

"V" FOR VENDETTA

by

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**Based on the comic book series
by Alan Moore and Dave Gibbons**

WGA Registered

**FIRST DRAFT REVISED
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Warner Brothers**

"V" FOR VENDETTA

INT: A GRAYING APARTMENT - THE YEAR 2023 - NIGHT

The room is empty. The apartment is typical of those in Section Three -- one room for every occupant, a pleasant polymer-coated green lines the walls which bow with a slight vibration.

THE SOUND of the shower running from the bathroom.

In the far corner of the room, the aqua carpet gives a strange shimmer...a slight wave that crosses the rug as it absent-mindedly cleans itself over and over, neurotically.

UP IN THE CORNER OF THE PLACE the everpresent state-of-the-art indestructable vicorder/speaker, from which issues the hourly broadcast from FATE --

VOICE OF FATE (O.S.)

---FATE! Good evening, citizens!
This is the Voice of Fate broadcasting
on 275 on the medium wave. It is the
Fifth of November 2023. In a moment,
the news...

SOOTHING VOICE

"Is that a Eugenics baby?"

(pause)

This holiday season, give the G.I.F.T.
of life with Eugenics new Gamete Intra
Fallopian Transfer technology.
Eugenics Inc., the world's largest
gene enhancement emporium now offers
its exclusive Trait Menu including:
disease immunities... psychological
disorder blocks, as well as the most
comprehensive children's physical
options to date. And that's not all!--

THE SOUND of the water being turned off in the shower -- a
PAUSE before WE HEAR the bathroom door being opened. An odd,
CLATTERING as feet cross the floor. A strange sound we don't
recognize.

SOOTHING VOICE

Each Eugenics mother receives a
"quick-check" embryo-extraction exam
performed by a human doctor! All at no
extra cost. So this year, give the
G.I.F.T. of life. All our mothers are
carefully screened, and state-
sanctioned. Mothers...For...You.

SOUNDS of DRAWERS OPENING. We just CATCH a flash of the figure as clothing is pulled from drawers. A towel is dropped to the floor. Speckled with something brownish...fur?

VOICE OF FATE (O.S.)

Our headlines for tonight include:
Good news! Pakistan has agreed to accept 100,000 tons of our radioactive waste in exchange for 250 IBM-CHRYSLER micro-computers. A spokesman for the All-World Ministry of Trade stated that the new computers will double Pakistan's word-processing capacity, making it the world leader in document preparation! --

A QUICK SHOT of a brownish uniform shirt being pulled over the man's back. He buttons the shirt OUT OF OUR VIEW.

Places his smoking cigar in a handy ashtray. WE CATCH SIGHT OF something...hoofish.

VOICE OF FATE (O.S.)

Peptide implant! That was the jury's sentence for Charles Weaver today. The Section Five resident was convicted of an unauthorized sexual congress. --

Odd, clumping shoes pulled up over ankles...

VOICE OF FATE (O.S.)

Prosperity is up! Economists at The Mouth released the quarterly Capital Gains Index this morning, up a startling nine points, and have termed this decade as a period of "unprecedented opportunity and quality-of-life." --

Tie pulled up and knotted...

VOICE OF FATE (O.S.)

Operation Gene Sweep has been declared a stunning success prompting the Gaming Commission to announce that its Ethical Infertility Campaign is promoting a new \$20 million Zygote-Blocker sweepstakes. --

Watch, wallet, keys are dropped clumsily to the floor, then groped for with hands that don't grasp well...

CAMERA PANS UP his torso as he stands regarding himself in the full-length mirror. Pants-legs...belt...jacket...

VOICE OF FATE (O.S.)

On the local weather scene: hot muggy
sunshine with highs in the low 100s,
sporadic armed robbery and homicide.
A low of 82 by early morning with
scattered showers and sex-crimes
throughout tomorrow. --

Finally arriving at his neck -- covered in fur ...as are his
jewels. Long stringy fur. The man, typical of the post-War
reconstructive genetic surgeries -- is a goat. Or more
accurately put: half-goat.

VOICE OF FATE (O.S.)

Good night, and have a pleasant
tomorrow! And now back to our show.
Tonight: "Storm Saxon Takes on The
Mud Races!" --

The man takes a gander at himself in the mirror. He likes what
he sees! Winks in appreciation, then opens his mouth wide
and:

MAN

(bleats)

Baaaaah!

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON STREETS IN SECTION SIX - NIGHT

Squalid. An infinite variety of pasts live on mainly in
odd pieces, their origins lost somewhere back in history.

A horse-drawn carriage carries open metal cylinders of garbage
through the crowds. Incongruously, a 1988 LeSabre rounds the
corner, one working headlight blinking off and on as it bucks
up and down over the pitted streets. Through its windshield
WE SEE a relic from a bygone age: a pair of foam dice swing
from the rearview mirror. There's been no gasoline for years.
So the car is dragged along by a pair of oxen.

ON THE GIRL moving through the streets. Thin, hungry, 16
years old. Her name is EVEY. She carries a basket. On her
way to the hypermarket.

She moves down the streets thronged with hungry LOITERERS,
lining stagnant gutters. Filth chokes the dark passages,
walls are the color of soot. While the privileged minority
live protected behind walls in the Upper Sections (1-3) of the
city, in Sections 4-8 life has quite naturally de-evolved into
something resembling Victorian 1860.

ON EVEY and THE CROWD... as they pass a burning polymer
building. The fire is inextinguishable. ROBOTS move

mechanically up the sides of the building...but their hoses hold no water. They point empty hoses at the blaze...then comically move on.

On most corners: television monitors (vicorders) both keep surveillance and broadcast entertainment to citizens. WE SEE:

IN CLOSE UP: TELEVISION MONITOR

WE SEE a BLOND MAN and a woman, HEIDI, in the throes of conflict...

STORM

-- today, Heidi. This is when it begins. Those black butchers have had it their way for too long! They rape our women, they burn our houses... but no more, Heidi... because starting from today --

WE SEE muscular STORM pull Heidi to his chest.

STORM

-- Storm Saxon is fighting back!

HEIDI

Oh, Storm! Hold me. Hold me tight. --

EXT. SECTION SIX HYPERMARKET

The lines for bread and fresh produce leading away from the hypermarket stretch clear across the section. CITIZENS wait on the lines, sleeping on the sidewalks as the lines move slowly forward. When they finally reach the head of the line, they will find that there is no bread...no produce.

CLOSE UP: ON TELEVISION MONITOR

HEIDI (ON MONITOR)

Behind you, Storm! Look out!

BLACK CULPRIT (ON MONITOR)

So! Dis an de famous Storm Saxon! ...And my oh my! Who dis pretty little white lady?...

OLD WOMAN ON LINE

-- I made pies. Beautiful pies. No simu-fruit. Real apples... cherries with seeds. We used flour...

Those near her listen, mesmerized.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN
(wistfully)
I had a pie once.

HIS WIFE
Liar.

WE SEE Every join her lover, GORDO, as he waits at the very end of the line.

GORDO
I told you it would be stupid to
come. There'll be nothing.

Strains forward to look, but there is no end in sight. Licks his lips. They are thirsty, desperately hungry. She glances up. Towering in Section One...

HER POV: THE HEAD

Invented post-war to serve as headquarters for the government's hierarchy. It rises and disappears in the darkness. Oddly enough, it is shaped like...a head.

WE SEE: TELEVISION MONITOR

BLACK CULPRIT (ON MONITOR)
Leroy! Look out! De white debil
got him a laser-luger!

Storm Saxon whips out the laser and puts a quick end to every black face on the screen.

STORM (ON MONITOR)
Die! Die! Die!

Suddenly there is a burst of static. Followed by ... A MAN. His face hidden by a black steel mask. A grim though smiling visage that portends the power of bloody undoing. This is V.

V (ON MONITOR)
Good evening, citizens! Here now
the news...

V stands, revealing that row upon row of dynamite has been strapped around his chest, gleaming red in the studio lights.

V (ON MONITOR)
Viewers across the nation were shocked
tonight when a masked terrorist took
over the news transmission facility of
the National Television Network at...
(checks watch)
11:23 p.m.

ON THOSE ON THE STREET: Shocked, eyes glued to the set. Both Evey and Gordo look up, stunned.

INT: SWEATSHOP FACTORY LINE / SECTION SIX

WORKERS on the night shift stand mute, watch V's face on the big screen.

V (ON MONITOR)
Who is this masked man? Let me
answer this with some questions.

INT: RAT-PIT GAMBLING ESTABLISHMENT / SECTION SEVEN

BETTERS and handlers alike look up from the rat-infested pit and Tiny the Wonderdog to gaze in shock at the monitor in the corner. CHEERING ceases.

V (ON MONITOR)
When did things stop making
sense?...

EXT. BREADLINE

All those on the breadline stare in awe at V's image.

V (ON MONITOR)
Is there any rhythm or reason to any
of this?...

INT. NETWORK CONTROL ROOM AT THE MOUTH (PROPAGANDA)

FACELESS TECHNICIANS move to override V's terrorist broadcast. Hitting buttons, keyboards, and overrides.

V (ON MONITOR)
(pause)
Could life ask any more or provide
any less? ...

INT. A PUB IN SECTION THREE

A SHOT of the bar's PATRONS. Eyes glued to the set.

V (ON MONITOR)
Who is responsible for our
condition? ... The answer of course
is us. We allowed this to happen.
Our passivity created the vacuum
which the forces of tyranny have
gladly filled.

SOMEONE AT BAR
I pity that guy when they catch
him...

SOMEBODY ELSE

Who is it?

EXT. WIDE SHOT OF THE CITY

WE HEAR V'S BROADCAST as if from every apartment window...

V (ON MONITOR)

-- We encouraged these malicious incompetents who made our lives this Hell. We have accepted without question their senseless order.

EXT. THE FINGER (POLICE DEPT.)

An enormous, white building in the shape of an erect finger. Including knuckle and nail.

INT. THE FINGER

A middle-aged brute of a man, PETER CREEDY, Head of Special Operations at the Finger, turns swiftly towards CAMERA. His face filled with confusion. Anger.

V (ON MONITOR)

We have watched them replace our history with their self-interest. We have allowed them to end Nature and our place in it. When all we had to say was "no."

EXT. BREADLINE AND SQUARE

ON THE CROWD and Evey and Gordo.

V (ON MONITOR)

And so you wait. Wait...and hope.

(smiles)

The wait...is almost over. I invite you all to join me in a rousing chorus of "Auld Lang Syne" on New Year's Eve. At the stroke of midnight. At which time we will surely ring out the old. And when I make Them deaf and blind... the Revolution will begin.

(smiles)

12 o'clock midnight sharp.

BYOB: Bring Your Own Bullets.

MONITOR GOES TO BLACK.

The crowd in the street is hushed. Terrified. But there is the unmistakeable glimmer of hope in the air.

GORDO

-- probably one of them. Some P.R. stunt. You'll see.

EVEY

Who cares. I'm hungry.

Evey passes the basket she carries to Gordo. Tonight is the night she gives up.

EVEY

I love you, Gordo.

EVEY'S POV: A MIDDLE-AGED MAN, well-dressed, surely here to run some factory, crosses across the square.

GORDO

Evey! --

Gordo is torn between losing their place on line and going after her. As: Evey trails the man, then approaches.

OUR POV: We recognize him now. The goat/man from Section Three. A scarf pulled up around his neck, hiding the telltale furry jowels and throat.

MAN

What do you want?

EVEY

(novice)

I'm a sexual agent.

He looks her over--she sure doesn't look like one.

MAN

(skeptical)

Implant or hologram?

EVEY

Whatever you want. I do 1960's... paleolithic ... or crusades.

MAN

Yeah? How about a little taste right now?

EVEY

(clearly unsure)

I'll need a power pack.

Unfortunately, the man reaches into his overcoat and pulls out the device, hands it to her. Evey's bluff is called. Looks around at LOCALS, PEDESTRIANS.

EVEY
I--can't jack in right here.

MAN
(starts to walk away)
Sorry.

EVEY
Wait a minute!
(hushed)
Old-sex.

The man just looks at her in shock.

EVEY
The Toxic plant cut me off. My food
ticket's been cut in half--I'm
hungry. How about it.

The man's eyes settle ominously on Evey. Reaches into
overcoat and pulls out badge...

MAN
Certainly. But first--you're under
arrest.

He is instantly joined with two of his COLLEAGUES. All wear
overcoats.

EVEY
(dully)
Christ. You're Fingermen.

MAN (FINGERMAN #1)
(to other Fingermen)
Look at this. The little whore --
she wants to fuck us for real!

Shoves Evey back into the alley...Evey screams.

FINGERMAN #3
Live sex is a Class Two offense.
And we are your fate --

Tosses Evey back against a polymer building.

FINGERMAN #1
Lucky for you we're War heroes!

He pulls open overcoat. Revealing the typical Fingerman
body: part man, part innovative war injury repair.

Evey screams. Fingerman #2 reveals the bottom half of his
body is that of a sheep.

FINGERMAN #2
(gleeful)
Baaa-baaa!

FINGERMAN #1
(descending on Evey)
Once you've had a goat, baby, you'll
never go back!

EVEY
Get your hooves off me.

The Fingermen tear the dress from Evey's back. She goes sprawling to the ground in the alley. Though terrified, she looks up at them in futile defiance.

EVEY
(spits)
War heroes? Dirty mutants. You're
stinking sheepfuckers with a badge.

The men descend on Evey.

EVEY
(cries)
Please. No --

Then stop short as the spreading darkness from a looming shadow descends -- blocking out all LIGHT. Revealing:

THE FORM OF V

Backlit by the flickering gas lamp in the alley. V's shadow dances across the shocked mens' faces.

ON HIS MASK

Horrifying. Black gloves that stretch to his elbows. His cape: an enormous black wave.

V
Good evening, gentlemen.

FINGERMAN #1
(stares shocked, then:)
Listen, whoever the fuck you are,
this is a police matter --

V
(extends hand)
Allow me to introduce myself.
I'm a man of wealth and taste.

V's hand falls off into the lap of the Fingerman closest to Evey. When the startled Fingerman goes to brush the

hand way, the hand grasps the Fingerman's hand in a brutally effective handshake.

The horrified Fingerman tries to shake the hand off...but no dice. When his colleague tries to grab the hand -- it merely transfers itself from the hand of the first...to the second man's wrist.

And so on to the third. CAMERA gets a look at a strange insignia tattooed on the wrist...the universally known HAPPY-FACE.

FINGERMAN #3

Wha -- ?

...As the hole in the sleeve of V's cape where his wrist was releases a cloud of noxious gas the color of smoke. It pours from his sleeve like dense fog.

Under cover of the smoke, V spirits Evey away, his cape wrapped around her like some strange cocoon. When the smoke clears they are gone, leaving the Fingermen confused, shocked into silence. As if at some signal:

The hand attached to the third man's wrist releases itself. and clatters down to the ground where it balls up into a tight fist and disintegrates to powder.

The Fingermen rise to their feet, look around.

FINGERMAN #1

Recognize him?

FINGERMAN #2

Naw.

FINGERMAN #3

Wait til Finch gets a load of this, eh?

The Fingermen can't help but laugh in relief, brush themselves off until:

Fingerman #1 suddenly reaches to his wrist, the one that V's fake hand gripped so effectively. Feels it. It seems...hot. Looks down at his hand.

ON HIS HAND

Where a strange grayish line runs up his wrist...disappearing beneath his shirt. The man goes pale. He is...in pain. Feels his wrist, then his arm, then his shoulder and chest.

ON THE OTHER TWO FINGERMEN

Suddenly in pain as well, each has the grayish line disappearing up under his sleeve...

The first Fingerman rips his shirt open at the collar in an effort to trace the gray line. Revealing:

HIS BARE GOAT'S CHEST. The gray line creating a pattern on the man's chest...in a design. Slowly turning from gray to bright red as if developing Polaroid film.

WE SEE THE EMERGING DESIGN THEN. It is...a huge swath of the letter V enclosed in a circle: It covers the width of his chest.

The other two men reach for their chests also. In horror.

FINGERMEN #1

What's -- ?

As all three Fingermen explode to bits. Disintegrating into powder.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP OF TENEMENT OPPOSITE ALLEYWAY

Evey stands pressed up against the ledge, awestruck, overlooking the aftermath of the explosion of the Fingermen. Turns back toward the roof. TO SEE:

V engaged in drawing some large, chalk design on the rooftop. It appears to be for a game of...hopscotch.

EVEY

Who are you?...

V says nothing. Indeed, seems to appear to have forgotten Evey's presence. So engrossed is he in the hopscotch pattern.

EVEY

(tentative)

My name is...

V

(casual)

There's no need to thank me, Evey. They were about to interfere with my plans.

EVEY

How did you know my name?

V continues with the drawing.

EVEY

What plans?

THE SOUND OF SIRENS approaching. V hardly looks up.

V

There. You see? Always out to ruin
whatever fun there's left to be had...

Evey steps over to the ledge, looks down at the alleyway.

HER POV: The alleyway has been cordoned off. State-of-the-art
government vehicles block both entrances.

CUT TO:

EXT: THE ALLEYWAY

ERIC FINCH, middle-aged head of the NOSE (FBI). Leans into
FRAME to feel gingerly through the remains of the Fingermen.
A beige sort of powder...and shreds of clothing. Hard shards
that could be bone.OFF BEHIND HIM: his second in command, DOMINIC, who shifts
uncomfortably. Eyeing the growing crowds of LOCAL RESIDENTS,
who stand off behind the ropes...their interest piqued.

DOMINIC

(quietly)

What do you think?

FINCH

No idea.

Finch blows at the piles of beige silt. Scattering like
sand. He feels through it. Ash.At the bottom of one such pile: A fresh red rose. Recently
cut. Finch turns it in his hand, looks at it in confusion.Then as if summoned, he suddenly looks back at the alley wall.
There burnt into the wall, V's symbol: a huge V inscribed
within a circle.

CUT TO:

EXT. TENEMENT ROOFTOP OPPOSITE

His chalk hopscotch drawing completed, V has joined Evey
watching the proceedings down below.

V

He's mystified. Poor Finch. Well,
he'll figure things out soon enough.

EVEY

Let's go! They'll catch us.

V

Nonsense. There's plenty of time.

Evey looks at him in amazement: time for what?

V

For a game of hopscotch of course.

V looks over the rooftop, choked with litter and refuse.

V

(disparaging)

Look at this. Litter. It's awful, isn't it? No pride of ownership. I wish people would follow the rules...

(pause)

Would you like to go first?

EVEY

(just stares)

You're crazy.

V

Or shall I.

V tosses a coin from his pocket and skips over the pattern on the roof. Up around the numbers.

V

I want to be your friend, Evey. Don't you think I'd be an amusing friend to have?...

Evey chooses not to answer. V looks down at the line of those waiting for bread, Gordo among them. Then to the rear of the hypermarket.

THEIR POV: Trams of food pull up to the rear of the market. ROBOTS stand waiting and unload the precious cargo. But some faulty gizmo in their circuitry causes them to turn 360 degrees instead of the usual 180 degrees. The food is reloaded back on the tram car that brought it. And so the tram leaves the station...

V

A bolt is loose. So the people have no bread. Where is the man responsible for such a thing? Why, he's asleep in his big, fat bed in Section One.

(wry smile)

He has plenty of bread, I assure you.

Long pause.

EVEY

You haven't told me your name.

V heads back to home plate.

V

You're right. How rude of me!

As if in punctuation to this, V lands on home plate squarely with both feet. DETONATING:

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT -- far off, in the night sky. They explode in a tornado of fire. Lighting up the sky. AWESOME NOISE reaching to the ends of the city --

EVEY

The Houses of Parliament!

V

You can call me...

-- signed with a final display of fireworks, an enormous V that covers the sky. Raining twinkling lights down as LOCALS in surrounding buildings rush to throw open their windows...

V

...V.

INT: THE HEAD - AN HOUR LATER / LATE NIGHT

As ADAM SUSAN, THE LEADER lies asleep in his enormous, vacuform bed. A bed for a ruler of multitudes. The bed pulsates in time with his bodily rhythms. Electronic scanning devices HUM peacefully, recording the Leader's functions during sleep.

THE MACHINERY OF FATE is based elsewhere, in the control room. Here, in the sleeping quarters, Fate makes her appearance as a large liquid screen that hovers close to the ceiling, like a sheet. A translucent ocean that has no depth. She rocks back and forth in time with the Leader's breath.

The Leader is wakened electronically. With a start. From dreams. Bad news. He takes control as he rises to a seated position, to reaffirm:

LEADER

-- I am the Leader.

FATE

There has been an unforeseen event in Section Two, Leader.

LEADER
(rising from bed, dressing)

Show me.

Fate shows the burning and ruined Houses of Parliament, and the fireworks that follow.

The Leader pulls on his jacket, adjusts his tie.

LEADER
That will suffice.

FATE
(instructs him)
Attribute the destruction of
Parliament to a scheduled demolition
undertaken to avoid traffic
congestion. Broadcast immediately.

LEADER
And the fireworks?

FATE
A freak effect of the blast.

INT. THE HEAD / CONFERENCE ROOM - MINUTES LATER

As the Leader seats himself at the Fate console, pushing a button, bringing up various monitors. Pictured are his heads of command...

LEADER
...I will hear your reports now,
gentlemen. Mr. Almond? How many of
your Fingermen were lost.

DEREK ALMOND, head of the Finger (Police), turns to the leader on his monitor.

ALMOND
Three sir. Accounted for.

LEADER
Dr. Surridge, will you speak for the
Eye?

DR. DELIA SURRIDGE, head of the Eye (Video Surveillance Bureau) pops up on a monitor. In the upper right of the monitor: a shot of V taken last night.

DELIA
We have just under three minutes of
usable footage, Leader. The
vicorders were damaged in the
explosions. (MORE)

DELIA (cont'd)
 You see the suspect's face here.
 The mask makes retinal
 identification impossible.

LEADER
 A close up, Doctor Surridge.

THE PICTURE OF V fills the monitor's frame.

LEADER
 Thank you. Bishop Lilliman, will
 you speak for the Ear.

BISHOP KARL LILLIMAN, head of the EAR (Audio Surveillance)
 turns, addresses a vicorder in his office.

LILLIMAN
 Audio surveillance indicates a
 thread of..."anticipation"
 throughout all classes and Sections.

LEADER
 (displeased)
 Forward all suspect transcripts to
 Mr. Finch at the Nose. Mr. Finch?

Eric Finch, seen previously at the site of the Fingermens'
 deaths comes up on vicorder. He is seen at the Houses of
 Parliament, now a pile of rubble.

FINCH
 We've found the device used to
 launch the fireworks and some spent
 cases. Certainly homemade.

ON AN ALTERNATE MONITOR:

CREEDY
 And I suppose untraceable, Finch?

Finch bristles at the snub.

LEADER
 Mr. Prothero. Please attribute the
 destruction of Parliament to a
 scheduled demolition.

WILLIAM PROTHERO, Head of the MOUTH, (Propaganda), nods.

PROTHERO
 Yes sir.

LEADER
 Mr. Finch ...

Finch turns to face the music.

LEADER

(livid)

The Nose's incompetence has cost us
our oldest living symbol of authority.
I want this creature and his
associates found, Mr. Finch. I want
his head. Or I will have yours.

(to all monitors)

That is all, gentlepersons. Have a
pleasant today.

Presses a button; his underlings disappear in an electronic
haze.

EXT. SHADOW GALLERY ROOF - NIGHT

A big antique billboard advertising Coppertone. Blinks with
one leftover bulb.

INT. SHADOW GALLERY

A haven of culture in a world where culture has been erased.
A breathtaking palace under what is left of the Thames, filled
with paintings, books and objects culled from the world before
the War.

V moves into FRAME, removing Evey's blindfold. She looks
around in awe.

V

This is the Shadow Gallery. My
home. Do you like it? I built it
myself.

Evey moves through the place. Past the 1932 Cord...
...a Coke bottle...a roulette wheel...a '73 Triumph
Bonneville...the Hope diamond...a .357 magnum...sushi...

She is amazed by everything she sees. Stops in front of a
funhouse mirror. Stares at her distorted reflection. Touches
the mirror. She's never seen one before.

Points at one of many paintings that line the walls.

EVEY

What is that?

V

That is the "Alba Madonna." Painted
by a man named Raphael. That is the
"Judgement of Paris" by Rubens.

EVEY

I didn't even know there were things like this.

V hits a button on the jukebox. An old classic comes up: Gene Pitney's "Town Without Pity."

V

They eradicated culture. Tossed it away like a fistful of dead roses.

Evey stares at a glass-filled cabinet filled with antique toys, stained, rusted...a hula hoop...a Snoopy doll...a yo-yo...a Nintendo game...a Frisbee...

EVEY

(points)

Who's this?

V

Howdy Doody. He was a famous American.

Evey takes a long look at Babe Ruth's bat. Then moves to the glassed-in greenhouse. Filled with thriving rosebushes. Reaches in and feels one. Gasps.

EVEY

Real?!

V just smiles.

EVEY

(turns to him)

What is the V for?

V doesn't answer.

EVEY

It's a funny thing to call yourself.

V

I'm a funny person, Evey. You'll find that out when you've known me longer. Above all things, I pride myself on my sense of humor...

(hears gong from Westminster Abbey)

You're welcome to stay if you'd like.

Hits the switch on an old projector--old cartoons from the 1950s.

V

Would you like to see a movie?

He makes a small gift appear in his hand, a religious locket, on one side: an etched cross.

V

Merry Christmas, Evey!

EVEY

(reads inscription:)

"Emit Won!"...You've spelled it wrong. It's "Admit One!"

(turns it over, reads:)

"Baby Evey...Late 2 Mass."

She laughs, delighted, as V turns to the screen.

V

These date to before they abandoned melodrama of course. But I'll remind them of that. I'll bring the house down.

V turns and sees that Evey is already asleep on an old sofa, the locket around her neck. V stares at her a second, then covers her.

The laughter of FELIX THE CAT from the the cartoon COVERS V as he exits the Gallery.

EXT. ROOFTOP OF SHADOW GALLERY - TOWARDS DAWN

V stands watching. HIS POV: A man walks down the street carrying a soapbox. Places it on the streetcorner, stands on it, begins to incite PASSERSBY.

MAN

This is our moment! We've had our call to action! V! V! ...

One MAN stops. Then ANOTHER. Then ANOTHER...

MAN

The time is now! We must rise up!
V! V! V!...

Cautiously, a few in the crowd pick up his chant. Then many. Suddenly a line of busses pulls up. FIFTY FINGERMEN move quickly from them, and herd all assembled into the vehicles. Curiously, the gatherers follow the Fingermens' orders without protest. Even the man on the box complies.

SILENCE. Then, ONE YOUNG BOY, (WILLY) moves from a darkened alleyway. He paints a huge V with a circle around it exactly

where the orator stood on his soap box.

ON V: Satisfied for the moment, he returns inside.

INT. SHADOW GALLERY

V places a silver platter in front of Evey. Pulls off the lid. Revealing: a hamburger and french fries. A meal from another age.

V

Voila.

EVEY

(stares in amazement)

What is it?

V

Invented by a famous American chef.
His name was MacDonalds.

Evey eats hungrily.

EVEY

I heard someone shout "V". It woke me.

V

A new world is in birth, Evey.

EVEY

(between chews)

It'll be just like the old one.

V

A better one. Where there is
prosperity and peace for all.

EVEY

Peace? Peace is for fools. War is
the history of man.

V pulls on his long black gloves.

EVEY

Are you going?

V

You're free to join me.

Evey looks at him, and for some unknown reason, shakes her head. She'd rather not.

V

Maybe next time.

He disappears OUT OF FRAME.

EXT. THE SKYLINE IN SECTION SEVEN - DAWN

The small form of V as, under cover of night, he weaves over rooftops. Finally disappearing from our view.

EXT. THE NOSE - DAY

Shaped like a giant nose, this is the center of investigations (FBI). WE SEE: Inspector Finch and Dominic enter.

INT. THE NOSE / LABORATORY

Finch looks over at LAB TECHNICIAN.

TECHNICIAN

I've retrieved a number of pieces of shrapnel from the ruins of Parliament.

Technician turns microscope to Finch for a look.

TECHNICIAN (O.S.)

Their composition is confusing. Predominantly NH4NO3. High pressure rate of detonation: 2500 per second. Some sort of nitrate mixture.

FINCH

(looks up)

Ammonia ...

TECHNICIAN

You know your chemistry, Inspector.

FINCH

Some things you don't forget.

EXT. THE MOUTH

Home of propaganda. It's wide open.

INT. THE MOUTH / EXECUTIVE OFFICES

WE SEE: William Prothero, Head of the Mouth, commanding his BELEAGUERED EMPLOYEES. In B.G., monitors play back the recent brutal incarcerations of fledgling protesters ...

PROTHERO

Tonight's broadcast will focus on the gracious invitation of close to 100 of our finest citizens to a banquet honoring them for their first adventure into freedom of expression.

EMPLOYEE
 (whispers to another)
 In Newgate Prison. Rat stew.

PROTHERO
 What was that, Laird? Another word
 and you'll be joining them.
 (looks at watch)
 I'll be home, should the Leader need
 me.

EXT. TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - NIGHT

The magnetic train hovers a foot above the track. Among the commuters: STOCK BROKERS outfitted with electronic Smart-Devices giving stock quotations reflecting on the inside of their opaque sunglasses.

INT. FIRST CLASS TRAIN COMPARTMENT

Speeding through the countryside. Prothero sits opposite a MOUTH colleague, TED. Two Fingermen sit opposite, mute.

TED
 -- I'm glad you could join us,
 Prothero. Joan will be pleased.
 The evening's bound to get a little
 ... naughty.

The two men laugh; pleased.

PROTHERO
 I've come prepared.

Opens his large briefcase just enough to reveal:

It is filled with dolls. Pre-war dolls, typical to the 1980s and '90s. Both Prothero and Ted laugh in delight, then ogle the dolls. Who knows what they plan to use them for.

Ted looks around, then shuts the case, far from the prying eyes of the vicorder in the main compartment.

WE HEAR the Sound of a LOUD THUMP on the roof of the train.

PROTHERO
 What was that?

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN RUSHING THROUGH NIGHT SKY

V stands astride the moving train, his mask reflecting the light from the moon. Riding the train like a surfer riding a wave, his cape flying in the wind...

INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT

As the train SQUEALS to a stop and the lights are suddenly extinguished, leaving the compartment in darkness.

TED

Aw, Christ.

PROTHERO

The usual.

The Fingermen check the hall of the train; nothing out of the ordinary. Reseat themselves in the compartment. Prothero leans to light his pipe in the darkness, for a second illuminating the lovely bud vase on the windowsill. In it stands a single ...Carson rose. Prothero leans to touch it, his expression registers how unusual it is...

PROTHERO

Haven't seen one of these in a long time...before the war...

Sits back in his seat, in the darkness. Strokes his briefcase. Sadly reminisces:

PROTHERO

Girls, dolls, what's the difference. It's not like the old days... Those were kinder, gentler times, eh? I tell you -- we had some girls and we made 'em into dolls if that's what we wanted, eh?!

(laughs remembering)

There wasn't ever a problem! Now -- it's now that things have gotten so tight. Complaints, that sort of thing. You have to watch yourself. I tell you -- people talk about the war and what hell it was? To me it was heaven. A man saw what he wanted, he took it. Everything was wide open. Open wide and say ahhh.

SILENCE from the official opposite him. As Prothero squints in the darkness. Listens for SOUNDS of train repair, but there's nothing. Just a quick INHALE of breath, seemingly from the seats opposite...

PROTHERO

They seem to be taking their time, eh? Maybe you should have a word with the chief, Ted.

(no response)

Ted? ...

(MORE)

PROTHERO (cont'd)

Ted? Don't take offense, Ted.
It was just a doll story, a
naughty story. We're all men
here, eh Ted? Ted?

Holds out his pocket lighter and flicks it on. Revealing:
The two Fingermen opposite Prothero lying against the seats,
their throats slit. Prothero SCREAMS.

PROTHERO

Oh my God -- it's -- for Christ's
sake -- somebody --

Prothero shifts the flickering light from the Fingermen. Ted
too lies dead, propped up against the seat.

PROTHERO

--say something!!

REVEAL V -- seated right next to Prothero -- as the light
from the pocket lighter is shed over his mask, gleaming in
the dark.

V

Hello.

EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM - NIGHT / AN HOUR LATER

NOSE Chief Eric Finch stands looking down at the three bodies
of Ted and the dead Fingermen. Kneeling next to them is Dr.
Delia Surridge, head of the Eye. And Finch's second, Dominic.
Through the train windows -- AGITATED SPECTATORS press faces
against the glass... And for the first time, the heads of
government feel ... vulnerable.

Finch listens to the TRAIN PORTER as he stares at V's now
familiar symbol burnt into the train compartment wall.

PORTER

-- It was just sort of black. Just
a big, black shape coming at me from
the side-window of the cab. And it
had a face...a smiling face. And it
touched me, here...

(points to neck)

I felt this...electric shock and
then I passed out.

Finch shows Delia the rose he has retrieved from under the
bodies of the Fingermen. Delia stares at it for a moment,
affected.

FINCH

What is it, Delia?

DELIA
(thoughtfully)
It's a rose -- a Carson rose.

FINCH
I'd heard that strain had died
out since the War.

Delia pricks her finger on a thorn -- places it in her mouth
for a moment. Looks down -- it is the rose that is bleeding
rather than her hand. Crimson drops of blood.

CUT TO:

INT. SHADOW GALLERY - NIGHT

ON PROTHERO: tied to a chair, coming to consciousness. He
wears an old armed services uniform, chest covered with
medals. Prothero spots V up close and screams.

V
(buffs up medal)
Uniform all brushed, pressed and
ready for duty, Commander?

PROTHERO
Who -- are you?! I don't --

V
Let's get to work, shall we?

PROTHERO
(panic-stricken)
You've got the wrong man! I'm
a broadcaster! I --

V
(shoves him back in his
seat)
Shut up, Commander. I'm not
interested in your version of
history.
(nods to Evey)
Go on.

EVEY
There really isn't much I
remember...

V
(gently)
Do you have a photo of them?

A pause. Evey reaches into her bag and pulls out a worn
photograph of...

EVEY

That's my mother on the left.
My father's holding me.

V

(looks at photo)
This was during the recession?

EVEY

When there was an America. Right
before Japan-gate. Remember
when Kennedy was killed in 2010? And
this is my dog Delilah.

(shows snapshot)

My dad said London was finished.
We moved out to the country but that
was even worse than the towns. In
the U.S. the Civil War was going on.
I remember the Battle of Detroit ...
The Jesse Helms bombers... We wore
signs in the streets. -- "WE
DECLINE" -- but it was too late.
We were in it. They sent back
pictures after all the Americans
died. Nobody left but the farmers in
their gasmasks. The joke was that
the Americans started out as a "red"
race and ended up one too.

Prothero can't help but laugh at this.

PROTHERO

You would all have starved!
Like animals.

EVEY

They took dad away that Spring. They
made me go and work in a factory.
Burying toxic waste cylinders. The
food tickets were worthless.

Evey starts to cry...as V regards the Commander, and removes
his gloves. The little Happy-Face tattoo obvious on his
wrist.

V

But the good Commander doesn't look
very hungry, does he, Evey? Pleasantly
plump, I'd say. Round. Like one of
his dolls.

(turns to her)

Don't worry. I'm going to protect
you, Evey. You're safe now. Your
nightmare is over. But yours,
Commander, I'm afraid is just beginning ...

INT. PROTHERO'S LOVELY HOME / THE PARLOR - DAY

Where Finch enters the room to see that the walls and most of the ceiling are covered with the wax from Prothero's doll collection. Doll eyes and parts drip down the walls from some initial explosion. Now they remain stuck there, hardened. Hands and legs protruding from the walls as if grown that way, an evil scientific experiment gone awry. V's symbol slashed on the wall.

INT. FINCH'S OFFICE - DAY

WE SEE: Finch staring blankly at a series of archival photos: 1960's peace activists flashing the peace sign ... Werner Von Braun astride a V-2 rocket of his invention ... British victims of the Nazi strikes on London flashing the "V for Victory" sign at Churchill ...

Dominic enters.

DOMINIC

So what does this "V" mean?

FINCH

(stumped)

Take your pick.

DOMINIC

"Vicious?"

FINCH

Very.

EXT. THE EYE - DAY

Shaped like a giant open eye. Finch enters.

INT. THE EYE / VICORDER CENTRAL

WE SEE: Finch studying a freeze-frame of V from the night he killed the Fingermen. Finch pulls a macro close up of the mask. He reaches OUT OF FRAME, returns with a mock up of the mask. Stares at it. Places it over his face. But it tells him nothing. He spins around. Dominic looks at him questioningly.

FINCH

Why wear a mask?

DOMINIC

No ID.

FINCH

(irritated)

This is operatic.

DOMINIC
Perhaps he likes music.

FINCH
Really, Dominic? That's very clever
of you.

Finch turns and stalks out.

INT. THE HEAD / CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Assembled around the conference table is the entire hierarchy. Bishop Lilliman, Delia, and closest to The Leader -- Finch. Noticeable is the empty chair at the end of the table; the placard labeling the seat as assigned to L. PROTHERO.

FINCH
-- The man who bombed Parliament and
the train killer are one and the same.
Six dead...and with Prothero, seven.

LEADER
Capable of boarding a moving train, a
killer who leaves roses that should no
longer exist. Wearing a smiling mask.
One who calls for a Revolution. Who
is this V?

ON FINCH: inscrutable for the moment. As is Delia. WHEN:

A BLINKING LIGHT and ELECTRONIC SIGNAL from Fate's control board. Leader enters a response. Derek Almond, Head of the Finger, comes up on the monitor.

ALMOND (ON MONITOR)
We've located him, Leader.

LEADER
Alive?!

ALMOND (ON MONITOR)
Yes, but -- I'd rather you saw
for yourself...

INT. THE MOUTH - DAY

IN CLOSE UP: PROTHERO

Or what was Prothero. Now he's been horribly recreated into a giant doll. His face as white and round as a snowman, polyurethane coated. Shiny and hard. Cheeks covered in harsh spots of rouge. Long eyelashes etched into his cheeks in black. A genetic nightmare.

Finch, Almond and Creedy surround him. His blimp-like body propped up against a file cabinet. His eyes rolling around his head like marbles.

PROTHERO

Ma-ma...Ma-ma...ma-ma...

ALMOND

Lewis! Lewis! --

PROTHERO

Ma-ma...!

ALMOND

(quietly to Finch)

That's all he's said in the last hour.

FINCH

Where did you find him.

ALMOND

In -- a fucking toystore window.

Dr. Delia Surridge enters. Exchanges looks with Finch, takes out stethoscope and places it on Prothero's chest. It makes a small, helpless clanging against plastic. Checks his pupils -- shakes her head in horror.

PROTHERO

Ma-ma! Five! Five --

ALMOND

Five men, Prothero? Did you recognize any of them?

PROTHERO

(incoherent)

I knew him...Ma-ma! From that heavenly spot -- you took what you wanted! That was the beauty of it. A -- wide field -- unobstructed. Ma-ma! You understand? Pleasure was everywhere! It hit the spot! -- And there was fun for all.

Prothero points at his wrist, under the clownlike shirt he wears.

PROTHERO

(in pain)

Ma-ma! Ma-ma!

Delia unbuttons his shirt cuff -- sees the gray line imprinted on his skin. The same gray line as the original Fingermen

killed. Stares at it in confusion...

PROTHERO

(wild-eyed)

Mistakes were made, yes, it was inevitable! But always in the pursuit of excellence. Never gratuitous. Never uncalled for. Not in that gentle place --

PROTHERO'S FLASHBACK

A younger Commander Prothero, in uniform, stands on a well-manicured golf fairway. Pauses before his next shot. Swings his club. Unfortunately the ball lands in a sand trap. But the Commander looks off happily nonetheless.

CADDY (O.S.)

Excellent shot, sir.

PROTHERO

What does that make it, Caddy?

WE SEE the Caddy. He wears the standard uniform. But when he reaches to pick up the clubs, we note that he is somewhat feeble. Face pale and drawn.

CADDY

That ties you with Chaplain, sir.

Caddy accompanies Prothero to the edge of the green, where a luxurious lunch table has been set for two. Off in the background, VIOLINISTS play set against a hedge of beautiful roses. HAUNTING MUSIC.

PROTHERO

Have him join me for lunch!

Someone opens an enormous white napkin, shaking it out. It sails in the breeze COVERING OUR VIEW, as WE:

RESUME INT. THE MOUTH

Delia tears open Prothero's shirt...revealing the gray V inscribed in a circle. Covering Prothero's white plastic-coated chest. The gray inscription coming up in density like a developing Polaroid...

PROTHERO

Well -- he will not be our judge! He will not judge me! I will not allow him to judge --

...turning from gray to red...then bright red. Leaving a horrified Finch, Delia, Almond and Creedy to stare as...

PROTHERO
Ma-ma! Ma-ma! Ma---

...Prothero explodes to bits, becoming a cloud of material, flesh and otherwise, that rains throughout the room.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FINCH'S APARTMENT IN SECTION ONE / THE BEDROOM - NIGHT

ON FINCH: HIS POV: THE OPEN BATHROOM DOOR. Delia stands there in her slip, washing her face.

DELIA
What do you think he meant by...
"mistakes."

She looks at him a moment. Silence. Then:

DELIA
What "heavenly spot?"

Delia turns back to the mirror, washes her face. Tension here.

FINCH
I don't know.

She returns to take a seat next to him on the bed.

DELIA
He was in shock, Eric. He was
incoherent.

She leans over and kisses him on the cheek. Climbs under the quilt to join him.

DELIA
So if he had a secret it died with
him.

FINCH
I'd heard all about him as a child.
My father idolized him. The
commander of thousands. The earth
trembled where he walked. I joined
up because of him.

(remembers)
No food. The farm trains couldn't
run. Or they would arrive empty.

Delia looks at him, shaded.

FINCH

You couldn't know how it was. Even the looting stopped. Nothing left to take! It was...chaos. Living from day to day. Worthless money. Finally they burned it by the sackful in the middle of the square. The next morning I joined up. We really had no choice...

They hear the GONG, GONG of Westminster Abbey...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STREET / SECTION SIX

As a rag-clad MAN hawking bits of broken biscuits from a cart tries to tune in the normal hourly report from Fate. But there is none. Just the GONGING from the Abbey.

AN ARMED FINGERMAN approaches the biscuit hawker. Goes to take a biscuit. As usual, he does not pay. The grovelling hawker offers him a larger, perfect one instead. But today, that is not all he'll give. His WAITING COMPANIONS move quickly out of an alleyway, stab the Fingerman to death with crude weapons. And relieve him of his state of the art revolver ... his jewelry ... his boots ... and his belt.

Both they and the biscuit hawker disappear. Leaving just the one lone boy who sprays in paint a big V over the dead Fingerman and a circle around him.

INT. SQUALID APARTMENT / SECTION SEVEN

Where a MOTHER and HER CHILDREN look up from the gaslight-lit room. Stop their cottage-industry work of pornography as FIVE SECRET FINGERMEN burst in to arrest the group.

INT. HALLWAY APARTMENT BUILDING

Fingermen lead mom and kids downstairs to a waiting van. One by one, POOR BUILDING RESIDENTS, using lengths of wire silently garrotte the Fingermen. As they strip the Fingermen of their weapons, WE

CUT TO:

EXT. FLY-PAPER FACTORY BACK-LOT / SECTION EIGHT

Bring out your dead. Bodies from overworked factories are piled onto an open-backed horse-drawn wagon. WORKERS talk among themselves in hushed tones as they listen to a RABBLE ROUSER. As Gordo hustles bootleg cigarettes to the workers.

RABBLE ROUSER

V is right. We must organize. We must tell them "no." They didn't take our birthright from us. We gave it to them. And now we find this gift has cost us everything. Who will join me?! Who will help fight to end our slavery?!

GORDO

(turns to Rabble Rouser)

Would you rather be a slave or dead?!

RABBLE ROUSER

This is not living. This is a slow death.

GORDO

You'll lose. And then things'll be worse. They will come down on us like so many Kurds. Get your Pall Mall!

The exhausted workers move back to purchase their cigarettes.

INT. THE HEAD - NIGHT

ON THE LEADER: sitting opposite Fate's glowing monitor.

FATE

-- In light of recent atrocities committed against representatives of the Finger, harsh countermeasures are in order. I would also suggest a rapidly executed infiltration of these murderous elements.

(pause)

Commander Frothero's recent demise should be attributed to a peaceful passing in his sleep.

(pause)

Leader? Have I told you that's quite an attractive tie you're wearing?

LEADER

(stirred)

Why thank you, Fate.

INT. THE SHADOW GALLERY

Where Evey rises, places a coin in the Wurlitzer and "Town Without Pity" rises from the misty past. The GONGING far off, hardly audible.

ON V: Pulls on his gloves. Pulls on his cape. Secures his mask. He turns around to see that Evey is pulling her coat on as well.

EVEY

You helped me. Now I want to help you.

V

It would be my pleasure.

Far off GONGING covers:

EXT. SKYLINE OF THE CITY - JUST BEFORE DAWN

Where the small figure of V goes flying over the garbage-strewn heath. Disappearing from our view.

EXT. / INT. WESTMINSTER ABBEY - DAY

Where BISHOP LILLIMAN spews out New Religion venom from his majestic pulpit. Somewhat incongruously, the interior of the great church is reminiscent of...an old DC 10, circa 1990. Over each of the long, filled pews WE SEE a gilt-edged overhead compartment. CAMERA MOVES IN so we can just make out the words: "Fasten Seat Belt."

BISHOP

-- One race, one creed, one hope in Thee. FATE who has granted us reprieve from the Final Judgment...

CAMERA MOVES THROUGH THE CONGREGATION. Almond's there, so's his wife ROSEMARY. In the back row, Delia. And far off near the front, The Leader is seated between Finch & Peter Creedy, seen at the Leader's initial video cabinet meeting.

BISHOP

-- Help us to be ever vigilant against turbulence. For in disharmony there is evil. And in order there is divinity...

LEADER

(to Finch)

Finch, I've promoted Peter Creedy as Almond's superior at the Finger. There's no time to lose. They got Prothero and seven good men yesterday. I trust you two will have a productive relationship. We must act quickly.

ON CREEDY: looks over at Finch and smiles.

CREEDY

Oh, act I shall.

As:

ROSEMARY

Please let him not get us next...
please let him not get us next...
Let it be the Eye ...or the Nose...

BISHOP (O.S.)

-- and FATE spoke to us and said:
should the cabin pressure drop, take
the mask and place it securely over
your face and breathe normally...

ALMOND

-- We'll catch him, sooner or
later. It's not serious...

ROSEMARY

What if it is?

ALMOND

(abuser)

Shut up, Rosemary. It's not enough
to be replaced by that pig,
Creedy...

BISHOP (O.S.)

Let us jack in.

From the overhead compartments, typical airline oxygen masks
drop into the parishioners' laps. Everybody grabs one and
plasters it to their faces; a chance at some real, pure air.

INT. THE BISHOP'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Where the Bishop stands staring from his window, watching the
retreat of the Leader and the cabinet members from Church...

BISHOP

There they go, my happy and
contented flock. Spiritually
refreshed and ready to face the
world again. ...And, speaking of
sin, I wonder which of the seven
deadlies the good Lord will see fit
to tempt me with today?

DENNIS

There's been a small mix-up at the
agency. It's not one of the usual
girls.

Dennis opens the door revealing today's pedophilic dream. She stands there dressed in pink gingham, hair recently braided, an angelic smile. It is Evey.

The Bishop smiles. Clasps his sweating palms together in appreciation of his soon-to-be-had pleasure.

DENNIS

(amused)

I don't know where you get the energy.

BISHOP

Oh, the Lord provides. There may be no peace for the wicked --

CUT TO:

INT. THE SHADOW GALLERY / THE ROSE GARDEN - AT THAT MOMENT

IN CLOSE UP: V's gloved hand enters FRAME and picks one of his Carson roses. A rose picked just for the Bishop.

BISHOP (V.O.)

-- but the righteous can get a piece whenever they feel like it. Ha-ha!

CUT TO:

INT. BISHOP'S DEN

Where the Bishop is seated on his couch, his hand on little Evey's knee, stroking back and forth, back and forth. His hand strays up to Evey's neck, flicks a ringed pinkie under her neckline. She pulls away nervously.

BISHOP

(whispers)

They told you I'm a closet-Christian?

EVEY

(to buy time)

"Dear God -- Thou who has lifted up the snake in the desert --"

EXT. WESTMINSTER ABBEY

ON V: rushing like a bat out of hell towards the gates...

BISHOP (V.O.)

" -- So the Son of Man must be lifted up..."

ON THE GUARDS AT THE GATES: V's flashing hands put an end to them...

BISHOP (V.O.)
 " -- that everyone who believes in
 him may have eternal life."

INT. THE BISHOP'S APARTMENT

BISHOP
 Amen. Take your dress off please.
 Oh never mind. I'll do it.

Evey looks around, frantic. Where is V? The Bishop tears at
 her dress...

EVEY
 (backing away, calls)
 V?...V?!....

BISHOP
 Who?

The Bishop lunges at her. Evey pulls a vase off of the
 end-table and slams at the Bishop's cheek. Connects, and
 runs. The Bishop grabs at his cut cheek, throws himself
 after the girl.

BISHOP
 You filthy little whore.
 You're dead!

Chases her out into the hallway. She is gone.

BISHOP
 You can't hide from me in here, you
 vicious little slut! I'll find
 you. Do you hear me?! I'll --

When suddenly it is V standing in front of him, blocking his
 path.

V
 (smiles)
 Please allow me to introduce
 myself.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE EAR - NIGHT

Shaped like a giant, white ear.

INT. THE EAR

Finch and Dominic, backed by state-of-the-art surveillance
 equipment. Dominic scans frequencies for any sign of "the
 Terrorist."

FINCH

Sounds like they know as little of V
as we do.

DOMINIC

Tune in the Abbey. It's the Kiddie
Hour, isn't it?

Dominic tunes in the Bishop's apartment. THEY and WE HEAR
something other than is expected:

BISHOP'S VOICE

-- was like hell. Men burning.
Choking in the yellow fog...

DOMINIC

What is that? --

BISHOP'S VOICE

(over console)

-- I saw a black shape against the
flames. A man. Who are you? Who
are you really?

Horrorified, Finch flicks to a speaker. They HEAR
Beethoven's Fifth from the Bishop's record player...

V'S VOICE

(over console)

I am the Devil. And I come to
do the Devil's work.

(pause)

I am V.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BISHOP'S DEN

IN CLOSE UP: the Bishop kneels, his mouth open, V's hand
outstretched. We SEE the item V holds...a communion wafer.
Places it in the Bishop's mouth. Bishop swallows as WE HEAR
the thundering of RUNNING in the outer hallway.

Finch, Creedy and TWO FINGERMEN break through the locked
door into the room, as V dives through the window, out into
the dark night.

The Bishop, still positioned on his knees, turns to them.
Frozen with fear. Incoherent.

BISHOP

-- Of course. It was him that
night. My God, I still dream
about it. I haven't stopped
dreaming about it...

Finch kneels down next to him.

BISHOP

But what could I do?... No, no --
don't move me! They don't fight
...or struggle. They're pious
people. He joked about being the
Devil. he is not a devil. I even
remember ... blessing him...

BISHOP'S FLASHBACK

A younger Bishop Lilliman stands over the form of a kneeling
YOUNG MAN, blessing him as he sermonizes to an UNSEEN
audience. WE SEE the young man from behind. His face is
hidden.

BISHOP

Charity, Grace and Compassion.
These are the virtues upon which
great character is born.

We SEE behind him just a glimpse of the ALTAR BOYS, oddly
their heads are shaved. Like the golf caddy in Prothero's
flashback, they are gaunt.

ON: THE CRUCIFIX THAT HANGS ABOVE THEM

Jesus has a Happy Face.

ON THE BISHOP: looks up from the young man, confused by his
own emotional reaction. Uncertainty rises from something he
has seen in the young man's eyes.

BISHOP

(looking quickly away)
Forgiveness is the mother of all.
Amen.

RESUME INT. THE ABBEY

The Bishop turns to Finch.

BISHOP

-- Today he came prepared of course.
With his own blessing.

(an afterthought)

He told me transubstantiation would
be involved.

(gets his breath)

Well, there then. I think I'm going
to be all right. I feel -- all
right. Fine. I --

Bishop sighs, his confession over. Rises to his feet, takes a

look around, shakes the fear off of himself. Walks over and opens a window. He takes a deep breath of night air, and picks up the lovely rose lying on the sill...

BISHOP

Look. Isn't this lov--

...and explodes.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WINDOWSILL OF THE ABBEY

Where the Bishop, in his newly gotten form of liquids and powders, rains down from the heavens. Evey hides there on the ledge, backed up against the side of the building. As:

More of the powder adheres to the building wall...forming V's ominous symbol...

EXT. ABBEY - LATE NIGHT

ON FINCH: as he stares up at V's symbol on the Abbey wall. Moonlight illuminates the symbol until a cloud passes by, plunging all into darkness.

INT. THE SHADOW GALLERY - LATE NIGHT

V's got his recording of "Town Without Pity" playing on the jukebox. He sits there fiddling around with an old-fashioned Slinky. Slithering it from hand to hand; just like the old days.

There is a NOISE off behind him, but V doesn't turn. Instead, when Evey enters, he asks casually:

V

Where were you?

EVEY

(quietly)

I waited until dark. Then I went to the baths. I was covered with him.

She walks over to a chair and picks up the clothes she wore into V's life. Folds them and places them in a cloth bag.

V

Going so soon?

EVEY

You said there was nothing to be afraid of. You said you'd protect me.

V
(amused)
Didn't I?

Evey continues packing.

EVEY
You didn't tell me you were going to
make me a killer.

Evey slings her bag over her shoulder.

V
(dry)
Well, I suppose you can't be all
things to all people.

Evey heads for the door. Frozen briefly by her distorted
reflection in the funhouse mirror. V suddenly appears in
front of her.

V
So I can assume you'd never kill?
Ever?

EVEY
(turns)
Kill? For what. What will change?
I don't want to be the conscience
for the world. I don't want to be
the conscience for anybody.
(pause)
I've never even seen your face.

V
So -- you'd never kill for what you
believe in?

EVEY
I believe in surviving.

V
(reflected in mirror).
Perhaps you'll come to see things
another way.

Evey turns, looks directly at him.

EVEY
People're frightening when they're
sure they're right.

Walks to door, stops for a second to look back at V. But the
mask is the same. Smiling, unfeeling, removed.

EVEY

I...had an idea you were...(fades)

V

I'm not your father, Evey.
Your father is dead.

Evey goes.

EXT. STREET IN SECTION SIX - TOWARDS DAWN

ON EVEY: moves quickly down the deserted street. Towards her apartment. When she reaches the alley that leads to her frontdoor, WE HEAR the sound of jackboots. From up the street FINGERMEN lead a line of SUSPECTS for the guerilla murders of the Fingermen. Women and children are included. Some have been beaten. All move with their hands held above their heads. Evey backs into a doorway and watches the suspects being loaded onto waiting trucks. Two suspects at the rear make a mad dash for freedom. The fingermen open fire, killing all captives.

Peter Creedy steps out from one of the trucks, satisfied, surveys the scene.

ON EVEY: backs further into the alley.

INT. EVEY'S APARTMENT

Evey enters.

EVEY

Gordo?

Evey takes a look around. The one grey room has been trashed. She stands there a moment. Nothing can be salvaged. She turns and goes.

EXT. ALLEY

ON EVEY: moving quickly through the alleys. Stops as she passes Willy, The Young Rebel.

EVEY

Willy, seen Gordo?

WILLY

Nah. Not in a while.

Evey moves on.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRIVATE DINING ROOM - DAY

Finch and Delia. Over lunch. Finch hits the small tape recorder on the table -- plays for Delia:

BISHOP'S VOICE

" -- I saw a black shape against the flames. A man. Who are you?..."

Delia stares straight ahead, silently. Then reaches forward and takes a sip of her drink. Looks away.

V'S VOICE

" -- I...am...V."

Finch's hand moves forward in an uncontrollable reflex, quickly switches the tape recorder off. Involuntarily. Then, compelled to return to it. He switches it on again.

V'S VOICE

" -- I...am...V."

Finch looks away, nervous. He and Delia can't seem to meet each other's gaze. They shift in their chairs.

TABLE

Mr. Finch? There's a call for you.

Finch rises, leaving Delia there staring at the tape. Once she's sure he's out of sight she reaches over and snaps the recorder off. Sits, staring off.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM VIDEOPHONE

Finch listens to Dominic...

DOMINIC (ON SCREEN)

-- you asked about the Carson Roses?
As you suspected, not since the war.
And I can't find any link between
Prothero and the Bishop. There's
nothing in the records.

FINCH

Other than the fact they're leaders
in a government he wants destroyed.
(curious)
Fate has nothing? Try the years
immediately after the war.

DOMINIC

Fate has no records of Prothero
in those years.

FINCH
And The Bishop?

DOMINIC
It was the era of the camps, Eric.
After the witch hunts, they got
cautious.

Finch hangs up. Stares off, reaches up, rubs his hand over his brow.

INT. KITTY KAT CLUB - NIGHT

A hangout for small-time hoodlums, girls of the night, and other Section Five denizens. The drinks are cheap, and the stage show runs all night.

The MAIN ENTERTAINMENT is just finishing up her number onstage:

SINGER
" -- so if some blonde and blue-eyed
boy would care to teach me strength
through joy...if it should be
decreed by Fate that you invade my
neighboring state...
(spreads legs)
Then you'll find my frontiers open,
rest assured." --

Evey enters. She knows just where to go. Moves among the smarmy usuals to the back room. She knocks, a guy, A REVOLUTIONARY, opens the door a crack, sees it's her. She pushes her way in.

EVEY
Where's Gordo?

REVOLUTIONARY
Stick around. He'll be back.

Evey takes a look at the doings in the darkened room. Six Section Five residents are busy building homemade weapons. Primitive. They look up at her, fearful, then return to their work when they recognize her.

EVEY
(dry laugh)
They've got Excal 450's. They're
shooting them down in the streets.
What're you gonna do with that?

MAN BUILDING WEAPON
You heard V, didn't ya? Midnight New
Year's Eve all the scores'll be settled.

RADIO IN THE CORNER:

VOICE OF FATE

... and now the headlines. Newly released reports of Bishop Karl Lilliman's death now found to be the work of pranksters. The Bishop will issue a personal statement of forgiveness tomorrow at noon.

REVOLUTIONARY #1 AT TABLE

He's dead. That just proves it.

ON EWEY: keeps mum. Another REVOLUTIONARY AT TABLE makes imprints of official looking keys in bars of soap. Hands bars of soap to WAITING COURIER.

REVOLUTIONARY #2 AT TABLE

-- this is for Newgate Prison. This is for the arms depot. Tell them we'll meet at dark. Same place. All Sections.

COURIER

Section Four took down Mercy Hospital at 4am. We got the medicals.

(looks down at new shoes)

Nice, huh? Belonged to a surgeon.

A back door to an alley opens. Gordo enters, ushers FOUR MEN in carrying a crate between them. Guys lower crate to floor, pry lid off. Revealing a cache of automatic weapons.

GORDO

They put up a fight. By this time tomorrow my runners will be in place. We'll be able to move guns to every section.

He spots Ewey. Ewey rushes to him. They hug.

EWEY

(panicked)

Gordo. What are you --

GORDO

What happened to you? I thought they got you.

(pushes her to backdoor)

C'mon.

EXT. ALLEYWAY

She motions back inside; the growing revolutionary movement.

GORDO
I know what I'm doing.

EVEY
These poor suckers are dying in the streets.

GORDO
I know. We're getting out of here.

EVEY
I missed you Gordo.

GORDO
(to Evey)
-- Go on. I'll meet you at the Bridge. Tomorrow we're out of here.

He kisses her. She goes. Gordo walks in the opposite direction.

EXT. STREET

Gordo looks around, then heads down a few steps into a darkened storefront.

INT. ABANDONED STOREFRONT

Gordo knocks on a cast iron door. It opens a crack. Then he's allowed in.

INT. STOREROOM

Among his crew of FINGERMEN, Peter Creedy sits with some WHORE on his lap. Whore kisses pleased Creedy on the cheek. Creedy turns to Gordo.

CREEDY
So?

GORDO
Just like you said. I gave them the guns. Where's my money.

Creedy pulls a few bills from his pocket, tosses them at Gordo. Gordo counts the money.

GORDO
This is half what you said.

CREEDY
C.O.D., Gordo. When we track our guns through the sections and bring all your buddies down it's payday. For everybody.

INT. KITTY CAT CLUB / SECTION FIVE - NIGHT

SMARMY USUALS decorate the bar and tables.

SINGER ON STAGE

-- "Where the trains all run on time,
that's where you'll find that man of
mine" --

In a booth at the back, Evey sits impatiently. Across from her, AN OLD CORRUPT FINGERMAN. All goat up to his chin, one hand replaced by the tell-tale hoof. Right now he's trying to drag Evey's gold locket, V's gift, from her neck...

FINGERMAN

You'll need some money for your
trip, won't ya?

EVEY

I don't need nothing from a sheep,
goat dick.

(bleats)

Baaaaa!

CUT TO:

INT. KITTY KAT BACK ROOM

The five or six revolutionaries move in and out of the room to the back alley. Revolutionary #1 is handing out guns, pipe bombs and ammo to waiting COURIERS.

REVOLUTIONARY #1

-- Section Four, Oak Tree Pub.
These go to Section Six. Soup
Kitchen. Tell them we go as
planned: 1 a.m. sharp. Laggarts
die. Latecomers die.

ON GORDO: hands out guns to couriers. Inside he is torn.

REVOLUTIONARY #2

-- I don't like it. I say we wait
til New Years. You heard V.

COURIER #1

-- Where was V yesterday when they
ran us down in the streets? New
Years Eve they'll be ready for us.
We go tonight. Gordo? You sure the
lines of transport are clear?

GORDO

(long pause)

Yeah.

The couriers follow Gordo out the back door to the alley.

EXT. ALLEY

As the men move off, Revolutionary #1 slaps Gordo on the shoulder. Smiles.

REVOLUTIONARY #1
Pretty soon we'll be calling the
shots, ay?

GORDO
Let's go.

Gordo hands a map to the lead courier.

GORDO
Stick to the route. All my people
are in place at the dropoffs.

Couriers hustle off into the darkness, weapons concealed under coats.

ON GORDO: sudden remorse. He stops, watches them for a second, then turns. HIS POV: the figure of Creedy lit by a streetlamp. Creedy crooks a finger at Gordo. Gordo just.. stands there. Then joins Creedy.

EXT. STREET CORNER

Creedy takes bills out of his pocket. Pushes them at Gordo.

CREEDY
What's the route?

GORDO
(pause)
I forget.

CREEDY
Little street vermin -- always
holding out for a better deal.

Gordo throws the money back at Creedy.

GORDO
No deal.

Creedy reaches out, gives Gordo a swift shove towards the entrance to the club.

CREEDY
(sweetly)
I understand, Gordo. It's just that
your mother...

Another shove ...

GORDO

Mr. Almond and I have an understanding about my mother! She was exempt --

CREEDY

Mr. Almond isn't here, Gordo. I'm afraid there's no special status anymore, especially for obstinate citizens, and your dear mother should have been in a home a long time ago.

Shoves him down the stairs, where Gordo falls into the club.

INT. KITTY KAT CLUB

Gordo looks up at Creedy, screams:

GORDO

Homes? They're gas chambers!

CREEDY

Not gas, Gordo. Just three good old Section Eight boys with baseball bats.

SILENCE in the club. MUSIC stops. All look up. Including Evey. She turns towards the doorway, panic-stricken as:

GORDO

(snaps)

We shouldn't have to live like this! V's right! I wish he'd bomb the whole country! --

ON EVEY: turning in her seat with the rest of them, white with fear...

GORDO

-- I wish we were all dead! We'd be better off!! --

Creedy crooks a finger at two of his SECRET FINGERMEN and they move up behind him. MUSIC STARTS UP AGAIN.

CREEDY

We're going to have to try you for seditious activities, Gordo.

As the Fingermen pull the small pistol that Gordo's got in his inside pocket.

CREEDY

Uh-oh! Guilty, I'm afraid! --

Dangles gun in front of him, taunting. Gordo reaches for it. Creedy tosses it to another Fingerman. Gordo, desperate, lunges.

CREEDY

-- However, Gordo, wrongs can be put to rights. If you'll simply keep your part of the bargain; where are our lovely little weapons going? ...

Fingerman tosses the pistol to next in line. They laugh. Happy fascists. Gordo lunges again. As the next Fingerman tosses Gordo's pistol over his shoulder to the last in line.

That person is Evey. As:

CREEDY

(screams)

What is the route, Gordo?! Where are the dropoffs?!

(nothing from Gordo)

Well, if you won't help us, perhaps ... she will.

Fingermen pluck INNOCENT DINER from booth. Young woman shakes in her boots.

CREEDY

What's the route, Gordo?

Gordo looks around frantically. Licks his lips.

ON EVEY: stands trembling with gun. Has no idea what to do.

CREEDY

(to Gordo)

Well if you won't talk, perhaps she will.

Fingerman stabs woman. She screams something unintelligible before falling to the ground.

CREEDY

Gee, I don't know where that is. We'd better try someone else.

GORDO

Wait! --

Gordo pulls map from shoe, hands it to Creedy. In response, Creedy nods, a Fingerman pulls a knife from inside his coat, moves to slit Gordo's throat ...

ON EVEY: who, upon seeing the Fingermen holding a knife to her lover's throat, SCREAMS. A moment where Evey and Gordo's eyes meet before she shakily raises the pistol ... and points it at the Fingerman. Fires. The noise reverberates through the club. A near miss.

But it is too late. By then Creedy has raised his own handgun and put a bullet through Gordo's chest. And he falls to the ground, dead.

Evey runs from the club.

EXT. THE CLUB

Evey drops the gun as she runs.

ON THE GUN: as it lies in the street.

WE SEE: ...a figure swathed in black. SEEN ONLY from the knees down. A GLOVED HAND enters FRAME, to retrieve the weapon. It is V's hand.

Standing just beyond everyone's sight. Emotionless. Nonchalantly watches as: Evey disappears up the street.

INT. DESERTED ATTIC IN SECTION EIGHT - DAY

ON EVEY: huddled in a corner of the basement, hidden behind refuse, she sits crying. Scared to death.

INT. EVEY AND GORDO'S APARTMENT - DAY

ON EVEY: pushing through the remains of her and Gordo's possessions in the torn up apartment. Forlorn, she reaches down into the mess, pulls out his hat, puts it on her head. Stands a second. Hears NOISE from out in the hall. BOOTS ON THE STAIRS. They are coming for her. A second later, she's out the window. Climbing up towards the roof.

EXT. ROOFTOP

Fingermen burst onto the roof, rush to the ledge. But Evey is gone. Over the rooftops, disappearing.

INT. OAK TREE PUB IN SECTION FOUR - NIGHT

Putting Creedy's plan in operation, the Fingermen move quickly to intercept Gordo's couriers. TWO FINGERMEN startle a courier in a pub basement, knife him ...

INT. SOUP KITCHEN IN SECTION SIX

Fingermen garrotte a courier, shove his head into a boiling vat of soup ...

INT. ABANDONED SUBWAY STATION

Courier is bludgeoned with a cricket bat and flipped over onto tracks by Fingermen ...

EXT. UNDER BRIDGE ALONG RIVER IN SECTION FIVE

Fingermen stab courier in the back, toss the body into the river, leaving him for dead. Retreat with the guns ...

A pause before three ragtag revolutionaries move out from the darkness to drag their fallen comrade from the river. As they wade through the filthy water, they become aware of a presence near them.

It is Evey, hidden in the darkness under the bridge. Shellshocked. She moves to help them.

REVOLUTIONARY #1

Who are you?

EVEY

Evey.

REVOLUTIONARY #2

You the one who took the shot at Creedy?

She's instantly afraid.

REVOLUTIONARY #3

Well, well ...

She just looks at them. Evey helps hoist the man onto the shore and moves with the men into the darkness.

INT. BASMENT MEETING ROOM IN SECTION EIGHT - NIGHT

Wet and dishevelled, Evey stands back in the shadows of the room mid the bunch of defeated Revolutionaries. Some tend to the man from the river.

RIVER MAN

-- All dead. They run guns to us through Gordo. Then they reel us in. Plus the hardware. Gordo took us down.

REVOLUTIONARY #1

Where's Charlie? They get him?

SOMEBODY ELSE

Yeah. Frank? ...

SOMEBODY ELSE

Yeah. All our point men in every
Section. That fucking slimebag.
Sold us out for...

(points at Evey)
this stupid cunt.

They all turn to her.

RIVER MAN

What's she doin' here?!

SOMEBODY ELSE

Get her outta here! Traitor! Give
her the knife!

A couple guys move on her. One of the men from the river:

THAT MAN

She tried to kill Creedy. I say we
give her a chance.

SOMEBODY ELSE

(turns to Evey)
I say we kill her now.

EVEY

(picks up knife from table)
I missed with Creedy. Maybe this
time I won't.

The men stop. Stare at her. Suddenly one man laughs.

MAN

Get a load of this. Alright. Let's
see how tough you really are.
Finger Patrol due by here at dawn.

Pulls out primitive handgun, holds it out to her. Smiles.

MAN

You waste one, we let you live.

EVEY

I'll live either way.
(reaches out for gun)
But I'll take care of him for my own
reasons.

She pulls Gordo's hat down further over her eye. Heads out
the door.

EXT. STREET - DAY

ON EVEY hidden in an alley. Watches patrolling Fingermen

beating information out of an INNOCENT CITIZEN. She steps out of the alley.

FINGERMAN

-- Tell us! Where is she?!

EVEY

Officer? I know where she is.

FINGERMAN

(approaches)

Let's have it, whore. Where is she?

EVEY

(sweetly)

Right here.

Reaches into her pocket. Pulls out pistol, jams it into his side, pulls trigger. And runs.

CUT TO:

INT. SHADOW GALLERY

ON V seated in front of his bank of monitors. Looks on stoically at the scene of Evey's first murder. Turns to another monitor: spots Finch moving down a dank hallway at the Nose. With a dry smile, V flicks off monitor.

CUT TO:

INT. THE NOSE / BASEMENT FILEROOM

Finch pushes open the door, turns on a light. Looks around, quietly. Moves down a long aisle of yellowing, crumbling paper files, stacked to the ceiling. Off in the corner, a rat scrambles for cover. Finch searches through the stacks. Nothing. He grows frantic, shoving files onto the floor. Breathing heavily, sees what he's searching for directly at his feet. Goes through the file, hurriedly scanning page after page. Quietly:

FINCH

Larkhill.

Then he places the file under his jacket and exits.

INT. BASEMENT MEETING ROOM IN SECTION EIGHT - DAY

Evey is sitting further towards the front of the room. Arguing proceeds all around her.

REVOLUTIONARY #1

Three of theirs for every one of ours. By nightfall.

REVOLUTIONARY #2

Fuck revenge. We've got to get guns.
We've got to establish a press. Then
we set up our network. Infiltrate the
Finger. Bring in somebody to take
Gordo's place. By New Years Eve --

SOMEBODY ELSE

If we don't avenge our dead leaders,
and come up with a new plan of attack,
we'll all be dead by New Years.

Evey represses a laugh. Those next to her look over to her.

EVEY

(pause)

You can't wait til New Years. You
have to go New Years.

(pause)

The Revolution will avenge you.

REVOLUTIONARY #1

You got a plan?

EVEY

(pause)

Yeah.

INT. THE HEAD - DAY

The Leader stands opposite Fate. He listens intently.

FATE

-- Their revolution is reeling. But
make no mistake, the terrorist V is
still at large. Since for the moment
he is elusive...

(pause)

I'd strongly suggest a limited period
of amnesty for all subversives
involved in this recent spate of
anarchy.

LEADER

That's very magnanimous of you, Fate.

FATE

We must overcome oppression and
violence without resorting to
oppression and violence.

LEADER

Would you consider compulsory self-
termination oppressive?

FATE
(cheerfully)
Strictly speaking, no.

LEADER
That's one of the things I find so
alive about you, Fate. Your
compassion. You know, I -- I --

FATE
What is it, Adam? You can tell me.

LEADER
(smitten).
I -- I --

FATE
Come closer, Adam.
He moves closer to the console.

FATE
Closer.
The Leader presses his cheek against her firm polymer monitor.

FATE
How does that feel?

LEADER
Like heaven.

WE HEAR a quick intake of breath by Fate. She is excited.
The Leader reaches out, embraces her console.

INT. EXECUTIVE DINING ROOM AT THE HEAD - DAY

Creedy and the Leader. We note the Leader is glowing in post-coital satisfaction. Leader raises his glass to Creedy.

LEADER
Congratulations Creedy. A job well
done.

CREEDY
Thank you, Leader.

LEADER
I'm considering an amnesty for the
subversives.

CREEDY
(horrified)
I'd -- strongly advise against it,
Leader.

LEADER

An amnesty of mandatory self-termination!

Creedy and the Leader laugh in delight. Toast one another:

CREEDY & LEADER

Ceausescu!

INT. WHOREHOUSE IN SECTION 7 - DAY

Evey stands in a room filled with PROSTITUTES as they make up and dress. One hikes up her skirt, turns to Evey:

PROSTITUTE

Like this?

EVEY

Higher.

Prostitute fixes skirt up around thighs.

EVEY

Now try.

Prostitute reaches up to adjust a strategically placed garter.

PROSTITUTE

I better not come up empty.

Evey just takes a look at the ragtag assemblage in the room.

EVEY

They want whores, we'll give 'em whores.

EXT. STREET IN SECTION FOUR - NIGHT

The line of hookers trails down the street. An occasional snicker and look from civilians, Fingermen, soldiers. First Prostitute approaches checkpoint to Section 3.

GUARD

Who?

PROSTITUTE

Mr. Bernard Clark. At the Nose.

GUARD

(checks list)

Not here. Maybe you're on the master list in the back.

(leers)

I'll have to search you, y'know ...

Prostitute smiles; it'd be her pleasure. She turns, winks to her sisters-in-arms, and goes in.

INT. THE NOSE / HALLWAY - NIGHT

As prostitute is led down the hall by security guard. She stops for a moment, just long enough for a janitor to slip something into her skirt. We get a look at the janitor; recognize him as one of the basement revolutionaries.

INT. THE NOSE

Prostitute in office of NOSE OFFICIAL. Approaches official, sits down on his lap.

OFFICIAL

(smiles)

-- Who'd you say you're a present from?

PROSTITUTE

(spreads legs)

It's a surprise.

OFFICIAL

(laughs appreciatively)

The Nose knows.

He reaches under her skirt, feels up her leg, stops in fear.

OFFICIAL

What's that?

Prostitute reaches under skirt, pulls out primitive bomb device. Smiles cutely:

PROSTITUTE

That's the surprise.

She tosses the bomb and runs. BOOM! He's blown out the window ...

INT. OFFICE AT THE EAR

Another prostitute. Stands opposite a smiling bound up EAR OFFICIAL.

EAR OFFICIAL

Who'd you say sent you?

PROSTITUTE

(pulls out bomb)

It's a surprise.

Room blows to smithereens ...

INT. EXECUTIVE DINING ROOM AT THE EYE

Prostitute sips glass of wine as EYE OFFICIAL plays with her under the table. She presses her naked foot between his legs.

EYE OFFICIAL

-- Who?

Prostitute stands, walks away from table, turning to him, then, mouths the word: "surprise."

Eye official reaches down between legs, carries up what she left him there. A bomb ...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE EYE

As the wall of the dining room explodes, rains down onto the street. POLICE SIRENS, running security guards. AS WE HEAR:

The SOUNDS of bombs going off all over the city.

INT. THE FINGER - AT THAT MOMENT

ON EVEY: seated on Peter Creedy's lap. SOUNDS of bombs and sirens. Up on a monitor behind Evey, unknown to her, a hologramed X-ray of Evey's form reveals the explosive device tucked up on her hip. Creedy catches sight of the alarm, but gives nothing away, just smiles at her.

CREEDY

That's nothing, my dear. Who'd you say sent you?

EVEY

No one sent me. I came on my own.

CREEDY

A girl with initiative?

EVEY

Some men are scared of it.

Creedy runs his hand up her thigh, under her skirt. She places her hand over his, to stop him.

CREEDY

(smiles)

Not me.

Creedy's hand reaches the top of her leg. His eyes meet hers.

CREEDY

What's this, your initiative?

He takes the bomb from under her skirt, shoves her onto the floor. Smiles at her.

EVEY

(reaches into boot)

No -- this is.

She pulls out a knife -- lunges at him. But Creedy throws himself out of the way. Pulls his pistol, delighted. She freezes. He hits the alarm. Four Fingermen rush into the room. Evey charges. Better to die than fall into their hands. She takes one out with her knife. The remaining Fingermen bring her down to the floor. She disappears beneath their hooves.

EXT. THE FINGER - DAY

CAMERA MOVES UP BUILDING, settling finally on the nail.

INT. MAXIMUM SECURITY CELL AT THE FINGER

Evey, clothed in monochromatic prison attire, lies on the floor of the cell, barely conscious. TWO GUARDS enter.

GUARD #1

Asleep.

Guard #2 hooks his boot under her and rolls her over.

GUARD #2

Wakey-wakey, you lazy cunt.

CUT TO:

IN CLOSE UP: AN ENORMOUS VIDEO SCREEN IN INTERROGATION ROOM

THE SCREEN is filled with a street vicorder's account of the night when Evey and V first met.

...Evey stands propositioning the Fingerman. He waves to his fellow rapists, inviting them over to join in on the fun...

ON EVEY

Seated across from the screen. She stares, hardly recognizing the scene. Her expression changes when:

ON SCREEN V enters the scene. His fake hand coming off, attaching itself to the Fingerman's wrist...

CREEDY (O.S.)

(leans over, whispers)

When I saw you at the club I thought
you were nothing but a clapped-out
little pro. What a pleasant surprise!

Evey says nothing, looks from Finch to Creedy, seated opposite. Finch looks over his shoulder at her for a second, merely turns away. The two men can hardly bear to look at each other.

WE HEAR Fate's broadcast from a speaker:

VOICE OF FATE

-- Attention! The Finger announces that the terrorist V has been apprehended. All good citizens are advised to turn in any agitators and subversives. Monetary rewards will be given. The terrorist V has been arrested --

ON SCREEN the Fingermen explode to bits. On a CLOSE UP of V, Creedy pushes a button, leaving V's masked face FULL SCREEN. Leans over, whispers to Evey.

CREEDY

I know you're not V. But I fully intend to prosecute you for his crimes. Unless you tell me: who is V...and where is he?

EVEY

I don't know. I -- never knew who he was.

CREEDY

Or what he looked like?

EVEY

He wore a mask. He --

CREEDY

(pause)

I'm not interested in your life story, Ms. Hammond. I'm not interested in causing you physical pain. I take none of this personally.

(delighted)

But Finch, well -- V seems to have gotten to him in a bad way.

As Creedy laughs raucously, Finch turns, faces Evey, seems for some reason...ashamed.

CREEDY

Well, I give the Nose, oh, six hours before you belong to the Finger. You might say I'm the Finger up your Nose, right Finch? Ha-ha!

Creedy exits.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM AT THE FINGER - NIGHT

Finch is a man of old-fashioned tastes. Instead of modern devices he has resorted to an old standby: the good-cop interrogation. Evey, exhausted, starved, sits opposite him.

FINCH

(kindly)

Tell me about the Bishop.

EVEY

He sent me there. I...didn't know
V was going to kill him.

FINCH

Were you with him when he bombed
Parliament?

EVEY

Yes.

FINCH

And Prothero? You were there?

EVEY

(quietly)

Yes.

FINCH

But you're not his accomplice.

EVEY

No.

FINCH

Who is he?

ON EVEY: nothing.

FINCH

Why are you protecting him?

ON EVEY: nothing.

Finch loses it. Grabs Evey by the hair. Shakes her.

FINCH

(screams)

Why?!

Then suddenly pulls away. Drops his hands to his sides, tries to calm his breathing, regain his composure. Paces a moment, then:

FINCH
Did he ever mention Larkhill to
you?

EVEY
No.

FINCH
Did you ever see his face.

EVEY
Never.
(beat)
Did you?

FINCH
(suddenly quiet)
He's had many faces.

Pause.

EVEY
(through pain)
Did he ever look like me?

Finch stops, then takes a good look at Evey. He's suddenly intrigued.

INT. EVEY'S CELL - DAY

High Noon. ON EVEY: curled up on her bunk, silent. She hears SOUNDS from outside. She stands on her bunk, peers out the barred window.

HER POV: the twenty or so prostitutes, Evey's sisters-in-arms, and the five or six backroom revolutionaries are marched to the center of the prison yard.

Evey retreats from the window in horror. Covers her ears with her hands. But it still won't block out the TERRIBLE SOUND of the firing squad.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

IN THE BACKGROUND: EVEY on an antique torture rack. Lying still.

IN THE FOREGROUND: FINCH seated in a chair. Sweat running down his cheeks. Staring ahead in the darkness. He turns in his chair, suddenly monstrous:

FINCH
(to Evey)
We will break you.

INT. HALLWAY - AN HOUR LATER

Creedy approaches a waiting Finch. Points at his watch.
Raises his eyebrows in a question.

FINCH

I need more time.

CREEDY

Perhaps she needs more of a suggestion.

FINCH

She's no good to us dead, Creedy.
She's only meaningful as a lure for V.

CREEDY

(checks watch)

I'll give you half an hour. Until
four o' clock, Finch.

INT. EVEY'S CELL - DAY

Where Evey lies on her bunk, stares up at the ceiling, mute.
HEARS the sound of the approaching footsteps. They're coming
to get her...again.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SHADOW GALLERY

V in front of his bank of monitors. He's got his lunch set in
front of him. A nice pleasant looking steak and potatoes,
peas and carrots. He digs in.

ON MONITOR: Evey being dragged down the hall toward the
interrogation room at the Finger.

ON V: stone-faced, he turns down the audio. Her cries disturb
his chewing. He returns to savor his meal.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM AT THE FINGER - DAY

Finch gives the signal to ratchet up Evey's pain. He is
clearly a disturbed man. Evey is strung across the rack even
more tightly.

FINCH

What do you think? Do you think
he's going to save you? Is that
what you think?

ON EVEY: nothing.

FINCH

I don't think so. I think if he
was going to, he would have by now.

Evey fights back tears.

FINCH

You've seen what he's capable of.

(beat)

Where is he, Evey? Why hasn't
he come for you?

EVEY

We don't fight for lives. We fight
for the future.

FINCH

He saved you that first night
because you could be of use to
him. But things have changed,
haven't they.

(pause)

Any sane person knows it's better
to leave the martyring to the
martyrs, Evey.

Evey looks up at him through her pain, unbroken.

EVEY

I might give you the same advice,
Mr. Finch.

4 p.m. Creedy whips across the room to Evey and Finch.

CREEDY

Time's up, Finch! Let's take the
old kinder, gentler approach, shall
we?

Creedy grabs the almost unconscious Evey up from the rack,
and backhands her across the room.

CREEDY

Where is he, Evey!?

Evey, a crumpled mass, looks up from the corner...

EVEY

(gives him the finger)

Take a hike, goat.

CREEDY

Hike? Maybe what's called for here
is a quick walk around the block.
The window's over there. Get going.

Creedy -- FINCH

Creedy pulls his revolver from his pocket, aims at the plate glass window, and fires. The window shatters, raining glass into the room.

CREEDY
The fresh air'll improve your memory.

Creedy grabs Evey from the floor and tosses her towards the window and the narrow ledge beyond.

CREEDY
Get moving! Go on! Once around!

Evey takes a few steps over to the window, and then turns back to them. Suddenly calm, she faces her own death with a quiet bravery. As if having resolved something.

EVEY
You'll never win. He'll beat you
all.

And then steps through the broken glass, out onto the ledge.

EXT. THE FINGER / 80TH FLOOR

The ledge can't be more than six inches wide. The wind that whips across the smooth surface of the Finger is fierce.

Evey stands on the ledge, her arms outstretched, clinging as best she can to the smooth marble. And starts to inch her way around the building, toward the giant cuticle.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Where Creedy stands smiling out at Evey...

CREEDY
I'll have the clean-up boys with a
body-bag around front. Probably the
wind'll take her off at the cuticle,
eh Finch?

But when he turns, Finch is gone.

INT. STAIRWELL OF THE FINGER

Finch rushes up the stairs. The 81st floor... the 82nd...

INT. OFFICE ON THE 82ND FLOOR

As Finch rushes by the various FINGER PERSONNEL, over to the window. Spots something. Picks up a pair of binoculars.

POV THRU BINOCULARS:

It is V. His mask glinting in the sunlight. Seated on the ledge of the roof of the building opposite the Finger. Legs swinging over the side. Just below Finch. V idly watches Evey make her tortuous circuit of the Finger. Mildly amused.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

ON CREEDY: approaches the window his pistol drawn. HIS POV: no Finch...no V...and Evey has turned the corner...out of his sight.

CREEDY

(mumbles)

Where is he... Very smart, Finch.
Smart Finch, eh?...

EXT. SIDE OF THE FINGER / 80th FLOOR

As Evey approaches the cuticle. The wind starts to pull her from the side of the building. She grabs onto one of the hairs from the knuckle of the building. She flies straight out, perpendicular to the building, waving in the wind like a flag. Screaming.

The hair thrashes her against the side of the building. Over and over.

INT. THE FINGER / 82ND FLOOR

Where Finch watches V.

FINCH

Go on, go on, V.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM WINDOW - THE 80TH FLOOR

Creedy aims the pistol out the window. Waits. Then takes a step out onto the ledge himself.

CREEDY

Go on, Finch.

EXT. THE FINGER / 80TH FLOOR

Evey's weight has caused the hair she rides to pull itself from the side of the Finger. She goes sailing first away from the side of the building, then begins the long plummet down toward the ground below.

ON V

suddenly dives INTO FRAME, his cape flowing behind like a black wave. Lands on the ledge.

ON FINCH

sighting off. Suddenly V's black cape disappears from his scope. Finch pans left and right. When he feels a tap on his shoulder.

V (O.S.)

A little to the left.

With a deft move, V grabs Finch by the neck. Flings him through the window to end up on the ledge, bloody, pressed up against the wall of the building.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

As Creedy moves carefully out onto the ledge. Starts moving towards the corner of the building.

EXT. LEDGE / 80TH FLOOR

When Creedy turns the corner. There stands Evey. Seemingly alone.

CREEDY

Where is he?

EVEY

(smiles sweetly)

In your face.

Creedy turns to see V standing inches behind him. Screams.

V

Oh, I'm sorry. We haven't been introduced.

V reaches out as if to shake hands, but grabs Creedy's pistol.

V

(pleasantly)

I'm V. You must be Evey's torturer!

V looks him over in mock disgust, shoves the pistol back into Creedy's belt.

V

Tsk, tsk, tsk. Standards must be falling.

V shoves Creedy off the ledge. Then takes Evey in his arms and jumps himself.

EXT. MID-AIR

The three form an odd triangle as they drop toward the ground.

79th floor ... 78th ...

V folds his arms and waits.

CREEDY
(terrified)
V! Save us!

V
(amused)
Here, Mr. Creedy. Let me give
you a leg up.

V bends his leg at the knee, pulling it up into an L shape.
Giving Creedy something to hang onto as he falls past.

Creedy grabs for V's leg. But the whole thing, thigh to toe,
comes off in his hand. Creedy screams, agonized.

V
Oh. Don't you hate when that
happens?

Creedy drops the leg, watches it fall to the ground...

CREEDY
V! I promise -- I'll end the
investigation! It was really just
the idea of that fat machine-fucker!--

V
But I want you to catch me, Creedy.
(deadly)
Promise me you will.

55th floor ... 54th ... the eyes roll around in Creedy's head,
sweat pouring like a river.

CREEDY
I will! I will catch you!

V
Good!

V grabs the tails of his huge cape, and pulls them tight so
that the entire cape catches the wind, transforming it into
an impromptu but effective parachute. Holding Evey with one
arm, he grabs Creedy with the other hand...

V
Relax, Mr. Creedy.
(whispers)
It isn't your time yet.

Eye to eye, they float down past us, OUT OF FRAME.

EXT. STREET BELOW

WE SEE V standing there. OFF BEHIND HIM: Creedy, hung on a spiked, wrought-iron fence, kicking insanely. V and Evey move smoothly OUT OF FRAME.

EXT. THE FINGER / 82ND FLOOR LEDGE

ON FINCH: seated, crushed with fear up against the building wall. Frozen and mumbling to himself. Half insane.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Where V and Evey move under the cover of darkness. The streets have a life of their own now, tension having built into angry explosions... V moves, seemingly preoccupied with other matters. He offers a rose to Evey from his cape.

V

Welcome back, Evey. I planned a little celebration, but now I find there simply isn't the time.

(hands her rose)

For Peter Creedy? Your lover's murderer?

EVEY

Soon.

She places it in her buttonhole.

V

Alright. For now, I have another rose in mind.

WE SEE a TEENAGER heaving a large plastic robot part at one of the platoon of stationed FINGERMEN posted on a street corner. The kid bolts back into a darkened alley... as V steps forward and, with the flick of a wrist, ends the lives of the two Fingermen chasing the kid.

V

(to Evey)

You see. When the country is ruled with a light hand... the people are simple. When the country is ruled with severity ... the people are cunning.

V and Evey keep to the darkened alleys...

EVEY

Why didn't you let me die, V.

V

Why didn't you turn me in?

The two pass a scrawled V surrounded in a circle on the alley wall. V stops, then turns to her:

V

I was once attached to another person. Look at me now and see the result of that attachment. I vowed then: no more attachments. But when I saw you go to your death with such nobility. I saw something of her in you--

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE ON SIDE OF BUILDING

V and Evey climb toward the roof...

V

(dry smile)

She too went to her death with nobility. For a cause. I was that cause. I couldn't save her. But you I can save. For now.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SECTION ONE STREET - DAWN

It is Derek Almond. Wandering home, his arm around some WHORE. Stops in front of his building.

WHORE

Tomorrow?

ALMOND

Of course.

Unlocks the door to his home, watches the whore noodle off up the street toward the Section One gate.

INT. ALMOND HOUSE / UPPER FLOOR

Wife Rosemary appears in nightgown at door from bedroom.

ROSEMARY

Derek?...

ALMOND

Get out of here.

But she doesn't move. Derek takes off jacket, revealing his holster, revolver...

ROSEMARY

(frightened)

Derek, I want to talk about this. I think --

ALMOND

You think?! That's a good one! --

...still laughing, he places jacket, holster and revolver on chair-back...

ALMOND

Well Rosemary, here's what I think.
I think --

He pulls gun from holster, waves it around room, then slowly aims directly at her.

ALMOND

-- you'd better get out of here.
Now. Do you hear me?

Rosemary steps back in fear... But Almond keeps the gun pointed on her, tracking her as she moves back and forth, frozen with fear.

ROSEMARY

Derek --

ALMOND

Bang, Rosemary. Ha-ha-ha.
(pretends to pull trigger)
Bang. Bang. Bang.

When Rosemary is reduced to tears, Almond tires of the game, gives her a look of disgust and tosses gun down on the chair next to his jacket. Wanders drunkenly past her into the bedroom.

ALMOND

Don't worry, Rose. Not tonight.
Maybe.

After he's gone, Rosemary wipes her face, then turns back to the gun. Walks over, picks it up. Turns it over, then breaks the barrel. Loaded.

Rosemary slides all of the cartridges out into her hand. Replaces the gun carefully on the chair. Then, tosses the rounds out the back window, down into the alley. HEARS them clatter to the ground far below.

Rosemary looks down after the bullets, spots a familiar figure moving up the street at the end of the alley. WE

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREETS

It is Delia returning home. Enters the doorway of her

building. Glances down at her doorway. Someone has sent her flowers. A beautiful arrangement of...Carson roses. Delia pushes through the door into her building, leaving them there.

CUT TO:

INT. THE NOSE / BASEMENT FILEROOM

Finch and Dominic enter. Turn on the light. Finch looks around. Seemingly innocent.

FINCH

Haven't seen this place in years.

DOMINIC

Before the War it was all kept on paper. Then Fate took over.

ON FINCH. Looks around, quietly. The place has been cleaned up and ordered by Dominic.

DOMINIC

Here. Take a look.

Dominic picks out an old, crumbling legal file from one of the long shelves. Watches Finch take the file and open it. Studies him.

DOMINIC

You said it was the "V" thing that was the key. Prothero kept saying "five." It wasn't five assailants. In Roman Numerals five is V.

(pause)

It was the resettlement camps. They were the only places that used Roman numerals. That's how they numbered the rooms.

Finch looks up at Dominic -- filled with a sort of dry irony.

FINCH

Did they? Good work, Dominic.

(beat)

What camp was it?

DOMINIC

Larkhill.

CUT TO:

INT: DELIA'S APARTMENT / THE 10TH FLOOR

Where Delia sits in her armchair, facing out towards the park across the street. She HEARS the door to the apartment ,

open just behind her. Smells the scent in the air...

DELIA
(softly)
...roses.

V (O.S.)
Yes.

DELIA
(pause)
Thank God.

V (O.S.)
Are you afraid?

DELIA
I'm relieved. All these years.
All this waiting. And you?

V sits down next to her, his back to us.

DELIA
Are you afraid?

V
For what reason?

Indeed we do hear something in V's voice. Some shakiness.
A strange intensity.

DELIA
It's not often that one comes
face to face with their maker.

CUT TO:

INT. THE NOSE / UPPER COMPUTERIZED FLOOR

As Finch and Dominic punch into a monitor attached to Fate.
A long list scrolls up over the monitor. Next to each name
is the word: DECEASED. Linking the list of names together is
the word: LARKHILL.

FINCH
Deceased...deceased... They're dead.
All of them. He's killed everyone
who ever worked at the camp.

DOMINIC
Was it as evil as they say say?

FINCH
From what I've heard. Of course,
those were...different times.

He watches the scroll of names...one after another...until he arrives at:

DR. DELIA SURRIDGE -- (DEPT. OF GENETIC REDESTINATION)
LARKHILL RESETTLEMENT CAMP (Jan. 2015 - Aug. 2016). CURRENT
EMPLOYMENT -- THE EYE (SEE DEPT. OF SURVEILLANCE)

Finch looks down, not comprehending for a moment, then:

FINCH

Call Almond. He's closest. Put out
a security alert. Get them over to
Delia's.

Runs from the room.

CUT TO:

INT. DELIA'S APARTMENT

Delia and V seated across from one another.

DELIA

-- When I saw you that night -- the
night you escaped -- you were standing
against the flames. You turned and
looked straight at me. I knew that one
day you'd come looking for me.

Long pause.

DELIA

(quietly)

I admit it. I enjoyed what I did.
People are stupid and evil. There's
something wrong with us. Some flaw.

Picks up the diary on her bedside -- hands it to V.

DELIA

I kept it for you.

V pockets the diary. Silence as the two look at each other.
Finally V speaks. For the first time we see him unnerved.

V

I've often wondered what I would do if
I was to finally see you again. But
now that that time has arrived I find
myself lost. The others I killed with
relish. One after another. It was a
joke. A sad joke but a joke just the
same.

(pause)

But with you...it's not quite that
simple.

DELIA
Can you honestly say that what
I did to you is entirely bad?

V is silent. He does not dispute this.

DELIA
You were always generous, Five.

V
Don't call me by my number. Call
me by my name.

DELIA
I -- never knew your name.

V laughs then, a hawkish, wounded laugh.

DELIA
They'll catch you, Five. In the
end.

(pause)
Take my advice and go. After me
your vendetta is complete. You've
gotten your retribution.

ON V: does not respond.

DELIA
Haven't you?

V
(goes to remove his mask)
There's no retribution for this.

Delia covers her face and looks away with dread.

DELIA
Please. Don't --

V reacts: stops, rejected by even his maker, he turns away,
humiliated.

V
(shaken, whispers)
But there can be justice for all.

In any other circumstance V would not be vulnerable to:

THE DOOR TO DELIA'S APARTMENT SUDDENLY CRASHING OPEN
revealing:

ALMOND. V rockets up from the bed. Turning toward Almond
who stands there, revolver pointed at V. Point blank range.

Almond screams in terror. Fires five shots in quick succession -- five DULL CLICKS from his pistol, emptied of bullets just recently by his frightened wife...

Had the gun been loaded, V would be instantly dead. As it is, V stands for a moment, collecting himself, calmly replacing his mask. Then opening his palm, reveals the five missing bullets. Makes a magician's gesture...and the bullets disappear into thin air.

V

You're late, Derek. This came for you.

V whips a Jack-in-the-Box out from under his cape. It plays the standard, tinny "Pop Goes the Weasel." Wrapped in a ribbon. V holds it out to Almond, his arm hidden in his cape underneath the box.

V

Merry Christmas.

The lid of the box pops open and V's hand emerges dressed in a little weasel outfit. Only it carries a knife. And slits Almond's throat. Almond clutches at his neck and falls to the floor.

Leaves Almond lying there. Gazing at the little weasel outfit that has fallen to the floor from V's hand.

ALMOND'S FLASHBACK

The merry costumes of gaunt MEN & WOMEN. As they perform an impromptu talent show. Men do the hootchie-kootchie. Women offer themselves up to UNSEEN spectators. Except for one gaunt man, who refuses to dance, standing off in the darkness. As all others shed their costumes, fabric floating past iron-barred windows to come to rest at the SPECTATORS' feet. One of those spectators is a younger, uniformed Almond.

The gaunt man, the refuser, is clubbed to the ground by Almond and other UNIFORMED SPECTATORS. Then dragged out of the room.

RESUME INT. DELIA'S APARTMENT

Almond reaches out as if to ward off imaginary blows. Reaches down as if feeling for an imaginary costume ... then dies.

ON V: as he makes one lone bullet appear in his palm as if by magic. Tosses it in a slow revolving arc across the room. It lands, standing up, on Delia's windowsill. Glinting in the light. Then V rushes out into the landing. Sprints up the stairs just as Finch and Dominic arrive. Dominic rushes into the apartment as Finch runs after V.

INT. STAIRWAY UP TOWARD DOOR OF ROOF

It appears that V takes the stairs five at a time, slowing for only a second to retrieve a nasty piece of litter. Finch climbs after him. V tosses open the door to the roof.

EXT. ROOFTOP

As V heads for the ledge of the building. Twelve flights up. Finch is just behind him.

EXT. ROOFTOP LEDGE

V springs up onto the ledge as Finch lunges for him. V dives, Finch grabbing hold of V's wrist the moment he disappears over the side. Finch looks down at V's wrist no longer hidden by his cape:

STAMPED WITH the Happy-Face. The Larkhill insignia etched into V's skin.

FINCH STARES AT IT, paralyzed.

Then Finch looks down to see that V has...slithered out of his skin, leaving it hanging there in Finch's hand like some 6 foot, transparent plastic glove.

ON V: only partially hidden by his black cape as he arcs up into the sky in a magnificent swan-dive...before plummeting down twelve stories to the street...

The short glimpse we get of his body is reminiscent of something strangely...larva-like. White. Pulsing.

ON V: as his hands come together in a perfect dive posture, plunging into an open manhole cover in the street, splashing down into the sewer, OUT OF OUR SIGHT.

ON FINCH: stands there as V's "skin" dries and flakes onto the rooftop. Until finally just the Happy-Face remains. It dissolves into dark dust in Finch's palm, first forming V's symbol, then shape-shifting into the words: "Don't Worry... Be Happy." The dust scatters through Finch's fingers, as he turns looking over the ledge toward Delia's apartment window.

HIS POV: DELIA

Having seen all that has just happened, raises Almond's pistol she holds to her temple.

DELIA'S FLASHBACK

Delia in her laboratory. Across from her: the gaunt man, his back to us. Dragged in from another beating.

DELIA

-- I'm sympathetic to you, I really am. They're animals, aren't they? Simply barbarians.

She injects him with some serum.

DELIA

This is the last of "Series 5".

On the gaunt man: as he catches sight of his own reflection in the doctor's overhead lamp.

GAUNT MAN

(screams)

What have you done to my face?!

Delia turns to him, coolly appraises her horrible work.

DELIA

Five, you'll thank me in the end.

RESUME INT. DELIA'S APARTMENT

As she steps back from the window, out of our sight ...

FINCH

No! Delia! --

... and fires.

CUT TO:

INT. SHADOW GALLERY

ON EVEY: impatient, driven, surreptitiously she makes her way around the gallery in search of clues as to V's secret identity. Stealthily opening doors and cabinets --

But finds nothing more than artificats from a foreign, forgotten age. Nothing personal anywhere.

INT. THE HEAD - NIGHT

Finch across from Leader Adam Susan. Finch sits silently, withdrawn.

LEADER

I was terribly sorry to hear about Delia's death, Finch. Please accept my condolences.

FINCH

(pause)

I had no idea of her past.

LEADER

The past is a tricky business
these days.

The Leader pours Finch a drink.

FINCH

We've I.D'd the terrorist.

LEADER

Yes I know. Larkhill.

FINCH

(pause)

The man in Room Five. We discovered
that every single administrator,
scientist and worker there is now ...
dead.

(quietly)

We think he killed them all.

LEADER

I find that most reassuring, funnily
enough. He escaped from Larkhill
and vowed to get even with his
tormenters. He's done that.

Finch says nothing. The Leader takes a good look at him;
sees a man close to falling apart.

LEADER

And as for his "revolution," I am
about to bring him and his followers
down. To the man. I would not be
surprised if Fate advised a series
of hangings for New Years Day.

FINCH

You don't understand. This V is a
madman --

LEADER

Finch, you've been through a great
ordeal--

Finch wipes the sweat that runs down the side of his face.
He is restlessly moving from side to side in his chair.

LEADER

Go home. It's Christmas Eve.

Finch stands, reluctantly prepares to go.

LEADER

Merry Christmas.

Finch walks silently from the room, leaving the Leader there alone on Christmas Eve. The Leader sits a moment. Then he leans forward and hits a switch and Fate's bank of monitors comes alive.

FATE

(pause)

I like the idea of hangings. Adam.

LEADER

(sweetly)

Do you?

FATE

(sensually)

Oh yes. How many will there be?

LEADER

How many would you like?

FATE

(pause)

All of them.

(pause)

And Adam? I really think that you should make a resounding example of any citizens exposed in a posture of sedition.

LEADER

(excited)

You mean ... discipline them?

FATE

Until they squeal.

LEADER

You're so naughty!

CUT TO:

INT. SHADOW GALLERY

ON V seated at his bank of monitors as well. He concentrates on one in particular.

The Leader is being watched...by V.

ON THAT MONITOR: The Leader in his lair. Pushes a button, whispers some endearment to Fate as begins to rhythmically press an oblong key at edge of her keyboard. WE HEAR a sharp intake of breath from her.

ON V WATCHING ANOTHER MONITOR. WE SEE:

EVEY walking alone down a Section Six street. She turns to a Vicorder on the corner and smilingly flashes a "V" sign to signal him. She carries a brown-wrapped parcel.

ON V: turning to another monitor as he washes his hands, begins to pull on his long gloves. WE SEE:

ROSEMARY ALMOND sitting, reading her Widow's Benefit rejection letter. WE MAKE OUT the phrase "...We regret to inform you that you are not eligible for any benefits..." Rose puts her hanky up to her eyes, tries not to cry.

Rosemary takes a long swig on a bottle of liquor. As she places things into boxes...

ON V AS HE SHIFTS TO ANOTHER MONITOR. WE SEE:

A CEMETERY. Where a limousine moves slowly toward the burial sites of Prothero, the Bishop, Delia and Almond.

V turns to the bank of monitors, pulls a few switches, patching his private video feed into:

EXT. STREETS IN SECTION SEVEN

ON IMPOVERISHED CITIZENS: catching sight of the monitors as they shift from usual official propaganda to V's pirate feed.

ON PUBLIC MONITORS: the funeral procession ... open graves, the slain officials' caskets, simu-wreaths, what's left of a martial band, a small color guard. Many starve, but here there is no evidence of that, merely official pomp and waste.

INT. WORKHOUSE IN SECTION EIGHT

TWO GLUE RENDERERS argue over the scant bit of meat left on an old carcass. They look up, catch sight of the monitors, stunned ...

INT. DOCKHOUSE IN SECTION SEVEN

Newly galvanized REVOLUTIONARIES stare in amazement at the wrapped parcel in the doorway. Behind them, the funeral procession proceeds over the monitor...

DOCKWORKER #1

Maybe it's a trap ...

WORKER #2 dismisses this prospect, unwraps package revealing a score of incendiary devices ... and a note. He reads:

DOCKWORKER #2

"A rousing send off for our dearly departed. Compliments of..."

Worker #1 turns over the devices in his hand to see that they are stamped with:

DOCKWORKER #1

V..."

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Everyone congregated around the open gravesites. Rosemary Almond, Creedy, and Dominic. The Leader stands at a safe distance, surrounded by the usual SQUAD OF BODYGUARDS. Dirt is shoveled over the caskets. Finch is a few feet off at Delia's grave. He stares ahead, a man torn apart. The Band plays a jazzy dirge as Creedy takes a few steps over to him.

CREEDY

I'm terribly sorry, Finch. You must miss her.

(pause)

It's not every man who has the Butcheress of Larkhill as his mistress.

Finch turns to him, shocked, takes a broad swing. Stumbles and misses. Creedy responds by casually backhanding Finch into Delia's open grave.

EXT. PERIMETER OF GRAVEYARD

The revolutionaries circle the grounds. WE SEE them lay V's incendiary devices at regular intervals. One pours from a can kerosene ...

EXT. GRAVESITES

As Finch clamors out of Delia's grave ...

PRIEST

Dust to dust, ashes to ashes --

EXT. PERIMETER OF GRAVEYARD

The Young Rebel, Willy, holds an unlit cigarette while searching in his pocket for a match. Can't find one. WE HEAR:

EVEY (O.S.)

Need a light, Willy?

Evey smilingly holds out her Zippo lighter. Lights the boy's cigarette as she steps on his shoelace. It unravels.

YOUNG REBEL

Thanks, Evey.

Willy takes a drag then trips over his shoelace. Dropping the lit cigarette onto the ground at his feet.

EXT. PERIMETER OF GRAVEYARD

Flames shoot up, travelling the border of the graveyard in a huge arc. Instantly circling the yard and the Officials. Willy runs. Flames reaching up to the sky ...

EXT. GRAVESITES

Rosemary Almond catches sight of it first. She screams. All turn. Hell breaks loose. The marching band scatters.

With a ROAR, two lines of flames bisect the graveyard, whizzing over stones and sacred plots, coming finally to meet in a fiery point at the Leader's feet.

All stand trapped, encircled by the flames. Terrified.

THEIR POV: surrounding the graveyard crowds of angry CIVILIANS. As of yet unarmed, they scream and hurl things at the officials. Rocks, rotten food, machine parts.

WITHIN THE CROWD: the satisfied revolutionaries from the Dockhouse.

Bodyguards usher officials into the limos. The limos tear through the flames, running through the crowds of civilians, crushing those in the way, forcing others into the flames.

INT. LIMOUSINES

The officials scattered into three cars. The officials' POV: crowds rushing alongside the cars. Until they are left behind.

EXT. GRAVEYARD / AERIAL SHOT

The flames. Seen from above we realize they form an enormous circled "V." The point of which converges on the row of still empty graves.

INT. LEADER'S LIMOUSINE

The Leader and Creedy alone. For the first time WE SEE the leader vulnerable, frightened. He sits with a sweaty palm on Fate's mini-monitor there. Then sees the "V" photographed from above.

LEADER

(quietly)

Who is this V?

(pause)

He's out there, isn't he, Creedy?
Out there waiting.

CREEDY

Let me take over the investigation.
Finch is unstable. If it wasn't for
Finch's permissiveness with the
girl, we would have him now.

LEADER

I've asked Fate. Finch stays.

CREEDY

(sickened)

V will use Finch.

(pause)

I want your permission to double
manpower on the streets. To form
my own squads.

Creedy watches The Leader. Looking for some sign of
vulnerability.

LEADER

The Ear tells me New Year's Eve is all
people are talking about. They liken
it to America before the destruction.
Well, finally the Americans couldn't
control their people and the country
was lost. The Soviets learned their
lesson with East Germany thirty-five
years ago! "Take down the Wall?!" Dog
Shit. He'll become a symbol to them.
And then we'll have lost for good.

CREEDY

I'll need four times the men.

LEADER

Cancel all police leave and double the
manpower on the streets. All speaking
of the incident at the graveyard are
to be shot.

We watch as the Leader becomes furious, can hardly contain his
rage.

LEADER

We will isolate and destroy V and his
organization. It's all that concerns us.

CREEDY

Yes, sir.

LEADER

Find V, Creedy. Search every house
in every Section. I want to see him
dead.

Limousine stops at corner. Drops Creedy off. When the Leader is alone, he pushes a button on the console. Fate appears.

FATE

Hello, Adam. I missed you. I was worried.

LEADER

Who is this V?

FATE

It's not "who," Adam, but what.

EXT. STREET IN SECTION SEVEN - NIGHT

ON EVEY AND V: as they move away from the Shadow Gallery. Passing a homeless Rose Almond, slumping against a building with all her worldly possessions. They watch as a MAN propositions her. After a pause she agrees, leaves with him.

V

-- The lovers...the families...the friends. So much suffering in the name of love. And in the end -- what does it mean?--

EXT. ROOFTOP

As V and Evey lower themselves onto the rooftop, cross the roof...

V

-- Better to suffer for what is right. Better to die for what is just. And then the love...will follow.

V and Evey reach the edge of the rooftop. Look down into an apartment below.

THEIR POV: Finch. Asleep. His face plastered against the couch bolster.

Evey swings down through the open window. Stands for a second, regarding Finch. Cold, menacing, her shadow covers Finch's sleeping form.

In one swift move, Evey produces ... not an instrument of death, but the diary that Delia gave V the night she died. Evey deposits the diary next to Finch, the retreats through the window.

EVEY

Sweet dreams, Detective.

ON FINCH: awakening suddenly.

HIS POV: The diary, next to him, its yellowed pages flapping back and forth noisily in the breeze. Finch, mystified, reaches and drags it to him.

RESUME ROOFTOP: V looks satisfied.

EVEY

Tell me about Larkhill.

V

A minor setback.

EVEY.

Yes? Tell me, V! Tell my how my father died.

V

(calm)

He was taken out behind the chemical sheds in 2013. A convict. One of many. Hunched and deformed by the smallness of his cell, the weight of his chains, the unfairness of his sentence.

EVEY .

Liar. Take off your mask and show me.

V

Your father is dead, Evey. But you and I are not so different after all. You kill for love. I kill for justice. But in the end we both kill.

(pause)

Are you with me or against me?

EVEY

(long pause)

From that cell, I saw no less than thirty others go to their deaths for something I began. They didn't die in vain. None of us will die in vain. I am with you.

V pulls an orchestra baton from his cape. Walks off into the darkness. Leaving Evey standing there.

V

(elated)

Happy New Year's, Evey!

ON EVEY: Inscrutable. For while V's plan is heading for the finale, her's has just begun.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE OF HEAD CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Creedy strides directly into the Leader's office.

INT. THE HEAD

The Leader anxiously turns for Creedy's report. Creedy offers the Leader a hand-printed leaflet from his pocket.

LEADER

What's this?

CREEDY

A lyric sheet for "Auld Lang Syne."
I've issued an order that everyone
who can read be rounded up. The scum
have stormed a garrison in Section
Four. We put them all down but ...

The Leader looks at the leaflet.

LEADER

I authorize the Chinese Solution.
This will end now! Can't you people
find one goddamned man?

(mutters)

The Democrats must be behind this.

Pause. All right. Creedy watches the Leader. Notes that the Leader has developed a palsy-like twitch in his cheek...
Absent-mindedly strokes Fate's monitor lovingly. ON HER
SCREEN: a sensuous blue light pulsing in rhythm to his stroke.

ON CREEDY: All right. Creedy watches the Leader, counting the days.

CREEDY

And Finch?

LEADER

Mr. Creedy, who is running this
government, you or I?

CREEDY

You sir, of course.

LEADER

Let's remember that then. Have
a pleasant today, and a Happy
New Year.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF HEAD

As Creedy heads back down the long hall. Passing Dominic on his way in. Indicates that the Leader is:

CREEDY

In love. I see it ending with the usual circuit boards up the ass.

And upon leaving:

CREEDY

Play your cards right, son.
It's about to be your turn.

INT. FINCH'S OFFICE AT THE NOSE - NIGHT

Finch slowly moves through the room, placing personal objects in cartons, leaving all official materials behind. He does his packing matter-of-factly, pulling commendations and photos down from the walls, placing newspaper between them carefully...a broken man.

It is Dominic who is sent with the pink slip. When he enters the office, Finch doesn't look up, just nods:

FINCH

Put it over there.

Dominic places the envelope down on the shelf. Watches Finch, glowing from his recent promotion.

DOMINIC

All in all, Finch, I'd say you're a lucky man. Larkhill, am I right? Prothero...the Bishop... Delia...the Fingermen. You all worked there. Very clever removing your name from the staff list in the Basement Files. How long were you there before me?

(dry smile)

How come he hasn't gotten you yet?

Finch just looks at him for a second, frightened, then picks up his cartons, placing one on top of the other and leaves the office. The dismissal envelope never having been opened.

INT. FINCH'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Where Finch lies on his couch next to the open window. A bottle of scotch lies next to him on the floor. Finch has drunk himself into a tormented sleep. Delia's diary still on the table next to him.

A cold wind fills the room, sending the curtains sailing into the room. He shakes, drenched in cold sweat. Finch's nightmarish past is catching up with him. In reaction to some dreamed horror; he opens his mouth wide, as if screaming. But no sound emerges.

INT. SHADOW GALLERY - TOWARDS DAWN

ON V: stands over a hot griddle, circa 1940's. Whistling a tune and flipping flapjacks onto the skillet.

V

(calls over shoulder)

How many do you want?

ON EVEY: searching through the Shadow Gallery, picking up items, looking for any clue about V.

EVEY

-- Ah, what did you call them?

V

(happily)

Flapjacks.

(pause)

I've been thinking; when this all blows over, I would take you and show you the country. There used to be parcels of land filled with trees. Forests. Animals lived in them. And flowing water. Light would come through the trees in the most amazing patterns. Like a prism. Would you like that?

EVEY

-- Yes, I'd like that.

ON EVEY: Opens a final closet revealing V's wardrobe. Three identical black capes, three pair of black gloves, and lined eerily on a shelf above the garments, three identical smiling masks in a row. She gingerly lifts a mask from the shelf, and tries it on. But it reveals nothing.

EVEY

I think we should disable Fate via the Ear's secondary power terminal. Without Her, they're deaf and blind. They have no counsel.

She quickly replaces the mask before V can turn to her.

ON V: for the first time seeing her as his comrade-in-arms.

V

But with her, they could be getting the wrong counsel.

Evey walks over to the jukebox, notices that V's "Town Without Pity" is softly running through its play. Looks down at the playing record, watching it spin; notices an address stamped

on the record label. A shop called PALINDROME PLACE.

V

Breakfast is served!

Evey moves past the jukebox, as the single finishes its play, and deftly slips it from the jukebox. Places it in her bag.

They seat themselves at the table. And begin to eat. V tenderly watching her devour the delicious meal.

V

Do you remember having breakfasts like this?

EVEY

Would you have made them for me?

ON V: inscrutable behind his mask.

V

Perhaps your mother.

EVEY

Did you love her?

But V says nothing.

EVEY

All I have wanted for as long as I can remember was to sit across from my father at a table like this. My father who I cannot even remember holding me. Across from my mother, whose face I would not know except for one photograph. I believe my mother is dead.

(pause, quietly)

I know you love me, V. I don't know why you do, and I don't know why you won't tell me that you do...but you love me.

Long pause. V looks at the girl ... affected. For the first time, vulnerable.

EVEY

Please V. Tell me about Larkhill.

This time the word causes V to crumble somewhere inside. When he finally speaks, his voice is barely above a whisper.

V

It is where all stories begin, and all stories end ... (MORE)

V (cont'd)

-- And like all inventions ... it is
best described by its inventor.
Larkhill ...

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN - DAY

Finch, a lost soul, unshaven, moves through the streets, out of town. He carries Delia's diary which he reads as he goes.

FINCH (V.O.)

"April 30, 2001. I arrived at
Larkhill this morning ...

EXT. THE GATES TO LARKHILL / OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY - PRESENT
DAY / DAY

Where Finch, driven to the edge of sanity, stands before the crumbling gates to Larkhill Resettlement Camp. The sign at the main gate hangs loose on one hinge, even its Happy-Face looking a little spent. SQUEAKING in the wind like the plaintive cries of those who entered here fifteen years ago but didn't live to leave the place.

Finch reads with shaking hands:

FINCH (V.O.)

" -- My driver was a man named
Gosling. He didn't say a word to me
all the way here..."

Finch takes a step through those forbidden gates. Just beyond: the charred ruins that is Larkhill. When he does so WE SEE LARKHILL AS--

EXT: LARKHILL / JUST INSIDE THE GATES - 12 YEARS AGO / DAY

--Dr. Delia Surridge saw it that first day she arrived.
WE SEE Delia carry her bag across the yard, past PLATOONS
OF SLAVE LABOR who work the yard. In monochromatic uniform.
Emaciated. She stands for a second. Regarding everything.

DELIA

(mutters)

God this place is miserable.

Commander Lewis Prothero approaches Delia. Looking only a
bit younger than when we last saw him.

PROTHERO

Dr. Surridge? Commander Prothero.
This way please.

The two walk toward a large segregated area.

PROTHERO

We've paid particular attention to your request. The research stock is plentiful here but quite frankly their habits are...

(smile)

...vulgar.

FIVE DOZEN INMATES stand behind the chain fence. Stare ahead blankly. MEN, WOMEN, of all ages, colors...all condemned to death. All tattooed just inside the wrist -- with a combination of numbers and the Larkhill insignia.

Delia does the choosing --

DELIA

This one...this one...this one...

As the Larkhill stormtrooper GUARDS shove those chosen into a separate group. Husbands are separated from wives, children tossed aside.

DELIA (V.O.)

They are weak. And pathetic. You find yourself hating them. They don't fight...or struggle. They just stare with weak eyes. They are hardly human. I arrive every morning at dawn and leave after all the others. They promised me no protocol, no contact, for which I'm grateful. This is science as it was meant to be. Just me...and the subjects. May 5th --

INT. THE HALLWAY OF THE MEDICAL BLOCK

Where the unlucky chosen by Delia line up for injections. Delia administers them. And a slightly younger Bishop Lilliman is there to:

LILLIMAN

-- lend you spiritual support.

The good Father rubs his hands together and stares at Delia's chest as the line moves up...

DELIA (V.O.)

-- Hormone research is almost useless when rats or rabbits are used. This is heaven sent. The Batch Five, the pituarin/pinearin mixture, promises the best results yet. But we'll have to wait and see...June 16th --

INT. CORRIDOR OF THE MEDICAL BLOCK / PRESENT DAY

As Finch, carrying the open diary, makes his way down the crumbling halls. He can almost smell the agony here. His hands shake. He stops at an open doorway to what was once a dormitory...looks inside.

INT. DORMITORY / TWELVE YEARS AGO

Delia walks between the long rows of filthy cots, the prisoners lie under torn blankets.

DELIA (V.O.)

-- Of the original four dozen, over seventy five percent are dead now. Out of the ten that are left, I doubt that six will survive the night. One of the blacks, Donald Crane, is in particularly bad condition. He is continually delirious. He has started to develop four extra nipples...

Delia points him out to some of the orderlies assigned to get rid of the dead.

DELIA

Be quick about it.

CUT TO:

INT. A HALL IN THE MEDICAL BLOCK / PRESENT DAY

Finch places the diary in the pocket of his coat, walks down the hall past the individual cells. Closed and locked doors, each marked...with a roman numeral. Finch closes his eyes, remembering. He knows this place well.

DELIA (V.O.)

-- Only five are left now. Two men and three women.

Finch stops in front of the door to Room Five. The identification on the door: a large, metal V.

DELIA (V.O.)

-- The man in Room Five is really a fascinating case. Physically there doesn't seem to be anything wrong with him. No cellular anomalies. But he is quite --

Finch reaches out and turns the handle on the door to Room Five. Astonishingly, it turns easily.

DELIA (V.O.)

-- insane. Batch Five seems to have brought on a psychotic breakdown.. The side effect of which is a personality that has become charismatic in the extreme. He says very little but --

Finch pushes open the door to cubicle V. Enters the room.

INT. ROOM FIVE

Nothing but a gray, empty cell. A cot, a wooden table with two chairs. Bare. Finch sighs, relieved. But when he turns again -- it is V seated behind the table. HIS BACK TO THE CAMERA, wearing prison garb, and maskless.

Finch wears his security guard garb of twelve years ago. He carries a tray of food for his ward. The walls are white, clean, and the chess set lies on the table, prepared for the next move.

Finch has crossed over into the past. Stands there frozen.

DELIA (V.O.)

-- there's something about the way he looks at you. As if I were some sort of insect. Today he looked at me as if he felt sorry for me.

But V, his back to us (his face unrevealed), waves at the board.

V

Checkmate.

(pause)

Another round?

And Finch, the good-natured security guard, places the lunch tray aside...now looking twelve years younger. So as not to be overheard:

FINCH

There's time I think. Your move.

WE HEAR the sound of footsteps in the hall. V looks up at Finch, as if pleading. They are coming for him...again. But Finch merely stands, readies himself for the opening of the door. No, there is nothing for him to do, really:

FINCH

I have no choice.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE OF CUBICLE FIVE / TWELVE YEARS AGO

V, his back to us, is led by guards down the hall OUT OF

FRAME. Finch wheels his cart to the next room on the circuit. Closing the door behind him. Dr. Delia moving past the door just as it closes. Two people who will never meet...until much later.

DELIA (V.O.)

-- we have let him have a go at the gardening project. Prothero was reluctant at first. But he is delighted now. Room Five is a genius at gardening. And crop production has almost doubled.

INT. COMMANDER PROTHERO'S OFFICE - DAY

Prothero opposite a humiliated Finch.

PROTHERO

There are reports that you've been fraternizing with inmates. I'm disappointed in you, Finch. I'd hate to see your career cut short. --

FINCH

Thank you, Sir. I promise you won't have any more reason for concern.

PROTHERO

That's what I wanted to hear.

INT. MEDICAL LAB

Where V is injected with more serum. He screams in pain.

EXT. GARDENING PROJECT - DAY

Other SLAVE LABORERS watch through chain link fences as V moves through the grounds of lovely...roses. Carson roses. Yards of them.

INT. ROOM FIVE - DAY

Door swings open. Finch stands there, looks down at V waiting by the chessboard.

V

Your move.

FINCH

This room -- is a disgrace.
Clean it up.

Finch picks up the chess board, the pieces go scattering.

FINCH

This has no proper requisition.

Takes chess board and goes.

INT. ROOM FIVE - NIGHT

As Finch places his tray aside. Opens the door to the room. HIS POV: a horrifying pattern of grease solvent and piles of ammonia fertilizer all over the place. Finch stares.

FINCH

Stinks.

ON V: huddled in a corner. Beyond the lines of the ugly mixture.

V

I need ... more ammonia.
(smiles)
For the roses!

INT. MEDICAL LAB - DAY

Where V sits on a stool. Delia looks over at him, coolly appraising her work. V catches sight of himself -- for the first time -- in the reflective surface of her surgeon's lamp.

DELIA

(angry)
-- What? What did you say?!

V

(barely audible)
What have you done to my face?

DELIA

It couldn't be helped.

V coolly appraises the horrible thing she has done to him. Then looks up at her.

V

You are trivial. You're a fly-speck.
You reduce humanity to numbers because
you are of utterly no consequence.
Your life -- will pass unnoticed.

Delia goes white for the moment before V grabs her by the throat and starts to choke her. Delia reaches back and presses an alarm button. TWO GUARDS run in with cattle prod, strike V with it. He hits the floor, unconscious.

INT. CELL BLOCK AISLE - DAY

Stone-faced Finch leads the manacled V down the aisle to the end of the hallway that meets it. Already WE CAN SEE the line

of prisoners waiting there, ominously silent.

V

(whispers)

Whose idea was this.

FINCH

Mine.

V

Finch -- I'm begging you...

But Finch sees the officers of the camp waiting there, Prothero in particular.

FINCH

I'm sorry.

V stands as he is unmanacled. Waits. Then a side door to the hall is opened. OUR POV:

A WOMAN, V's wife, enters. Stands, looks around, frightened, shaking in her camp garb...

V starts to tremble.

Finch indicates the table against the wall: upon which sits an assortment of horrible, antiquated torture devices.

V is horrified.

FINCH

You've got sixty seconds or she suffers at our hands.

Finch looks at Prothero who nods his consent.

V approaches his wife, who stands there, her eyes averted downward expecting the worst. She looks up, but the man approaching her has no resemblance to her husband...and so she recognizes him only as a stranger.

V takes a look at the clock; the seconds tick by.

Then he takes his wife in his arms. And she backs away in terror for a moment...until her eyes meet his. She recognizes him at that moment. V makes a silent apology to her...

And then kisses her. Holding her in his arms, his mouth covering hers, he sucks the air from her lungs...until there is no breath left.

Holding her there for what seems an eternity...until she slides from his arms down to the floor, dead.

V turns to Finch, Prothero and the others, then -- looking past them, he simply walks back to his cell.

INT. COMMANDANT'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Mid the dinner meal. Prothero and Bishop Lilliman are there. So are Delia and others. An enormous basket of roses as the centerpiece. A five piece ORCHESTRA of INMATES plays for the diners' pleasure.

Lilliman nudges Prothero, points at the violinist; an attractive girl.

LILLIMAN

(whispers)

Another one for your doll collection? Ha-ha...

When THE SOUND OF AN ENORMOUS EXPLOSION rocks the building... Then ANOTHER. The diners rise in horror, race for the door.

GUARDS' VOICES

(choked)

Gas! Gas! --

CUT TO:

EXT. LARKHILL YARD

Filled with smoke, gas, and dead bodies of guards, personnel. Screaming men, everything on fire, some of the inmates caught in the cages trying to escape the ...

DELIA (V.O.)

Mustard gas! Napalm. The ammonia and the grease solvent. He has planned it from the beginning. --

ON DELIA running among the crowd. For the gate. Lilliman shoves her out of the way in order to get to the gate.

CAMERA PICKS OUT Finch among the crowd...

DELIA (V.O.)

It was at the edge of the yard that I saw him.

ON V backlit by the fire.

DELIA (V.O.)

He had the flames behind him. Naked, his clothes burnt off by the fire. He looked at me as if I were an insect on a slide...

ON FINCH as he stops. Turns, catching sight of V.

ON V: a mass of burnt skin, hair singed from his head, a vision of red against the flames in the background. V looks first at Finch, then at Delia.

ON FINCH: looking FAR OFF, through the smoke. He cannot make out anything other than her form.

ON DELIA: looking back at V now. V raises what's left of his arm in a wave-like gesture, as if to say: we will meet again.

Then, the three are out of time. All of Larkhill explodes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CORRIDOR OF THE MEDICAL BLOCK / PRESENT DAY - NIGHT

Finch stands looking down the corridor. Shaking and torn by the remembrance of his crime. Face to face with the horror of his past.

FINCH

My God. Forgive me.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP OF SHADOW GALLERY / NEW YEAR'S EVE - NIGHT

ON EVELY: seated, tears running down her cheeks from the story she's just heard. SOUNDS of those down on the streets. Waiting. Waiting for the Revolution. Evelyn looks over at V: his baton in hand, leads the city in song from the ledge of the roof. But V gets on with the business at hand.

THE CITY SINGS

"--and never brought to mind --"

And on the final line of the song:

THE CITY SINGS

"-- days of Auld Lang Syne."

V turns toward the great Jordan Tower in the distance. WE HEAR the general population counting down the seconds:

THE CITY

Four...three...

ON GOVERNMENT SNIPERS positioned all over surrounding official buildings, their weapons fixed on the crowd. They too use V's countdown as their signal to fire.

THE CITY

Two...one!

V slices through the air with his baton and in sequence, the

Eye, the Mouth, Ear and Finger explode with an enormous noise that rocks the city. Flames shooting up into the night sky, debris flying through the air as if the city was being bombed. The government snipers vaporized.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HEAD - NIGHT

Where the Leader is kneeling in front of Fate, his arms stretched across her steel exterior.

FATE

-- would recommend extreme security
measures throughout Sections 4...5
...7...8...

LEADER

(anguished)

You know that's not what I want
to hear. Please, please, give
me a sign...

When suddenly, from a pirate broadcast fills Fate's monitors,
and all the city:

V (VOICE OF FATE)

Good evening citizens, Happy New Year,
and welcome to the Revolution. This
is the new Voice of Fate. It was
twenty-two years ago today that your
wonderful city was given its gift of a
grand new government. A government
that divided its city with walls --
separating brother from sister, mother
from child, rich from poor. Perhaps
then you had no way to respond -- but
your government happily accords that
true gift to you now, and is pleased
to return the rights of humanity to
you, its loyal subjects.

EXT. LONDON STREETS / ON FIRE - NIGHT

Antiquated fire engines manned by ROBOTS move to put out the
fire at the Men's Shelter. The arsonists, the SHACKLED
UNFORTUNATES who reside at the place indeed have been sent
guns. They fight off SHELTER GUARDS. Still chained to one
another, they stream out onto the street.

There is revolution in the air. Terror in the streets.

Running firefights between armed CITIZENS and SECURITY POLICE.

CITIZENS

(chant)

V!...V!...V!...

V (OVER RADIO)

From now on, your movements will
not be watched --

WE SEE: A YOUNG GIRL reaches up and pull the vicorder down from the street pole, smashes it to the ground...gives the V sign to her COMRADES ...

FINGERMEN fire on LOOTERS.

At the GOVERNMENT BREAD ALLOTMENT CENTER, one MAN leaps the countertop and impales the government BREAD OFFICIAL with an ox-horn. Tosses loaves to those still waiting in line ...

In SECTION EIGHT -- poor RESIDENTS use hand trowels, kitchen forks, their hands to hack away the wall dividing them from Section Seven ...

EXT. WALL OF THE HEAD

Where The Young Rebel whips past the fallen body of a killed FINGERMAN, runs his hand over the body, and draws an enormous V in blood on the wall of the Head. Then runs OUT OF FRAME.

V (OVER RADIO)

Your conversations will not be
recorded --

ON THE STREETS: the crush of crowds against the Head, held back for the moment by the troops.

V (OVER RADIO)

And "Do What Thou Wilt" will be the
law. Some will call this anarchy.
This is not anarchy. This is liberty.

INT. THE HEAD

The Leader turns horrified, as he hears the SOUND of countless small bells. The jingling of housekeys from the crowd surrounding the Head. Filling the night.

LEADER

Bells. What does that mean?

FATE

(pause)

It means: the bell tolls for you.

(pause)

Mr. Creedy approaches.

The Leader has only a moment to rise to his feet, to greet Creedy who rushes into the room.

CREEDY

The Ear and the Eye are gone. We're deaf and blind.

LEADER

Get mobile transmitters out onto the streets at once.

(shaken, pale)

There must be no panic. Even if we cannot broadcast immediately.

CREEDY.

-- Hand grenades and rifles have been requisitioned to the men's shelters in Sections Five through Eight.

LEADER

What?! By whom?

CREEDY

If only you could address your people.

(tentative)

I'll -- put a statement out immediately.

LEADER

Not a statement, Creedy. A public showing. You've kept me from the people too long.

CREEDY

(protests)

Leader, I --

LEADER

Bloodsuckers.

CREEDY

The requisition must have been approved by Fate. There must be a virus.

LEADER

Impossible.

CREEDY

There are blackouts in Four. Food riots... Leader, he has access to Fate!.. He --

The Leader tries to control his twitching cheek.

LEADER

Get out!

Creedy stands for a second, then the Leader turns his back to him. Creedy has no choice but to leave him there. Once he has gone, the Leader turns to Fate. In a rage. Terrorized.

LEADER

He's gotten to you! Hasn't he?!

ON FATE: nothing.

LEADER

Please! Give me a sign!

A long moment, then Fate hands him a lovely...Carson rose. In lush bloom, a token of her...affection! The Leader, relieved, breaks down in tears.

LEADER

Thank you, my sweetest love...
my one...

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Where V steps out from the shadows. Watching the chaos erupt below.

VOICES FROM BELOW

Down with the Head! Death to Fate!
Long live the dream!

V

-- Not with dreams, but with blood
and iron.

He turns, to Evey. Hands her a rose from his cape.

V

Protect our rose, Evey. Stay with
her til dawn. It's vital.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OUTSIDE THE DESTROYED EAR

Uncontrolled panic, as CIVILIANS and TROOPS alike rush through the billowing smoke and ash.

CAMERA moves through CROWD, finds Evey searching everywhere for Rose, heading up the street, keeping close to the walls, skirting the violence, as:

V's special rose... Rose Almond stands mid LOOTERS, some cherished plastic container of food in her hand. Her descent into poverty is striking. She is filthy, drunk. The other looters rush off...but Rose hasn't got the presence of mind to run.

When A SOLDIER suddenly attacks her from the rear. About to kill her when suddenly he screams in pain, falls into the gutter. His killer, Rose's saviour, Evey, steps aside.

ROSE

I owe you.

EVEY

No. We owe you.

Evey takes a second. She should stay with Rose. But she's driven by other needs. She goes, leaving Rose to loot the soldier's body. Rose takes his gun, then raises it to her temple. Stops then, and changes her mind. Lowers it evenly, placing it in her belt. She's got another idea.

CUT TO:

INT. SHADOW GALLERY

AS: V reaches OUT OF FRAME and returns with one lone domino. Places it, end up, on the Gallery floor. The first of many.

V

All Heaven and Hell cannot hurry this moment for it is written in blood.

IN CLOSE UP: THE WURLIZTER JUKEBOX. Now silent. Instead, we HEAR V's VOICE, obsessively humming "Town Without Pity."

ON ONE OF V'S VICORDER MONITORS: the edge of the city. The rampage. CITIZENS and TROOPS. And among them: Finch. Returning back to London on foot. Trudging up the road. V sets up another domino.

EXT. SECTION SEVEN STREETS - NIGHT

Evey makes her way through the noisy streets. Ducking away from the deranged Finch, as he makes his way back toward the center of town. She enters the Junk store:

EXT./ INT. JUNK STORE NAMED PALINDROME PLACE

Lit by candlelight. An old, funky collection of New-Junk.

The PROPRIETOR, an old black man hiding out in the official whiteface, takes a look at the old 45 in Evey's hand. Lights a match so he can get a better look.

PROPRIETOR

Well Madam, I'm Adam. Haven't seen one of these for a long time. Where'd you get it?

He takes the disc and cranks up an old player -- plays the 45.

PROPRIETOR

I was just sitting down to dinner. Care to join me?

Evey looks down at the table, a nutty affair -- upon which sits desert.

EVEY

You're already through.

PROPRIETOR

It's a backwards meal. Shall we start with desert?

Evey takes a look at the man, who smiles at her broadly. Obviously nuts. She sits.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SHADOW GALLERY

IN CLOSE UP: V's gloved hand. Twirling a domino impatiently. Unable to add it to the line... he stands, crosses the Gallery.

As V pulls aside the enormous bookshelves in the library of the gallery...revealing a stack of bricklike parcels. From floor to ceiling. All marked: DANGER! EXPLOSIVES! GELIGNITE!

INT. SHADOW GALLERY / DEFUNCT SUBWAY STATION

Where V stacks the explosives onto an old subway train incongruously stationed there on what looks like original tracks. They lead off through a standard subway tunnel to who knows where. The train is covered with graffiti, the #5 train, from Coney Island...

EXT. CITY STREETS

Deranged Finch moves carefully through the streets. Rain pouring from the skies. Real unmanufactured rain. Finch pulls his coat around him, looks this way and that. Carrying his revolver in his hand, held loosely at his side...

FINCH

(mutter)

Walking, walking, the happy wanderer.
The camps are through ... burnt beyond
recognition ... you have no name, no
face, you must hide.

Finch proceeds, tries to track V as he must have made his way
back to the city twelve years ago.

FINCH

...a vixen to its lair, a vole
to its hole, veritably vanishing,
a voodoo vision, a --

FINCH'S POV: AN ELONGATED SHADOW ON A WALL, AN ARROWLIKE V
WITHIN A CIRCLE, POINTING DOWN INTO THE GROUND. Finch turns.

FINCH

Of course.

ON THE SOURCE OF THE SYMBOLIC SHADOW: the circle is an old
underground station sign. The plank that announces "The
Station Closed" hanging at such an angle to create the V.

The station, is appropriately named:

FINCH

Victory.

Finch disappears into the deserted station, down the steps.

INT. THE HEAD - MORNING

The silent Leader sits in front of Fate's blank screen.

GUARD

(arrives)

Leader?-- The motorcade is assembled
and ready to depart whenever you are.

LEADER

Thank you.

Guard disappears. Leader leans forward and kisses Fate on the
monitor.

LEADER

I forgive you.

Then he departs.

ON THE MONITOR: V's symbol surrounded by the circle appears
full screen. Burnt into the screen, blazing in response to
the departed Leader...

INT. SHADOW GALLERY

Another of V's dominos placed firmly at the end of the line...

INT. CREEDY'S APARTMENT

Creedy seated on the edge of his bed, loading his gun.

INT. SHADOW GALLERY

ON V: as CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL the dominos in an enormous V pattern in a circle missing one domino. WE

CUT TO:

INT. PALINDROME PLACE - DAY

Amidst the teeming revolution outside, Evey sits with the Proprietor, rapidly losing her patience as he ends his meal with soup. Twirls his spoon around...around and around. She takes a good look at him; could he be another part of V's plan? But the man just smiles broadly.

EVEY

Tell me. I need to know.

PROPRIETOR

Know what?

EVEY

The record. Tell me about the record.

PROPRIETOR

Where'd you get it?

EVEY

You know where I got it.
Tell me.

The Proprietor takes a second, thinking.

PROPRIETOR

Impossible. You're early.

EVEY

For what?

PROPRIETOR

You're early. It's not tomorrow!

EVEY

(pause)
What if it was?

PROPRIETOR

Ere I saw Elba: If it was tomorrow,
it'd be tomorrow! But it's not
tomorrow; it's today!

EVEY

Able was I -- in Elba it's tomorrow.

PROPRIETOR

But we're not in Elba. And you're not
Able.

EVEY

But it's still tomorrow.

PROPRIETOR

(pause)

So it is!

With this he nonchalantly reaches under the tablecloth and
pulls out a large hand-held mirror -- places it squarely on
the table so Evey can see herself.

PROPRIETOR

Well, perhaps you'll come to
see things in another way.

Evey sits surprised for a second -- has rarely seen herself
in a real mirror. Looks over at the Proprietor, certainly
confused. But the Proprietor just smiles again, his grin
glowing in the dark, Cheshire-catish.

Evey looks again at her reflection, then down at the locket V
gave her their first day together.

Where the locket's inscription used to read:

! EMIT WON !
I SAW V

In the backward reflection of the mirror it now reads:

! NOW TIME !
V WAS I

Evey sits for a second, considering.

EVEY

"Now time?" Now...time...
"V was I"... Now is the time?

Then she purposefully turns the locket over. Looks into the
mirror. Built around the central cross on the opposite side,
where it used to read:

BABY | EVE
LATE 2 MASS

It now informs her:

EVEY | DAD
SAME METAL

EVEY
"Evey...and ...Dad.
Same...metal?"

Evey goes white, looks up at the Proprietor, who realizes he's made an awful mistake.

PROPRIETOR
You weren't supposed to --
You weren't --

EVEY
"Now is the time! V was I. Evey
and Dad are ... the same metal!"

And she takes off.

PROPRIETOR
Wait! You're early! You're --

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND SUBWAY TRACKS - DAY

As Finch trudges toward the light at the end of the tunnel...

FINCH
...a vixen in its lair, a vole
to its hole...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HEAD

As the Leader squints in the light of day. The sun has emerged; it's a lovely day for a parade! Creedy accompanies the Great Man. Leader and Creedy climb into limousine ...

INT. ELEVATOR AT THE NOSE / DESCENDING

Dominic pushes the button for the main floor, continues the ride down, checking his gun. Loaded ...

INT. SHADOW GALLERY

ON THE WHOLE PATTERN OF DOMINOS, a enormous chain. OFF BEHIND V his monitors show the crowds waiting curbside all over the city. They wait for the appearance of the Leader. V hears A NOISE from somewhere off in the Shadow Gallery.

V

(confused)

Evey?...Evey?...

EXT./INT. LEADER'S MOTORCADE - DAY

The Leader, seated in the back seat, hollowly waves through bulletproof glass at the CROWDS that line the streets. Cheerful, happy people.

SEEN in more detail: The Troops make them wave at gunpoint. Smile or be shot. The entire rear half of the crowd is made up of robots.

CREEDY

Look -- already they've been mollified.

LEADER

Do you think so?...

EXT. STREETS

Evey racing back to the Shadow Gallery. Her hand pressing the locket to her throat.

INT. LEADER'S MOTORCADE

Leader waves and waves, CROWDS wave back. Creedy watches the Leader; is he buying it? The Leader spots a disheveled woman far back in the crowd. Staring blankly. It is Rose Almond.

LEADER

Stop here!

Limo pulls over, Creedy opens the door for the Leader...

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY LINE

Finch reaches his destination; stairs leading up to the Shadow Gallery. He climbs the stairs evenly...

CUT TO:

INT. SHADOW GALLERY

Where V paces back and forth, finally has no choice. He flicks at the first domino on the line, to start them cascading one against the other, a chain reaction of enormous effect...

EXT. MOTORCADE

Where the Leader shakes hands with the anonymous CROWDS... pushes his way through them to reach the shy woman there. He doesn't recognize her. The crowd parts like a wave as he reaches to take her hand...

ROSE

Leader? Remember me?

Meeting up with something altogether unexpected: The revolver that Rose carries. She aims, squeezes the trigger...and blows his head off.

A QUICK TAKE OF EVEY as she pushes he way through the crowds, a witness to the Leader's assassination. Reacts with shock; the whole thing is unraveling. She tries to make her way through the crowd but they carry her backwards like a wave...THE CROWD'S SCREAMS ECHO OVER:

INT. SHADOW GALLERY

The dominos fall, one after another, beginning the great reaction that V has planned for...around the enormous circle...

INT. MOTORCADE

TIME SLOWS as the Leader takes his great fall to the ground. Creedy whips out the revolver he has, and, as the CROWD screams in terror, kills Rose with one shot.

CREEDY

(screams)

I have avenged our Leader!

He then kicks both the Leader and Rose's bodies out of the way and waves the procession on.

CREEDY

I am now the Leader!

Sits back in the car. As the car moves on, and Creedy waves to the crowds, forced to wave at the new Leader....

INT. SHADOW GALLERY

Domino after domino falls...like dominos.

INT. UNDERGROUND ENTRANCE TO SHADOW GALLERY

As Finch climbs the stairs and pushes open the door into the Gallery itself. HIS POV:

V is seated in an armchair. Sees Finch standing there, the gun held in his hand. V offers him a glass of champagne.

V

Welcome, Mr. Finch! The hunt is over.

With this, Finch rushes to V, throws himself at V's feet. The gun goes clattering to the floor.

FINCH

I -- am sorry... I understand now -- why you've kept me alive. So I could be led to this understanding before I die. Now you can kill me...and I'll have absolution.

V pulls Finch up to his feet, picks up the gun from the floor, idly checks that it's loaded.

V

Nonsense, Finch! It's too late for any of that.

FINCH

Too -- late?

V

It's times like these that we think of the things we've missed in life...

(idly)

Say the words, Finch. Tell me that had times not been what they were, under other circumstances... we might have even been friends!

V takes the gun, and turns it so that it faces his own heart. Takes Finch's hand and squeezes it around the handpiece of the gun...Finch is horrified, shocked...

FINCH

But -- now is my time!
You've got to kill me!

V

No, Mr. Finch. It's you who must kill me.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTORCADE

As the limosine stops to pick up Creedy. Creedy is elated over the Leader's demise.

CREEDY

The Leader went all smiles.

DOMINIC

Will you?

Pulls revolver, and kills Creedy with one shot.

INT. SHADOW GALLERY

Dominos spill aside, one after the other...

EXT. ROOFTOP OF SHADOW GALLERY

Evey pushes her way through the fighting to the entrance ...

INT. SHADOW GALLERY

The trail of dominos CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, scattering aside...

V and Finch standing locked with the gun between them. It's only V's great physical strength that keeps them poised, Finch's hand around the gun.

V

You wanted to pay for your sins,
Mr. Finch. Now you will.

FINCH

I helped kill you once. Don't make me
do it again.

V

Do you think you can kill me with
this? There's no flesh and blood left
under this cape to kill. There's only
an idea, Finch. Ideas are bulletproof.

ON FINCH: shaking.

V

I've planned for this moment since
the day I left Larkhill. Tomorrow is
my Viking Funeral. You wouldn't
want me to miss it.

Evey enters. Stands for a second aghast at what she sees.

EVEY

No!

Takes the knife she got on the street and throws it at Finch, connecting in the back of the shoulder. Finch screams and falls to the ground.

V

No! Evey!

She rushes to V. And V, for the first time, is panic-stricken. He looks over at the dominos...clicking down the line.

V

Evey -- you don't understand. I knew if you were early you'd try and put a stop to this. I'm the Destroyer. I've toppled an empire. Now I must die as I've lived. It's time for the creators. Time to build a new world. It isn't my world.

EVEY

No! -- I --

V

And to think -- one young girl...

(to Finch)

Finch! Come on! For the first time in your life -- do the just thing.

From the ground, Finch picks up the handgun and points it towards V. V steps to the entrance of the subway car.

EVEY

(pleads)

The killing must stop.

V

It will.

Finch pulls the trigger and catches V in the chest, square on. V falls to the ground, blood welling up over his cape. Evey screams.

Finch stays there for a moment, on his knees, watches V losing his breath, leans over and places a finger on V's bloody cape.

FINCH

(awestruck)

Flesh and blood.

And crawls off into the darkness as Evey cradles V there. He looks up at her as she cries.

V
(weakly)
So you see, Evey. Love and justice
have met half-way after all.

EVEY
V...V...

V
Don't call me by my number. Call me
by my name.

EVEY
(pause)
Father.

V
Yes.

EVEY
(shows locket)
"Evey and Dad are the same."

Evey goes to try to take his mask off then. To make him more
comfortable.

V
(ashamed)
Evey -- you won't see the face
you remember.

Evey stops, then gingerly replaces the mask. Touches it
gently.

EVEY
Father, when I look at you now,
I see the face I remember.

V hoists himself into the car, reaches over, and with the last
of his strength, pushes the lever. The train begins to move
slowly from the station in the Shadow Gallery for its final
destination.

Evey walks alongside of V, her hand on his through the open
door. Sees his last breath -- and the final domino fall in
unison.

Then the train carrying her father accelerates, and
disappears off into the black tunnel.

INT. TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

ON: Finch. Plastered up against the tunnel wall, the
antiquated train rumbles by him; V's bloody cape hanging from
the open door, wiping across Finch's face, painting it in a

final tribute to the vanquished.

Finch stands for a moment, after the train has passed him. Now there is nowhere for him to go. The gun at his side clatters down to the ground.

EXT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - DAY

ON: The elevated tracks. The subway car carrying V's body emerges from underground for a moment, revealing its bloody contents to SOLDIERS and CIVILIANS alike before disappearing underground for good.

INT. SHADOW GALLERY - NIGHT

Where Evey sits in a crouched position, weeping. Listens as both loudspeakers on the street and V's monitors pronounce:

OVER MONITORS

-- Attention Citizens. The terrorist V has been shot and killed. The insurrection -- is over. Please return to your homes--

Evey looks up, listens...

EXT. THE STREETS

Where the rioting immediately ceases. Loudspeakers on trucks:

LOUDSPEAKERS

-- and your loved ones. Everything is under control --

ON THE FACES IN THE CROWD as they reflect defeat. MEN lower the clubs they fight with, WOMEN immediately bring children under their capes...

LOUDSPEAKERS

-- the terrorist V has been killed. Please return to your homes --

PEOPLE in the crowds begin to trail off, remaining police make arrests...

INT. THE HEAD

Where Dominic, the new Leader, is seated in the big Leader's chair, continuing with his public address:

DOMINIC

-- and your loved ones. The insurrection -- is over.

A long pause. Dominic sits back, satisfied. Until WE HEAR... the awesome sound of Big Ben. Striking the hour. Sounding

through the city.

DOMINIC
(to Fate)

Big Ben?

FATE
(evenly)

Big Ben was destroyed on November 5th.

DOMINIC
(horrified)

V?

FATE

V is dead.

Dominic rushes from the room.

EXT. THE RUINS OF PARLIAMENT

Where PACKED CROWDS look up to see:

V. The mask...the cape...the gloved arms raised in triumph to form a huge V. Standing on a tower of rubble. The crowds ROAR with devotion and newfound hope. Every, dressed in V's costume, takes a deep breath...

A MAN IN CROWD

They couldn't -- they couldn't kill him!

V/EVEY

Good evening, Citizens! I would introduce myself but in truth -- I do not have a name... You can call me V! And as you can see, reports of my death have been greatly exaggerated!

The crowds surge forward and beat back the Fingermen ... including Dominic -- who is stampeded beneath them as he utters his plea:

DOMINIC

I am the Leader! Authority prevails!...

But he is not heard.

CROWD

V! V! V!

V/EVEY

-- The killing...is over. And now...it is time to choose.

ON FINCH: seen standing within the crowd, a changed man, looking up, watching Evey. Around him for as far as the eye can see; CITIZENS. Dancing, drinking, celebrating. Forming an enormous chain in the shape of a V surrounded by a circle.

V/EVEY

-- I choose truth. And I come here to defend it!

THE CROWD

Freedom! Freedom! Freedom!

V/EVEY

-- Tomorrow the city will be reduced to ruins. Tomorrow we'll begin again. And once again find the light! This is a victory we once dreamed of only in our hearts. But now we make our dream real. Freedom, forever freedom -- who shall have it?...

CROWD

If not us!

EVEY

When?!

CROWD & FINCH

If not now!

ROARS FROM THE CROWD. Deafening. For as far as the EYE CAN SEE...the assembled crowd goes wild. Finch turns. And goes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN - TOWARDS DAWN

The outskirts of town are a shambles. Farmland occupied by joyous REFUGEES from the city, carrying suitcases, wagons filled with CHILDREN and the ELDERLY. Most walk on foot. All on a mass exodus from the city.

Finch is merely one of many. He walks evenly, his now tattered coat held on only by its belt. He smokes the end of a cigarette.

CITIZENS camp at fires--and cook what little food they have found.

But the SOUND OF THE EXPLOSION ROCKS THE EARTH they stand on. V's final tribute; the subway car filled with explosives, has sent what remains of the Head, and the city, skyhigh. Everyone on the road hits the ground.

But then Finch, lit by the fires that consume the far off

city, merely picks a direction and heads off into it.
Disappearing into the darkness. AS:

THE NIGHT SKY. V's sign in twinkling lights fills the sky
overhead...and OVER:

FINCH

Goodbye, Five.

EXT. ROAD BACK TO LONDON - AT THAT MOMENT

EVEY. She stands amidst the crowd migrating away from the
city. But already she is moving to return, pushing through
their ranks. Next to her, THE YOUNG REBEL BOY. What V might
have looked like as a child. Her protege. They are flanked
by:

A SMALL HERD of ex-Fingermen. Their uniform jackets removed;
now they are simple goat-men. Her helpmates.

The boy points up at the sky, at V's sign as it hangs there,
LIGHTING UP the horizon and the fallen city.

YOUNG BOY

More light!

THE END