

THE WORST SPY IN BRITAIN

Written by

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INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

AMANDA (V.O.)
If you're listening to this, then
I'm probably dead.

AMANDA, 30's, dressed all in BLACK, is searching the room frantically for something. She keeps looking to the door. Someone might come back at any moment.

AMANDA (V.O.)
How many stories start out this
way? I'm SUCH a cliché. But it's
the truth.

Amanda runs her hand under the mattress, then peers into the lampshade. She wafts her face when dust blooms up at her. She coughs into her hand.

AMANDA (V.O.)
I'm recording this now, in my
bathroom, feeling like a complete
self-conscious idiot. There's a lot
of things that suck about this job
of mine, but there's one good
thing. And it's this: I get the
chance to say goodbye.

She pulls out a drawer and throws it onto the bed. And --
bam! -- there it is, taped on the underneath: a USB DRIVE.

AMANDA (V.O.)
So here it is. My goodbye. I keep
this recording on my phone, just in
case. When the time comes, I'll
send this to you all. I hope you
never have to hear it. But if you
do, well... so long and thanks for
all the fish.

Amanda pulls the USB drive free, grasps it in her hand, smiles. But the hotel door starts to open. She dives into the closet, the door ajar. Amanda's startled eyes shine in the dim light. She's trapped.

INT. AMANDA'S HOUSE - DAY

AMANDA (V.O.)
Mum.

Amanda is doing her MUM's hair dye. The box on the table is blonde, but Amanda's gloved hands her bright purple.

Her mum is chatting away, oblivious, smiling, as Amanda rubs the dye into her scalp, worried.

AMANDA (V.O.)

Mum, I'm sorry but I didn't dye your hair purple by accident. You were probably wasting your time suing Superdrug. There was a hit out on me, and they knew your description so I had to take matters into my own hands. Literally.

Amanda pulls off the purple stained gloves, trying to not let her mum see. But she does, and she goes ballistic. Amanda weathers the storm.

INT. AMANDA'S HOUSE - NIGHTT

AMANDA (V.O.)

I had to. To keep you safe. Plus I thought it sort of suited you.

Amanda's mum comes downstairs, ready to go out for the night, with VERY purple hair. It clashes with everything else she owns. Amanda's eyes go too wide, but she smiles encouragingly all the same.

When the door closes, Amanda leans against it, sighing in relief: her mum will be safe now. The screen goes black.

EXT. STREET - DAY

AMANDA (V.O)

Sis.

Amanda is looking down at PHOTOS, grimacing. She slides them into a LARGE ENVELOPE, and seals it. She scribbles FAO SARAH on the front. She looks out to the house -- her sister's house -- deliberating.

AMANDA (V.O.)

There's no longer any way for me to be subtle about this. I contemplated renting a billboard for your birthday. Your husband is cheating on you.

Amanda posts the envelope and quickly scarpers, doing a very silly and conspicuous run down the path.

AMANDA (V.O.)

No, those surveillance photos you mysteriously got in the post were NOT stag-do photo-ops, as your delightful husband informed you. They were real. I even tracked her down. She works at the chip shop on Queen's Drive.

Amanda walks further down the street and sits on a wall, catching her breath. A NEIGHBOUR across the street waves at her, but she avoids their eyes, looking down; she's a spy, after all.

But the neighbour persists. She smiles, waving frantically.

Amanda puts her head down, collar up. Shifty eyes. She walks away quickly. Like a good spy.

AMANDA (V.O.)

And, for what it's worth, my partner thinks your tits are much nicer than hers anyway.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CLOSET - DAY

Amanda dares a peek out of the closet through the crack in the door. The MAN, 40's, definite baddie-type, is getting changed. Settling in. She closes her eyes, as though she's praying. She takes out her PHONE, staring at the screen, deciding.

FADE TO BLACK

AMANDA (V.O.)

And, speaking of my partner...

The sound of a knock on a door.

AMANDA'S MUM (O.S.)

Amanda? Are you done in there yet?
I'm gagging for a--

AMANDA (O.S.)

Mum! bloody hell! Can I not have a few minutes' privacy in this house?
Ugh!

A toilet flushes. A door opens and closes. Footsteps as Amanda walks across the landing and to her bedroom. Her door slams shut. She sighs.

AMANDA (V.O.)
Now. Where was I?

INT. LABOUR CLUB - DANCE HALL - NIGHT

Amanda and her partner, ROB, 20's, a bit fit like, are dancing together, spinning around and around. Amanda is looking longingly into his eyes, but Rob is purely on duty: scanning the room for any suspicious behaviour... Which he's unlikely to find as he's in an old men's club.

AMANDA (V.O.)
Rob. My partner. My 'dance' partner
to the rest of you listening.
Surprise, guys, we're spies!

The dancing spins and spins, and morphs into them:

EXT. STREET - DAY

...Amanda and Rob, back-to-back, all spy-like on the streets, ready for a fight. THUGS close in, armed with BATS. Amanda and Rob scream wildly in unison: their battle-cry.

EXT. STREET - DAY (LATER)

Amanda, messy haired post-fight, now has her foot on the BAD GUY'S back. Rob bends down to tie the crook up, and Amanda shamelessly checks out Rob's arms and bum.

AMANDA (V.O.)
I've always loved you, Rob. Always.
I could never tell you -- I'd lose
my job, my best friend, everything -
- I just don't want you to blame
yourself for my death.

Rob stands up, brushing his hands. They do a coordinated secret handshake. Really dorky and cute.

AMANDA (V.O.)
We come to this job willingly. We
know the risks. Just know, I'd have
been the best damn shag of your
life, mate.

FADE TO BLACK

AMANDA (V.O.)
So this is it. This is goodbye.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CLOSET - DAY

Amanda is still hiding, panicking. She's clutching her phone to her chest in the darkness, ready to send her goodbye message. The man comes right up to the closet doors, stealing the light. She winces. This is the end.

Amanda takes a breath; she nods. She accepts her fate and clicks SEND. The man's hand lands on the door handle...

...But then the man's phone goes off. He backs away from the door.

MAN (O.S.)
(on phone)
Yeah -- I know -- OK. I'll be down
in fifteen minutes.

Amanda chances a look from the closet; he's hung up.

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Bloody amateurs.

The man goes into the bathroom. The door shuts and the shower clicks on.

Amanda gets out of the closet. She looks left and right. Frowns. Then she legs it out of the hotel room as fast as her legs can carry her.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY

She runs until she hits the lift... And then the reality of what she's done catches up with her. She looks down at her phone: the message has sent. She hammers the cancel button but it makes no difference. She grips the phone in a full-on meltdown.

AMANDA
Shit. Shit. SHIIIIIT!

FADE TO BLACK