
GESUNDHEIT, GRANDMASTER, FLOPSY, N/S BOY

A small BOY is in a sealed room. A brightly coloured vapour is sprayed over him. After a few moments, we hear a series of coughs, sneezes and nose-blowing. A voice speaks to him over an intercom.

GESUNDHEIT (O.S.)
Go now, my little carrier, and
play with your friends...

A door opens electronically and the now pale, flu-ridden BOY with a dripping nose slopes off. PETER GESUNDHEIT (45, feeble hypochondriac), his anti-cold mask in place, now enters the empty room.

GESUNDHEIT
Project 1914 complete, Sir.

A shadowy figure, follows behind. The GRANDMASTER!

GRANDMASTER
Excellent. If we succeed then
you, Gesundheit, a humble
pharmacist, will become chairman
of the largest, most powerful
pharmaceutical company in the
world... Meissner-Grossen!

The obsessive GESUNDHEIT nods appreciatively as he sprays the room with a powerful anti-septic.

GRANDMASTER
And why shouldn't we succeed?
After all, 'coughs and sneezes
spread diseases!'

OUT ON the GRANDMASTER's cruel laugh.

CUT TO:

2

2

DAISY, BLANE, ROSE

DAISY, ROSE and BLANE, glowing healthily, walk through the eerily empty school playground.

ROSE
I guess I shouldn't be too surprised my project won first prize.

DAISY stifles a yawn and turns to BLANE.

DAISY
That is the last weekend I give up for a spy gadget conference - even if it was in the Caribbean.

BLANE
(whispered to Daisy)
That 'jetpack-in-a-backpack' invention was s-ooooo cool! Way better than Rose's thing.

ROSE
(overhearing)
Ahem, my Inner Reality device was the Judges' unanimous choice. Using gaming technology to explore the brain is pretty amazing you know. A way of going inside someone's mind and seeing what they're thinking.

DAISY
Gross! Some of us can already do that and we don't need any yucky body fluid stuff. It's called intuition. Like right now Blane is wondering, where is everyone?

All around them, the playground is empty.

CUT TO:

DAISY, BLANE, ROSE, STEWART, LETITIA, ZARA, FIFTY PENCE,
N/S PUPILS

The TEAM enter a sparsely-populated classroom. STEWART
looks thrilled to see BLANE.

STEWART
Heyyy! Another survivor!

BLANE
Survivor?

STEWART
From the Super-Flu.

STEWART blows his nose very loudly. LETITIA and ZARA frown
and move to the other side of the room.

ZARA
Sit here. Don't want to catch
anything off that lot.

LETITIA
You look really well.

ZARA

CUT TO:

DAISY, BLANE, ROSE

The theme tune kicks in as BLANE tugs the mop. A down arrow flashes on a paint tin - the team wait - Lift drops out of shot. Lift descends - the school kids transform into SPIES.

CUT TO:

6

6

LENNY, DAI SY, BLANE, ROSE

LENNY briefs the TEAM.

LENNY
Over the weekend an epidemic of
Super-Flu has devastated the UK.

LENNY hits a switch and a map appears on his monitor. Animated sneezing heads represent the spread of the outbreak. They're everywhere! BLANE looks alarmed.

BLANE
Seventy percent already have it.
Looks like the rest are falling
fast.

LENNY coughs. The TEAM look concerned.

LENNY
Just a tickle. This virus has
struck at unprecedented speed.
Our top scientists can't find
anything to counteract it.

DAI SY
OK, so it could be bio-crime. I
can check out anyone with a
history in that field.

LENNY
We also need to stop the virus
spreading and find a vaccine.

LENNY hands ROSE a vial of green gunge.

LENNY
Here's a sample taken from a flu
victim's nostrils.

DAI SY is revolted. She looks down, hand shielding her eyes!

DAI SY
Yuuuu-k!

ROSE
I'll get started right away.
Blane, there have been outbreaks
of Super-Flu in the past. It'd be
great to find out how they were
defeated.

BLANE nods.

LENNY
Remember, Britain is near
breaking point. You need to work
fast!

CUT TO:

6A

6A

MR FLATLEY, MS TEMPLEMAN

MS TEMPLEMAN approaches a sickly-looking MR FLATLEY.

MR FLATLEY
So many staff off sick! Looks
like we'll be running this show
on our own today.

MS TEMPLEMAN
Nothing new there then. I'll try
and organise some cover.

MR FLATLEY mops his forehead, he's running a temperature.

MS TEMPLEMAN
You don't look well yourself.
Shouldn't you go home?

MR FLATLEY
No, Helen, the captain never
leaves his ship. Did Nelson flee
at the first sight of the Spanish
Armada?

She begins to correct him.

MS TEMPLEMAN
Actually it was...

MR FLATLEY
Besides, I'm feeling completely
tickety-boo.

MR FLATLEY sneezes and showers MS TEMPLEMAN's St John Ambulance first-aid poster. He dabs it with his hankie and then blows his nose.

MR FLATLEY
Plus I must tell you a secret.

He holds up a register of attendances.

MR FLATLEY
The St Hope's record for
continuous teaching attendance
was set by Mrs Kilpatrick from
1979 to 1999. If I can get
through to four o'clock today,
the record and the trophy is
mine!

MS TEMPLEMAN
Great. But we are very busy.

She holds up the St John Ambulance poster.

MS TEMPLEMAN
It's the day of the St John
Ambulance First Aid Assessment.
Maybe we should cancel?

MR FLATLEY
Nonsense. The Assessor isn't due
till eleven. Just give them some
last minute revision - and oh,
before you go, any chance of a
hot lemony drink?

MS TEMPLEMAN picks up her resuscitation doll, and as she
exits, accidentally clouts MR FLATLEY on the head with it.

CUT TO:

GESUNDHEIT, GRANDMASTER, FLOPSY

Inside his clinically sterile office, GESUNDHEIT takes a phone-order.

GESUNDHEIT
Five million throat lozenges...
Two million decongestants... Not
a problem. Thank you.

After using the phone he sprays it with antiseptic. The GRANDMASTER sits opposite, reading a newspaper whose headline reads: 'Britain in grip of Super-Flu'.

GRANDMASTER
You were right, Gesundheit,
pharmaceuticals is where it's at.

He gestures to a UK map showing the advance of the virus.

GRANDMASTER
From Auchtermuchty to Yeovil
they're buying our cold remedies!
Which won't cure them of course.
Just keep them well enough to buy
even more of our products.

GESUNDHEIT
As our Infectometer shows. Hee-
hee.

We go out on a giant display thermometer, the red mercury level showing the level of the UK population that have flu - it now shows 80% and beeps as it nudges upwards!

CUT TO:

10

10

DAISY, BLANE, ROSE, LENNY

ROSE is looking at the virus through her microscope.

ROSE
This is such an aggressive strain. It attacks the body's immune system by making it switch itself off.

We see the virus attacking another cell on a screen.

BLANE types and brings up an old newspaper headline for 1914. 'Flu hits millions. Great Britain in peril!'

BLANE
Wow. Here's a familiar headline! This 1914 virus attacked the immune system too.

ROSE turns, excited.

ROSE
How did they defeat it?

BLANE continues reading another article with a picture of Theodore Tilbury, a stern-looking Edwardian scientist.

BLANE
This geezer called Theodore Tilbury managed to stop the pandemic in its tracks.

DAISY looks blank.

ROSE
A pandemic is an epidemic that spreads across a large region.

DAISY soundlessly mouths 'whatevah'. BLANE scrolls up the screen. We see Tilbury again, this time with a test tube. (Note: his wife is in background).

BLANE
He created a vaccine.

DAISY
Cool! So we just use the same vaccine! (beat) Right?

ROSE shakes her head.

ROSE
Wrong. Vaccines don't last that long. What we need is the formula he used to make it.

BLANE

Tilbury's papers are housed
someplace called the Museum of
Infectious Diseases. Wouldn't
they have a copy?

DAISY

What loser would go to a museum
about infections?

ROSE nods in fake agreement then looks hurriedly down at
her microscope (clearly she has been there!)

ROSE

You two go, I want to finish

DAISY, BLANE, N/S SECURITY GUARD

Deserted streets. BLANE and DAISY are now in cleaning uniforms, carrying a bucket and mop. BLANE walks comically along, his legs wanting to go in different directions. DAISY has mastered her Sat Nav shoes. As they arrive at the Cold Research Museum BLANE falls over.

DAISY

Look, twinkle-toes, turn off the shoes if they're too complicated.

As BLANE bends down and adjusts his shoes, DAISY examines a sign: Museums of Infectious Diseases. Mon-wed 10-2.00. An additional sign reads: 'Closed today due to sickness'. DAISY and BLANE walk up to the museum. Standing before them is a not very alert SECURITY GUARD who breaks off from blowing his nose.

DAISY

Make-it-Sparkle Cleaning Co.

She shows him an ID card featuring a photo of a very large lady. The SECURITY GUARD does a double take.

DAISY

Really gets you fit this job!

DAISY examines the brass buttons on his uniform, doesn't look happy, then gives them a quick squirt of polish. The SECURITY GUARD nods for them to enter.

CUT TO:

DAISY, BLANE

DAISY and BLANE walk into the exhibition area. DAI SY begins blinking rapidly.

BLANE
You got something in your eye?

DAI SY
I'm disarming the security-cam
you failed to spot.

A CCTV camera clicks off. The darkened interior is filled with weird medical and anatomical exhibits. A colossal atom/string of DNA twirls from the ceiling. DAI SY stumbles into a giant model nose and shrieks.

BLANE
Scchhhh!

DAISY is momentarily reassured, but then turns and bumps into an anatomical human model. She opens her mouth to shriek again but this time BLANE is able to cover her mouth with his hand.

BLANE
Can you get a grip, it's just a
museum!

DAI SY
Yeah, full of freak show
exhibits! I can handle most
things, but not body stuff. And
like, seeing the squidgy bits.

BLANE rolls his eyes. They continue searching. DAI SY now spots a large portrait of an ugly man with a beautiful young woman by his side. She peers at her museum guide.

DAI SY
It's Tilbury and his wife, Ailsa.
He sure got the best of that
bargain.

BLANE
Can we forget the trivia and
concentrate on finding Tilbury's
files?

DAISY pulls on some gloves and begins expertly searching a large filing cabinet. BLANE is going through another set of drawers, filled with dusty papers. Back on DAI SY.

DAI SY
Tilbury's archive!

BLANE
Fantastic.

DAISY waves a handful of empty files.

DAISY
No, it isn't. Every file relating
to the 1914 virus is missing!

CUT TO:

13

MS TEMPLEMAN, FIFTY PENCE, LETITIA, ZARA, MR FLATLEY,
STEWART, N/S PUPILS

13

MS TEMPLEMAN's first-aid class continues. FIFTY PENCE is bandaging LETITIA's 'burnt' thumb.

MS TEMPLEMAN
Gently with Letitia's thumb,
she's burnt it remember.

LETITIA
(to Fifty Pence)
Chip my nail varnish and you'll
really need first-aid.

MR FLATLEY
(nose totally congested)
Code wader is de ding for burds.

Everyone looks at each other unable to understand. MS TEMPLEMAN takes him to one side.

MS TEMPLEMAN
I know you want to break the
record, but I really think you
should go home.

MR FLATLEY shakes his head petulantly. The bell rings for break.

MS TEMPLEMAN
Come on, let's get you
quarantined in the staffroom.

She helps MR FLATLEY from the room. Behind her FIFTY PENCE sneezes, followed in quick succession by ZARA and STEWART.

CUT TO:

DAISY, BLANE, N/S THEODORE TILBURY

BLANE creeps past an array of old medical artefacts before spotting a large display cabinet. He looks stunned at what he sees there.

BLANE
Daisy! You need to see this!

DAISY approaches the cabinet, hesitantly. She peers inside to see the deep frozen, but perfectly preserved body of THEODORE TILBURY!

DAISY
Oh yuuuuk!

BLANE
Isn't that Tilbury?!

DAISY
(Leaping out of skin)
Why's he standing there like a
tinned sardine? I thought he was
dead!

BLANE
No, it looks like he's been
cryogenically frozen.

DAISY
It'll never catch on.

BLANE
Look, the info's gone. But this
is Tilbury, the one guy who knows
about the vaccine.

DAISY
So?

BLANE
So maybe if we take him back to
HQ, Rose can use her prize-
winning invention to get the info
from his mind?

BLANE opens the door. Daisy slams it shut. BLANE opens it.

DAISY
No way. I draw the line at body-
snatching!

DAISY slams it shut again.

CUT TO:

GRANDMASTER, GESUNDHEIT

GESUNDHEIT cleans his computer keyboard with a cotton bud.

GESUNDHEIT
Millions of microbes lurk on
computer keyboards. They're a
veritable breeding ground.

GRANDMASTER
So, you're lucky I built you
these pristine premises. A far
cry from that dirty, run-down
pharmacy where you used to work,
doling out cures for athletes
foot.

CUT TO:

16

DAISY, BLANE, N/S THEODORE TILBURY

16

BLANE opens the door again and picks up the frozen body of DOCTOR TILBURY, but in doing so, he triggers an alarm!
DAISY flashes BLANE an angry look.

CUT TO:

GRANDMASTER, GESUNDHEIT

The same alarm sounds.

GRANDMASTER
Intruders!

A flashing light blips on a wall mounted floor plan.

GRANDMASTER
They're in the museum! Find out
who it is.

GESUNDHEIT
But I -

GRANDMASTER
At once!!

CUT TO:

17A

17A

GESUNDHEIT

GESUNDHEIT runs across a glass corridor into the museum.

CUT TO:

18

GESUNDHEIT

18

GESUNDHEIT runs down stairs towards the museum.

GESUNDHEIT
Coming in here, bringing their
germs and infections!

He applies a burst of throat-spray.

CUT TO:

19

DAISY, BLANE, N/S THEODORE TILBURY

19

The sounds of Gesundheit's footsteps draw closer.

BLANE
Someone's coming! Do we take him
or not?

DAISY
Yes. No. I don't know!

BLANE is struggling with the very heavy body.

BLANE
If we could have a decision here?

DAISY grabs the feet end of the body.

DAISY
This is complete madness!

CUT TO:

GESUNDHEIT hurries through the museum as the alarm rings. Just as he is about to reach the giant cabinet behind which held Tilbury, he cocks his head. Footsteps echo down the corridor in a different direction. He pauses, then follows, breaking into a run. GESUNDHEIT turns a corner. His face suddenly looks quizzical. He bends down to examine a pair of shoes that have reached a dead end and are walking on the spot - Daisy's Sat Nav shoes.

21

21

DAISY, BLANE, N/S THEODORE TILBURY, TAXI DRIVER

DAISY and BLANE manhandle a jerkily-walking TILBURY up to a bus-stop.

DAISY
That was close. Nice work with
the shoes.

DAISY looks down - now both of them are shoeless and
BLANE's wearing odd socks!

CUT TO:

23

23

DAISY, BLANE, TAXI DRIVER, N/S THEODORE TILBURY

DAISY

How are we gonna get him back to HQ? There won't be any buses.

BLANE

Being spies who can't drive really sucks.

Just when all seems lost, a taxi appears. DAISY and BLANE frantically wave it down.

BLANE/DAISY

Taxi! Taxi!

It pulls up and they climb in, propping TILBURY up in the back. TILBURY falls onto DAISY and she pushes him away in revulsion.

BLANE

St Hope's High.

DRIVER

What happened to your mate?

DAISY

Nothing. He's just chilled.

The TAXI DRIVER shakes his head. The cab drives past a huge billboard: 'Say no to Super-Flu with Warmsip Extra'.

CUT TO:

24

24

MS TEMPLEMAN, MR FLATLEY, DAISY, BLANE, N/S THEODORE
TILBURY

BLANE and DAISY struggle into view guiding the frozen
TILBURY.

Cut to a frustrated MS TEMPLEMAN guiding MR FLATLEY,
wrapped in a duvet, back to the staffroom.

MS TEMPLEMAN
You really need to take it easy,
Kenneth. Please stay in the
staffroom!!!

DAISY spots TEMPLEMAN and FLATLEY and shoves BLANE and
TILBURY into the staffroom. Back on MS TEMPLEMAN and
FLATLEY.

MS TEMPLEMAN
You might want the record, but no-
one wants your flu!

They re-enter the staffroom.

CUT TO:

25

25

MS TEMPLEMAN, MR FLATLEY, DAISY, BLANE, N/S THEODORE
TILBURY

MR FLATLEY is helped into a seat by MS TEMPLEMAN. As we pan across, we reveal he's sitting next to the icy body of TILBURY, an empty mug in front of him. MS TEMPLEMAN picks up the mug.

MS TEMPLEMAN

May I?

TILBURY makes no reply. MS TEMPLEMAN turns and whispers to MR FLATLEY.

MS TEMPLEMAN

The supply teacher doesn't look too well either. I'll make him a cuppa, might pull him round.

DAISY and BLANE watch nervously from their hiding place behind a table. As MS TEMPLEMAN fusses over the tea and FLATLEY dozes, BLANE and DAISY comically manage to manhandle TILBURY out of the staffroom unseen. MS TEMPLEMAN turns to the chair where TILBURY was sitting.

MS TEMPLEMAN

Sugar?

She reacts as the chair is now empty!

CUT TO:

A spaghetti western moment as tumbleweed and then a newspaper blow across the road in front of St Hope's. Someone steps on it then picks up the copy. The headline reads: 'Britain on its sneeze! Flu-nited Kingdom on verge of collapse!' Reveal it's GESUNDHEIT looking menacingly at St Hope's.

CUT TO:

DAI SY, BLANE, ROSE, LENNY, N/

LENNY and DAISY look worried as they watch an ultra-confident ROSE prepare.

CUT TO:

28

GESUNDHEIT, MS TEMPLEMAN

28

GESUNDHEIT is sneaking around when he turns a corner and bumps straight into MS TEMPLEMAN.

MS TEMPLEMAN
Oh hello...

GESUNDHEIT freezes. Then pulls up his mask.

MS TEMPLEMAN
We're waiting for you with the bodies...

GESUNDHEIT
There's more than one?!

MS TEMPLEMAN
Oh yes, the children have been busy all morning.

MS TEMPLEMAN leads off a baffled GESUNDHEIT.

CUT TO:

29

29

DAISY, ROSE, BLANE, LENNY, N/S THEODORE TILBURY

ROSE stands in front of a neat diagram representing the inside of the brain. She finishes marking the route she intends taking in green marker pen.

ROSE

Inner Reality maps the mind like levels of a computer game. And I've planned my route in detail. Finding the vaccine should be pretty straightforward.

DAISY

But we know nothing about Tilbury or how he thinks!

ROSE

I'm going straight to the left hemisphere. That's the part of the brain where factual info gets stored. His memory of the vaccine should be there.

DAISY

You don't know that for sure! The inside of the mind isn't like one of Stewart's dumb computer games. It's memories... emotions... a million different feelings.

LENNY

And your machine is unproven.

ROSE

Sometimes in science you have to take chances.

ROSE attaches twin electrodes to TILBURY's nostrils.

ROSE

I'm using the nostrils as a contact point cos that's where the nerves are most sensitive.

She runs the wires to a small box - like an X-Box.

ROSE

I then hook up the Inner Reality generator... connecting my mind to his.

From the box, wires lead out, ending in an adhesive pad.

DAISY

At least let me profile Tilbury first?

ROSE isn't listening. She lies down next to TILBURY.

BLANE

What do we do if there's a
problem?!

ROSE switches on a heart monitor with graphic display.

ROSE

This heart-rate monitor will show
how my body's coping with the
strain.

LENNY

It's still not a proper exit
strategy is it? What if you get
trapped in there?

ROSE

Look, I'll be back with that
formula before you can say 'award-
winning spy gadget'.

LENNY nods, reluctantly. ROSE takes a deep breath then
attaches the electrodes to her head, activating the device.
As ROSE twitches the other watch as we whoosh cut to:

CUT TO:

ROSE

ROSE arrives at the school reception.

ROSE
Guys... I'm not sure if you can
hear this or not. I think I'm at
the entrance to Tilbury's mind.

CUT TO:

MS TEMPLEMAN, MR FLATLEY, GESUNDHEIT, LETITIA, ZARA,
STEWART, FIFTY PENCE, N/S PUPILS

MS TEMPLEMAN ushers GESUNDHEIT into the classroom.

GESUNDHEIT

Aaargh!

The floor is littered with the 'bodies' of FIFTY PENCE,
LETITIA, ZARA, and STEWART. GESUNDHEIT looks horrified.

GESUNDHEIT

What happened?!

MS TEMPLEMAN

Fifty Pence is a lorry driver. He
had a stroke and his truck hit
Stewart who fell onto Letitia,
breaking both her legs.

ZARA suddenly sits up holding a bandaged hand.

ZARA

Don't forget me. I got bitten by
a squirrel with rabies.

MS TEMPLEMAN

We've recreated every accident we
could think of...

GESUNDHEIT finally realises that he has been mistaken for a
first-aid assessor. A sickly MR FLATLEY suddenly enters.

MS TEMPLEMAN

Not again!! This isn't helping
anyone!

MR FLATLEY slumps into a chair. FIFTY PENCE sneezes into a
large hankie. ZARA unfurls a long roll of toilet roll and
trumpets.

ZARA

I don't feel good, madd.

GESUNDHEIT looks horrified. He retreats towards the door.

GESUNDHEIT

I... er... need my... red pen!

GESUNDHEIT scurries outside, frantically spraying his
throat. He takes out his mobile and makes a call.

ROSE, N/S THEODORE TILBURY

ROSE frantically looks around. The school looks different.

ROSE
It's not what I expected. Uh, I'm
going to try and find the left
hemisphere...

ROSE wanders uncertainly, unaware of a shadowy figure
watching her - TILBURY!

CUT TO:

ROSE, BLANE, DAI SY, LENNY, N/S THEODORE TILBURY

DAI SY types frantically, researching Tilbury's life.

DAI SY
Tilbury... Tilbury

ROSE, N/S YOUNG THEODORE TILBURY, N/S EDWARDIAN PATIENTS

ROSE hurries down the corridor in a state of panic. The corridors are all tinted red.

ROSE
I've reached the left hemisphere,
but my mind map's useless. I'm
having to guess...

ROSE begins opening classroom doors at random. A young TILBURY runs towards her, rolling his Victorian play-hoop.

ROSE
I think I've just seen the young
Tilbury. It must be a childhood
memory...

Young TILBURY runs off, laughing. As ROSE gives pursuit, a group of Edwardian PATIENTS in nightgowns emerge blocking her path. In the melee, ROSE loses sight of young TILBURY.

CUT TO:

36

36

BLANE, DAISY, ROSE, N/S THEODORE TILBURY

BLANE tries to cool TILBURY's body with a electric fan but the water still drips.

BLANE
Stay cool, mate. Please!

BLANE now notices in front of him, ROSE's heart-rate monitor showing an ever-higher graph.

BLANE
No way should Rose's heart rate be 210 BPM! (beat) I'm gonna get her out.

BLANE puts the fan down next to TILBURY's body, and attaches the Inner Reality gear to himself. DAISY's screen shows a photo of Ailsa and Tilbury.

DAISY
Wait, there's something you have to tell her. Look at this.

DAISY excitedly turns to BLANE, but he has already gone in!

CUT TO:

36A

36A

BLANE

BLANE arrives and looks round for Rose.

CUT TO:

37

37

MS TEMPLEMAN, MR FLATLEY, LETITIA, ZARA, STEWART, FIFTY PENCE, GESUNDHEIT, N/S PUPILS

Toilet rolls and used tissues litter the class. ZARA, STEWART and FIFTY PENCE hug hot-water bottles and cough and sneeze beneath blankets. FIFTY PENCE has pieces of toilet roll up his nostrils. GESUNDHEIT looks longingly towards the door as MS TEMPLEMAN hands him a pile of test papers.

MS TEMPLEMAN
Have they passed?

GESUNDHEIT flicks hastily through them.

GESUNDHEIT
Yes, top marks all round. If I was sick, I'd come here.

MS TEMPLEMAN looks thrilled and holds out her hand to shake, but GESUNDHEIT has already exited from the classroom. Once outside, he leans against the wall, sprays his throat and then his whole body. Suddenly he notices something on the floor: a trail of frozen peas. He looks at them intrigued, then excitedly follows the trail.

CUT TO:

39

GESUNDHEIT, LENNY

39

Following the trail, GESUNDHEIT arrives at the caretaker's storeroom. He sees a sick LENNY, carrying bags of frozen peas, step inside. Almost delirious, LENNY sneezes. GESUNDHEIT peers in and watches unobserved as LENNY uses the mop to open the lift door. GESUNDHEIT smiles.

CUT TO:

LENNY

Let me guess. The creator of the Super-Flu?

GESUNDHEIT

Please, I have my orders.
Tilbury must be returned.

LENNY

Says who? The Grandmaster?

GESUNDHEIT

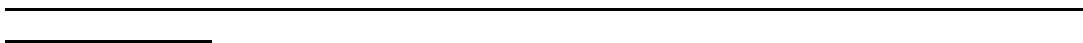
A great man. He paid for me to recreate the 1914 strain. And together we'll make a fortune in flu remedies.

LENNY

Over my dead body!

GESUNDHEIT makes a desperate lunge, which LENNY blocks. GESUNDHEIT tries again, the bags of peas split open and GESUNDHEIT slips on them. He makes another grab and LENNY resists by throwing a bag of peas at him. GESUNDHEIT retaliates by using TILBURY's limp arm to slap LENNY, who is knocked to the ground. We think it's a knock out blow, but LENNY gamely re-appears. His flu is getting worse. Sweat pours off him, and he doesn't look strong enough to resist.

CUT TO:



43

43

GESUNDHEIT, LENNY, N/S THEODORE TILBURY, BLANE, DAISY, ROSE

GESUNDHEIT and LENNY wrestle. GESUNDHEIT is desperate now.

GESUNDHEIT
You don't understand! I can't
leave empty handed!

GESUNDHEIT grabs at TILBURY and the leads to the Inner Reality generator are almost tugged out.

LENNY then accidentally sneezes right onto GESUNDHEIT. GESUNDHEIT reacts with horror to this hygiene breach, and lets go of the body.

GESUNDHEIT
Get back! And cover your mouth
when you sneeze!

LENNY's eyes brighten and he moves towards his foe, coughing at him. A horrified GESUNDHEIT recoils.

LENNY
So we don't like germs do we?

CUT TO:

DAISY, ROSE, BLANE, N/S AILSA TILBURY

The TEAM reach the art room, exhausted and out of breath.

DAISY
Tilbury didn't work alone. His
wife was a scientist too, they
worked as a team.

Sure enough, there stands beautiful AILSA TILBURY, (24, in
Edwardian costume), awaiting them.

BLANE
Tilbury's wife!

DAISY
He fell out of love with the
world, but not her.

CUT TO:

47

GESUNDHEIT, LENNY, N/S THEODORE TILBURY, BLANE, DAISY, ROSE ⁴⁷

GESUNDHEIT makes another grab for TILBURY's body. LENNY repels him with a deliberate sneezing attack.

CUT TO:

DAISY, ROSE, BLANE, N/S AILSA TILBURY, N/S THEODORE TILBURY

49

MS TEMPLEMAN, MR FLATLEY, LETITIA, ZARA, STEWART, FIFTY
PENCE, MR O' GRADY (V.O.), N/S PUPILS

49

A delirious FLATLEY is helped by MS TEMPLEMAN from the
classroom. She points to the clock on the wall.

MS TEMPLEMAN
It's Four O'clock... you're
officially the healthiest teacher
in the history of St Hope's!

MR FLATLEY feebly punches the air in triumph.

MS TEMPLEMAN
And we've passed the First Aid
Assessment. We can all go home!

The tattered remnants of the PUPILS cheer with hoarse
voices and then collapse in coughing and sneezing fits. MR
FLATLEY passes out. MS TEMPLEMAN taps his cheeks.

MS TEMPLEMAN
Kenneth! Kenneth!

No response. MS TEMPLEMAN slaps him much harder.

MR FLATLEY
Ow!

Just as MS TEMPLEMAN is leaving, her mobile rings.

O' GRADY (V.O.)
Mr O'Grady. Sorry I couldn't make
the first-aid test today, touch
of that flu that's going round. I
hope you got my message?

MS TEMPLEMAN looks shocked, then mischievously, she checks
no-one is looking and switches off her mobile phone.

CUT TO:

DAISY, ROSE

ROSE and DAISY wait impatiently at the exit point, the entrance gate where they first entered Tilbury's brain. ROSE is looking at the formula, trying to memorize it.

ROSE
I think I've got it.

DAISY
Rose, you never forget facts.
This would not be a good time to
start! (beat) Where's Blane?

The world jitters, DAISY and ROSE are thrown to one side.

CUT TO:

51

51

LENNY, GESUNDHEIT, N/S THEODORE TILBURY, BLANE, DAISY, ROSE

As LENNY and GESUNDHEIT fight over TILBURY and around the SPIES, the leads are stretched to their limit.

LENNY
Must... hold on...

LENNY gives a last half sneeze at GESUNDHEIT, who recoils again. This time GESUNDHEIT feels the first droplet on the end of his nose.

GESUNDHEIT
No!!! Not a dripping nose! It
can't be... I have taken every
precaution.

He feels his forehead.

GESUNDHEIT
34.2. I'm burning up! Nooooooo!

GESUNDHEIT sneezes. The bug is taking hold. He collapses in a sobbing heap.

CUT TO:

DAISY, ROSE, BLANE, N/S THEODORE TILBURY, N/S EDWARDIAN PATIENTS

BLANE appears, running hard, pursued by TILBURY and the PATIENTS.

LENNY, DAISY, ROSE, BLANE, GESUNDHEIT, N/S

DAISY

And maybe the human body's not quite as yucky as I thought. But I am never getting up anyone's nose again!

The TEAM laugh. GESUNDHEIT sneezes.

CUT TO:

54

54

GRANDMASTER, NEWS REPORTER (V.O.), FLOPSY

The GRANDMASTER is rugged-up, clutching a hotwater bottle and dabbing his nose with a silk hankie. FLOPSY is alongside.

GRANDMASTER
We escaped just in time, General.
And all we came away with is
Gesundheit's flu.

He dabs his nose and gives an effete groan. FLOPSY is watching breaking news on a micro-TV. We see images of people being vaccinated.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)
And the new vaccine is being
distributed nationally...

The giant infectometer now shows flu levels at zero. He switches off the television in irritation.

GRAND MASTER
How I hate to see happy healthy
people. We should never have
trusted that useless germaphobe!

He takes a thermometer from FLOPSY then looks with concern.

GRANDMASTER
I don't like the look of that
moist nose. And your eyes are a
little pink too. I do hope I'm
not going to have a hot-cross
bunny on my hands!

THE END.