

**THE SARAH JANE  
ADVENTURES 3**

**Episode 9**

**By**

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**Blue Revisions**

Open on a very fine drawing of K9. CLYDE is doodling on his pad, with all the dedication of someone who knows he's got a gift worth developing.

It's double art, late afternoon, but the lesson isn't in full swing yet. The KIDS are busy chatting as their teacher, MRS TAYLOR, unpacks her bag - stacks of marking, etc. LUKE & RANI are sitting with Clyde. Rani is busying texting, but Luke looks over Clyde's shoulder as he draws.

LUKE

I don't know how you that.

CLYDE

You've either got it, or you haven't Lukey-boy. See - art isn't something you can learn.

LUKE

But surely drawing is a matter of bio-mechanical transference of what the eye sees to paper? In the end it all comes down to geometry.

Clyde gives Luke a blank look - ? Shakes his head, despairing...

CLYDE

You see, Luke, that's your problem - you work up here in your head. You're all science and logic and Spocky stuff like that. You can't break art down into maths.

LUKE

Everything comes down to maths.

CLYDE

Not art. Art is in the soul. You don't think it. You feel it.

Then HARESH strides in and the whole atmosphere changes. Everyone sits to attention, Rani pushes her phone out of sight, and Clyde flips his pad shut.

RANI

Someone's in trouble. That's Dad's serious face.

CLYDE

Like he's got any other sort.

(CONTINUED)

HARESH

All right, you lot - settle down. If I may Mrs Taylor?

And he steps up to address the class. He's holding a piece of paper.

HARESH (CONT'D)

I have an important announcement to make.

RANI

(sotto)

Told you.

HARESH

Concerning , Clyde Langer.

CLYDE

What have I done now? No - don't tell me - turned up: all I need to do to get some teacher's back up.

HARESH

You aren't in trouble, Clyde. For once. Quite the opposite. I've just had an e-mail, from a Mr Harding, Curator of the International Gallery.

CLYDE

Who?

CUT TO:

2 . A A . A - 1

2

It's large and lavish, like the National. Victorian art, and earlier, its main stuff. But our focus for now is on -

MR HARDING, the Curator - 50s, tweed jacket, bow tie. He stands before an as yet unseen painting, admiring.

MR HARDING

At last!

At his side - MISS TRUPP, similar age, dowdy clothes, looking more at Mr Harding than at the painting. Totally in love with him.

MISS TRUPP

Indeed, Mr Harding.

MR HARDING

I never thought I would see the day when she came into my care! So, so beautiful.

(CONTINUED)

Miss Trupp glances at him, feeling a little ignored. But still so in love...

MISS TRUPP

No one else could have achieved this.  
The years of dedicated planning. No one  
would have been man enough.

MR HARDING

We got there in the end, Miss Trupp.  
After all our tribulations.

MISS TRUPP

(coy)  
. I only assisted.

MR HARDING

True, true. You did. And here she is -  
the Mona Lisa!

And there indeed she is, in pride of place - the MONA  
LISA. A majestic moment.

CUT TO:

3 . A A A . A - 1

3

HARESH is summarising the e-mail, as MRS TAYLOR looks on,  
pleased.

HARESH

Tomorrow morning this entire class will  
be the first members of the public to  
see the Mona Lisa here in the UK.

An excited buzz goes around the class.

HARESH (CONT'D)

And all thanks to Clyde. You won first  
prize!

And the KIDS pile on to CLYDE, congratulating him.

CLYDE

(shrugging others off)  
Wait, wait, wait, much as I appreciate  
the adulation - and missing double maths  
tomorrow -there's been a mistake. I  
never put my work into any competition.

HARESH

Someone did.

And Clyde looks straight at Luke, working it out.

CLYDE

I wonder who?

(CONTINUED)

LUKE

They were looking for the country's most promising young artist. And you really are good, Clyde.

RANI

Brilliant.

LUKE

I knew you'd never put yourself forward.

CLYDE

Not good for the image, Luke. Some nerdy competition.

RANI

I've gotta text Mum.

She reaches for her phone - and all the other kids do the same.

HARESH

How many times? No mobiles in the classroom. Or at the gallery tomorrow.  
(mass grumbles)  
Their rule, not mine.

As the other kids stash their phones away, Luke leans in to Clyde.

LUKE

You're not annoyed with me, are you?

CLYDE

(relenting)  
You serious? It's the Mona Lisa!

CUT TO:

. A A . A - 1

MR HARDING is still admiring the MONA LISA, rapt. But MISS TRUPP checks her watch.

MISS TRUPP

(apologetic)  
We should press on ...

MR HARDING

Yes.

But he still gazes at the Mona Lisa. Miss Trupp clears her throat, and Harding takes her warmly by the shoulders. She almost melts.

MR HARDING (CONT'D)

Oh tomorrow will be such a day for me!

And she almost believes he will kiss her - but he abruptly moves off. Glowing with pride.

(CONTINUED)



LUKE

SARAH JANE

No, it isn't. You can forget any other plans you had for this evening - because you're blitzing this place. And don't think K9's going to zap all this rubbish. He's out of bounds 'til it's done. I am so disappointed in you.

LUKE

I don't know what you want from me. You say you're trying to give me a normal life but when I act like a real teenager you want me to be perfect again - the way the Bane made me.

He's struck a nerve.

SARAH JANE

I'm sorry you feel like that.

LUKE

So am I.

He turns his back on her. On Sarah Jane's hurt as she slopes out.

CUT TO:

. A . A - 2

Open on the MONA LISA - but just a poster. Quickly pull out to show it's on a hoarding outside the International Gallery, advertising her visit. Then -

BAM! A group of SCHOOLKIDS tear up the gallery steps, like rowdy rats - all the thrill of a school day spent away from school. HARESH steps in after them.

HARESH

Hand your phones in at reception. And no running. No! Running! We're here as honoured guests, not some hormonal SAS.

Then more kids rush past him, MRS TAYLOR in the thick of them.

HARESH (CONT'D)

Oh, what's the use?

Giving in, he lopes up the steps after them.

CUT TO:

It's a vast cavernous hall, steps leading up to the main galleries, a shop to the side, etc. Posters for the exhibition everywhere. And SCHOOLKIDS everywhere too, whooping it up, with MRS TAYLOR trying to keep order.

A GALLERY WORKER is collecting mobile phones in a plastic tray at the entrance and CLYDE and LUKE hand theirs over as they come in and Clyde spots a display of give-away leaflets and museum catalogues.

CYDE

Freebies!

As he grabs a catalogue and leaflets and loads them into the schoolbag over his shoulder (which we're going to need later). Clyde offers a handful to Luke.

LUKE

Think I'll pass.

Clyde shrugs.

CYDE

Your loss.  
(probing)

Any way, what did Sarah Jane say about me winning this prize?

LUKE

Nothing. We're not really talking.  
She's being such a ...





As Clyde sweeps in quickly, taking the puzzle from Luke and replacing it on its stand... We'll catch the name on the plate next to it - GIUSEPPE DI CATTIVO 1450-1518. MYSTERY CHINESE PUZZLE. But only fleetingly...

CLYDE

Yeah. Well, you don't pick it up, either! This is a gallery, Luke - you look, you don't touch.

But there's something about that -

LUKE

But that isn't art - it's something else...

- But Haresh is there with MR HARDING, and Luke's observation is lost...

HARESH

Clyde. This is Mr Harding. Curator of the gallery. Clyde Langer. We're all very proud of him.

Mr Harding beams -

MR HARDING

Congratulations, Clyde. You're very talented -

And Miss Trupp is butting in...

MISS TRUPP

And such a handsome young man.

This is all a bit surreal for Clyde...

MR HARDING

Oh. This is my assistant, Miss Trupp. Now -

MISS TRUPP

(unstoppable)  
You really are so gifted, Clyde.

CLYDE

Cheers.

MISS TRUPP

(gabbling)  
As soon as I saw your picture, I knew you'd win. Wasn't up to me, of course, but if it had been you'd definitely have won. Well, you did! So it all worked out -



LUKE

We told you, Clyde, it's brilliant.

Rani claps, starting a round of applause and whoops. A few chants of 'Clyde-eeee! Clyde-eeee!'

CLYDE

(mortified)

Shut up!

HARESH

Agreed.

(to group)

Some order, please.

The applause dies down. There is one lone whoop.



CLYDE  
Something like that.

RANI  
Well, it's cool, Clyde. Believe me.  
And no-one is laughing.

Clyde is filled with warm, re-assured pride.

CLYDE  
When I was a kid - no brothers, no  
sisters - I drew ... for company. But  
maybe I could really something with  
this.

MR HARDING steps to the fore - his presence enough to get  
everyone's attention.

MR HARDING  
And so to the prize. Prepare to meet  
the Mona Lisa!

CUT TO:

On the main doors as they are flung open and MR HARDING  
strides into the centre of the room. The SCHOOL PARTY  
follow - HARESH, CLYDE, LUKE & RANI to the fore, MRS  
TAYLOR at the rear. Harding heads straight to the MONA  
LISA - the drapes now drawn across her - as he talks. He  
is enraptured.

MR HARDING  
The Mona Lisa, a painting begun by  
Leonardo da Vinci in 1503 in Florence,  
but finished only shortly before he died  
in 1519. For over 500 years the Mona  
Lisa's beauty has remained undimmed.  
She has been gazed upon by millions in  
her Paris home, but now she is here.

CLYDE  
(sotto)  
So are we going to get on with it now?

Harding settles at the side of the draped picture as the  
school party forms an arc around it.

MR HARDING  
Feast your eyes, and lose your hearts -  
I give you - the Mona Lisa!

He pulls the curtain chord, to reveal -

MISS TRUPP - frozen within the painting, in Lisa's  
classic pose. A painting herself.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

There is a general shocked gasp.

CLYDE  
She's let herself go.

Haresh glares him down. Trembling, Harding hurries to a phone on the wall.

MR HARDING  
Security. The Mona Lisa has been  
stolen.

\*

And an alarm blares out. On Miss Trupp, trapped in the painting.

CUT TO:

14

. A A A ' A . A - 1

14

SARAH JANE (CONT'D)

Before Luke came along, who was I? The lonely, frosty woman in the big house who knew more about creatures from outer-space than she did humans.

MR SMITH

I have always considered the intricacy of human nature excessively complicated in comparison to most other life forms.

SARAH JANE

You and me both, old friend. And being a mum is just about as complicated as it gets. Most parents have years to get used to it. I'm still finding my feet - and already I'm realising that one day it's going to be over. One day Luke will be gone. One day, perhaps, very soon.

And there she is. Sarah Jane Smith. Just an alien computer for company.

CUT TO:

. A . A - 2

The place is buzzing. GALLERY STAFF in disarray. POLICE marching through to the Main Gallery. MR HARDING is being interviewed by a POLICE OFFICER. He's inconsolable.

MR HARDING

I told them security had to be improved here. I told them. After that Cup of Athelstan fiasco at Easter. Oh, my beautiful Mona Lisa! The French will have my head!

As HARESH & MRS TAYLOR try to keep the shaken SCHOOL PARTY in check as they head for the exit.

If you could stay calm as we head out - let them do their job.

CLYDE, LUKE & RANI are at the back, a little apart from the others.

There's something about this.

CLYDE

Oh, here we go. Not everything shady has got aliens behind it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CLYDE (CONT'D)

When my bike got nicked, did you think that was ET the ASBO, cycling home?

RANI

Did I mention aliens?

LUKE

But Rani's right. Why put a picture of Miss Trupp in the Mona Lisa's place?

CLYDE

Maybe she's behind it all - it's her calling card? "The Truppmeistress has struck!"

RANI

Even if this isn't alien, it's weird enough for Sarah Jane. We should call her.

LUKE

(sharp)

No. We don't need her. We can investigate this ourselves

Rani and Clyde exchange a glance.

?

RANI

Okay, then. But first we need to lose my dad.

As the kids move on they pass a corner - the MONA LISA listens (but draped in shadows - or silhouette - either way, we don't really see her).

LUKE approaches HARESH with CLYDE and RANI.

LUKE

Excuse me, Mr Chandra.

HARESH is supervising the SCHOOL PARTY as they head out.

HARESH

Yes, Luke, what is it?

LUKE

I need the toilet.

CLYDE

Me too, sir. Busting.

RANI

And me.

Haresh checks his watch and sighs.

(CONTINUED)



SARAH JANE (CONT'D)  
(with a smile)  
Or are you trying to distract me, Mr  
Smith?

MR SMITH  
I simply thought the news report would  
be of interest.

SARAH JANE  
(tempted...)  
Okay. Show me.

INTERCUT WITH SC 16, AS TV FOOTAGE PLAYS OUT ON MR  
SMITH'S MONITOR.

CUT TO:

. A . A - 2

LIZO is reporting from outside the GALLERY for BBC NEWS.

LUKE  
We need a map.

CLYDE  
Like this one?

He reaches into the pocket of schoolbag and pulls out a folded-up leaflet, which he unfolds.

LUKE  
Where d'you get that?

CLYDE  
Never turn down a freebie, Luke.

And they take off...

CUT TO:

. A A A ' A . -- A

SARAH JANE has been using her phone - with no luck.

SARAH JANE  
Luke's not answering.

MR SMITH  
The gallery prohibits the use of mobile telephones. But I am accessing information from the Metropolitan Police computer system that you may find of interest.

Mr Smith shows a Scene of Crime photograph of the Miss Trupp/Mona Lisa painting.

SARAH JANE  
What exactly am I looking at?

MR SMITH  
This is a Crime Scene photograph of the Mona Lisa.

SARAH JANE  
Mr Smith, that isn't the Mona Lisa.

Mr Smith zooms in on a square of the painting's background - overlaid graphics pick up brush-strokes.

MR SMITH  
My infra-red analysis confirms the brush-stroke pattern of Leonardo da Vinci. This is the Mona Lisa.

SARAH JANE  
But it can't be. Who is that woman?

(CONTINUED)

MR SMITH

Phyllis Trupp, personal assistant to the gallery curator. Her most detailed personal profile can be found on peapodsoulmates.Com where she lists her interests as "salsa dancing, Thai cookery and the music of Aerosmith." She says she is open minded and willing to try -

\*

SARAH JANE

Thank you, Mr Smith. That will do. What's happened to her?

MR SMITH

I can only surmise molecular transplacement. She is still alive and

RANI

Men and maps!

CLYDE

I can read a map. I was in the cubs, you know. Well - 'til they kicked me out... But we don't want to go there -

RANI

Clyde...

He turns - sees she's looking at his painting...

CLYDE

Don't tell me, I know - my picture would look great in your lounge. You just get your dad to make me an offer.

RANI

I don't want your picture, Clyde. I want to know what happened to the gun that was in it.

And Clyde looks - and we see - the middle figure is missing her blaster. Her hands are still positioned as if she's holding it - but it's gone.

CLYDE

Galaxia's gun!

LUKE

?

CLYDE

(embarrassed)

Okay, so I gave them names. Can we move on now? What matters is -

\*

MR HARDING

What are you doing here?

And Mr Harding is striding across the gallery towards them.

MR HARDING (CONT'D)

The police are conducting an investigation - they don't need a bunch of schoolchildren running around, disturbing evidence.

CLYDE

Yeah. Well it isn't just your Mona Lisa that's been stolen now, is it?

RANI

One of the guns in Clyde's painting has vanished. Look.

(CONTINUED)

Mr Harding looks - can't believe his eyes.

MR HARDING

What? Who would...?

Experimentally he touches the artwork.

MR HARDING (CONT'D)

It's dry.

LUKE

The gun wasn't painted out Mr Harding.  
It was taken. Whatever we're dealing  
with here - it's more than just an art  
thief.

And from out of the shadows steps MONA LISA - our first  
real good look at the painting made real and she is  
breathtakingly real. As is the Sontaran blaster that  
she's toting.

MONA LISA

Oh, you better believe it, sugar.

Rani, Luke, Clyde and Mr Harding fall back in  
disbelief...

RANI

The Mona Lisa...

CLYDE

And she's got my gun!

. A . A -

HARESH is on his mobile.

HARESH

She went to the toilet and that's the  
last I saw of her... No, Gita, the  
police won't let me back in... No, I  
' ring her. No phones allowed  
inside.

And then SARAH JANE'S CAR pulls up.

HARESH (CONT'D)

Look, I'll call you back.

He ends the call as SARAH JANE hurries over to him.

SARAH JANE

Hi, Haresh.

HARESH

Sarah Jane. I suppose you know about  
the Mona Lisa?

SARAH JANE

Of course. The crime of the century.  
And story of the year. Where's Luke?

HARESH

This is the thing. They've closed off  
the gallery. And Luke is still inside -  
Rani too, and Clyde.

SARAH JANE

(like it's no surprise)

Ah. Well, why don't you look after the  
rest of the kids, and I'll see what I  
can do. In my line of work you get a  
knack for opening closed doors.

Haresh nods, accepting there's little more he can do, and  
heads off. As he goes, Sarah Jane reaches into her  
pocket and pulls out the SONIC LIPSTICK. Then she looks  
determinedly up at the gallery. Heads around the back.

CUT TO:

.            A            .            A            - 2

MONA LISA has the blaster trained on LUKE, CLYDE, RANI  
and MR HARDING as she moves around them.

MR HARDING

Who are you?

MONA LISA

I thought you were supposed to be an art  
expert! I'm the Mona Lisa.

MR HARDING

No, but really?

MONA LISA

Yeah, really. You can't fake this kinda  
class.

LUKE

You can't be the Mona Lisa, you have to  
be some sort of alien manifestation.

MONA LISA

Oh? And why's that, then?

RANI

Because, on Earth, women in paintings  
don't jump out of their frames -

CLYDE

And nick guns from someone else's  
picture.

(CONTINUED)



He indicates Galaxia and friends...

CLYDE (CONT'D)

Do you know how long it took me to paint that? And you've ruined it.

Mona Lisa studies Clyde's painting...

MONA LISA

Not bad. Not in my league, of course. But then Leo was a bit of a ledge even back then - although he did have to blag the oils off his weirdo neighbour to paint me.

LUKE

Okay. Say that's true. Now you're out of your frame, what is it you want?

MONA LISA

I've just had five centuries hanging on a wall, sugar. What do you think I want? It's time I had some fun.

She runs her fingers along the barrel of the blaster.

MONA LISA (CONT'D)

And I think I'll start with some target practice.

She aims the gun at Luke, Clyde and Rani.

CLYDE

Run for it!

And the kids throw themselves through the nearest door.

FX SHOT: Mona Lisa fires a bolt of energy - that blasts the wall beside the door.

23 CONTINUED:

23

She moves on into the gallery...

CUT TO:

24 . A 4. A - 2

24

\*

LUKE, CLYDE & RANI come to halt, and catch their breath.

CLYDE

Oh, boy. That's it - now I have seen everything.

RANI

We so have to get hold of Sarah Jane. And I mean now.

LUKE

No.

\*

RANI

What's got in to you? Why are you being so weird about your mum?

Luke turns away, doesn't want to talk about it...

CLYDE

Luke and Sarah Jane had a barney. Rani.

But Luke is curious. Notes the scene of crime tape further on - but no police guarding...

LUKE

Never mind that. Where is everybody?

RANI

On the coach. My dad'll be going mental by now...

LUKE

But what about the staff - the police. Forensics should be crawling all over the place. Something is wrong.

... And Clyde has seen.

CLYDE

It is. So very, very wrong. A whole new kind of wrong.

Luke & Rani come to join him, seeing what he sees.

FX SHOT: And cut, . So vea ssees 18 hv'sand 0 3J88 cscTjs 1o04108 n5

On the MONA LISA but toting the SONTARAN BLASTER in more of a James Bond pose. MR HARDING walks around her, baffled, in confused awe...

MR HARDING

Is it - is it really you?

MONA LISA

Go on, touch me. You know you want to. I've seen the way you look at me. I remember when you came to the Louvre.

MR HARDING

(shocked, but  
intrigued)

The Louvre?

MONA LISA

Actually, every time you came. Twenty

MR HARDING  
I don't understand.

Mona Lisa fixes him with a look, no playing around now -  
determined.

MONA LISA  
We have to find my brother.

CUT TO:

. A 1 A -- A

\*

SARAH JANE is moving cautiously, scanning...

SARAH JANE  
Definite traces of alien energy...

She comes to a stop, puzzled...

SARAH JANE (CONT'D)  
Two of them.

CUT TO:

. A . -- A

MONA LISA is hurriedly, purposefully moving from one  
painting to the next...

MONA LISA  
He's here somewhere - I know he is...

MR HARDING  
I don't understand. There's nothing in

MONA LISA

Never seen him. Haven't got a clue.  
But he'll have been painted around the  
same time as me. Same place as me.  
Next door, in fact.

Harding has a flash of inspiration and can barely contain himself with excitement.

MR HARDING

I've got it! I've got it!

And, triumphant, he leads Mona Lisa out.

CUT TO:

./      A                      ./                      A   - 2



... Then she hears MR HARDING and MONA LISA approaching -

MR HARDING (O.S.)

This has to be him. Has to be. Not only a contemporary of Leonardo, but a neighbour in Florence...

Sarah Jane hides just as Harding and Mona Lisa sweep into the gallery and head for the disturbing self-portrait of Giuseppe Di Cattivo. We see Sarah Jane's shock as she takes in Mona Lisa.

MONA LISA

Him? Not much of a looker, is he?

MR HARDING

Giuseppe Di Cattivo. 1450-1518. A minor talent whose work is often likened to his more famous contemporary Hieronymus Bosch. Poor Giuseppe died in a lunatic asylum.

Something about that catches Mona Lisa's attention, she reaches out towards the painting, thinking...

MONA LISA

No - no, this isn't him. But...

Suddenly Mona Lisa swings around, gun-ready -

MONA LISA (CONT'D)

Come out, come out, whoever you are! I hear you breathing!

And Sarah Jane steps out from her cover...

SARAH JANE

Who would've thought a painting would have such good hearing, Mona Lisa? But then Leonardo was such a stickler for detail.

MONA LISA

On the subject of detail - do you mind filling in the obvious blank?

Sarah Jane takes a confident step towards her.

SARAH JANE

My name is Sarah Jane Smith. And that is a Sontaran blaster. Mind telling me where you got it?

MONA LISA

I just took it from the painting that lad Clyde did, cos it looked flash.

SARAH JANE

(to self)

Oh Clyde.

(then...)

You'd better not have harmed him - or his friends!

(CONTINUED)







SARAH JANE

What's going on?

MONA LISA

(advancing)

Give us a second, and I'll put you in  
the picture.

SARAH JANE

Luke & Clyde race to join Rani. In fast on Luke's shock and horror.

We see a painting, a small woodland glade - fantastical, eerie -

SARAH JANE is flat and lifeless, frozen in place in the middle of the painting. In tight on Sarah's face. It looks like her final moments were a terrible ordeal.

LUKE

Mum? No, !

MONA LISA steps out from behind the doors, levelling her gun at them.

MONA LISA

And that is how she'll stay. Forever!

.