

PYTOR THE GREAT

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EXT. SLUZHBA VNESHNEY RAZVEDKI (SVR) HEADQUARTERS. MOSCOW.
DAY.

A grey, formidable official looking building looms large and leary against a moody horizon. Dark clouds scud across, a grim and muted sun obscured. It's effortlessly menacing.

There is a barred window with an insipid light spilling forth. Silhouettes can be seen inside.

INT. SVR HEADQUARTERS. MOSCOW. DAY.

An ELDERLY MAN (PYTOR STANISLAVSKY), late 60s, is seated on a spartan wooden chair on a cold concrete floor. He's not restrained but rigid with stress. In front of him, in Russian security uniform, is a fierce looking WOMAN, the Director of the SVR. Flanking her are TWO PSYCHOTIC LOOKING GUARDS. Flanking them are two PSYCHOTIC LOOKING ALSATIANS. And flanking all of them are TWO PSYCHOTIC LOOKING CROWS. The room contains a concerning amount of psychotic.

PYTOR looks totally dejected, humbled, nervous.

DIRECTOR

As you know, Pytor Stanislavsky, we do not tolerate failure!

PYTOR

(thinking aloud)

What about the Skrip ...

DIRECTOR

Do not speak unless I ask you a question!

Both the GUARDS and the DOGS growl menacingly. The CROWS flap angrily. PYTOR sighs deeply.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Do not even sigh! I assume you know why you are here and given what happened it should not be a surprise.

PYTOR

Was that a question?

DIRECTOR

Yes!!

PYTOR

I assume because of Odessa.

DIRECTOR

Your colossal ineptitude has led to several deaths and the loss of an important asset.

The CROWS squawk at the mention of death, eyes blinking.

PYTOR

Helena! I must protest! It was only one death. Not even a Russian. An Uzbek farmer! I mean, who cares? And why this 80s style interrogation? We graduated together for goodness sake. Does that not mean anything? A little friendlier would be nice. And where did you get the crows? What are they for? I do like the mood lighting though. It's very nice.

We see the very nice mood lighting at the base of the room, previously unseen.

DIRECTOR

DO NOT SPEAK ...

The GUARDS glance at her, then quickly glance back.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

(softening)

Pytor.

PYTOR

Yes?

DIRECTOR

(coming close and leaning in)

Pytor. The Uzbek was a deep cover agent. We took four years to place him. Your wrong information meant he ate a Lancet 3 drone for breakfast! They are still finding pieces of him in the field.

PYTOR

My contact assured me ...

DIRECTOR

Your source. Bah. You are making mistake after mistake Pytor. I am aware we graduated together, but you get no special treatment.

The DIRECTOR walks back to between the GUARDS, and reverts back to her intimidating self.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
This cannot be tolerated any more
Stanislavsky. You are a broken
relic. I think it is time ...

PYTOR
(alarmed)
Director General! Please!

He goes to rise out of the chair but the two GUARDS leap forward with the dogs, who bark and stress, shoving him back down. One clouts him around the head.

PYTOR (CONT'D)
Think of my service! Vietnam!
Afghanistan! Syria! Lebanon! That
little thing in Dusseldorf ... I have
served faithfully ...

DIRECTOR
(staring at him)
The old dog wants a reprieve? Is
that it?

PYTOR
(eyes teary and gleaming)
The old dog is loyal ...

The DIRECTOR sighs, and begins pacing back and forth. Thinking. Plotting. Planning. All eyes follow her. Sometimes she stops, the GUARD DOGS cock their head quizzically, expecting something. Nothing. She paces on. Eventually she stops.

DIRECTOR
This is your very last chance Pytor
Stanislavsky. Fail us again, and
I'm afraid you will be liquidated.
It will be out of my hands. The
bureau has zero tolerance at the
moment for obvious reasons. You
will be liquidated quicker than an
Oligarch's assets!

PYTOR gulps.

DIRECTOR, THE GUARDS, THE DOGS and THE CROWS erupt in a cacophony of pantomime villainy laughter.

PYTOR gulps again.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
We have a level 8 posting in
England.

PYTOR
England? England in the UK?!

DIRECTOR
Of course you Vladivostok cretin!

PYTOR
(excitedly)
L ... London?! Kensington?

The DIRECTOR and GUARDS cackle.

GUARD #2
I'm so cool! I am James Bond in
England! Hello Mrs. Money pennies!

GUARD #1
(mockingly)
What a cabbage brain! Kensington!
"I'll have a nice cup of tea!"

DIRECTOR
Quiet! He will have a nice cup of
tea. But not in London. Ore.

PYTOR
Or ...?

DIRECTOR
Ore!

PYTOR
Manchester perhaps? That would be
very good actually.

DIRECTOR
You are going to Ore! First thing
tomorrow morning.

PYTOR
(beat)
Excuse me, Director General, but
where the fuck is ...

CUT TO:

EXT. ORE HIGH STREET. DAY.

A double decker bus with signage 'ORE' grumbles past, We see it has deposited a forlorn looking and out of place PYTOR. He is dressed like a shabby English version of a 50s spy. Cords. Sweater. Hat. Loafers. Rucksack. All mixed up. He surveys the place grimly, not liking what he's seeing.

He looks at some notes. In Russian. An address. Begins walking. No taxis allowed. He passes a bin, burns the address and put the embers in. He marches on. Finally, he reaches an unassuming terraced house. A B&B. Pat and Penny's.

PYTOR rings the bell. A short while passes before a stout, rotund, beaming and bubbly LANDLADY answers the door.

LANDLADY

Hello, can I help?

PYTOR

I am Peter. From Georgia. I have booking with you.

LANDLADY

Oh yes! Lovely to meet you Peter. I've been expecting you. You've come a long way haven't you.

PYTOR

Yes.

LANDLADY

(beaming)

Your sister's lovely by the way. I spoke to her on the phone.

PYTOR

Sister?!

LANDLADY

Yes, such a lovely lady. Said it was your last chance at a nice working holiday before permanent retirement.

PYTOR sighs.

PYTOR

Yes.

LANDLADY
Come on in then, I'll show you your
room.

CUT TO:

INT. P&P. GUEST HOUSE. ORE. UK.

The LANDLADY indicates a door. No.7.

LANDLADY
Here we are. Lucky number 7.

She hands him the keys.

PYTOR
I do not believe in such
superstition.

LANDLADY
Ah, but maybe it believes in you
Peter!

PYTOR
This is not likely. Thank you, I
will see you tomorrow.

LANDLADY
Right you are then. Breakfast is
from 7-9, no smoking, no drugs, no
women ... or men, no loud music,
no heavy drinking. Alright?

PYTOR
Yes.

LANDLADY
No seances, no raucous laughter, no
poker games, no re-decorating, no
shouting and definitely no sub-
letting.

PYTOR
Ok.

LANDLADY
Right. Good. Also, no pets. And
that especially includes parrots.
See you tomorrow!

She walks off happily humming. We see the barren, broken, empty countenance of PYTOR.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 7. P&P GUEST HOUSE. ORE. EVENING.

PYTOR methodically places things around the room. Picture of a wife and two daughters. A small religious icon. A strange strip of something, which he plugs in, a door security device. Other subtle spy paraphernalia.

CUT TO:

PYTOR pulling covers around him in bed. He sighs, before turning off the bedside light.

INT. DINING ROOM. P&P GUEST HOUSE. MORNING.

PYTOR is munching cornflakes, dressed in the same clothes, that blank, barren expression.

The LANDLADY delivers two fry-ups to a nearby table before coming over to PYTOR'S table.

LANDLADY

Gooooood morning Peter! Did you sleep well?

PYTOR

No.

LANDLADY

Well, first night in a new place wasn't it. You'll be right as rain this evening. Got much planned for the day? Bit of sightseeing?

PYTOR smirks ever so slightly. It's the first time he's shown any positive emotion.

PYTOR

(beat)

Yes. Lots to see.

CUT TO:

Fast cut montage of PYTOR spying on his target, KATERINA. He uses old school spy glasses, modified DSLR, micro-drone, satellite surveillance uplink, burst transmitters until night time.

KATERINA, however, lives a slightly dull life. Runs a cafe. Walks her dog. Explores art galleries. Watches Netflix. Nothing to report.

INT. ROOM 7. P&P GUEST HOUSE. ORE.

PYTOR sends his first report via coded Net traffic on a Penguin computer game glitched out as in game chat. He pulls the covers around him, and curls up, sighing.

CUT TO:

FAST CUTS of PYTOR'S ground hog day.

Eats. Landlady question. Spies. Returns. Reports. He only has three different tops. One of the days KATERINA goes to see a ballet which he reports as suspicious.

Finally, he gets a coded message from Moscow. The text is in Cyrillic but morphs into English.

"AGENT Xe-B24. YOU HAVE PROVIDED US WITH NOTHING. YOU ARE A FAILURE. WE HAVE LOST FAITH IN YOU. IF WE DO NOT RECEIVE ACTIONABLE INTELLIGENCE WITHIN THREE DAYS, IT'S BLENDER TIME.

(FOR GOD'S SAKE PYTOR, PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER! COULD YOU KINDLY SEND US SOME MARMITE. BIG POT. H.)

This time, when he lays in bed, he is crying, clutching his family picture to his chest. He doesn't switch the light off for quite a while.

CUT TO:

EXT. HASTINGS BEACH. AFTERNOON.

PYTOR is seated dejectedly on the beach. His hat has gone. His clothes are shabby. Unwashed and unshaven. He does not care anymore. He has a cheap carrier bag which sits beside him. He reaches in and pulls out some sandwiches and a cheap bottle of Whiskey.

Dotted around him are a few FAMILIES, STUDENTS and another DEJECTED MAN.

PYTOR unwraps the sandwich. Stares out to sea. The cold, green and grey waves, flecked with a cruel foam, signify his demise. Crashing, smashing, chaos, relentless pounding. He dolefully munches the egg and cress meal.

Suddenly, a rogue seagull dives down and snatches his food. Shock gives way to pure rage.

PYTOR
Blyat! Suka!

He grabs a large stone and hurls it full force at the gull. It hits it square on the head. The food drops as does the bird. PYTOR leaps to his feet. Furtively looks around as the gull wolfs down his food. He spies something. And lunges for it. It's a BOY'S red bucket and spade. He snatches it up. The BOY bursts into tears.

BOY
Mummy!

MOTHER
(to Pytor)
Hey! Hey! What the hell do you ...

She suddenly stops. PYTOR has hurled himself onto the kleptomaniac gull in shocking speed and ferocity for an old man. He's battering it senseless with the bucket and trying to decapitate it with the spade. It's insane. Horrific. The gull screeches with pain and fear.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Oh my god!

She shields her son's eyes. Other families scatter in shock and horror.

OTHER DEJECTED MAN
Fuckin' 'ell!

PYTOR has now ditched the bucket and is now ripping off the wings. Punching it. Each punch produces a screech. Finally his rage subsides, the gull is dead. PYTOR pants, fatigued. Breathing heavily. A victorious chuckle.

PYTOR
Hahahaha! Who is laughing now?! Who
is sandwich filling now!

We see the shocked people's reactions. One FATHER is talking to a FEMALE TRAFFIC WARDEN, pointing at PYTOR.

PYTOR is kneeling over the gull remains, slight blood splatters on his face and jumper. He looks down at the mess. And his jaw drops, eyes widen. He looks around worriedly. He looks down again in wonder.

PYTOR (CONT'D)
What in the name of God ...

He frantically scoops up the remains of the bird into the manky carrier bag. Now focused. Now a spy again. Now at work. He leaps to his feet. The PEOPLE nearby who are closing in stop abruptly.

CUT TO:

PYTOR running pel-mel along the seafront. A short way behind him, wagging fists and yelling, are the TRAFFIC WARDEN, the FATHER, the MOTHER, the BOY, some STUDENTS and a SMALL DOG, trying to keep up.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOMEONE'S GARDEN. ORE. DAY.

PYTOR is hiding behind a bush as the CHASERS stream past. He's lost them.

CUT TO:

EXT. HASTINGS BEACH. DAY.

The OTHER DEJECTED MAN looks around at the now deserted beach. He gets up and walks along the stones and stops and the scene of the massacre. Feathers and blood are in a circle. He reaches down and grabs the discarded full bottle of Whiskey, well pleased. He smiles and pockets it.

DEJECTED MAN
Fuckin' 'ell!

CUT TO:

INT. MI6 'Q' BRANCH CONTROL ROOM. LONDON. DAY.

A GREY HAired MAN, oozing confidence and authority, is seated at a desk, reading reports. We cannot see what they are. There is a knock at his door and a rather hapless UNDERLING worriedly enters.

The OLD MAN looks up, annoyed.

UNDERLING
Sir ...

OLD MAN
Not now Jenkins. Can't you see I'm busy?

UNDERLING

But Sir. One of our test seagulls
from Operation Silver Sentinel has
gone missing.

OLD MAN

(alarmed)

Are you sure?

UNDERLING

Quite sure Sir.

The OLD MAN frowns, concerned.

OLD MAN

Well, you better get onto it
Jenkins! At once!

UNDERLING

Yes Sir.

INT. P&P GUEST HOUSE. ORE. DAY.

PYTOR lets himself in the front door. He is panting,
sweating, anxious. He clutches his manky carrier bag with the
bird remains in.

LANDLADY (O/S)

Been jogging?

PYTOR leaps out of his skin and whips around after closing
the door. He yelps.

PYTOR

Oh! Yes! Running!

LANDLADY

(pointing at his bag)

And shopping?

PYTOR

Yes.

We see that one of the seagulls feet is hanging through a
hole in the bag, lazily dangling.

LANDLADY

What have you got there then?

PYTOR looks down and spies the flapping foot. In his panic,
his command of English fails him.

PYTOR
It is a cluck.

The landlady laughs.

LANDLADY
Cluck? Oh bless. It's either a
chicken or a duck sweetheart. Can't
be both.

PYTOR
It is a duck. An English duck.

He scurries past the landlady, the seagull leg wobbling
comically.

LANDLADY
No cooking in your room!

PYTOR (O/S)
I will eat it raw!

LANDLADY
(chuckling)
Oh my goodness. I don't know. Each
to their own I suppose.

She walks off humming.

INT. ROOM 7. P&P GUEST HOUSE. ORE.

PYTOR is wearing some strange glasses rimmed with odd lights.
High tech. He's entranced with something.

PYTOR
Oh! Oh! Incredible! Absolutely
incredible! Who would have imagined
such a thing!

CUT TO PYTOR'S POV

We see the remnants of the gull laid out. Amidst the gore are
clearly visible tiny filament control wires. Micro circuits
in amongst the flesh. Strange nodes and nodules. It's a
cybernetic organism, pretty much indistinguishable from the
real thing.

PYTOR (CONT'D)
Blyat!

He sits back. Stunned. We see the wheeling gulls in his mind's eye. But now one fixes him in its sights. The cyber gull. Semi-autonomous.

CUT TO:

INT. MI6 'Q' BRANCH CONTROL ROOM. NIGHT.

Three Q BRANCH PERSONNEL are huddled around a bank of monitors. One is the OLD MAN, one is JENKINS, and the other an IT expert.

OLD MAN

So it's not a malfunction?

We hear a huge screech and see a crackly cyber-bird's eye view of its wing being ripped off.

JENKINS

Fairly certain it's not Sir.

IT EXPERT

This was its last transmission.

We see a pixelated and jagged picture of PYTOR laughing maniacally before the image freezes.

OLD MAN

Who the bloody hell is he?

JENKINS

No idea. The image is too degraded to run through our systems, even with AI. Which is a bugger. However we do have a tiny bit of CCTV.

We see grainy footage of PYTOR walking along the seafront, but his hat is pulled down too tight to see his face.

JENKINS (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, the part of the beach where the gull was killed wasn't covered.

OLD MAN

Where does the tracker say it is now?

IT EXPERT

Last known transmitted position was here Sir.

A finger points to a map on a screen of South East England. Specifically Ore.

OLD MAN

Find out who it is Jenkins. We can't have one of our birds falling into the wrong hands. Simply not acceptable. And why weren't the cameras more durable?

IT EXPERT

No one ever really attacks seagulls. They throw stones maybe, but that's about it. We just never expected it. The imported lenses were a lot cheaper, and with the cut backs ...

OLD MAN

Yes, yes, goodness me, you'll be telling me the feet are made of rubber next.

JENKINS and the IT EXPERT swap a guilty look.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Well hop to it man! Find out who this fellow is!

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 7. P&P GUEST HOUSE. ORE.

PYTOR takes pictures of the cyber-gull. Measurements. Scans for signals. It's not broadcasting anything. He starts compiling a report.

Suddenly, there is a sharp knock at the door. PYTOR jumps, quickly covering the remains.

PYTOR

Yes?

LANDLADY (O/S)

I've got something for you Peter.

PYTOR

Oh.

EXT. HALL. P&P GUEST HOUSE. DAY.

PYTOR'S door slowly opens and his face appears. Just his head.

LANDLADY
Something to go with the duck.

She hands PYTOR an orange.

LANDLADY (CONT'D)
You can't just eat it raw on its own. It's not right. This will help it go down better.

PYTOR
Thank you.

LANDLADY
You're welcome. See you at breakfast.

PYTOR
Yes.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM. P&P GUEST HOUSE. ORE. DAY.

We see PYTOR'S empty dining table. The LANDLADY stares worriedly at it.

EXT. ROOM 7. P&Ps GUEST HOUSE. DAY.

There is a Do Not Disturb sign hung up on the door. The LANDLADY goes to knock but thinks better of it.

INT. PYTOR'S ROOM. P&P GUEST HOUSE. ORE. DAY.

PYTOR is huddled over the cyber-gull remains. Schematics surround him. Equations. Flight data. Tech read outs. He's quite exhausted but elated.

CUT TO:

Him sending his report to Moscow. He's immensely proud. He taps return like a god. Sent.

CUT TO:

PYTOR pulls the sheets around him grinning like a maniac as he closes his eyes. The lights remain on. He won't sleep much.

CUT TO:

EXT. HASTINGS TRAIN STATION FORECOURT. DAY.

A sharply dressed JENKINS adjusts his tie and looks up at the University building. He looks around him checking his surroundings before striding purposefully off. As he walks off he takes his mobile out of his pocket and begins talking.

CUT TO:

EXT. HASTINGS BEACH. DAY.

JENKINS and TWO OTHER MEN on the beach. They are standing around the DEJECTED MAN who is at his usual spot where the gull murder took place.

JENKINS is holding a picture up to the man.

DEJECTED MAN

Yeah. That looks like him. Who are you anyway?

JENKINS

We're from the RSPB.

The DEJECTED MAN looks deeply suspicious as he stares at the three imposing men in suits and sunglasses.

DEJECTED MAN

RSPB?!

JENKINS

(smiling)
Special wing.

DEJECTED MAN

Oh.

He takes a slug of whiskey.

DEJECTED MAN (CONT'D)

Bloke's a total maniac. Never seen anything like it. Needs locking up. He went that way, last I saw.

His finger points towards Ore.

INT. EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS. ORE. DAY.

JENKINS and his TWO GOONS are checking Air BnBs, hotels and guest houses. The net is closing. The sun sets over Hastings. The THREE SPOOKS check themselves into a hotel called Artemis.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 7. P&P GUEST HOUSE. NIGHT.

A flashing light on his laptop. It's now dark outside. He wakes bolt upright. Rubs his eyes. Sees a note under the door. Fetches it.

It reads: "Peter. I hope you are OK. I didn't see you this morning and guessed it was the duck repeating. Don't eat raw duck! It's not only wrong, it's dangerous! I hope to see you for breakfast tomorrow. Penny."

PYTOR smiles and goes to the laptop. He flips it open, decrypts the message, reads. His smile quickly fades. It reads: *"Have you gone completely insane? You expect us to believe this ridiculous nonsense? Robot seagulls?! Your desperation will lead to your demise. You have tested our patience for the last time."*

<break>

Please send more Marmite."

PYTOR yelps and leaves the room. He goes down one level to the landlady's flat and knocks on her door. The LANDLADY opens the door in a dressing gown, adopting quite a provocative stance.

LANDLADY

Well, Peter. You're up. Glad you're not in hospital.

PYTOR

No.

LANDLADY

Did you enjoy the orange?

PYTOR

Very much.

LANDLADY

Hmm. Thought you might. So, is there anything I can help you with?

PYTOR

I would like ... to borrow an iron of solder.

LANDLADY

(sobering suddenly)

You what?

PYTOR

To connect metal.

LANDLADY

(incredulous)

A soldering iron? At this time of night? What are you up to Peter? Should I be worried? You making a bomb? To blow us all up?

PYTOR

No need for worry. I need to fix my glasses.

LANDLADY

Can't you do that tomorrow?

PYTOR

I want to read this evening.

LANDLADY

Well, I've got a spare pair of reading glasses you can borrow.

PYTOR

Nyet. Mine are very special prescription.

LANDLADY

(sighing)

A soldering iron.

PYTOR

Please.

LANDLADY

Just so happens my late husband was an electrical engineer. So I have a couple on hand. (beat) Why don't you come on in for a nice cup of tea and we can talk about ... your needs a bit more ...

She moves closer. Smiles. PYTOR is unsure, but her twinkling eyes persuade him.

CUT TO:

INT. PYTOR'S ROOM. P&P GUEST HOUSE. ORE.

An exhausted PYTOR. He's hunched over his desk, sweating. Worn out. He has his high tech glasses on. He's soldering, fiddling, fixing. Several hours pass by.

Sunlight eventually streams through the curtains. He takes the glasses off and rubs his eyes. Breathes deeply. Hugely satisfied. We then see the rudimentary skeleton and workings of the cyber gull. He types away at his lap top and connects. The wings flap. Eyes blink. Finally a gull squawk. A new report is sent to Moscow.

EXT. HASTINGS BEACH. DAY.

A gaggle of gulls squawk and wheel in the air. We then see the shore from a distance. We are in the waves. Foaming and crashing. A periscope suddenly pops up and swivels around to point at the shore. A single ping.

INT. RUSSIAN SUB. ENGLISH CHANNEL. DAY.

THREE GRIZZLED SUBMARINERS are hunched over three monitors. One shows the gulls on actual video, one in infra-red and the other in schematics and analytics. Flight patterns and data. After a while, a CONTROLLER walks up behind them.

CONTROLLER

Well? What are the analytics? What is the computer verdict?

THE THREE SUBMARINERS type away, adjust frame, run computations again.

SUBMARINER ONE

Commander!

CONTROLLER

Yes sailor?

SUBMARINER ONE

I think ...

CONTROLLER

Yes?!

SUBMARINER ONE

I think the report might be accurate. It looks like the British have perfected the cyber drone seagull!

CONTROLLER

(shocked)

Perfidious Albion!

EXT. SUNSHINE HOTEL. ORE. DAY.

The THREE GOONS are standing abreast in the morning sun.

JENKINS

I've been scouring CCTV from the local shops. I think I may have something.

It's a grainy looking shot of PYTOR buying Marmite.

GOON #1

You think it's the same man?

JENKINS

I'd bet my duffle bag and boots on it.

GOON #2

Could be anyone boss.

JENKINS

He's bought three pots in as many days. All at the same time of day. Then here he is at the local post office mailing something ten minutes later. Who mails out Marmite?

GOON #1

Someone who comes from somewhere that doesn't sell Marmite?

JENKINS

Ah, that's why I employ you Greaves, always razor sharp.

GOON #2

Doesn't mean anything.

JENKINS

Not alone, no. But with this ...

We see the screen showing CCTV of PYTOR in various shops buying goods. Vacuum bags. Compact backpack. Vacuum cleaner. Electrical tape. Gaffer tape. Rubber matting. Super glue. Bungee cords. Torch. Buoyancy foam. A wetsuit.

GOON #1

He's going for extraction. With the bird.

JENKINS

(sneering)

Yes, I believe he is. Today. But we won't let him. We've got his voice print from the shop and we're monitoring all calls in and out of the area, ports, airports and stations. He's going to have a job of it escaping.

INT. PYTOR'S ROOM. P&P GUEST HOUSE. ORE. EARLY MORNING.

PYTOR is soundly sleeping. The cyber-gull stands on the table next to him. A barely audible message alert can be heard from his laptop. A light pulses. He stirs. Groans. Wakes. Sits. He tentatively goes to open the lid. Takes a deep breath before finally doing so.

He reads the message with trepidation. His eyes grow large.

PYTOR

Ohhhhhhh! Ohhhhhh!

PYTOR is frantically packing. He disassembled cyber gull. Places it into a vacuum bag, then uses a hoover to suck the air out. He places that into yet another rubberised vacuum bag and takes the air out of that. Sealed. Seals all his other belongings and laptop. He creeps out of his room B&B with his rucksack. Past the landlady's door. She is snoring soundly. He quietly leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. ORE TOWN CENTRE. DAY.

The THREE SPOOKS are at differing positions in the town. Watching. Bus route. Taxi rank. Shopping centre.

CUT TO:

PYTOR hurrying along towards the taxi rank. He suddenly stops as he spies one of the SPOOKS, his innate training alerting him to danger. He turns tail and starts walking away.

CUT TO:

PYTOR in a charity shop, buying clothing. We can't see what it is.

EXT. CLOTHES SHOP. ORE. DAY.

PYTOR is now dressed as a 70s woman, complete with boots. His rucksack is lashed to his belly, so he looks pregnant. It's quite the sight. He clatters down the London Road towards the seafront. He uses a device to make one last call.

CUT TO:

The THREE SPOOKS still searching in Ore for their man.

CUT TO:

PYTOR has now reached the Old Town. He keeps his head down as he walks along the seafront. Nearing the place where the gull was killed he quickens his pace. Suddenly, a voice rings out.

DEJECTED MAN

Spare any change?

PYTOR fatefully turns to face the DEJECTED MAN sitting on the side of the pavement. Their eyes lock. DEJECTED MAN'S eyes widen.

DEJECTED MAN (CONT'D)

Hey! Hey, it's you!

PYTOR

No, no it is not me.

DEJECTED MAN

You killed that seagull you mad fuck! You're sick!

He stands up and starts hollering. PYTOR breaks into a hobbling jog as best he can.

DEJECTED MAN (CONT'D)

Hey! Hey! That lady ... that man killed a seagull!

Then we see the FAMILY who were on the beach turn around. The TRAFFIC WARDEN who was there and is now doling out a ticket to a nearby car turns around. The PERSON and their DOG who were there at the scene before turn around. Strangely, the same set up. The traffic warden radios control.

PYTOR turns to see the same group now chasing him again. He takes off his boots, hurls them at DEJECTED MAN who is leading the charge, clutching the same bottle of whisky, now nearly empty. One of the boots hits his bottle and it falls to the ground, smashing.

DEJECTED MAN (CONT'D)

Bastard!

A police car slows as it spies the chaos and talks to the Traffic Warden. They also radio control.

CUT TO:

JENKINS getting a call on his phone. He answers, then starts in an adrenaline shock. He motions a circle motion with his fingers to the other SPOOKS then they all belt for their car.

CUT TO:

PYTOR hurtling down the seafront towards the pier, his dress and floppy brimmed hat fluttering hard in the wind. Quite the group are now chasing him, but strangers are unwilling to interfere with who they think is a pregnant woman. He nears the pier and races onto it.

The police car screeches up outside the pier and TWO POLICE officers scramble out as the rabble swarm after PYTOR. There are now about 15 people. It's a melee.

EXT. HASTINGS PIER. DAY.

PYTOR clatters along the wooden boards. He manages to wrestle his dress off and hurls it toward the enraged throng. We now see that he is wearing a wetsuit. He steadies his bag, and makes for the end. The gang are catching up.

CUT TO:

The THREE SPOOKS in their car hurtling down London Road, sirens blazing.

CUT TO:

PYTOR clammers onto the end rail. Then stands. Flaps his arms like a bird. His silhouette is hilarious. The THRONG are nearly upon him.

MOTHER
Birdurer!!! BIRDURER!

The TRAFFIC WARDEN'S hand reaches out for his legs, his ticket machine swaying crazily. The POLICE WOMAN goes for her taser. Someone hurls an ice cream cone. The MOTHER tries to hack at him with the red plastic spade. DEJECTED MAN takes off his shoe and hurls it at PYTOR. All super slow-mo.

The SPOOKS turn up way too late, and join the throng massed on the end of the pier. GOON #1 goes for his gun but the HOMELESS MAN careens into him. Before he manages to get a shot off, GOON #1 loses his grip and the gun falls into the sea. JENKINS reaches in for his.

It's too late. PYTOR gives an almighty leap and plunges into the sea. Swims for all he is worth towards France. We see he is quite the swimmer as he powers through the waves.

CUT TO:

Everyone is shaking their fists and shouting from the end of the pier. Quite a carnival.

CUT TO:

PYTOR now quite a way from shore. Unbelievable, but he's made it. The din of the rabble reduces as the noise of gulls increases.

A periscope pops up some way in front of him. He renews his efforts as he steams through the waves. Reaches it, then grabs hold of the periscope, panting, exhausted. He looks back at the receding shoreline. Waves enthusiastically. He's had quite the time.

POV shot through the periscope lens. PYTOR'S huge face at the front, grinning madly, knocking on the glass.

EXT. SVR HEADQUARTERS. MOSCOW. DAY.

We see the same window. The same silhouettes. However this time the music is uplifting. Patriotic.

INT. SVR HEADQUARTERS. MOSCOW. DAY.

PYTOR is now proudly standing, wearing his finest. He looks about 10 years younger. Fresh. Re. Born. The DIRECTOR beams at him. There is no chair. There are no dogs. Or crows. The DIRECTOR is now flanked by TOP BRASS OFFICIALS who are all beaming at him.

GUARD #1 + 2 are no longer sarcastic, but clapping heartily, swept up in it all. He bows his head in admiration at PYTOR, who nods back.

PYTOR is wearing his finest. One of the top brass hands her an ornate box. She reverently opens it. Takes out a medal then walks up to PYTOR.

PYTOR
Congratulations Pytor Stanislavsky!
Very well done. You have served the
Motherland wonderfully. We thank
you for you your years of service
and scientific contributions.

She leans in and kisses PYTOR on the cheek. She whispers in his ear.

DIRECTOR
I always had faith in you Pytor.

PYTOR blushes. The DIRECTOR stands back as the TOP BRASS begin to applaud and she enthusiastically joins in.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOM 7. P&P GUEST HOUSE. ORE. DAY.

A hand places an orange on the floor and slides a note under the door.

CUT TO:

INT. SVR HEADQUARTERS. MOSCOW. DAY.

The applause continues as PYTOR's face lights up in radiance.

CUT TO:

EXT. SVR HEADQUARTERS. MOSCOW. DAY.

We can see the clapping silhouettes as we pull back from the building. All of a sudden a gull alights on the window sill. Watching inside. We see its eyes flicker.

Credits roll in the inky orb.