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The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen

By James Robinson

Moorgate Passage.
Moorgate Passage.
I see it over there!
Bleeding rat-wags!
What's gotten into them?
What in God's name is that?
Halt!
Halt!
- Blimey!
- Stop!
- Come on!
- Halt!
In the name of the law!
- Halt!
- How the hell do we stop this thing?
I said, halt!
Here.
Careful, mates. Careful.
There's men inside!
Please.
Bring the scientist with us.
Kill any who resist.
Do we have him?
Draper at your service, sir.
The world, Herr Draper.
I want the world.
Really?
That's so frightening.
Don't wander off.
Where's Quatermain?
That gentleman at the back.
Do I have the pleasure of addressing
Allan Quatermain?
Yes, you do, sir. Indeed you do.
You're not what I expected.
I presume you're another traveler...
...got it in your head
to sample the Dark Continent.
And while you're at it,
hunt down old Allan Quatermain...
...and have him tell his adventures.
- Well...
- You just fill a seat, sir.
You can fill my glass.

Bruce, double.

I'll regale you with how I found King Solomon's Mines, or I could relate my...

It is not your past that interests me.

My name is Sanderson Reed.

I am a representative of Her Majesty's British government.

The empire needs you.

But the question is...

...do I need the empire?

Perhaps I should toddle off.

Should I, Allan?

Yes, of course, Nigel, you toddle off.

Toddling.

Nigel is useful for keeping the story seekers at bay.

I'm Quatermain.

The empire is in peril.

You're probably too young to know, but the empire is always in some peril.

We need you to lead a team of unique men like yourself...

...to combat this threat.

Regale me.

There is great unrest, countries set at each other's throats, baying for blood.

The trouble of which I speak could set a match to the whole thing. War.

- With whom, exactly?

- Everyone.

A world war.

- That notion makes you sweat?

- Heavens, man, doesn't it you?

This is Africa, dear boy.

Sweating is what we do.

Where is your sense of patriotism?

God save the queen.

- God save the queen. God bless her.

- God save the queen.

That's about as patriotic as it gets around here.

But you're Allan Quatermain.

Stories of your exploits have thrilled English boys for decades.

That I know, and Nigel has done
a grand job reminding me.
But with each past exploit...
...I've lost friends.
White men and black...
...and much more.
And I am not the man I once was.
The gentleman over there.
- We're in for the long haul.
- Exactly.
- Mr. Quatermain?
- Why, yes indeed, sir.
Wrong Quatermain.
That's him.
Get down!
- They're indestructible.
- No, just armor-plated.
Automatic rifles? Who in God's name
has automatic rifles?
That's unsporting. Probably Belgium.
Allan!
Wicked waste.
Look out!
Good old Britannia.
Wasn't there another one
of these buggers?
Mr. Quatermain!
Bruce, Matilda.
Our friend might have some information.
But he's so far away.
Yes, I thought he was.
God, I hate getting old.
- Did you mean to just wound him?
- Obviously.
Stop him! I need information!
Bloody poison.
You may have no love for the empire,
but I know you love Africa.
A war in Europe will spread
to its colonies.
It appears the war has arrived.
very well, Reed...
...I'm in.
Excellent.

Pack for an English summer.
You made good time getting here.
Not as good as Phileas Fogg,
Around the World in 80 Days.
Where are we going, Australia?
And here we are, sir.
I don't like theatrics.
After Africa's veldts, London's weather
isn't helping your mood, I see.
Identify yourself.
I'm known by many names,
Mr. Quatermain.
My underlings call me sir.
My superiors call me M.
M?
Just M.
I must say, the delight is mine,
meeting so notable a recruit...
...to this newest generation of the
League of Extraordinary Gentlemen.
League of what?
There have been times
when a danger upon the world...
...required the services
of singular individuals.
How very curious.
This museum is full of the curious.
Allan Quatermain, Captain Nemo.
I know of Mr. Quatermain.
And I know of you, captain.
Rumor has it that you're a pirate.
I'd prefer a less provocative title.
- I'm sure you would.
- Gentlemen, please.
Nations are striking at nations.
Every attack marked by the use
of highly advanced weaponry.
These attacks
are all the work of one man...
...who calls himself the Fantom.
- Very operatic. What's in it for him?
Profit.
Those machines are his creations, the
work of scientists he holds imprisoned.

His attacks have nations clamoring
for the weapons that assail them.

- Then it's a race for arms.

- And millions will perish.

There's one last chance to avert war.

The leaders of Europe
are to meet secretly in venice.

And you believe that this Fantom
will attack that conference?

If he can find it.

We need a team to stop him in venice.

This team consists of six members.

- You'll have four days.

- Four days to get to venice?

- It's impossible.

- Let me worry about that.

Well now,
extraordinary gentlemen indeed.

One of them is late.

- Harker, the chemist.

- Oh, chemist, eh?

Do we get to blow something up then?

My eyesight must be worse
than I thought.

No, your eyesight's fine.

No games, M.

Some time ago, a talented,
albeit misguided, man of science...

...discovered the means
to become invisible.

- Yes, I recall the tale, but didn't he die?

- Well, he did, but his process didn't.

You see, I stole it,
and here I stand for all to see.

- Is this some parlor game?

- Believe it.

Easy now, Allan.

I'm feeling a bit of a draft
in my nether regions.

And I must say, it's quite refreshing.

Allow me to introduce myself.

Rodney Skinner, gentleman thief.

Now, I thought invisibility
would be a boon to my work.

Well, you can imagine,
it was my undoing.
Once you're invisible,
it's bloody hard to turn back.
We finally caught him.
And they'll provide an antidote.
Well, that's if I'm a good boy.
And are you a good boy?
I guess you'll find out, won't you?
Am I late?
A woman's prerogative, Mrs. Harker.
Please tell me this is Harker's wife
with a sick note.
Sick would be a mild understatement.
My husband's been dead for years.
Gentlemen, Mrs. Wilhelmina Harker.
Mina's prior acquaintance
with a reluctant League member...
...may prove useful.
- I'm waiting to be impressed.
The fate of the world is at stake.
There are two more members to recruit.
- The clock hands turn, gentlemen.
- Kicking us out already?
A moment ago,
it was sherry and giggles.
- What in God's name is that?
- I call it an automobile.
Yeah, but what is it?
The future, gentlemen.
The future.
- This is my first mate.
- Call me Ishmael. Please.
So how did M get you?
None of your business.
You're a little testy, Mr. Q.
Mrs. Harker, I doubt if you measure
danger the way I do.
And I imagine you with quite the library,
Mr. Quatermain.
All those books you must have read
merely by looking at their covers.
I've had women along on past exploits
and found them to be, at best...

...a distraction.

- Do I distract you?

My dear girl, I've buried two wives
and many lovers...

...and I'm in no mood
for more of either.

- You can send them my way...

- Skinner, shut up.

- Shall I wait, captain?

- No, bring my lady to me.

This is a charming spot.

Does Jack the Ripper live here?

- Good evening.

- Mr. Dorian Gray?

- I am indeed.

- We came by way of M.

M for mystery.

Well, I've told him and I'm telling you,
I'm not interested.

Dorian.

Mina?

Charming dcor.

You're missing a picture, Mr. Gray.

And you don't miss a thing,
do you?

Oh, sometimes.

Scotch, anyone?

Please, help yourself.

Don't let it ruin your makeup.

I'm impressed, Mr. Gray. You take
Skinner's uniqueness in your stride.

Yes, well, I've seen too much
in my life to shock easily.

Although, I must say

I was surprised to see you again.

Well, our last parting
was such sweet sorrow.

So you're nothing more
than an enticement.

Nevertheless,

your presence intrigues me.

They say you're indestructible,
Quatermain.

Well, a witch doctor

did bless me once.

I had saved his village.

He said Africa

would never allow me to die.

But you're not in Africa now.

No.

I confess a curiosity as to what

the files say about Mr. Gray.

We, all of us, have traits useful

in this endeavor.

A hunter, scientist,

even Skinner has stealth.

- Cheers.

- What have you?

I have experience.

Gray and I have met before,

many years ago at Eton College.

A lecture, no doubt.

You, the nation's hero,

Dorian, the eager listening boy.

Quite the reverse.

It was Gray visiting Eton...

...and I was the boy.

What is it?

- Gray?

- They are not mine.

They're mine.

First meetings usually

warrant introductions.

Of course. I am the Fantom.

You are the League of so-called

Extraordinary Gentlemen.

Introductions made.

Oh, and I'm scarred, Mr. Quatermain,

not blind.

Drop the gun.

Your mission is to stop me.

That, of course, I cannot permit.

So I give to you all a special

one-time invitation.

Join me.

You think we'll help start a war

that will consume the planet?

While you profit

from your arms race?
I cannot deny that fortunes
are made in war.
Imagine the riches
a world war will yield.
- He's not wrong.
- Speak for yourself.
Draw your pistol!
I walk a different path.
Run, James!
Hang on.
Night-night.
Dorian!
What are you?
I'm complicated.
Damn.
I thought I was special.
You're invulnerable to harm.
I don't like to boast.
What happened to Mina?
Oh, she's probably hip-deep
in some sort of trouble.
Don't be such an alarmist, Mr. Q.
And my hips
are none of your business.
Shoot!
Go on!
I guessed as much, that they
would do anything to protect you.
See, now that's your biggest mistake.
Thinking that I need them
to protect me.
Extraordinary.
Boy, they told me European women
had funny ways.
You missed a spot.
Excuse me.
And you are?
Special Agent Sawyer
of the American Secret Service.
Then America is aware
of the situation?
If war starts in Europe, how long
will it take until it crosses the Atlantic?

I followed you. I knocked out a straggler,
and I took his place.

very noble. But this is a private party,
and you're not invited.

Actually, Dorian has declined...

...so we are one shy of a full deck.

On the contrary, the battle
was just the spur I needed.

That and the thrill
of a friendship renewed.

So you're not needed.

- Winchester.

- That's right.

- It's modified, American style.

- American-style shooting too.

Well, whatever it takes.

You like it, I brought two.

You're in.

- So, what's the next port of call?

- Paris.

Just one last member to recruit.

Capture is more the word,
and it will be quite a hunt.

You make him sound like
some kind of animal.

Oh, speaking thus, Mrs. Harker,
your conduct a moment ago...?

Indeed. We are all aquiver
with curiosity.

Well...

My husband was Jonathan Harker.

With a professor named van Helsing,
we fought a dangerous evil.

It had a name, Dracula.

He was Transylvanian.

European?

One of those radicals the newspapers
love to report on?

I don't know, Mr. Skinner.

Is the vampiric sucking of people's
blood radical behavior?

Our transportation is forthcoming.

A boat?

It travels on water,

if that's what you mean.
And beneath it.
Behold Nautilus,
the Sword of the Ocean.
Next stop, Paris.
I don't see what we need
a big monkey for.
Well, this big monkey has terrorized
the Rue Morgue for months.
Imagine the mayhem
he'll give the enemy.
- You missed!
- I'm not trying to hit him.
Turn left, Mr. Hyde.
Make him turn left, boy.
If you can't do it with one bullet,
don't do it at all.
- He's doubled back.
- Precisely. Come on.
Look out!
That was naughty.
- Thanks.
- Eyes open, boy.
I can't protect you all the time.
He's afraid.
I can't smell anything.
Perfect.
Welcome aboard, Mr. Hyde.
"This hunt's too dangerous for a woman,
even one such as you. Leave it to me."
Good God.
Hello, Dorian.
The great white hunter's
bagged his prize.
Or the prize bagged him.
Stay back, if you value your life.
- You scratched me.
- Better me than him.
Well, this is nice.
Mr. Hyde.
You've done terrible things in England.
So terrible that you fled the country.
Now, I'm ashamed to say that
Her Majesty's government...

...is willing to offer you amnesty...
...in return for your services.
Do you want to go home?
Home?
"Home's where the heart is,"
that's what they say.
And I have been missing London so.
Its sorrow is as sweet
to me as a rare wine.
I am yours.
Don't be afraid.
- Who says I'm afraid?
- You do!
You stink of fear!
Quite the parlor trick.
You wait till you see my next one.
Dr. Jekyll...
...at your service.
So...
...the League is set.
So is the date for the conference.
- We have three days.
- Three days?
Can this canoe do that?
You underestimate the Nautilus, sir.
You underestimate her greatly.
She's out of your league.
Mina?
Don't flatter yourself, Dorian.
Fortune rewards the bold.
If you require help during the voyage,
Mrs. Harker, just let me know.
I'm curious how you think
you'll assist me, Agent Sawyer.
Heavy lifting.
Light banter.
- I'm a useful kind of guy.
- You're sweet.
And you're young.
Neither are traits that I hold
in high regard.
The solar panels are fully charged.
We'll be diving in a moment.
Mr. Quatermain.

Dr. Jekyll, Mr. Skinner.

- Captain.

- Nemo.

The plans the Fantom stole from
the Bank of England. These are copies.

Da vinci's blueprints of venice.

Its foundations...

...and waterways.

So he'll attack the conference by sea.

Easy, Allan, easy.

Skinner! I want you dressed
at all times!

Or it's my boot up your ass!

Dinner is served, Mr. Quatermain.

I can offer you a jacket,
if you require.

Oh, thank you, no.

But thank you for your
contributions so far.

I may have been overly rude earlier...

...when I called you a pirate.

And I may have been overly charitable
when I said I wasn't.

But I try to live in the now...

...where the ghosts of old wrongs

do not abide. What of you?

I don't believe in ghosts,
although I've seen my share.

Your past haunts you.

vanity, pride...

...mistakes that cost me someone dear.

So now you throw yourself
in harm's way?

Old tigers, sensing the end,
they're at their most fierce.

And they go down fighting.

They're not how I left them, captain.

That's all I'm saying.

Powder?

You think sabotage?

We ain't that far off course.

Did you want something?

No, I was just wondering why
you signed up for all this.

Nemo told me you hate
the British Empire.
They called, and I answered.
Yeah, well that ain't all of it,
though, is it?
Sorry I asked.
A few years ago...
...the British approached me with
a mission for queen and country.
That sounds like the morning ride
to work for you.
I signed on without hesitation.
I even took my son along.
I led and my son followed.
He died in my arms.
After that, I washed my hands
of England and the empire and...
...the legend of
Allan-bloody-Quatermain.
Now...
...would you like to learn how to shoot?
- I can already.
- I saw, it was very American.
Fire enough bullets and hope
to hit the target.
Sawyer, I'm talking about
pipping the ace...
...at 900 yards.
Try.
Easy, easy.
- Aim.
- That's easy.
Allow for wind, target movement.
- Yeah, that's easy too.
- This is the part that's not.
You have to feel the shot.
Take your time with it.
You have all the time you need.
All the time in the world.
Take your...
Too soon.
But that was bloody close.
And at 500 yards too.
Again.

Did you teach your son
to shoot like this?
Quatermain?
That's Kali.
Goddess of death.
Nemo worships death,
can we trust him?
He's not the one I'm worried about.
Mina.
I'm identifying a powder
that Nemo found.
Magnesium phosphorus.
Photographers use it to create a flash.
A camera, perhaps?
It appears that someone wishes
to capture this vessel's secrets.
I was surprised you ultimately
joined the League.
I mean to undo the flaws
in my character.
I want to face my demons.
And what do you know of demons?
Do you recall a space
on the wall of my home?
A picture was missing.
Although the picture is my portrait...
...I doubt you'd recognize
the face upon it.
Every year that passes,
my portrait ages...
...instead of me.
When did you last see it?
I dare not look upon it myself...
...or the magic of the painting
would be undone.
Nightcap?
I'm not much of a drinker.
Just a small one then.
How clumsy of me.
We don't want blood everywhere.
- Do we?
- No.
Not blood.
Yes, Henry. Look, but don't touch.

That's your way.

Just shut up.

- I won't be tricked again.

- Tricked?

You've known what I was about
each time you drank the formula.

Liar! I'm a good man, a good man!

Well, who's lying now?

You want it!

Even more than you want her.

You can't shut me out forever!

- Drink the elixir!

- No!

- She barely even looks at you!

- Be quiet!

She looked at me!

Contain your evil, doctor!

I'll not have the brute free
upon my ship.

Must I take drastic steps?

- I am in control.

- I very much doubt it.

Your talk is all well and good, sir,
but your own past is far from laudable.

Let me out.

If I didn't know better,
I'd swear I already had.

One of the vials is missing.

Oh, God.

So it's clear. With da vinci's blueprints
and enough explosives...

...he could set a bomb that would
blow venice's foundations to rubble.

- He's gonna sink the whole city.

- Yes, and spark off his world war.

I'm afraid that's not the sum
of our problems.

Skinner, he's taken a vial
of my formula.

- Are you sure?

- Who else?

You've seen the way
the sneaky blackguard operates.

It's the carnival.

My God, we must locate that bomb.
We can go no further, captain.
All ahead, stop.
Deploy the divers beneath the city.
- The explosives must be found.
- Aye, aye, sir.
The city is vast. It could be anywhere.
- What about Skinner?
- I'd be alert for his treachery.
Bloody carnival.
God, I feared the worst.
It's all right. We still have...
- The buildings are falling like dominoes!
- We're too late!
There must be more than one bomb.
Nemo!
The bombs are at the city's center.
We must take out one key building.
- Get ahead and destroy the next building!
- Interrupt the chain!
With a beacon at the coordinates, I could
launch a rocket and take out the domino.
That's ridiculous!
We'd never get there in time.
- No room for error, but it could work.
- What are you talking about?
I'm an immortal, sir, not a gazelle.
How can we outrun this?
Care for a spin?
Come on, Jekyll, get in!
- I'll need coordinates.
- Can you track this?
- Of course.
- Then this is the target.
- Launch when you see the flare.
- Right.
- Jekyll, come on, we'll need Hyde.
- No!
Hyde will never use me again.
Then what good are you?
Straight ahead, then turn left.
No, no, take a right
after the canal ports.
We must turn left to get ahead of the...

Snipers!

Damn Skinner, he must have
told them we were coming.

Dorian!

- Can't get a clear shot!

- Then take the wheel!

Sawyer!

Sit down, you buffoon. I don't know
how to drive this bloody thing!

Get down!

Got it!

Save your bullets. These men are mine!

Did you see that?

- Did you see what she just did?

- Keep your eyes on the road!

It's a gauntlet!

The vampire lady has us covered!

The collapse has reached the carnival.

Time's running out.

Tune the tracer to the car's frequency.

- The rocket must be ready to launch.

- Aye, aye, captain.

Come on, Sawyer, come on!

- Captain, we must pull out!

- No, we stay and do our job!

Remember the flare. I'm off!

- What?

- Don't forget, you're the target.

- We'll be smashed apart!

- Nemo says we stay, we stay.

He's overtaken the collapse!

Be ready to launch!

Launch!

Bravo, boy.

He's done it.

venice still stands.

You've failed.

You see yourself as the brave

John Bull.

But you're weak.

You run from the memory

of your son's death.

You should have trained him

a little better.

You may as well have put the gun to his head and pulled the trigger yourself.
Oh, yes, I know all about you.
I know all about your spy.
Do you?
Mr. Gray? What happened?
Misadventure. Have the others returned?
You're the first, hopefully not the last.
That bastard, Skinner.
A lot to answer for.
Skinner? No.
Me.
You?
You don't know the half of it.
The Fantom is M.
And the hunt is still on.
- What are you talking about?
- The Fantom is M...
...the man who recruited us.
- Let me see that.
- But how?
- We'll get our answers.
- Where are the others?
- Dorian's missing in action.
And Mr. Skinner must have fled when he realized we knew.
And Sawyer?
He'll live to fight another day.
Don't worry, I've had my fill of throats for this evening.
Captain!
It was Gray...
...not Skinner.
Gray has tricked us all.
What is it?
The sound of treachery!
What is that thing?
My exploration pod.
- We could track it.
- I intend to catch it!
That is us.
That is the Nautiloid.
We will be upon them soon.
You okay?

Just a little shaken.
Nemo?
It's nothing of mine.
Captain, the noise came from this.
A recording disk?
Ready, professor?
Recording.
Gentlemen, if you're hearing this...
...then every step leading up to it
has gone as planned.
And I have been true
to the goals set to me.
Yes, it's me, Dorian.
As you know by now,
I'm no Ioyal son of the Empire.
My Ioyalty to Mr. M comes
in no small part from his possession...
...of something I hold very dear
to my heart...
...something I would do anything
to regain.
- Are you all right?
- My ears hurt. It's nothing.
Everything so far
has been misdirection.
Sanderson Reed,
the assassins in Kenya...
...your recruitment and mission,
the secret conference, a myth.
Even the League itself. There is
no League. There never was.
It was a ruse to get me closer
to my goals.
He likes the sound of his own voice.
You see, I want you, each of you,
even tired old Ouatermain.
He'll capture Hyde
where all others have failed.
The question is why.
Why all this mask and mystery?
Because in the war to come, I intend
to wield the greatest weapon of all:
The power of the League itself.
Turn it off, Henry.

Please, turn it off.
To that end, I set my wolf
among you sheep...
Growl.
...who'll gain your trust,
quietly lead you astray.
And all the while, I'll collect you,
the parts of you I need.
Nemo's science.
Magnesium phosphorus.
Skinner's skin sample.
You scratched me.
Jekyll's potion.
And Mina's blood.
He's stolen us, and we let him.
If you fail to save venice,
then I get my war.
And if you succeed...
...well, it's a small price to pay
for Gray to go about his task.
War will come, sooner or later...
...as inevitable as summer into autumn.
Now, some of you, perhaps Ouatermain
if he isn't dead...
...will pause to ask why I'm letting
you know all this.
What fool reveals his stratagem
before the game is over?
It is over, for you...
...because my voice isn't
the only sound being made.
While I've rambled on, a secondary layer
of inaudible sound...
...higher than humans can hear,
audible to dogs and lower animals...
...has been heard by crystal sensors
dotted about your vessel.
Sensors attached to bombs.
"Bomb " voyage.
Out of the way!
We have to surface!
We're taking in water!
Controls are not responding!
Primary engine room almost full!

Aft bulkhead open. Pump valves jammed!

- Seal it off!

- There are men in there!

For the greater good, we must seal it!

We can do it, Henry.

What are you talking about?

You know we can do it, together!

Seal it! Seal it up!

Wait!

Don't close it!

- What are you doing?

- It's our last chance.

But I'm ordered to close it!

Then close it.

Seal it up.

Bravo, Edward. Bravo!

Let's not make a saint out of a sinner.

Next time, he may not be so helpful.

Can we still follow Gray?

Well, we were the faster,

but now we're the tortoise to his hare.

- So we're done?

- No, we're alive.

If M has any ideas to the contrary,
that gives us an edge.

We're getting a signal.

Morse code.

- What's it say?

- "Hello, my freaky darlings."

Skinner?

"Hiding onboard little fish
with Gray and M.

On way to base, east by northeast.

Follow my lead."

Good work...

...all of you.

Captain?

All ahead, full!

If Skinner's headings are correct...

...we will pass through

the treacherous Straits of Tartary...

...and enter the Amur River,

which empties out...

...into the frozen lakes of Mongolia,

virtually inaccessible to outsiders.
Peasant settlements.
They're all deserted.
Why deserted?
Fear, no doubt.
M's summer retreat.
This is where Skinner signaled
he'd meet us.
So we wait.
Skinner?
- We heard a noise.
- It was nothing.
Just an old tiger sensing his end.
Perhaps this was not his time
to die after all.
- I've been waiting all week to do that.
- Get a grip, man.
Well, I thought I just did.
Mina.
- Report!
- Well, hello to you too.
And need I remind you,
I am naked in the snow.
I can't feel any of my extremities,
and I mean any of them.
With all the suspicion on the ship...
...I knew you wouldn't believe
I wasn't the spy.
I thought it was best to disappear.
So, what are we dealing with?
The fortress is vast.
Furnaces produce iron for making
M's weapons of destruction.
They're pieced together on the factory
floor by a private army of ruthless men...
...who share his vision.
But the worst was to come.
In the dry dock, M's best minds
pervert Nemo's dream.
- The Nautilus?
- Nautili. There's eight, for now.
- What about the kidnapped scientists?
- M holds their families hostage.
The men work,

or the women and children die.

- Monstrous!

- That isn't the half of it.

The scientists are forced to work night
and day to make new versions of us.

Invisible spies, an army of Hydes,
vampiric assassins.

M leaves for Europe today
with a sample of the chemicals...

...to sell to the most eager nation.

- I'll not let my evil infect the world.

- Do you think any of us feel differently?

Chimney pipes laced to buildings...

...and bombs in the furnaces
would make quite a bang.

But someone needs to blow that place
to hell, and I am least likely to be seen.

Skinner, I didn't know that you were
such a bare-faced liar.

All that time pretending
that you weren't a hero?

Shut up, or I'll come to my senses.

And besides, any more like me,
and I'll lose the franchise.

No, this cannot be a hunt
to the death, more's the pity.

We must take M alive
if his secrets are to be uncovered.

Not Gray.

He's lived long enough.

- Oh, I'll handle him.

- No.

Nemo, you and Hyde
will free the prisoners.

Sawyer and I will deal with M.

Then the game is on.

Do you mind?

Night-night.

Your painting's in your room.

In return for the League, that was our
deal, and I'm glad to see you honor it.

So, what now?

London. I've had my fill of violence.

Now I'm in the mood for vice.

You could stay, share my dream.
I've lived long enough to see the future
become history, professor.
Empires crumble.
There are no exceptions.
You think you're better than me.
You forget, I've seen your painting.
Skinner said turn right at the column.
Oh, great. Which one?
This way.
You lead, and I'll follow.
The scientists.
They're for Nemo.
Prepare the armaments for shipment.
Prepare the armaments for shipment.
They're moving out.
Let's hope Skinner's up to the task.
You, help him out!
Release them!
Quietly!
Get them back to the ship.
Intruders! Intruders!
Intruders!
James, here's your box of tricks!
The brute's potion,
the vampire's blood...
...the Indian's science
and mounted samples of invisible skin.
They'll be all the rage in Europe.
The Nautiloid is fueled and ready.
- We have trouble.
- Trouble? I call it sport.
Intruders! Indians! I think it's
Captain Nemo and his men!
The prisoners are escaping!
How many times do I have
to kill these cretins?
- Make this the last.
- Damn them.
Nemo, get the scientists!
Is that all you've got?
Do not move, M.
Or would you prefer
Professor James Moriarty?

James Moriarty,
the so-called Napoleon of crime?
That man died at Reichenbach Falls.
He died, and I was reborn.
Watch out!
Eyes open, boy.
Can't protect you all of the time.
Hello, lover.
Mina.
You're alive.
It's possible I can't die.
The same could be said of you.
Let's put it to the test.
- Minx.
- Do you realize what you've done?
What you've let out of me?
A woman's wrath. Oh, I'm petrified!
We'll be at this all day.
The bedroom, Mina, does it give
you memories or ideas?
Ideas.
If that had been permanent,
I'd have been very upset.
Your painting.
I hoped I'd get to nail you
one more time.
I didn't think it'd be literally.
Skinner?
It's okay. It's Skinner.
What the hell are you doing here?
What makes you think I'm Skinner?
Sawyer!
Run for it!
Keep moving!
Go over! Go, quickly!
Come on! You want more?
No!
Not the whole thing.
You are so lovely.
Thank you.
You broke my heart once.
This time you missed.
You spoke once of wanting
to meet your demon.

Here he is.
Skinner?
That's the last time I play
with matches.
End of the line, Moriarty.
To the death, but you'll need Hyde
to make it mine.
He'll be making his own fun.
Nemo!
Here!
Nemo!
Nemo, run!
What is that thing?
It's me on a bad day.
He's too strong. We're trapped.
No, he's burning through the formula
at an accelerated rate.
He'll soon change back.
Nemo!
I hope I've got your fire
when I'm your age.
You will not live beyond today.
That I promise you.
Hyde. Come on.
My formula's done.
Watch out!
Think you'll come in here
and wreck this? I'll rebuild it.
There'll be others like me,
Quatermain.
You can't kill the future.
Do you ever get tired of being wrong?
The League, me, Skinner.
Wrong.
Wrong about your little
American friend as well.
Do you really think
he's ready for action?
I think you've trained him about as well
as you trained your son.
Get him.
- It's too far.
- Take your time.
You're ready.

Take your time.

I got him.

May this new century be yours, son...

...as the old one was mine.

You remember he swore Africa

wouldn't let him die?

I wish the old boy had been right.

What's next?

I have long hidden away

from the world.

Now I wish to see it anew

as the century turns.

You're all welcome to join me.

We've all been hiding

in one form or another.

The Nautilus awaits.

So who's coming?

So long, old chap.

Goodbye, Allan.

Goodbye.

Thanks.

"uThE/u uEnD/u"

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