



LITTLE BLACK DRESS

Written by **ALYSON WEAVER NICHOLAS**

Audrey Hepburn worked for the Dutch Resistance during World War II.

Her mother wrote articles in support of Hitler's Germany and dated a Nazi Soldier.

All of this is true.

Most of what follows, is not...

...as far as we know.

OVER BLACK:

A plunky piano playing CHOPIN'S NOCTURNES, OP.55, No.1.

INT. VELP BALLET STUDIO - DAY

CLOSE ON eyes bobbing up and down to the music. We know these eyes. They're alluring, innocent, wise... iconic.

PULL BACK to reveal a YOUNG AUDREY HEPBURN (14). She dances in disciplined unison with other teenage BALLERINAS while their vigilant instructor MADAME GASKELL (40s) paces between.

CHYRON: Arnhem, Netherlands - 1944

INT. VELP BALLET STUDIO - DAY - LATER

Post class. Madame Gaskell seeks out Audrey and places a hand on her shoulder.

MADAME GASKELL (IN DUTCH)
Back straight during center work, Audrey.
(off Audrey straightening)
Good girl.

She discreetly slips a FOLDED NOTE in her leotard strap. Audrey further conceals it by pulling on a satchel -- seamless. *They've done this before.*

EXT. ARNHEM - STREETS - DAY

Audrey bikes past colorful close-set buildings hugging serpentine rivers of water, all carefully patrolled by hundreds of NAZI SOLDIERS. This is German-occupied Netherlands.

EXT. "PATISSERIE" SHOP - DAY

She parks her bike out front of a dilapidated pastry shop and pokes inside.

INT. "PATISSERIE" SHOP - FRONT ROOM - DAY

A few glossy tarts remain in the display, otherwise it's empty.

AUDREY (IN DUTCH)
Hello?

Audrey reaches for the note in her leotard when a GRUMBLE echos from the back. She cautions towards it and spies...

INT. "PATISSERIE" SHOP - KITCHEN - DAY

The SHOPKEEPER, tied to a bench.

CHRISTIAN BLECHA (40) a bookish Nazi Officer wearing a crisp CRUSHER CAP questions him *in Dutch*...

His feisty CADET (17) stands back, observing.

BLECHA (IN DUTCH)
*The damage caused by the rebel
 laborers set our facility back
 months. It was specific. Targeted.
 You were pegged as their informant.
 (leaning in)
 How does a mere shopkeeper receive
 such highly classified information?*

The Shopkeeper purses his mouth and spits...

The Cadet reflexively unholsters his pistol and whips him hard across the face.

BLOOD and TEETH spray the surrounding PASTRIES.

Audrey GASPS. Blecha and the Cadet notice her from across the room; she flees.

BLECHA (IN GERMAN) (CONT'D)
*Go. She might know something useful.
 I'll finish here.*

The Cadet nods and scrambles after her...

EXT. "PATISSERIE SHOP" - DAY

Audrey leaps onto her bike and races off as the Cadet emerges from the shop on foot.

EXT. ARNHEM - STREETS - DAY

She takes a sharp turn onto BUMPY COBBLESTONES. The bike wobbles, dragging, so...

She veers left and dives down a FLIGHT OF STAIRS.

The Cadet rounds the corner and fearlessly leaps after her, taking two stairs at a time -- *nimble, committed*.

EXT. RHINE - DAY

The stairs deposit Audrey onto a RIVERWALK hugging the Rhine.

She swerves, missing an ELDERLY COUPLE. On a glance back, she sees the Cadet crash into them full force.

Audrey pumps hard, picking up speed. PEDESTRIANS bar her way.

AUDREY (IN DUTCH)

Excuse me. Pardon me.

She darts between them, closing in fast on an area where the path has washed away.

A TILTED SIGN offers a "warning."

She pivots, launching off the sign and clunking down onto a grassy path.

EXT. TRAM TRACKS - DAY

The grass slows her bike, allowing the Cadet to gain.

Thinking fast, she lifts her WHEELS onto the nearby TRAM TRACK and rides it like a high-wire.

Her bike cruises on the track until...

DING DING.

A TRAM approaches.

Closer... Closer... Closer...

She loses control and swerves off the track.

The Cadet waits for the tram to pass and expose Audrey's remains, but when it clears... nothing.

He searches the area. *Where the hell did she go?*

EXT. TRAM - DAY - MOVING

REVEAL Audrey clinging to the side of an open window, gripping the bike WITH HER KNEES.

An OLD MAN watches from inside -- *mouth agape.*

She attempts a polite smile.

EXT. OPENLUCHT MUSEUM - DAY

The tram slows outside a bombed-out folk museum.

Audrey hops off and leads her bike. All is quiet. Empty.

A CRACK OF LOOSE STONES makes her heart skip. She WHIPS towards an OLD WINDMILL and sees...

A TINY MUTT struggling to free its paw from a rat trap.

Audrey SIGHS and unclasps its paw. The dog cuddles into her pitifully. She swoons.

AUDREY (IN DUTCH)
Come on. Let's go home.

EXT. VAN HEEMSTRA APARTMENT - DAY

A basic brick building. Audrey parks her bike.

INT. VAN HEEMSTRA APARTMENT - DAY

She heaves through the front door, tiny mutt in hand, to find...

Blecha, the Nazi Officer from the pastry shop, waiting for her.

BLECHA (IN DUTCH)
I know who you are.

Shit, she's done for.

BLECHA (IN DUTCH) (CONT'D)
You're Ella's daughter.

His face breaks into a warm smile as BARONESS ELLA VAN HEEMSTRA (40s), Audrey's stately mother, clips into the room.

ELLA (IN DUTCH)
Audrey, I expected you home hours ago. My God, another stray. What will people think?
(following Audrey's stare)
This is my special friend, Officer Christian Blecha.

Blecha holds out his HAND.

AUDREY (IN DUTCH)
I... I should wash up.

ELLA
Don't be rude.

Audrey reluctantly takes it.

BLECHA
*It's a pleasure to finally meet
 you, gute Audrey. I have a feeling
 we'll get along quite well.*

He lifts her hand to his lips and meets her eyes. Audrey recoils, clutches the tiny mutt and dashes to her room.

ELLA
*Audrey, that is not how we greet a
 guest. Audrey?*

AD (PRELAP)
 Audrey. Audrey?

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - FIFTH AVENUE - DAY

AUDREY HEPBURN (31) perches in a director's chair petting a Yorkshire Terrier named MR. FAMOUS and staring off in memory.

AD
 Ms. Hepburn?

She snaps out of it and focuses on a grizzled New York AD hovering over her with a clipboard.

AD (CONT'D)
 They're ready for you.

Audrey hands Mr. Famous to a PA and stands, revealing her signature Givenchy BLACK DRESS and PEARLS.

CHYRON: New York, New York - 1960

The AD escorts her half a block over to where cameras are set up outside the display windows of Tiffany & Co.

AD (CONT'D)
 Security sure had their work cut out
 for them, clearing all those crowds
 that came to see ya. Shoulda been in-
 n-outta here hours ago. Meanwhile,
 one of the grips damn near
 electrocuted himself to death hanging
 a fresnel. Who knew Fifth Avenue
 would be such a bitch to shoot?

Audrey finds her mark while HAIR and MAKEUP do last looks.

AD (CONT'D)

Mr. Edwards!

The good 'ole boy director BLAKE EDWARDS (30s) clips over from video village.

BLAKE EDWARDS

Looking swell, Audrey. Just swell.

PROPS hands Audrey a WHITE PAPER BAG. She peers in and scowls.

BLAKE EDWARDS (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

AUDREY

This is a pastry.

BLAKE EDWARDS

That's right.

AUDREY

I'm not terribly fond of pastries.

BLAKE EDWARDS

It's the breakfast.

AUDREY

Perhaps I could lick an ice cream cone instead. Would that work?

BLAKE EDWARDS

I don't think an ice cream cone would work. No.

FANS (O.S.)

Audrey! Audrey!

Blake eyes some FANS slipping through the security barricade.

BLAKE EDWARDS

God dammit. They're back. We need to move.

(re: pastry)

Is this going to be a problem?

She registers everyone eyeing her: the director, the crew, the fans. Not wanting to disappoint anyone...

AUDREY

No.

BLAKE EDWARDS

Good girl. Let's clear the set.

Blake heads back to video village as Audrey pulls on DARK GLASSES. Hair and Makeup step away.

AD
Camera ready?

AC (O.S.)
Camera rolling.

AD
Mark.

A MOVIE SLATE with "Breakfast at Tiffany's" is placed in front of Audrey's face. CLAP.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY - DAY

Scuffed loafers CLICK against linoleum as VALENTINA VELÁZQUEZ (30s), a goal-oriented type "A" with no patience for lipstick or lip service, clutches a FOLDER and weaves past various OFFICE JOCKEYS.

She rounds a door labeled...

MARTIN COX, DIRECTORATE OF PLANS

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - COX'S OFFICE - LOBBY - DAY

The mousey SECRETARY looks up from her typing.

SECRETARY
He's on a call.

PALMER, a punctilious case officer, pipes up too.

PALMER
And I've got an appointment.

Valentina couldn't give two fucks. She marches past both of them, into the adjacent office and up to...

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - COX'S OFFICE - DAY

DEPUTY DIRECTOR MARTIN COX, a 50-year-old man who has seen some shit and learned to professionally compartmentalize it.

DIRECTOR COX
(into phone)
Senator, I'm going to have to call
you back.
(hanging up)
(MORE)

DIRECTOR COX (CONT'D)
Velázquez, there's protocol. You
can't just storm in here--

VALENTINA
--A Special Op in BA sent this to
me. Arrived this morning.

She pulls a PHOTO from her folder. Plops it in front of
Director Cox. WE CAN'T SEE WHAT'S ON IT.

DIRECTOR COX
A man coming out of a movie
theatre?

VALENTINA
A man presumed dead in 1945.

Director Cox takes a closer look. Eyes widen with recognition.

DIRECTOR COX
He's alive.

VALENTINA
And well by the looks of it.

DIRECTOR COX
Does anyone else know about this?

VALENTINA
Not yet. That's why I'm asking you
to authorize rendition immediately.
My team and I can handle it.

DIRECTOR COX
Not without support.

VALENTINA
I'm perfectly capable of executing--

DIRECTOR COX
--I know you are, but the target
isn't cowering in a Patagonian
bunker. Look at him. He's wearing a
three piece suit and a trilby hat.
He's clearly being protected. You
need someone with access.

VALENTINA
What about the Special Op?

DIRECTOR COX
If they have access, why are they
using a long lens?

Valentina EXHALES frustration -- *he's right*. Director Cox doubles back to the photo.

DIRECTOR COX (CONT'D)
What was the movie?

VALENTINA
The movie?

DIRECTOR COX
The movie he was seeing?

VALENTINA
(annoyed)
A double feature, I think. "Roman Holiday" and "Sabrina." Why?

OFF Director Cox, wheels turning...

INT. THE CARLYLE - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - NIGHT

Audrey, in a *different* black dress, applies lipstick while rocking her 6-month-old son SEAN.

Her husband MEL FERRER (40s), a rakish man with deep set eyes, makes drinks at the adjacent bar cart.

MEL
I'm sure everyone would understand if you skipped the event. You just had a baby.

AUDREY
WE just had a baby, darling.

MEL
You know what I mean. I'd be happy to go alone and represent us both.

AUDREY
That's sweet. But I'll persevere. I'd hate to disappoint anybody, least of all Truman.
(switching to a mascara)
He's been very vocal about his doubts regarding my casting. I need to charm him and his gaggle of gossips before their sentiments reach the press.

MEL
Just let me know how I can help.

AUDREY
Make me look good?

MEL
Easiest job in the world.

OFF Mel, POPPING open a bottle of gin...

INT. THE PLAZA HOTEL - GRAND BALLROOM - NIGHT

A tray of gin MARTINIS are bussed around the edges of a lavish black and white ball. NEW YORK SOCIETY and HOLLYWOOD ELITE mingle over scores of COCKTAILS and CANAPÉS.

Audrey and Mel hold court in the center of it all chatting with author TRUMAN CAPOTE (40s) and fashion queen BABE PALEY (40s).

BABE PALEY
I'm itching to see you as Holly Golightly. Truman has such a fondness for the character.

AUDREY
Understandably. She's a complete delight. A real "kook."

TRUMAN CAPOTE
Is she? When I wrote Holly I imagined her as more of a tragic self-destructive bird, someone plagued with hidden truths. But you're the actress the studio chose, so... who cares what I think?

BABE PALEY
Plenty of people care what you think, Truman. You're an award winning author.

Audrey squeezes Mel's arm -- *say something*. He pipes up.

MEL
But Audrey never disappoints. She will be wonderful. Trust me.

Truman rolls his eyes and flags down a passing WAITER.

Audrey studies him, trying to crack his code. Looks around the room; notices that most of the champagne has gone untouched. Truman's real inner circle is drinking...

TRUMAN CAPOTE
(to Waiter)
Another Martini for Babe and me.

AUDREY
Make that three.

Truman raises his eyebrows, intrigued.

TRUMAN CAPOTE
I thought you drank wine.

AUDREY
Not always.

BABE PALEY
Truman thinks martini drinkers
harbor the best secrets.

TRUMAN CAPOTE
And people are only as interesting
as their secrets.

AUDREY
Then you must have QUITE the
collection of secrets.

Truman winks. The group LAUGHS.

BABE PALEY
Well guard them closely, because
gossip columnist Hedda Hopper is
making her way over.

AUDREY
You invited the press?

TRUMAN CAPOTE
If you call what Hedda does journalism.
Babe insisted I include her.

BABE PALEY
Outsiders are bitter critics,
Truman. Trust me on this one.

Audrey nudges Mel and they both stand up straight, as...

HEDDA HOPPER (70s) parades up to them in a hat as big as her
personality. She's escorted by JULIAN HUGHES (50s) a robust
man with a stuffy British accent and bottomless glass of gin.

BABE PALEY (CONT'D)
Hedda! You came.

HEDDA HOPPER
OH! I wouldn't miss it for the
WORLD, Babe. Not the entire WORLD.

BABE PALEY
You know Audrey Hepburn.

AUDREY
Good to see you again, Hedda.

HEDDA HOPPER
Audrey! My dear SWEET Audrey. Look at
you, flawless. And that tiny waist.
You'd never know you just had a baby.

MEL
Audrey is a wonder. She has always
been able to maintain her figure.

HEDDA HOPPER
Something I'm far less scrupulous
about. If there's a piece of
chocolate cake, I WILL eat it. Why
hold back? The Soviets could blow
us to bits at any minute.

TRUMAN CAPOTE
Unless we blow them to bits first.

HEDDA HOPPER
Yes. Cheers to the Americans
winning the arms race.
(back to Audrey)
But enough doom. Are you enjoying
motherhood?

AUDREY
Of course. Children love you
without condition. I'd be
surrounded by children if I could.

JULIAN
You work in Hollywood. Mission
accomplished.

CHUCKLES all around.

As the group continues to prattle on, Audrey spots a SHADOWY
FIGURE circling nearby. She stares. Tense.

TRUMAN CAPOTE
Now Hedda, who is your witty
escort? I hope he's not a writer.
I'm incredibly competitive.

HEDDA HOPPER

This here is Julian Hughes. He's an international producer. Working on a mystery set in Argentina.

JULIAN

Unfortunately local support has been middling. They want proof that I can bring Hollywood to South America.

HEDDA HOPPER

I told him, I said that if an actress like Audrey showed interest in the film, it would firm up like [snaps]. And then here you are tonight! Like it was meant to be.

Mel notices Audrey staring off and touches her shoulder, snapping her back to the conversation.

MEL

Darling, are you alright?

AUDREY

Yes. Of course. What were you saying?

HEDDA HOPPER

You should consider helping Julian here.

JULIAN

Not to put you on the spot, Ms. Hepburn, but if you joined me in Buenos Aires to shake a few hands, it would make a world of difference.

AUDREY

I wish I could, but I'm leaving for Los Angeles next week to finish shooting "Breakfast at Tiffany's."

JULIAN

This wouldn't interfere. Just a quick trip over the holidays.

TRUMAN CAPOTE

A mid-winter excursion with an international producer... Sounds like something a martini drinker would do.

BABE PALEY

Truman makes a good point.

AUDREY
(playing along)
Then, perhaps I SHOULD consider it.

JULIAN
Excellent! I'll send the details to
your agent.

The martinis arrive and Audrey glances back at the Shadowy Figure, but it's disappeared. She takes a long pull of her glass. *Maybe she's just seeing things.*

EXT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

A scene out of "Breakfast at Tiffany's." GEORGE PEPPARD (30s) leads Audrey across Fifth Avenue and up the library entrance. As they reach the top...

BLAKE EDWARDS
Cut, please.

AD
Reset.

George and Audrey stop and turn as the FILM CREW descends.

Throngs of sidelined EXTRAS and PEDESTRIANS look on, including a girl in BRACES clutching a PHOTO.

BRACES
Audrey! Can I get your autograph?!

Audrey notices someone familiar amongst them: the Shadowy Figure. It's watching her. *Maybe she wasn't seeing things.*

She instinctively takes a step back and knocks over a C STAND. It falls towards George Peppard's foot, but is caught last minute by the AD.

AD
Hey-hey. Gotta be careful. These things LOOK harmless. But that steel there... that steel is hard and heavy. Could stop a loose cable car going 500 miles per hour if it had to.
(replacing it)
Let's get last looks in here.

Hair and Makeup rush in, blocking Audrey's view.

AD (CONT'D)
Pictures up!

They clear and... the Shadowy Figure is gone.

George notices Audrey's shift in energy.

GEORGE PEPPARD
Are you alright?

AD
Roll sound.

AUDREY
Me? Yes. I'm marvelous.

SOUND (O.S.)
Speeding.

AD
Camera ready?

GEORGE PEPPARD
Are you sure?

AC (O.S.)
Camera rolling.

AUDREY
MmmHm.

AD
Mark.

A slate CLAPS.

BLAKE EDWARDS
Action.

George takes Audrey's hand and leads her up the library steps again. Finally...

BLAKE EDWARDS (CONT'D)
Cut. Great. Print that.

AD
That's a wrap on Audrey Hepburn in
New York City.

The set erupts in APPLAUSE, but Audrey barely registers.

AUDREY
Will you excuse me?

She discreetly palms a KNIFE off the craft service table and darts for her trailer.

EXT. NEW YORK - STREETS - DAY

Audrey turns down an adjacent alley, leaving the fanfare of the set behind. Her trailer is only a few yards away but suddenly feels like it's on the opposite end of the city.

She hears the CLICK of footsteps behind her and runs.

EXT. AUDREY'S TRAILER - DAY

As Audrey races towards the base of her trailer, SOMEONE TOUCHES HER SHOULDER. She reflectively seizes their arm, hurls them to the floor and threatens with the knife.

AUDREY

Why are you following me?!

Her face drops as she realizes... it's just Braces from the sidelined crowd. The poor girl looks at Audrey in terror.

BRACES

(holding out a photo & pen)

I... I just wanted your autograph.

AUDREY

Oh dear! I am so sorry. Here.

She helps Braces up, then signs and returns her photo. The girl scampers off, thoroughly weirded out.

Audrey watches her go and SIGHS before stepping into her trailer to find...

INT. AUDREY'S TRAILER - DAY

The Shadowy Figure sitting on her couch feeding Mr. Famous PIECES OF RIBEYE.

SHADOWY FIGURE

I read in Vanity Fair that your
pooch here has a discerning pallet.

Audrey freezes.

AUDREY

Who are you?

The Shadowy Figure tips his head up. It's Director Cox from CIA Headquarters. He flashes ID.

DIRECTOR COX

I'm Deputy Director Martin Cox. I'd like to ask for a moment of your time, Ms. Hepburn.

AUDREY

You broke into my trailer, Director Cox. It hardly seems like you're asking.

DIRECTOR COX

I couldn't approach you out in the open.

AUDREY

Because you're CIA?

DIRECTOR COX

And because I have a favor to ask.

Audrey pulls Mr. Famous away and holds him close, a safety blanket more than a guard dog, clearly.

AUDREY

What is it you want?

DIRECTOR COX

I'd like you to go to Argentina with that producer.

AUDREY

Mr. Hughes? I hardly know the man.

DIRECTOR COX

He's legitimate.

AUDREY

Legitimacy aside, I'm not particularly eager to leave my new baby and travel half way across the world to shake hands. So, I'm going to need a bit more context.

DIRECTOR COX

I have a team that's been tracking a person of interest in Buenos Aires, but lacks the access required to make contact.

AUDREY

What kind of access?

DIRECTOR COX

Hollywood access. Events, mixers that sort of thing.

AUDREY

You want me to get the CIA into parties?

Director Cox shrugs.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

And who is this inaccessible person of interest?

DIRECTOR COX

The less you know the better.

AUDREY

With that explanation, why on earth would I agree to help you?

Director Cox tosses an OLD NEWSPAPER ARTICLE onto the coffee table. Audrey sees it and goes bone white.

CLOSE ON the article. It's titled "*The Call of Fascism*" by *Ella van Heemstra* and is accompanied by a picture of her with HITLER.

DIRECTOR COX

Helluva mom you got there. She really believed in Hitler's Germany.

AUDREY

She did.
(pointed)
I didn't.

DIRECTOR COX

Still. People might be disappointed to discover their favorite movie star is the daughter of a Nazi sympathizer.

AUDREY

My mother wrote this article years ago. I wasn't aware any copies of it still existed.

DIRECTOR COX

We're pretty good at finding things. In fact we found a FEW of those, so you can keep that one. But, be careful. It would be a shame if it ended up in the wrong hands.

AUDREY

You're blackmailing me.

DIRECTOR COX

It's a quick trip. You'd be back by Christmas. And we'd work very hard to make sure nobody else ever finds this article again.

(standing)

Think about it. If you agree, my team will meet you en route.

Director Cox pops the last of the ribeye into his own mouth and exits out the trailer door.

The sound of BEAT-BEAT-BEATING crescendos as Audrey is pulled into a memory of...

INT. VAN HEEMSTRA APARTMENT - DAY - FLASHBACK

POINTE SHOES drumming against a windowsill. Audrey BEATS their stiff shank while Ella and Blecha converse by the door.

Ella clutches an ENVELOPE addressed to "Fascist Weekly."

ELLA (IN DUTCH)

Are you sure the article will be well received? I want the party to know we are a respectable family.

CHRISTIAN (IN DUTCH)

Of course it will. You call the Führer a "visionary."

Audrey's beating gets louder.

ELLA

Audrey, please. Officer Blecha will think we have no manners.

CHRISTIAN

Never mind her. You get that article to the post before it closes.

Ella NODS and hurries out the door. As soon as she's gone, Blecha confronts Audrey.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Why must you do that?

AUDREY

Pointe shoes need to be broken in before they can be worn.

CHRISTIAN

I mean embarrass your mother.

He approaches her, threatening. Audrey stops beating.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

*She is trying very hard to maintain
your family's good reputation.
Without a good reputation, you are
at the mercy of an individual's
better nature.*

*(inspecting her bludgeoned
pointe shoes)*

*And people rarely surprise you with
their benevolence.*

CLOSE ON Audrey's eyes as this warning sinks in...

INT. AUDREY'S TRAILER - DAY

Audrey snaps back to the present. She picks up her mother's article and RIPS it to shreds -- *there is no way she's letting this get out.*

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Audrey pushes a PRAM with baby Sean. Mel and Mr. Famous trot alongside. A few PHOTOGRAPHERS snap pictures in the distance.

AUDREY

I spoke to my agent about that
"hand shaking" trip.

MEL

What "hand shaking" trip?

AUDREY

In Argentina. With the producer
from Truman's party. He said it
wouldn't interfere with any of my
contracts, so... I might go.

MEL

I thought you were just putting on a
show for Truman and Hedda's benefit.

AUDREY

Initially, yes. But, perhaps Truman
was right and I should embrace that
"martini drinker" spirit. Plus, the
public loves it when I travel.

MEL

But you just had a baby.

AUDREY

WE just had a baby. And this might be a wonderful opportunity for you to spend some time with him.

MEL

You want me to care for our child alone?

AUDREY

I manage to do it. But... you could hire a nanny if you like.

Mel lingers on a passing BUSTY BLONDE.

MEL

I suppose that could work.

Audrey gently slides her hand into his.

AUDREY

Then it's settled. You and Sean will head to Los Angeles.

(off Mr. Famous barking)

And Mr. Famous will accompany me to Argentina. Just for a few days.

(facing Mel)

I'm going to be a complete mess without you.

MEL

Good. I don't want you thinking for one moment you're better off.

AUDREY

Never. Love me?

MEL

Easiest job in the world.

Audrey angles towards the photographers and pulls Mel in for a DEEP KISS. Their cameras CLICK away.

INT. BOEING 747 - DAY

BARK! Mr. Famous gazes out from the arms of Audrey as she boards a brand new commercial jetliner. A starstruck STEWARDESS leads her down the aisle.

STEWARDESS

Ms. Hepburn. It's a pleasure. Can I get you a drink? A light for your cigarette? An extra pillow?

AUDREY

That's very kind of you, but I'm just fine.

STEWARDESS

You let me know if that changes. I'm happy to get anything you or your assistants need.

AUDREY

My assistants?

STEWARDESS

Yes. They're already seated.

She indicates a row where Valentina Velázquez and a snarky techie named DENIS BENACHE (20s) are seated.

AUDREY

Hello, there. I'm--

VALENTINA

--I know who you are. I'm case officer Valentina Velazquez and this is my associate Denis Benache.

DENIS

Hello hello. Big fan of your work.

Valentina rolls her eyes at Denis.

AUDREY

Thank you.

VALENTINA

Director Cox sent us. We'll be accompanying you on this trip. For cover purposes, you can introduce me as your corresponding secretary and Denis as your interpreter.

AUDREY

My interpreter?

VALENTINA

They speak Spanish in Argentina.

AUDREY

Right.

Mr. Famous BARKS at Valentina. She recoils.

VALENTINA

What is THAT?

AUDREY

This is Mr. Famous. My partner in
all things and dearest travel
companion.

(flagging down the Stewardess)
Can we get a bowl of water, please?

Valentina stage whispers to Denis *in Spanish*.

VALENTINA (IN SPANISH)

*How are we supposed to accomplish the
mission with a clueless movie star and
her ridiculous dog?*

DENIS (IN SPANISH)

*Agreed. And its fur only brings out
her unfortunate highlights.*

The Stewardess drops off a bowl of water. Audrey sets it down
for Mr. Famous with a fleeting smirk.

EXT. MINISTRO PISTARINI AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY

Audrey deplanes in all of her movie star glamor. PRESS
clamors. Camera flashes POP. *They love her.*

Valentina and Denis lag behind while a LOCAL REPORTER breaks
through the chaos with a question.

LOCAL REPORTER (IN SPANISH)

Audrey! Welcome to Argentina.

AUDREY (IN SPANISH)

Thank you. I'm thrilled to be here.

Valentina and Denis' eyes flare.

DENIS

I didn't realize she spoke Spanish.

VALENTINA

Neither did I.

DENIS

Do you think she understood us?

LOCAL REPORTER (IN SPANISH)

*Who is this little pooch you have
with you?*

AUDREY (IN SPANISH)

This is Mr. Famous.
(pointedly to Denis)
(MORE)

AUDREY (IN SPANISH) (CONT'D)
*Some people say he brings out my
 best features.*

VALENTINA
 Yes. I think she understood us.

Valentina and Denis exchange a look -- *shit*.

To the side, a CONVOY OF BLACK CARS wait. Julian steps out of one and flags them down.

JULIAN
 Audrey. You are a vision. How was the flight?

AUDREY
 Wonderful. Delicious food and...
 illuminating conversation.
 (re: Valentina and Denis)
 Speaking of which, I want to
 introduce you to two very important
 assistants I've brought with me.
 This is Valentina, my dog wrangler.
 And Denis, my hairdresser.

JULIAN
 Pleasure to meet you both.
 (offering Audrey his hand)
 May I?

Julian helps Audrey into the car. Denis leans over to Valentina.

DENIS
 Her accent is perfect.

VALENTINA
 Just get in the car.

EXT. ALVEAR PALACE HOTEL - DAY

The convoy of black cars pull up to a regal five star hotel.

Audrey emerges with Mr. Famous and pulls off her DARK GLASSES, eyes twinkling up at the grand building.

INT. ALVEAR PALACE HOTEL - ROYAL SUITE - DAY

A glossy old world suite, dripping in DAMASK TEXTILES and GOLD ACCENTS. Audrey runs her fingers along a SILK CURTAIN.

JULIAN
The Royal Suite. Reserved for
Royalty, as the name suggests, and
the hotel's most discerning guests.

AUDREY
It's wonderful.

A BELLMAN arrives with Audrey's extensive luggage: TRUNKS,
HAT BOXES, SUITCASES.

JULIAN
I can arrange help to unpack your
luggage while we have a drink in
the lobby.

AUDREY
That won't be necessary.
(indicating Valentina)
My dog wrangler would be happy to
unpack everything.

JULIAN
Splendid!

Valentina's eyes go wide as Audrey hands over Mr. Famous and
flits out the door with Julian.

AUDREY
Oh, and do remember to take Mr.
Famous out to the courtyard so that
he may tend to his habit.

The door shuts and Valentina glowers. Denis suppresses a LAUGH.

INT. ALVEAR PALACE HOTEL - LOBBY BAR - DAY

A lofted marbled space dotted with CHANDELIERS and OAK
FURNITURE. Julian nurses a gin while Audrey enjoys a CIGARETTE.

LOCALS stare and whisper in "awe." *Is that Audrey Hepburn?*

JULIAN
Quite a few potential investors will be
watching the polo in Palermo tomorrow.
I have arranged for us to attend.

AUDREY
I do love an equine sporting event.

JULIAN

It will be a most excellent way to announce your arrival and generate interest in the film. All you have to do is say "the script is superb."

(leaning in)

A word of warning. Although outwardly friendly, this crowd will be sizing you up. They may appear charming, but make no mistake... the Argentine elite can be sharks. And you, my dear, look like tender chum.

AUDREY

Well I came all the way down here, so bring on the frenzy.

JULIAN

Hoho. That's the spirit.

OFF Audrey taking a cool drag...

EXT. CAMPO ARGENTINIO DE POLO STADIUM - FIELD ONE - DAY

Bulging GRANDSTANDS surround a sprawling POLO FIELD in the middle of the city. HORSES are tacked and prepped, PLAYERS warm up and thousands of SPECTATORS pack the stands.

EXT. CAMPO ARGENTINIO DE POLO STADIUM - VIP SECTION - DAY

Beautiful people in beautiful clothes drink champagne and mingle. Audrey is among them, wearing an ensemble to rival her "My Fair Lady" horse race frock. She looks every bit the part of a movie star.

Julian introduces her to a circle of self-important people, including JUAN EMILIO QUINTANA (50s), a dapper man with slicked black hair. He greets her with a customary cheek kiss. Lingers a little too long.

JULIAN

Audrey, this is Juan Emilio Quintana. He's in steel exports.

AUDREY

It's a pleasure to meet you, Señor Quintana.

JUAN EMILIO

Juan Emilio, please.

JULIAN

Audrey is circling my next picture.
Set here, in Argentina.

AUDREY

The script is superb.

Behind Audrey, Valentina tries to wrangle Mr. Famous, but he seems to be pulling her towards the catering table with little regard.

VALENTINA (IN SPANISH)

Stupid dog. Stay still.

EXT. CAMPO ARGENTINIO DE POLO STADIUM - FILED ONE - DAY

The teams take to the field to warm up before play, cantering their PONIES and swinging their MALLETS. It's a healthy bunch of mostly young virile Argentine Men.

EXT. CAMPO ARGENTINIO DE POLO STADIUM - VIP SECTION - DAY

Audrey immediately locks in on #2, a FIT PLAYER out front. His skilled riding is only surpassed by his smoldering good looks.

AUDREY

He's quite good.

VALENTINA

#2? He's alright.

Valentina drops Mr. Famous into Audrey's arms.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)

But his patron is who you should be
focused on.

She points to a BELL 47 HELICOPTER cutting towards the Cathedral. It lands in a clearing opposite the field.

FACUNDO NERO (60s), a leathery man with silver hair, emerges from the passenger side.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)

Facundo Nero, powerhouse in the
Buenos Aires social scene. Owns 90%
of the poultry industry in Argentina.

Facundo immediately climbs onto an idling GREY MARE and takes to the field.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)

He throws an exclusive asado at his estancia after matches.

AUDREY

If this asado is half as entertaining as his entrance, it must be quite the event. I take it you'd like an entrée?

VALENTINA

Correct. But Facundo is notoriously... difficult. Our best way in is through one of his rich cronies.

Valentina indicates Juan Emilio, the lingering cheek kisser from earlier. He's now getting handsy with a CIGARETTE GIRL.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)

Juan Emilio is very friendly.

AUDREY

I can see that.

VALENTINA

All you have to do is convince him to take you as his date. Use your "movie star charm" or whatever it is you do.

AUDREY

Ah yes. My "movie star charm." I'll certainly consider it. Thank you for the suggestion, Valentina.

Audrey hands Mr. Famous back to her and rejoins Julian.

EXT. CAMPO ARGENTINIO DE POLO STADIUM - FIELD ONE - DAY

SMACK. A mallet crushes a ball. HORSES roar across the field as players dangle from stirrups, angling for position.

EXT. CAMPO ARGENTINIO DE POLO STADIUM - VIP SECTION - DAY

Audrey watches, riveted by the fast pace play, especially the Fit Player -- *who seems to score goal after goal.*

The HORN BLOWS and the players trot off the field.

ANNOUNCER (IN SPANISH)
That concludes the third chukker. The crowd is now invited onto the field for a stomping of the divots.

VALENTINA
 Okay. Now is your chance, Audrey.
 (looking around)
 Audrey?

Valentina scans the VIP section but Audrey has vanished.

EXT. CAMPO ARGENTINIO DE POLO STADIUM - END ZONE - DAY

A field adjacent area littered with trailers and strings of horses having their legs wrapped and tails braided by GAUCHOS.

Audrey weaves through them, searching for one horse in particular... Facundo's GREY MARE. She carefully approaches and pets its nose -- *a natural connection.*

FACUNDO NERO (O.S.) (IN SPANISH)
She is my most beautiful mare. So it is fitting you found each other.

Audrey turns to see Facundo himself approaching.

AUDREY (IN SPANISH)
She's lovely. All of your horses are world class, Mr. Nero.
 (holding out hand)
 Audrey.

FACUNDO NERO
Nice to meet you, Audrey. But of course, I know who you are.
 (switching to English)
 Your Spanish is impressive, as is your way with horses.

AUDREY
 I simply love horses. When I was younger, I rode all the time.

FACUNDO NERO
 Polo ponies?

AUDREY
 Arabians, mostly.

FACUNDO NERO
Arabians are beautiful, to be sure,
but stubborn. Polo ponies, on the
other hand, are incredibly responsive.

Facundo CLICKS and the Grey Mare walks over to him.

AUDREY
I take it you like to be in
control, Mr. Nero?

FACUNDO NERO
What hot blooded man does not?

AUDREY
A man who is capable of truly
enjoying the company of a woman.

FACUNDO NERO
Is that so?

AUDREY
In my experience.

FACUNDO NERO
Well then, perhaps you can elaborate
on this theory after the match. I'm
having an asado at my estancia. You
are most welcome to attend.

AUDREY
May I bring my travel companion?

FACUNDO NERO
Of course.

AUDREY
Then it would be my pleasure.

EXT. CAMPO ARGENTINIO DE POLO STADIUM - VIP SECTION - DAY

Audrey returns to the VIP section as the crowd finishes the
divot stomp. Julian and Valentina seek her out.

JULIAN
Audrey. Good heavens. You're here.

VALENTINA
Where were you? Juan Emilio was
eager to continue chatting.

AUDREY

I was meeting Señor Nero.
Fascinating man. He invited me and
my travel companion to his estancia
after the match.

JULIAN

Ho! Well done, Audrey. Facundo's
asados are extremely exclusive.

VALENTINA

How on earth did you do that?

AUDREY

A simple charm offensive.

Audrey winks at Valentina as GUITARREADA MUSIC prelaps...

EXT. NERO ESTANCIA - NIGHT

STABLES, ARENAS and ROLLING HILLS of grazing LIVESTOCK
surround an expansive colonial adobe vibrating with MUSIC and
LIGHT. Facundo's Bell 47 is parked out front, but out back...

EXT. NERO ESTANCIA - PATIO - NIGHT

FLAMES flare through an open GRILL PIT packed with an
assortment of MEATS. TONGS fling some onto a TRAY that is
carried inside.

INT. NERO ESTANCIA - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The tray is placed on a buffet brimming with DRIED FRUIT,
CHEESE and CRUDITÉS.

Mr. Famous ogles it all while Valentina guards him and Audrey
reluctantly engages with Juan Emilio from the match.

JUAN EMILIO

Tell me, Ms. Hepburn. Is your
husband traveling with you?

AUDREY

No. He's in California with our son.

JUAN EMILIO

Then you are here alone?

AUDREY

(indicating Mr. Famous)
Hardly.

JUAN EMILIO

Perhaps you can separate from your canine for one night and attend my holiday celebration at the Tigre Club.

(getting close)

We can discuss how I may support your film.

AUDREY

That's a very generous offer.

(skirting his advances)

Too generous.

Facundo interrupts their conversation.

FACUNDO NERO

Give up the flame, my friend. A lady like Audrey would never associate with a "descardo" like you.

AUDREY

Descardo?

JUAN EMILIO

Facundo, here, disapproves of my political contributions. The price of doing business.

FACUNDO NERO

I disapprove of concentrating so much on business when we have the railroad to think about.

Valentina's ears prick up at the mention of "railroad."

JUAN EMILIO

That's enough chatter, my friend.

FACUNDO NERO

Perhaps you're right. Let's continue over a game of billiards.

(turning back to Audrey)

And you should stop torturing your little dog. Go outside. Enjoy the music on the patio. I will have someone put out a bowl for him.

Valentina watches Juan Emilio disappear into the oddly well-guarded billiards room.

VALENTINA

Audrey loves billiards. She could join you?

FACUNDO NERO

I hate to turn away such a lady as Audrey, but I like to preserve an area of my estancia for men to be men. You must understand?

Valentina is ready to push the issue, but Audrey acquiesces.

AUDREY

Of course. You wouldn't want a woman distracting you from all those balls. Come along Valentina.

She heads outside shooting Valentina a look.

EXT. NERO ESTANCIA - PATIO - NIGHT

Valentina racks her brain while Audrey smokes a CIGARETTE and a RED HAIREd WAITRESS lays down a bowl of GENERIC DOG FOOD. Mr. Famous sniffs it, unimpressed.

AUDREY

Don't take it personally. He's extremely particular.

The Red Haired Waitress rolls her eyes and leaves. As soon as she's gone...

VALENTINA

We need to get into that billiards room.

AUDREY

Trust me, billiards is not what you're imagining. It's like pool, but somehow even more dull.

VALENTINA

Then your presence should be a welcome distraction.

AUDREY

I take it your "person of interest" is in that room?

VALENTINA

They could be.

AUDREY

"He" could be.
(explaining her logic)
An area for "men to be men."

VALENTINA

Well done. You figured out it was a male. You want an award?

AUDREY

I have plenty of awards. Right now, I'd just like to enjoy this cigarette.

VALENTINA

Well, the longer you enjoy that cigarette, the smaller our window of opportunity to complete the mission becomes. So, I'm going to need you to put that thing out and get me into the room.

AUDREY

Not partial to honey talk, are we?
(off Valentina's unamused look)
Understood.
(putting out her cigarette)
Señor!

She waves down a MAN WITH A SLEEVE OF CORONA CIGARS and WHISPERS something to him. He hands her one.

VALENTINA

What are you doing?

AUDREY

Gathering supplies.

She then moves on to another man who offers his JACKET, then another who shares his FLAT CAP, and another who pulls off his TIE. She piles the mens' clothes into Valentina's arms.

VALENTINA

They just gave you these?

AUDREY

When it comes to ridding men of their clothing, I find very little persuasion is required.

Audrey napkins a few SLICES OF STEAK, folds them in her purse and heads inside.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

Follow me to the washroom.

(then)

Do you have any mascara on you?

VALENTINA

Why would we possibly need--

INT. NERO ESTANCIA - BILLIARDS ROOM ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Valentina emerges from the washroom sporting MASCARA PAINTED SIDEBURNS AND A MUSTACHE.

With the jacket, flat cap, and tie, she looks convincingly like any male at the asado.

VALENTINA

Where did you learn how to do this?

AUDREY

Spend enough hours in a makeup chair and costume trailer, you pick up a thing or two.

They approach the Billiards Room entrance. A BURLY GUARD patrols.

Audrey removes the steak slices from her purse and tosses one near Burly's feet. Mr. Famous leaps after it.

AUDREY (IN SPANISH) (CONT'D)

My dog! Heavens.

With Burly distracted, Valentina slips past the entrance.

INT. NERO ESTANCIA - BILLIARDS ROOM - NIGHT

Valentina scans GAME TABLES and LEATHER COUCHES dotted with POWER TYPES chewing on CIGARS.

She pops the corona Audrey procured between her teeth, further blending in.

VALENTINA

Now, where are you?

INT. NERO ESTANCIA - BILLIARDS ROOM ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Burly collects Mr. Famous and hands him to Audrey.

AUDREY (IN SPANISH)

Oh, thank you. What would I have done without your help?

BURLY (IN SPANISH)

It is no trouble.

AUDREY

You're so good with him. You must have grown up around animals.

He leans into Audrey, flattered.

BURLY
Actually, I did.

INT. NERO ESTANCIA - BILLIARDS ROOM - NIGHT

Valentina snakes through the scene, searching.

She passes a cadre of OLDER MEN SPEAKING GERMAN. Double takes. Circles back. Trying to get a better look as...

Juan Emilio trips up to her gnawing on a STOGIE.

JUAN EMILIO (IN SPANISH)
My friend. Do you have a lighter? I lost mine along with my wedding ring in a straight rail. It is the couch again for me tonight.

VALENTINA (IN SPANISH)
Sorry, no.

Valentina keeps her head down and barrels past him -- cold, unfriendly. Juan Emilio watches her go, suspicious.

INT. NERO ESTANCIA - BILLIARDS ROOM ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Audrey hyper-focuses on Burly. Encouraging him to prattle on.

AUDREY (IN SPANISH)
Tell me more about your goats.

As Burly continues...

INT. NERO ESTANCIA - BILLIARDS ROOM - NIGHT

Valentina finally finds Facundo Nero at the back corner of the room chatting up a man in a TRILBY HAT (60s).

Narrows her eyes. Creeps closer. Grins.

VALENTINA
I knew it.

She removes a WATCH from her wrist and flips off the face -- it's a camera. She leans forward and listens in.

FACUNDO NERO (IN SPANISH)
 (almost inaudible)
*...Then come to the Tigre Club. You
 can meet her there...*

Valentina SNAPS a photo, doesn't see...

Juan Emilio, studying her.

INT. NERO ESTANCIA - BILLIARDS ROOM ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Burly is still rambling on to Audrey, when Juan Emilio pokes his head out.

BURLY
 (to Audrey)
Excuse me.

He rushes over. Juan Emilio WHISPERS and they both head inside.

Audrey grabs Mr. Famous and instinctively follows.

INT. NERO ESTANCIA - BILLIARDS ROOM - NIGHT

Valentina is still snapping away when a hand spins her around.

BURLY (IN SPANISH)
You are not allowed in here.

Busted. She thinks fast, crams her cigar in Burly's mouth and pushes him into a BILLIARDS TABLE.

BALLS scatter, players CURSE, and Trilby Hat evaporates into the crowd.

AUDREY (O.S.)
 Valentina.

Audrey runs up.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
 Come with me.

They hasten towards the exit but Burly recovers and gains.

Audrey clocks him. She signals to Valentina "keep going" and feigns a fall.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
 Ooof! Heavens! I'm so clumsy.

EVERY MAN IN THE ROOM scrambles to help her up.

Valentina uses the cover; dashes for the exit.

When Audrey is finally saved, it is in the arms of...

FIT PLAYER
Are you alright?

AUDREY
(swoon)
I am now.

OFF the Fit Player whisking her towards the exit...

EXT. NERO ESTANCIA - PATIO - NIGHT

The Fit Player ices Audrey's ankle.

AUDREY
Thank you for all your help, um...?

FIT PLAYER/NICO
Nico. It is my pleasure.

AUDREY
Audrey.

NICO
Mucho gusto. What were you doing in
the billiards room, Audrey?

AUDREY
I lost my pooch.

Audrey indicates Mr. Famous, now chowing down on the
remaining slices of steak. Nico smiles, amused.

Valentina runs up -- *face washed, identity restored.*

VALENTINA
I apologize, Ms Hepburn. I was in the
bathroom. Is everything alright?

AUDREY
Just barely, thanks to this kind
gentleman.
(to Nico)
Nico, this is my dog wrangler,
Valentina.

NICO
Hello. You missed quite the
commotion.

VALENTINA

Did I?

NICO

Yes. Her ankle needs to be wrapped.

(back to Audrey)

I have bandages at my casita near the stables if you would like assistance.

VALENTINA

I don't think--

AUDREY

--That would be lovely.

(to Valentina)

I'll be no more than a moment.

As Audrey leaves, Valentina peers back at the Billiards Room entrance. Burly is explaining things to an incensed Facundo.

INT. NICO'S CASITA - NIGHT

A charming one bedroom dotted with COWHIDES and colorful FILETEADOS. Audrey perches on the bed while Nico bandages her ankle with HORSE LEG WRAPS.

NICO

Tell me if they are too tight.

AUDREY

There's no need to worry about that. When I was a young ballerina I used to wrap my ankles so tight that my feet turned purple.

NICO

Ballerina? A clumsy ballerina, it would seem.

AUDREY

I suppose I am.

(changing the subject)

I love your place. It's charming.

NICO

Facundo puts me up here when I am playing polo for him.

(gathering up loose wrap)

You are much smaller than a polo pony. Hand me that knife?

He indicates a FACÓN KNIFE hanging off the night stand.

AUDREY
That looks very dangerous.

NICO
Not if you know how to use it.

AUDREY
Then it's best to keep it out of my hands.

She gently lifts it off the table and hands it to him. He cuts away the extra wrap.

NICO
I don't know about that. I have a feeling you are full of surprises.

Audrey blushes, enjoying his flirtation, when there is a KNOCK on the door.

Nico opens it to find Valentina clutching Mr. Famous.

VALENTINA
Moment's up.

OFF Audrey's disappointed face...

EXT. NERO ESTANCIA - STABLES - NIGHT

Valentina urgently leads a limping Audrey and soporific Mr. Famous back to the estancia via a large dark barn.

VALENTINA
We need to get back to the hotel and transmit information up the ladder. It's not safe here.

AUDREY
Why isn't it safe?

VALENTINA
You wouldn't understand.

Audrey looks over her shoulder and makes sure Nico is out of eyesight before walking straight -- *her ankle is fine*.

AUDREY
I might understand more than you think.

VALENTINA
Just keep moving.

In the distance, Burly directs a group of ARMED GUARDS to start breaking up the party. Audrey digs in.

AUDREY
Why were they speaking German in
the billiards room?

VALENTINA
How did you know...?
(of course)
You speak German.

AUDREY
Who are you after? A war criminal?

VALENTINA
SHHHHH. Keep your voice down.

AUDREY
Tell me who it is or I walk right
over there and find out myself.

VALENTINA
No you won't.

Audrey pushes past her. Waving arms.

AUDREY (IN GERMAN)
Hello! Gentlemen! May I have a word?--

VALENTINA
--Fine. Fine!

OFF Valentina, trying to contain Audrey...

INT. ALVEAR PALACE HOTEL - ROYAL SUITE - NIGHT

Denis develops Valentina's photos in the adjacent powder room while Audrey sips tea and attempts to process what Valentina is telling her.

VALENTINA
We came to Buenos Aires to penetrate
an organization called ODESSA.

AUDREY
ODESSA? I've never heard of it.

VALENTINA
It's a codename. Organisation der
ehemaligen SS-Angehörigen.

AUDREY
(translating)
Organization of former SS members.

Audrey's stomach drops as she realizes...

AUDREY (CONT'D)
They're Nazis.

VALENTINA
They help fascist war criminals
escape Europe via international
underground railroads. Many of
which deposit right here in
Argentina.

Denis emerges from the powder room.

DENIS
Five more minutes.

VALENTINA
It's near impossible to find anyone
in ODESSA's care. And yet, we may
have done just that.

DENIS
Thanks to your help.
(off Valentina's annoyed look)
What? She did help.

The main phone RINGS. Valentina rushes over to answer.

AUDREY
And Nero is part of this
organization?

DENIS
Maybe, but he's not the target. The
target is...
(off Valentina's head shake)
A very bad man.

VALENTINA
(picking up receiver)
Hello.

VOICE (THROUGH PHONE)
Code number?

VALENTINA
348982BG12

VOICE
Hold please.

The line CLICKS through to...

DIRECTOR COX
I got your message. Do you have
proof?

VALENTINA
We're developing the photos now.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - COX'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Director Cox sits at his mahogany desk speaking into a receiver.

DIRECTOR COX
Any intel on his location?

INTERCUT VALENTINA AND COX

VALENTINA
Based on our last encounter, he may
be attending a politician's party
at the Tigre Club.

DIRECTOR COX
Have Audrey procure an invitation and
accompany her. If she gives you
trouble, remind her of the article.

VALENTINA
Sir, if she's going to be forced to
accompany us we should tell her--

DIRECTOR COX
(definitive)
--No, the target's identity remains
classified. Otherwise... she may
not cooperate.

KNOCK KNOCK. Director Cox looks up at Palmer standing in the
doorway with a FOLDER OF RESEARCH. He waves him in.

DIRECTOR COX (CONT'D)
Send confirmation of the photo
through the wire.

He hangs up and Valentina's LINE GOES DEAD. She sucks back
her resentment, turning to Audrey.

VALENTINA

We're going to Juan Emilio's party
at the Tigre Club.

AUDREY

Oh. No thank you. I won't be
attending that.

VALENTINA

Yes. You will. With me.

DENIS

Ooo. Another ladies night.

Valentina gives Denis a death stare as Audrey suppresses
nerves. *She does not like where this is going.*

AUDREY

Letting an agent tag along for a
business trip is one thing, but Nazi
hunting is quite another. This is not
what I agreed to.

VALENTINA

I understand, but it's not my call.
Director Cox is insisting. And if you
refuse... your mother's article is
still in play.

Audrey bristles. Its power over her still evident. She
exhales, caught.

AUDREY

Fine. I'll attend ONE PARTY to
assist with this dreadful ODESSA
business and then I'm done.

(then)

Whats next?

DENIS

Next, you need formal wear.

AUDREY

Formal wear? Well, perhaps it won't
be COMPLETELY dreadful.

OFF Audrey's resigned face...

INT. ALVEAR PALACE HOTEL - ROYAL SUITE BEDROOM - DAY

A curtain of SHOWER STEAM fills the lens.

VALENTINA (V.O.)
Juan Emilio throws a lavish holiday
fête at his mansion on the Delta
Tigre every year.

Audrey emerges from it in a TOWEL.

VALENTINA (V.O.)
Our target will be in attendance.
But don't worry. If things go as
planned, you won't be interacting
with him.

She pulls on a ROBE and sits at her dressing table.

VALENTINA (V.O.)
And let's leave the dog behind this
time.

Mr. Famous cocks his head. *Sorry darling.*

INT. ALVEAR PALACE HOTEL - ROYAL SUITE - DAY

Valentina slides a .25 ACP into her GARTER HOLSTER.

VALENTINA (V.O.)
Security will be tough, but we'll be
more prepared.

Some additional "weapons" are splayed out on the couch, like
a BROACH sheathing a DAGGER, EVENING GLOVES with ELECTRIC
TIPS and a LIPSTICK.

VALENTINA (V.O.)
I'll slip away while the fanfare
surrounding your arrival plays out.

She uncaps the lipstick revealing it's a SYRINGE.

VALENTINA (V.O.)
Once I identify the target, I'll
lure him outside, drug him and
rendezvous with Denis for
extraction to a holding site.

She recaps the lipstick and tucks it into her bodice.

INT. ALVEAR PALACE HOTEL - ROYAL SUITE BEDROOM - DAY

Audrey checks her now made-up face in the mirror.

VALENTINA (V.O.)
All you have to do is keep
everyone's attention.

There's a KNOCK at the door.

AUDREY
Come in.

DENIS
I have something for you.

Denis presents her with a set of PEARL DROP EARRINGS.

AUDREY
They're beautiful.

DENIS
They're a headset.

He points out a discreet SPEAKER embedded in the setting.

DENIS (CONT'D)
It'll help us stay in contact
during the party.

AUDREY
Very clever and beautifully crafted.

Denis peacocks, proud of his work.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
I know just what to wear them with.

OFF Audrey's eyes, alight with an idea...

EXT. DELTA TIGRE - NIGHT

Establishing shots of the exotic Delta in its 1960s heyday:
sprawling MANSIONS, luxury RIVERBOATS, canopies of green.

EXT. THE TIGRE CLUB - NIGHT

FLAT BOTTOMS cut through the water towards a towering French-
Italian ESTATE with a dizzying GRAND TERRACE.

BOAT VALET helps GUESTS disembark and ascend it to...

INT. THE TIGRE CLUB - SALON DE BAILE - NIGHT

A cavernous ballroom overlooking the Delta. It VIBRATES with a DANCE FLOOR, SWINGING BAND and GLAMOROUS PEOPLE in formal wear -- including a tuxedo clad Nico.

He and everyone else stop to stare at a single person breaching the entrance: Audrey. She's donning a BLACK TANGO DRESS and CASCADING STRAND OF PEARLS.

Julian escorts her over to their beaming host Juan Emilio.

JUAN EMILIO

Señora Hepburn, you know how to get a man's attention.

AUDREY

I do hope so, Mr. Quintana. It's practically my job.

JUAN EMILIO

Come. I want to introduce you to someone.

As Audrey is whisked away...

DENIS (PRELAP)

What's the scene like?

EXT. DELTA TIGRE DOCK - JULIAN'S BOAT - NIGHT

Denis listens via a discreet EARPIECE.

DENIS

Decent entertainment? Food?

INT. THE TIGRE CLUB - SALON DE BAILE - NIGHT

Valentina stalks the edges of the room. She also wears an EARPIECE. She and Denis speak to each other through them.

VALENTINA

Above average.

The same Red Haired Waitress from Facundo's asado walks by with a PLATE OF PRAWNS. Valentina double takes them both.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)

The shrimp looks good.

INTERCUT VALENTINA & DENIS

DENIS
I never eat shrimp. Weird texture.

VALENTINA
Then it's best you stayed in the boat.

DENIS
And our girl?

Audrey shakes hands with a SHORT STERN MAN.

VALENTINA
Currently meeting the President of Argentina. Turns out all you need in order to get access to elusive foreign leaders is a little black dress.

DENIS
And to look like Audrey Hepburn.

Audrey grins, listening in through her PEARL EARRING HEADSET.

INT. THE TIGRE CLUB - SALON DE BAILE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

The band breaks and the guests disperse.

VALENTINA
Audrey, get the band playing again. I need these people distracted.

Audrey receives the message and darts her eyes around the room, thinking. They finally land on... Nico.

INT. THE TIGRE CLUB - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

She beckons him to the dance floor and MURMURS to the band. They start up on a TANGO.

NICO
Your ankle appears better.

AUDREY
Much.

NICO
I'm a little intimidated. You said you danced ballet.

AUDREY
Yes, but I've never danced the Tango. You?

NICO

Un poco.

AUDREY

Then perhaps you could teach me.

NICO

Only if you think you can surrender
to my lead.

Audrey smirks. *Touché.*

INT. THE TIGRE CLUB - SALON DE BAILE - NIGHT

As the music begins again, the guests redirect their
attention toward the dance floor.

VALENTINA

Good work, Audrey.

Valentina resumes her surveillance, but is confronted by...

FACUNDO NERO

Ah. Señora Hepburn's dog wrangler,
but without a dog.

VALENTINA

Mr. Famous decided to take the night off.

FACUNDO NERO

That's too bad. Although if he had
come, I'm afraid he may have been
disappointed.

(narrowing his eyes)

There are no billiards rooms to sneak
into here.

Valentina swallows. He's onto her. Facundo signals and three
guards join him: Burly, MUSTACHE, and SLIM.

FACUNDO NERO (CONT'D)

My guards will escort you out.

She glowers as the music SWELLS and...

INT. THE TIGRE CLUB - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Nico leads Audrey across the floor.

NICO

Are you sure you haven't done this
before?

AUDREY
You're my first.

NICO
Fast learner?

AUDREY
Eager student.

Nico escalates their steps, entwining legs. They vibrate with adrenaline, attraction. Meanwhile...

EXT. THE TIGRE CLUB - TERRACE - NIGHT

Burly frogmarches Valentina out onto the terrace. She steals a glance back inside at Audrey and Nico dancing.

Everyone is watching, enthralled, including... a man in a trilby hat. It's the TARGET.

VALENTINA
He's here.

DENIS (THROUGH EARPIECE)
Where? Can you get to him?

She tries to break from Burly but he holds tight.

VALENTINA
I might need a minute. Audrey, keep dancing.

INT. THE TIGRE CLUB - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Audrey obliges by letting Nico lower her into a dip.

NICO
I'm starting to wonder about you.

AUDREY
Oh?

NICO
I think you might be hiding something.

AUDREY
Why would you think that?

NICO
Because... this is definitely NOT
your first time.

He transitions her out of the dip and into a series of advanced steps before ending their tango with a flourish.

They lock eyes and breathe heavy as the crowd APPLAUDS, meanwhile...

EXT. THE TIGRE CLUB - TERRACE - NIGHT

Burly drags Valentina towards the edge of the terrace. Mustache and Slim provide backup. As they bear down...

Valentina frees one of her hands and shoves a GLOVED FINGER in Burly's neck -- ZZZZZ.

He convulses. She leaps over him and removes the LIPSTICK SYRINGE from her bodice. Sprints towards the door.

EXT. DELTA TIGRE DOCK - JULIAN'S BOAT - NIGHT

Denis listens close as a TESTY VALET in a guest boat PUTTERS up.

TESTY VALET (IN SPANISH)
Excuse me. You can't park that here.

He ignores, hoping the valet will move on.

INT. THE TIGRE CLUB - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Audrey parts from Nico and a WAVE OF MEN line up to be her next dance partner. One gets to her first...

VOICE (O.S.)
Pardon me. May I have this dance?

Her face pales at the sound of a familiar GERMAN ACCENT. She turns to find the knowing stare of CHRISTIAN BLECHA (now 60s).

Audrey is frozen in place, shaken to her core. He holds out his hand.

BLECHA
Don't be rude. Everyone is watching.

Everyone *is* watching. Audrey GULPS and takes his hand.

EXT. THE TIGRE CLUB - TERRACE - NIGHT

Valentina reaches for the door but is jerked back by Mustache.

The lipstick syringe PRATTLES to the ground.

VALENTINA
 Denis, I need backup

Valentina headbutts him in the nose and wrests herself away,
 but Slim storms down, fisting hair.

EXT. DELTA TIGRE DOCK - JULIAN'S BOAT - NIGHT

Denis waves at the Testy Valet to move on.

DENIS
 Unfortunately, I am dealing with a
 situation.

VALENTINA
 Well deal faster.

But the Testy Valet is pissed. He tosses his ANCHOR overboard,
 blocking Denis in.

DENIS (IN SPANISH)
What are you doing? I can't get out!

INT. THE TIGRE CLUB - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Audrey's vision blurs as Blecha presses her into a reverse walk.

BLECHA
 You are still a captivating dancer.

AUDREY
 And you are still... alive.

BLECHA
 It would appear so.

AUDREY
 How did you manage to survive?

BLECHA
 I found a wonderful group of like-
 minded friends.
 (pulling her close)
 They're very protective.

Audrey cringes but stays steady, acutely aware of the
 onlooking crowd.

Nico is among them. Hawk-eyed. Studying.

BLECHA (CONT'D)

You have done well for yourself, gute Audrey. The little ballerina grew up.

AUDREY

It's a mysterious world.

BLECHA

And here we are on the other side of it. Together. I wonder why?

AUDREY

A bizarre coincidence.

Blecha squeezes Audrey into a tilt. Whispers.

BLECHA

Come now. We both know you are smarter than that.

EXT. THE TIGRE CLUB - TERRACE - NIGHT

Valentina draws the DAGGER from her BROACH and plunges it into Slim's thigh. He releases her with a GROAN -- *Ahhhh*.

She scoops up the lipstick syringe and darts back inside.

INT. THE TIGRE CLUB - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

The band wraps their song, so Blecha lifts Audrey's hand to his mouth and meets her eyes -- *a familiar gesture*.

BLECHA

Until we meet again.

Audrey recoils and he melts into the crowd, just as...

Valentina appears, frantically searching the audience.

VALENTINA

Audrey, stay where you are. The target was watching you so just, don't move.

Audrey snaps to, trying to brush off Blecha and get her bearings as Denis comes through on the earpiece.

DENIS

Our guy just emerged from inside. He's heading toward the docks.

VALENTINA

I'm on my way.

EXT. THE TIGRE CLUB - SIDE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Valentina darts out the side entrance and races down a tight EMERGENCY STAIRCASE. Audrey follows a few beats behind, relieved to be away from her ghosts on the dance floor.

VALENTINA

What are you doing? Go back inside.

AUDREY

Perhaps I can help out here.

VALENTINA

I have it under control.

DENIS (THROUGH EARPIECE)

He's at the valet station rummaging through keys.

Valentina hikes up her skirt.

VALENTINA

Screw this.

She leaps over the railing and CRASHES onto the ground below. Continues her pursuit.

Audrey scans the valet station and sees... Blecha.

He secures a set of keys, climbs into a CHROME BAY BOAT and pulls on A TRILBY HAT. Her jaw slacks as she realizes...

AUDREY

Blecha's... the target?

EXT. DELTA TIGRE DOCK - JULIAN'S BOAT - NIGHT

Denis tries to motor around the Testy Valet's boat, bumping and scraping into its side, but it's no use.

TESTY VALET (IN SPANISH)

*What are you, crazy? You're
damaging the paint.*

DENIS (IN SPANISH)

You are the crazy one. Move!

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

Valentina catches up to Blecha as he ZOOMS off in the chrome bay boat.

VALENTINA

Denis I need you to bring that boat around. Now.

DENIS

I'm blocked in. I need a minute.

VALENTINA

We don't have a minute, Denis.
Denis?!

AUDREY (O.S.)

I've got it.

Valentina turns to find Audrey running up behind her.

Audrey hops onto a WOOD CLAD BOWRIDER that a late arriving COUPLE is exiting -- lifts the keys from their hand.

AUDREY (IN SPANISH) (CONT'D)

We're so glad you could make it.
(to the Woman)
What a lovely gown.

The Couple glows. *Is that Audrey Hepburn?*

Audrey tosses the keys to Valentina with a smirk. She jumps behind the wheel.

VALENTINA

I had it under control.

AUDREY

Of course you did.
(to the Couple)
Enjoy the band. They're marvelous.

Valentina mashes down the THROTTLE, zooming off. The Couple watch in stunned confusion.

A BLACK RIGID HULL INFLATABLE, concealed by some overgrowth, pulls from the weeds and follows.

EXT. DELTA TIGRE - NIGHT

Valentina and Audrey gain on Blecha in the chrome bay boat. They are almost parallel with him when...

The black inflatable knifes its way in between.

They clock the driver. It's Burly. He's back and joined by Mustache and Slim. Mustache whips out a PISTOL and aims.

Valentina quickly decelerates as he pulls the trigger.

BAM-BAM-BAM.

The bullets go wide.

She yanks the .25 ACP from her GARTER and yells to Audrey.

VALENTINA
Can you drive a boat?

AUDREY
(taking the wheel)
Of course darling. I am Dutch.

Audrey spies Blecha in the distance and accelerates after him, but the black inflatable bars their way.

BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM.

Mustache and Slim put some holes in the bowrider's hull. It's messy, but superficial. *Audrey and Valentina remain unscathed.*

Valentina returns fire, popping Mustache in the shoulder. He stumbles back and flips into the water.

She squeezes out a few more rounds at Slim. Misses.

VALENTINA
Damn it.

Audrey tries to straighten as the black inflatable pulls tight, closing the space between them.

Slim jumps onto their deck, rushes Valentina and lays a knee into her chest. She CHUFFS, struggling against the weight of his body, just inches in front of Audrey.

The .25 ACP drops to the deck in the shuffle.

In an instant, Audrey lifts her PEARLS, lassoing them around Slim's neck. She jerks him back.

SLIM
ARGGGGHHH.

He releases Valentina, who makes quick work of twisting the strand further around his neck and tying them off on a CLEAT.

As the WHITE BALLS dig into his ESOPHAGUS...

VALENTINA
Look out!

Audrey whips starboard. A round from Burly clips the top of her french twist, blasting apart a CRYSTAL HAIR PIECE. *That was too close for comfort.*

She lowers her eyes, CUTTING in front of the black inflatable. Scoops Valentina's .25 ACP off the floor.

AUDREY

Duck, please.

Valentina hits the deck as Audrey empties the clip into the hull of the black inflatable.

The vessel BLASTS apart as she swerves, its remains rocking in their wake.

Audrey apologetically hands a stunned Valentina the .25 ACP.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

Sorry about that.

VALENTINA

Don't be.

Valentina takes the wheel, redirects them toward Blecha's chrome bay boat in the distance and throttles up, pushing the bowrider to its max.

Blecha eyes them in his rearview and slows, waiting. Audrey stiffens. *What's he planning?*

AUDREY

This isn't right. You have to stop.

VALENTINA

What?

AUDREY

He's manipulating us. You have to stop.

Blecha makes a sharp turn and cuts behind an emerging PASSENGER FERRY.

With little time to slow, Valentina swerves, but at once realizes their trajectory is fatal. A FUEL BARGE lays less than 20 meters ahead.

VALENTINA

Jump!

Audrey and Valentina launch themselves into the Delta moments before the bowrider collides with the fuel barge, igniting a MASSIVE EXPLOSION.

EXT. DELTA TIGRE - BANK - NIGHT

Valentina emerges from the muddy Delta heaving in air. She searches the top of the water, now littered with debris.

VALENTINA

Audrey? Audrey!

Panic rises until a CHUNK OF SIDING flips over revealing... Audrey. She sucks in oxygen.

AUDREY

You owe me a new hair pin.

(looking down)

And dress.

(oh shit)

And pearls!

Valentina grins, appreciating Audrey's humor for the first time since she met her.

VALENTINA

Where did you learn to do that?

AUDREY

Movie sets, mostly.

VALENTINA

I have a new respect for the movies.

But this moment of relief is fleeting as Audrey's demeanor shifts, suddenly void of humor.

AUDREY

The target is Christian Blecha?

Valentina's face twists. She starts to explain when...

A distant boat puts towards them. It's Julian's boat. Denis drives as Julian waves from the helm.

JULIAN

My word! How did you ladies get all the way out here?

EXT. DELTA TIGRE - JULIAN'S BOAT - NIGHT - MOVING

Audrey and Valentina pull on WARM BLANKETS and whisper-argue while Julian glasses out some gin from his FLASK.

AUDREY

Why didn't you tell me Blecha was the target?

VALENTINA

I was ordered to withhold it.

AUDREY

Bullshit.

JULIAN

(interrupting)

It's true. Director Cox thought you might not continue to help us.

Julian turns and hands them drinks. Audrey shakes her head.

AUDREY

You're CIA too?

JULIAN

I apologize for not mentioning it earlier, but my cover has taken years to cultivate. It's very fragile.

VALENTINA

(cat's outta the bag now)

Julian works in the office of special operations. They interface with the INA to track war criminals.

AUDREY

Don't you have bigger fish to bring to justice?

JULIAN

Blecha's a prize marlin. He killed tens of thousands of laborers.

AUDREY

By association with the party, but he didn't personally kill anybody.

VALENTINA

Christian Blecha oversaw one of the biggest rocket production facilities outside Mittelwerk. More people died making his weapons than were killed by them. Whether he pulled the trigger or not... he is responsible.

Audrey lets this sink in.

JULIAN

He was presumed dead, until last week when I spotted him at a cinema showing your films.

AUDREY

Films?

VALENTINA

(hates that she knows this)
It was a double feature. "Roman Holiday" and "Sabrina."

JULIAN

Seemed coincidental until we learned of his brief affair with a certain Dutch Baroness.

Audrey shifts, uncomfortable.

VALENTINA

We didn't want to involve you, but ODESSA has been impossible to penetrate. We needed--

AUDREY

(to Julian)
--chum.

Julian offers Audrey more from the flask, but she rejects it.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

If it's not too much trouble, I'd like to go home now.

VALENTINA

Of course. We'll go directly back to the hotel.

AUDREY

No. Home to my family. In the states. I'm done here.

OFF Julian and Valentina exchanging a nervous look.

INT. ALVEAR PALACE HOTEL - ROYAL SUITE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Audrey, still wrapped in the blanket from the boat, sits on the edge of her bed smoking a CIGARETTE and cradling the HOTEL PHONE.

After a few RINGS, the line picks up.

MEL (THROUGH PHONE)
Hello?

AUDREY (INTO PHONE)
Hello, Mel?

MEL
Audrey?

AUDREY
Oh Mel, I'm so glad you picked up.

INT. PALATIAL HOLMBY HILLS HOME - DAY

Mel perches on the arm of a CHESTERFIELD COUCH drawing sips from a glass of scotch. *Hair mussed.*

MEL
I wasn't expecting your call. How is Argentina?

INTERCUT AUDREY AND MEL

AUDREY
Not entirely what I imagined.

MEL
Is everything alright?

AUDREY
No, I... I miss you and Sean.

MEL
We miss you too, darling.

AUDREY
Perhaps I should come home.

MEL
Home? Whatever it is, you can work through it. You always do.

AUDREY
I'm not so sure I can this time.

MEL
Are you hurt?

AUDREY
Not physically, no--

MEL
--then you can work through it.
(rephrasing)
I'm just trying to be supportive,
darling. You were the one who
wanted to go down there.

A GIGGLE echos from O.S. Mel cups the receiver to muffle it.

AUDREY
What was that?

MEL
Hmm? That was the baby.

Audrey's stomach drops, determined not to seem upset.

AUDREY
He's up rather late.

MEL
Yes. He hasn't been sleeping well.
(switching gears)
Listen, pour yourself a nice tall drink
and run a bath. You'll feel better in
the morning. Then when you get back
next week, we'll drive out to the
desert for Christmas. Just you, me and
Sean. One big happy family.

Audrey sucks back tears.

AUDREY
That sounds wonderful.

MEL
Alright then. Keep charming the
hell out of the folks down south.

AUDREY
Mel? You do still love me, don't you?

MEL
Of course. Easiest job in the
world. Now go draw that bath.

He ENDS the call and the line goes DEAD.

Audrey hangs up the receiver and snubs out what's left of her
cigarette as the sound of DRIP-DRIP-DRIPPING pulls her into a
dream-memory where...

INT. VAN HEEMSTRA APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

CANDLE WAX drips onto the stem of a polished CANDELABRA. It adorns a formally set dinner table brimming with food.

Blecha presides over it between Audrey and Ella, who struggle to stay composed while shoveling forkfuls of chicken into their mouths -- literally starved.

ELLA (IN DUTCH)

Roast chicken AND carrots. This is quite a treat.

AUDREY (IN DUTCH)

I thought soldiers were rationed like us?

BLECHA (IN DUTCH)

They are. But, I am not a soldier. I am a scientist. I don't fire the weapons, I make them.

ELLA

(changing the topic)

I haven't had carrots like these since we celebrated Easter in Belgium. Do you remember that, Audrey?

Audrey tries to NOD along, but curiosity gets the best of her.

AUDREY

What kind of weapons?

ELLA

(snapping)

That is none of our business. Officer Blecha will think I have raised you with no manners.

BLECHA

It's alright Ella. She's still a girl. She will learn.

(then)

I make long-range missiles and such. It is boring dinner conversation.

(to Ella)

Tell me about Belgium.

Audrey demurs. Takes a bite of her chicken. Blecha watches her chew.

INT. VAN HEEMSTRA APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Post dinner. Audrey dips the candelabra in a WARM SOAPY BATH and scrubs the softened candle wax off with a TEA TOWEL. Doesn't see...

Blecha, studying her from the doorway.

She finally notices him and JUMPS.

BLECHA (IN DUTCH)
Your mother went to find some port.
(then)
May I help? I find doing dishes
relaxing.

Before Audrey can protest, he rolls up his SLEEVES and sinks his hands into the SUDS alongside her.

After a prolonged beat...

BLECHA (CONT'D)
You embarrassed her again.

Blecha lifts a PLATE from the water; holds it out for her to dry.

AUDREY
I didn't mean to. I was simply
curious.

BLECHA
I see. Well, as one curious person to
another, allow me to offer you a
piece of advice... Learn to conceal
who you really are below the surface.

He lifts a KNIFE from the water and holds it out.

BLECHA (CONT'D)
Otherwise, you might start getting
a bad reputation.

Audrey doesn't take it, just stares -- chilled, as...

INT. ALVEAR PALACE HOTEL - ROYAL SUITE BEDROOM - DAY (DAWN)

Audrey spooks awake in bed. Breathing hard. Confused. She orients herself and checks on Mr. Famous, sleeping soundly.

MUFFLED TALKING seeps through the bedroom door. She eases from the sheets and cracks it open. Peers out at...

INT. ALVEAR PALACE HOTEL - DAY (DAWN)

Valentina and Denis, sitting on the open balcony sipping COFFEE. They look like they haven't slept all night.

VALENTINA

We made the right call.

DENIS

I'm not entirely sure.

VALENTINA

Audrey's a spineless celebrity who only cares about her image. She isn't going to do the right thing unless we make her.

INT. ALVEAR PALACE HOTEL - ROYAL SUITE BEDROOM - DAY (DAWN)

Audrey scowls, pulls on PANTS and grabs her SCARF from the dressing table -- *she needs to get out of here.*

EXT. BUENOS AIRES - STREETS - DAY

Hidden behind the SCARF, BIG GLASSES and a FRESH CIGARETTE, Audrey wanders the sidewalks of Buenos Aires, trying to forget Blecha, Mel, Valentina -- all of it, when...

The plucky tune of an UPRIGHT PLAYING CHOPIN steals her attention. She follows it to a local ballet studio.

EXT. PALERMO BALLET STUDIO - DAY

Inside, YOUNG GIRLS practice center work. Audrey studies them through glass, eyes twinkling. Her hands intuitively mark the steps of their combination: port a bras, relevé, jeté.

She closes her eyes and sways to the music, getting lost in it until...

WIRY MOTHER (IN SPANISH) (O.S.)

Excuse me?

A WIRY MOTHER pushing a bassinet JOLTS her back to the present.

WIRY MOTHER (IN SPANISH) (CONT'D)

Excuse me? Are you Audrey Hepburn?

(waving across the street)

Estefania, look. It's Audrey Hepburn.

A group of MEN DRINKING ESPRESSO take notice and trickle over as well. A crowd starts to form. Audrey abandons the studio.

EXT. BUENOS AIRES - STREETS - DAY

Audrey continues down the road as the crowd calls out to others. "*¡Mira!*" "*¡Es Audrey Hepburn!*" "*¡La famosa actriz!*"

She attempts to hail a cab, but the growing current of fans swallows her. The situation is becoming dangerous. Then...

BEEP-BEEP.

A truck parts the crowd. Its driver rolls down the window.

NICO
Need a lift?

Nico flashes a swoon-worthy smile and throws open the passenger door. Audrey SIGHS and climbs in.

They ZOOM away, leaving the crowd behind.

INT. EMPANADA BAR - DAY

A dive-y mom-and-pop with a SQUEAKY ceiling fan. Nico and Audrey sit beneath it at a two top. The OWNER drops a PLATE OF EMPANADAS in front of them.

NICO
The owner is a friend. Nobody will bother you here.

She relaxes slightly and digs in.

AUDREY
I didn't expect so many people to recognize me.

NICO
You have some big fans in Argentina.

AUDREY
It was a relief that you happened to be driving by. These things can get a bit out of hand.

NICO
Out of hand?

AUDREY
Oh yes. A fan in Paris once cut off my hair.
(off Nico's shock)
Just a lock. Apparently he was going to cast a love spell.

NICO
Can't entirely blame him.
(then)
What were you doing out alone this
early?

AUDREY
Trouble sleeping. What were YOU
doing out alone this early?

NICO
I had to get my truck looked at.
(then)
Do you often have trouble sleeping?

AUDREY
Not since I was a girl. I thought
the open air would help.

NICO
If it's open air you're seeking, I
can offer you a much better solution
than the merchant streets of Buenos
Aires. There is just one question.

AUDREY
What's that?

NICO
Do you ride as well as you dance?

OFF Audrey's eyes, intrigued.

EXT. NERO ESTANCIA - PASTURES - DAY

Rolling green dotted with JACARANDA TREES. Audrey and Nico
canter across it riding two regal POLO PONIES.

Her hair whips in the wind as the horses CLOMP through mud.
She grins, enamored with the landscape, and peers over at
Nico... who is watching her more than the view.

He raises his eyebrows and she responds by squeezing her
heels into the pony's ribs -- *surging into a gallop.*

Nico bites his lip and opens forward, pushing to a run in
pursuit, relishing the chase.

INT. NERO ESTANCIA - STABLES - DAY

Audrey and Nico dismount the ponies. An ELDERLY GAUCHO grabs
the reigns.

NICO
I cannot believe it. You may ride
even better than you dance.

AUDREY
I forgot how free it feels to just
open up and run.

The Elderly Gaucho begins to hose down the ponies.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
Actually, may I?

He hands over the hose and leaves her to douse the mare. It
leans into the cool water.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
That feels nice, doesn't it girl?

NICO
You continue to surprise me.

AUDREY
How so?

NICO
The riding, the dancing, the street
walking...

AUDREY
Street walking?

NICO
Okay. Street "wandering."

AUDREY
That's better.

NICO
This is not the Audrey Hepburn I
expected. You're much more...
independent. Fuerte.

Audrey smiles, complimented.

AUDREY
You know you're not what I expected
either.

NICO
No?

AUDREY

Most Polo players are consumed with machismo.

(off Nico's insulted face)

It's a good thing. Men like that are too busy trying to control me to get to know me.

NICO

Just invite them to tango. That will put them in their place.

They share a CHUCKLE.

NICO (CONT'D)

May I ask you a question?

AUDREY

Hmm?

NICO

Why are you in Argentina?

AUDREY

Oh. I am helping a producer raise money for this film.

NICO

What's it about?

AUDREY

It's umm. Well. The script is superb...

NICO

You don't know, do you?

AUDREY

Not really. It was sort of a favor. Don't tell anybody.

Audrey mimes locking her mouth.

NICO

Your secret is safe with me.

Nico mimes locking his mouth back.

NICO (CONT'D)

Whatever the reason, I am very glad our paths have crossed.

AUDREY

Me too.

Audrey stops spraying and gazes at Nico. The mare becomes impatient and bumps her arm, causing Audrey to drop the hose.

It writhes on the ground, spewing water everywhere.

Nico rushes to turn it off, but it's too late. They're deeply soaked and hysterically LAUGHING.

NICO

You couldn't just let the gaucho handle this part?

AUDREY

How foolish of me. I'm sopping.

As laughter subsides, their eyes fix on each other -- *daring*.

Audrey bites her bottom lip and Nico leans in. He pauses, waiting for her to close the gap. But... she pulls away.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

I should get going. My travel companions will be wondering where I popped off to.

NICO

Right. Of course. I'll fetch some dry clothes and drop you back at your hotel.

Nico scuffs off to his casita. Audrey lingers on him and rubs her shoulders, suddenly chilly.

INT. ALVEAR PALACE HOTEL - ROYAL SUITE - DAY

Audrey enters wearing one of NICO'S POLO SHIRTS and a dreamy smile. She plops a TOTE BAG OF WET CLOTHES on the side board and pulls off DARK GLASSES to find...

Valentina, Denis, Julian and Director Cox -- *waiting*.
Director Cox runs an eye over Nico's shirt.

DIRECTOR COX

Did you have a nice time with the polo player?

AUDREY

Director Cox. Last minute trip to see the sights?

DIRECTOR COX
Valentina here suggested you might
be having second thoughts about
helping us with Christian Blecha.

Audrey flits her eyes to a sheepish Valentina. *Narc.*

AUDREY
I am not interested in revisiting
my past.

DIRECTOR COX
Your past with Blecha or your past
working for the Dutch Resistance?

Valentina whips her head towards Audrey. *This is news to her.*

Audrey tries to downplay it.

AUDREY
I... I merely carried a few letters.

Director Cox drops Palmer's FOLDER OF RESEARCH onto the
coffee table in front of her. It's labeled "Audrey Hepburn."

DIRECTOR COX
For the founders of the KCT. They ran
a recruitment facility out of your
ballet studio in Velp, is that right?

AUDREY
(equivocating)
We were at war. I wanted to help.
Especially in light of my
mother's... affiliations.

DIRECTOR COX
And did you help?

AUDREY
Like I said. I am not interested in
revisiting my past.

DIRECTOR COX
Well, you've been very helpful to
us so far. Perhaps you'd like to
keep doing that and stop Christian
Blecha once and for all.

AUDREY
And if I don't?

DIRECTOR COX
Unfortunately, you might HAVE to
revisit your past. You might have
to revisit your past very publicly.

AUDREY
You mean my mother's article?

DIRECTOR COX
To start.

Audrey indicates the folder of research.

AUDREY
What else is in there?

DIRECTOR COX
A side of Audrey Hepburn that the
world has yet to see.

She swallows, wanting so much to tell him to fuck off, but
instead she says...

AUDREY
Fine.

DIRECTOR COX
Good girl.
(gathering himself to leave)
Case Officer Palmer is arriving to
provide backup as we speak.

VALENTINA
Palmer?

DIRECTOR COX
He did discovery on Audrey and is
an expert marksman. I've already
read him in.

VALENTINA
Sir, I wish you'd consulted me. I
don't need backup.

DIRECTOR COX
(shutting it down)
If you didn't need backup, Blecha
would already be in custody.
(back to Audrey)
Denis here will brief you on next
steps. I've got to make a call.

He heads out the door as Denis launches into his spiel.

DENIS

Right. Recent intel puts Blecha living in the barrio of La Boca. It's a dense area and we are going to use that to our advantage by positioning you as a distraction.

As soon as the door CLICKS behind Director Cox...

AUDREY

Excuse me. I need a moment to change.

Audrey scurries off to her room.

Valentina eyes her with mounting rage.

DENIS

Valentina, don't.

She ignores Denis and follows after Audrey. Denis and Julian exchange a look -- *this should be interesting.*

INT. ALVEAR PALACE HOTEL - ROYAL SUITE BEDROOM - DAY

Audrey is in the middle of peeling off Nico's shirt when Valentina barges in. She covers herself with a down pillow.

AUDREY

I beg your pardon.

VALENTINA

You're a spy?

AUDREY

WAS. Years ago.

(off Valentina's disbelief)
It's not like I didn't drop some fairly obvious hints. I mean I choked a man out with a string of pearls right in front of you.

VALENTINA

You said you learned that on a movie set.

AUDREY

And you believed me?

VALENTINA

I DON'T KNOW HOW MOVIES WORK. Damn it, Audrey. If you had just been honest with me, I wouldn't have called Cox.

AUDREY

Well, someone had to make this
"spineless celebrity who only cares
about her image" do the right thing.

Valentina pales.

VALENTINA

I didn't mean--

AUDREY

--Yes you did.

VALENTINA

Alright. Maybe, I did. Was I wrong?
Ultimately, that is why you are
doing this... Your "image?"

AUDREY

You don't understand.

VALENTINA

Sure I do. I've had to deal with
women like you my entire career.

AUDREY

(re: her toplessness)
Women in their underwear?

VALENTINA

Good girls. People pleasers.
Perfect little ladies who are smart
and strong and powerful watering
themselves down because they're
afraid of ruffling a few feathers.

AUDREY

As opposed to acting superior to
everyone else?

VALENTINA

I have to act the way I do in my
line of work. It's the only way to
get respect.

AUDREY

Respect? Is that why Director Cox brought
in backup without consulting you?

Valentina's stomach drops.

VALENTINA

Why did you keep your background a
secret?

AUDREY

You mock me, but image matters.
Reputation matters. Without it, you
are at the mercy of an individual's
better nature.

VALENTINA

Then I guess I know what you think of
my better nature.

Valentina EXHALES and starts for the door. Then pauses. Pulls
the .25 ACP from her garter holster and tosses it on the bed.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)

In case you decide you do want to
ruffle a few feathers.

She leaves Audrey, still clutching the down pillow to her chest.

Audrey stares at the pistol as the sound of CLICK-CLICK-
CLICKING pulls her into...

INT. VELD BALLET STUDIO - DAY - FLASHBACK

Madame Gaskell CLICKS bullets into a MAG. They're alone in the
studio, blinds closed.

MADAME GASKELL (IN DUTCH)

*You remember your training?
(off Audrey's nod)
Good. It is essential that this
does not get into the wrong hands.*

She jams the full MAG into a PISTOL, presents it to Audrey
along with ANOTHER FOLDED NOTE.

Audrey slips the note in her leotard strap, then confidently
tucks the pistol into her tights.

EXT. VELD BALLET STUDIO - DAY - FLASHBACK

Audrey exits the studio and climbs onto her bike, doesn't
see... A MAN creep from the shadows and follow.

EXT. ARNHEM - STREETS - DAY - FLASHBACK

She bikes on high alert. Passes a cluster of NAZI SOLDIERS.
Tenses. They don't give her a second look. She continues on.

EXT. PRINTING SHOP - DAY - FLASHBACK

Audrey dismounts her bike and melts around the corner to a back entrance.

INT. PRINTING SHOP - DAY - FLASHBACK

She dips inside. Removes the note from her leotard.

AUDREY (IN DUTCH)

Hello?

BLECHA (O.S.)(IN DUTCH)

I suspected it was you, but had to be sure.

Audrey whips around to find... Blecha, towering.

BLECHA (CONT'D)

The resistance is clever, training young dancers to carry notes right under our noses.

AUDREY

That's not all they trained us to do.

She pulls the pistol from her tights. Aims true.

BLECHA

Do you even know what these notes you carry say?

AUDREY

They stop your weapons. They stop you from killing people.

BLECHA

I'm a scientist, not a soldier. Remember?

He slinks forward, seeding doubt in her brain. She holds tight on the gun.

BLECHA (CONT'D)

If you shoot me, you will become an enemy of The Reich. Which means, despite all your mother's efforts, your family's good reputation will be ruined.

Audrey winces. This last part striking deep.

FOOTSTEPS prattle outside the shop as someone approaches. She must make a decision. Fast.

BLECHA (CONT'D)

Or...

(holding out his hand)

I can help conceal who you are.

Audrey considers her options, torn, but eventually...

She places the note in Blecha's palm. His mouth curls into a smile.

BLECHA (CONT'D)

Gute Audrey.

INT. ALVEAR PALACE HOTEL - ROYAL SUITE BEDROOM - DAY

Audrey snaps back to the present, breathing hard.

She collects Valentina's .25 ACP; shoves it and the haunting memory deep in her DRESSING TABLE DRAWER.

EXT. LA BOCA - DAY

A bustling neighborhood painted in vibrant colors.

Restaurants line the cobblestone streets where BUSKERS play guitar, VENDORS haggle and STREET ARTISTS offer portraits.

Audrey strolls past them clutching the arm of Julian. They're followed by a cadre of PRESS and LOCALS.

Among them is Denis posing as a street sweeper, Valentina at a café table and Palmer (the case officer from Director Cox's office) playing cards under an umbrella.

They all wear discreet EARPIECES and speak to each other through them.

DENIS

Blecha should be in the yellow duplex
half a block down.

VALENTINA

We need to draw a crowd directly in front.

Audrey smiles and nods while signing an autograph. She's also wearing an earpiece, and she got the message.

EXT. LA BOCA - SIDEWALK - DAY

Audrey stops to check out a JEWELRY KIOSK directly in front of the duplex. The crowd gathers, craning to get a look, jamming the whole area.

VALENTINA

Good work, Audrey. Time to move.

Valentina and Palmer stand and weave through the dense crowd, quickly closing in on the front door of the duplex.

INT. YELLOW DUPLEX - DAY

They bust through the front door and march up a narrow staircase, guns drawn as they enter...

INT. YELLOW DUPLEX - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A tidy but sparse space dotted with NAZI MEMORABILIA. *This is the right place.*

EXT. LA BOCA - SIDEWALK - DAY

Audrey continues to play the crowd while listening in.

INT. YELLOW DUPLEX - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Valentina and Palmer clear the front room -- *nobody*. They make their way to the bedroom, where...

INT. YELLOW DUPLEX - BEDROOM - DAY

Ribbons of SMOKE from a newly snuffed out cigarette curl above an ASH TRAY.

Palmer indicates the closed bathroom door. Valentina keeps her gun prone and tip toes towards it, when...

BOOM! An ear-splitting blast reverberates from the street below.

EXT. LA BOCA - SIDEWALK - DAY

Audrey and Julian are thrown off their feet as a TRASHCAN near the duplex EXPLODES.

EXT. LA BOCA - STREETS - DAY

Denis falls back into a street lamp.

INT. YELLOW DUPLEX - BEDROOM - DAY

Valentina stumbles to get her footing, then rushes the bathroom door and kicks it open -- *empty*.

VALENTINA
He's not here.

A half-cracked WINDOW beckons. She pokes her head out and pours over the pedestrians below. Blecha hops down into them from a LOW-HANGING BALCONY.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)
He's getting away.

EXT. LA BOCA - STREETS - DAY

Denis rights himself and surveys the scene in confusion.

DENIS
Looks like someone threw a frag in the bin.

INTERCUT DENIS AND VALENTINA

VALENTINA
ODESSA.

DENIS
They're probably still hanging around,
so keep your eyes peeled.

JULIAN
Everyone, we have another problem.

EXT. LA BOCA - SIDEWALK - DAY

Julian desperately searches the frenzied crowd.

JULIAN
I can't find Audrey.

INT. YELLOW DUPLEX - DAY

Valentina hurries back down the stairs. Palmer close behind.

VALENTINA
 Audrey? Answer me.
 (no response)
 Shit.

As she charges back onto the street...

EXT. LA BOCA - SIDEWALK - DAY

Audrey lays on the sidewalk, knocked over in the commotion.
 She feels for her earpiece -- *it's missing*.

Panicked, she sweeps the floor and finds it next to the BOOT
 of... Christian Blecha.

BLECHA
 Hello again, gute Audrey.

Her stomach drops. She pockets the earpiece and stands to
 flee, but Blecha pulls a REVOLVER.

BLECHA (CONT'D)
 Not so fast.

VALENTINA (O.S.)
 Audrey!

Valentina is scanning a throng of pedestrians just ahead.
 Audrey tries to signal her, but...

BLECHA
 Ah-ah-ah. Come with me.

Blecha leads her over to a STREET ARTIST and sits down.

BLECHA (IN SPANISH) (CONT'D)
We'd like a portrait, please.

STREET ARTIST (IN SPANISH)
Yes, of course. Such a lovely couple.

BLECHA
 Smile.

She refuses, so he nudges her with the TIP OF HIS REVOLVER.
 Audrey forces a smile.

STREET ARTIST (IN SPANISH)
Go ahead and give him a kiss.

Audrey sucks back disgust and plants a PECK on Blecha's head.
 Valentina sees the kissing couple and moves on. *No Audrey here.*

As soon as she's clear...

BLECHA

Now, it's time to hail a taxi.

Blecha throws a BILL at the Street Artist and instructs Audrey to hold out her hand. A TAXICAB immediately pulls over.

BLECHA (CONT'D)

Get in.

OFF Audrey -- *Shit.*

EXT. LA BOCA - SIDEWALK - DAY

Valentina continues to search as Denis comes through on the earpiece.

DENIS

Found her. She's getting into a taxi by the gas station. And she's with Blecha.

Valentina whips towards the gas station in time to spy the taxi take off. She races to catch it on foot.

VALENTINA

Palmer, get the jeep. Denis, you and Julian guard Blecha's duplex in case he comes back.

DENIS

Copy that.

INT. TAXI - DAY - MOVING

Blecha and Audrey scooch along in traffic while their oblivious DRIVER hums to the radio.

BLECHA

I thought your days of espionage were behind you.

AUDREY

And I thought you were dead.

BLECHA

You came to Argentina to find a dead man?

AUDREY

The Americans tricked me into coming here to flush you out. They claim you are responsible for the deaths of thousands of factory workers.

Blecha raises his eyebrows -- *not denying it*. He avoids Audrey's judgement and peers out the back window to find...

EXT. LA BOCA - STREETS - DAY

Valentina pumping her arms, running as fast as she can, doesn't notice...

A sketchy MOTORCYCLIST pull up behind her.

INT. TAXI - DAY - MOVING

Cars bottleneck as Audrey and Blecha approach a SOCCER STADIUM.

AUDREY

You told me you were a scientist,
not a soldier.

BLECHA

Sometimes science requires...
sacrifice.

AUDREY

I don't think anything could
justify that kind of sacrifice.

BLECHA

The honeybee would disagree. Its
workers build, defend, forage, even
starve to ensure the strength of
the colony.

AUDREY

But we are not worker bees.

BLECHA

True.
(staring, sinister)
Some of us are queens.

Audrey's stomach knots.

The Driver slows as SOCCER FANS march towards the venue.
Blecha cranes back to check if Valentina is gaining.

Audrey senses an opportunity and lurches for the wheel.

DRIVER

Hey!

The taxicab careens into a CROWD of fans.

Bodies scramble out of the way, the driver yanks back at the wheel, overcorrecting, and sending the taxicab...

Straight into a MERCHANDISE TENT.

EXT. LA BOMBANERA STADIUM - DAY

BAM! RIVER PLATE and BOCA JERSEYS pummel the hood as the taxicab takes out wardrobe displays, jolting to a stop.

EXT. LA BOCA - STREETS - DAY

Valentina crosses to the wreck, gun drawn.

EXT. LA BOMBANERA STADIUM - DAY

Blecha crawls out the DENTED PASSENGER DOOR of the taxi and joins the HORDE OF SOCCER FANS funneling into the stadium.

Valentina notices him. Has to make a decision -- *catch Blecha or help Audrey?*

VALENTINA

Dammit.

She kneels to Audrey's aid.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)

Audrey! Are you alright?

AUDREY

My arm is pinned under the seat.

Valentina lifts the back of the seat up.

Audrey wriggles free and climbs out of the taxi, replaces the EARPICE in her ear.

VALENTINA

Wait here for back up.

She turns to pursue Blecha, when SILENCED GUNSHOTS raze the taxi. Valentina and Audrey hit the deck.

The sketchy motorcyclist spins by, deftly handling a PB PISTOL from the back of a MOTO GUZZI 175.

PFFFT-PFFFT-PFFFT. Valentina dives.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)
Dammit. ODESSA'S here.

The motorcyclist ZOOMS towards them. Valentina takes aim...

POW! A bullet rips through the Moto Guzzi's front tire, STEEL RIM sparking through SHREDDED RUBBER on the concrete.

The bike lays down, skidding into rubble.

Valentina stands, SMOKING GUN in hand.

The motorcyclist maneuvers out from under the wasted remains and pulls off their helmet revealing...

Red -- the waitress from Facundo's asado and the Tigre Club.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)
I know you.

She locks eyes with Valentina before launching off down the street. Valentina gives chase while calling out to Audrey...

VALENTINA (CONT'D)
Blecha went towards the stadium.
Find him and radio the others.

Audrey scans her surroundings, pausing in uncertainty before clocking an idling VESPA.

AUDREY
When in Rome.

She hops on the running scooter and throttles up.

PUTPUTPUTPUT ZOOOOOOOOOOOOM.

Its OWNER calls after her a la Gregory Peck in "Roman Holiday."

VESPA OWNER
Hey!

But, unlike the movie, Audrey doesn't falter. She confidently ZOOMS onward, using the scooter to carve a path into the stadium.

EXT. SAN TELMO MARKET - DAY

Valentina stays on the heels of Red as she weaves in and out of COLORFUL STALLS and ECCENTRIC ENTERTAINERS.

In the adjacent stadium...

INT. LA BOMBANERA STADIUM - DAY

Thickets of "Boca Junior" fans pack the place, CHANTING and jumping in unison. *It's a throbbing SEA OF BLUE AND YELLOW.*

Audrey pokes her scooter through a section of it at the top of the grandstand, finds the one figure moving against the current.

AUDREY

Got him.

She REVS the engine, says a silent prayer and dives down the steep stadium steps (matching our opening sequence).

EXT. SAN TELMO MARKET - DAY

Valentina keeps pace with Red as she blasts through a MATE TEA DISPLAY.

GOURDS and SIPPING STRAWS fly.

She vaults over debris and turns a blind corner to find... an open air MARIONETTE SHOP. No Red in sight.

VALENTINA

ODESSA'S gone.

Valentina heads back the way she came, doesn't see... Red hidden within the marionettes.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)

Palmer, meet me out front of San
Telmo Mark--

OOOF! Red swipes Valentina's legs, SLAMMING her to the ground.

EXT. LA BOMBANERA STADIUM - DAY

Blecha hurries down the stairs as SCREAMS dopple closer and fans lurch out of the way.

He pauses in confusion and turns to observe...

Audrey, on the scooter, barreling straight towards him.

He GASPS, pulls the revolver from his holster and fires, hitting a BANNER CARRYING FAN in the arm.

The banner falls into Audrey's path, tangling up on the Vespa's back wheel.

Blecha holsters the revolver and hurls himself past the front row -- *onto the pitch.*

Audrey sits up just in time to watch him disappear over the edge.

AUDREY

Dammit.

She scrambles to her feet.

EXT. SAN TELMO MARKET - DAY

Valentina and Red struggle. Valentina strains for her knife, almost has a hold of it, when Red wrenches back her finger -- CRUNCH.

VALENTINA

AHHHHH.

Using her other hand, Valentina swipes a GLASS BOTTLE off the abutting table, SMASHES it and digs shards into Red's calf.

She GROANS in pain, recoils and hobbles off into the market.

EXT. LA BOMBANERA STADIUM - DAY

Audrey clocks Blecha bolting across the pitch.

She rips the banner from her scooter, climbs on and pulls back the throttle.

It flies down the remaining stairs, busting through a FLIMSY GATE, and launching onto the pitch.

The scooter frame CRUNCHES under impact as Audrey lands. A dazed REFEREE stares at her.

REFEREE (IN SPANISH)

What the hell are you doing?!

She ignores him, zooming past.

Blecha cuts in front of an OPPOSING TEAM PLAYER on a breakaway. La Boca fans CHEER, whistles BLOW.

Blecha ignores them, eye on the tunnel ahead.

AUDREY

I don't think so.

Vespa wheels fling MUD into the air and Audrey surges forward.

As they approach the mouth of the tunnel, Audrey closes in on Blecha. She's almost to him when...

Blecha grips the hands of some LOW REACHING FANS and hoists himself back into the stands.

He climbs up through the aisle towards an EXIT.

Audrey watches, stunned...

AUDREY (CONT'D)

Good Lord.

...but not deterred. She continues on, gunning it out the tunnel.

EXT. SAN TELMO MARKET - DAY

Valentina finds her gun and searches the immediate area. A few TRICKLES OF BLOOD lead down a side alley where...

Red is climbing into a FIAT.

Valentina fires a Hail Mary round as it peels out.

VALENTINA

Shit.

(into earpiece)

Audrey, do you have eyes on Blecha?

EXT. LA BOMBANERA STADIUM - DAY

Audrey bursts out the back of the tunnel and onto the street; sees Blecha clipping towards a DEPARTING TRAM -- *DING DING*.

AUDREY

He's getting on a tram outside the stadium.

INTERCUT AUDREY AND VALENTINA

VALENTINA

Going where?

AUDREY

Toward the water I think.

Valentina shakes out smashed fingers.

VALENTINA

Can you get on that tram?

The tram pulls away, putting along ADJACENT TRACKS.

It's too late. *Or is it?*

Her gaze narrows as she considers...

AUDREY

Maybe.

She lifts the vespa WHEELS onto the TRACK, riding it like a high wire (a la the opening).

DING DING.

The TRAM approaches.

Closer... Closer... Closer...

She swerves.

The tram clears, exposing the vespa in a heap to the side.

EXT. TRAM - DAY - MOVING

REVEAL Audrey clinging to the side of an OPEN WINDOW, dress billowing in the wind. She struggles this time, not quite possessing the same strength of her youth.

EXT. SAN TELMO MARKET - DAY

Valentina waits impatiently out front. Palmer finally pulls up in the green jeep.

VALENTINA

Took you long enough. You come to see the sights or catch a Nazi?

Valentina climbs in and they peel out.

EXT. RIVER TRAM STATION - DAY

The tram slows as it reaches its next stop near a LIFTABLE ROAD BRIDGE. Blecha exits, feeling safer now.

Audrey drops off the side of the car and covertly follows him down the PEDESTRIAN WALK.

AUDREY

He's at the river station. Crossing the bridge.

INT/EXT. GREEN JEEP - DAY - MOVING

Valentina indicates a turn up ahead for Palmer.

VALENTINA

We're en route.

EXT. AVELLANEDA BRIDGE - DAY

Blecha clips along, keeping a low profile. Audrey is 30 paces behind, watching, following, until...

Red's Fiat pulls onto the far end of the bridge. She emerges.

AUDREY

That ODESSA woman is here.

VALENTINA

Don't let her see you.

Too late. Red makes Audrey, pulls out an AUTOMATIC RIFLE and OPENS FIRE -- *clearing a path for Blecha.*

Yet... Blecha doesn't take it. Instead, he backs away.

AUDREY

He's backing away from her. Why is--

Audrey is cut off as a TRUCK skids into Blecha. He flies over the hood and crashes to the ground.

She looks up and GASPS. She knows that truck.

NICO IS AT THE WHEEL!

But before Audrey can process the improbability, the green jeep comes darting up the bridge, returning fire at Red.

Nico flips a U-ey and joins the flow of traffic, disappearing as Valentina dashes over to take Blecha's pulse.

VALENTINA

He's still alive.

CLANG-CLANG-CLANG-CLANG-CLANG-CLANG

CROSSING GATES lower. The bridge is about to rise.

Red ducks back into the Fiat and reverses out.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)

Let's get him out of here.

As they load Blecha into the green jeep...

DIRECTOR COX (PRELAP)
Thanks to your solid work, Blecha
is being held at a US Safe House
outside the city.

INT. ALVEAR PALACE HOTEL - DAY

Valentina, Denis, Julian and Palmer recover throughout the room, while Director Cox lectures.

DIRECTOR COX
Rendition to Fort Leavenworth is set
for 0800 tomorrow via a private
airfield outside Bariloche.
Valentina, Denis and Palmer will
escort. You run into any trouble, you
set off a beacon.

Denis tosses a small RED RADIO BEACON to Valentina and Palmer. They inspect it.

DIRECTOR COX (CONT'D)
The local government hasn't been
consulted so this will need to be
stealth. No fireworks. Get in. Get out.
(then)
Julian will accompany Audrey to
Ministro Pistarini once the package
is secure. Everyone clear?

Valentina pipes up.

VALENTINA
What about Red?

PALMER
ODESSA will have a more difficult
time now that Blecha is in our care.

VALENTINA
I'm not convinced she was ODESSA. Her
hand-to-hand was advanced. Definitely
military trained.

AUDREY
I agree. Blecha was acting strange
around her. Something was off.

But before Valentina can process the shock of Audrey's support...

DENIS
She could be KGB.

The room whips to Denis. *What did he just say?*

DENIS (CONT'D)
While guarding the duplex, I analyzed
the explosive scraps.
(with weight)
They're Soviet.

VALENTINA
Shit.

PALMER
All the more reason to get Blecha
the hell out of here.

AUDREY
Why would the KGB--

DIRECTOR COX
(shutting it down)
--Palmer's right. We need to get
Blecha out of Argentina as soon as
possible. Let's stick with the plan.

VALENTINA
Sir, if the KGB is here, we should
reevaluate our next steps.

DIRECTOR COX
We stick with the plan as is.
That's an order.

Valentina shoots Audrey a pleading look -- *back me up?*
Audrey opens her mouth to protest but instead says...

AUDREY
In that case, I better go pack.

She avoids eye-contact with Valentina and slinks off to her room.

INT. ALVEAR PALACE HOTEL - ROYAL SUITE - NIGHT

Mr. Famous watches Audrey vigorously pack her suitcase.

AUDREY
This is not our problem anymore,
Mr. Famous. We've done our part and
now it's time to go home. Return to
our lives.

Mr. Famous SIGHS.

He cuddles into a POLO SHIRT on the edge of the bed -- *Nico's polo shirt*. Audrey gives it a long stare, then...

AUDREY (CONT'D)

Damn it.

She hurries to her DRESSING TABLE DRAWER and heaves it open.

INT. NICO'S CASITA - NIGHT

Nico prepares a meal, chopping peppers with a CHEF'S KNIFE while onions SIZZLE on the stove. He POPS the cork on a bottle of Malbec and pours a glass of wine when...

The BARREL OF A GUN enters frame.

NICO

I thought you might stop by.

REVEAL Audrey holding Valentina's .25 ACP to the back of Nico's head.

AUDREY

Are you KGB?

NICO

Have some wine.

He pours ANOTHER GLASS, but Audrey doesn't move.

AUDREY

ODESSA?

(off his silence)

Answer me.

Nico gently sets the Malbec aside before striking lightning quick, knocking the pistol from her hand.

Audrey thinks fast and swipes the chef's knife, threatening.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

You've been following me.

NICO

A little.

He makes a play for his FACÓN on the nightstand, but Audrey throws the chef's knife into the wall next to his head. He freezes.

AUDREY
I would never help a Nazi.

NICO
Neither would I.

She uses the toe of her shoe to POP the pistol into her hand and re-aims. Nico raises an eyebrow.

AUDREY
So you are KGB.

NICO
No.
(beat)
I'm Mossad.

Audrey flinches, allowing Nico an opening to grab her wrists and pin her arms over her head.

She drops the gun, her body betraying her by responding to his breath on her neck.

NICO (CONT'D)
You and I want the same thing.

AUDREY
And what's that?

NICO
The truth.

She hooks her legs through his and pulls them both to the ground with a THUD.

Kicking him aside, she reaches for the facón on the night stand, but Nico grabs ankle, yanking her back.

NICO (CONT'D)
Listen to me.

AUDREY
Get off.

Audrey removes a HAIR PIN and stabs it into his shoulder.

NICO
Ahhh.

He releases his hold and she swipes the facón, then whips back to find... Nico gripping the chef's knife.

It's a stand off.

AUDREY
How do you know I want the truth?

NICO
Because... You wouldn't have come
looking for me if you didn't.

A tense beat. They breathe heavy, daring, and then...

Both knives drop.

Audrey and Nico lunge for each other and kiss.

They collapse into bed, the intensity of their fight
channeled into the aching pull of their bodies.

CLOTHES fall to the floor and LIMBS sink below SHEETS.

INT. NICO'S CASITA - DAY (DAWN)

Morning light spills across an EMPTY BOTTLE of Malbec,
stained WINE GLASSES and crumpled BEDDING. Nico sits crossed
legged pouring hot water into a YERBA-MATÉ GOURD.

NICO
Where did you learn to fight like that?

Draped in a quilt at the nearby table, Audrey flips through
stacks of Nico's SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS.

AUDREY
Movie sets, mostly.

NICO
(doubting)
Just movie sets?

AUDREY
I was also a spy for the Dutch
Resistance during the war.

Nico raises his eyebrows, impressed.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
(re: photos)
How long have you been tracking
Blecha?

NICO
Months with little luck... until you
came along.

Audrey holds up a PICTURE OF HER UNDESSING. Nico smirks.

NICO (CONT'D)

You could have been hiding intel.

He offers her some tea and she takes a playful sip before returning to the pictures, stopping on one of Red.

AUDREY

This one here. Who is she?

NICO

KGB. Arrived in Argentina shortly after you did.

Audrey shakes her head. *Denis was right.* Continues on to the other pictures.

AUDREY

I thought the CIA and Mossad worked together on things like this.

NICO

Different goals this time. We want Blecha to go to trial, see justice.

AUDREY

So does the CIA.

NICO

No. The CIA wants him for the bomb.

AUDREY

Bomb? That doesn't make any sense.

NICO

What about it doesn't make sense? Blecha was a rocket scientist. He engineered weapons for the Germans.

AUDREY

Long-range missiles and such, not some bomb.

NICO

I'm not talking about some bomb, Audrey. I'm talking about THE bomb. "Hitler's Bomb"?

AUDREY

Hitler's Bomb wasn't real. It was a rumor. Like the anti-gravity device or giant space laser.

NICO

(dead serious)

The Allies said it was a rumor to mitigate panic in the aftermath of the war, but the Germans were working on it in their Dutch weapons production facilities... And they were close.

AUDREY

You think Blecha had something to do with it?

NICO

He was the lead scientist on the project.

Audrey's throat goes dry.

AUDREY

That's why the Soviets are after him. A weapon like that could tip the scales of the Cold War.

NICO

In exchange for his compliance, Blecha will be given asylum and never brought to justice for what he did.

A little dazed, Audrey absentmindedly flips to the next photo. It's of Red talking to someone... someone familiar.

AUDREY

I know him.

CLOSE ON the "someone familiar." It's Palmer.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

When was this taken?

NICO

Two nights ago.

Audrey's eyes go wide.

AUDREY

We have to get to Valentina.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Valentina loads a bound and gagged Blecha into the green jeep. Palmer is at the wheel -- alone.

PALMER
The path is clear. We shouldn't run
into trouble.

VALENTINA
Good work.
(noticing)
Where's Denis?

PALMER
Food poisoning. Poor guy was puking
his guts out. Said he'd rendezvous
at the air strip.

VALENTINA
Food poisoning? Damn it, Denis.

She climbs in the back with Blecha and SLAMS the door shut.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)
Alright, then. Let's roll.

Palmer shifts the green jeep into drive and pulls out.

INT/EXT. NICO'S TRUCK - DAY - MOVING

Audrey and Nico kick up DUST as they tear away from the casita.

AUDREY
He's being transported from a safe
house north of Buenos Aires to an
airfield near Bariloche.

NICO
The fastest way to Bariloche is via
highway.

AUDREY
What about the most discreet?

Nico considers, nods.

INT/EXT. GREEN JEEP - DAY - MOVING

The green jeep clips along a rustic path out of town. White
tipped Patagonia Mountains line the distance.

They pass a SIGN indicating "Bariloche 30k."

VALENTINA
What did he eat?

PALMER
What did who eat?

VALENTINA
Denis. So I know what local
delicacies to avoid next time I'm
assigned to BA.

PALMER
Oh, um. Shrimp, I think.

VALENTINA
Shrimp?

She contemplates this. Looks back at Palmer.

INT/EXT. NICO'S TRUCK - DAY - MOVING

Nico speeds through the crowded streets of Buenos Aires with dangerous precision. Audrey winces at a few near misses.

NICO
The KGB will probably wait until
they're out of town to blow cover.

AUDREY
Darling, is this the absolute
fastest you can go?

Nico presses down further on the GAS. They fly through a STOPLIGHT. CARS swerve to avoid.

NICO
Better?

OFF Audrey scrambling to hold on.

INT/EXT. GREEN JEEP - DAY - MOVING

Valentina studies Palmer through the REARVIEW.

CLOSE ON a tiny splatter of FRESH BLOOD dotting his collar.

She surreptitiously unholsters her sidearm.

INT/EXT. NICO'S TRUCK - DAY

Audrey holds tight as Nico rips past the SIGN indicating "Bariloche 30k" -- just minutes behind the green jeep.

INT/EXT. GREEN JEEP - DAY - MOVING

Valentina discreetly trains her 9mm on Palmer.

VALENTINA

Could you stop the vehicle? I need
to check my pack for something.

PALMER

We really don't have time.

Valentina raises the gun to the back of his head, charade over.

VALENTINA

Stop the vehicle. Now.

Palmer grimaces. *Yup. Charade fucking over.*

He throws the wheel.

SCREEEEEEETCH -- *The jeep jerks.*

Valentina catches herself, the 9mm RATTLING to the floorboard.

As Palmer bends over to retrieve it, Valentina UN-CLICKS his seatbelt and yanks the PARKING BREAK.

Wheels lock, but momentum continues and the entire vehicle flips end-over-end. Anything loose goes flying as the cabin rotates.

EXT. SHALLOW DITCH - DAY

The jeep finally comes to a stop upright (miraculously). Palmer is motionless, having been thrown 30 feet clear.

Valentina waves away DUST and inspects the dazed but conscious Blecha.

VALENTINA

Hey dirtbag, you okay?

Still gagged, he dabs at a laceration on his head.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)

Good enough. Wait here.

She leaves him buckled in the back seat, hoisting herself out the side door. She limps around the vehicle. No sign of Palmer where he had just lain.

She climbs into the front seat and reaches for the jeep's CB RADIO, but before she can call for help it's BLASTED apart. She freezes with dread.

PALMER (O.S.)
Careful.

Palmer materializes clutching a busted knee, pointing her own 9mm at her.

PALMER (CONT'D)
Or you'll get your head blown off.

Valentina stares him down, fuming. Then... LURCHES for the gun.

INT/EXT. NICO'S TRUCK - DAY - MOVING

Audrey and Nico barrel down the road. They approach the green jeep, a scuffle playing out near the driver's side.

AUDREY
That's them.

BAM! The door opens and Valentina TUMBLES to the ground. The green jeep SCREECHES back on to the road.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
Pull over.

EXT. SHALLOW DITCH - DAY

Nico slows and Audrey leaps out.

She bends over a motionless Valentina, blood oozing from a GUNSHOT WOUND on her chest.

AUDREY
Valentina?

She listens for breath, checks pupils, starts compressions. 1-2-3. After a few pumps...

Valentina takes a SHARP INHALE.

VALENTINA
Son of a bitch shot me with my own gun.

She GROANS, clutching her chest. Nico rips off scraps of his shirt to dress the wound.

NICO
It just missed her heart.

VALENTINA
 How did you know to find me?
 (re: Nico)
 And what's he doing here?

AUDREY
 I had a feeling. And he... happened
 to be available.

VALENTINA (IN SPANISH)
 (under breath)
*Happened to be available or
 happened to be in your bed?*

Nico SMIRKS and presses against the wound.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)
 Ahhhhh.

NICO
 The bullet is still inside.

AUDREY
 We need to get you to a hospital.

VALENTINA
 No, we NEED to stop Blecha. Palmer
 has him and I think he might be
 working with the Soviets.

AUDREY
 I know.

VALENTINA
 You know?

AUDREY
 I used to be a spy, remember?

Valentina tries to pull herself up, but the wound hemorrhages.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
 Nico and I will go after them. You
 stay here.

Nico jets off to get the truck while Audrey props Valentina
 up against a tree.

VALENTINA
 Careful. The polo player could be
 working with the Soviets too.

AUDREY
 He's not. Trust me.

VALENTINA
Then take this.

She slides the RED RADIO BEACON into Audrey's pocket.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)
Orders are for Blecha to come back
alive. And Audrey...

Valentina grips Audrey's hand and meets her eyes.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry I called you spineless.

AUDREY
And I'm sorry I waited so long to
ruffle a few feathers.

They exchange a look of mutual respect, then Audrey gives her
hand one last squeeze, jumps back in the truck and peels out.

INT/EXT. NICO'S TRUCK - DAY

Nico speeds down the road, following a faint DUST TRAIL.

AUDREY
Do you have another gun?

NICO
Check the glove compartment.

Audrey opens the glove compartment to find a PISTOL and
bottle of WHISKEY. She offers Nico a judgy look.

NICO (CONT'D)
Keeps me warm during stake outs.

Audrey rolls her eyes.

They come upon a MOUNTAIN TOWN. Locals mill about.

Nico is forced to swerve around a group of DRUNK MUSICIANS.
He HONKS, seeking attention.

NICO (SPANISH) (CONT'D)
*Did you see a jeep come through
here?*

No response.

NICO (CONT'D)
They're ignoring us.

AUDREY
 Yes. Thank you for that
 comprehensive insight.

She POPS open the glove box and removes Nico's whiskey. Waves it in front of a BELLIGERENT MAN. His eyes sparkle.

AUDREY (IN SPANISH) (CONT'D)
Hello, would you like a drink?

BELLIGERENT MAN (IN SPANISH)
What a beautiful lady.

Audrey holds back.

AUDREY
*A green jeep came through here just
 moments before us. Do you know
 which way it went?*

BELLIGERENT MAN
*Of course. It cut across the field
 to get to the runway.*

AUDREY
Runway?

Audrey and Nico GULP as the Belligerent Man points to a GRAZING FIELD flanking a barely visible GRASS RUNWAY. *Shit.*

EXT. LARGE WHITE BARN - DAY

The green jeep is parked outside of an old barn turned airplane hanger that abuts a nearby chicken farm -- grass runway to the side.

INT. LARGE WHITE BARN - DAY

Palmer ties Blecha into the front seat of a BIPLANE DUSTER. They're joined by Red, who finishes a rushed pre-flight check. All three pause at the sound of TIRES ON GRAVEL.

EXT. LARGE WHITE BARN - DAY

Nico and Audrey slide out of the truck, guns drawn. Nico advances, noting the nose of the biplane.

AUDREY
 Over here.

But before she can take another step...

PFFT-PFFT-PFFT.

Bullets thump into a BAG OF FEED near her torso.

NICO

Get back.

Audrey dives behind a pile of old TWO-BY-FOURS and STEEL PIPING. Peers between the slats.

INT. LARGE WHITE BARN - DAY

Palmer lies prone on a pile of hay with an AKS RIFLE. Red attempts to get the engine started.

EXT. LARGE WHITE BARN - DAY

Nico slides in to join Audrey, avoiding rifle rounds PELTING the gravel. She covers him with a few shots from the pistol.

AUDREY

Blecha's inside, but they can't get to Russia in that thing.

NICO

They can puddle jump to Cuba.

AUDREY

Well, that is certainly not ideal.

Their attention is suddenly pulled by the sound of the biplane's engine TURNING OVER. It begins rolling out of the barn.

NICO

We have to keep it on the ground.
I'll blow the tank. Cover me.

AUDREY

Wait. Can't we just... jam the propeller or something? We need him alive.

NICO

Those propellers move over 500 miles per hour. You can't just jam it with anything.

Audrey zeros in on the steel piping. It looks like the C-stand that almost fell on her while shooting "Breakfast at Tiffany's."

AUDREY
Leave it to me.
(handing him her pistol)
You do the covering.

Before Nico can protest, Audrey picks up one of the steel pipes and bounds towards the biplane.

Nico gives cover fire as Palmer's bullets SPARK wide.

ARGH! Palmer is clipped in the shoulder. He pauses to address his wound as...

INT. BIPLANE - DAY

Red navigates the biplane out of the barn. Sees Audrey step directly into her path.

She sneers and throttles up -- *gaining speed, playing chicken.*

But Audrey plants her feet, daring.

EXT. GRASS RUNWAY - DAY

The biplane surges forward, but Audrey stands firm.

AUDREY
Come on. That's it.

And just before collision...

She hurls the steel pipe into the biplane's propeller.

CRUNCH. Shrapnel shatters into a WEB OF PROJECTILES.

Audrey dives out of the way.

INT. BIPLANE - DAY

Blecha catches a piece of wood in the chest while another shard sinks deep into Red's spine -- *ZUNK.*

EXT. GRASS RUNWAY - DAY

Audrey presses her head against the ground as the biplane veers off the grass runway, finally coming to a stop in the ditch. The gutted engine WHINES, helpless.

Nico rushes toward Audrey as she wills herself to her knees.

NICO

Audrey!

He's just about to reach her when... POW!

A large caliber bullet hits him squarely in the chest. He falls.

AUDREY

No. Nico!

Audrey stands, returning fire with murderous intent. She catches Palmer off guard, hitting him thrice on advance. He sinks into the hay -- *bullet-riddled, wasted*.

She taps him with her ballet flat to confirm he's dead, then wipes a tear for Nico and continues forward.

EXT/INT. BIPLANE - DAY

Tripping up to the cockpit, Audrey nudges Red with the tip of her gun. She falls back -- *lifeless*.

Audrey eyeballs the passenger seat and swallows. *It's empty*.

A TRAIL OF FRESH BLOOD leads to a CHICKEN PROCESSING FACILITY just down the hill. A sign next to it reads "Avícola de Nero" (Nero Poultry).

AUDREY

Of course it's bloody Facundo
Nero's Poultry Farm.

She fortifies herself and follows...

INT. "AVÍCOLA DE NERO" PROCESSING FACILITY - DAY

Audrey tip-toes into a dark cavernous warehouse lined with EMPTY CRATES and dotted with the occasional WHITE FEATHER.

A conveyor belt of MEAT HOOKS idle overhead. She eyes them with a shudder. Moves tactically, following the trail of fresh blood past EVISCERATION TANKS.

The blood dead ends into a rickety walled off subsection labeled "Eutanásia" (Euthanasia Room).

Audrey aims the gun, approaching.

INT. EUTHANASIA ROOM - DAY

She slowly opens the door to reveal A FLOOR BLANKETED IN WHITE FEATHERS.

Blecha lies amongst them in a CRIMSON POOL OF BLOOD.

BLECHA

Gute Audrey, I was hoping to see
you again.

She stares at him -- *wounded, weak, on the verge of death.*

BLECHA (CONT'D)

You have come to help me.

AUDREY

You think I came to help you?

BLECHA

I helped you once. Do you not remember?

AUDREY

I remember...

The distant sound of BANG-BANG-BANGING pulls her into a repressed memory...

EXT. VELD BALLET STUDIO - DAY - FLASHBACK

Audrey watches from across the street in horror as NAZI SOLDIERS raid the studio.

Madame Gaskell and a dozen DANCERS are marched onto the street, forced onto their knees and methodically, rhythmically... shot.

INT. CHICKEN PROCESSING FACILITY - EUTHANASIA ROOM - DAY

Audrey snaps back to the present. Catches her breath. Mind clear as she finally allows herself to connect all the dots.

AUDREY

I remember... that you said you
would help me. And then you killed
my friends. Like so many others.
You may not have pulled a trigger,
but you killed them all.

BLECHA

Worker bees, Audrey.

She lowers her gun. Lifts the RED RADIO BEACON from her pocket.

AUDREY

If I push this, the CIA will come.

BLECHA

(strained)

Fine. Push it. I suppose it's time to give up the ruse. Besides, working alongside a few kikes doesn't sound as bad when you're facing death.

Audrey sours at Blecha's antisemitic remark. Watches the POOL OF BLOOD around him widen.

AUDREY

Or... I could just let you die.

BLECHA

The Americans will be very disappointed.

NICO (O.S.)

May I suggest another option.

Audrey whips to where Nico is standing in the doorway clutching his side. Wounded, but alive.

AUDREY

Nico.

She crosses to him, relieved.

NICO

We could extract him today. Put him on trial. There would be no deal. People would finally know the truth about Blecha.

AUDREY

And the truth about my past...

NICO

Would that be so bad?

BLECHA

It would if you care about your reputation.

NICO

Don't listen to him.

BLECHA
This would ruin everything you've built.

NICO
They'd know who you really are.

Audrey is torn. Her eyes DART between Blecha and Nico.

BLECHA
Just push the button, Audrey.

NICO
Audrey, please.

BLECHA
Audrey?

NICO
Audrey.

VARIOUS VOICES (PRELAP)
Audrey! Audrey!

EXT. RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL - NIGHT

A CROWD OF FANS chanting Audrey's name and pressing against SECURITY guarding a red carpet for "Breakfast at Tiffany's."

CHYRON: New York, New York - 1961

Audrey, in a diaphanous WHITE GOWN, floats towards an eager journalist with a CROWD PARTING HAT... it's HEDDA HOPPER.

HEDDA HOPPER
Audrey, you look radiant tonight.
Such a stunning dress.

AUDREY
Mr. Givenchy kindly made it for me.
Isn't it refreshing?

HEDDA HOPPER
Diaphanous.
(moving on)
Now. I need you to address a little rumor.

AUDREY
(indicating her hat)
Nothing is ever little with you, Hedda.

HEDDA HOPPER

True! I've heard you're going to be taking a few months off from making pictures. Anything in which my readers should be aware?

AUDREY

I'm actually going to be traveling the world with the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund.

HEDDA HOPPER

UNICEF. Of course. A wonderful organization. But why drop everything and leave at the height of your career? I hope there's no trouble at home.

Audrey smiles, answers around Hedda's question.

AUDREY

I was a child in Holland during the German occupation and was one of many who received food and medical relief from UNICEF after World War II. It feels like time to give back.

HEDDA HOPPER

(thrown)

Oh. I didn't know this about you. Most people don't know this about you.

AUDREY

Well, perhaps it's time they do.

(then)

If you'll excuse me.

Audrey gracefully steps away and glides towards the theatre.

INT. RAINBOW ROOM - NIGHT

A post-screening ball. Glamorous HOLLYWOOD TYPES in black tie frocks sit around "Tiffany Blue" tables while a JAZZ ORCHESTRA plays to the side.

Audrey (in her white gown) and Mel hold court in the center of it all chatting with Truman Capote and Babe Paley.

TRUMAN CAPOTE

Of course you were fabulous in the role, what with your past to pull from.

(MORE)

TRUMAN CAPOTE (CONT'D)

I was so sorry to hear about all your struggles during the war. Not having adequate food and just being stuck in Holland with those... people.

BABE PALEY

The Nazis. Absolute worst.

TRUMAN CAPOTE

No wonder you're so terribly thin, darling you were probably malnourished.

AUDREY

It was a long time ago. I'm quite well-fed now.

MEL

And quite well-liked. Everyone adores the movie, my dear.

BABE PALEY

It's a hit. Truly.

TRUMAN CAPOTE

I'll concede it was better than I expected, thanks to you.

Truman flags down a passing WAITRESS.

TRUMAN CAPOTE (CONT'D)

Excuse me? Can we get another round of martinis? And one more for the star, here.

AUDREY

Oh. No, thank you.

BABE PALEY

No?

AUDREY

No, I've never really enjoyed martinis. I just pretended that I did so you and Truman would like me.

A long beat, then... everyone LAUGHS.

TRUMAN CAPOTE

You're a riot, Audrey.

The Waitress walks away and Mel reflexively checks her out. It's quite obvious. Truman attempts to deflect.

TRUMAN CAPOTE (CONT'D)

You know, I thought a lot about what you said and Holly really is a sort of "kook." Wields "wackiness" like a weapon to defend her pain. Quite an insightful observation actually.

MEL

Audrey is a phenomenal actress like that, isn't she? Can look past the surface of a character and get straight to who they are.

AUDREY

Yes, well I've had to look past so much in my personal life, it's only fitting that it would make its way into my professional life as well.

The group is less quick to laugh at Audrey's candor this time.

MEL

Are you alright dear?

AUDREY

Fine.

A SHADOWY FIGURE crosses in front of the orchestra. Audrey notes it and steps away from the group.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

She swipes TWO CHAMPAGNES off a passing tray and approaches.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

How kind of you to attend my premiere party.

The Shadowy Figure turns to face her, revealing... Valentina. Audrey hands her a champagne.

VALENTINA

Quite the reception.

AUDREY

Isn't it?

VALENTINA

Everyone seems to love the picture.

AUDREY

That's always a relief.

(then)

How are you?

VALENTINA

Still recovering. Thankfully my new job doesn't require much action.

AUDREY

New job stalking movie premieres?

VALENTINA

As acting DDP. Cox was put on permanent leave after the Palmer oversight, so I'm taking his place until further notice.

AUDREY

(smug)

You're a company man, now.

VALENTINA

Please. Company woman.

AUDREY

Any word on Denis?

VALENTINA

Took a nasty blow to the head, but he's fine. Told me to tell you he likes your new highlights.

AUDREY

They should check for residual damage.

VALENTINA

I'll let the doctors know.

AUDREY

I was sorry to hear about Blecha.

VALENTINA

Yes. It's a shame Mossad got to him first.

AUDREY

Though, they are bringing him to "justice."

Valentina offers a tight smile, betraying nothing.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
And, at least it wasn't the Soviets.

VALENTINA
Well, unfortunately our trouble with the Soviets is ongoing.

Valentina puts aside her untouched champagne.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)
It appears Palmer was just the tip of the iceberg. That's why we need an outsider to accompany our team on an upcoming mission. Help sniff out any bad actors. Are you interested?

AUDREY
I'm not up for any more "hand shaking" trips if that's what you mean.

VALENTINA
That wouldn't be necessary. Your UNICEF travels already provide sufficient cover.

Audrey tilts her head back -- *unbelievable*.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)
Admit it. You enjoyed the danger, the mystery. And this time you'd be read in from the top.

AUDREY
It *WOULD* be nice to put all those skills I acquired at the ballet studio in Velp to good use.

Valentina grins. Hands her a CARD.

VALENTINA
That's my direct line. I look forward to hearing from you.

She saunters off, smug. Audrey considers the card for a prolonged moment, then... drops it into her champagne.

A passing CATER WAITER busses it and Audrey re-joins the madding crowd. The whine of GOSSIP and GLASSES gently morphs into...

The PRELAP of a grand piano playing CHOPIN'S ETUDE Op.10, No.3.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - STREETS - DAY

A bustling vibrant city pulsing with freedom and possibility.

Audrey rides her bike through it all, snaking past PEDESTRIANS and VENDORS. She covertly pulls up to a NONDESCRIPT BUILDING and disappears inside.

As Chopin CRESCENDOS, we CUT TO...

INT. NONDESCRIPT BUILDING - BALLET STUDIO - DAY

Audrey in a BLACK LEOTARD and DANCE SKIRT, taking ballet class. She grips a POPLAR BARRE and performs a warm up routine with other ADULT DANCERS.

There's a sense of contentment with each rise and fall as she moves in rhythm to the music.

The song plays out and the routine continues. As it does, we PUSH IN on Audrey's eyes...

Still utterly and immortally *iconic*.

BLACKOUT