

P386

Chapter Forty-Eight: 9:45am (pps386-392)

EF: Ending(s):

- The Big Bad Guy is always the last to die / be arrested. Kit is not the biggest bad guy in this story.
- Bring terrorists (or at least their treasurer) to Steepfall in a chopper. Toni somehow switches the improvised container carrying the virus for a dummy. Chopper blows up with Nigel and Elton and Mr.Big on board.
- Weather is a problem bringing the chopper in but the bad guys should be able to command some serious hardware. Also they can wait in Northern England 'til the storm has passed and they'll only be an hour's ride away

KS: Toni's mum was really horrid to her - I'm sure she is a very nice old lady really - what happens to her in the end? The last place I remember was she was left sitting by the Christmas Tree. The old lady upset me so much that I feel I need some way of liking or forgiving her in the end--after all she is just an old lady.

Sara: Kit is basically too soft to let his family be hurt badly. If he were directly threatened by Nigel it might add tension and justify his actions. Once the 4wd vehicle is not needed ('cos the terrorists are coming to Steepfall) Kit is expendable and a liability to the gang. This pretty much puts him on his family's side.

What if Kit finds out the location of the boxing day target. He is horrified and lets slip to Toni / the family who he is holding captive. They say: That settles it Kit. You have stolen from your family but you can't be responsible for thousands of deaths. Plus you don't really think there's room in that chopper for everyone do you?" Kit lets the family loose. His sentence will be reduced as a result.

Frank could follow the chopper in to Steepfall and get himself hurt through his own stupidity.

EF: Unresolved:

- Osbourne
- Frank
- Harry
- Kit's accomplice at the Kremlin.
- Bella
- Bella's Husband and Kids

I think you should drive them all to Steepfall and chuck them off the cliff.

KT: I was a bit worried about the sheepdog puppy, did it live happily ever after?! Also KS.

A: Kit drives away (386-387)

JT: Why is Kit suddenly ready to kill his father? We need more reason to believe this.

9:45 a.m.

9.00,

Kit ran outside. The engine of the Mercedes was throbbing low, and the snow on its bonnet was already melting from the heat. He had swept the windows with his hands. He jumped in, placing the spray gun between his thighs. Nigel clambered into the passenger seat, grunting with the pain of his gunshot wound.

Kit put the automatic gearshift into drive and touched the accelerator pedal. The car seemed to strain forward, but did not move. The plough had stopped within a couple of feet of the car, and snow was piled two feet high in front of the bumper. Kit gently increased pressure on the pedal as the car laboured to move the weight of snow out of the way. "Come on!" Kit said. "This is a Mercedes, it ought to be able to shift a few pounds of snow! How big is the damn engine, anyway?" He pressed a little harder, but he did not want the wheels to lose traction and spin. The car eased forward a few inches, and the piled-up snow in front seemed to crack and shift. Kit looked back. His father and Toni stood outside the house, watching. "If they come any closer, shoot them," he told Nigel.

The reply surprised him. "You're telling me to kill your own father?"

"For Christ's sake, when did you acquire ethics?"

"Don't worry, I'll shoot him if need be."

The car suddenly sprang forward as the snow gave way.

P387

JT: Now Kit is ready to kill his cousin. More needs to have happened a bit earlier to turn him into someone prepared to murder members of his family.

B: Daisy shoots Kit's car (387-388)

Kit felt a soaring elation as he accelerated along the cleared driveway. Steepfall had seemed like a jail cell from which he would never escape—but he had. He passed the garage—and saw Daisy.

He braked reflexively.

Nigel said: “What the hell?”

Daisy was being supported by Craig on one side and Ned’s sulky daughter, Sophie, on the other. They were carrying her along the drive towards the house. Daisy’s legs dragged behind her uselessly, and her head was a mass of blood.

“Stop and pick her up!” Nigel said.

Kit made a split-second decision. He was at the wheel, and he was not going to delay his escape in order to help the woman who had humiliated him and almost drowned him in her father’s pool yesterday. “Fuck her!” he shouted gleefully, and he drove straight at the three of them.

The long green bonnet of the Mercedes seemed to lift like the head of an eager horse, and it leaped forward. Craig had only a second to act. He grabbed the hood of Sophie’s anorak with his right hand and pulled her to the side of the drive, moving the same way himself. Because they were both tangled up with Daisy, she moved with them, and all three fell backwards into the soft snow beside the track, Daisy screaming out in pain and rage.

The car shot past, missing them by inches, and Craig glimpsed his Uncle Kit at the wheel.

“You bastard!” Daisy screamed after it; and she levelled her pistol.

Kit accelerated along the curving driveway that ran beside the cliff top. Craig

watched, frozen, as Daisy took careful aim. Her hand was steady, despite the pain she was in. She squeezed off a shot, and he saw a rear side window shatter.

Daisy tracked the car with her arm out and fired again, repeatedly, cartridge cases spewing from the ejection slot of the gun. A line of bullet holes appeared in the car's side, then there was a different kind of bang. A tyre blew out, and a strip of rubber flew through the air.

The car continued in a straight line for a second. Then it slewed sideways, its bonnet ploughing into the piled snow at the side of the drive, sending up a fantail of white. The back swung out and crashed into the low wall that ran along the cliff edge, and Craig heard the metallic scream of tortured steel.

The car skidded sideways. Daisy kept firing, and the windscreen shattered. The car went into a slow roll, tilting sideways, seeming to hesitate, then toppling over on to its roof. It slid a few feet upside-down then came to a stop.

Daisy stopped shooting and fell backwards, her eyes closed.

Craig stared at her for a moment.

The gun fell from her hand.

Sophie started to cry.

Craig reached across Daisy. He watched her eyes, expecting them to open at any minute. His hand closed over the warm gun. He picked it up.

He held it in his right hand and put his finger into the trigger guard. He pointed it at a spot exactly between Daisy's eyes. All he cared about was that this monster should never threaten him and his family again. Slowly, he squeezed the trigger.

The gun clicked on an empty magazine.

C: Kit crawls out of the wreckage (389)

P389

SE: Sentence reads "Nigel grabbed it". I think this should be "Kit grabbed it", because Nigel is dead.

D: Toni saves Kit from suicide (389-392)

Kit was lying flat on the inside of the roof of the overturned car. He felt bruised all over, and his neck hurt as if he had twisted it, but he could move all his limbs. He managed to right himself. Nigel lay beside him, unconscious, possibly dead.

Kit tried to open the car door. He pulled the handle and pushed at the door but it would not move. Something had buckled in the crash, and the door was stuck. He pressed the switch of the electric window winder, but nothing happened. For a dreadful moment, he thought he might be imprisoned in the crashed car until the fire brigade came to cut him out. Then he saw that the windscreen was crazed. He shoved at it with his hand and easily pushed out a big section of broken glass.

He crawled out. A shard of windscreen cut the palm of his hand painfully. Sucking on the wound, he looked back into the car, searching for a weapon. The guns were somewhere in Nigel's pockets, almost impossible to get at, but the spray gun of Madoba-2 lay flat on the inside roof, apparently undamaged.

Kit?
Nigel grabbed it.

He crawled out from under the bonnet of the car. The breeze from off the sea blew in his face. He looked around.

His father and Toni Gallo were running along the drive.

Toni stopped to check on Daisy. She seemed to be out cold. Craig and Sophie looked scared but unhurt.

Stanley said: "What happened?"

Craig replied: "I ran over her. She was shooting at us."

P390

NN: Would Kit really try to commit suicide? He's had guilt pangs, but nothing to indicate this. You might want to give him a couple of agonized moments here as the realization that he's trapped comes upon him and he casts about for what to do. Even so -- isn't he enough of a coward that he would try just giving up and hoping for the best rather than jumping off a cliff?

KF: Additional scene. The police take Kit to the airfield. (All the cars are concealed in disused hangars.) Kit hands over a bugged briefcase containing a Diablerie bottle filled with tap water. Then, extra scene at the theatre later.

Isn't it in a dark garage? How much can Toni see?

Toni followed Craig's gaze and saw Stanley's Ferrari, dented at both ends and with all its windows smashed.

Stanley said: "Good lad!"

Toni felt for a pulse in Daisy's neck. "She's still alive."

Craig said: "I've got her gun. It's empty, anyway."

They were all right, Toni decided.

She looked ahead to the crashed Mercedes. Kit was climbing out.

Toni ran towards him, with Stanley close behind.

Kit started to run along the drive, heading for the woods and, ultimately, the main road; but he staggered and fell. He seemed to realise he would never make it to freedom. Scrambling to his feet, he changed direction, and turned towards the cliff.

Toni glanced into the crashed Mercedes. She saw Nigel in a crumpled heap. His eyes were open and staring. He was dead. *looked?*

Kit reached the wall, spun around, and pointed the spray gun at Toni and Stanley.

"Stop, or I'll kill us all," he said.

Toni and Stanley stopped.

Stanley said: "It won't work out here, Kit."

Toni wondered if that were true. Kit had the same thought and said: "Why not?"

"Feel this wind," Stanley said. "The droplets will disperse before they can do any harm."

Kit dropped the spray gun. "To hell with it all," he said.

He turned around, jumped over the low wall, and ran full tilt at the cliff edge a few feet away.

P391

JT: Kit goes down too easily. I half expected him to try and kill himself at this point, because he's got absolutely nothing left at this point. And Stanley's reaction to his son is too small right now. I don't think it needs huge drama, maybe he says nothing and thinks a lot ... not sure, but I feel this would be a monster moment for Stanley as much as it is for Kit.

Toni sprang on to the wall and leaped through the air, hands stretched out in front of her. She almost got him by the shoulders, but her hands slipped. She hit the ground hard, winding herself, but she managed to grab one leg and grip it tight.

Kit fell to the ground.

Toni jumped on top of him, holding him down with her weight. She grabbed one arm and bent it behind his back. Then she looked over his shoulder. Both of them were staring over the edge, down a hundred-foot drop to where the sea boiled among jagged rocks.

Toni felt dizzy, and looked away.

After a moment, she got to one knee. "Stand up slowly, or I'll break your arm," she said to Kit.

He had lost his spirit. He got up obediently, and she rose with him. She turned him away from the sea and walked him back to the wall. They stepped over it.

Toni felt safe again.

"My god," Stanley said. "What a nightmare."

"It's over, now," Toni told him.

"Is it?"

*Feeling how? Any new
tenderness towards Stanley?*

"We've got them all. Nigel's in that car, dead. Daisy's out cold. Elton's under the billiard table in the barn, tied up. And here's Kit."

Stanley looked at his son, then winced, as if in pain, and looked away. "You see yourself in your child, and you see his mother, and then you see something else, that doesn't come from either of you." He bent down and picked up the spray gun. "But you love the child, no matter what. You can't help it."

Toni said: "Was that true, what you said about the droplets? That they would do no

harm in the wind?"

"No," said Stanley.

After a moment, they started walking back towards the house.