutely surreal.

SINCLAIR
Yes, spot on really. On the outside at least. Have you decided on an alibi?

AGATHA
Amnesia. I've always wanted to write a character with amnesia, and in a few days, I might not believe any of it was real anyway.

Sinclair nods, leans his ear against the door. Listens. Someone outside. He holds up his finger for her to pause.

SINCLAIR
The manager I'd guess. We've gotten him suspicious of this room.

AGATHA
It seems you've planned everything.

SINCLAIR
I'll see you within the hour.

AGATHA
(nodding)
Within the hour.

A beat. How to say good-bye? So they don't. He simply leaves. Agatha walks out to the balcony. Staring for long moments at the crashing waves. Finally, SIRENS APPROACHING--

--SINCLAIR AND HIS MEN MARCHING DOWN THE HOTEL HALLWAY--

INT. HARROGATE HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Agatha waits on the balcony. She hears them coming. Suddenly see her journal. Realizes she must get rid of the evidence. She grabs it, races to throw it into the ocean. Loses her balance. Rights herself just as Sinclair barrels in.

SINCLAIR
Ah Mrs. Agatha Christie, we find you at last. And where, pray tell, have you been the last eleven days?

AGATHA CHRISTIE
(confused)
I...don't know.

And behind her back, she drops the BLACK JOURNAL into the ocean. All evidence of their adventure gone forever.

EXT. HARROGATE HOTEL - LATER

A SEA OF REPORTERS, PHOTOGRAPHERS, GAWKERS. Archie holds tight to Agatha, pushing her through the crowd.

ARCHIE

No comment, I said no comment! My wife's been very sick.

Agatha cringes, the assault worse than expected. Frenetic flashbulbs, groping hands. She slides into a waiting car.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Agatha stares forward as REPORTERS BANG ON THE WINDOWS. Archie glares at her, then at their pursuers.

INT. LEEDS TRAIN STATION - DAY

Agatha, hunkered down in her coat, escorted by her husband. A constant DRONE OF SHOUTING FROM REPORTERS. She searches the crowd for Sinclair, but he's nowhere. Disappointed, she ducks under her hat once more, trying to avoid the onslaught when--

SINCLAIR

Mrs. Christie! Mrs. Christie!

He breaks past the line of security. Agatha whirls to find him.

ARCHIE

Bloody hell, leave us alone. We're not giving interviews.

AGATHA

He's from Scotland Yard.

Archie pulls her aside, pissed.

ARCHIE

We don't need any bloody more of them either. Damn it, Agatha, we'll never live this down, never!

AGATHA

Well, then, it's a good thing we're getting divorced.

She meets his eyes, steely. He takes it in, surprised. Then he boards the train to join Rosalind, who eagerly awaits.

Agatha breaks into a smile, hurries over to hug her daughter.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
Oh, I missed you so.

ROSALIND
Are you okay?

Agatha brushes back Rosalind's hair and realizes...

AGATHA
I've never been better.

Rosalind smiles and heads into the train. And then Agatha turns to face Sinclair.

Mindful of their audience, he slowly walks forward. They meet gazes, saying all they need to with their eyes.

SINCLAIR
I'm a huge fan, might I have an autograph?

He reaches out and passes her a book. She looks down and smiles: THE SECRET ADVERSARY.

She opens it. Written inside: MAY WE CALL UPON YOUR SERVICES AGAIN? She bites her lip, maybe it's not over after all, maybe when the scandal dims, they can meet again.

She scrawls her answer: ALWAYS, AGATHA. She takes a moment, then passes it back to him. Their fingers meet. Sinclair takes her hand, bows, and kisses it. A bittersweet good-bye.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)
Mrs. Christie.

AGATHA
Detective Sinclair.

One last look, then she turns, walking down the platform, a smile softening her face. Her SECRETARY by her side. FLASHBULB.

FREEZE FRAME ON THE PHOTOGRAPH OF AGATHA CHRISTIE SMILING, that would haunt her for the rest of her life.

TITLE CARD
Agatha Christie's disappearance on December 11, 1926 for eleven days remains one of her greatest mysteries. To this day, no one really knows what happened. At least, almost no one.

The FREEZE FRAME ANIMATES ONCE MORE as Agatha Christie boards the train with one last look good-bye at Sinclair. And then the train leaves the station.

FADE OUT.