

*[Scene opens on a classroom with tiered seating. Laine, Triela, Claes and Kara are spread across the rows, all watching the movie screen which showed a Reliant Robin Space Shuttle plow a furrow into the Otterburn Artillery Range in Northumberland, England.]*



"Damn...almost made it," Laine notes.

"Yeah, that sucked," Kara adds.

*[Kara switches away from BBC Prime to another channel.]*

"Ambitious, but rubbish," Triela notes, summing things up succinctly.

"Doesn't it get confusing listening to them speak in English whilst reading the subtitles in Italian?" Claes asks.

"I just listen to the English," Kara replies.

*[Down the row, Laine nods in agreement.]*

"And I prefer the Italian," Triela notes.

"They should have let Richard put the Ducati 1098 on the Cool Wall," Kara opinions.

"That's just because you want Michele to buy one so you can inherit his 999," Laine replies.

"It must be nice to be able to drive," Triela grouses. "The freedom to go wherever you want when you want."

"We don't have *carte blanche*," Kara notes. "I still need Michele to clear it with the guards."

"Well you do have the advantage of using your handler's cars," Laine notes. "So you can just use the back entrance. If I tried with my Camaro, the security cameras would make it very easy to rat me out."

"That only works when Michele is on the compound," Kara replies. "I didn't realize they monitored the gate security logs and they wondered how Michele's 456GTA M left the compound thirty minutes after his Gallardo did," Kara notes with a wince, remembering how she'd been grounded for a week for that adventure."

*[She turns to Laine.]*

"I hear you're heading to London in a few days?"

"Yup. Clayland heads out tomorrow, but I won't be leaving until the weekend."

"You flying?" Triela asks.

"No, I'm going to drive."

"Drive? To London?" Claes exclaims.

"It's only 1300km or so, plus the trip across the Channel. I may not have a Veyron or a DB9 like Clarkson, but my Camaro isn't exactly a slouch," Laine notes. "That's only about 12 hours at the posted limits, including fuel stops. And I hear the French are a bit...forgiving...about holding cars to the posted limit."

"That Veyron race was kinda lame," Kara comments. "Don't get me wrong, having driven one I agree with JC that it's a brilliant car. But all they did was show the car flying past and JC prattling on about how

brilliant it was. The DB9 vs. TGV trip to Monte Carlo talked about the car and why it was so important to Aston. Hell, it was that episode that convinced Michele to buy one when it came time to replace the 456. Plus they had to have scripted it, since even a Cessna 182 should have been able to clear the mountains. The Alps aren't *that* bloody high."

"Well maybe you should stage your own race if you think you can do it better," Claes quips.

*[Laine looks to Kara, who looks to Triela, who looks to Laine. All three then look thoughtful and then look at Claes.]*

"What?" Claes asks.

*[External shot of a nice apartment building in Milan, overlooking the Parco Solari. It's early morning, the skies just kissed by the dawn. Quick pan down to street level to see Kara, Laine, Triela and Claes standing in a rough circle, Laine's Camaro parked behind them. All are dressed comfortably for a day of travelling and each carries a small travel bag.]*



"First one to Victoria Memorial in front of Buckingham Palace wins," Laine notes as she drops her bag in the trunk and slips behind the wheel.

*[She starts the Camaro, the rumble of the V8 echoing off the buildings. She tosses the other three a jaunty wave and lays a long-strip of rubber as she accelerates hard down the street towards the A8 Autostrada, leaving wailing car alarms in her wake.]*

*Kara, Claes and Triela quickly cross the street as windows open and head's pop out to see what the heck is going on. They make their way through Parco Solari and descend to the Sant'Agostino station for the Milan metro.]*



*[They board the green train and seven stops later exit at the Centrale F.S. station underneath Milan's central train station.]*

"Good luck!" Triela says with a wave.

*[She and Claes head for the TGV Artesia terminal while Kara walks to the stop for the shuttle bus to Milan's Malpensa Airport.]*



*Kara checks her watch and walks into the terminal. She buys some fresh orange juice and a hot chocolate and finds a seat on the couch. She turns to face the camera.]*



"As you might have guessed, this morning we're staging an Epic Race from Milan to London. Laine is driving her Camaro, Triela and Claes will be taking a high-speed train, and I will be flying commercial."

*[Jump cut to a political map of Europe. Voice over by Kara as a little animated Camaro winds it's way up the Continent.]*

"Laine will be driving from Milan to Calais, following the E35 through Switzerland and into France, connecting to the E25 and heading west from Strasbourg to Reims, and then north along the E17 to Calais. She will then board a train, travel through the Chunnel into England, and exit the train in Folkestone. She will then join the A20 and proceed directly to London, where she will get stuck in traffic, die of starvation, and lose."

*[The little Camaro reaches London. Next, we see an animated train start north.]*

"Triela and Claes will board the TGV Artesia bullet train at Milano Centrale Station and head direct to Paris-Gare de Lyon Station. They then have fifteen minutes to use the Paris Metro to travel to Paris-Gare du Nord Station and board the Eurostar for London St. Pancras Station."

*[The trains scoots across the Continent to Paris and then on to London.]*

"They then will board the London Underground and travel to Hyde Park and run up Constitution Hill to the goal...where they will find me waiting for them..."

*[An animated plane leaves Milan and jumps to Frankfurt and then jumps again to London.]*

"...having arrived hours earlier thanks to flying to Frankfurt and then on direct to London."

*[Jump cut to Triela and Claes walking towards the station.]*



"Ooh! Gelato!" Triela exclaims, heading for a stand. Claes pinches her nose between her fingers and follows after.



*[Fade cut to a yellow Camaro roaring along the Swiss A2 motorway and passing Lake Lucerne.]*

"I've been on the road for about an hour now and am closing on Lucerne. So far, the Swiss have not sent me any farm equipment welcoming committees nor have I seen any traffic police, though I've been careful to stay within the 120 kilometer an hour speed limit."

*[This last is delivered with a wink and a grin. Jump cut to outside hearing the engine rev and the Camaro whish by the camera vehicle. Another jump cut shows Triela and Claes stepping into the TGV terminal and walking to the First Class check-in counter.]*

"Hi! We're going to Paris!" Triela states.[/color]

*[Triela hands over two pairs of tickets. The agent checks them in and indicates the direction of the First Class lounge. Triela settles down in a comfortable chair and turns to the camera.]*

"Kara probably thinks she has this one in the bag, even with the 45 minute head-start we have. However, she has a three and a half hour layover in Frankfurt and if something happens and she misses her flight, she's doomed as the next flight doesn't depart until we're on British soil."

*[Scene shifts to showing them board the train and settle into the large First Class seats. External shot of the train pulling out of the station.]*





*[Jump cut to Kara walking across the tarmac at Milan-Malpensa Airport, Monte Rosa glowing orange from the rising sun in the background, and climbing air stairs into the forward door of a Lufthansa 737-500. Jump cut to inside where Kara looks a bit sourly at the Economy-only leather seating. She takes the right-hand window seat in the first row. Jump cut to the plane taxiing towards the runway.]*



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*[Jump cut to the Artesia TGV roaring along the Italian countryside. Inside, Triela and Claes are sitting down to a hot breakfast in the Café Car. Triela opens her cell-phone and dials. Jump cut to Laine answering.]*

"Yo!"

*[Sequence of jump cuts back and forth between Laine and Triela/Claes as they converse.]*

"Laine, where are you?" Triela asks.

"North of Lucerne, Switzerland," Laine replies. "Have you heard from Kara?"

"She called just before she boarded her flight," Triela replies. "She said she'd call when she arrives in Frankfurt."

*[Fade cut to a 737 in flight.]*



*[Voice over by Kara.]*

"Except I'm not arriving in Frankfurt."

*[Aircraft announcement ding followed by a professional sounding voice.]*



"Good morning ladies and gentlemen, this is your Captain speaking. I am distressed to report that Frankfurt Airport remains closed due to severe weather. We will therefore be diverting to Munich."

*[The plane lands at Munich and Kara disembarks with the other passengers. She rushes to the First Class lounge.]*

"Fortunately, I was able to be re-booked on a flight to Paris and from there on to London Heathrow."

*[Three video frames appear. The top one is Kara relaxing in the Munich First Class Lounge waiting for her flight. The middle is Triela and Claes' train leaving Lyon. The bottom is Laine driving along the French motorways. Zoom in as she picks up her cell and calls Kara.]*

"How is it going?" she asks.

"The weather in Northern Germany is atrocious so we diverted to Munich," Kara replies.



"Oh, that's terrible," Laine says, those her face makes it clear she feels no remorse whatsoever at Kara's predicament.

"Don't get too cocky. They've rebooked me via Paris so I am still comfortably in it. Where are you?"

"Approaching Reims. I'm about 90 minutes or so from Calais. If you don't make it, I'll be sure to take some extra pictures," Laine offered.

"Oh I'll make it," Kara said. "In fact, they're calling my plane. Gotta go!"

*[View of Laine smiling smugly which leads to a jump cut of Kara exiting the First Class Lounge and then boarding a Lufthansa A321-200. Jump cut to the First Class section of the Artesia TGV and Claes reviewing a laptop.]*





"We have an insanely-tight connection to make in Paris. There is less than 20 minutes between this train arriving and the Eurostar leaving and we need to grab the RER Line D to get to Gare du Nord. You may have to run on television."

*[Triela hoists an energy drink.]*

"Can do."

*[Split-screen effect of the Airbus landing at Paris-Charles de Gaulle airport on top and the train pulling into Paris-Gare de Lyon Station.]*





*[Top changes to a scene of Kara moving briskly through the terminal while the middle shows Triela and Claes doing the same at the train station. The bottom panel is a scene of Laine storming down French motorways.]*



*[Jump cut to Kara place her travel case in the overhead over the first row on the Airbus, followed by jump cut of Claes dropping her book on the table before a set of seats in the Business Class section of the TGV, followed by a jump cut to Laine pulling onto a Eurotunnel Shuttle car carrier train.]*

*Voiceover by Triela.]*

"And now the final push begins for all three of us. It's a bit over two hours between Paris and London for Claes and I."

*[Jump cut to a map of northern France and southern England. As Triela speaks, icons for all three modes of transport follow their respective paths towards London.]*

"For Claes and I, it's two and a half hours to St. Pancras Station. For Laine, it's 90 minutes to load the train in Calais, transit through the Chunnel and unload in Folkestone."





"For Kara, it's ninety minutes between Paris and London, but she's now landing at London Heathrow as opposed to London City Airport, so she has to travel twice as far plus navigate through the most congested airport in the world and that's going to slow her progress immensely."

*[View of Laine offloading behind a Citroën 2CV at Folkestone and joining the A20.]*



"It's just past 14:00 local time and London is 125 kilometers away. At the posted limit, I can cover that distance in an hour, but I expect I'll be in traffic. Still, maybe luck will be on my side."

*[Establishing shots of London, showing Canary Wharf, the Palace of Westminster and Tower Bridge. Jump to footage of London Heathrow airport.]*



*[Voice over by Kara.]*

"I arrived at Heathrow just after 15:00 and fought my way to Heathrow Central railway station. Ten minutes later I was in the First Class cabin of the Heathrow Express train and fifteen minutes after that I was pulling into Paddington Station."





*[Jump cut to the Eurostar train arriving at St. Pancras Station. Voice over by Claes.]*

"Our train arrived on schedule at 15:30 and we went next door to the Underground Station, boarding a Piccadilly Line train towards Hyde Park Corner Station."



*[Jump cut to Laine in stop-and-go traffic on the A4 intersecting Kensington Road at Knightsbridge.]*

"I'm less than a kilometer from Buckingham Palace and the goal. I've successfully paid the Congestion Charge to the Lord Mayor, though I would like to formally file a complaint at how difficult they make it. I've been granted a parking space across from Buckingham Palace, but now I need to get there."

*[Laine looks down at her dash.]*

"It's almost 16:00. Triela and Claes should be at the station and Kara should be on her way from Heathrow, so it's time to intimidate some of these smaller cars out of the way."

*[Laine shifts into neutral and revs the engine hard. Jump cut to Trafalgar Square where all the pigeons suddenly take to the air.]*



*[Voice over by Kara.]*

"I arrived in central London, but needed to go north to St. James Park and then west along the Birdcage Walk towards Buckingham Palace."

*[Jump cut to Kara exiting St. James's Park Underground station. She jogs to St. James Park and then heads west.]*





*[Jump cut to Laine's Camaro driving into an underground parking garage. She parks in the designated slot – "Reserved for Laine" – and dashes to the elevator.]*

*Jump cut to Hyde Park Corner Underground station where Triela and Claes emerge onto the street. The camera follows them both as they cross Duke of Wellington Place and walk past the Wellington Arch. They reach Constitution Hill and follow it through Buckingham Palace Gardens towards the back of the Palace itself. They go past the north face and the Victoria Memorial appears directly ahead.]*

**"There it is, Claes!"**

*[Multiple jump cuts as Claes and Trela rush along Constitution Hill while Kara jogs up Birdcage Walk and Laine enters the Palace Grounds at Buckingham Gate. Kara turns right and she and Laine proceed along parallel roads towards the Memorial. They are initially screened from each other's view by trees, but as they reach the outer fence, they see each other and both start running for the Monument.]*



*[At the same time, Triela and Claes clear Buckingham Palace, catch sight of Laine and then Kara, and Triela rushes forward.]*



*[Laine and Kara both reach one of two low pools between the square and the statue. They both leap into the air, clearing the pool and landing on the other side. As they do so, Triela rushes the gap between the two pools.]*

**"Victory is mine!" Kara exclaims.**

*[As she reaches for the monument, Kara trips over a bag set down by a tourist who was taking a picture and face-plants on the ground.*

*Laine, meanwhile, lands on a plastic wrapper and her foot shoots out from under her, causing her to land awkwardly on her behind.*

*Triela, sensing victory, rushes forward only to be blocked by a line of schoolchildren walking in regimental file.*

*As all three scrambled to recover, Claes calmly walked up and touched the monument.]*

**"Yeah! We win!" Triela exclaimed.**

*"I wasn't representing any of the modes of transportation," Claes observed. "I just came along to keep you out of trouble."*

*[Triela and Laine both facepalm. Kara sighs and faces the camera.]*

**"So, here's a Top Gear Italy Top Tip. The best mode of transportation from Milan to London is...a wash. And on that bombshell, were going to get a curry. Good night!"**

*[Roll credits.]*