

## V FOR VENDETTA

Written by

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Based on the graphic novel by Alan Moore

### **FADE IN:**

In the darkness, we hear a voice, a woman's voice. Her name is Evey.

#### **EVEY (V.O.)**

"Remember, remember, the fifth of November, the gunpowder treason and plot. I know of now reason why the gunpowder treason should ever be forgot."

Her voice has a strength that is metered by a calmness, a deep centered peace that we can feel.

#### **EVEY (V.O.)**

Those were almost the very first words he spoke to me and, in a way, that is where this story began, four hundred years ago, in a cellar beneath the Houses of Parliament.

In the darkness, we find a lantern. Guy Fawkes, a dangerous man who wears a goatee, is struggling with a wheelbarrow stacked with barrels of gunpowder.

#### **EVEY (V.O.)**

In 1605, Guy Fawkes attempted to blow up the Houses of Parliament.

The wheelbarrow bumps over the heavy stone mortar of the cellar floor. From the dark depths, we hear the sound of dogs.

#### **EVEY (V.O.)**

He was caught in the cellars with  
enough gunpowder to level most of  
London.

as  
Guy sees lanterns coming from both sides. He tries to run  
the dogs reach him first. He grabs for his sword as dozens  
of pole axes pin him against the tunnel's stone wall.

**EVEY (V.O.)**

Sometimes I wonder where we would  
be if he hadn't failed. I wonder  
if it would have mattered.

In the dim pre-dawn light, Guy is led to the gallows.

**EVEY (V.O.)**

I suppose the answer is in the  
rhyme. More than the man, what we  
must remember is the plot itself.

The coarse noose of rope is snugged up to Guy's throat. He  
looks into the crowd until he finds a face, a woman's face,  
staring up at him.

**EVEY (V.O.)**

For in the plot we find more than  
just a man, we find the idea of  
that man, the spirit of that man,  
and that is what we must never  
forget.

The lever is thrown and the woman looks down, a tear falling  
down her face.

**EVEY (V.O.)**

This, then, is the story of that  
idea, of that spirit that began  
with an anarchist's plot four  
hundred years ago.

Guy's body hangs in silhouette, lifeless against a red  
morning sun.

**FADE OUT.**

**FADE IN:**

**INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE**

A young Evey sits on her father's lap, combing her Barbie's  
hair.

**EVEY (V.O.)**

I was born near the end of the millennium, the year 1997. My father used to say that people were so afraid that the world was going to end that they were willing it to happen.

Her father sits beside her mother on the living room couch, watching the news. From the look on their faces, the news is bad.

**EVEY (V.O.)**

I don't remember much of the century's turn. I don't remember the market crash or the plague or any of the Trafalgar riots.

The television flickers with images of heavily armed soldiers fighting in a shelled city.

**EVEY (V.O.)**

I've read about them since but I don't recall how any of them impacted my life except for the fear. They would hide it from me, like a secret between them.

Little Evey sees her father staring at her mother. They take hold of each other's hand, clasping them tight.

**EVEY (V.O.)**

But I could feel it.

**EXT. CITY STREET**

It is a new day. People are gathered along the street as if they were waiting for a parade.

**EVEY (V.O.)**

Of the chaos that seemed to swallow the beginning of the 21st century, there is one thing I do remember.

Evey holds her father's hand. Unable to see what is coming, she can hear it.

**EVEY (V.O.)**

Very clearly, I can remember that

sound.

We hear them, hundreds of marching soldiers.

**EVEY (V.O.)**

And I remember those boots, black leather that gleamed bright in the morning sun. I had never seen such boots. All moving in perfect unison.

Little Evey hides in the forest of adults, clinging to her father's leg, staring as row after row of boots march by  
with  
military precision.

**EXT. CITY STREET**

In the midst of a political rally for the emerging new party calling itself Norsefire, we find little Evey now on her father's shoulders.

Dascombe, a young man, paces the podium, inciting the crowd.

**DASCOMBE**

The time has come, London, to return to a bygone age, an age of tradition, an age of values that have been disparaged and all but forgotten. What this country needs is a leader! A true leader to remind us of that age. A righteous leader with the strength of his moral convictions to do what must be done. I give you that man! I give you our leader! Adam Susan!

Adam Susan rises and the crowd cheers. Evey's father looks at her mother and again they clasp hands.

**EVEY (V.O.)**

It must have seemed so easy to them. They offered such a simple deal; give up control and we will restore order.

**INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE**

Little Evey is asleep in her bedroom.

**EVEY (V.O.)**

At first, the arrests were

political. Dissidents. Radicals.  
Liberals.

A loud crash of splintering wood wakes her up.

**EVEY (V.O.)**

When my parents were younger, they  
had been activists. They had  
marched with Labor in the great  
train strike.

The sound of heavy boots swarms through the house.

**LITTLE EVEY**

Mommy?

Her bedroom door bursts open and a heavily armed soldier  
scoops her up.

She is carried through the dark house which is filled with  
soldiers. On the floor of the living room, she sees her  
parents being bound with plastic zip-ties.

**MOTHER**

My daughter! Don't take my  
daughter!

**FATHER**

Evey! Evey!

**LITTLE EVEY**

Mommy! Daddy!

A heavy black hood is pulled over each of her parent's heads  
as Evey is carried out of the house.

**EVEY (V.O.)**

I never saw them again. Overnight,  
my life, my entire world was  
erased.

**INT. BATHROOM**

A nun with a switch in her crossed arms watches as Evey and  
several other little girls scrub the floor of a dormitory  
bathroom.

**EVEY (V.O.)**

It was done so quickly and  
violently, so completely, that it  
began to seem that it had never  
even existed.

A tear rolls down Little Evey's cheek.

**EXT. HOUSE**

A gay man is dragged violently from his Piccadilly home. Outside, he sees his lover being forced to the cobblestones.

**EVEY (V.O.)**

The homosexuals were next. What God had started with AIDS had to be finished by man. It was God's work. That's what we were told.

He reaches for him as the clubs rise and fall, vicious and bloody.

**EVEY (V.O.)**

But once they were gone, there was someone else. Someone different.

In another neighborhood, we see the police arresting Pakistanis.

**EVEY (V.O.)**

Someone dangerous.

In a different area, young black men are packed into a caged van so tightly they are unable to move.

**EVEY (V.O.)**

There were those who understood what was happening, who knew it was wrong but who kept silent.

A young detective named Finch looks down as the van pulls away. When he looks up, another man in a military uniform whose name is Almond is watching him.

**EVEY (V.O.)**

And in the vacuum of that silence, order was imposed.

Finch sticks his pipe in his mouth and turns away.

**EXT. STREET**

Again, we see the marching boots.

**EVEY (V.O.)**

Order that was like those boots, order that required rigorous

discipline. Order that is exactly the same, where each single step falls with every step. The order of the many shaped into one.

We move through the columns of marching soldiers to a wall where a poster has been plastered up. The poster reads, "Strength Through Purity, Purity Through Faith."

**EVEY (V.O.)**

Somehow in my heart, I knew it wouldn't last.

As the sound of the marching fades, a shadow falls over the sign.

After a moment, we hear the hiss of spray paint.

**EVEY (V.O.)**

What they thought they had crushed, the spirit they believed trampled and ground beneath the marching of their boots, rose up, rose as if from a four hundred year old grave, rose to remind us all that day.

The shadow sprays a "V" over the poster.

**FADE OUT.**

**FADE IN:**

Close on a loudspeaker. There is one on every major street corner.

**FATE (V.O.)**

Good evening, London. It's nine o'clock, the fourth of November in the year 2019 and this is the voice of Fate broadcasting on 275 and 285 of the medium wave.

Beneath the loudspeaker is a surveillance system labeled, "For your protection."

Bubble eyed lenses iris at the end of stalks that move, insect-like, racheting and clicking as they watch a little girl pedal her bicycle. The little girl glances nervously over her shoulder up at the mechanical eyes watching her.

**FATE (V.O.)**

People of London, be advised --

**EXT. EVEY'S APARTMENT**

There is a radio on a small makeup table.

**FATE (V.O.)**

-- that Braxton and Streathon are  
quarantine zones as of today.

Evey is now a young woman. She slips into a dress that is little more than a nightgown. She tries to adjust it, pulling it down at the hem, pulling it up at the thin shoulder straps, but it is like trying to hide behind a lamppost.

**FATE (V.O.)**

It is suggested that these area be  
avoided for reasons of health and  
safety.

**INT. SHADOW GALLERY**

Another radio in a room that seems to be of another world.

**FATE (V.O.)**

Good news following the  
productivity reports from  
Herefordshire indicating a possible  
end to meat rationing starting mid  
February.

body A man enters the room as he once entered the world. His  
is lean and strong and though we do not see his face, there  
is a strength in his carriage, a power to his presence.

**INT. EVEY'S APARTMENT**

She packs tissue paper into the toes of a pair of high heels  
that are too big for her.

**FATE (V.O.)**

Police raided seventeen homes in  
the Birmingham area, uncovering  
what is believed to be a major  
terrorist ring.

**INT. SHADOW GALLERY**

of We move over a dressing bureau, past a wig and over a pair  
black leather gloves, moving until we find the mask; it is

like something from the masquerade ball of another era. It has an exaggerated goatee, harlequin cheeks and a smile, forever fixed, at once be-guiling and be-deviling.

**FATE (V.O.)**

Twenty eight people, eight of them women, are currently in detention awaiting trial.

**INT. EVEY'S APARTMENT**

Evey coats her lips with a lascivious red. She stares into the mirror, her makeup like a mask over her own face.

**FATE (V.O.)**

And that is the face of London tonight.

**INT. SHADOW GALLERY**

into  
The man, now fully dressed in cloak, hat, and mask gazes  
the mirror.

This is V.

**FATE (V.O.)**

And this is the voice of Fate signing off and bidding you a pleasant evening.

**EXT. CITY STREET**

Close on Evey's high heels, stumbling and awkward as she walks down a dark cobblestoned street.

**EXT. CITY STREET**

Close on V's boots walking in the opposite direction so that it seems they are walking towards each other.

**EVEY (V.O.)**

I don't know what brought us together that night. I had never been to that part of Westminster but ever since I've known him, I've stopped believing in coincidence.

**EXT. CITY STREET**

Evey looks up and sees a man standing mostly in shadow.

**EVEY**

Excuse me? Uh... excuse me,  
Mister?

The man turns around. It is not V.

**EVEY**

Would you like... uh, would you  
like to sleep with me?

He smiles.

**EVEY**

I mean, for money.

**MAN**

That is the clumsiest bit of  
positioning I've ever heard.

**EVEY**

Oh god, I'm sorry.

**MAN**

Is this your first time, darling?

**EVEY**

Yes, no, I mean for money. But I  
know what you want and I'll do it.

She presses her body to his, using her little girl eyes and  
her woman's mouth.

**EVEY**

Anything you want, mister. Please,  
I need the money. I know I'm young  
but I promise I know what I'm  
doing.

**MAN**

No. You don't know what you're  
doing.

He pulls out his wallet and shows her a badge. The sight of  
it knocks the breath out of her.

**EVEY**

Christ, you're a Fingerman.

**FINGERMAN 1**

Give the little lady a prize.

**FINGERMAN 2**

I've got something to give her.

Evey turns and there are more Fingermen behind her.

**FINGERMAN 1**

Prostitution is a class H offense.  
Know what that means? It means  
that we get to exercise our own  
judicial discretion --

**FINGERMAN 2**

And you get to swallow it.

The Fingermen laugh.

**EVEY**

Oh god, please. It's my first  
time. Please don't hurt me.

**FINGERMAN 1**

Gosh, fellas, look at those big  
innocent eyes. What do you think?

**FINGERMAN 3**

Spare the rod, spoil the child.

Fingerman 2 laughs hard as he drops his pants.

**EVEY**

Oh no!

He shoves her face first against a brick wall, lifting her  
dress to expose her bottom.

**EVEY**

Please, don't!

**FINGERMAN 3**

You heard the man, sweetie. This  
rod's for your own good.

Suddenly, they are no longer alone.

**V**

"The multiplying villainies of  
nature do swarm upon him."

**FINGERMAN 3**

What the hell --

**V**

"And fortune, on his damned

quarrel, smiling, showed like a rebel's whore."

**FINGERMAN 1**

We're police officers, pal.

**FINGERMAN 4**

We're with the Finger.

**FINGERMAN 3**

So bugger off!

**V**

"Disdaining fortune with his brandished steel, which smoked with bloody execution."

In the clenched fist of black leather, we see a flash of steel.

**FINGERMAN 1**

He's got a knife!

V attacks and at once we know this is no normal human being. A single blow sends the largest of the Fingermen flying backwards.

But more than his strength, it is his speed.

A gun is cocked but before the hammer falls, a knife is buried in the Fingerman's chest and --

Before the body falls, the knife is gone.

It takes a handful of seconds and three bodies lay on the ground. V turns to the last Fingerman who is struggling to pull his pants up.

**FINGERMAN 3**

Jesus Christ! Don't hurt me!

V steps forward and he screams, bolting while holding his pants up.

**V**

Good evening.

**EVEY**

Who -- Who are you?

**V**

Me? I imagine all manner of names

shall be heaped upon my humble  
visage but, for now, let us simply  
say I am the villain.

He throws wide his cloak and bows deeply to her.

**V**

And you would be?

**EVEY**

Evey.

**V**

Of course.

scoops  
They hear sirens rushing towards them. In a blink, he  
her up and dashes into the shadows of a narrow alleyway.

**EXT. ROOFTOPS**

Police cars and several ambulances swarm over the area with  
the dead Fingermen.

V watches them from above.

**EVEY**

Why did you do that? Why did  
you... help me?

**V**

Why indeed?

He takes out an old antique pocket watch. It is almost  
midnight.

**V**

Almost time.

**EVEY**

For what?

**V**

For the music.

**EVEY**

Music?

**V**

Yes, music. My music. You see.  
Evey, I am a performer.

**EVEY**

Is that why you're wearing a mask?

**V**

We all wear masks. Life creates them and forces us to find the one that fits. Do you know what day it is?

**EVEY**

Uh... November fourth.

**V**

Not for long.

Big He looks out where, rising above the rooftops, he can see Ben.

**V**

"Remember, remember, the fifth of November, the gunpowder treason and plot. I know of no reason why the gunpowder treason should ever be forgot."

The second hand sweeps into the final minute.

**V**

Tell me, Evey, what good is an actor that plays his part to an empty theatre?

**EVEY**

I don't know.

**V**

Nor do I. That's why you are here. I need you, Evey. I need someone to listen.

**EVEY**

To your music?

**V**

Yes. Yes, to my music.

From his sleeve, he pulls a conductor's wand.

**V**

Can you hear it? It's already begun.

He begins to lightly tap the wand in the air and, very faintly, we hear it.

**EVEY**

I can't hear anything.

**V**

At first, you have to listen very carefully...

He continues to conduct and we begin to hear the music, violins and horns that seem almost like a whisper or a wind that steadily swells.

**V**

Ahh, yes. There it is. Beautiful, is it not?

He turns to the parapet, his gestures growing grander as the music rises and we recognize Tchaikovsky's 1812 overture.

as  
The music mounts a climax and V points the wand at Big Ben cymbals crash --

Big Ben explodes with such force the world seems to shake, while --

V, smiling, always smiling, points again with another crescendo and --

The statue of justice is blown to smithereens.

it's  
V nods in appreciation while mustering the music towards finale as fireworks begin lighting up the sky.

**EVEY**

Oh my...

Everywhere across the city, people stand transfixed by the dazzling shimmer of the fireworks until --

floating  
A strobing final blitz leaves a single, starry image in the smoke filled sky.

It is the letter V.

**EVEY**

It's beautiful...

V

Thank you.

From every direction, the city screams with the panicked sound of sirens.

**EXT. NEW GOVERNMENT BUILDING**

A massive modern building that is the seat of the new government.

A long, black car pulls up to the entrance. Adam Susan gets out, wearing a long black trenchcoat over his pajamas. He

is

the Leader and he looks older, heavier, and meaner.

He hurries past the heavily armed guards, barely acknowledging the snap and cock of their Nazi-like salute.

**INT. LEADER'S OFFICE**

The Leader enters his main chambers and we see the Fate computer system.

It is a cerebral cortex for a vast intelligence network. Information can almost be felt coursing through its hard drives.

The Leader sits, at once regaining a measure of composure. He takes a deep calming breath and accesses the system.

city,

Dozens of monitors fill with images from all across the most of them are of the damage caused by V.

**LEADER**

Gentlemen, I will hear your reports now. Mr. Heyer, speak for the Eye.

Conrad Heyer appears on one of the screens. He is at his desk inside the command center for the Eye, the governmental organization responsible for the visual surveillance systems.

**CONRAD**

We have less than two minutes of usable footage, Leader. It took the suspect less than a minute to dispatch the Finger's vice patrol.

Evey

On an insert screen, we see grainy footage of V rescuing from one of the pole-mounted cameras.

**CONRAD**

As you can see, the suspect's reflex speed is extraordinary. As is his strength.

As the last body falls, V seems to pause and looks back over his shoulder straight into the camera.

**LEADER**

Freeze it!

The Leader stares at the smiling face.

**CONRAD**

I'm afraid the mask makes retinal identification impossible.

**LEADER**

Mr. Etheridge, report for the Ear!

Bunny Etheridge appears on another screen. Behind him, huge spooling reels of audiotape wind constantly.

**ETHERIDGE**

We were able to triangulate the origin of the fireworks. We also are currently monitoring a lot of phone surveillance indicating a high percentage of conversation concerned with the explosions. All suspect or significant transcripts are being forwarded to Mr. Almond.

**LEADER**

Very good. Mr. Finch, speak for the Nose.

Finch, no longer the same young man, stands at the site of the fireworks launch.

**FINCH**

Thanks to Etheridge, we found the launch for the fireworks. These appear to be individually weighted flares and we have found traces of the same chemicals at both of the detonation sites which leads us to conclude that, despite a level of

sophistication, these devices are all home-made with over the counter chemicals, making them impossible to trace. Whoever he is, Leader, he's good.

**LEADER**

Thank you for that professional annotation.

An intercom opens.

**LIEUTENANT (V.O.)**

Leader, Mr. Almond has arrived.

**LEADER**

Very good. Gentlemen, keep me informed of any further developments. England prevails.

They answer in unison as Almond enters the office. His face is harder but he has the same violent gleam in his eye.

The Leader turns in his chair.

**LEADER**

Mr. Almond, do you know what this is behind me?

**ALMOND**

Uh... the Fate computer system, sir?

**LEADER**

No. No sir. It's more than that. This, this computer is a symbol, Mr. Almond. A symbol of the highest attainable goal of mankind. Do you know what that goal is, Mr. Almond?

Almond does not. The Leader leaps from his chair while pounding the desk.

**LEADER**

Control, Mr. Almond! Control! The world around us is a changing, directionless, amoral morass and it is up to man and man alone to set things right!

He moves around the desk at Almond.

**LEADER**

Without control, man is nothing more than any other stinking, sweating, brute animal. Control, Mr. Almond. The control that we have painstakingly built up over the last ten years. Now, do you understand what happened last night?

**ALMOND**

We... lost control.

**LEADER**

Yes, Mr. Almond. Last night someone did the unthinkable. Someone hurt us. It is imperative that we act swiftly and precisely. I want that man found, Mr. Almond. I want his head or, by god, I'll have yours.

**INT. SHADOW GALLERY**

Evey is wearing a blindfold and V leads her by her fingertips, guiding her almost as if they were dancing...

His fingers slip free of her and she reaches out.

**EVEY**

Wait. I've lost you.

**V**

No, you haven't.

He is behind her and he removes the blindfold, revealing his house to her.

**EVEY**

Oh...

It is a labyrinth of interconnecting underground tunnels and rooms.

The gallery is the main room as it is filled with an amazing collection of human culture. There is art that spans from the renaissance to the painted covers of Eerie comics, literature that ranges from Shakespeare to Spillane, philosophy from Plato to Bukowski, and a vast collection of nonfiction.

There are movie posters everywhere and an entire wall is lined with videocassettes.

A jukebox stands in front of an enormous vinyl and CD collection of music.

**EVEY**

A jukebox? Where did you get it?

**V**

I saved it. Like everything here.

She punches a button and Billie Holiday begins to sing.

**EVEY**

Oh, it's beautiful. I've never heard anything like it.

**V**

Of course not. You grew up in their world. Art is created by individuals and there are no individuals in a world where you are told what to think.

**EVEY**

This place is amazing.

**V**

You're welcome to stay.

She stops suddenly and looks at him. The offer is terribly exciting but it is so unlike anything she has ever done that it's almost impossible to imagine.

**EVEY**

Stay here... with you?

**V**

Yes. If you like.

**EVEY**

I... I don't even know your name.

**V**

I don't have a name. But you can call me V.

**EVEY**

V? V... I like that.

And she returns his smile.

**EXT. JORDAN TOWER**

The only operating broadcast tower in London; home of the Mouth.

**INT. RADIO BROADCAST BOOTH**

Lewis Prothero leans forward and lets his voice pour like syrup over the microphone.

**PROTHERO**

Good morning, London. This is the voice of Fate -- Damn.

He stops and coughs.

**PROTHERO**

Good morning -- ack. Good morning Lond-- Goddammit! Where is my bloody tea?!

In the control booth, Roger Dascombe, his hair thinner now, rubs his temple.

**DASCOMBE**

Would someone get his lordship his bloody tea?

He clicks on the microphone.

**DASCOMBE**

Lewis, they want this report on the first hour --

**PROTHERO**

I know. I know. Damned inconvenient this entire affair. Fine. Let's try again.

He clears his voice and the red "record" light turns on.

**PROTHERO**

Good morning, London. It is 6 am, the fifth of November 2019 and this is the voice of Fate. The new day brings good news and bright prospects from overseas, where negotiations with New China are moving in a positive direction. Last night's scheduled demolition of two deteriorating landmarks went

off without a hitch.

Dascombe is unable to stop himself from smiling.

**PROTHERO**

Spokesman for the Interior ministry said both structures were severely damaged and judged to be a danger to the unsuspecting public. Plans for new landmarks are well underway.

Prothero sits back, shaking his head.

**PROTHERO**

Do you believe this crap, Dascombe?

**DASCOMBE**

It's not our job to believe it, Lewis. Our job is to tell the people --

**PROTHERO**

"Exactly what they tell us." I know but do you think that people will believe it?

**DASCOMBE**

They will if it's you that's telling it to them. Now let's try it again.

**INT. SHADOW GALLERY**

V is alone, listening to the first morning broadcast.

**PROTHERO (V.O.)**

... plans for new landmarks are already well underway.

He clicks off the radio. Walking down a hall, he stops and peers into Evey's new bedroom.

he She is fast asleep, looking remarkably at peace. Quietly, shuts the door.

**EXT. TRAIN STATION**

People are hurrying to board a departing train.

**INT. TRAIN CAR**

Prothero is staring out his window.

**PROTHERO**

"Remember, remember, the fifth of  
November..."

He talks to his bodyguards almost as if talking to himself.

**PROTHERO**

Do you suppose that's why he did  
it?

**BODYGUARD 1**

Sir, who did what, sir?

**PROTHERO**

Guy Fawkes. He tried to blow up  
Parliament.

The guards look at each other, confused.

**PROTHERO**

Don't they teach history in school  
anymore?

**BODYGUARD 1**

Sir, we're both straight military,  
sir.

**BODYGUARD 2**

Sir, yes, sir. I was fighting in  
Ireland by the time I was sixteen.

**PROTHERO**

Yes, of course. My mistake.

He turns back to his window.

**EXT. RAILROAD**

The train rumbles along, heading for a tunnel.

**INT. TRAIN CAR**

Prothero watches the countryside rolling past.

**PROTHERO**

I love trains. I remember riding  
the underground with my father.  
Shame they shut them all down.

Bodyguard 1 looks out the opposite window just as the train enters the tunnel.

**BODYGUARD 1**

What the hell's that!

**EXT. TRAIN**

For a flashing instant, we see V in silhouette, cloak swirling around him like dark wings as he jumps from the bridge onto the train.

**INT. TRAIN CAR**

Prothero and Bodyguard 2 stare at Bodyguard 1.

**BODYGUARD 1**

I thought I saw a man jumping onto the train.

**BODYGUARD 2**

The train's doing almost seventy. It would break his legs.

**BODYGUARD 1**

You're right, I... It must have been rags.

**EXT. TRAIN**

Deep in the tunnel, a dark figure glides across the rooftops.

**INT. CONDUCTOR'S CAB**

The conductor hears something on the roof. He peers up just as V swings down, smashing feet first into the cab.

**INT. TRAIN CAR**

The brakes suddenly lock, throwing Bodyguard 2 into Prothero.

**PROTHERO**

Get off of me!

A moment later, the lights are cut off and the entire train is plunged into complete darkness.

**BODYGUARD 2**

What the fuck is going on?

**BODYGUARD 1**

Lock the car doors.

**PROTHERO**

I have a lighter... somewhere...

**BODYGUARD 2**

I can't find the lock -- wait. Hey  
wha--

There is a muffled shriek followed by a sharp snap.

**BODYGUARD 1**

What's happening --

There is another sound, like the leather slap of a boxer  
pounding a heavy bag, followed by the sound of the heavy bag  
collapsing onto the floor.

**PROTHERO**

I found it!

He flicks on the lighter and, in the dim light of its flame,  
he sees the smiling face.

**PROTHERO**

Oh god.

V sits casually, arms folded, across from Prothero. The  
bodyguards lay dead on the floor.

**PROTHERO**

Who are you? What do you want?  
Money? Is that it?

V just smiles.

**PROTHERO**

Wait, wait. You're, you're the one  
that blew the Bailey.

V nods and Prothero's eyes go wide.

**PROTHERO**

You're making a mistake. I'm  
nobody --

On the floor, he sees the bodyguard's gun. He kills the  
lighter and dives for it.

In the darkness, we hear the struggle. It ends quickly.

gun.  
When the lighter flicks back on, V is holding it and the

**PROTHERO**

Oh god, what do you want?

**V**

I've come to offer you a choice.  
Commander Prothero.

**PROTHERO**

What -- What did you call me?

**V**

Commander Prothero.

Prothero's heart begins to pound.

**V**

That was your title at Larkhill.  
You remember Larkhill, don't you,  
Commander?

**EXT. LARKHILL RESETTLEMENT CAMP - FLASHBACK**

A sign reads, "Larkhill Resettlement Camp."

**V (V.O.)**

Where they sent the undesirables.

A caged truck packed with minorities rolls into the gates  
which are topped with spools of razor wire.

**INT. TRAIN CAR**

Prothero is sweating.

**PROTHERO**

I don't know what you're talking  
about.

**V**

Maybe I can help your memory.  
Let's see. Larkhill opened in the  
summer of 2009. You were appointed  
it commander. You wore a uniform  
in those days. You looked very  
good in it.

**INT. LARKHILL - PROTHERO'S OFFICE - FLASHBACK**

Prothero admires his uniform in the mirror.

**V (V.O.)**

You were a man of many responsibilities. You made sure Larkhill made all its quotas, especially the oven quotas even though they required an excessive amount of maintenance.

**EXT. LARKHILL OVENS - FLASHBACK**

We see a detail of black and Indian men, shoveling mounds of black ash from a series of furnace like ovens.

As the shovels lift, we see blackened bones and burnt skulls.

**EXT. LARKHILL MAIN YARD - FLASHBACK**

Prothero saunters through the lines of camp prisoners.

**V (V.O.)**

But there was one task you took to with exceptional relish. Remember the medical block, Commander? I believe you called it the funny farm. You were the one that selected the prisoners. You hand picked each one.

Prothero steps in front of a woman who remains beautiful despite the suffering she has endured. Prothero smiles.

**PROTHERO**

Her.

As the guards grab her, we become aware of a man that is staring at Prothero. He is one of the prisoners but we do not see his face.

Prothero notices the man. He doesn't like the way the man is staring at him.

**PROTHERO**

You.

**INT. TRAIN CAR**

Prothero is terrified.

**PROTHERO**

You! You're him, aren't you?

V nods.

**PROTHERO**

Oh my god! What are you going to do?

**V**

You gave us a choice, remember, Commander? You said we could cooperate with the doctors or...

V cocks the gun.

**V**

Hold out your hand.

Trembling, Prothero sticks out his hand. V lets the light die for a moment.

When he flicks it back on, Prothero is holding a long, metal syringe filled with a murky liquid.

**PROTHERO**

Oh no, no! Please I was just doing what I was told!

**V**

Of course you were. Now I'm telling you to make a choice. Either you stick that syringe into your neck or --

He presses the gun barrel to Prothero's forehead.

**V**

I can kill you right now.

Prothero begins to blubber.

**V**

Crying doesn't help, Commander. I remember there was a woman who had been screaming for two days. You winked at the doctor and laughed, "All in the name of science."

**PROTHERO**

Please, don't make me do this...

**V**

It's a difficult choice, isn't it?  
Certain death versus something that  
might be... worse. But you never  
know. There is still a chance.  
You could survive. Look at me.  
Now, time's up, Commander. Choose.

Anger galvanizes his fear and steadily Prothero lifts the  
needle towards his neck.

**PROTHERO**

I'll see you in hell.

He jams the needle in and sinks the plunger.

**V**

Yes. I'm quite sure you will.

**INT. TRAIN**

Train workers with flashlights hurry through the cars.

**TRAIN MAN**

This door's locked!

He slams a shoulder against it and the door gives in.

**TRAIN MAN**

Holy Christ!

Flashlights sweep over the dead bodyguards. The train man  
hears a strange gurgling rasp and he turns, finding Prothero  
in his light.

**TRAIN MAN**

What happened here?

Prothero is foaming at the mouth while a thick mucus bubbles  
from his nose. His breath comes in tiny rasps.

**TRAIN MAN**

Good lord! I need a medic here.

Prothero becomes more animate, trying to tell the man  
something.

**PROTHERO**

Fi... Fi... Fi...

**TRAIN MAN 2**

He's trying to say something.

**PROTHERO**

Five.

**TRAIN MAN 1**

Five? Where's the goddamn medic?

**PROTHERO**

Room five.

Suddenly, his body convulses and blood pours out his ears. His body slumps over.

**TRAIN MAN 2**

I think he needs a priest.

**EXT. TRAIN STATION**

The station is swarming with police. A stretcher wheels a body in a black plastic bag out from Prothero's car.

**INT. TRAIN CAR**

Finch puffs on his pipe, staring at something spray painted on the wall of the train car: a "V" with a circle around it.

**DOMINIC**

What do you make of this, Mr. Finch?

Dominic, Finch's younger assistant, is holding a flower in his rubber gloved hand.

**FINCH**

Hmm. It's a rose. A violet carson, I believe. Strange.

**DOMINIC**

Strange?

**FINCH**

I didn't think they still existed.

**SOLDIER**

Mr. Finch! Sir!

Finch turns as a soldier with a radio steps into the car.

**SOLDIER**

Sir, they want you at headquarters, sir.

**FINCH**

Now?

**SOLDIER**

Yes, sir. I'm to transport you immediately.

**FINCH**

Send the rose to the lab. Also, scrape a sample of this paint and have it analyzed as well. I'll be back as soon as I can.

**INT. LEADER'S OFFICE**

The door opens and Finch steps in.

**LEADER**

Ah, Mr. Finch. I sent for you because what I have to say cannot be said over a phone or a radio. What I have to say cannot leave these four walls. Do I make myself clear?

**FINCH**

Yes, sir.

**LEADER**

I believe in a few things, Mr. Finch. I believe in god. I believe in the destiny of the Nordic race. And I believe in fascism. The romans invented fascism. They had a symbol for it; a bundle of twigs bound together. One twig could be broken but a bundle would prevail. That is the heart and soul of fascism. Strength in unity. I tell you these things knowing full well that they make you uncomfortable.

**FINCH**

Well, I...

**LEADER**

You have in fact expressed your discomfort in several arrest reports, arrests that were, in your opinion, "unnecessary." The fact that you are here, that you are not rotting in a prison cell, is a mark

of my respect and admiration for you, for your craft, and for what you have done for this country.

Finch looks at the ground.

**LEADER**

It is also because I know you, Finch. I know what you are. You're a man like me. A man who understands when they are given a job what must be done. I understand you, Finch, and that is why I can trust you.

He moves in close to Finch.

**LEADER**

This terrorist knows us, Finch. These attacks are perfectly calculated and they are divisive. He knows what he's doing, Finch. He knows us all too well.

**FINCH**

You think he's an insider?

**LEADER**

What I think is that this man must be stopped. Stopped at all costs and no one, I repeat, no one is to be placed above suspicion. Do I make myself clear?

**FINCH**

Perfectly.

**LEADER**

England prevails, Mr. Finch.

**FINCH**

England prevails.

**INT. SHADOW GALLERY**

Evey, alone in the Shadow Gallery, stares up at the inscription above the crooked staircase.

**EVEY**

V, v, v, v, v.

**V**

I hear your summons, my lady. And obey.

She jumps, V suddenly appearing behind her.

**EVEY**

Oh, V, you scared me.

She turns back to the carving.

**EVEY**

I was reading the inscription.  
What is it?

**V**

A Latin quotation. A motto. "Vi veri veniversum vivus vici." "By the power of truth, I, while living, have conquered the universe."

She nods.

**EVEY**

Yes, I suppose you have. This place is the only universe I have right now.

**V**

Does that bother you?

**EVEY**

I don't know. I'm so grateful to you -- I just feel I should help you, you know, the way you're helping me. I mean, that's the deal, isn't it?

V drifts over to the big old Wurlitzer, fingers scanning the song list.

**V**

No deals, Evey. Not unless you want them.

She looks up at the inscription as an old blues song begins to play.

**EVEY**

I think I do. Part of me wants to stay here forever and never have to face what's going on outside. But

that's not right. Is it? That's not taking responsibility. Not conquering my universe.

She turns to him.

**EVEY**

I want to help you, V. I want to do something. Can we make a deal?

**V**

Yes. I think we can make a deal if you like. I think I know a way you could help me very soon indeed.

Evey smiles nervously.

**EVEY**

Good. That's that, then.

The blues song curls in the air around them like a heavy incense.

**EVEY**

V, you said that Latin thing was a quote. Who said it?

**V**

Nobody you'd have heard of. A German gentleman named Dr. John Faust.

He spins her.

**V**

He made a deal too.

**EXT. WESTMINSTER ABBEY - DAY**

as The church doors have opened with the flow of parishioners  
the final mass of the day has ended.

The tide slowly pours out onto the sidewalk, separating around the clumps of people that conglomerate to network and gossip.

Church bells toll in the orange dusk above them.

Helen Heyer, a woman whose spite and guile are hidden behind her looks and clothes she drapes them with, charges into the gossipers, her trophy husband in tow, a timid looking man

that we recognize as Conrad Heyer.

**CONRAD**

Hello, Rosemary. Derek, how --

Helen's head snaps over at the mention of the name.

**HELEN**

Derek!

kiss  
She pushes past Conrad, giving Derek Almond an exuberant  
on both cheeks.

**HELEN**

Darling, how are you? Hello,  
Rosemary.

Always behind her husband, Rosemary Almond smiles nervously  
as she straightens her drab church dress.

**ROSEMARY**

Hello.

**DEREK**

It's so good to see you. Since  
this bloody terrorist business, the  
old man has me literally chained to  
the office.

Helen pouts at him.

**HELEN**

Oh, you poor dear.

Derek taps the bottom of his cigarette box, drawing one with  
his lips.

**DEREK**

It comes with the job. How are  
things in the Eye, Conrad?

**CONRAD**

Well, we've been working some bugs  
out of the new Mark IX fiber optic  
network, actually --

**HELEN**

Oh, Conrad, don't be such a bloody  
bore. Do tell us about the  
terrorist, Derek. Is it true he  
blew up Big Ben and the old Bailey?

**DEREK**

I'm afraid so. We're dealing with a pathological psychotic in the most extreme case. We'll catch him though. I promise.

Helen rubs her white sable against her body.

**HELEN**

Oh, it sounds dreadfully exciting. Aren't you glad you've got such a ruthless, implacable brute for a husband, Rosemary?

**ROSEMARY**

Yes, well --

**HELEN**

Believe me, you're lucky. You could be struck with a professional peeping tom like Conrad. England's highest paid voyeur, aren't you darling?

**CONRAD**

Helen, I think we'd better --

**HELEN**

Oh yes, of course. We have to get back so the little pervert can watch what the neighbors do after Sunday lunch. He's so exciting.

Derek laughs as they climb into their car.

**HELEN**

Ciao!

**DEREK**

Goodbye, Helen. Conrad.

Rosemary waves as it pulls off.

**ROSEMARY**

She's a bit hard on him, isn't she?

Derek sneers at her.

**DEREK**

Until you're half the woman of Helen's sophistication, I'd keep

your little mouth shut.

He throws the cigarette at her feet.

**DEREK**

Really, just look at the way you dress.

**INT. WESTMINSTER ABBEY**

From above, a hand sweeps aside the red plush curtain.

**LILLIMAN**

Ah, there they go. My happy and contented flock. Spiritually refreshed and ready to face the world again.

Bishop Anthony Lilliman is a slender man of pious elegance with a warm, beautiful smile.

He turns from the window to his valet, Dennis, as Derek and Rosemary get in their car.

**LILLIMAN**

Did you enjoy the sermon today, Dennis?

**DENNIS**

Very inspiring, your grace. Though the segue of the forces of Satan among us did strike me as a bit of a curious digression.

He whisks a lint brush over the Bishop's robes before putting them away.

**LILLIMAN**

Hmm, yes. A trifle purple, I thought. Still, Fate wanted it included and who are we to question the will of the almighty, miserable sinners that we are?

A gentle smile spreads across his mouth.

**LILLIMAN**

And speaking of sin, I wonder which of the seven deadlies the good lord will see fit to tempt me with today.

closet  
Dennis finishes with the Bishop's robes and sweeps the door shut.

**DENNIS**

Perhaps pride, your grace.

Lilliman chuckles.

**LILLIMAN**

I was thinking of something a little less ethereal. Has the young lady arrived?

**DENNIS**

The agency informed me she'll be here directly. However, there was a mixup. It's not one of the usual girls. She's a little older.

**LILLIMAN**

Oh dear. Oh dear. Not too old, I trust?

**DENNIS**

They promise me she's no more than fifteen.

**LILLIMAN**

Fifteen, hmm.

The Bishop rubs his cheek, ponderously.

**LILLIMAN**

Ah well, if Job could bear his disappointments, I suppose I must have the good grace to bear mine. Show her in when she arrives.

**DENNIS**

Yes, your grace.

**EXT. WESTMINSTER ABBEY - NIGHT**

A pair of headlights melt through the heavy night's fog as a taxicab pulls into the circle drive.

**INT. BISHOP'S QUARTERS**

Dennis peers into the Bishop's living quarters.

**DENNIS**

The young lady, your grace.

**LILLIMAN**

Oh my!

summer  
Standing next to Dennis is Evey, wearing a frilly pink dress, pigtails and bows and white ruffled socks.

**LILLIMAN**

And to think I doubted your loveliness for even an instant. Mea culpa, my child, mea culpa. You are a vision. An angel.

Evey smiles awkwardly.

**EVEY**

Uh... thank you.

**EXT. WESTMINSTER ABBEY - NIGHT**

A shadow begins moving across the manicured grounds borne on the thick mist like a dark phantom. V glides toward the rectory, cloak undulating against the dark, wet wind.

**INT. BISHOP'S BEDROOM**

It is extravagantly furnished, somewhere between posh and pimp. The Bishop is sitting very close to Evey on his plush water bed.

**LILLIMAN**

Of course, "hate the sin, love the sinner." I always say. Take your dress off, please.

Evey stammers, backing up along the bedside.

**EVEY**

Listen -- I was kind of hoping --

He paws at her, groping hands pushing the front of her dress down as she backs up against the nightstand.

**EVEY**

No --

**EXT. MAIN GATE - NIGHT**

The guards look out into the night, fear suddenly gripping

their faces.

V emerges demonically through the parting veils of fog, the white smiling mask bobbing eerily up and down as he rushes them.

A cigarette drops from the first guard's mouth, red embers exploding when it hits the wet cement.

hot  
Close as the two guards claw for their arms and the white flash of V's knives --

That slice like talons.

The two men crumple to the ground, clutching their gaping, gurgling wounds. A whisper. V sprints into the courtyard.

**INT. BISHOP'S BEDROOM**

Evey grabs a metal table lamp and swings it down on the Bishop's head. There is a shuddering clank and he collapses to the floor.

**LILLIMAN**

You -- You filthy whore!

Bishop  
His blood speckles the white bearskin throw rug as the slowly rises after the retreating Evey.

**LILLIMAN**

I'll kill you, you fucking sow.

He charges after her but freezes dead in his tracks as V swings around the corner in front of him.

**LILLIMAN**

What's this? Who --

**V**

Please allow me to introduce myself...

V bows.

**V**

I'm a man of wealth and taste.

**LILLIMAN**

Dennis?

Instantly, the point of one of V's knives is against the Bishop's throat. V presses a finger to his frozen smile.

**V**

Shh. It isn't polite to disturb  
the dead on their journey.

Evey watches from around the corner.

**V**

A courtesy I'll most respectfully  
extend to his grace.

**EVEY**

**V?**

Lilliman swallows audibly.

**EVEY**

V, what are you doing?

**V**

Vi veri veniversum vivus vici,  
Evey.

Evey looks down at the knives on his belt, dripping blood.

**EVEY**

Oh no.

She begins backing to the door.

**EVEY**

You can't kill him!

**V**

Death has followed his grace the  
whole of his career. Is it any  
coincidence it has finally followed  
him here?

**EVEY**

Oh god, V. I can't -- I can't --

V turns back to Lilliman as Evey runs.

**V**

Let us pray.

**EXT. WESTMINSTER ABBEY - NIGHT**

Evey sprints past the dead guards at the man gate and into

the fog.

**INT. THE EAR**

A cramped control room that looks like something between a radio and television switching room, though it does not broadcast. It receives.

Two operators sit at the main substation as the sounds of lovemaking come over the speakers. The moans are stifled and low, however, as if they were afraid someone was listening.

**OPERATOR 1**

Bloody hell. Doesn't anybody fuck with feeling anymore?

Operator 2 does not look at him, scrolling through an intricate city map on his computer.

**OPERATOR 2**

Hey, it's Sunday. Children's hour over at the Abbey.

**OPERATOR 1**

Let's see what that filthy old pervert is up to.

Operator 1 punches in some coordinates and the sound over the speakers changes to a garbled fart of noise. Two voices drown beneath a cacophony of classical music.

**OPERATOR 1**

What the --

He tries to dial out the background and suddenly the voices rise clearly above the din.

**VOICE 1**

... And I saw a black shape against the flames. Oh god. It's you. The man from room five. You've come --

**VOICE 2**

To collect what's mine.

**VOICE 1**

I beg you! I don't want to die! Please have mercy!

The two men look at each other, Operator 1 lunging for a red phone.

**OPERATOR 1**

Get me the Finger. This is an emergency!

**EXT. BISHOP'S QUARTERS - NIGHT**

Close on a stain of white vomit and blood on the thick pile of a Persian rug. It is encircled in police chalk.

Pull back to reveal the chalk outline where the body of Bishop Lilliman was found. The circled bloodstain floats above the head like the last word balloon of a crude comic strip character.

The Bishop's quarters is slowly being picked over by a forensic team from the Nose. A photographer's flash bursts against a painted "V" on the wall near the body outline.

At the window, Finch chews on his pipe, staring at a plastic evidence bag that contains a single violet carson rose.

**DOMINIC**

No prints yet, sir. Just like Prothero.

**FINCH**

I want those tapes from the Ear in my office tonight, Dominic.

**DOMINIC**

Yes, sir. They're on top of it.

Finch turns to a muscular man named Creedy, second in command at the Finger.

**FINCH**

Any word from your superior, Mr. Creedy?

**CREEDY**

Mr. Almond doesn't seem to be answering his page, sir. I'm sure he's in the field.

**FINCH**

Quite.

**INT. CONRAD HEYER'S BEDROOM**

Grunting like an animal, Derek's face is frozen, locked in the rigor of a violent orgasm. After a moment, he collapses beside Helen onto the sweat soaked sheets.

**HELEN**

There you go, baby. Now my baby boy can think so much clearer. Can't he?

She grabs her cigarette case and her lighter.

**HELEN**

You have been thinking, haven't you?

She straddles his chest then lights two cigarettes.

**HELEN**

I know you have. Ever since this terrorist appeared.

He smiles as she puts one of the cigarettes in his mouth.

**HELEN**

Oh jesus, that smile. That smile turns me on like nothing else.

She whispers in his ear.

**HELEN**

Tell me. Tell me what's going on in that ruthless sadistic brain of yours.

**DEREK**

Everyone is so worried about the terrorist. Especially Susan. You know why? Because nobody knows what he's going to do.

He exhales through his grinding teeth.

**DEREK**

If I were him, I know what I'd do.

He whispers.

**DEREK**

I'd blow that fat bastard to kingdom come.

Helen bolts up.

**HELEN**

No. You're kidding.

**DEREK**

Am I?

He smiles, blowing more smoke.

**DEREK**

There's an old train line under the New Government Building. It collapsed when they poured the foundation. You could haul in enough TNT to launch our Leader's ass all the way to the moon.

Helen's eyes gleam as he laughs.

**HELEN**

You're serious, aren't you?

He eyes her sucking on the cigarette.

**DEREK**

You need to be careful, Helen. Your mouth is going to get you into trouble one day.

**HELEN**

Is that the same trouble you love putting in my mouth?

**DEREK**

You never know who might be listening.

**HELEN**

I know, Derek. You love your country and you love your party, just like you love your wife.

He glares at her.

**HELEN**

Derek. I'm sorry. I know I can be a bitch. But that's why you're here, isn't it?

He smiles again and she presses her body to his.

**HELEN**

This is it, isn't it, Derek? What we've been waiting for. At last, you'll be rid of Susan. I'll be rid of Conrad. And we'll be free. Free, won't we?

His eyes close as he grinds his hips into hers and we rise, drifting up to the ceiling light fixture --

Where we see a tiny hidden microphone.

**INT. FINCH'S OFFICE - THE NOSE**

Finch sits at his desk, staring into the silence of his notepad. He has doodled a little "V" with a circle around it.

He looks up as Dominic enters, holding up a portable cassette player.

**DOMINIC**

Sorry it took so long. The boys had a devil of a time trying to filter out the background noise.

**FINCH**

Background noise?

**DOMINIC**

The perpetrator apparently turned on the Bishop's stereo. Subsequently, a great deal of the tape is useless.

He hands the player to Finch.

**FINCH**

What music did he play?

**DOMINIC**

Beethoven. The fifth, I believe.

Finch smiles.

**FINCH**

Da, da, da, dum. That's code. Morse code.

**DOMINIC**

Sir?

**FINCH**

For the letter "V".

Finch punches "play".

Over the small speaker, we hear Evey protesting to V, then run. He stops it.

**FINCH**

Anything on the girl yet?

**DOMINIC**

No. The agency said somebody claiming to be Lilliman's valet canceled his Sunday appointment.

Finch starts it again and this time the tape is very fuzzy.

**FINCH**

What is it?

**DOMINIC**

23rd Psalm.

We recognize some of the words though muted and crackly.

**TAPE (V.O.)**

Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death...

**DOMINIC**

It goes on like that for a while. Fairly incoherent except we could make out a few words in this part. Transubstantiation.

Finch nods, understanding.

**DOMINIC**

That miracle business when the wafer transform into the body of Christ.

**FINCH**

He made him eat a host.

**DOMINIC**

Yes, listen to this part.

The tape becomes somewhat clearer as the music rests.

**TAPE (V.O.)**

... And at the moment this enters your mouth it becomes the flesh of the savior? Yes... please... And whatever it is made of now it will become the body of Christ? Yes... yes...

They eye each other.

**TAPE (V.O.)**

I want you to swallow it.

**DOMINIC**

There's a couple of funny human noises...

**FINCH**

And then just Beethoven's fifth.

He shuts off the tape.

**FINCH**

We have got the initial path report back. The host was full of cyanide.

Finch picks up the bag with the violet carson.

**FINCH**

And do you know what?

He rises, sliding into his jacket.

**FINCH**

When it reached his abdomen, it was still cyanide.

**INT. MORGUE**

Close on the heavy stitching of a "Y" incision sewn into the chest of a corpse. It is one of the Bishop's guards.

**DELIA**

Do you have a motive?

Finch is standing next to the cadaver gurney with the coroner, Delia Surridge. She is a serious woman, hair wound tight behind her head in a severe bun.

**DELIA**

I mean, was anything taken?

She fills the dead man's head with cotton and replaces the top of his skull.

**FINCH**

Just lives.

Pulling at the man's scalp, she stretches it over the replaced skull piece.

**FINCH**

I know it's too early for your profile but do you have any initial impressions?

**DELIA**

Well...

She points at a jagged puncture wound at the base of the man's sternum with a ball point pen.

**DELIA**

He's incredibly powerful. This man's sternum was split like dry wood from the base all the way up to the manubrium.

Finch peers into the hole.

**DELIA**

And he's resourceful. On that table behind you is a breakdown of all the chemicals found in Prothero's blood stream.

Finch hefts the pile of computer paper.

**FINCH**

Bloody hell.

**DELIA**

There were hundreds of different chemicals in him. From trinitrotoluene to estrogen to motor oil.

He flips through the document, biting into the wooden end of his pipe.

**FINCH**

Perhaps Fate will make something more of all this. I certainly

can't.

**DELIA**

The Leader finally authorized an uplink for you? He must be getting nervous.

**FINCH**

Quite. Government directed terrorism never sews healthy ideas into the public. Oh, that reminds me.

Finch pulls the evidence bag from his pocket.

**FINCH**

Can you tell us anything about this?

Delia's eyes lock onto the violet carson.

**FINCH**

We found one in the carriage with Prothero and this one in the Bishop's quarters. A violet carson.

He hands it to her.

**FINCH**

I heard that strain had died off. Thought a botanist might shed some light on it. Delia?

Delia, riveted to the rose, suddenly looks up to him.

**DELIA**

Yes -- Yes, of course.

**FINCH**

Magic. I'll drop by tomorrow then.

He turns, leaving her with the rose.

**INT. SHADOW GALLERY**

begins  
V relaxes with a book in an overstuffed reading chair, a violet carson rose resting on a table next to him. He to read a passage aloud.

"There is more behind and inside of  
V than any of us had suspected.  
Not who, but what: what is she?"

He places the book down. Thomas Pynchon's "V".

the  
V rises, lifting the rose and moving into the darkness of  
Shadow Gallery.

**EXT. EMPTY STREET**

A small figure moves down the dark wet street, the  
cobblestones glistening like black scales.

The huddled figure arcs across the street in the shadows,  
avoiding the pools of streetlight. It is Evey, a frightened  
look on her face.

**INT. KITTY KAT KELLER**

A woman in combat boots, fishnets, and a tight fitting  
soldier's uniform is in the middle of a cheeky number on  
stage in this smoky burlesque bar. It is a popular place  
with locals and Fingermen.

back  
Peter Creedy squeezes through the crowd, angling for the  
of the bar where a number of loud Fingermen are drinking.

**CREEDY**

What's all this, then, Harper? I  
get a radio that a man's down and  
in need of assistance?

**HARPER**

I ain't gone down yet but I sure do  
need some assistance.

Creedy leans in.

**CREEDY**

Are you flat broke already?

They break up in laughter, led by Creedy who sits next to  
Harper, pouring himself a drink.

**LOUT**

How'd you sneak away, Creedy?  
Almond off bugging that blonde  
chippy?

**HARPER**

The one with the tits?

They all begin to hoot and whistle.

**CREEDY**

What I wouldn't give for a piece of that.

**LOUT**

She could serve a tray of drinks on those thingies.

**HARPER**

I bet you get your chance with her sooner than later, Creedy, with the way Almond's crackin' up.

**LOUT**

Bloody bugger's losing his marbles.

**HARPER**

Terrorist or no, if that bastard gives me another double shift, I'll stomp his fucking head.

Creedy raises his drink.

**CREEDY**

Aye. This nonsense has put a serious strain on my drinking. I think I was actually sober today.

**LOUT**

I'll drink to that.

**HARPER**

We need to get a real man of the people in that director's position. Like Creedy here.

Everyone cheers in agreement.

**CREEDY**

Well, it's good to know when the shit hits the fan who your real friends are.

They salute and drink.

**INT. ALMOND HOME**

Derek Almond sits hunched under a desk lamp, pumping the cylinders of his revolver with a wire brush.

Rosemary shuffles up to him, her frumpy gown gathered around her.

**ROSEMARY**

Derek --

He blows down one of the cylinders, not looking up.

**DEREK**

I don't want to hear it, Rosemary.

**ROSEMARY**

Derek, please! We can't carry on like this.

Derek stares at the gun, rage building.

**ROSEMARY**

You don't talk to me. You don't eat with me. You don't have sex --

Derek leaps up, slugging her.

Rosemary clatters to the ground in tears. Derek glowering over her.

**DEREK**

I don't have to take any crap from you! I have that fat bastard riding me all day. I don't want to listen to you, so shut your fat gob!

He leans into her face.

**DEREK**

And me not wanting to fuck you is obvious. Take a look at yourself.

He sits back in front of the gun, wiping it down.

**DEREK**

Get out of my sight. I'm cleaning my gun.

**INT. DELIA SURRIDGE'S HOME**

Dr. Surridge sits somberly in the dark, street light filtering in from the open curtains.

Her eyes fixed on the violet carson as she slowly turns it over in her hands, fingers tracing the soft petals.

After a moment, she stands, letting it fall from her lap.

**INT. FINCH'S OFFICE - THE NOSE**

Finch turns as Dominic bursts in.

**DOMINIC**

I got it!

**FINCH**

A connection?

Dominic waves a printout.

**DOMINIC**

Larkhill Resettlement Camp.  
Prothero's and Lilliman's  
employment records show they both  
help positions there at similar  
times.

**FINCH**

What about codename V?

**DOMINIC**

Most of Larkhill's records were  
destroyed for security reasons but  
I did uncover an old standard  
procedures and operations manual.

Dominic smiles.

**DOMINIC**

In special case studies, medical  
research groups used roman numerals  
to identify test inmates.

**FINCH**

Five is the letter V. Brilliant,  
Dominic.

Finch slides in front of his computer.

**FINCH**

All we need is Larkhill's  
employment records.

**INT. DELIA SURRIDGE'S BEDROOM**

The covers pulled protectively up around her, Delia rests in a light, uneasy sleep.

Suddenly, an eye pops open as she awakens, catching a familiar scent. She slowly sits up and inhales.

**DELIA**

Roses.

She closes her eyes.

**DELIA**

It's you, isn't it? You've come to kill me.

From the shadows, V answers.

**V**

Yes.

Tears begin to streak her face.

**DELIA**

Oh thank god. Thank god.

**INT. FINCH'S OFFICE - THE NOSE**

Dominic hangs over Finch's shoulder as Larkhill's employment record comes up.

Finch's mouth falls open.

**FINCH**

Oh my god.

Row after row of names scroll by at the end of each bio are the words: deceased, file closed.

**FINCH**

Oh bloody hell.

The data banks unfurl like a mass grave.

**DOMINIC**

He's killed them all? It's not possible.

Finch stops, staring at the one name whose file is not closed --

**FINCH**

Oh no.

Dr. Delia Surridge.

**INT. DELIA SURRIDGE'S BEDROOM**

V floats on the edge of the room's shadows, a dark angel.

**V**

Are you afraid?

**DELIA**

No, no. I thought I would be, but I'm not. I'm --

She looks at the hovering, smiling mask.

**DELIA**

Relieved.

She starts to cry again.

**DELIA**

Oh god, all these years. All this waiting. And somehow I always knew you'd come back.

Delia thinks back.

**DELIA**

When I saw you that night -- the night you escaped, you were standing against the flames and you looked straight at me.

The mask almost nods.

**DELIA**

I knew then that one day you'd come looking for me, that you'd find me.

Her voice drops to an almost confessional whisper.

**DELIA**

What -- what happened at Larkhill. What we did -- What I did. That terrible knowledge, it's been with me so long. That I could do things like that.

Delia rubs the salty tears from her eyes.

**DELIA**

For years, I blamed it on the government, on the authority I could never stand up to. But living so long with the knowledge of what I did has made me understand otherwise. I alone was accountable.

V watches her.

**DELIA**

There is something wrong with us. With all of mankind. With me. Something evil that made me enjoy what I did. Some hideous flaw.

Her voice almost trails off.

**DELIA**

We deserve to be culled. We deserve it.

**INT. ALMOND BEDROOM**

Light sweeps across Rosemary from the opening bedroom door as she sobs softly in bed. Derek enters, holding a bottle of whiskey and his clean gun.

She sits up as Derek looms over her.

**ROSEMARY**

Derek? What?

He lifts the gun into her bruised face. Her eyebrows cringe as he slowly pulls the trigger.

**DEREK**

Bang.

Click. It is empty.

**DEREK**

Don't worry, Rose. I didn't load it.

The phone rings.

**DEREK**

Not tonight.

He grins evilly at her and answers the bedside phone.

**DEREK**

Almond. What?! Where?

Derek's drunk eyes light up.

**DEREK**

Oh god, yes! God, thank you!

He slams the phone down, charging out of the room.

**EXT. KITTY KAT KELLER**

they  
A gaggle of drunks exit the bar, laughing and singing as  
pass a small figure.

**INT. KITTY KAT KELLER**

Evey wanders into the bar amidst the lustful screams and cat  
calls for the line of high stepping, semi-clothed girls on  
stage.

She stares out into the crowd, not sure why she is here when  
a man approaches her: Creedy. His sloppy smile indicates he  
has had a few drinks.

**CREEDY**

You look lost.

She looks blankly at him.

**CREEDY**

Can I buy you a drink?

**EVEY**

No... I made a mistake.

She turns for the door.

**EVEY**

I have to find someone.

Creedy frowns as his radio crackles.

**CREEDY**

Well I didn't like the looks of you  
anyway --

**RADIO (V.O.)**

All units, all units. Code red.

Converge in Plaistow to apprehend  
codename V.

**CREEDY**

Bloody hell!

He screams to the Fingermen at the back.

**CREEDY**

It's him! We got him!

Evey watches as they storm out of the bar, then follows.

**EXT. CITY STREET**

The emergency lights blaring, Finch's car squeals around a  
corner.

**INT. DELIA SURRIDGE'S BEDROOM**

V hovers ghostly at Delia's bedside.

**DELIA**

It's funny, I was given one of your  
roses today. I wasn't sure you  
were the terrorist until I saw it.

She manages a smile.

**DELIA**

What a strange coincidence. That I  
should be given it today.

**V**

There are no coincidences, Delia.  
Only the illusion of coincidence.

He reaches into his cloak.

**V**

I have another rose. This one is  
for you.

He hands it to her.

**DELIA**

Then you are going to kill me now?

V produces an empty syringe.

**V**

I killed you ten minutes ago.

While you slept.

**DELIA**

Is there any pain?

V sits on the bed.

**V**

No. No pain.

**DELIA**

Thank you.

She stares at the mask.

**DELIA**

Can I -- Can I see your face again?

V slowly pulls off his hat and lifts his mask. Delia stares into his face.

**DELIA**

It's beautiful...

The rose falls from her hands.

**INT. HALL**

just  
V quietly shuts the door as if not to wake her and turns  
as --

Derek Almond reaches the top of the stairs.

**DEREK**

Don't move an inch, you bloody  
bastard.

He trains his gun.

**DEREK**

You didn't hear me arrive, did you?  
Didn't know we'd rumbled you?

He squints.

**DEREK**

It's all finished, chummy. All of  
it. The old man told me it was my  
head or yours and what do you know.  
It's yours.

The smiling mask stares.

**DEREK**

Because you're standing over there  
with your bloody stupid knives and  
your fancy karate gimmicks --

Derek pulls back the hammer.

**DEREK**

And I've got a gun.

He smiles.

**DEREK**

Bang.

Click. He never loaded it.

There is an awkward moment of silence, then V moves --

Cloak opening, filling the hall like a black tidal wave that  
envelopes Derek. He chokes a scream as V embraces him,  
slipping a knife above his floating rib.

Derek Almond sputters as he claws at V's mask.

**DEREK**

Who -- Who are you?

**V**

Yes, look. Look and tell me what  
you see.

He rips V's mask off as V thrusts the knife in deeper.

Derek's eyes widen in horror as his life pours out the knife  
wound.

**DEREK**

Horrible! God, it's horrible!

V jerks his blade free, letting Derek slip to the ground.

**EXT. DELIA SURRIDGE'S HOME**

Finch's car bucks up onto the sidewalk.

Finch and Dominic tear out of the car and barrel into the  
house.

**INT. DELIA SURRIDGE'S HOME**

At the top of the stairs, they find the dead Derek. Finch rushes past him for the bedroom.

**FINCH**

Delia?

Inside, he finds her. Her eyes fixed, cold, and dead, a single violet carson in her lap.

**FINCH**

Get an ambulance.

**EXT. DELIA SURRIDGE'S HOME**

Evey rushes around a corner to see a crime scene bathed in siren light. She pushes up to the police barricade as the M.E.'s load a draped body into their van.

**EVEY**

Oh no... V?

She tries to angle around to get a better look when a man in a brown overcoat grabs her from behind and drags her into

the

alley.

**INT. DELIA SURRIDGE'S BEDROOM**

From the corner of the room, Finch sits, watching as the M.E.'s wheel out Delia's body.

Dominic squeezes past the gurney and crosses toward Finch.

**DOMINIC**

I'm sorry, sir. You knew the doctor pretty well?

Finch nods.

**DOMINIC**

We found this on her bureau, sir. It's Dr. Surridge's journal. It covers her years at Larkhill. It might contain the whole story.

Dominic searches for something more to say when Finch does not answer.

After a moment, Finch looks at the book in Dominic's hand, then takes it, leafing through the pages. They flip by, a breathy sigh, rising to a cold wind.

**DELIA (V.O.)**

May 23rd...

**INT. LARKHILL MEDICAL RESEARCH BLOCK - DAY - FLASHBACK**

A younger Dr. Surridge, one by one, administers a series of injections to her research stock.

**DELIA (V.O.)**

Prothero has hand picked my subjects. Four dozen of them, none of which will be any use to me if I don't get to work soon.

She finishes an injection, Prothero encouraging the next subject. We recognize her as the woman Prothero pointed at.

**DELIA (V.O.)**

They're so weak and pathetic I find myself hating them.

Delia prepares the next dose, a sour look on her face.

**DELIA (V.O.)**

They don't fight or struggle. Just stare at you with weak eyes.

**PROTHERO**

Next.

**INT. LARKHILL OVENS - DAY - FLASHBACK**

Two inmate orderlies are hefting sacked cadavers from a cart into an incinerator.

**DELIA (V.O.)**

June 9th: Of the original four dozen, over 75% are now deceased. Strangely, no clear patterns have emerged as of yet.

Another body thuds onto the pile.

**DELIA (V.O.)**

Batch 5 seems to have no common discernible effect on any specific group though the men seem slightly more resilient than the women.

When it is full, they move to the next door until the cart

is

empty.

**DELIA (V.O.)**

I'm hoping the survivors will  
provide more answers or my time  
here will have gone to waste.

Red heat suddenly glows from the oven vents as the orderly  
throws a series of switches.

**INT. LARKHILL MEDICAL RESEARCH BLOCK - DAY - FLASHBACK**

Dr. Surridge moves down the drab aseptic hallway accompanied  
by an armed guard. Roman numerals on the doors to each cell  
ascend to five.

**DELIA (V.O.)**

June 18: And only five left now.  
Two men and three women. Which  
tends to contradict my entry on the  
9th.

She pauses at room five.

**DELIA (V.O.)**

The man in room five is a  
fascinating case.

She looks through the small chicken wire glass window in the  
door.

**DELIA (V.O.)**

Physically, there doesn't seem to  
be anything wrong with him. No  
cellular anomalies, nothing.

In the back, just on the edge of the room's shadow, sits the  
man in room five, silently staring back.

**DELIA (V.O.)**

Batch five, however, seems to have  
brought on some kind of psychotic  
breakdown. He's quite insane.

Dr. Surridge can't seem to break her stare.

**DELIA (V.O.)**

He has this way of looking through  
you. Reverend Lilliman won't go  
near him. He claims that it is the  
devil in room five. I see him  
cross himself whenever he passes

his door. Still, there's something about him...

**EXT. LARKHILL GARDEN - DAY - FLASHBACK**

Dr. Surridge slowly moves through the Larkhill garden, an incredible abundance of fruits, vegetables and violet carson roses.

**DELIA (V.O.)**

I'm glad Prothero let room five have a go at the gardening project. He is quite proficient. Prothero was reluctant to allow an inmate access to the tool and chemical supply at first but now the fat toad is delighted. The crop has almost doubled.

She traces the petals of a rose with her finger.

**DELIA (V.O.)**

He also grows roses. Beautiful roses.

**INT. LARKHILL LOUNGE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

Dr. Surridge and several other Larkhill appointees relax after dinner.

**DELIA (V.O.)**

December 24th: I was in the mess. It was about half past ten when we heard the first explosion.

its A massive explosion shakes the building to its very core, windows shattering and hooded pendulum lights swinging.

**EXT. LARKHILL LOUNGE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

into Men and women clutch at their throats as they tumble out the yard.

**DELIA (V.O.)**

The ones at the front ran straight into the gas. It was horrible.

They drop to the ground, gasping and vomiting.

The back door is kicked open, Dr. Surridge following two

guards.

**DELIA (V.O.)**

A few of us made it out through the rear door. You could hear men screaming everywhere. I hate the sound of men screaming.

She looks out, men running, collapsing, dying in a yellow green haze that seems everywhere.

**DELIA (V.O.)**

In the center of the camp, everything was on fire. Everyone running in all directions. We had hardly enough time to get our bearings when the ovens exploded.

Another explosion wracks the compound. The pillar of flame rises into the black sky, dwarfing the men in the camp.

Dr. Surridge sees a gaping hole in the medical block, its insides turned out like an unholy birth.

**DELIA (V.O.)**

It was the man in room rive. I couldn't have known. The chemical supplies, grease solvents, ammonia, fertilizer. He'd been making things with them.

Close on a soldier, doubled over, hacking up bile.

**DELIA (V.O.)**

Mustard gas...

dura  
A sticky blue fire licks up from a blackened body like a flame.

**DELIA**

And napalm.

Dr. Surridge turns as a silhouette crosses the yard, backlit by a curtain of fire.

**DELIA (V.O.)**

And in the yard, I saw him. He had the flames behind him. He was naked.

The man stops.

**DELIA (V.O.)**

He looked at me...

Dr. SurrIDGE seems to wilt under his stare but cannot look away.

**DELIA (V.O.)**

As if I were an insect. Oh god.  
As if I were something mounted on a slide.

The flames convulse hypnotically behind him.

**DELIA (V.O.)**

He looked at me.

**INT. LEADER'S OFFICE**

Finch snaps Dr. SurrIDGE's journal shut.

He sits in front of the Leader's desk puffing on his pipe while Susan stares coldly.

**FINCH**

That's the last entry until six months later when Dr. SurrIDGE is back in London. There is no mention of the man in room five again. End of story.

He tosses the journal on Susan's desk.

**FINCH**

Except that it wasn't the end of the story.

Finch rises, crossing to the wastebasket.

**FINCH**

Between 2009 and 2012, over forty men and women who were previously stationed at Larkhill met with what were believed to be accidental deaths. Eventually, only three remained.

He taps his pipe into his hand, pouring the contents into  
the wastebasket.

**FINCH**

The three he'd been saving until  
last.

Finch brushes the ashes from his hands and begins repacking  
his pipe.

**FINCH**

Everyone who worked at Larkhill.  
Everyone who could have identified  
him. You see there are two  
possible motives here. Not one.

Susan raises his head.

**FINCH**

The first is revenge. He escapes  
from Larkhill and vows to get even  
with his tormentors. The whole  
exercise an elaborate, chilling  
vendetta.

When he finishes repacking the pipe, he replaces it in his  
mouth.

**FINCH**

That's the explanation that I find  
most reassuring, funnily enough.  
Because that means he's finished.  
It's over now.

Finch begins relighting his pipe.

**FINCH**

The second motive is more sinister.  
Like I said, everyone who could  
have identified him is dead.

A flame leaps into the air.

**FINCH**

What if he's just been clearing the  
ground?

Another burst.

**FINCH**

What if he's planning something  
else?

The lighter slips back into his pocket.

**FINCH**

You see, the diary we found was in full view. We didn't have to search for it. He left it there. He wanted us to find it. He wanted us to know the story. Or...

Finch returns to his chair, letting out a huge cloud.

**FINCH**

For all we know, the diary could be a complete and utter fake. Codename V could have written it himself.

Finch leans forward.

**FINCH**

He's playing games with us. He might never have been at Larkhill at all. Do you see? It could all be another smoke screen, a false trail, another cover story --

**LEADER**

Enough!

Susan punches the desk.

**LEADER**

Mr. Finch, would you please explain to me the nature of this meeting?! Because I was under the impression that you had some information about the terrorist, codename V!

And punches it again until his fist hurts.

**LEADER**

No more questions, understand! I want answers! I am not interested in where he grew up, what kind of flowers he likes or his favorite color!

Susan's collar chokes his face to an unnatural crimson.

**LEADER**

Do I make myself clear?

**FINCH**

Yes, Leader.

word. After a moment, Finch stands, Susan hanging on his last

**LEADER**

Dismissed. England prevails, Mr. Finch.

Finch turns, Susan calling after him as he leaves.

**LEADER**

Mr. Finch, the girl. Do you have anything on the girl?

Finch pauses at the door.

**FINCH**

No, Leader. Not yet.

**INT. CELL**

door. Evey stirs as voices drift in from the hall outside her

**MAN**

Wake up, cow.

jail Three guards are silhouetted in the doorway of a cramped  
at cell. Still sluggish from the chloroform, Evey looks down  
the coarse slipover she's now wearing.

into One of the men, Rossiter, crosses toward Evey, swinging a  
pair of shackles. He grabs Evey, slamming her face down  
the hard cot, driving a knee between her shoulder blades.

Evey screams.

**GUARD 1**

Tsk. This pathetic whore is the famous Miss Hammond?

The shackles bite down on her wrists as they laugh in the hall.

**EVEY**

You've made a mistake.

Rossiter stands her up, shoving her into the wall.

**ROSSITER**

Shut up.

**EVEY**

Please. I haven't done anything --

He slides a thick hood over her head.

**ROSSITER**

I said shut your hole!

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM**

The hood is lifted from her head. Evey squints hard, awash in a blinding, burning light.

A man sits, unmoving, at a desk across from her, a guard at his side, both backlit by a harsh white klieg.

Evey's eyes start to water as she blinks.

**INTERROGATOR**

Do you know why you're here. Evey Hammond?

**EVEY**

No, please, I didn't do anything.

**INTERROGATOR**

Allow me to be more precise. Did you participate in the murder of Dr. Delia Surridge?

**EVEY**

No.

**INTERROGATOR**

Did you participate in the murder of Derek Almond, director of the Finger?

**EVEY**

No, I --

**INTERROGATOR**

Did you participate in the murder of Bishop Anthony Lilliman?

**EVEY**

Oh god, I don't --

**INTERROGATOR**

Have you ever participated in a

terrorist act against your country?

**EVEY**

No --

**INTERROGATOR**

What is the identity of codename V?

**EVEY**

I don't know.

**INTERROGATOR**

You are a lying cunt.

static,  
A monitor next to the desk lights up. From the snowy  
an image begins to form.

A girl is talking to a man. She is shoving her hips at him,  
propositioning him. When more men appear from the alley,  
Evey realizes she is watching herself.

**EVEY**

They were going to rape me, kill  
me --

Rossiter grabs a handful of her hair.

**ROSSITER**

Shut up.

She swallows hard when she sees V emerge on the screen. The  
image freezes on his smiling face.

**INTERROGATOR**

This board will not tolerate any  
more of your lies, Miss Hammond.  
We have over 120 minutes of audio  
and videotape and 75 pages of  
testimonials from eye witness that  
identify you as an accomplice to  
the terrorist, codename V.

The monitor blinks off.

**INTERROGATOR**

Do you want to know why you're  
here? You are formally being  
brought up on charges of murder on  
fourteen counts and sedition  
against your Leader and country  
which brings an automatic sentence

of death.

**EVEY**

Please. I didn't do anything.

**INTERROGATOR**

Process the prisoner and return her to her cell until she is more cooperative.

Rossiter slips the hood back over Evey's head.

**INT. PROCESSING ROOM**

Evey cries as a rough hand runs a pair of electric clippers over her head. Huge sheaves of her hair fall to the ground.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. CELL**

Evey lies crumpled on the hard floor, unmoving, as a tray of food is slid through a slot at the bottom of the door.

She watches as a rat crosses from a hole in the wall, sniffing the murky rendered gelatin in the wooden bowl.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. PROCESSING ROOM**

Evey hangs limply from a set of manacles as she is washed and deloused by heavy hands.

She coughs in the yellow bug powder cloud as it burns her eyes and the red welts on her back.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. CELL**

Evey is curled up on the cot like a dry fetus, now gaunt arms wrapped around her legs. She blinks when she hears something moving in the rat hole.

Evey raises her head as something is pushed through the crevice.

Tentative fingers search the hole, pulling out a length of

toilet paper. Over every inch of it is a delicately  
scrawled message.

We move into the rathole, its edges slowly filling the frame until black.

**EXT. INTERROGATION ROOM**

Pull back from a shadow, the outline of the interrogator's silhouette against sharp light coming into frame.

**EVEY (V.O.)**

I read her letter. Hid it. Slept.  
Woke. They questioned me. And I  
read her letter again.

Rossiter is buckling Evey's thin arms and legs into a chair. Her now frail frame can barely hold up the frayed brown slipover.

**EVEY (V.O.)**

Over and over...

On the table in front of her, there is a large wash basin of water. Rossiter dunks her head into it.

**EVEY (V.O.)**

Her name was Valerie.

**INT. CLASSROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK**

A teacher reads from her lesson plan in front of rows and rows of uniformed pubescences in this all girl private school. Her voice drones on and on like Muzak.

**VALERIE (V.O.)**

I was born in a rainy burg in  
Nottingham in 1975. I passed my  
eleven plus and went to girl's  
grammar.

A blonde tomboy sneaks a smile to her curly haired friend next to her.

**VALERIE (V.O.)**

I met my first girlfriend at  
school. Her name was Sara. Her  
wrists. Her wrists were beautiful.

Her hand slides across the desk, fingers tickling the young flesh of Sara's wrist.

The teacher's voice slows, dropping octaves, becoming --

**INT. BIOLOGY LAB - DAY - FLASHBACK**

A man's voice.

**VALERIE (V.O.)**

I sat in biology class staring at the pickled rabbit fetus while Mr. Herd said it was an adolescent phase that people outgrew.

Valerie looks at Sara across the room, her head down in shame.

**VALERIE (V.O.)**

Sara did. I didn't.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK**

Two teenage girls stand in front of a middle aged couple. They are holding hands.

**VALERIE (V.O.)**

In 1994, I stopped pretending and took a girl called Christine home to meet my parents.

The greying woman repeats the sign of the cross over and over, sobbing into a handkerchief. Her husband's face is contorted in disgust.

**VALERIE (V.O.)**

A week later I moved to London to go to college and study drama. My mother said I broke her heart.

**EXT. PARK - DAY - FLASHBACK**

Two young women cuddle on a park bench under a London summer sky, feeding the pigeons.

**VALERIE (V.O.)**

But it was my integrity that was important. Is that so selfish? It sells for so little but it's all we have left in this place...

The black haired girl nibbles on the blonde's ear.

**VALERIE (V.O.)**

It is the very last inch of us...

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM**

Evey struggles against Rossiter's weight who keeps her head submerged.

**VALERIE (V.O.)**

But within that inch we are free.

**INTERROGATOR**

Enough.

Rossiter wrenches back and Evey sucks hard for air, coughing out water.

**INTERROGATOR**

Now Miss Hammond, let us review the facts.

Evey stares at him, eyes red, heart pounding in her ears.

**INTERROGATOR**

You work for codename V. Codename V killed Delia Surridge and then Derek Almond with your help and that is why you were found outside her home.

Evey begins to shake her head, water sluicing off her thin face.

**INTERROGATOR**

Isn't that what happened, Miss Hammond?

**EVEY**

No. No, that isn't true --

**INTERROGATOR**

Oh dear, Rossiter?

Rossiter grabs Evey's neck --

**EVEY**

No, wait!

Plunging her head into the bowl. Water fills Evey's nose  
and ears.

**VALERIE (V.O.)**

London. I was happy in London.

**INT. THEATRE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

The packed house watches as a Prince kneels before a woman's bare foot with a slipper of glass.

**VALERIE (V.O.)**

I played Dandini in Cinderella.

The woman glances into the dark sea of faces.

**VALERIE (V.O.)**

The world was strange and rustling with invisible crowds behind the hot lights and all that breathless glamour.

**EXT. MEADOW - DAY - FLASHBACK**

Two women weep in each other's arms, embracing in a perfect knee high meadow.

**VALERIE (V.O.)**

Work improved. I got small film roles, then bigger ones.

The blonde woman brushes away a tear from the other's cheek.

**VALERIE (V.O.)**

In 2006, I starred in "The Salt Flats." That's where I met Ruth. We fell in love.

We pull back and see we are on location for a movie and the two women are being filmed.

**INT. CONDO - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

Ruth and Valerie sit on the couch watching television. On the table behind them is a bouquet of violet carson roses.

**VALERIE (V.O.)**

Every Valentine's Day she sent me roses and, oh god, we had so much. Those were the best three years of my life.

The two women stare at the newscast in tears, the sound of marching coming from the set's speakers.

**VALERIE (V.O.)**

In 2010, they came.

**EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY - FLASHBACK**

The sound of marching explodes as columns of men in brown uniforms and jack boots fill the streets.

**VALERIE (V.O.)**

And after that there were no more roses...

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM**

Rossiter presses his elbow onto Evey's neck, holding her submerged.

**VALERIE (V.O.)**

Not for anybody.

Rossiter lets Evey up. Her red burnt lungs gulp at the air.

**VALERIE (V.O.)**

After the takeover, they started rounding up the gays. They took Ruth while she was out looking for food.

Evey blinks hard, black fireworks exploding in her eyes.

**VALERIE (V.O.)**

Why are they so frightened of us?

She wheezes, on the edge of unconsciousness.

**VALERIE (V.O.)**

They burned her face with cigarettes and made her give them my name. She signed a statement saying I'd seduced her.

The interrogator's voice melts into a slag heap of sound  
with  
the hot, rhythmic pounding in her ears.

**VALERIE (V.O.)**

I didn't blame her. God, I loved her but I didn't blame her.

Rossiter uncuffs Evey, slipping the black bag over her head.

**VALERIE (V.O.)**

But she did.

Evey's knees buckle as he forces her to stand.

**VALERIE (V.O.)**

She killed herself in her cell.  
She couldn't live with betraying  
me, with giving up that last inch.  
Oh, Ruth.

Evey weaves down the hall. Rossiter shoving her from  
behind.

**VALERIE (V.O.)**

They came for me. They shaved off  
my hair. They held my head down a  
toilet and told lesbian jokes.  
They brought me here and pumped me  
full of chemicals.

The cell door swings open.

**VALERIE (V.O.)**

I can't feel my tongue. I can't  
speak.

Rossiter yanks the hood from her head and pushes her in.

**VALERIE (V.O.)**

It is strange that my life should  
end in such a terrible place but  
for three years I had roses and  
apologized to nobody.

The iron door slams shut, lock ringing in the stale air.

**VALERIE (V.O.)**

I shall die here. Every inch of me  
shall perish...

Evey rolls to her knees.

**VALERIE (V.O.)**

Except one.

She crawls for the rat hole.

**VALERIE (V.O.)**

An inch. It is small and fragile  
and it's the only thing in the  
world that's worth having.

Her shaking hand pulls the letter from the stone crevice.

**VALERIE (V.O.)**

We must never lose it or sell it or give it away. We must never let them take it from us.

Evey clutches it like a rosary as she begins to cry.

**VALERIE (V.O.)**

I don't know who you are but I hope you escape this place. I hope that the world turns and things get better and that one day people have roses again.

She holds the note to her face, her tears soaking into the fragile paper.

**VALERIE (V.O.)**

I don't know who you are but I love you. I love you. Valerie.

Slowly, Evey slips away, succumbing to blackness.

**EVEY (V.O.)**

I had come to know every inch of those four walls in that dark hell and they knew every inch of me. Every inch...

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM**

Loud lights blare against Evey's solemn face.

**EVEY (V.O.)**

Except one.

A typed document sits on a small tray table in front of her.

**INTERROGATOR**

"My name is Evey Hammond. On the 5th of November 2019, I was abducted by the terrorist known as codename V and then taken against my will to an unknown location."

her  
Rossiter hovers just behind her as the Interrogator reads  
confession.

**INTERROGATOR**

"Once there, I was systematically

brainwashed by means physical and psychological. I was frequently subjected to sexual abuse during this period."

Evey's expression is unchanging.

**INTERROGATOR**

"Eventually I was terrorized into helping him commit the murders of Derek Almond, Dr. Delia Surridge, and Anthony Lilliman, Bishop of Westminster."

Rossiter drops a pen on the table.

**INTERROGATOR**

"I, the undersigned, swear that the above statement is genuine and that it was not signed by means of intimidation."

The pen slowly rocks to a stop.

**INTERROGATOR**

We'd like you to sign that for us, Miss Hammond. Where we've put the little cross.

She blinks.

**EVEY**

No.

**INTERROGATOR**

As you wish.

Rossiter begins unbuckling Evey's restraints.

**INTERROGATOR**

Escort Miss Hammond back to her cell, Rossiter, where she will wait while you arrange a wet detail of six men.

He forces Evey to her feet.

**INTERROGATOR**

Then take her out behind the chemical sheds and shoot her.

**INT. CELL**

The door opens behind Evey as she rereads Valerie's letter for the last time.

**ROSSITER**

It's time, unless you want to change your mind.

She holds the tattered piece of toilet paper to her chest.

**ROSSITER**

Sign that statement. You could be out inside three years. Perhaps they'd find you a job with the Finger.

Evey closes her eyes.

**EVEY**

Thank you but I'd rather die behind the chemical sheds.

Her last words hang in the air.

**ROSSITER**

Then there's nothing left to threaten you with, is there? You are free.

He turns and leaves.

**EVEY**

What?

She listens as his footsteps fade down the hall, the door hanging weirdly open.

Evey takes a few tentative steps toward the door and sticks her head out into the empty hall, peering down both ways.

Slowly, she emerges from her cell, retracing her path down the hall that her blindfold never allowed her to see.

Quietly inching along the wall, Evey peeks around a corner, gasping at the rigid guard standing off to the side. There is something about the man's frozen stare that keeps her

from

running.

Evey straightens and crosses to the guard.

It is a mannequin.

She touches him, the wheeled platform he is mounted on rolling back against the wall.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM**

The door creaks open as Evey enters the room where for so long she was questioned and tortured.

She crosses to the frozen Interrogator sitting at his desk.

Her finger brushes lightly against the plastic hand, then Evey raps a knuckle on his hollow wooden head. Around his neck a small speaker hangs from a cord.

Evey drifts uneasily into a back room where a discarded prison guard's uniform hangs on a rack. On a table next to

a

wig and pair of gloves, the rat looks up at her through the bars of its tiny cage.

She moves through another door, the wind suddenly knocked from her chest as she finally sees where her prison was built --

**INT. SHADOW GALLERY**

V steps from the shadows.

**V**

Welcome home, Evey.

**EVEY**

You...

Her mouth hangs open.

**EVEY**

You did this... to me.

Evey's rail thin figure begins to shake.

**EVEY**

You did this to me!

She stumbles against the wall, unable to support herself.

**EVEY**

You -- You hit me and -- and cut my hair. It was you. It was just you all this time.

She doubles over, covering her face as she bursts into tears.

**EVEY**

You tortured me. You tortured me --

Evey looks up at him, body shivering as he quietly glides toward her.

**EVEY**

Oh god, why?

**V**

Because I love you, Evey. Because I wanted to set you free.

**EVEY**

Love?

A look of horror twists her starved face.

**EVEY**

Set me free? Don't you realize?

Slender fingers ball into fists.

**EVEY**

Don't you realize what you did to me? You nearly drove me mad!

Disgust and anger light up her eyes.

**EVEY**

I hate you.

Her little, wiry body coils tight as she circles him.

**EVEY**

I hate you! Set me free? You put me in a prison to set me free?!

**V**

You were already in a prison. You've been in a prison all your life.

**EVEY**

Shut up! I don't want to hear it. I wasn't in a prison. I was happy! I was happy here --

**V**

Happiness is the most insidious prison of all, Evey.

**EVEY**

That's warped! That's evil and it's wrong! What gives you the right to judge? Who are you to say what's not good enough?!

**V**

You were born in a prison, Evey. I didn't put you there. I just showed you the bars. You've been in a prison so long, you no longer believe there's an outside world.

She wheels away from him, covering her ears, trying to get away from his voice.

**EVEY**

Shut up! You're mad! I don't want to hear it!

**V**

That's because you're afraid, Evey. You're afraid because you can feel freedom closing in on you. You're afraid because freedom is terrifying.

Evey falls, stumbling through the labyrinth of the Shadow Gallery.

**EVEY**

I can't feel anything! There's nothing left to feel! Don't you understand?

**V**

Don't back away from it, Evey. Part of you understands the truth even as part pretends not to.

She collapses, head pounding.

**V**

Woman, this is the most important moment in your life. Don't run from it.

**EVEY**

I don't know what -- Oh god -- I

can't breathe --

V couches next to her.

**V**

Good. You're almost there. Go closer. Feel the shape of it.

**EVEY**

What are you doing to me? I can't breathe --

**V**

You were in a cell. They offered you a choice between the death of your principles and the death of your body.

He cradles her as she hyperventilates, tears streaming down her face.

**EVEY**

I feel -- I feel like I'm going to burst.

**V**

You said you'd rather die. You faced the fear of your own death and you were calm. Try to feel now what you felt then.

**EVEY**

Oh god -- I felt --

The mask hovers over her.

**EVEY**

Like an angel --

He squeezes her shuddering body.

**EVEY**

Oh god, V, I'm so scared. What's happening to me?

**V**

The door of the cage is open, Evey. All that you feel is the wind from outside. Don't be afraid.

Gently, he lifts her.

**V**

Try to walk. The lift will take us  
to the roof.

**EVEY**

The roof? Outside?

He helps her to an open elevator.

**EVEY**

I -- I don't want to be  
blindfolded.

**V**

No, Evey. No more blindfolds.

The cage in the elevator rattles shut.

**EXT. ROOF - NIGHT**

The two figures stand in the door of the roof access, a  
raging tempest oozing from a split sky.

Something draws Evey out into the storm.

Slowly, she walks beneath it, the wind and rain pounding  
against her thin frame. Evey lets the coarse slipover fall  
to the ground and stares straight up into the storm, naked,  
the elements soaking into her very being.

V moves up behind her.

**V**

Do you feel it?

**EVEY**

Everything's so -- different.

**V**

I know. Five years ago, I too  
stared beneath a night like this.  
Naked under a roaring sky.

A low rumble of thunder washes over London.

**V**

The night is yours, Evey. Seize  
it. Encircle it within your arms.

His words buffet against her with the sheets of rain.

**V**

Bury it in your heart up to the  
hilt.

She raises her arms to embrace the raging torrent.

**V**

Become transfixed and  
transfigured --

A jagged bolt of lightning shatters the sky.

**V**

Forever.

**EXT. NEW GOVERNMENT BUILDING**

of Finch gets out of a police car and looks up the black face  
the modern building. He sighs and taps his pipe against the  
heel of his shoe.

**DASCOMBE**

Finch!

Finch turns to find Dascombe hurrying towards him.

**DASCOMBE**

Do you know what this is all about?

**FINCH**

No, but I can guess.

**DASCOMBE**

What?

**FINCH**

"Remember, remember, the fifth of  
November."

**DASCOMBE**

Oh come on. He's long gone. He  
has to be. He did what he came to  
do and it's over.

Finch chews on his pipe.

**DASCOMBE**

Isn't it?

**FINCH**

Not for us.

He turns and heads into the building.

**FADE OUT.**

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. NEW GOVERNMENT BUILDING - DAY**

A dark November sky hangs like a shroud over the building.

**LEADER (V.O.)**

A year, gentlemen.

**INT. COUNCIL CONFERENCE ROOM**

The heads of each department are gathered around a table of black granite.

head  
Peter Creedy, sitting back out of the lights, is the new  
of the Finger.

**LEADER**

I have given you almost a year and  
you have given me nothing.  
Nothing!

He glares at Finch.

**DASCOMBE**

Now Adam, there is no one better  
than Finch and you know it.

**LEADER**

Yes, Mr. Dascombe, I do know it.  
It is that very fact that keeps me  
awake at night, wondering if  
perhaps there is a reason that Mr.  
Finch has failed.

**FINCH**

What are you saying?

**LEADER**

I'm saying that perhaps I don't  
know you as well as I thought I  
did.

**FINCH**

Are you asking for my resignation?

**LEADER**

No, I am asking for some goddamn results!

**DASCOMBE**

It's not Finch's fault, Adam.

**CONRAD**

We've all been looking. The man simply disappeared.

**ETHERIDGE**

Vanished.

**DASCOMBE**

He's gone, Adam. It's over.

The Leader trembles like a volcano set to blow.

**LEADER**

It's over, is it? He's gone. Vanished, you say?

The Leader grabs a large box from the floor and hurls reams of computer printout across the table.

**LEADER**

Transcripts recorded over the last thirty days in which the terrorist was talked about or mentioned in a positive context. This is only thirty days!

He punches a "play" button and a wall of monitors blink on. It is a recording of a television variety show.

A character that is made to look like Adam Susan is giving a speech. A woman is dressed like V except that the only

thing

she is wearing under her cloak is a garter belt, stockings and high heels.

V sneaks up behind Susan and yanks his pants down. Susan is outraged but when he gives chase he trips over his pants. The audience hoots and howls.

The Leader kills the tape.

**LEADER**

Is this what you consider, "disappeared?"

**DASCOMBE**

For god's sake, Adam, it's a stupid variety show.

**LEADER**

Mr. Creedy, I want the producers, writers, and actors of that "stupid variety show" arrested and charged with sedition.

**CREEDY**

Yes, sir.

**DASCOMBE**

You can't be serious --

**LEADER**

Push me, Roger, push me and you'll find out how serious I am.

He stares each of them to silence.

**LEADER**

This, this V is still out there. I can feel him like a sickness worming its way into the hearts and minds of the public. Something must be done, and done quickly, to exorcise this demon for the very soul of this country is at stake.

He pauses.

**LEADER**

That is why I am compelled to give each and every one of you notice that if by the fifth of November you are still giving me nothing more than excuses, I will have to revoke your party status and terminate your positions.

Everyone is stunned.

**LEADER**

Mr. Creedy, I will speak with you in private. The rest of you are dismissed. England prevails.

**INT. LEADER'S PRIVATE QUARTERS**

The Leader stands at the window.

**LEADER**

Mr. Creedy, as the new head of the Finger, you are the most important member of my cabinet.

**CREEDY**

I, uh, appreciate your faith in me.

**LEADER**

Your predecessor, Mr. Almond, was a good man, a man who understood what strength in unity meant, a man who, above all, loved his country. I need to know if you are such a man.

His eyes bore into him.

**LEADER**

Do you love your country, Mr. Creedy?

**EXT. ALLEYWAY**

A police car is parked in a dark alley. It is raining and the windows of the car are completely steamed.

**CREEDY**

Oh god, yes!

He is sweating, his knuckles white as he squeezes the steering wheel, panting.

We hear a noise like a very wet kiss and then a woman's voice.

**HELEN**

"The most important member of my cabinet." Yes it is, isn't it, dear?

Helen lifts her head out of his lap. Her lipstick is smeared about her mouth.

**CREEDY**

Oh, don't stop.

**HELEN**

I stop when you stop. What did he say next?

**CREEDY**

I can't --

She whispers in his ear while playing with his lap.

**HELEN**

Come on, Peter, what are you afraid of? Almond used to tell me everything and you're twice the man he was.

**CREEDY**

He asked me... if I loved my country.

**HELEN**

Oh yes, I can tell you do love your country, almost as much as you love this...

She lowers her head into this lap.

**CREEDY**

Oh god...

**HELEN**

Go on.

**CREEDY**

Then he asked me to do something... oh, oh...

**HELEN**

What?

**CREEDY**

Helen, I can't. I can't tell you.

Helen lifts her head.

**HELEN**

He told you to frame someone as the terrorist.

**CREEDY**

My god?! How did you know that?

**HELEN**

I know Adam Susan. Now who was it?

**CREEDY**

No way. I can't tell you that.

**HELEN**

Yes you can, honey. You can and you will. You have to trust me, love. We're going to help each other.

**CREEDY**

Helen, please.

**HELEN**

Look at that face. You see? You're just bursting to tell me.

Her head drops back down. Creedy moans.

**HELEN**

Now who was it?

**CREEDY**

It was... Fi... Fi... FINCH!

The name seems to orgasm from his mouth.

**INT. FINCH'S APARTMENT**

Finch sits alone in his modest apartment, reading a book. The book is Koesterler's, "The Roots of Coincidence."

An old CD player is playing music, a Bach piano concerto.

**INT. SHADOW GALLERY**

gloved  
V is playing the exact same concerto on his piano, his fingers gracefully flitting across the keys.

still  
Evey enters the gallery. Her hair has grown out but is short. She projects a kind of strength that comes from a deep inner peace.

V coaxes the final delicate notes and lets them softly fade.

**EVEY**

That was beautiful.

She walks up to him and takes the smiling face in her hands.

**EVEY**

I've wanted to do this for a long time.

She bends and gently kisses the frozen lips.

**EVEY**

Thank you, V. Thank you for everything you've done for me.

**V**

You did it all yourself, Evey. I just provided the backdrop but the drama was all your own.

**EVEY**

It was a good backdrop. I believed it. I really did. It's still a bit hard for me to accept that it wasn't real. That it was just you. Especially the letter.

She takes the letter from her pocket.

**EVEY**

It is a beautiful letter, V. Every time I read it I could feel Valerie, almost like she was holding me. I believed in her most of all. I believed that she loved me and I loved her back.

She looks down.

**EVEY**

I feel a bit foolish telling you this. I know that you must have written it and thought you should have it back.

**V**

But I didn't write that letter, Evey.

**EVEY**

What?

**V**

Come with me.

**INT. VALERIE'S ROOM**

It is a shrine. The walls are covered with movie posters and reviews and pictures of an actresses named Valerie Page. We recognize her as the woman chosen for the medical block just

before V.

roses;  
Everywhere there are flower boxes filled with blooming  
violet carsons.

**EVEY**

Valerie?

**V**

Yes. Valerie Page. She was the  
woman in room four.

**EVEY**

She's beautiful.

**V**

She wrote the letter just before  
she died. I delivered it to you as  
it was delivered to me. The words  
you wept over were the same words  
that transformed me.

Evey smiles and bends to smell the roses.

**EVEY**

Roses. You grew them for her.

**V**

Yes.

**EVEY**

They're beautiful.

**V**

Evey, do you know what day it is?

**EVEY**

Two days before the first day we  
met.

**V**

You remembered.

**EVEY**

You're planning something, aren't  
you, V?

**V**

You know me too well now.

**EVEY**

What are you going to do?

**V**

I'm going to fulfill an old promise.

Evey cocks an eyebrow.

**V**

I'll show you.

**INT. UNDERGROUND STAIRWELL**

Carrying a lantern, V leads Evey down a dark stone staircase.

**EVEY**

I've never been here before.

**V**

Yes. It is the deepest part of my home. Once you know it, I should think you'll know everything.

He pushes a button and a secret passage opens in a heavy stone wall.

There is a small narrow series of passageways that he guides her through, leading to another door. Evey steps out into an underground subway station.

**INT. VICTORIA STATION**

Parked beside the concrete platform is a beautiful antique train car.

**EVEY**

Oh, V, it's lovely. Where on earth did you find it?

**V**

In a way, I suppose it really found me.

Evey steps into the train car and finds it filled with little packages wrapped in wax paper.

**EVEY**

What's in these packages?

**V**

Gelignite.

She screams and almost drops one.

**V**

Careful.

**EVEY**

What are you going to do with all of it?

**V**

I told you. I'm going to finish what was started four hundred years ago.

**EVEY**

Where does this train go?

**V**

This is the old Victoria line but it is blocked, blocked somewhere between Whitehall and St. James.

**EVEY**

Whitehall... V, that's the New Government Building.

V nods.

**EVEY**

But the underground has been shut down for years. How are you going to make it run without any power?

**V**

I just thought I might ask them to turn it on for me.

**INT. LEADER'S OFFICE**

The Leader sits bathed in the flickering images of the Fate computer.

**LEADER**

Yes, Mr. Creedy?

**CREEDY**

Everything's set, sir. No worries.

**LEADER**

When?

**CREEDY**

Tonight.

On one of the screens, a television program has just begun.

**ANNOUNCER**

Tonight on Tales from the Bible, a story of treachery and betrayal from the Book of Daniel.

We cut from that screen to another screen --

**INT. JORDAN TOWER - CONTROL BOOTH**

The television studio where Roger Dascombe surveys a large bank of monitors filled with the images of typically vapid television entertainment.

**DASCOMBE**

All of London's waiting. Ready, two. And here we go --

A player locks on as a recorded program begins. We move in as the logo slashes across the screen: Storm Saxon.

**ANNOUNCER**

Tonight, England's greatest hero repels the forces of darkness in a brand new episode.

We pull back from the show's opening teaser and find ourselves looking at a small television.

**INT. JORDAN TOWER**

In the delivery bay at the back of Jordan tower, five security guards are riveted to the heroic actions of Storm Saxon.

**HEIDI**

Oh, Storm. Save me! Save me!

**STORM**

You mongrel trash, if you harm her!

**MONGREL TRASH**

Look out, de white debil has a laser lugar!

Behind them, a shadowy figure in a cloak and tall hat enters

the loading bay.

**GUARD**

Hey, what the -- ?

They all turn and find a smiling V.

They go for their weapons. V goes for them. It is brutal and quick, knives slicing in bloody arcs, bodies kicked and thrown with superhuman power.

The TV crashes to the ground and we move in at it as Storm Saxon stands triumphant beside his buxom lass.

**HEIDI**

Oh Storm, hold me. Hold me tight.

We pull back on another television screen inside --

**INT. FINCH'S OFFICE**

Dominic is chewing on a hamburger, engrossed in Storm Saxon. Across the room, Finch is reading the "Roots of Coincidence."

**FINCH**

I don't know how you stand that tripe.

Dominic answers with a mouthful of cheeseburger.

**DOMINIC**

Es gooh.

he  
and  
Finch shakes his head, reaching for his pipe. He realizes is out of tobacco. He slides open the bottom desk drawer his eyes almost pop out of his head.

He stares into the drawer like someone staring at his own tombstone.

**DOMINIC**

Finch? Finch, what's wrong?

Slowly, he lifts something from the drawer. On his desk, he lays out several knives, a cloak, a hat, and a smiling mask.

**DOMINIC**

What the hell?

Finch lifts the mask and almost has to laugh.

**FINCH**

Don't you see, Dominic?

He puts the mask to his face.

**FINCH**

I'm V.

**INT. JORDAN TOWER**

V emerges from an elevator and immediately attacks several more guards. A surveillance camera watches as V steps over their slumped, broken bodies.

**INT. CONTROL CENTER**

down  
The security guard sees V on the monitor coming directly  
the hall.

**GUARD**

Bloody hell!

He grabs the machine gun, aiming it just as V kicks open the door.

**GUARD**

Freeze!

V stops. At least five guards have trained their weapons on him. He is surrounded.

In  
Slowly, he lifts his arms as though surrendering. His cloak opens, revealing enough TNT to level the entire building.  
his hand is the plunger detonator.

**GUARD**

Fuck all.

V nods.

**INT. FINCH'S OFFICE**

The door bursts open as Creedy and a group of heavily armed Fingermen muscle in.

**DOMINIC**

Creedy? What the hell's going on?

**CREEDY**

I'm here to arrest Mr. Finch for acts of treason and terrorism.

**DOMINIC**

You can't be serious.

**CREEDY**

If I were you, boy, I'd shut my hole unless you want to start explaining why you didn't say nothing about Mr. Finch's secret identity.

**INT. JORDAN TOWER**

V follows Roger Dascombe into the main control booth. The door shuts behind them and they are alone.

All around them are the laugh tracks and gunshots of the evening's entertainment.

V puts his hand into his cloak and pulls out a videotape.

He

hands it to Dascombe.

**INT. FINCH'S OFFICE**

Finch glares at Creedy.

**FINCH**

Why don't you just shoot me, Creedy? Wouldn't that make everything a lot simpler?

**CREEDY**

Yeah, I suppose it would.

Creedy smiles, his finger tightening on the trigger when --

**DOMINIC**

Holy Christ! Creedy, you stupid ape! If Finch is V then tell me who is that?

He points at the television where V sits calmly at a desk in front of the "VTV" logo.

**V**

Good evening, London.

**CREEDY**

Bloody fuckin' hell.

**V**

I thought it was time we had a little talk.

**FINCH**

He has to be at Jordan tower. Come on!

Finch and Dominic rush out of the room. Creedy looks at his confused men.

**CREEDY**

Don't just stand there! Follow them!

**INT. LEADER'S OFFICE**

V smiles at the horrified Adam Susan.

**V**

Are you sitting comfortably? Good. Then I'll begin.

The Leader screams, pounding on Fate.

**LEADER**

Damn you! Damn you!

He hits the intercom.

**LEADER**

Lieutenant, ready my transport. I want every armed man within a hundred miles at Jordan tower. Now!

We move in at VTV.

**V**

Right now, I imagine there are hundreds of soldiers rushing here to kill me because someone does not want us to talk.

We pull back in --

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

A family watching television. In the background, two children are squabbling.

**MOTHER**

Hush. Turn it up.

The husband does. V's voice gets louder as we move towards him.

**V**

They are afraid that I am going to say the things that are not supposed to be said. They are afraid that I am going to say the truth.

**INT. APARTMENT**

A man sits on his couch, mesmerized by V.

**V**

The truth is that there is something terribly wrong with this country, isn't there? If you look about, you witness cruelty, injustice and despotism. But what do you do about it? What can you do?

He pops his beer tab and the beer foams over the couch but  
he doesn't seem to notice.

**INT. FINCH'S POLICE CAR**

The car races wildly towards Jordan tower as Finch and Dominic listen to the broadcast on the radio.

**V (V.O.)**

You are but a single individual. How can you possible make any difference? Individuals have no power in this modern world. That is what you've been taught because that is what they need you to believe. But it is not true.

**INT. LEADER'S TRANSPORT**

The Leader seethes, staring at three television monitors in his limo which are all filled with V.

**V**

This is why they are afraid and the

reason that I am here; to remind you that it is individuals who always hold the power. The real power. Individuals like me. And individuals like you.

**INT. KITTY KAT KELLER**

The bar is almost completely soundless except for the voice of V. People stare at the television as if the moment were somehow suspended in time.

**V**

I have come to offer you a deal. If you accept, I will give you a different world. A world without curfews, without soldiers and surveillance systems. A world that is not run by other men but that is run by you. I am offering you a second chance.

**EXT. JORDAN TOWER**

The military forces have begun to swarm.

**V**

Four hundred years ago, a great citizen made a most significant contribution to our common culture. It was a contribution forged in secrecy and stealth although it is best remembered in noise and bright light.

**EXT. TELEVISION STORE**

A crowd has gathered, watching through the window.

**V**

To commemorate that glorious night at precisely the stroke of midnight, the edifice of their world will erupt with enough sound and fury to shake the earth. All I ask is that you join me at the gates to watch as the past is erased, the pathway cleared so that together we can start toward a new day.

**EXT. JORDAN TOWER**

The Leader climbs out of his limo and is met by one of his captains.

**LEADER**

I want this man dead! I want him shot on sight!

**CAPTAIN**

Yes, sir.

**INT. FINCH'S CAR**

Finch can see the forces gathering outside Jordan tower.

**V (V.O.)**

But, you ask, who am I to make such promises? A fair question but hardly necessary as you know me already. To know me any more you need only look to a mirror.

Finch catches a glimpse of himself in the mirror.

**INT. CONTROL BOOTH**

VTV fills every screen.

**V**

Truth be told, this wasn't even my idea, was it? If you think back, you'll remember that night, whispering in your lover's arms. I became a part of your plan just as you have now become part of mine. Give me the line of the queen and I'll give you your secret dream.

**INT. JORDAN TOWER - HALLWAY**

A heavy battering ram is rushed down the hall, carried by four soldiers.

**V (V.O.)**

On the twelfth stroke of the fifth day of the eleventh month, I hope we shall all meet again.

**EXT. TELEVISION STORE**

The crowd is much larger.

V

Until then, I bid you goodnight.

Every screen suddenly goes black. The crowd turns to each other, unsure of what to do.

**INT. CONTROL BOOTH**

The door explodes open. V is standing alone, almost as if waiting for them.

lights  
Before he can even move, they shoot. Machine gun fire up the room. V's body dances and jerks backward, smashing through an observation window --

Falling to the television stage below.

**INT. HALL**

A path is cleared for the Leader. As he heads into the television studio, an armed soldier is heading in the opposite direction.

It is impossible to tell because of the dark face plate but it looks like the soldier is smiling.

The Leader shoves his way onto the main stage. A group of soldiers is gathered around the body.

**LEADER**

Who was it? Who was he?

The mask is pried off, revealing the lifeless face of Roger Dascombe. To the Leader, it is an obvious revelation.

**LEADER**

Roger Dascombe! Of course. Of course! It makes such perfect sense.

**CAPTAIN**

Sir, I think there has been a mistake.

**LEADER**

No! There is no mistake!

**CAPTAIN**

But sir, there are people that say they saw both the terrorist and Dascombe together --

**LEADER**

Who? Who are these people? They must be detained immediately. Whatever they saw or whatever they think they saw is subordinate to the truth and that truth is that Roger Dascombe is the terrorist and the terrorist is dead!

**FINCH**

But I thought I was the terrorist.

Finch's voice stops the Leader cold.

**LEADER**

Finch, what are you doing here?

**FINCH**

Since I'm not in jail and since you have another, even more convenient suspect. I'm guessing the charges have been dropped.

**LEADER**

Be careful, Finch.

**FINCH**

I am careful, sir. Always. That is why I suggest that a search of this building begin immediately.

**LEADER**

The terrorist is dead!

**FINCH**

With all due respect, I disagree and I believe that he is presently trying to get out of this building disguised as one of us.

**LEADER**

Are you challenging my authority?

**FINCH**

No sir, I'm trying to run an investigation --

**LEADER**

I am trying to run a country! When I tell you, Mr. Finch, the terrorist is dead, then the

terrorist is dead! If you continue to suggest otherwise then you will leave me no choice but to have you arrested on charges of sedition. Do I make myself clear?

He eyes the room. Everyone is silent.

**LEADER**

Now, it is imperative for the people of London to know that they are safe, that the terrorist is dead and everything is under control.

The Leader storms past Finch who looks at Dascombe and bites down on his pipe.

**EXT. CITY STREET**

One of the Ear's black vans has been modified with large speakers wired to the roof. As the van rolls down the street, the speakers drone with a looped message.

**SPEAKERS**

The terrorist is dead. No further threat exists. Everything is under control.

Out of the back, soldiers hurl leaflets that swirl and flutter in the van's wake.

The little girl on the bicycle that we saw earlier stops and picks up one of the leaflets.

It has a picture with the body of Roger Dascombe beneath the headline, "The terrorist is dead! London is safe once again!"

**LITTLE GIRL**

Bollocks.

She crumbles the leaflet and throws it.

**LITTLE GIRL**

Bollocks!

She gets off her bike and takes something out of the backpack.

**LITTLE GIRL**

He's not dead! It's all bollocks!

Turning to a nearby wall, she spray paints a large circle around a "V".

**INT. FINCH'S OFFICE**

A recording of VTV plays on the small television.

**V**

... if you give me the line of the queen, I'll give you your secret dream.

Dominic freezes the image; V stares at them, smiling.

**FINCH**

Play it again.

**DOMINIC**

Come on, Finch. We've seen it fifty times. I mean, after what they done to you, I don't know why we're even trying to stop him.

Finch stares out the window.

**FINCH**

I don't know. For twenty seven years, I've been at this job. Twenty seven years, I've done what I've been told to do. Maybe that's all there is to it. I'm just a dumb old dog. A dumb old dog that only knows one trick.

**DOMINIC**

That ain't it, Finch. It's more than that. I know you. It's something personal with this one.

Finch smiles.

**FINCH**

Maybe. And maybe I'm not ready for a revolution.

**DOMINIC**

Well, we got less than thirty hours to stop it.

**FINCH**

We will.

**DOMINIC**

How?

**FINCH**

It's on the tape. I know it. I can feel it. He did this for a reason. He needs something.

**DOMINIC**

What?

**FINCH**

The line of the Queen?

**DOMINIC**

But what does that mean?

**FINCH**

Maybe it's a line from Shakespeare. Or a book. I don't know.

He rewinds and starts the tape.

**V**

... This wasn't even my idea, was it?

**FINCH**

But right here. He's talking to someone. Someone specific. Someone who knows what he wants.

**V**

If you think back, you'll --

**INT. CONRAD'S BEDROOM**

V continues on a different television.

**V**

Remember that night, whispering in your lover's arms.

Helen Heyer is lying on her bed, eating chocolates, watching V through calculating eyes.

At her feet, we hear a suckling noise that suddenly stops.

**CONRAD**

Helen? Helen, why did you want that tape?

**HELEN**

Shut up, Conrad. I'm thinking.

She shoves her foot back into his mouth and he continues to suck on it and each of her toes.

**V**

... now you've become a part of mine.

**HELEN**

How? How did you know that?

her Conrad moves up her ankle, licking and kissing his way to knee.

**CONRAD**

Know what, my love?

**V**

Give me the line of the Queen and I'll give you your secret dream.

She freezes the tape. Her eyes light up and she smiles back at him.

**HELEN**

All right. You have a deal.

Conrad licks along the inside of her thigh until she slaps him.

**HELEN**

Oh no! Not you. Conrad. Not yet. Here you can have a chocolate. Open up. Open!

She shoves the candy in his mouth.

**HELEN**

Good boy. As for the rest of the box, perhaps when you're Leader.

She smiles.

**HELEN**

Right now I need something else Conrad. I need you to use that pretty little brain for me. You know all about the old underground,

don't you?

He nods still gagged with the candy.

**HELEN**

I need to know everything,  
understand? Everything.

**INT. LEADER'S OFFICE**

There are cameras set in front of the large black leather chair so that the flashing images and data of the Fate computer system can be seen behind the Leader.

A makeup artist mattes down the Leader's lipstick.

**ASSISTANT DIRECTOR**

Ready in five, Leader.

The makeup artist adjusts one last hair and scurries off.

**ASSISTANT DIRECTOR**

In four, three...

He points and the camera's red light goes on.

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

The same family, the same squabbling children watching as a "Special Bulletin" interrupts a laugh track.

**LEADER**

Good evening London. As Leader of this great country, I felt it imperative to speak with you and to assure you once and for all that the shadow that recently fell across our land has indeed passed.

**WOMAN**

Oh, for fuck's sake.

**EXT. TELEVISION STORE - NIGHT**

No one is watching.

**LEADER**

What we have endured this long year was no accident, no mere coincidence. This was not a simple act of terror conducted by a singular madman. No, this was a

test.

**INT. KITTY KAT KELLER**

A drunk struggles up onto his bar stool blocking the TV.

**LEADER**

It was not me, nor the Party, nor the government that was threatened this year. It was our beliefs. Our faith. I believe that God himself bore witness to our struggle and like Job I believe that we have been vindicated.

The drunk raises his glass.

**DRUNK**

Remember fifth of November!

The bar cheers.

**INT. LEADER'S OFFICE**

The Leader reaches for his Bible.

**LEADER**

How do I know this? Let me read to you where I found the answer, where I so often find the answer. In the Scripture. Revelations.

**EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT**

The megaphones blast the Leader's voice.

**LEADER (V.O.)**

"If any man have an ear, let him hear."

**INT. FINCH'S OFFICE**

There are stacks of printout everywhere.

**LEADER (V.O.)**

"He that leadeth into captivity shall go into captivity; he that killeth with the sword shall be killed with the sword. Here is the patience and faith of the Saints."

Finch stops reading, listening to the radio.

**LEADER (V.O.)**

"And I beheld another beast coming out of the Earth; and he had two horns like a lamb and he spake as a dragon."

**INT. SHADOW GALLERY**

Another radio crackles with the Leader's voice.

**LEADER (V.O.)**

"And he doeth great wonders, so that he maketh fire come down from Heaven on the Earth in the sight of men."

V nods, almost laughing as Evey enters the gallery.

**LEADER (V.O.)**

"And he deceiveth them that dwell on the Earth by the means of those miracles which he had the power to do --"

**EVEY**

Oh, V, turn it off, please.

**V**

Of course, my dear.

He reaches over and changes the frequency. We hear voices, hushed and secret but we recognize them.

**CREEDY (V.O.)**

But how does he know?

**HELEN (V.O.)**

I don't know. All I know is he does... And I know what he wants.

The voices are labored, punctuated by gasps and moans.

**EVEY**

What is that, V?

**V**

That, Evey, is what I have been waiting for.

**CREEDY (V.O.)**

Do you know what I want? I want

you just like this... Bent over  
that black leather chair...

We are pulled by the radio into --

**INT. CREEDY'S BEDROOM**

Where we see a tiny microphone hidden in the ceiling light  
above the bed.

Helen moans as we drift down, glimpsing Helen, her arms  
reaching for the edges of the bed, her back arching up  
towards Creedy, behind her, smiling.

**CREEDY**

What about Conrad?

**HELEN**

I told you, I'll handle Conrad and  
V will take care of Susan. The mob  
will take care of the guard and  
then... You can use the Finger to  
take over.

**CREEDY**

Use the Finger? You mean like  
this?

He inserts a finger into her.

**HELEN**

Oh... oh... that is vulgar...

**CREEDY**

But you like it?

**HELEN**

Yes, oh yes, oh you're a pig,  
Peter...

**CREEDY**

That I am, misses. But I'm the pig  
that's gonna be running this  
country.

That sends a shiver through Helen's body.

**HELEN**

Yes and I'm... I'm going to be  
Eva... Oh Eva...

Her eyes close and her fists knot the sheets.

**HELEN**

"Don't cry for me Argen... oh  
Argen... Argen... tina!

The word is almost lost in her orgasm.

**EXT. LONDON**

The sun rises over London. It is the morning of the fourth.

**INT. FINCH'S OFFICE**

Finch looks through the blinds at the morning sun. He has  
been up all night. He checks his watch: 6:00am.

**FINCH**

Eighteen hours.

Rubbing the knot in his neck, he turns back to his office  
which is now buried beneath mounds of paper.

Dominic is passed out, sprawled on the couch, and clutching  
printout from Spencer's "Fairy Queen."

a

**FINCH**

Dominic!

Dominic jumps, immediately searching the printout.

**FINCH**

Dominic, go home.

**DOMINIC**

But I've still got over three  
hundred lines from The Fairy Queen.

**FINCH**

Forget it. There's no more time.  
You go home and get some rest.  
You're going to need it tonight.

Dominic lets the papers fall to the floor.

**DOMINIC**

He's got us, doesn't he, Finch?

**FINCH**

Yes, he does.

**EXT. NEW GOVERNMENT BUILDING**

Conrad pulls his car into his reserved space.

**INT. CAR**

when Helen holds Conrad's chin the way a mother holds a child she is telling them something important.

**HELEN**

Now listen to me, Conrad. This is the most important moment of our lives. Everything I've worked and hoped for comes to this. Susan is a very dangerous man, especially now, that's why I need you, Conrad. I need you to be stronger than him. I need you to be the better man. Understand?

Conrad nods.

**HELEN**

If you do this Conrad, and you do it right, I'm going to turn you from the little man I married into the man of my dreams.

**CONRAD**

Oh, Helen.

He embraces her to kiss but she turns her perfectly painted lips.

**HELEN**

Not on the lips.

Ardently, he kisses her cheek.

**INT. FINCH'S OFFICE**

Finch sits alone, palms pressed to his bleary eyes.

**FINCH**

Give it up, old man. You're not even sure you want to stop him.

around With a red pen, he begins absently drawing red circles any V he sees on any piece of paper.

Victims. Vectors. Values. Victory. Words from quotes and

lists.

Suddenly, he stops. Carefully, as if reaching to touch a butterfly, he slips a single sheet out from the sheaves covering his desk.

The paper has a long list: the names of all the Queens of England. He has circled in red the V in Victoria.

When it hits him, it hits him like a falling safe.

**FINCH**

Christ! That's it! It's got to be it!

**INT. LEADER'S OFFICE**

The intercom clicks on.

**LIEUTENANT (V.O.)**

Sir, Mr. Heyer is here to see you. Says it's urgent. And he's here with his wife, sir.

**LEADER**

His wife?

**LIEUTENANT (V.O.)**

Sir, yes, sir -- Wait, you can't go --

The door slaps open.

**HELEN**

Leader, I'm terribly sorry but I absolutely must speak with you.

The Leader waves the Lieutenant off.

**HELEN**

I have something to tell you, something important but --

She glances at Conrad.

**HELEN**

I can tell you and only you. In private.

The Leader studies her.

**HELEN**

It is a matter of national security.

**EXT. CITY STREET**

In his car, Finch races to a corner and slams on the brakes. He gets out, staring at a shadow on the ground: a "V" in a circle.

The shadow is cast by a sign for Victoria Station, part of the abandoned subway.

The gates are chained shut. He fires his pistol into the lock, kicks open the rusting gates, and descends into the underground.

**INT. LEADER'S PRIVATE QUARTERS**

The Leader closes the door behind them.

**LEADER**

Now what's this all about, Mrs. Heyer?

**HELEN**

Please, forgive me. I've been so afraid, afraid to come here to talk to you. I thought he must know. I was terrified he knew but I had to come because I knew you were the only one that can protect me.

**LEADER**

Protect you from what?

She is unable to go on, seemingly about to burst into tears.

**LEADER**

Come now, Mrs. Heyer.

He touches her and it is all she needs. She buries her face into his chest.

**HELEN**

You won't let him hurt me, will you?

**LEADER**

Let who hurt you?

**HELEN**

The terrorist.

**LEADER**

The terrorist is dead.

**HELEN**

Oh, how I wanted to believe it,  
Leader, but I know it's not true.

**LEADER**

How?

**HELEN**

Because I know who the terrorist  
is.

**INT. LEADER'S OFFICE**

Conrad is alone with Fate. He glances about nervously,  
moving closer and closer. His fingers reach out and graze  
the main keyboard. Taking a deep breath, he turns and  
begins to type.

**INT. PRIVATE QUARTERS**

The Leader takes hold of Helen by her shoulders.

**LEADER**

Who? Who is it, woman?

**HELEN**

It's Conrad, Leader. Conrad. My  
husband is the terrorist.

**LEADER**

What?!

**INT. LEADER'S OFFICE**

Conrad accesses the department of water and power. He finds  
the correct file and begins rerouting power to a once dead  
system.

**INT. V'S TRAIN STATION**

A hanging light suddenly sizzles to life. V looks up,  
smiling.

**INT. LEADER'S PRIVATE QUARTERS**

The Leader stares hard at Helen.

**LEADER**

How do you know?

**HELEN**

I saw him, Leader. In the middle of the night. I heard something. I went to the landing and that's when I saw it.

She clutches him.

**HELEN**

That mask. That hideous smiling mask.

**LEADER**

But how did you know it was Heyer?

**HELEN**

I know, Leader. I know the way a woman knows.

**LEADER**

But you have no proof?

**HELEN**

Proof?

**LEADER**

Yes, proof? This is an extremely delicate situation, Mrs. Heyer. It has been reported that the terrorist is dead. It would be a catastrophe to arrest a man now without concrete, conclusive proof. Do you have any evidence at all?

Tears well up in Helen's eyes as she shakes her head.

**LEADER**

But if you're right, if Heyer is indeed the terrorist...

His eyes fly wide and he spins away from her, throwing open the door.

**HELEN**

Leader! Wait!

**INT. LEADER'S OFFICE**

Conrad sits calmly across the room.

**CONRAD**

Is everything all right? Helen?

**LEADER**

Yes, Mr. Heyer, your wife has done her duty to her country.

He turns to Helen.

**LEADER**

Don't worry, Mrs. Heyer. You will be taken care of. I will launch an immediate investigation and I promise, you will be the first to know when an arrest will be made.

**CONRAD**

Investigation of what?

**LEADER**

Subversion, Mr. Heyer. Your wife was privy to the dialogue of subversives. That's all you need to know at this time. Lieutenant!

The Lieutenant appears almost instantly.

**LEADER**

The Heyers are leaving. I need to see Mr. Creedy at once.

Helen looks up at the Leader, a smile hidden near the corners of her perfect red lips.

**HELEN**

Thank you, sir.

The Leader nods.

**INT. NEW GOVERNMENT BUILDING**

Helen and Conrad get out of the elevator, standing beneath the rows of new party flags that line the lobby.

**HELEN**

I want you to go straight to your office and wait for me to call. When I do, I want you to come immediately home. Understood?

**CONRAD**

Yes, Helen.

She embraces him, pressing her body against his.

**HELEN**

Oh, Conrad, I'm so proud of you.

**CONRAD**

I did it, Helen. I did it, didn't  
I?

**HELEN**

Tonight, Conrad.

**CONRAD**

Tonight.

**HELEN**

I promise you will never forget  
tonight.

She almost kisses him.

**HELEN**

Goodbye, Conrad.

Smiling, she pivots on her heel and heads for the door. He reaches for her when --

**GUARD**

Mr. Heyer! Mr. Heyer!

The front desk guard rushes towards him.

**CONRAD**

Yes?

**GUARD**

Sir, this package arrived for you,  
sir.

He hands him a small, brown wrapped box.

**CONRAD**

Thank you.

He looks back for Helen but she is already gone.

**INT. SUBWAY**

A single flashlight beam creeps toward us as Finch searches

the detritus of the dead train line.

**INT. CONRAD'S CAR**

Sitting at a stoplight, Conrad decides to open the package. Inside is a cassette tape. The light changes and a car behind him honks. He starts forward and inserts the tape.

**INT. SUBWAY**

Finch crawls up onto the platform of V's hidden station, staring at the beautiful old train car.

**INT. CONRAD'S CAR**

Strangling the steering wheel, Conrad listens to the tape. The speedometer climbs as everything seems to accelerate.

**TAPE (V.O.)**

Do you know what I want? I want you just like this... bent over that black leather chair.

Helen moans.

**INT. TRAIN CAR**

Finch steps inside the car, his flashlight sweeping over the stacks of gelignite.

**FINCH**

Oh my god.

**INT. CONRAD'S CAR**

A scream builds in Conrad. With tears in his eyes, he stares out the windshield but sees only the images created by the tape.

**TAPE (V.O.)**

Use the Finger?... You mean like this?... Oh... That's vulgar... But you like it?... Yes... oh yes.

Conrad loses control and the car careens up onto the sidewalk and smashes into a brick wall.

Lifting his bloodied forehead, Conrad looks out and sees the ubiquitous poster partially destroyed by the crash: "Strength

through purity, purity through faith."

**INT. TRAIN CAR**

Finch hears something and jerks back, almost falling out of the car. Aiming his gun, he finds no one. He turns and bolts.

As the sound of his footsteps fade, V steps out of the shadows.

**INT. NEW GOVERNMENT BUILDING**

Finch  
The Leader's Lieutenant looks up from his desk and sees rushing towards him.

**FINCH**

Is the Leader in?

**LIEUTENANT**

Yes, but he's meeting with the Captain of the Guard.

**FINCH**

Perfect.

**LIEUTENANT**

Mr. Finch, you can't go in --

Finch charges through the doors.

**INT. LEADER'S OFFICE**

The Leader and his Captain turn.

**LEADER**

Mr. Finch?

**FINCH**

Leader, I need as many men the Captain can spare and I need them right now.

**CAPTAIN**

What for?

**FINCH**

To capture codename V.

**EXT. CONRAD'S HOUSE**

Creedy opens the trunk of his car. In the phosphorescent  
glow of the streetlight, the set of knives gleam. He  
bundles  
the costume that he tried to planet on Finch into his arms,  
then slams the trunk.

Above, a window blind that was cracked open snaps shut.

**INT. LEADER'S OFFICE**

The Leader moves towards Finch.

**FINCH**

He's underground. The old subway.  
I know exactly what he's going to  
do. If we move quickly, we can be  
there, waiting for him.

**INT. CONRAD'S HOUSE**

Conrad waits, hidden inside a bedroom closet. He hears the  
front door close and his grip tightens around the handle of

a

long, steel-necked hammer.

**INT. LEADER'S OFFICE**

The Leader is steadily convincing himself of something.

**FINCH**

Leader, every second we delay...

The Leader lifts his hand, silencing Finch.

**LEADER**

I'm coming with you.

**GUARD**

Sir --

**LEADER**

There will be no discussion --

**GUARD**

But if Mr. Finch is right --

**LEADER**

I am sick to death of this  
terrorist being everywhere and  
nowhere! I will judge whether Mr.  
Finch is right and I will judge it  
with my own eyes! Do I make myself

clear, Captain?

**CAPTAIN**

Sir, yes, sir!

just  
Finch is suddenly overwhelmed by a feeling that is common to chess players. It is the disturbing sense that you have done exactly what your opponent wanted.

**LEADER**

Is there a problem, Mr. Finch?

**FINCH**

No... no sir.

**LEADER**

Good. Captain, mobilize your men.

**CAPTAIN**

Sir, yes, sir.

**LEADER**

We'll find this bloody bastard and we will finish him.

**INT. SHADOW GALLERY**

had  
Evey sits in the gallery, reading Pynchon's "V" just as V done. She suddenly feels V watching her.

**EVEY**

V?

**V**

Yes.

Evey smiles as V steps out of the shadows.

**EVEY**

V, what's going to happen?

**V**

Change, Evey. That's all. Just change.

**EVEY**

Is it going to be violent?

**V**

Yes, I suppose it will.

**INT. CONRAD'S HOUSE**

Creedy empties a bottom drawer, making room to hide the costume. As he does, the closet door behind him slowly creeps open.

**INT. SHADOW GALLERY**

V stands at the jukebox.

**EVEY**

But why? Why must is be violent?

**V**

Because, Evey, that is the nature of change. She is a temperamental creature that appears in earnest rarely but, when she does, she will wear one of two faces. The first face is the destroyer. It is lamentable but all true change begins with death.

**INT. CONRAD'S HOUSE**

slash  
A dark figure stands over Creedy. The hammer raises, a  
of silver against the velvety darkness.

**INT. SHADOW GALLERY**

V punches a button on the jukebox just as --

**INT. CONRAD'S HOUSE**

The hammer falls with a sickening soft crunch.

**INT. SHADOW GALLERY**

The song begins to play; a melancholy song that says goodbye to love.

**INT. CONRAD'S HOUSE**

Blood pours down Creedy's snarling face, he snatches one of V's knives as another hammer blow cracks through his collar bone.

He screams, lunging at Conrad.

**INT. SHADOW GALLERY**

V listens to the song, the smiling eyes somehow knowing.

**INT. CONRAD'S HOUSE**

The hammer falls again and again until the metal head is slick with blood and meat.

Conrad stumbles back, dropping the hammer. He looks down at the hilt of the knife protruding from his stomach. He yanks it out and holds V's knife which is bright red with his own blood.

He collapses to the floor.

**INT. SHADOW GALLERY**

The song continues.

**EVEY**

What is the other face, V?

**V**

The other face? She is the true face of change. The face of the creator. She is the one that remakes the world. Evey?

**EVEY**

Yes, V?

**V**

May I ask you for a favor?

**EVEY**

Of course.

**V**

It is a small thing but it would mean a great deal to me.

**EVEY**

Tell me.

**V**

I've never danced before. I've thought about it many times, here in this room, listening to the music. But I've always been alone.

Evey smiles and crosses to him.

**EVEY**

It would be my pleasure.

He opens his arms and she steps into them. They dance, standing very close, his gloved hand holding tightly to hers,  
her smile against his.

**EXT. CITY STREET**

Dozens of military vehicles swarm around the entrance to Victoria Station while heavily armed men pour through the gates of the underground.

**INT. SHADOW GALLERY**

The song ends.

**V**

Thank you, Evey. You are an excellent dancer.

**EVEY**

All it takes is a little practice.

**V**

Alas, I have run out of time.

He bows, pressing his frozen lips to her hand. Evey is suddenly nervous.

**EVEY**

V? What are you going to do?

**V**

Don't you remember? I have a date tonight, Evey.

**EVEY**

You're coming back though, aren't you?

She seizes hold of his hand.

**EVEY**

V, I won't let you leave unless you promise me that you will come back.

**V**

Of course, I'll be back. You don't think you can be rid of me now, do you?

**EVEY**

Just promise.

**V**

I promise.

She lets him go.

**INT. TRAIN STATION**

Soldiers swarm through the station. Susan stares in shock, outraged by the mere presence of the train.

**LEADER**

Mark my words, Mr. Finch, this man is going to become an example so that every man, woman, and child in this country will remember what happens to those who would ever think to stand against the state.

He turns to the Captain.

**LEADER**

Captain, I need a gas unit down here with enough nerve gas to fill every rat-hole in these tunnels.

Suddenly the lights go out.

**FINCH**

I don't think that will be necessary.

The Leader smiles.

**LEADER**

There are over one hundred of the best trained soldiers in this country down here. Let him come.

**INT. TRAIN TUNNELS**

Five soldiers creep forward in a tight formation, their flashlights probing every nook and cranny.

Behind them, a secret passage opens and V steps out.

He is among them with frightful speed, a grinning dervish with blades like metal fangs ripping and rending flesh, slashing bright in the flashlight.

Other soldiers rush towards the screams and gunfire but they find only five bodies and warm blood running down the walls.

**LEADER**

Captain, what's happening?

**RADIO (V.O.)**

No sign sir. Repeat, no sign of him.

**CAPTAIN**

They lost him.

From the opposite end, there is another series of screams and machine gun fire that lights up the dark tunnel for a moment. Then, nothing.

**FINCH**

This... this is a mistake.

**LEADER**

Don't tell me you're a coward, Mr. Finch.

Back in the tunnels, V drops from above, his cloak swirling a cloud of squid ink that hides him in the darkness. Again, quicksilver knives lash out, drawing fonts of blood.

**INT. TRAIN STATION**

Finch can feel the panic that is spreading through the tunnel.

**FINCH**

Leader, we have to get out of here!

**LEADER**

This was your idea.

**FINCH**

It was a mistake. This is what he wants. He knows us, Leader. He knows us too well. We have to get out of here before it's too late --

A voice rings out from hidden speakers, echoing through the tunnels.

**V (V.O.)**

Good evening citizens of London.  
This is the voice of Fate. Your  
fate...

**LEADER**

What trick is this?

**V (V.O.)**

Tonight, the face of London is  
going to change and I am going to  
offer you the chance to change with  
her. Your Leader is finished. He  
will not leave these tunnels alive.

The Leader screams to be heard over the resonant voice of V.

**LEADER**

This is an outrage! I order you  
not to listen to this!

**V (V.O.)**

At midnight tonight, the Head will  
be destroyed and a new era will  
begin. You must now decide if you  
are going to be a part of that era.

Everywhere, terrified soldiers listen to the voice.

**V (V.O.)**

You can choose to stay here and die  
with your Leader or you can choose  
to be free. The decision is yours  
and yours alone.

**LEADER**

Captain, order all your men to fall  
back and secure this position!

**V (V.O.)**

Some of you have wives. Some of  
you have families. All of you have  
lives. Consider each of them as  
you ask yourself, are they a part  
of the past, or are they a part of  
the future?

**CAPTAIN**

Fall back. Fall back and secure  
the central platform.

Deep in the tunnel, two soldiers look at each other. Simultaneously, they drop their guns and run.

**LEADER**

Any man that disobeys this order  
will be court marshaled!

Groups of soldiers drop their weapons and disappear into the shadows.

**LEADER**

Captain! Captain, where are your  
men?

The station fills with the sound of boots running wildly away.

**LEADER**

Goddammit, I will not tolerate this  
insubordination! I want those  
deserters shot, Captain.

Finch slowly draws back away from the Leader.

**LEADER**

Shot on sight!

The few men on the platform are soon the only men left.

**CAPTAIN**

You! You! Point position. We're  
getting out of here! Now!

A knife sings through the air and buries itself in the Captain's chest. With a tiny rasp, he falls to the ground.

The remaining men bolt.

**LEADER**

Traitors! You cowards!

He grabs for the Captain's machine gun.

**LEADER**

I know who you are! I'll see you  
hang! Every last one of you!

"You" echoes down the dark empty throat of the tunnel.

The Leader looks around, his flashlight sweeping in big arcs as he realizes that he is alone.

**LEADER**

Finch? Finch! Finch, goddammit,  
you can't leave me! Don't leave  
me!

**V**

You are going to die as you ruled --

The Leader screams, whipping around towards the voice.

**V**

Alone.

The smile is as cold and as sharp as the knife that flicks  
from his hand.

The Leader raises his gun just when the knife sinks into his  
shoulder.

Howling in pain, he drops the gun.

**LEADER**

Damn you! Damn you!

V smiles into the spot of his flashlight.

**LEADER**

Conrad? Is that you? You're  
working with Finch, aren't you?  
And Creedy! You're all in this  
together!

V closes in.

**LEADER**

Who are you?

**V**

You, most of all, should know,  
Leader. You created me. Without  
you, I would never be. More than  
life, Leader, you gave me purpose.

V draws his final blade.

**V**

"He that killeth with the sword,  
shall be killed with the sword."

V raises the knife.

**LEADER**

Noooo!

**FINCH**

Don't move!

V and the Leader turn to find Finch aiming a machine gun at V.

**LEADER**

Mr. Finch! Oh god, Mr. Finch!

**FINCH**

Drop the knife.

V does and Susan begins an almost hysterical laugh.

**LEADER**

Oh, I knew it, Mr. Finch. I knew you wouldn't desert me. You're a good man, Finch. A damn good man.

**FINCH**

No, Mr. Susan. No, I'm not. I'm a man who does his job and does what he's told. For twenty seven years, that's all I've been.

He steps toward V, staring into his smiling black eyes.

**LEADER**

Careful, Mr. Finch. He's quick as the devil.

Finch ignores the Leader.

**FINCH**

I've read Delia's diary over and over all year. It sickens me but I am unable to judge her. I am as guilty as she.

**LEADER**

Mr. Finch, what are you doing? Shoot him. Kill the bastard, Finch.

**FINCH**

I have no excuse. I did what I was told to do.

**LEADER**

Finch, I order you to shoot him!

Finch!

**FINCH**

My job was to find you and catch you. I've done my job. I've done it for the last time. I'm tired of it. I'm tired of it all.

He tosses the gun to the Leader.

**FINCH**

Kill him yourself if you can.

The Leader seethes, his eyes boring into Finch.

**FINCH**

Thank you, V. And goodbye.

**V**

Goodbye, Mr. Finch.

The machine gun burst shatters the quiet concrete silence. Finch falls dead at V's feet.

**LEADER**

I warned you, Finch, the penalty for treason is death.

He aims the gun at V.

**LEADER**

Are you ready to die?

**V**

The real question is, are you?

The Leader laughs.

**LEADER**

Do you really believe you can pick up that knife before I pull this trigger?

**V**

No. But I don't have to.

Almost casually, V bends down to pick up the knife --

The Leader screams and fires.

Bullets knock V back a bit but he continues, grabbing the knife and standing.

Eyes widening with disbelief, the Leader fires another blast as V begins walking towards him.

back  
The machine gun roars, bullets shredding out through the  
of V's cloak as he continues with short deliberate steps  
until --

The hammer clicks against the pin. The gun is empty.

V stands before him.

**V**

You see? You cannot kill me.  
There is no flesh and blood within  
this cloak to kill. There is only  
an idea.

V smiles.

**V**

And ideas are bulletproof.

The Leader screams.

V drives the knife into his heart, killing him instantly.

V stands alone amidst the carnage and seeping pools of red.

His body wavers. He takes his hands out from beneath his  
cloak and reveals his gloves, wet with blood.

**INT. CONRAD'S HOUSE**

The front door opens and Helen enters.

**HELEN**

Creedy? Creedy, you dumb bastard,  
you left your car parked in front.

She walks up the stairs to the bedroom.

**HELEN**

What did I tell you? Creedy.

**INT. BEDROOM**

She steps into the room, her sole and heel sinking into the  
plush carpet soaked with blood.

**HELEN**

Oh my god.

When she sees Creedy's head mashed open, she covers her mouth.

**CONRAD**

Helen...

Conrad has propped himself against the bed.

**HELEN**

Conrad! What have you done?

**CONRAD**

I won, Helen. I did it. I won.  
I'm the better man.

He crawls toward her, slipping on the wet carpet.

**CONRAD**

We've been through a bad patch,  
Helen. But now, he's gone...  
There's nothing to come between  
us...

He reaches for her foot, his hand gloved with wet red.

**HELEN**

Don't touch me! You stupid piece  
of shit! You've ruined it! I had  
it all planned perfectly and you've  
ruined it!

She checks her watch; two hours to midnight.

**HELEN**

I have to get out of here! I have  
to get away!

Conrad seizes hold of her ankle.

**CONRAD**

Helen --

**HELEN**

No! Let go! Now!

The look in his eyes frightens her. She tries to kick free of him but he won't let go. Twisting, she reaches for the door but slips on the carpet.

**HELEN**

Conrad, damn you! Let me go!

**CONRAD**

No, Helen, you're not leaving me...  
not this time... not ever.

He crawls up her body still clutching the bloody knife.

**HELEN**

No, please! Oh god, no! Oh god,  
please help me!

Conrad raises the knife.

**CONRAD**

No one can help us, Helen. God is  
dead.

The knife falls.

**INT. SHADOW GALLERY**

Evey hears V on the spiral staircase.

**EVEY**

V?

Scarlet footprints trail behind V as he struggles down the  
stairs.

**EVEY**

You came back.

He nods and then collapses, rolling down the rest of the  
stairs.

**EVEY**

V! V!

Running to him, she falls to his side. His clothes are  
slick  
with blood.

**EVEY**

Oh god, what happened?

**V**

Evey...

**EVEY**

You need a doctor.

**V**

It's too late for that...

**EVEY**

No, don't say that!

**V**

Evey, listen to me. I've not long and there are things that must be said.

His voice strains beneath the mask.

**V**

I have done that which I came to do. Now, it is time for me to rest and with me the past will, at last, find peace.

Trembling, Evey holds him.

**V**

But the world, the world is not saved... Do not think that, when the fires die and the smoke clears, there is no miracle... there is only a path... upon which they must learn to rule themselves.

**EVEY**

Yes, they need you, V.

**V**

Not me, Evey, not me. I told you I am the villain. The destroyer... But yes, they will need help...

He reaches up and wipes a tear from her cheek.

**V**

I kept my promise to you, Evey... Now you must promise me.

**EVEY**

What?

**V**

Promise me... you will discover the face under this mask... but you will never look beneath it.

**EVEY**

I don't understand.

**V**

Promise me. Please...

**EVEY**

I promise.

**V**

Sweet Eve. Wherever I shall go, I shall always love you.

**EVEY**

V, you are not going anywhere!

**V**

Midnight... Midnight. Eve... Make them remember...

**EVEY**

You're not going to die, V!

**V**

Let me be there, Evey, when it begins... Please, let me hear the music, one last time... my music...

**EVEY**

I won't let you die!

**V**

I know you won't... I know...

**EVEY**

**V!**

**V**

My love... Ave Atque vale...

of Holding him as tight as she can, she feels his life drain away, slipping through her arms in the way the last grains

sand pour through the neck of the hourglass.

She buries her face beside his and weeps.

**EXT. CITY STREET**

An enormous crowd has begun to gather in the streets surrounding the New Government Building. With the crowd, a restlessness swells against each barricade erected by the military.

A sergeant stands on an armored car, speaking through a megaphone.

**SERGEANT**

Return to your homes! There is nothing to see! The terrorist is dead!

**RABBLE ROUSER 1**

He ain't dead!

**RABBLE ROUSER 2**

He'll be here, just like he said!

**INT. SHADOW GALLERY**

Evey huddles against the stair railing, her face tear stained, staring at the lifeless body of V.

**EVEY (V.O.)**

I remember... I remember staring at the mask, at that smile.

She touches the mask, her fingers finding its edge.

**EVEY (V.O.)**

Part of me couldn't believe he was dead and maybe that was why. The smile was still the same. It made me want to tear it off so I could see the face, so I could see that he was dead.

Her fingers stop.

**EVEY (V.O.)**

But I had promised.

**V (V.O.)**

You will discover the face under this mask but you will never look beneath it.

**EVEY (V.O.)**

I began to try to imagine his face. Of course, I had long pictured my father behind that smile but I knew in my heart that V was not my father.

Evey stares into the eyes, the dark, empty eyes.

**EVEY (V.O.)**

Yet every time I pictured another face, any face, something was lost, something important was somehow diminished. V was more than a face. V was V.

Her expression changes.

**EVEY (V.O.)**

And then, quite suddenly, quite naturally, I realized whose face must be beneath that mask. It was the only face that mattered.

**EVEY**

I won't let you die.

**V (V.O.)**

I know you won't... I know.

A small smile creeps across her face.

**EXT. CITY STREET**

Midnight approaches and the crowd feels it. Spilling everywhere, they fill the streets like a flood.

**INT. TRAIN CAR**

Evey sets a final violet carson on the chest of V. He is lying on a bed made of gelignite, covered in roses.

Touching his mask, she bends over him.

**EVEY**

Goodbye, my love.

Tenderly, she presses her lips to the smile, her eyes closing, her final tears blinking free.

She backs away and V smiles, his lips wet with her kiss, his cheek wet with her tears.

**EVEY (V.O.)**

"Ave Atque vale."

On the train platform, Evey reaches through the window and starts the train.

**EVEY (V.O.)**

I looked it up the next morning.

The wheels churn as the train lurches forward.

**EVEY (V.O.)**

"Hail and farewell."

**V (V.O.)**

"Make them remember..."

She watches the train disappear into the tunnel.

**EVEY**

They will, my love. They will.

**EXT. CITY STREET**

The crowd surges against a barricade when a voice cries out across the city echoing through the megaphone on every corner.

**EVEY (V.O.)**

"Remember, remember, the fifth of November!"

High above the gathered mass, a masked figure steps out onto a roof parapet.

The crowd explodes.

**INT. SUBWAY**

The train barrels along, screaming against its rusted rails.

**EXT. ROOFTOP**

Dressed as V, Evey stands on the roof's edge, speaking into a microphone.

**EVEY**

I have come here tonight to keep a promise. A promise that is over four hundred years old. Tonight I am here to give you your freedom!

Again, the crowd bursts into a frenzy.

**EVEY**

Since mankind's dawn a handful of oppressors have accepted the responsibility over our lives,

responsibility that we should have accepted ourselves. By doing so, they took our power. By doing nothing, we gave it away.

The voice booms over the mesmerized crowd.

**EVEY**

Tonight, our world will change. Our leaders will be gone and we must choose what comes next. A return to the chains of others or lives of our own. A world of the past or one of the future.

She feels the sea of humanity beneath her, almost channeling their energy.

**EVEY**

Let us choose carefully, London, and when we do, let us mark well and remember, remember this fifth of November!

The crowd screams as one and their scream becomes --

**INT. SUBWAY**

The train hurling like a bullet through a gun barrel. Ahead the tracks end, buried beneath the rubble of the collapsed tunnel.

**INT. TRAIN CAR**

Inside the rattling train, V lays in perfect repose.

**V (V.O.)**

Let me be there, Evey, when it begins...

**EXT. ROOFTOPS**

Hidden and alone, Evey pulls the mask from her face.

**V (V.O.)**

Please let me hear the music... one last time... my music.

Almost unconsciously, Evey raises her hand and coaxes the first soft notes as he had once done.

**V (V.O.)**

At first, you have to listen  
carefully.

The violins of the 1812 overture steadily rise.

**V (V.O.)**

Ah, yes. There it is. Beautiful,  
is it not?

Evey smiles, her hand still gently conducting.

**EVEY**

Yes, my love. Yes it is.

**INT. SUBWAY**

of  
With the clash of cymbals, the train crashes into the wall  
rubble.

**EXT. NEW GOVERNMENT BUILDING**

The entire building opens like a time-lapsed rose blooming  
with brilliant orange petals of flame.

**EXT. CITY STREET**

The crowd is awash in the baptismal glow of erupting flame.

**EXT. ROOFTOP**

Evey watches the explosion, a star-burst of flaming debris  
searing against the night sky like fireworks.

**EXT. CITY STREET**

The masses burst through the barricades with a euphoric  
frenzy.

**EXT. ROOFTOP**

The explosion begins to slowly die.

**EVEY (V.O.)**

I know that there is only one way  
to repay him for what he did.

She looks down at the mask.

**EVEY (V.O.)**

And I know that that way is going  
to take a lot of hard work.

She smiles.

**EVEY (V.O.)**

I know this like I know the sun  
will rise tomorrow and beneath that  
new sun, our work will begin.

The fire fades and Evey turns, cradling the mask, and walks  
away.

**FADE OUT.**