

MATCH CUT

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6.30.22

EXT. GRECO'S ESTATE - OUTSKIRTS OF ROME, ITALY - NIGHT

A MASSIVE VILLA stands proudly above the city on a quiet night. The structure was built centuries ago, but it's exquisitely maintained and modernized.

VISUALS from the grounds show cypress trees lining the pebble driveway, a red clay tennis court, priceless sculptures... also, a MILITARIZED SECURITY TEAM roaming the compound.

Someone very, very rich lives here.

In the darkness, we can just make out...

A MASKED FIGURE DRESSED IN BLACK TACTICAL GEAR moving stealthily along the estate's outer wall.

INT. GRECO'S ESTATE - STUDY - SAME

Having a heated argument inside the mansion's spacious study are **GIUSEPPE GRECO** (60s) and his son **MARCO** (30s).

Greco has the gravitas of a business magnate, but his fine Italian tailoring can't mask the street brawler at his core. Marco has gone to great lengths to look the part of a worthy heir, but will always fall short in his father's eyes.

[NOTE: dialogue in *italics* is spoken in Italian.]

MARCO

*Father, we don't need this deal.
It's an unnecessary risk working
with these people. Please, think of
what's best for the company.*

GRECO

*And what, please tell me, is best
for the company?*

MARCO

*Our shipping access to Africa puts
us in position to modernize the
continent and build our future. My
contacts in the tech world--*

Greco lets out a patronizing SCOFF, cutting Marco off.

MARCO (CONT'D)

*You think I'm a young fool, but if
you don't listen to what I'm
telling you, then you are an old
fool, which I assure you is worse.*

As the SUCCESSION-ITALIAN-STYLE argument continues, we
INTERCUT with the outside grounds where...

EXT. GRECO'S ESTATE - SAME

A GUARD DOG BARKS ominously. Two of Greco's GUARDS exchange a look, then one of them walks off to check it out.

Moving across the grounds, the guard pulls out his GUN and a FLASHLIGHT. He scans the area until he sees...

The normally-ferocious guard dog sitting obediently, not making a sound. As the guard calls into his radio...

GUARD

All clear.

The masked figure appears from the darkness, CLAMPING A HAND OVER THE GUARD'S MOUTH and JABBING A KNIFE INTO HIS RIBS.

The guard goes down without a sound. The figure gives the dog a quick pat, then continues ahead.

INT. GRECO'S ESTATE - STUDY - SAME

MARCO

*... You're too blind to see that
your ways of working are a thing of
the past. Everything we've built--*

GRECO

I'VE BUILT!!!

The boom of Greco's voice silences his son.

GRECO (CONT'D)

*You wear that ten thousand euro
suit as a birthright. I clawed
these clothes off the backs of men
who lacked the courage to do what I
have done -- men like you.*

Marco stands frozen, his father's words biting deep.

EXT. GRECO'S ESTATE - SAME

The masked figure reaches a perch with a sightline into the study, where Greco paces past a narrow window.

Opening a compact case, the figure rapidly assembles a custom-built AWM SNIPER RIFLE.

INT. GRECO'S ESTATE - STUDY - SAME

GRECO

*... Why don't you go play with your
girls and your cars and all the
little toys I've bought for you?
You're clearly no use to me here.*

Trying to hide his pain, Marco buttons his jacket.

MARCO

*If you don't change your ways, this
deal will be the end of you. The
worst part is you'll deserve it.*

With that, Marco heads for the door.

EXT. GRECO'S ESTATE - SAME

Through the SCOPE of the sniper rifle, we see Marco walking off, leaving Greco alone in the crosshairs.

The masked figure pulls off a pair of black gloves, makes final adjustments to the rifle settings.

INT. GRECO'S ESTATE - STUDY - SAME

GRECO

Marco, wait...

Marco turns back with cautious optimism, approaches his father. Once they are face to face...

GRECO (CONT'D)

*I don't want you to come here ever
again. You're no longer my son.*

The men lock eyes, knowing these words can never be unsaid. As this bombshell hangs in the air...

PEW!

A BULLET RIPS THROUGH THE WINDOW, CUTTING INTO GRECO'S BACK.

Greco grabs his shoulder, sees blood from the exit wound. He follows the path of the bullet, looking out to see...

THE BULLET HAS STRUCK MARCO DIRECTLY THROUGH THE HEART.

Marco looks to his father like a scared child... then falls to the ground.

GRECO (CONT'D)
No, no, NO, NO!!!!!!!

EXT. GRECO'S ESTATE - SAME

As the figure scrambles to line up another shot...

A guard tower SPOTLIGHT illuminates the area.

TAT-TAT-TAT -- Guards pepper the perch with bullets.

The masked figure ROLLS CLEAR, takes off in a SPRINT.

INT. GRECO'S ESTATE - STUDY - SAME

Greco cradles Marco in his arms, trying to stop the bleeding.

It's too late. Greco watches his son let out his last breath.

EXT. GRECO'S ESTATE - STUDY

The figure RACES through the shadows, showing breathtaking speed and agility. Guards try to keep pace, YELLING OUT:

GUARDS
OVER THERE!! / STOP HIM!!!

The figure turns a corner, only to see more guards up ahead.

Trapped, the figure SPRINTS directly at the corner of the outer wall, SPRINGING off each side and VAULTING to the top.

BULLETS PEPPER the concrete wall as the figure leaps clear.

CLOSE ON THE FIGURE'S HAND as it comes down directly onto BARBED WIRE, which SLICES INTO THE FIGURE'S EXPOSED HAND.

The figure lands on the other side of the wall and vanishes into the darkness as GRECO'S CRIES echo into the night.

EXT. ROOFTOPS OF ROME - DAY

Another footrace. This one 80 feet above the city streets.

A MAN we haven't yet seen SPRINTS across the slanted rooftops, terracotta tiles breaking beneath him.

Note: The FOOTAGE we're seeing is choppy than before -- more kinetic, more wanna-be-Michael-Bay, more like a "movie."

Armed PURSUERS chase after the man, struggling to navigate the treacherous path. They CALL OUT:

PURSUERS
SBRIGATI!!! UCCIDILO!!

As the pursuers OPEN FIRE, the MAN JUMPS over a break in a roof. He slides down the tiles...

But he catches himself on the lip of the roof with one hand! He swings himself onto an adjacent rooftop.

PURSUERS (CONT'D)
È LAGGIÙ. UCCIDILO!!!

The man runs along the spine of the rooftop, barely a step ahead of the bullets... but he's running out of roof.

He spots a SMALL WINDOW in a building all the way across the street, certain death below. With no choice...

THE MAN JUMPS!

CAMERA TRACKS behind him as he sails through the air...

Then goes CRASHING THROUGH the window!

CAMERA HOLDS on the empty window frame.

Stillness.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (O.S.)
 Alright, everyone hold, lock this position. Let's get tail sticks in.

A hand holding an upside down CAMERA SLATE enters frame.

2ND AC (O.S.)
 Sixty one echo falcon, take two.

As the slate is clapped...

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (O.S.)
 ... And we're clear.

The man we've been following stands up into frame, covered in shards of glass, giving us our first good look at...

SAM CLARK. 40s, powerful-yet-functional frame, full of everyman swagger, could almost be a movie star if he weren't so rough around the edges... so instead he's a stuntman.

Sam eyes his hand, which is bleeding -- cut during the stunt.

He looks directly into camera, CALLS OUT:

SAM
Did we get it?

CUT TO:

EXT. VIDEO VILLAGE - MOVIE SET - MOMENTS LATER

A panel of monitors show playback from multiple angles.

Closely watching and wearing the exact same outfit as Sam is **CHANNING TATUM** (yeah, *Magic Mike* Channing Tatum as himself).

Channing is locked in on the action like a kid playing a video game. Watching Sam go crashing through the glass, Channing high-fives the DIRECTOR and nearby CREW MEMBERS.

CHANNING TATUM
Yes!!!! Fucking awesome! God I look cool. Let me see it again...

As the DIT scrubs back, we PAN TO a MEDIC TENT where...

Sam holds a blood soaked towel over his MANGLED HAND while a SET MEDIC prepares to take a look. Sam has his eye closed and EARBUDS in, looking for some serenity in the bustle of set.

As we PUSH IN on Sam, we hear that his ear buds are blasting "IMMORTAL RIGHTS" by Altars of Madness. Beneath Sam's rolled up sleeves, we can just make out a faded U.S. ARMY TATTOO.

Sam's heavy metal zen session is interrupted as Channing approaches, his ASSISTANT (20s, always on a call) in tow.

CHANNING TATUM (CONT'D)
Dude, so good! We're drinking tonight.

Channing goes for a high five, but sees Sam's wounded hand.

CHANNING TATUM (CONT'D)
Oh shit. You good?

SAM
Yeah, it's nothing.

CHANNING TATUM
(to the medic)
Take good care of this guy. He's my secret sauce.

Over a BULL HORN we hear:

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (O.S.)
Let's get first team in...

CHANNING TATUM
Tonight. You. Me. Drinking.

SAM
I don't know man...

CHANNING TATUM
Yeah you do! Yeahhhhh you do!

Channing takes off. Sam can't help but smirk, shake his head.

ITALIAN MEDIC
I can put a bandage on this, but
we'll have to get you to a hospital
to get the stitches put it.

SAM
Alright.

As the medic starts to bandage Sam's hand, Sam watches the
HENCHMEN EXTRAS rehearsing nearby.

EXTRAS
(yelling dramatically)
UCCIDILO! UCCIDILO!

SAM
"Uccidilo" -- what's that mean?

ITALIAN MEDIC
Kill him.

Sam nods -- *learn something new every day.*

Finished with her call, Channing's assistant approaches Sam,
hands him a piece of paper.

SAM
What's this?

CHANNING'S ASSISTANT
Your days for next week.

SAM
Next week? Today's my last day. I
have a flight out tonight.

CHANNING'S ASSISTANT
Not anymore. We're redoing the
bridge explosion. Channing didn't
like the shirt he was wearing.

SAM

Jesus. I need to get back to L.A.
It's my daughter's birthday.

CHANNING'S ASSISTANT

(sees Sam's frustration)
Look if it's a big deal, talk to
Channing. You two are friends.

SAM

He's a movie star -- no one's
really friends with a movie star.
Even movie stars aren't really
friends with movie stars.

CHANNING'S ASSISTANT

Well then you're shit out of luck.

INT. INTERPOL HEADQUARTERS - LYON, FRANCE - DAY

Inside a high-tech conference room, Interpol **DIRECTOR HELENA BURKE** (40s) delivers an intelligence briefing to a crowd of young and hungry INTERPOL AGENTS (20s and 30s).

Photos of TWO MEN IN MILITARY GARB show on screen behind her.

DIRECTOR BURKE

Our reports show General Abara is
recruiting soldiers in Northern
Mali, while General Keita is
mobilizing in the South. We expect
Civil War could break out as soon--

The door opens, revealing a timid ANALYST. Burke glares at the analyst, who freezes up.

DIRECTOR BURKE (CONT'D)

Yes? Is that stupid look on your
face for us, or have you stumbled
into the wrong room?

The analyst approaches, whispers something to Burke. She shoots him an incredulous look, then announces to the room:

DIRECTOR BURKE (CONT'D)

An attempt was made on Giuseppe
Greco's life last night. His son
Marco was killed. Agent Grant...

All eyes swing to the back of the room, where **AGENT GRANT** (60s, ill-fitting suit, a Cold War relic lost in a sea of data analysis and predictive algorithms) is picking out a spread from the continental breakfast buffet.

DIRECTOR BURKE (CONT'D)
... do you have anything on this?

Grant turns to his loyal ASSISTANT, asks:

AGENT GRANT
Any word on Greco?

GRANT'S ASSISTANT
I'll look into it, sir.

AGENT GRANT
(back to Burke)
We'll look into it.

DIRECTOR BURKE
(chastising)
That is still your department,
right? You do still work here? Or
have I missed something?

AGENT GRANT
(to his assistant)
Any word on if I still work here?

GRANT'S ASSISTANT
I'll look into it, sir.

AGENT GRANT
(back to Burke)
We'll look into it.

INT. STAIRWELL - INTERPOL HEADQUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

Agent Grant slips into the stairwell. Making sure no one is within earshot, he anxiously DIALS ON HIS PHONE.

EXT. QUIET CAFE - STREETS OF ROME - SAME

Sitting at a table sipping his coffee and watching nearby CHILDREN play street soccer is an old man with a tidy beard and professorial glasses. This is **ARTUR** (70s).

A NEWSPAPER on the table runs a headline about the botched assassination attempt above a PHOTO OF GRECO.

Artur's PHONE RINGS. He answers in a vaguely European accent:

ARTUR
Hello.

INTERCUT:

AGENT GRANT

You said this would be clean --
this is not clean. I want this shit
show taken care of now!

ARTUR

That's not how my operative works.
When the time is right--

AGENT GRANT

The time was right last night, and
your operative fucked it up. You
have 48 hours or you and your
operative will spend the rest of
your lives in an ICC detention
center. Get it done!

Grant hangs up. Artur takes another sip of his coffee.

INT. DARK HOTEL ROOM - DAY

A MAN (40s, Sam's size and build but with a meaner mug) lies
in bed staring at the ceiling. Let's call him **ASSASSIN**.

WEAPONS are laid out on the floor, including a SNIPER RIFLE.

The assassin's PHONE BUZZES with a text: "YOU HAVE 48 HOURS."

EXT. MOVIE SET - CRAFT SERVICE - DAY

Standing by the crafty table, Sam dials on his phone. He
takes a deep breath... then hits call.

INT. SHANNON'S HOUSE - NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CA - MORNING

Across the world in a small NoHo house, Sam's ex **SHANNON**
(40s, former model, still gorgeous but tired as hell)
prepares breakfast. Behind Shannon, their 13-year-old
daughter **NICKI** diligently does homework at the kitchen table.

Nicki's radiant smile will melt your heart, but she hides it
behind a protective shell -- entering the tricky teen years.

Shannon's phone rings -- call from "ASSHOLE." She answers.

SHANNON

What do you want?

INTERCUT:

SAM

Hi Shannon. How are you?

SHANNON

What do you want, Sam?

SAM

I don't want anything. I'm calling to say hello, check in... and to let you know that I'm going to be tied up next week on this shoot.

SHANNON

(heavy sigh)

Damnit Sam...

SAM

I don't make the schedules.

SHANNON

No, but you can tell them you're putting your daughter ahead of your work for once and that they can shove their schedule up their ass. Tell Channing you need to go home.

SAM

If I go, they'll hire some kid to fill in and that'll be it for me, just like I got my start when some washed up asshole thought it was a good time to take a week off. If there was anything I could do--

SHANNON

I'm not the one you need to convince.

Shannon walks over and hands the phone to Nicki.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

It's your father.

Nicki perks up, takes the phone.

NICKI

Dad?

SAM

Hey kid. Getting into trouble?

NICKI

History homework. I'll get into trouble when I'm done.

SAM

That's my girl. I always hated history. Stupid dates and names nobody can remember.

NICKI

I actually kind of like history.

SAM

Oh my God -- my daughter's a nerd.

NICKI

(laughs)

How's filming?

SAM

Great. They shut down like half of Rome last week. I had to run over a bridge while the whole thing was blowing up around me. It was crazy.

(beat)

The thing is, there was a problem with the shot, so...

Nicki hardens.

SAM (CONT'D)

I have to stay here another week -- and I know it's your birthday...

NICKI

Dad, it's OK.

SAM

Nicki, if there was anything I could do to be there, you know I would. And I'm going to make it up to you, really. As soon as I'm back in L.A., I promise I'll--

NICKI

I said it's OK!

Long silence.

NICKI (CONT'D)

Is that it, Dad?

SAM

Yeah, yeah I guess that's it.

(then)

What I said before about history... it's cool that you like history.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

I just want you to know I love you,
and that no matter what, I'll alw--

Before Sam can finish, Shannon takes the phone from Nicki.

SHANNON

Well Sam, always a pleasure.

SAM

Come on, Shannon. I don't like
seeing her hurt any more than you
do, but she's a tough kid.

SHANNON

She pretends to be tough. I wish
you could tell the difference.

SAM

How 'bout I fly her out here.
There's tons of historical sights.
Did you know she liked history?

SHANNON

Yeah Sam, I did.

SAM

It could be a cultural experience.

SHANNON

Culture? You mean sitting by craft
service fourteen hours a day being
ogled by sleazy grips?

Sam has no response.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Sam, I spent so long hoping you'd
change, but you're running from
something. You already lost me.
Pretty soon you're going to lose
Nicki too.

Shannon hangs up. Her words hit Sam like a ton of bricks.

INT. GRECO'S ESTATE - DAY

Candles burning, draped cloths, a MASSIVE CROSS -- Greco's
mansion has been converted into a mourning chamber.

At the center of the room, Greco grieves with a PRIEST in
full Vatican attire, who recites the Absolution of the Dead.

PRIEST

*Non intres in iudicium cum servo
tuo, Domine, quia nullus apud...*

Quietly entering the room behind Greco is a man in a suit with a shaved head, ex-military vibe. This is **PAULO** (40s), Greco's head of security. He looks on respectfully...

... but Greco CALLS OUT, cutting off the Priest.

GRECO

What have you found?

PAULO

*Three security feeds were severed
before the attack. The other
cameras caught only glimpses. Two
guards were killed without a sound.
I trained those guards myself.*

GRECO

Paulo, tell me who killed my son!!

PAULO

*This was no street criminal. He
knew the only place on the property
with a line of sight into your
study. I have only ever known of
three assassins capable of such a
shot -- two of them are dead.*

(beat)

*I believe this was the work of Il
Pitone.*

The very mention of the name IL PITONE sends a shutter down Greco's spine -- even the priest looks shook.

GRECO

*Il Pitone... So we are hunting a
ghost.*

PAULO

*Not necessarily. His hand was hurt
in the escape...*

Paulo shows Greco a STILL from the security footage -- the masked assassin leaping over the outer gate, EXPOSED HAND PRESSED INTO THE BARBED WIRE.

PAULO (CONT'D)

*It's not much, but it's something.
Il Pitone has never left a job
unfinished, meaning he's likely
still in Rome.*

Greco is visibly spooked by the implication.

PAULO (CONT'D)

*Boss, I suggest you postpone your
business deals until we--*

GRECO

*No! I won't show weakness -- not
while my picture is in the paper
and my only son is lying dead. I
want you to turn this city inside
out. Once you have Il Pitone, bring
him to me alive so I can slit his
throat myself and watch the blood
pour from his neck.*

(then)

Sorry father.

The priest gives Greco a "no worries" nod. As Paulo exits, the priest resumes the Absolution.

EXT. STREETS OF ROME - NIGHT

Sam walks down the streets of Rome with his INJURED HAND wrapped up. He's out for a nighttime stroll with Channing Tatum, who wears a movie star hat and sunglasses.

Channing shows Sam a VIDEO on his phone: it's the edited clip of the stunt -- Sam CRASHING through the window seamlessly spliced with Channing standing up, looking defiantly back at his pursuers like a badass hero. The magic of editing.

CHANNING TATUM

So fucking good. I told the studio
to use it as the trailer. Who
wouldn't want to see that movie?

SAM

Yeah man, you did good.

CHANNING TATUM

Solid Hollywood switch, right?

SAM

Texas switch.

CHANNING TATUM

Huh?

SAM

When you switch a stuntman out for
an actor in the same shot -- it's
called a Texas switch.

CHANNING TATUM
Totally. Hey, did I hear your
daughter has a birthday coming up?

SAM
Yeah, this weekend.
(delicately)
Actually, there's something I
wanted to ask you about that--

CHANNING TATUM
You need me to record a birthday
video? Of course man.

SAM
Oh, that's actually not--

CHANNING TATUM
Really, it's no problem. What
friends are for, right?

Sam considers pressing on, but instead...

SAM
Uh, yeah. Thanks man. Means a lot.

A group of cute ITALIAN GIRLS approaches. Channing gives them
a nod, but the girls don't notice and continue past.

CHANNING TATUM
You think it's the glasses? My
agent's always telling me my movies
open huge in Italy.

Channing removes his shades. He notices Sam is preoccupied.

CHANNING TATUM (CONT'D)
Something on your mind, man?

SAM
You ever think about how much time
you spend on the road. You know,
not being rooted anywhere?

CHANNING TATUM
Sure. I mean, we're not 25 anymore.
I get it. You know the other day I
got offered to play the dad in the
Transformer's reboot? Not the lead
who has a kid -- the dad.

SAM
I've just been thinking recently
about, I don't know, normal life.

CHANNING TATUM

Let me tell you something -- every few years I go back to my home town, and I see the normal people working normal jobs, living simple, normal lives. And I think about my life. Running from shoot to shoot, promoting stupid action movies, can't really trust anyone cause they always want something from me. And I think, that'd be nice. Just normal life. Then I remember that all those people are jealous of me and my life, and that I left that shitty town because it's a miserable fucking place, and if I had their 'normal' lives, I'd blow my brains out. See what I mean?

Sam takes in these words of "wisdom."

CHANNING TATUM (CONT'D)

Hey man -- you need some time off?

Before Sam can answer...

PASSERBY

CHANNING TATUM! EY, CHANNING TATUM!!!

CHANNING TATUM

Here we go...

Onlookers spot Channing, who gives a bashful "you got me" shrug. He happily signs autographs as a crowd forms.

Seeing that this is going to go on for a while, Sam looks around and spots a nearby DIVE BAR.

INT. SEEDY DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Sam drowns his sorrows inside a dimly lit watering hole filled with a shady crowd. He knocks back an old fashioned (his third) and reaches for his wallet to settle up when...

The most stunning WOMAN Sam has ever seen appears in the doorway wearing a scarf, floral dress, and white gloves.

Sam is entranced by the sight of the woman as she enters and takes a seat on the opposite side of the bar.

He pockets his wallet, deciding he might just stay a while.

As the woman orders a drink, she notices Sam's glance. He darts his eyes away, then looks back and sees her glancing at him -- their eyes connect. They share a smile.

As her drink arrives, they CHEERS from across the bar.

Mustering the courage, Sam stands and walks over to her.

SAM

I suppose people come to a place
like this to drink alone.

WOMAN

I suppose they do.

SAM

Then I suppose my coming over here
is a bit of an intrusion.

WOMAN

I suppose it is.

Swallowing the sting of being rebuffed, Sam turns, except...

WOMAN (CONT'D)

You can make it up to me by buying
the next round.

Sam contains his smile, takes a seat next to her.

SAM

Sam.

WOMAN

Clara.

CLARA (40s) speaks with a posh British accent. Her worldly elegance is the exact opposite of Sam's blue collar swagger -- and a total anomaly in this run-down dive.

SAM

I have to ask: what on earth
brought you here tonight, Clara?

CLARA

The arches...

Off Sam's confused look, Clara points to the windows behind the bar, which feature STONE ARCHES.

CLARA (CONT'D)

They're over 1500 years old. Built when they were the rage in Roman architecture -- some of the oldest in practical use. I'm jet-lagged and couldn't sleep, so I thought I'd see for myself. And you?

SAM

Same, yeah. The arches.

She laughs. Sam signals to the bartender, stammers out...

SAM (CONT'D)

Uh, due... um...

CLARA mercifully interjects, ordering in fluent Italian:

CLARA

Another old fashioned for him, and I'll have another spritz, lighter on the Aperol this time.

SAM

Right. Thank you.

CLARA

So you're not a local. Don't look like a businessman. Not here with family... I hope.

SAM

Movies. I'm here for a shoot.

CLARA

You're an actor?

SAM

(scoffs)

Thankfully, no. I do stunts. Jumping off buildings, crashing cars, setting myself on fire -- that sort of thing.

CLARA

Isn't that all CGI these days?

SAM

CGI is for hacks. If you want it done right, you hire me.

Clara eyes Sam dubiously.

CLARA

I can't quite tell if you're serious or if that's just something you say to pick up women at bars. Either way I'm intrigued.

SAM

(laughs)

And you? Are you a history teacher or something?

CLARA

No, no -- although I think I would have enjoyed that. Maybe in a next life. I'm a reporter. International finance. Investigating dark money, oligarchs, shell companies -- that sort of thing. Last week Pakistan. Next week Columbia.

SAM

Sometimes I forget what country I'm in. Although I did learn an Italian word today: "*uccidilo*."

CLARA

(smiles)

Flirt with the wrong man's wife?

SAM

Just a line from the movie. But it's nice, right?

CLARA

I suppose it's a nice enough word.

SAM

Sorry, no -- traveling, seeing the world, not being tied down.

Clara eyes Sam, seeming to see behind his words.

CLARA

You're running from something.

Sam is struck by Clara's insight, which echoes his wife's.

SAM

What makes you say that?

CLARA

Cause maybe I'm running too.

Clara and Sam lock eyes, connection building. Meanwhile...

A BARBACK appears behind the bar with a tray of clean glasses. He spots Sam, LOCKS IN ON SAM'S BANDAGED HAND.

Trying to look inconspicuous, the barback pulls out his phone and SNAPS A PHOTO OF SAM, then slinks away.

INT. SEEDY DIVE BAR - LATER

Three rounds later, Sam and Clara laugh together at the bar, hip to hip, shoulder to shoulder.

CLARA

... After every job, I tell myself that's it, I'm too old for this, no more chasing leads around the world. But then the phone rings, and suddenly I'm off to a strange city, staying at a strange hotel...

SAM

... drinking with a strange man.

CLARA

That part's not so bad -- not tonight, at least.

They share a smile. The moment builds until Clara resets.

CLARA (CONT'D)

But movie stunts -- how on earth does someone get into that sort of thing? I mean, are there schools?

SAM

There are, in fact, but they're scams. I had some good people show me the ropes, help me make the right connections.

CLARA

That's it? That's your whole story?

SAM

Let's see -- buddy from the army stumbled into it, called me up and said I'd get 1500 bucks for a few hours work if I rolled out of a moving car. I never looked back.

CLARA

But what makes you, I don't know, qualified.

SAM

I never said I was qualified.

(laughs)

Hmm -- I used to race motor bikes,
stock cars. Brief stint as an MMA
fighter. Army training.

CLARA

Were you in combat?

SAM

Nothing serious. What else...? I
grew up on a ranch.

(off her questioning look)

You do stunts long enough, you're
going to have to get on a horse.

(then)

Dance.

CLARA

Dance?

SAM

Movie fighting is just dancing --
staying on beat. No one gets hurt.

CLARA

(notes his bandaged hand)

... except when someone does.

SAM

Right. I've tried real jobs, but
after a few days if nothing around
me explodes, I can't take it. Wife
used to say I was wired wrong.

CLARA

Wife?

SAM

Ex-wife. She lives in L.A. with our
daughter Nicki. Cool kid. Loves
history. You two would get along.

CLARA

I'm sure we would.

(then)

Well this is all very compelling --
this stuntman persona. But there's
one part of your story that I
simply don't believe.

SAM

What's that?

CLARA
That you dance.

As if on cue, the SONG playing at the bar changes to Yvonne Eliman's "IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU."

Clara hits him with a challenging look -- "well...?"

SAM
This is disco. I never said I
danced to disco.

CLARA
I knew it. Lies, all of it!

Unwilling to let Clara's challenge stand, Sam hops up, extends his hand. Impressed, she takes it.

He guides her to the dance floor. They stand motionless, sizing each other up while drunkards dance around them.

Sam starts moving his hips. Clara does the same. They slowly open it up, like fighters feeling it out in the early rounds.

... then he takes her hand, TWIRLS her to the beat. His power and athleticism are on full display. And she's right there with him, keeping pace and adding her own graceful flourish.

Suddenly, it's as if everyone in the bar disappears as they float with the music.

These two bodies were made to move together.

Just as they (and we) are getting lost in the moment...

A bald man with an angry face (we'll call him **BALDIE**) appears in the entryway, accompanied by THREE GOONS. They look toward the barback, who nods to Sam on the dance floor.

Baldie locks in on Sam's bandaged hand. He motions his goons into place.

Sam is completely unaware, mesmerized by Clara's motion.

As the song comes to a close, Sam spins Clara toward him, finishing with a bang that leaves them face to face.

They breathe heavy, looking into each other's eyes.

CLARA (CONT'D)
I think we both know where this is
going... which is why I'm going to
bed now. Alone, unfortunately.

SAM

Are you sure that's what you want?

CLARA

No... no I'm not sure at all. But I'm not trying to end up as another notch on the stuntman's bedpost.

(before Sam can protest)

IF you want to see me again, meet me for lunch tomorrow.

SAM

And there's nothing I can say to get you to stay tonight?

CLARA

There are lots of things you can say to get me to stay, which is why I'm leaving as soon as possible.

SAM

Lunch it is. My break is at noon.

CLARA

Café Domiziano. I hope I see you.

Clara surprises Sam with a slow kiss on the lips...

... then walks off. Sam watches her disappear into the night.

Meanwhile, Baldie's men close in on Sam... but Sam doesn't even notice, still captivated by Clara.

Moving to the bar, Sam signals for a drink and the check, then notices one of Baldie's goons saddling up next to him. Sam slides over, but another goon appears on his other side.

Sensing something is up, he turns to see Baldie and the other goon right behind him. Baldie says in Italian:

BALDIE

Come with us.

Sam has no idea what Baldie just said.

SAM

I don't know which one of you had your eye on her first, but I can't imagine you're her type.

BALDIE

This will be much less painful if you come with us -- Greco wants a word with you.

SAM

Yeah, I didn't understand any of that. But I was just leaving, and I'm sure there are plenty of other women here for you to, uh...

Sam scans the grizzled faces of the few women in the bar.

SAM (CONT'D)

... anyway, I'll just be on my way.

Sam takes a step toward the exit, but Baldie blocks his path.

BALDIE

(in English)

I said Greco wants to see you.

SAM

So you do speak English. Good. Well, tell Greco I appreciate the offer, but I'll pass. Rain check.

Baldie places a menacing hand on Sam's shoulder. Sam eyes the hand, then calmly brushes it off.

Baldie moves to grab Sam again. Sam slips to the side, causing Baldie to stumble. Baldie angrily stares Sam down.

SAM (CONT'D)

Listen, I've had a weird day and I want to go to bed. I'm doing you a favor and telling you to walk aw--

Out of nowhere, a fist CLOCKS Sam -- one of Baldie's goons connecting with a cheap shot to Sam's face.

A HUSH comes over the bar as onlookers take notice.

Knowing that this is going to happen and there's no way to stop it, Sam resets his jaw, turns to the bar to down his drink, then turns back to the goons and squares up.

SAM (CONT'D)

OK.

Goon #1 charges. Sam ducks his punch and FLIPS HIM, sending him crashing over the bar.

Goon #2 advances with flurry of PUNCHES. Sam bobs and weaves, the punches hitting nothing but air. Sam lifts the Goon with a sweep kick, then body slams him to the floor.

GASPS FROM THE CROWD, who are loving this display. Some of them pull out their PHONES TO RECORD THE ACTION.

Goon #3 comes charging just as Goon #1 jumps off the bar onto Sam's back. Goon #3 connects with a series of body shots.

Sam spins, HURLING Goon #1 at Goon #3, sending both flying.

Baldie pulls out a SWITCH BLADE. Sam eyes the knife, looks at Baldie like *"don't do it, man."*

Baldie charges with the knife. But before he can reach Sam...

Sam grabs a TUMBLER GLASS off the bar and HURLS IT directly into Baldie's head. The glass SHATTERS AGAINST HIS FOREHEAD.

Baldie CRIES OUT in pain as he drops to the ground.

The three goons get up, squaring up for one more advance.

SAM (CONT'D)
Seriously??

The CROWD CLAPS AND CHEERS, begging for the grand finale.

The three goons charge, all throwing haymakers. Sam takes a few punches in stride, then goes to work.

He STOMP KICKS Goon #1 in the chest, then CLOCKS Goon #2 with an UPPER CUT. He hits Goon #3 with a thundering HEADBUT.

Goon #1 gets up and makes a final CHARGE. Sam waits patiently, then puts a SIDE KICK directly into the Goon's forehead, knocking him clean out!

Silence as Sam surveys his opponents on the floor. Then...

CHEERS ERUPT from the spectators.

CLOSE ON a phone screen filming Sam as he dusts himself off, steps over the groaning goons, and heads for the exit.

MATCH CUT TO:

ANOTHER PHONE SCREEN playing the fight footage. Sam's mind-blowing skill is on display as the goons take a beating.

PULL BACK to reveal...

INT. GRECO'S ESTATE - PRIVATE BATH HOUSE - NIGHT

Paulo shows Greco the footage on his phone. Greco sits in his massive steam room, still in the throws of mourning.

Paulo scrubs to the PHOTO of Sam at the bar, Sam's face and bandaged hand both clearly visible.

GRECO
You're sure this is Il Pitone?

PAULO
He took out four of our men and barely broke a sweat. They weren't our best guys, but still. Bandage on his right hand. It's him.

Greco eyes Sam, rage building.

GRECO
So this is the man who killed my son...
 (then)
Send his photo to every thief, every drug dealer, every crooked cop in Rome. 1 million Euro to whoever brings me Il Pitone dead, 10 million if they bring him to me alive. I want it done before the meetings tomorrow.

INT. SAM'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Sam lies passed out in the bed of his modest hotel room.

As he sleeps, we intercut with a MONTAGE showing...

- In a NIGHTCLUB, A CRIME BOSS sits at a private table, GANGSTERS and GIRLS around him. His phone buzzes with the PHOTO OF SAM. The crime boss eyes the photo.

- On a DARK STREET CORNER, a DRUG DEALER finishes a sale. He receives a text of the PHOTO OF SAM.

- Outside a HOTEL, a BELLHOP hangs by the door, working the dead-of-night shift. She receives a text with SAM'S PHOTO.

- In a CAB, the DRIVER tries to ignore a couple making out in the back seat. SAM'S PHOTO pops up on the driver's phone.

- Inside an E.R. HOSPITAL, a DOCTOR attends to a drunk PATIENT. The doctor's phone buzzes with the PHOTO OF SAM.

- Back at the NIGHTCLUB, the crime boss and his men discuss:

GANGSTER
How much?

CRIME BOSS
1 million dead, 10 million alive.

The crime boss signals to his men to get cracking.

- We END THE MONTAGE on Sam drunkenly SNORING in his room, no idea the world of shit he has just stumbled into.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Sam's ALARM BLARES. He groans, feeling the effects from last night. He rubs his head with his bandaged hand.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - LATER

Sam stumbles into the lobby wearing sunglasses, hating being awake. He asks the front desk ATTENDANT:

SAM

Hey, do you, uh, *parli ingl--*

ATTENDANT

Yes sir, I speak English.

SAM

Cool. Can you tell me how to get to the Café Domiziano?

As the attendant pulls out a map to chart directions...

The elevator opens, revealing Channing Tatum, flanked by two ITALIAN WOMEN, both carrying their heels after a wild night.

Channing gives both women kisses goodbye. As they slink off, Channing approaches Sam.

CHANNING TATUM

Great country. What happened to you last night?

Before Sam answers, Channing notes the BRUISES on his face.

CHANNING TATUM (CONT'D)

Jesus. Are those from the stunt?

SAM

Oh, these... yeah, probably.

Looking past Channing, Sam sees a familiar face outside by the hotel entrance -- it's BALDIE, now wearing a NECK BRACE.

CHANNING TATUM

Well let's go man. Car's waiting.

Channing starts toward the door, but Sam hangs back, mildly concerned. He sees some of BALDIE'S GOONS hovering nearby.

CHANNING TATUM (CONT'D)

What's up? Time to go...

SAM

I, uh, forgot something in the room. You go for it.

CHANNING TATUM

(checks his watch)

How long are you going to be?

SAM

Go ahead. I'll catch a cab.

CHANNING TATUM

Guess I'm running lines with myself then. Get there soon -- big day.

Sam nods, plays it cool as Channing heads to his BLACK CAR. Once Channing is clear, Sam slips out the hotel's back exit.

EXT. BACK ALLEY BEHIND THE HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Sam walks to a nearby street corner and calls for a cab.

As he waits, Sam notices a MAN on a MOTORCYCLE eyeing him from across the street.

CLOSE ON THE BIKER'S PHONE, which shows the photo of Sam.

As the cab pulls up, Sam opens the door to get in, but...

The biker REVS his engine, RACES at Sam at full speed.

Sam stands frozen, unsure of what to make of him. Just as the bike is about to run Sam over...

Sam DIVES CLEAR into the street. The motorcycle PLOWS THROUGH THE CAB'S DOOR, tearing it clean off the car!

CABBIE

HEY! WHAT THE FUCK!!

The biker WHIPS AROUND, again RACING right at Sam.

SAM ROLLS on the ground, the motorcycle narrowly missing him.

The biker once again spins back to face Sam. Sam gets up, completely at a loss as to what the hell is going on.

AS THE BIKER FLOORS IT, SAM JUMPS UP, GRABS THE BIKER IN MID AIR, PULLING HIM OFF THE BIKE AND TO THE GROUND!

Sam yanks off the biker's helmet, revealing a young STREET CRIMINAL who is completely dazed.

SAM

Who the fuck are you?
(no answer from the biker)
What the fuck are you d--

Sam's suddenly grabbed from behind, spinned around to see...

Baldie and his goons.

SAM (CONT'D)

Jesus, all this over last night. Is one of you guys married to her or something? Listen, it was just a couple drinks... and maybe a kiss.

Baldie draws a GUN and points it directly at Sam's forehead -- Sam freezes.

BALDIE

Greco wants to see you.

SAM

OK, yeah, I'll talk to Greco. Sure.
(beat)
Sorry -- are you Greco? Is this a third person thing?

A CAR PULLS UP, back door already open. Baldie's goons hold Sam by the arms, pushing him toward the open car door.

SAM (CONT'D)

Listen, the kiss was really quick. It was nothing really -- just like a peck goodbye.

Baldie's goons press Sam forward. Just as they're about to cram him into the back of the car...

Sam presses his foot against the car, SPRINGING into a BACKFLIP, landing behind Baldie and his goons.

SAM (CONT'D)

OK, just listen to m--

Baldie whips around with the gun. Sam blocks his arm just as BALDIE FIRES, the bullet sailing inches from Sam's head!

Sam looks at the gun, realizing shit just got very real.
Before the goons can draw their guns...

Sam bends back Baldie's arm, taking his gun. Sam trains the
gun on Baldie's men, freezing them.

SAM (CONT'D)
Uh... get over there. All of you,
over there.

Baldie and his men comply. Sam points the gun at the driver.

SAM (CONT'D)
You, out.

The driver gets out, arms raised, joins the others.

Not really sure of his plan, Sam keeps them pinned back as he
gets into the driver's seat.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Sam drives off, watching Baldie and his men in the mirror
until they are clear from view.

SAM
What the fuck?!!!

INT. INTERPOL HEADQUARTERS - GRANT'S OFFICE - DAY

Agent Grant's desk is scattered with "CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR
RETIREMENT" CARDS and a BROCHURE SELLING SAILBOATS.

Grant sits at his desk scanning the brochure. His assistant
sits at a desk opposite him.

The timid ANALYST (the one that interrupted the briefing)
appears in the doorway with a gentle KNOCK.

ANALYST
Agent Grant -- I have an update on
the Greco situation.

The analyst enters, places a FILE on Grant's desk.

ANALYST (CONT'D)
We got this from one of our
informants. It seems Italian street
gangs got instructions to find an
"Il Pitone." Ever heard that name?

Grant shakes his head "no," doing his best to look oblivious.

ANALYST (CONT'D)
A photo went out...

AGENT GRANT
(concerned)
Really??

The analyst opens the file, revealing the PHOTO OF SAM AT THE BAR. Grant eyes the photo with genuine surprise (and relief).

AGENT GRANT (CONT'D)
This... This is Il Pitone?

ANALYST
That's the word going around the Italian underworld. Should we put out a protection order?

AGENT GRANT
Uh... not just yet. Let's sit tight. See how this plays out.

ANALYST
But Director Burke said--

AGENT GRANT
No, I know. Give me a beat to verify with my sources, then we can circle back. But good work here...

Grant taps on the file, gives the analyst a thumbs up. As the analyst starts toward the exit, Grant calls out:

AGENT GRANT (CONT'D)
And let's keep this between us for now. I'll brief the director once we have more info.

The analyst offers a hesitant nod, then exits. Agent Grant holds up the photo of SAM to assistant:

AGENT GRANT (CONT'D)
See what you can find out about this guy.
(then, eying Sam)
Poor son of a bitch.

INT. CAR / EXT. STREETS OF ROME - DAY

Sam drives along the busy street, breathing heavy, still trying to make sense of what the hell is going on.

Hearing the sound of POLICE SIRENS, Sam realizes he wants nothing to do with this car.

He pulls over, uses his shirt to wipe down the gun and steering wheel, then exits the car.

He flags down a CAB, gets inside...

INT. TAXI CAB / EXT. STREETS OF ROME - CONTINUOUS

SAM
Forty nine Via Marziale. Or,
sorry... Uh, Quarantan--

CABBIE
I speak English.

SAM
Right. Thanks.

The cab driver pulls out.

Trying to settle himself, Sam inserts his EARBUDS and closes his eyes, putting on HEAVY METAL as he takes deep breaths.

Meanwhile in the front seat, the Cabbie catches a glimpse of Sam in the rear view mirror, SEES THE BANDAGE ON SAM'S HAND.

Sam's PHONE RINGS: Call from "CHANNING." Sam answers.

SAM (CONT'D)
Hello.

CHANNING'S ASSISTANT (V.O.)
Hold for Channing...

A beat later...

CHANNING TATUM (V.O.)
Where are you man?? It's blocking
rehearsal!

SAM
Sorry -- I had a crazy... I'll tell
you later. But I'm in a cab now.

EXT. MOVIE SET - SAME

Channing talks on his phone with his shirt unbuttoned while a MAKEUP ARTIST spritzes and contours his abs.

CHANNING TATUM

Hurry up. I'm dealing with a complete disaster over here. These replacement shirts are just as bad as the one from before. And it's the scene where I rip my shirt off to use as a tourniquet, so it has to look cool...

To be fair, the shirt Channing is wearing is pretty lame.

INT. TAXI CAB / EXT. STREETS OF ROME - SAME

SAM

Yeah. Uh huh...

Letting Channing drone on, Sam again closes his eyes.

Up front, the Cabbie slyly opens his texts on his phone, pulls up the PHOTO OF SAM. Seeing it's the same guy, the Cabbie places the phone on the passenger seat.

The cabbie silently opens the glove compartment and pulls out a GUN. He COCKS it.

Hearing the sound, Sam opens his eyes. Through the break in the seat, Sam sees his own face on the phone screen.

Sam eyes the photo, totally befuddled.

SAM (CONT'D)

Uh, hey Channing, I gotta go.

CHANNING TATUM (V.O.)

OK, but hurry the fuck--

Sam hangs up. He looks at the driver in the rear view mirror, who's looking right back at him. Their eyes lock until...

THE DRIVER MAKES HIS MOVE, WHIPPING THE GUN BACK TOWARD SAM.

Sam blocks his arm. The GUN GOES OFF, BLASTING a shot through the back seat window!

Sam SWATS down on the Cabbie's arm, sending the gun flying.

Sam wraps the Cabbie up in a headlock. The Cabbie squirms, his FOOT PRESSING DOWN AGAINST THE GAS.

SAM

Stop the car!

Gasping for air, the Cabbie just presses harder on the gas.

SAM (CONT'D)
I SAID STOP THE--

THE CAB GOES CRASHING INTO A SIDEWALK CINDERBLOCK.

The Cabbie's head bangs against the steering wheel.

Sam, who's seatbelt wasn't on (always wear your seatbelt...),
LAUNCHES OUT OF THE BACK SEAT AND THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD!

He rolls on the hood and lands in a heap in front of the car.

Suddenly, everything is still. Smoke rises from the car's
mangled hood. The Cabbie's head rests on the steering wheel.

A crowd of shocked onlookers gathers. An OLD MAN approaches
Sam, crouches next to him.

OLD MAN
Mister... Mister are you OK?

Sam's eyes FLICKER open. He groans as he presses himself off
the ground.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
*Oh no, mister -- you shouldn't
move.*

Sam looks to the cab, sees the Cabbie coming to inside.

Sam pushes past the old man. Seeing Sam approach, the
bloodied Cabbie scrambles to undo his seatbelt.

Sam YANKS OPEN the door and RIPS the Cabbie onto the ground.

Onlookers GASP, watching the bizarre spectacle unfold.

SAM
Why are you after me???

CABBIE
Please don't kill me.

SAM
English. Why are you after me???

CABBIE
I have a family. Don't kill me.

SAM
What?? You tried to kill me! Why??

CABBIE
Il Pitone.

SAM

What??

CABBIE

You are Il Pitone. Greco wants to see you.

SAM

I don't know what the fuck any of you people are talking about. Why was my photo on your phone?

CABBIE

Word went out to find Il Pitone. 1 million dead, 10 million alive.

SAM

But I'm not Il... Wait, word went out to who??

Suddenly understanding the implications, Sam looks at the crowd of onlookers. Scattered among them, he spots STURDY MEN that may or may not be criminals that are after him.

CABBIE

Please. I don't want to die--

SAM

Oh, shut up.

Sam pushes the Cabbie back to the ground. He stands up, moves away slowly... then takes off in a HOBbled SPRINT.

TWO MEN from the crowd start after him. Sam tries to outpace them, but his injuries make it a tall task.

He runs into the middle of a BUSY STREET, cars whipping past.

The pursuers dart into the street after Sam -- one is immediately HIT BY A SPEEDING CAR.

The other gains on Sam, TACKLING HIM FROM BEHIND!

The pursuer DRAWS A KNIFE! Just as he's ready to drive the knife into Sam's chest...

A BULLET RIPS THROUGH THE PURSUER'S SHOULDER! The pursuer screams in pain, falling off of Sam.

Where the hell did that come from???

Assuming the bullet was intended for him, Sam stays low and rolls clear (narrowly avoiding a passing car).

As the men regroup, Sam turns to face them. A BUS WIPES BY...
And suddenly Sam is gone.

INT. BUS / EXT. BUSY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Sam holds onto the side mirror of the speeding bus. Inside, the driver is oblivious... until she notices Sam hanging on.

The driver looks at Sam dumbfounded, then slowly pulls the lever, opening the door.

SAM

Grazie.

Sam steps into the moving bus and takes a seat in the passenger area, his mind racing.

CUT TO:

A DRAMATIC IMAGE OF A YOUNG MAN HOLDING A SEVERED HEAD, blood dripping from the gaping neck.

We're looking at Caravaggio's "David with the head of Goliath" inside...

INT. GALLERIA BORGHESE MUSEUM - DAY

Taking in the painting, its horror and its beauty, is Artur (the old man we met at the cafe). Artur's PHONE BUZZES.

ARTUR

Hello.

INT. INTERPOL HEADQUARTERS - GRANT'S OFFICE - SAME

Agent Grant paces and pops NICARETTE GUM as he speaks on the phone, the door closed.

AGENT GRANT

Hey there Artur. How are you? How's your trip?

INTERCUT

ARTUR

I'm well. I love this city. I could stay here for life if my work allowed it. But alas...

AGENT GRANT

Oh, good. I'm glad you're enjoying this CLUSTER FUCK OF A SITUATION!!!

(calms himself, whispers)

Listen, Greco has his men all over Rome looking for some poor asshole that they think is Il Pitone -- which is going to mean a shitload of cleanup work for me, but might also open a path for us to get to Greco. My sources tell me he still plans to travel to his meeting today -- that's our strike window.

ARTUR

I told you that's not how my operative works.

AGENT GRANT

And I told you I don't give a shit. Get it done.

ARTUR

And what about the poor asshole?

AGENT GRANT

That's his problem.

Grant hangs up.

INT. BACK ALLEY - LATER

Sam hides out behind a dumpster, now wearing an "I HEART ROME" hat pulled low over his head. His PHONE RINGS.

SAM

Hello.

CHANNING'S ASSISTANT (V.O.)

Hold for Channing...

CHANNING TATUM (V.O.)

Where the fuck are you?

SAM

Yeah hey listen, I don't think I can work today.

EXT. MOVIE SET - SAME

Channing stands near camera, talking anxiously on his phone. Behind him, a HEAVY-SET STUNTMAN rehearses a fight.

INTERCUT:

CHANNING TATUM

What?? They called in some local to cover -- he makes my ass look huge.

SAM

Channing, I need to tell you--

CHANNING TATUM

He has a fat ass, so when he's in frame as me, it looks like I have a fat ass. I need you here now.

SAM

CHANNING LISTEN! Men are trying to kill me!

CHANNING TATUM

What are you talking about?

SAM

Lots of men all over Rome are chasing me and trying to kill me.

CHANNING TATUM

Why? That doesn't make any sense.

SAM

I know, but they recognize me, and for whatever reason, they want me dead. I have been shot at, thrown from a car, I just jumped onto a moving bus...

CHANNING TATUM

Wow. Alright listen, forget the stunt for now. I'll get my people on this -- I'm sure they can take care of whatever's going on. For now try to get to set without being recognized -- you'll be safe here.

(then)

If there's time, we'll reshoot the stunt, but it's no big deal.

Sam hangs up the phone. As he does...

A BUS BOY steps out into the alley. Justifiably paranoid, Sam backs away toward the street. As he turns the corner...

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Oh there you are...

Sam spins around to see...

CLARA. She looks as radiant as ever in a similar outfit to the previous night (elegant dress, scarf, white gloves).

For a fraction of a second, Sam gets lost in her eyes, the spark from last night rushing back...

Then his face goes white. He stammers out:

SAM

Clara. You... shouldn't be here.

CLARA

I waited at the cafe for half an hour telling myself how stupid I was to believe the late night promises of a so-called stuntman.

SAM

I can't talk to you.

CLARA

Oh, I see -- happy to take a women you've just met to bed, but a sober conversation over lunch, that's far too intimate.

SAM

No, I mean it's not safe for you to be near me.

CLARA

So it's the martyr bachelor complex -- heroically protecting female hearts from your tragic pathology. No points for originality, I'm afraid.

Sam notices MEN across the street that seem to recognize him.

He nervously backs away from Clara. Clara follows after him, not ready to let him off that easy.

CLARA (CONT'D)

You can't even look me in the eye!

SAM

Clara, please stay away from me.

CLARA

Fine. Run away then...

Seeing the men approach, Sam does, in fact, RUN AWAY!

Several of the men CHASE after Sam. Two of them grab Clara.

CLARA (CONT'D)
What are you--?? Hey!!

MAN
How do you know that man?

CLARA
Get you hands off me!! HELP!!!!!!

Sam turns back and sees the men holding Clara. He watches as the men drag Clara toward a idling car.

He spots a BIKER on a MOPED next to him at a red light.

SAM
Hey, I need your bike.

BIKER
What?

Sam briefly considers trying to translate, but instead...

He grabs the handlebars and THROTTLES THE GAS, FLIPPING THE BIKER TO THE GROUND!

SAM
Sorry...

Sam hops on and FLOORS IT, speeding toward Clara.

The men holding Clara DIVE CLEAR as Sam BLOWS PAST. He does a SCREECHING 180 degree turn, pulling up along side Clara.

SAM (CONT'D)
Get on.

Dumbfounded, Clara climbs on. Sam PEELS OUT. As they cut through cars on the busy street:

CLARA
What the hell is going on?

SAM
I don't know.

CLARA
What do you mean you don't know?

SAM
I don't know!

In his rear view, Sam sees TWO CARS RACING AFTER THEM. He kicks it into gear. Clara holds on for dear life.

They reach a bridge, seeming to break free until...

A car pulls up at the end of the bridge, blocking the path. Men step out with GUNS DRAWN!

Sam whips the moped around, only to see...

The pursuing cars blocking their exit that way as well.

Sam idles the moped, working out a plan.

SAM (CONT'D)
Do you have a tight grip?

Clara GULPS, wraps her arms tight around Sam. Suddenly...

Sam SPEEDS toward a VENDOR STAND, where a propped-up sign creates a RAMP.

SAM LAUCHES OFF THE SIGN, SENDING THEM SAILING OVER THE BRIDGE WALL! CLARA SCREAMS AS THEY FLY THROUGH THE AIR...

CLARA
AHHHHHHH!!!!

... THEN LAND ON THE ROADWAY BELOW!

The pursuing men can only watch as Sam and Clara speed away.

INT. INTERPOL HEADQUARTERS - GRANT'S OFFICE - DAY

Grant rubs his palms against his eyes, stressed the fuck out.

His assistant enters with a STACK OF PAPERS.

GRANT'S ASSISTANT
Updates on the mystery man.
(lays out the papers)
Samuel Clark. Retired Delta Force.
Three deployments in Afghanistan,
five in Iraq. Two Purple Hearts, a
Silver star, 5 Bronze Stars.

Grant eyes military headshots of Sam, records of his medals.

AGENT GRANT
Jesus... You think he's a pro?
Working for a third party?

GRANT'S ASSISTANT

Unlikely -- it looks like he's spent the last decade working as a Hollywood stuntman.

AGENT GRANT

Stuntman?

The assistant flips to pages showing FILM CREDITS.

GRANT'S ASSISTANT

I got these off IMDB -- the international movie database. The guy has over 40 credits as a stunt double. Hugh Jackman at first, Channing Tatum more recently. I called his agency. They confirmed he's working a film shoot in Rome.

AGENT GRANT

Stuntmen have agents?

The assistant shrugs -- "*I guess so.*" Grant flips through the IMDB printout, baffled.

GRANT'S ASSISTANT

40 films doesn't leave a lot of time to moonlight as an assassin.

AGENT GRANT

So he's just some poor schmuck... who also happens to be a war hero?
(then)
Well, chances are he'll be dead in a couple hours. Guess we sit tight.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - DAY

A MAINTENANCE SHED stands in the corner of a sparsely-populated park -- the door seems to be pried open. Inside...

INT. MAINTENANCE SHED - SAME

Sam and Clara hide out, both overwhelmed. Clara can hardly believe her ears as Sam finishes his recap of the situation.

SAM

... I tried to tell you to stay away so you wouldn't get mixed up.

CLARA

And you have no idea why these people are after you?

SAM

Something to do with a guy named Greco and something called Il Pitone. None of it makes any sense.

CLARA

Wait... Giuseppe Greco?

Sam shrugs, oblivious.

CLARA (CONT'D)

The shipping magnate? He's one of the wealthiest men in Italy. Two nights ago his son was killed.

SAM

How do you know that?

CLARA

It's all over the papers, but I've been trying to write about Greco for years -- my editor killed the story. He has businesses scattered around Europe, but I think it's all cover for an illegal empire.

SAM

OK, fine, but what the hell does any of it have to do with me??

CLARA

(thinking)

A few years ago I was reporting on a Croatian war criminal who committed suicide -- some suspected he was assassinated, but there wasn't a trace of evidence left at the scene. I heard whispers it was the work of Il Pitone -- a legendary assassin whose identity is a total secret, like the grim reaper for despots and warlords. It sounds to me like Greco thinks that you're Il Pitone.

SAM

This Greco guy is one of the richest men in Europe, connected with criminals all over Italy, and he thinks I murdered his son?

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)
(off her nod)
Fuck. I'm a dead man.

CLARA
Don't say that. You can't give up.
Think of your daughter.

Sam nods, knowing she's right.

SAM
Maybe I just talk to the guy. They
keep saying "Greco wants to talk."
I can clear this whole thing up.

CLARA
I'm not sure "talk" means...
(mimes a talking gesture)
As much as...
(mimes a shooting gesture)

SAM
Right.
(then)
Maybe if I find this Il Pitone guy
myself...

CLARA
You want to seek out the most
dangerous assassin in the world to
expose him?

SAM
Just, you know, spitballing.
(then)
I could go to the American embassy -
- they have to protect me, right?

CLARA
This feels like the strongest idea
of the bunch.

SAM
Alright. I'm sorry you got mixed up
in this. For what it's worth, I was
looking forward to seeing you.

CLARA
I was looking forward to seeing you
too.
(their eyes meet)
Sorry about all that "bachelor
martyr complex" business.

SAM
 Sorry about that moped bridge jump
 business.

They share a smile. Clara takes in his many cuts and bruises.

She wets a cloth, uses it to wash the blood off Sam's face.

Sam feels her touch, absorbing the much needed tenderness
 following a day of insanity.

As their eyes meet, they kiss.

CUT TO:

VHS FOOTAGE of a BOY (6) playing soccer in a youth league. He
 dribbles clumsily. A VOICE calls out from behind the camera.

GRECO (O.S.)
Go Marco! Go!

The boy stops dribbling, waves to the camera as another kid
 steals the ball -- it's adorable.

PULL BACK to reveal...

INT. GRECO'S ESTATE - STUDY - DAY

Greco sits in his study (the very room where Marco was
 killed) watching home movie footage.

A tear streaks down Greco's cheek as he watches his young son
 -- now lost forever.

Paulo enters. Greco quickly wipes the tear, turns off the TV.

GRECO
Is it done?

PAULO
*He got away -- jumped a motor bike
 off a bridge. But he's definitely
 our man, and he has half of Rome
 looking for him. He won't get far.*

Less than pleased, Greco stands, begins to tie his tie.

PAULO (CONT'D)
 (delicately)
*It's not too late to cancel the
 meetings. As long as Il Pitone is
 still out there--*

GRECO

*Instead of telling me how to do my
job, you should do yours. I want
him waiting for me when I get home
with a bone saw and a blow torch.*

Greco puts on his suit jacket and leads the way to the exit.

EXT. STREETS OF ROME - DAY

Clara walks along a row of parked cars, looking around as she checks the doors until she finds one that is unlocked.

INT. STOLEN CAR - CONTINUOUS

She slips into the driver's seat and gets to work HOTWIRING the car. As soon as she has the engine running...

She signals to a nearby alleyway. Sam bolts from the alley into the back of the car, staying low to avoid being seen.

SAM

Where did you learn how to hot wire
a car??

CLARA

Early in my career while I was
reporting on black market car sales
in Bolivia. It comes in handy.

SAM

I can see that...

Sam keeps low as Clara starts the drive toward the embassy.

INT. GRECO'S ESTATE - GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The elevator doors open to the estate's industrial-size garage. Greco steps out, followed closely by Paulo.

Greco's guards are on red alert as he loads into one of several identical black SUVs.

INT. DARK HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The ASSASSIN vacantly watches Italian TV in his darkened hotel room. His phone BUZZES with a text:

"He's on the move. Now is your window."

The assassin sits up, begins assembling his weapons arsenal.

INT. STOLEN CAR - DAY

Clara drives with Sam lying in the back seat. Up ahead she spots an imposing building -- the U.S. embassy.

CLARA
There it is...

Clara soon gets backed up by the logjam of security and other cars surrounding the building.

SAM
I'll get out here.
(then)
I guess this might be goodbye.

She looks at him, concern in her eyes. They kiss.

CLARA
Just stay alive.

Sam nods, exits the car.

EXT. U.S. EMBASSY - CONTINUOUS

As Sam starts toward the building, he surveys the area -- it's one big bottleneck of CARS and PEDESTRIANS.

A nearby STREET PEDDLER offers sightseeing MAPS to American tourists approaching the embassy, hustling to make a buck.

The street peddler spots Sam -- clearly recognizing him. Sam buries his head to blend in with the crowd, but the peddler drops his maps and WHISTLES to another STREET HUSTLER.

The two of them start toward Sam.

Sam pushes ahead toward the security check point. As the peddler and hustler pick up their pace...

Sam takes off in a SPRINT! They RACE after him.

Sam hops over embassy security vehicles PARKOUR-style. The peddler and hustler weave between the cars to keep up.

With the two of them closing, Sam reaches the gate, quickly SCALING to the top and FLIPPING to the other side!

The peddler and hustler can only watch from outside the gate.

BACK IN THE CAR...

Clara watches, relieved and dazzled by Sam's escape.

INSIDE THE EMBASSY GROUNDS...

Sam smiles tauntingly at the peddler and hustler just as...

He's TACKLED from all directions by embassy SECURITY GUARDS.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF ROME - DAY

Greco's SUV convoy moves through Rome, looking like the Juarez scene in "Sicario." In one of the cars...

INT. BLACK SUV - SAME

Greco sits in back, nervously scanning the area. Next to him is Paulo, also on alert, hand resting on his GUN.

GRECO
I don't like being hunted.

PAULO
Il Pitone will be taken care of soon enough.

GRECO
He's out there. I can feel him.

EXT. STREETS OF ROME - SAME

A man sitting on a MOTORCYCLE watches from a safe distance as the SUVs pass -- it's THE ASSASSIN.

Once they clear, the assassin takes off down a side street.

INT. STOLEN CAR / EXT. STREETS OF ROME - SAME

Clara parks the stolen car along the bank of the Tiber river.

She gets out and walks down a side street. Reaching a tucked away APARTMENT, Clara uses her key to open the door.

INT. BLACK SUV / EXT. STREETS OF ROME - SAME

Greco and Paulo ride along, Greco's anger mounting.

GRECO

You couldn't protect my son -- I don't know why I expect you can protect me. You've let Il Pitone fall through your fingers! All I can do is wait for him to strike--

BOOOOOOOOOOOOM!!!!!!!!!!

A deafening explosion FLIPS THE SUV ahead of them, the BLAST ROCKING GRECO'S CAR.

With the street blocked in front of them, Greco's face goes white -- they're sitting ducks.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARA'S APARTMENT - SAME

Clara enters the spacious apartment. She sets down her things, puts on some CLASSICAL MUSIC. While Clara unwinds...

BACK TO:

INT. BLACK SUV / EXT. STREETS OF ROME

PAULO

GO, GO, GO!!!!

The driver turns down a side street, peeling Greco's SUV away from the convoy. They RACE ahead until...

A motorcycle pulls up, blocking the alleyway.

They've fallen right into the assassin's trap!

The assassin draws a compact UZI... And OPENS FIRE!

Bullets pepper the SUV's windshield. The guards in the front seats are riddled with shots to the chest and face.

GRECO SCREAMS as Paulo drags him out into the street.

PAULO (CONT'D)

Go now!

Greco makes a run for it as Paulo uses the door for cover, EXCHANGING FIRE with the assassin.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARA'S APARTMENT - SAME

Clara takes a deep breath, eyes herself in the mirror -- she looks like a mess (understandable after the day she's had).

BACK TO:

EXT. NARROW SIDE STREET - SAME

With bullets flying everywhere, Greco runs for dear life. He looks back just as...

PAULO TAKES TWO SHOTS TO THE CHEST, goes down.

Greco watches in horror, now completely unprotected. He RUNS as fast as he can, desperately trying to break free.

The assassin holsters his Uzi, RACES FORWARD on the bike.

Panicked, Greco STUMBLES. He goes falling to the ground.

The assassin steps off the bike, pulls off his helmet as he towers over a helpless Greco.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARA'S APARTMENT - SAME

Clara runs the shower, slips out of her dress.

BACK TO:

EXT. NARROW SIDE STREET - SAME

The assassin draws his gun, trains it on Greco's forehead.

Greco cowers. He closes his eyes, prepared for the end.

BAM!

Blood splatters onto Greco's face. He cautiously opens one eye, sees...

THE ASSASSIN HAS BEEN SHOT clean through his chest!

BAM!

ANOTHER BULLET BLASTS INTO THE BACK OF THE ASSASSIN'S HEAD!

He goes crashing to the ground, revealing behind him...

Paulo with his gun drawn, smoke coming from the barrel.

Paulo rips open his shirt, the assassin's bullets lodged in his bullet proof vest.

Greco is in shock, hardly able to believe he's still alive.

Paulo moves to the assassin's corpse. He pulls back one of The Assassin's gloves, revealing an UNINJURED HAND.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARA'S APARTMENT - SAME

Clara removes the white glove on her left hand.

BACK TO:

EXT. NARROW SIDE STREET - SAME

Paulo removes the glove on the other hand -- ALSO UNINJURED.

PAULO
This man is not Il Pitone.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARA'S APARTMENT - SAME

Clara winces as she removes her other glove, revealing...

Stitches on a wound on her right hand.

CLARA IS IL PITONE!

As Clara checks the shower's water temp, we PAN THE ROOM, getting a glimpse at SCATTERED WEAPONS and TACTICAL GEAR.

Just as she's about to step into the shower, her phone rings.

CLARA
Hello.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
We need to talk.

CLARA
Is that absolutely necessary?

EXT. ROOFTOP - ROME - SAME

Artur is on the other end of the call, looking over the city.

ARTUR
I think you know that it is.

CLARA (V.O.)
Fine. One hour.

NOTE: Clara's voice comes out on Arthur's end obscured by a VOICE SCRAMBLER.

Artur hangs up.

INT. INTEROGATION ROOM - U.S. EMBASSY - DAY

Sam sits in an interrogation room as embassy SECURITY OFFICERS grill him. One of Sam's hands is HANDCUFFED to the table.

SAM
I told you, I was being chased!

SECURITY OFFICER
Why were you being chased? Did you steel something?

SAM
No! I told you all these guys are after me. I need protection!

ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE GLASS...

The door opens and in steps HEAD OF SECURITY **ALAN WALSH** (40s, boxy suit, gun on his hip, as American as apple pie).

Walsh pours himself a cup of coffee as he watches Sam struggle to explain himself through the one-way mirror.

SAM (CONT'D)
I came here because it's the only place I knew I'd be safe.

Walsh burns his tongue on a sip of his coffee...

OFFICER WALSH
Damn it...

... then enters the inner room.

Seeing Walsh, the security officers stand at attention.

SECURITY OFFICER
Sir, this man jumped the fence. He--

OFFICER WALSH
I got the report. I can take it
from here.

OFFICER
Do you want us to stick around?

OFFICER WALSH
No, no, I've got it under control.

The officers reluctantly exit. Once he and Sam are alone...

OFFICER WALSH (CONT'D)
Mr. Clark, my name is Alan Walsh.
I'm head of security here at the
embassy. Sounds like you've had
quite a day.

Sam lets out an empty laugh -- *"you can say that again."*

OFFICER WALSH (CONT'D)
(notes Sam's bandage)
How'd you hurt your hand?

SAM
Work injury. I do movie stunts.

OFFICER WALSH
You working that big Channing Tatum
movie shooting in town?
(Sam nods)
Wow. Now that is cool. Is he tall?
You can never tell on screen.

SAM
He's... bout my height.

OFFICER WALSH
Gosh, that is cool.
(then, re: Sam's file)
Alright, so these fellas think
you're the one who killed Greco's
kid two nights ago, that you're
this Il Pitone mystery character.

SAM
I guess -- no idea why.

OFFICER WALSH
You don't know? The assassin hurt
his hand escaping Greco's men.

Sam looks at his bandaged hand with an exasperated sigh -- the source of all of his problems.

OFFICER WALSH (CONT'D)
You're really in the dark on this one, aren't you?

SAM
Well I don't speak Italian, so--

OFFICER WALSH
(laughs)
Don't speak Italian?? Shit, I'm surprised you're alive.

SAM
So you believe me? You don't think I'm making all this up?

OFFICER WALSH
I can't say I see much reason in you busting in here to make up such a story. Decorated military veteran. Work visa checks out. Plus, says here you're a Texas boy. I'm from Lubbock.

SAM
(pleasantly surprised)
You're a long way from home.

OFFICER WALSH
We both are. Listen, I'm not going to sugar coat things. Giuseppe Greco is very well connected around here. Cops, politicians, you name it. Point is, I'll feel better once we get you out of the country.

SAM
Yeah, me too.

OFFICER WALSH
I need to make a few phone calls. In the meantime, can I get you anything, water, soda, coffee?

SAM
Whiskey.

Walsh laughs... then sees Sam is serious.

OFFICER WALSH
Sure -- you deserve a good drink.

Walsh presses the intercom, says in fluent Italian:

OFFICER WALSH (CONT'D)
*Sofia, there's a bottle of Macallan
 15 in my desk. Could you bring it
 down with a glass and some ice?*
 (then to Sam in English)
 Try to make yourself comfortable.

SAM
 I'd like to talk to my daughter --
 it'd be good to hear her voice.

OFFICER WALSH
 Let me get you on this plane. You
 can call her from the sky.

Sam's phone rings -- call from "CHANNING."

SAM
 Can I take this? It's my boss.

OFFICER WALSH
 Is that... Channing Tatum??
 (off Sam's blank look)
 Never mind. Sure, go ahead.

SAM
 (into phone)
 Hello.

CHANNING'S ASSISTANT (V.O.)
 Hold for Channing.

CHANNING TATUM (V.O.)
 Dude just making sure you're
 alive... and checking if you're
 going to make it to set today.

SAM
 That's not going to happen. I'm at
 the embassy -- an agent's arranging
 to get me out of the country.

MEANWHILE, Walsh makes a call on his cell. He speaks in
 ITALIAN, which is gibberish to Sam.

OFFICER WALSH
*Hello? Yeah, I have the man with
 the injured hand. The one
 everyone's been looking for.*

On the other side of Walsh's call...

EXT. STREETS OF ROME - SAME

... is none other than Paulo. Behind him, a new SUV has arrived, a fresh batch of guards attending to Greco.

PAULO
Is he with you now?

INT. INTEROGATION ROOM - U.S. EMBASSY - SAME

OFFICER WALSH
*Yes. He thinks I'm helping him
leave the country.*

OVER ON SAM'S CALL:

CHANNING TATUM (V.O.)
So you won't be able to do the
stunt at all?
(then)
It's not important. All that
matters is you're safe.

Walsh's ASSISTANT arrives, delivers the WHISKEY. Sam mouths
"thank you." The assistant exits.

CHANNING TATUM (V.O.)
Didn't Reynolds have a good Italian
stunt guy when he shot that Bay
movie here. Do you remember his
name? Maurizio something?

Sam ignores Channing, uses his un-handcuffed hand to pour
himself a glass. As Sam savors a sip...

We flip back to Walsh's call:

OFFICER WALSH
*Listen, not that you asked my
opinion, but if you did ask, I'd
tell you this doesn't add up. From
his record, this guy's practically
a war hero. And I can't imagine Il
Pitone would come to us for help. I
don't think this is your guy.*

PAULO (V.O.)
*You're right -- I didn't ask your
opinion. Best to be safe. Kill him.*

Sam is barely able to hear that last word from Walsh's phone:

"UCCIDILO."

Sam's eyes snap open -- "wait, I know that word."

OFFICER WALSH
Are you sure? That could get messy.

PAULO (V.O.)
*We'll make it worth your while to
clean it up. This has gone on long
enough. Kill him.*

There it is again -- "UCCIDILO."

Now on red alert, Sam eyes Walsh. Walsh hangs up, announces:

OFFICER WALSH
Good news, looks like we can get
you on a flight tonight.

Sam looks Walsh right in the eyes. Walsh eyes him right back.

Suddenly, WALSH DRAWS HIS GUN! As he does...

SAM DRIVES THE TABLE FORWARD, RAMMING IT INTO WALSH!

Walsh hits the wall with a THUD. As he aims the gun at Sam...

Sam grabs the Macallan BOTTLE and SLAMS IT into Walsh's hand!

Walsh YELLS in pain. As he again tries to line up a shot...

Sam HURLS THE BOTTLE -- it BANGS against Walsh's head! Dazed,
Walsh falls to the floor.

Sam BREAKS OFF THE TABLE LEG, freeing his cuffed hand.

Before Walsh can get off a shot, Sam BASHES HIM across the
head with the table leg, knocking him out.

Sam's phone is on the floor, Channing still on the line.

CHANNING TATUM (V.O.)
Hello?! Sam, what's going on?!

SAM
Uh... I'll call you back.

Sam hangs up. He grabs Walsh's gun and exits into the...

HALLWAY

Starting down the hallway, Sam holds the gun and his cuffed
hand behind his back as two STAFFERS walk past.

But as he rounds a corner, Sam sees the GUARDS from before.

The guards eye Sam like *"what the hell?"* Suddenly, an ALARM BLARES throughout the building.

The guards snap into action, RACING AFTER SAM.

Sam turns, sees TWO MORE GUARDS SPRINTING AT HIM from the opposite direction. As they LUNGE to tackle him...

Sam JUMPS, LEAPING clean over both of them! He reaches the...

EMBASSY LOBBY

... which is crowded with embassy workers and civilians, all staring right at Sam as he bursts into the space.

As guards converge into the lobby, Sam grabs a FIRE EXTINGUISHER off the wall.

He runs to the other side of the room and grabs a second EXTINGUISHER, but now he's completely surrounded by guards.

Sam stops, breathing heavy and holding two fire extinguishers, Walsh's GUN tucked into his waist. Then...

Sam HURLS an extinguisher into the air and BLASTS it with a shot! He hurls the second extinguisher, SHOOTING it as well!

SMOKE BURSTS OUT IN EVERY DIRECTION! Within seconds, it's impossible to see anything through the dense mist.

GUARDS
WHERE IS HE? WHO'S GOT EYES ON HIM?

By the time the smoke clears, Sam is gone.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Clara walks along the river, then reaches a pleasant CAFE.

Sitting at one of the tables sipping a cappuccino is Artur.

Clara joins him at the table. They sit in tense silence for a long beat until:

CLARA
If this is the point where you
lecture me on how to do my job,
let's get on with it.

ARTUR

I found you a man with an injured hand so you could use him as a decoy while you got to Greco...

FLASH TO:

Sam walking out of a hospital with his hand freshly bandaged.

PULL BACK to show Artur watching from a bench across the street. Eying Sam, Artur takes out his phone, makes a call.

BACK TO:

ARTUR (CONT'D)

...Not so you could risk your cover by running around Rome with him.

CLARA

I have my reasons.

ARTUR

Professional reasons?

CLARA

He's no use as a decoy if he's dead. I was buying us time.

Artur holds a challenging look on Clara.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Fine -- I like him. Is that what you want to hear? I didn't want to see him killed for no reason.

ARTUR

You let it get personal.

CLARA

Well it isn't easy to meet men in this line of work. They tend to wind up dead soon after I meet them. Usually I'm the one that kills them.

ARTUR

Fairytales are not part of this business, I'm afraid.

CLARA

I'm aware. I was just having a little fun for once.

ARTUR

This isn't a game.

CLARA

Isn't it? For as long as I can remember, you've justified the work we do -- making the world a better place by taking out the trash that others can't. But lately it all feels like a big game.

ARTUR

This isn't the life I hoped for you. You deserved a chance at something... normal. And perhaps I am to blame, but that doesn't change the fact that Greco is not a man to be toyed with.

CLARA

I'll get to Greco when the time is right. He'll let his guard down.

ARTUR

I'm not so sure...

Artur pulls out PHOTOS showing the aftermath of The Assassin's botched motorcade hit.

ARTUR (CONT'D)

Agent Grant got impatient. He called a second operative.

CLARA

What? Who??

ARTUR

Simon Bruckner. Greco got away. Bruckner is dead.

CLARA

Well of course he is. Bruckner has the precision of a meat mallet -- *had*, poor bastard. When will these middle management hacks learn it never helps to double book?

ARTUR

It's time we leave Rome, let Agent Grant clean up his own mess.

CLARA

I'll leave when Greco is dead. I have a reputation to uphold.

ARTUR

Il Pitone has a reputation, not you. I've kept it that way so that you could walk away when the time is right. That time is now.

CLARA

What are you saying?

Artur takes a deep breath, then delicately says:

ARTUR

The fact is you've lost a step. You never would have missed that shot in your prime -- Greco would be dead, his son would be alive, and this would all be behind us. Perhaps you are too proud to admit it, but it's true. This work is for the young, and we are old.

Clara clenches her jaw, unwilling to swallow this reality.

She may have a young woman's beauty, but the thousand yard stare behind her eyes tells us that Artur is right -- she's been around too long, seen and done too much.

CLARA

It's done when I finish it -- when I kill Greco.

ARTUR

I made a promise years ago that I'd always protect you. Right now that means protecting you from yourself.
(then, solemnly)
If you go after Greco again, I fear you won't make it out alive.

There's genuine pain behind these words. Artur's paternal care for Clara is evident.

But Clara only hardens. He sees she can't be reasoned with.

ARTUR (CONT'D)

What about this stuntman? I think we both know how this ends for him.

CLARA

He's out of the picture. Safe. I got him to the embassy.

ARTUR

You haven't heard...?

Clara's eyes fill with fear -- "oh no."

ARTUR (CONT'D)
It seems he fell into the hands of
a corrupt official. If he wasn't in
trouble before, he is now...

Artur pulls up a NEWS CLIP on his phone with the headline
"MILITARY VET ASSAULTS DIPLOMAT, ESCAPES EMBASSY."

Seeing the word "escape," Clara sparks a glimmer of hope.

CLARA
He's alive?

Artur nods. Clara can barely contain her smile.

INT. INTERPOL HEADQUARTERS - LYON, FRANCE - EVENING

Agent Grant stands in front of a bank of televisions,
watching NEWS COVERAGE OF SAM'S ESCAPE.

Grant shakes his head -- "*What a clusterfuck.*" He turns to
his assistant:

AGENT GRANT
Get me a plane to Rome.

INT. BATHROOM - TRAIN STATION - DAY

Sam breathes heavy inside a bathroom stall, handcuffs still
affixed to his left wrist.

He eyes the bandage on his right hand (the source of all his
problems), then peels off the bandage.

INT. TRAIN PLATFORM - MOMENTS LATER

Exiting the bathroom, Sam eyes the schedule board which shows
departure times: NAPLES, VENICE, MILAN, etc.

Sam couldn't care less -- he just wants out of Rome, STAT.

A low RUMBLE announces an approaching train. Sam perks up,
steps toward the track. But to his disappointment...

A TRAIN BARRELS through the station without stopping.

Watching the train disappear into the distance, Sam notices a
Several COPS scanning passengers at the far end of the track.

Sam quickly turns, but as he does, he sees...

Two more COPS on the other end. One of them spots Sam.

OFFICER
HEY -- STOP!

All eyes shoot to Sam, who is sandwiched in on both sides.

THE OFFICERS CHARGE. Sam FLIPS one cop to the ground, block's another's NIGHTSTICK. Just as TWO COPS GRAB SAM...

A LOW RUMBLE announces a train approaching. The train's headlight comes through the tunnel.

SAM THROWS THE COPS OFF OF HIM, breaking free.

He SPRINTS TOWARD THE TRACK, cops following close behind.

As the train comes plowing through the station...

SAM JUMPS! HE SAILS THROUGH THE AIR only inches in front of the speeding train, landing on the opposite platform!

The cops pull back to avoid the train as it WHIPS PAST.

Once the train finally clears, they look out at the empty platform on the opposite side -- Sam is gone.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A group of MEN IN MILITARY GARB sit at one side of a long table. In the middle of the table is **GENERAL ABARA**, whom careful viewers might remember from the Interpol briefing.

The general checks his watch, not pleased with the delay.

The door swings open and in steps GRECO with his guards. Even with his arm in a sling, Greco has his game face on.

GENERAL ABARA
Mr. Greco, I was afraid you
wouldn't make it.

GRECO
I got held up in traffic.
(takes a seat)
Should we get to business?

GENERAL ABARA
I was so sorry to hear of your son--

Greco holds up a hand to cut off the General's condolences.

GENERAL ABARA (CONT'D)
Business it is then...

EXT. STREETS OF ROME - CONTINUOUS

Coming out of the subway station, Sam RACES down a back alley. As he does, he passes...

One of the GANGSTERS we saw at the club during the montage. The gangster eyes Sam, moves to follow.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Sam peeks around the side of the building. Relieved he hasn't been seen, Sam scans the area for a way out. Then...

A GUN BARREL gently presses against the back of Sam's head.

Sam slowly turns, sees... the gangster.

The gangster motions for Sam to walk down the alley, out of sight from the street. Sam complies.

The gangster keeps the gun trained on Sam as he makes a call. He says something in Italian and hangs up.

SAM
You're not taking me to Greco, are
you?

The gangster shakes his head "no."

SAM (CONT'D)
You know I'm worth more if you
bring me in alive, right?

GANSTER
You have a saying in English, no?
'Better to have a bird in your hand
then to have a bird in a bush.'

SAM
Something like that. I don't
suppose it would help if I promised
not to try anything?

The gangster trains the gun on Sam's head. Then suddenly...

The sound of SCREECHING TIRES cause the gangster to WHIP AROUND. Sam opens his eyes just in time to see...

A CAR SPEEDS DOWN THE ALLEYWAY, PLOWING INTO THE GANGSTER.

The gangster lands at Sam's feet, knocked out.

The car door opens and out steps...

CLARA.

Both Sam and Clara appear in shock at what she has just done.

CLARA

Oh my god, did I kill him??

[Knowing what we now know about Clara, it's clear her "couldn't hurt a fly" persona is an act.]

SAM

(awestruck)

How did you...?

CLARA

I saw you on the street, and then I saw a man following you. I was trying to warn you and I lost control of the car.

Sam runs over and wraps her up in a hug, thrilled to see her again (and to be alive). Clara hugs him back.

This nice moment is interrupted as...

An SUV pulls up near the alley -- FIVE GANGSTERS step out.

Looking for an escape, Sam checks a nearby door -- it's locked. He puts his shoulder into it, BUSTS THE DOOR OPEN.

With the gangsters closing, Sam collects the GUN off the ground, then grabs Clara and leads her into the building.

INT. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Sam and Clara RACE up the stairs of the empty building.

Unable to find a exit, Sam looks down and sees the gangsters climbing. He opens a door to a small closet.

SAM

Wait in here. I'll take care of them. Here...

(hands her the gun)

Have you ever fired one of these?

CLARA

(considers how to answer)

Once or twice.

SAM

Don't come out until I come back.

Sam closes the door, continues up the stairs.

Below, the gangsters continue to climb, closing fast...
except one HEAVY-SET GANGSTER who huffs and puffs behind.

INT. CLOSET - SAME

Clara watches the gangsters pass through the crack in the door. Once the heavy-set gangster has cleared...

She calmly pushes open the door.

INT. TOP FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

At the top of the stairs, the gangsters find a closed door. They steady themselves, then one of them KICKS IN THE DOOR.

Guns drawn, gangsters #1 & 2 creep into the empty penthouse.

SAM SPRINGS OUT from behind the door, closing it on gangster #2's arm. The gangster's gun falls to the floor.

Sam then KICKS Gangster #1's hand, sending his gun flying.

Gangster #3 FIRES just as Sam blocks. THE BULLET BARELY MISSES SAM AND INSTEAD HITS A GANGSTER #4 IN THE CHEST!

Meanwhile in the...

STAIRWELL

The heavy-set gangster finally reaches the top. Through the door, he sees Sam fighting his three remaining colleagues.

The gangster lines up a shot at Sam, whose back is to him. Just as he's about to pull the trigger...

CLARA (O.S.)

Psst...

The heavy-set gangster turns to see CLARA COME FLYING IN WITH A DROP-KICK TO HIS CHEST!

She hits him with such force that he's LAUNCHED THROUGH A GLASS WINDOW BEHIND HIM! The gangster crashes to the ground six stories below, SCREAMS audible the whole way down.

[So yeah, Clara is an absolute badass fighter.]

PENTHOUSE

Sam has dislodged the gangsters' guns, but with two gangsters in front of him and one behind, it's a tall order to keep up.

The gangster behind Sam **DRAWS A KNIFE**. Just as he hauls back to stab Sam in the back...

Clara taps the gangster on his shoulder. As he turns to her, she hits him with an **ELBOW TO THE FACE** -- lights out.

Sam **CLOCKS** the two remaining gangsters, knocking them out.

Sam **SPINS AROUND** to take on the gangster behind him, but he's surprised to see him passed out on the ground.

Then he sees Clara. Exhausted, he falls into her arms. He remembers something...

SAM

Wasn't there another guy?

CLARA

I think he got scared and ran away.

Sam accepts this explanation, lets out a faux-modest smile.

SAM

I won't let anything happen to you.
I promise.

Clara lets Sam have this "hero" moment.

CLARA

I know.

INT. DIFFERENT CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Another conference room filled with men in **MILITARY UNIFORMS** waiting impatiently. At the center is **GENERAL KEITA**, whom we also saw during Director Burke's presentation.

The door opens and in steps Greco, who's in full "get-shit-done" mode. Paulo and a swarm of guards follow.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

With Greco's negotiation in full swing, Paulo stands by the refreshments table, closely watching the doors and exits.

Paulo's PHONE BUZZES with a message from *OFFICER WALSH, U.S. EMBASSY*. Paulo opens the message, which contains info on Sam:

Paulo scans Sam's MILITARY HEADSHOTS and COMBAT DECORATIONS.

He clicks a link to Sam's agency's website, sees a cheesy INDUSTRY HEADSHOT of Sam. Paulo looks baffled as he scans Sam's extensive list of MOVIE CREDITS.

Keita's HEAD OF SECURITY slides up next to Paulo, refills his coffee. As he does, he places a PIECE OF PAPER on the table.

PAULO

What's this?

HEAD OF SECURITY

A professional courtesy.

Paulo flips over the paper, sees a PHOTO OF ARTUR.

HEAD OF SECURITY (CONT'D)

General Keita's predecessor, my former boss, was killed six years ago in his sleep without any of my men noticing an intruder. General Keita called off the investigation before I uncovered the killer's identity, but not before my search led me to this man. Perhaps he will be of interest to you.

Paulo eyes Artur's face, then pockets the photo. He thanks his counterpart with a nod, and the two men separate.

INT. DRY CLEANERS - EVENING

Sam and Clara hide out in back of the empty shop.

CLARA

You need to get out of the country.
I can help you.

SAM

I tried the embassy, train, car. I can't go to the airport. There's no way out.

(then)

I need to think.

Sam takes out his PHONE and puts on HEAVY METAL. As the music blares, Sam closes his eyes and breathes deeply.

CLARA
What are you doing?

SAM
Breath work. They teach it in the military. It helps clear my head.

CLARA
And *this* is what they tell you to listen to?

SAM
No, I added that part.

The music stops as Sam's PHONE RINGS -- call from "Channing."

SAM (CONT'D)
I need to take this.
(answers on SPEAKER)
Hello.

CHANNING TATUM (V.O.)
Sam! You're alive! Awesome. Listen, I have a solution to your problem.

Sam lets out a "*thank god*" exhale.

CHANNING TATUM (V.O.)
I have someone on the line who can help. But first, I have to ask for, like, legal or whatever:
(delicately)
You're not an assassin, right?

SAM
No! I'm with you all the time -- when would I have time to kill people?!

CHANNING TATUM (V.O.)
OK -- yeah, that tracks. Alright, let me merge the calls.

While they wait on hold, Clara asks:

CLARA
Who is that?

SAM
Channing Tatum.

CLARA
Who?

SAM
Channing Tatum. The movie star. 21
Jump Street... Magic Mike...?

Clara shrugs -- no idea who that is.

CHANNING TATUM (V.O.)
Ok -- I have Kate from 42 West. She
does all my PR. I trust her with my
life. She has an idea.

KATE FROM 42 WEST (V.O.)
Sam, hi, Kate here. So sorry for
what you're going through. We're
all thinking about you over here. I
know you don't have much time, so
I'll get right to it. What's your
social media presence look like?

SAM
My what?

KATE FROM 42 WEST (V.O.)
Instagram, Tiktok, Snapchat?

SAM
I don't have any of that.

KATE FROM 42 WEST (V.O.)
Facebook? Youtube channel? Blog?

SAM
Yeah, no.

KATE FROM 42 WEST (V.O.)
Hmmm. Our thinking was that if you
posted a video on your social about
how you're not an assassin,
mistaken identity, etc., then
Channing could repost to his
millions of followers -- really
take hold of the narrative.

CHANNING TATUM (V.O.)
And I'd be happy to do that repost.

KATE FROM 42 WEST (V.O.)
And that could make the Italian
police think twice about, you know,
killing you on the spot. So you
don't have any social presence?

SAM
No!

KATE FROM 42 WEST (V.O.)

Hmmm.

(long beat)

Alright then, we'll get back to work and circle back. We're going to take care of you, Sam!

CHANNING TATUM (V.O.)

Thanks Kate! And hey, stay on the line so we can talk about that other thing. Hang in there Sam!

Sam hangs up, completely deflated. He rubs his face.

SAM

There's only one way out of this.

CLARA

What's that?

SAM

I need to find Il Pitone.

CLARA

Sam, I really don't think that's a good idea.

SAM

I'll bring him to the police or to Greco or to... someone. But until I find Il Pitone, I'm out of options.

CLARA

But he's a killer!

SAM

Yeah well, so am I. It's not really something I like to talk about, but when I was active duty... let's just say I can take care of myself.

CLARA

I'm sure you can, but from what I've heard about Il Pitone, he's practically the angel of death.

SAM

He can't be that good, otherwise he would have killed Greco the other night instead of Greco's son.

Clara clenches her jaw, swallowing this knock to her pride.

CLARA

I suppose that's true. But how could you possibly identify him?

SAM

His hand -- the guy at the embassy said Il Pitone hurt his hand while he was escaping Greco's men. That's how I got mixed up in this.

Clara steals a glance at her gloved, injured hand.

SAM (CONT'D)

I'm going to find this Il Pitone -- which is a stupid fucking name, by the way -- I'm going to kick his ass, and I'm going to bring him in.

Clara places a hand on his cheek to calm him.

CLARA

Sam, I know another way. I spoke with a friend, someone that I trust. He has a boat and he's willing to get you out of Rome.

SAM

I can't let you get involved, or your friend.

CLARA

I am involved, and he's seen worse. I need to get my things. Meet me at the Port of Rome in two hours.

SAM

Your things? You're coming with me?

Clara nods. Sam can hardly contain his smile. They kiss.

Clara notes the handcuff still affixed to Sam's wrist.

CLARA

Here...

She pulls a PAPER CLIP from her purse, proceeds to masterfully pick the handcuff lock. He looks at her with awe.

CLARA (CONT'D)

(explaining)

I did a report on police corruption in the Philippines.

SAM

You know, someday I want to hear more about your job -- seems like you do really interesting work.

CLARA

I'll tell you all about it... someday.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON an engraving of two GLADIATORS engaged in mortal combat -- an epic struggle captured en medias res.

Pull back to reveal...

INT. ANTIQUES GALLERY - ROME - DAY

... Artur eyes the engraving, which is featured on an antique VASE inside the gallery of a private DEALER.

DEALER

Take your time, sir. It's a difficult decision.

ARTUR

It should be a very easy decision -- I should just say "no," walk away, and never think about it again.

DEALER

It is a lot of money, sir.

ARTUR

...But life is short. Ah, why not?!

Artur pulls out his check book, writes in whatever obscene amount this thing costs.

DEALER

Would you like the piece delivered to your residence in Monte Carlo?

ARTUR

Please.

EXT. ANTIQUES GALLERY - MOMENTS LATER

Pocketing his checkbook as he steps out of the gallery, Artur almost walks right into a large MAN standing on the sidewalk.

ARTUR

Scusi.

But as he tries to sidestep the man, another large MAN steps in his way... then ANOTHER boxes him in from behind.

One of the men nods to a black SUV idling in the street.

Artur considers his options (he doesn't have any), then calmly walks to the SUV and gets inside.

INT. SHANNON'S HOUSE - NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CA - DAY

Shannon sits at the kitchen table paying bills. Through the window, we see Nicki in the yard bouncing on a trampoline.

Something on the COUNTERTOP TV catches Shannon's attention: An IMAGE of Sam on the news. HEADLINE: "MANHUNT CONTINUES."

Shannon's jaw drops.

INT. GRECO'S ESTATE - OFFICE - EVENING

Greco stands at his desk holding an electric BONE SAW. He presses the power button, watches the circular BLADE SPIN.

TARPS have been placed on the floor and walls. Greco's guards (including Paulo) fill the room, surrounding...

Artur sitting in a chair, doing his best to look casual. He pulls a cigarette pack from his pocket.

ARTUR

Do you mind?

Greco signals "go ahead." As Artur lights up a smoke:

GRECO

We both know why we are here. As soon as you provide the identity of Il Pitone, you're free to go.

ARTUR

I see.

GRECO

We'll begin with fingers, then go to toes, then who knows?

Artur takes a long drag from his cigarette, making it clear he has no intention to cave easily.

GRECO (CONT'D)
OK. Then let's begin.

EXT. DRY CLEANERS - NIGHT

Sam and Clara step out of the dry cleaners, checking the area to make sure they haven't been seen.

CLARA
In case we get separated, this is
the address to my hotel.

Clara hands Sam a CARD that reads "Hotel CIV, Vicolo dell' Arcaccio."

Sam checks the card, then pockets it. She pulls him close.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Just stay alive.

Clara kisses Sam, then walks off. He watches her go.

INT. GRECO'S ESTATE - STUDY - NIGHT

CLOSE ON PAULO as we hear the sound of the BONE SAW and ARTUR SCREAMING. Paulo's no stranger to carnage, but even he can't help but wince. PULL BACK to reveal...

Greco has removed several of Artur's fingers. Artur's face has been beaten to a pulp, but he refuses to cave.

GRECO
GIVE ME THE NAME OF IL PITONE! TELL
ME WHO HE IS!!!

Nothing from Artur. Greco nods to a guard, who steps in to deliver PUNCHES to Artur's face and ribs.

GRECO (CONT'D)
TELL ME!!!!!!

Greco again fires up the bone saw. But as he approaches...

ARTUR
Wait...

Artur barely has the strength to speak. Greco kills the saw.

ARTUR (CONT'D)
I'll tell you everything.

Greco smiles victoriously.

ARTUR (CONT'D)
First, let me smoke.

Greco nods to one of his men, who brings Artur his cigs.
Artur uses his few remaining fingers to extract a cigarette.

The guard lights him up. Artur takes in a long, deep drag.

GRECO
Now, tell me--

SUDDENLY, ARTUR'S BODY CONVULSES VIOLENTLY. Greco watches in confusion, then puts together what is happening.

GRECO (CONT'D)
No, no, NO!!

Even as the life drains from Artur's body, a wry smile appears across his face.

CLOSE ON THE POISONED CIGARETTE in his hand as his body goes limp. Artur is dead.

INT. CLARA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Clara returns to her room with a pep in her step, riding a high from her time with Sam.

As she throws her suitcase on the bed and begins packing her things, she takes out her phone and MAKES A CALL.

INT. GRECO'S ESTATE - STUDY - SAME

Artur's PHONE RINGS in his jacket pocket. Paulo takes out the phone, hands it to Greco. Greco hits answer.

CLARA'S VOICE comes through on Greco's side as a low rumble, disguised through her VOICE DISTORTION APP.

CLARA (O.S.)
Alright Artur, you win. I'm leaving Rome with the stuntman. The job is off. We can regroup in Monte Carlo.

GRECO
I'm afraid your friend Artur won't be making it to Monte Carlo.

INT. CLARA'S APARTMENT - SAME

Hearing Greco's voice, horror washes over Clara's face.

GRECO (O.S.)
... but I can assure you that you
will be seeing him again very soon.

Clara hangs up. She collapses to the ground.

Her PHONE BUZZES with a text -- it's a PHOTO OF ARTUR
bloodied and beaten in the chair, dead.

Clara lets out a RAGE FILLED SCREAM, then HURLS THE PHONE
AGAINST THE WALL.

Tears begin flowing out. The wounded little girl buried deep
within Clara fully exposed.

But through the tears, a resolve begins to form.

Greco just pissed off the wrong person.

INT. GRECO'S ESTATE - STUDY - SAME

Setting down the phone, Greco turns to Paulo:

GRECO
Find out where that call came from.

PAULO
*It will take some time to trace.
The call was likely encrypt--*

Greco shoots Paulo a stern look, shutting him up. Paulo
offers a nod, sets off to get to work.

EXT. HARBOR - NIGHT

Sam creeps through the outskirts of the harbor, scanning the
docks for the boat that will get him out of this mess.

He starts toward the docks, but as he moves...

A LARGE VAN pulls up in front of him. The sliding door swings
open. Before Sam can react...

A MAN throws a HOOD over Sam's head from behind.

CUT TO:

OVER BLACK, Sam's strained breathing can be heard. Then...

AGENT GRANT (O.S.)
Let's lose the hood -- not much use
for theatrics at this point.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The hood is yanked off Sam's head. He looks out to see...

Agent Grant standing in front of Sam, Grant's assistant hovering nearby. The abandoned warehouse has been turned into a makeshift command center for a small rogue INTERPOL TEAM.

Sam takes it all in, totally confused per usual, then asks:

SAM

Are you Greco?

Agent Grant LAUGHS, breaking out into a full-on crack up.

AGENT GRANT

You don't have a fucking clue what you're mixed up in, do you?

Sam doesn't appreciate the levity. Grant pulls it together.

AGENT GRANT (CONT'D)

Special Agent Grant, Interpol. The man I flew to Rome to see is dead, so I'm stuck talking to you.

SAM

Why do you want to talk to me?

AGENT GRANT

Because you're the last person to see Il Pitone.

SAM

Jesus, everyone thinks that I know Il Pitone, or I am Il Pitone, or that I killed Greco's kid. I don't know any of these people -- I'm just a movie stuntman!

AGENT GRANT

She's gone AWOL, and now her handler is dead. I need her to get back with the program.

SAM

Well that's your fucking problem. I just want to get the hell out of this god damn-- Wait, *she*???

AGENT GRANT

Clara. That's the name she gave you, right? Or was it Simona?

(MORE)

AGENT GRANT (CONT'D)

Veronika? She has a dozen aliases,
so it's hard to keep track.

Sam looks at Grant for a beat, then just laughs.

SAM

Yeah, I think you've got your intel
mixed up, all due respect.

Grant places a FOLDER on the desk. Sam opens it, sees PHOTOS
of Clara: wearing disguises, doing recon, firing an M16,
looking like the badass that she is.

Sam is awestruck.

AGENT GRANT

Born in Serbia in 1978 under the
name Petra Vasic, parents died in a
terror attack in '87, got her first
kill three years later when she
knifed the man responsible -- she
was 12. Fought for the Bosnians in
the war as a teenager. This man...

(notes a photo of Artur)

... Artur Lazik took her under his
wing, groomed her into the most
dangerous assassin in Europe. He
was a father figure to her... until
today, when he was killed by Greco.

SAM

No, that's not... She's a reporter.

AGENT GRANT

... Who happens to be reporting on
Greco? And she happened to run into
you last night? And again this
morning? And again this afternoon?
Gee, that's a lot of coincidences.

Sam looks like he's stuck in his own personal M. Night
Shyamalan movie, trying to put the pieces together.

AGENT GRANT (CONT'D)

She's the reason why you're in this
mess, and why you're still alive.

(off Sam's look)

Ever get the sense that someone was
looking out for you? Keeping you
from getting your head blown off?

Grant holds up a photo of Clara -- there's your answer.

SAM
How do you know all this?

No response from Grant -- it suddenly hits Sam:

SAM (CONT'D)
You're the one who hired her to
kill Greco. Jesus... Why?

AGENT GRANT
It's not your concern.

SAM
Excuse me?! I have half of Italy
trying to kill me. That seems like
a pretty fucking big concern to me.

AGENT GRANT
It's classified.

SAM
Fuck you classified. I had to deal
with suits like you in Iraq -- sit
at a desk staring at a map,
deciding which part of the world to
fuck up next, no idea there are
human beings that pay the price.

With a heavy sigh, Grant places another FOLDER on the desk.

AGENT GRANT
You're right. I've spent the last
four decades staring at a map. I
can't tell you with a straight face
that any of the work I've done has
made any real difference, and I'm
retiring in two weeks.

Grant opens the folder, revealing PHOTOS OF CHILDREN in
makeshift UN HOSPITALS -- many are missing limbs, on the
verge of death. It's a truly disturbing display of carnage.

SAM
What is this?

AGENT GRANT
Greco's work. I took these six
years ago in Somalia -- fallout of
a land war that claimed two hundred
thousand lives, many of them child
soldiers. These are the lucky ones.

Sam takes in the children's horrific injuries -- there's
nothing "lucky" about their situation.

AGENT GRANT (CONT'D)
Giuseppe Greco supplied the illegal
arms used in the conflict.

Grant points to PHOTOS showing ABARA and KEITA.

AGENT GRANT (CONT'D)
General Abara and General Keita
command opposing forces vying for
control of a region in Mali. Our
intel suggests the conflict could
cost a half a million lives.
(then)
Greco is providing weapons for both
sides.

SAM
They're buying from the same guy?

AGENT GRANT
They don't care. Warlords need war -
- it's their oxygen. They don't
even need to win, they just need
the war. Greco is the only man who
can move weapons at that scale. No
Greco, no war. I thought I had a
chance to do one good thing before
I sail off into the sunset... then
it all went tits up.

SAM
Why not just arrest Greco?

AGENT GRANT
He launders everything through
legitimate businesses. This was the
only way. One life for half a
million -- I made a call.

SAM
You made a call? You mean...?

AGENT GRANT
No one at Interpol knows about any
of this. I'm here to contain this
mess, which means I need you to do
me a favor.

SAM
Fuck off.

AGENT GRANT

I need you to find Clara, tell her that the job is off, and convince her to leave Rome immediately.

SAM

She was going to leave Rome with me! I was headed to meet her when you stopped me!

AGENT GRANT

With Artur dead, I have a feeling she's gonna want to stick around. I can't have that. If Clara goes after Greco now, she'll either get herself killed, or she'll spend the rest of her life in prison. I can't protect Clara if she's rogue.

(then)

And unless you talk some sense into her, I can't protect you either.

SAM

What?! You're not taking me in???
If you send me back out there, I'm a dead man!

AGENT GRANT

That's a risk I'm willing to take.

Sam looks at Grant like *"hey, fuck you man."*

AGENT GRANT (CONT'D)

If I go after Clara, she'll see me coming from a mile away, probably kill half my team before we take her in... IF we get lucky. There's a chance she'll listen to you.

SAM

Why?

AGENT GRANT

She went out of her way to keep you alive. Seems like she likes you.

Even though Clara is a killer, and even though he might well die because of her, Sam can barely contain his blush.

AGENT GRANT (CONT'D)

Talk Clara down and we all go our separate ways -- heck, you might even see your daughter again.

Grant's hit just the right pressure point, and he knows it.

AGENT GRANT (CONT'D)

So we have a plan. Good talk.

Grant signals to his assistant to put the hood back on Sam.

SAM

Wait... what makes you think I can find her?

AGENT GRANT

I think she wants you to find her.

With that, Grant's assistant throws the hood over Sam's head.

CUT TO:

EXT. REMOTE ROAD - NIGHT

A SPRINTER VAN comes to a stop in a dark area. The door swings open and Sam is pushed out, hood still over his head.

As the van PEELS OFF, Sam pulls off the hood, looks around.

He seems at a loss as to his next move... then he remembers something. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out the "HOTEL CIV" BUSINESS CARD that Clara gave him earlier.

Using his phone, Sam tries CALLING the number listed on the card -- it goes to a "NUMBER OUT OF SERVICE" recording.

Next he searches for "Hotel Civ, Rome." No results found.

He's about ready to throw away this bogus card when he locks in on the letters "CIV."

Pulling a pen from his pocket, he writes the Roman Numeral translation above the letters: "104."

INT. CLARA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

In a full-on rage, Clara rips off her dainty outfit, pulls black TACTICAL GEAR from a drawer.

She YANKS OPEN the cover on a massive cabinet, revealing...

A BREATHTAKING PERSONAL ARMORY: GUNS, GRENADES, KNIVES, THROWING STARS... IS THAT A ROCKET LAUNCHER?

INT. SHANNON'S HOUSE - NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CA - DAY

Shannon paces in front of the TV, glued to coverage of the manhunt for Sam. Nicki sits on the couch, scared to death, as SHANNON'S MOTHER consoles her.

Eying a photo of Sam, Shannon's mother shakes her head. She says to Shannon:

SHANNON'S MOTHER
I shouldn't say I told you so...
but I told you so.

Nicki's PHONE RINGS -- call from "DAD." Nicki LIGHTS UP. She answers on SPEAKER:

NICKI
Dad!

SAM (V.O.)
Hey kid...

EXT. RIVERBANK - ROME - NIGHT

Sam talks on his phone in a secluded area near the river.

SAM
Listen, I'm in a bit of trouble
here. Maybe you've already heard.

INTERCUT

NICKI
Dad, what is going on??

Nicki hangs on her dad's every word, clearly terrified.

SAM
I can't really explain -- I'm still
not sure I understand any of it
myself -- but there's a chance
something bad might happen to me...
That I won't see you again.

Looking out over the moonlit city, Sam's eyes well up.

SAM (CONT'D)
I didn't do any of the stuff
they're saying on the news. It's
important to me that you know that.
(then)
But your mother is right.
(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

I have been running from something -
- from responsibility, from life,
from making a home. But I don't
want to run anymore. All this time
I've missed with you, I wish I
could have it back, every minute of
it.

Nicki can hear the pain in her father's voice.

NICKI

It's OK, dad.

SAM

No, no it's not. You deserved
better from me. But if I can
somehow make it through this, I'm
gonna change. I promise. And not
like I used to promise. I mean it.
I'm going to change.

NICKI

Just come home, dad.

SAM

I can't. Not yet. There are some
things I need to do. If anything
happens to me, take care of your
mother. She's an incredible woman --
you're lucky to have her.

(then)

Shannon, if you're listening, I'm
sorry. For everything.

It's clear these words mean a lot to Shannon.

NICKI

(crying)

I don't want anything bad to happen
to you.

SAM

I know. I'm going to try. I'm going
to try real hard to see you again.
Just know that I love you, Nicki.

NICKI

I love you, dad.

Sam hangs up, takes one more glance at the stunning vista,
then starts off with purpose to his step.

INT. CLARA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Now dressed in full tactical gears, Clara puts the finishing touches on her arsenal of killing instruments.

She spots movement on one of the many SECURITY FEEDS -- it's SAM walking down the alley checking address numbers.

EXT. CLARA'S APARTMENT - SAME

Sam continues down the alley until he reaches a sign that reads "104 Vicolo dell' Arcaccio."

He takes a deep breath, then opens the door...

INT. CLARA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

As Sam steps inside, Clara asks without even turning to look:

CLARA

Have you come here to stop me?

SAM

The Roman numerals were a curveball. Glad I paid attention that week in school.

(then)

I can't let you do what you're about to do.

CLARA

I don't want to fight, Sam -- not with you.

As she turns to face him, Clara's feelings for Sam are evident. He's struck by her plea, but he regroups, hardens.

SAM

It was all a lie. You used me as a decoy. You left me out there to be killed.

CLARA

No, that's not... that was the idea at first, but once I met you things changed. Please believe me.

SAM

You're a killer.

CLARA

So are you, right?

SAM
That's different.

CLARA
How?

SAM
I... I was... It's just different!
I'm not letting you go after Greco.
Agent Grant told me he will--

CLARA
Agent Grant wants me dead or locked
up far enough away that none of
this comes back to him. I promised
myself a long time ago I wouldn't
die in prison.

SAM
I won't let that happen. I'll
protect you.

CLARA
How Sam?
(he has no answer)
Grant told you what Greco does?
What will happen if he lives?

SAM
It's not my fight. And it doesn't
have to be yours, either.

CLARA
There was a moment this afternoon
when I let myself believe I could
walk away with you. That moment was
the happiest I've been in years...
but it was just a fantasy. And the
situation has changed.

SAM
I'm sorry about Artur. I'm so
sorry, Clara.

Hearing Artur's name, Clara's shell only hardens.

SAM (CONT'D)
... but you still have a choice. We
can walk away from this together.

CLARA
There are no fairytales in this
line of work. This is who I am.
This is what I do.

She picks up her weapons bags to leave. He steps in her way.

SAM

I'm not letting you go out there.

CLARA

Listen Sam, normally I'd shoot you in the head, cut off your hands, pull out your teeth, and dump your body in the river, but I like you, so I'm asking you to go home. Please.

Clara again tries to exit, but he again steps in her way.

SAM

I'm serious, Clara. I won't let you do this.

Clara eyes him, intrigued. She sets her bags on the ground.

CLARA

And how are you going to do that?

SAM

Usually I'd never fight a woman...

CLARA

Very noble of you.

SAM

But... extenuating circumstances. I won't let you go after Greco.

Clara cracks her neck, preparing to fight.

SAM (CONT'D)

I'm not kidding, Clara. You've seen what I can do.

CLARA

Yes, I have.

SAM

I'm not going to hold back.

CLARA

Please don't.

Clara rolls her wrists, shakes out her hands. Once she's set:

CLARA (CONT'D)

Alright, Sam. One last dance.

Clara squares up, ready to go. Exasperated, Sam grabs her arm. But as he does...

She sends a SHARP KICK into his ribs. He stumbles back.

SAM
I'm serious, Clara.

Clara's look says she is too. Sam again approaches, this time grabbing both wrists.

Clara SPINS, sending Sam to the ground.

Annoyed, he slowly stands, dusts himself off.

SAM (CONT'D)
Alright. Fine.

The two look each other in the eyes for a long beat, then...

Clara comes forward with a FLURRY OF KICKS AND PUNCHES. The speed and force is breathtaking.

Sam is on his heels, fielding the blows as best he can. He takes SHOTS to his torso and face.

Through the blur of Clara's assault, Sam is able to let a PUNCH fly -- it clips Clara's mouth!

Sam instantly pulls back, horrified.

SAM (CONT'D)
I'm sorry!

Clara touches her lip, sees a SPLOTCH OF BLOOD on her finger.

SAM (CONT'D)
Look Clara, there's no need for us--

Clara sends a SIDE KICK into the center of Sam's chest! He goes FLYING BACK into the drywall behind him, leaving a dent.

Sam is stunned by the force Clara has generated.

He pulls himself off the wall, makes his move. He unleashes a BARRAGE OF PUNCHES, which Clara expertly deflects.

We've seen Sam's formidable skill, but Clara is taking his best stuff and giving it right back.

As Sam hauls back to throw a punch... Clara connects with an UPPERCUT TO HIS JAW!

Sam lunges forward with a wobbly punch. Clara slips underneath, then LAUCHES SAM OVER HER SHOULDER. He goes CRASHING onto a table top, groaning in pain.

Now pissed off, Sam uses a KIP-UP to get to his feet.

CLARA
(patronizing)
Nice.

SAM COMES CHARGING, TACKLING CLARA INTO THE WALL! He wraps her up in a HEADLOCK.

SAM
That's enough! I'm taking you to--

CLARA ELBOWS HIM IN THE GUT, THEN THE GROIN. He falls to his knees in pain.

She spins behind him, quickly has him wrapped up in a CHOKE HOLD. Sam gags. As he struggles to breathe:

SAM (CONT'D)
Don't make me hurt you, Clara.

Clara squeezes tighter until...

Sam grabs a PIECE OF WOOD, HITS CLARA IN THE HEAD!

HE SLIPS FREE, PICKS HER UP, AND THROWS HER TO THE GROUND. But as Sam moves to wrap her up...

Clara spins her legs around his head, locking him into a TRIANGLE HOLD. Sam again gags, his face turning blue.

SAM (CONT'D)
I mean it, Clara...

She squeezes tighter.

Sam lifts her off the ground (both legs still affixed to his neck), and SLAMS her against the table, breaking the hold.

Briefly separated, they both catch their breath. Sam is huffing and banged up, but Clara is clearly enjoying this.

CLARA
Such a shame, Sam. This would have been so good...

Ready to make their final push, they both square up.

And what the hell... "IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU" by Yvonne Ellman kicks on for old time's sake as they make their final charge.

They go blow for blow, KNOCKING THE CRAP OUT OF EACH OTHER.

Sam (as we've seen throughout) is a relentless bruiser, but Clara is an absolute virtuoso, employing her slight frame with perfect efficiency as she hurls Sam around the room.

Clara's apartment is laid to waste as they go crashing into walls and furniture.

Even as he's being THROWN INTO A BOOKSHELF, Sam announces:

SAM
Just give up, Clara! I'm not
letting you go!

Clara comes in with a FLYING KNEE TO SAM'S CHEST.

As Sam struggles to get to his feet...

CLARA CONNECTS WITH AN EXQUISITE SPIN KICK TO SAM'S JAW.

Sam goes crashing to his knees, barely conscious.

SAM (CONT'D)
We can... leave here... together.

Clara kneels in front of Sam, pulls him in for a long kiss.

Totally dazed, Sam lets out a smile.

CLARA
Goodbye, Sam.

With that, CLARA HEADBUTTS SAM, KNOCKING HIM CLEAN OUT.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. CLARA'S APARTMENT - ONE HOUR LATER

Sam slowly comes to, hurting everywhere. He rubs his head, struggling to get to his feet.

Clara is gone. Sam stumbles toward the door.

EXT. CLARA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Still barely lucid, Sam steps outside only to see...

A DOZEN MEN in leather jackets holding guns. Front and center is our old friend BALDIE, now in a NECK BRACE and ARM SLING.

Defeated, Sam appears ready to accept this shitty hand he has been dealt. But instead of killing Sam, Baldie announces:

BALDIE
Greco wants to talk to you.

SAM
Sure. Let's go talk to Greco.

The men encircle Sam. He doesn't resist as they drag him off.

EXT. GRECO'S ESTATE - NIGHT

The grounds are swarming with GUARDS -- it's as if every heavy in Italy has been assembled for Greco's personal army.

A convoy of BLACK SUVs pull up in front of the mansion. GRECO'S MEN pull Sam out of one SUV, drag him inside.

We watch this play out from a distance, view obscured by trees -- the POV of someone looking on from the shadows.

INT. GRECO'S ESTATE - STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

The guards drop Sam into a chair in the middle of the study.

Taking in the surroundings, Sam sees the BLOOD-SOAKED TARPS and ARTUR'S LIFELESS BODY ON THE FLOOR.

Greco stands behind the desk, studying a PHOTO OF MARCO. On the desk in front of him is a printout of SAM'S IMDB PAGE, which features a PROFILE PIC OF SAM.

Greco sets the photo of Marco down, eyes Sam.

GRECO
So this is the stuntman.

SAM
Hi. Sam. I'm guessing you're Greco.

GRECO
The good news, Mr. Clark, is that we know you are not Il Pitone.

SAM
Oh. OK, good. Well, uh, no hard feelings then.

Sam tries to stand to leave, but two GUARDS shove him back down. They bind his hands behind him.

GRECO

... but we also know that you know
that you were in contact with Il
Pitone, that you know his identity.
As soon as you give us his name,
you are free to go.

SAM

Just give you a name? That's it?

GRECO

I am a reasonable man, Mr. Clark.
As you said, no hard feelings.

SAM

OK, then. Il Pitone's name is...

To Sam's surprise, he finds he can't finish the sentence.

SAM (CONT'D)

Il Pitone's real name is...

Stunned that he can't bring himself to say the words, Sam
lets out an empty laugh.

Sam clears his throat, about to try again, when...

FLASH TO CLARA ENTERING THE BAR in her dress and white gloves
-- Sam's first glimpse of her.

With this image of Clara in his head, Sam accepts that he
simply cannot give her up.

SAM (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I can't do it.

Greco glares at Sam, anger brewing.

GRECO

Let me refresh your memory.

Greco collects the BONE SAW off his desk and turns it on.

GRECO (CONT'D)

Perhaps this helps?

Sam eyes the rotating blade with dread. And yet...

SAM

I got nothing for you.

GRECO

OK then.

Greco grabs one of Sam's hands. Sam trembles as Greco brings the blade closer and closer to his pinky.

Just as the blade reaches the skin...

The power to the bone saw cuts out... and with it, the power to the entire estate.

Darkness.

Fear registers on the faces of Greco and his guards, sensing Il Pitone's presence. Greco barks at Paulo:

GRECO (CONT'D)
Find out what the fuck is going on.

Paulo calls out into his radio.

PAULO
*Roberto, what the fuck is going on
out there?*

OUTSIDE

A RADIO lies innocently in the grass.

PAULO (V.O.)
Roberto?

No response. The dozen guards previously roaming the grounds are now nowhere to be seen.

STUDY

Unnerved by the lack of a response, Paulo signals to his men.

The guards fan out into the mansion, guns drawn.

Paulo grabs Greco, pushes him down in a corner.

PAULO
Don't fucking move.

Paulo pulls two DESERT EAGLE HANDGUNS from his jacket, hands one to Greco. Greco takes the gun, visibly afraid.

As Paulo exits the study, he instructs TWO GUARDS:

PAULO (CONT'D)
(re: Greco)
Stay with him.

Sam is left alone in the chair, hands tied behind his back.

MAIN HALL

Paulo and his men creep through the dark -- eerie silence.

OUTSIDE

From a distant perch, we see the SILOUETTES of the guards moving through the main hall. PULL BACK to reveal...

The muzzle of a FUCKING MASSIVE GATLING GUN.

MAIN HALL

As one guard steps in front of a window...

BAM!

A single shot rips through the window into the guard's head!

BAM!

A second shot through the window takes out another guard.

Just as Paulo YELLS OUT...

PAULO

DOWN!!!

BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM!!!!

ARMOR-PIERCING 50 BMG BULLETS TEARING THROUGH THE WALLS!
PRICELESS ART AND SCULPTURES ARE RIPPED TO SHREDS!

Guards late getting down are RIDDLED WITH BULLETS. Others take cover, pinned back by the incoming fire.

OUTSIDE

Lying behind the gatling gun pumping bullets is Clara.

THROUGH THE SCOPE, we see Clara's surgical precision -- anyone inside who comes up for air is instantly mowed down.

MAIN HALL

The guards are fish in a barrel as bullets tear through.

Watching his men get picked off, Paulo ROLLS OUT and BLASTS SHOTS at the gatling gun's muzzle flash outside.

OUTSIDE

Clara is forced to duck as Paulo's bullets clip the grass in front of her. She fires blind, unable to peek out to aim.

MAIN HALL

Seeing that his shots are having an effect, Paulo CALLS OUT:

PAULO
FIRE!!!

The guards follow his lead, PEPPER THE PERCH WITH BULLETS.

STUDY

Hearing the blasts, Greco cowers, tightly gripping his gun.

Realizing he needs to get the hell out of there, Sam starts to wiggle to try to free his bound hands.

MAIN HALL

Paulo uses HAND SIGNALS to direct a batch of guards outside. They exit the main hall...

OUTSIDE - CONTINUOUS

... utilizing the fire from Paulo and his men for cover.

The guards start toward the gatling gun's perch, flanking it from all sides, BLANKETING THE PERCH WITH UZI FIRE.

Suddenly, the gatling gun fire stops.

MAIN HALL

Paulo hears the gatling gun is idle. He YELLS OUT:

PAULO
HOLD YOUR FIRE!!!

OUTSIDE

The outside guards pump a few more BULLETS into the perch for good measure, then hold their fire. Silence.

The guards cautiously approach the perch, but they find...

The gatling gun is unmanned. No sign of Clara.

They see that the gun is affixed to a rotating device, allowing it to fire unmanned until its ammo was spent.

As the guards look at each other in confusion...

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP-BEEP.

A remote-trigger C4 PACK in front of them FLASHES RED.

BOOOOOOOM!!!

THE BLAST SENDS THE GUARDS FLYING!

MAIN HALL

Paulo and the guards shield their eyes from the explosion.

STUDY

Sam takes in the fiery blast in awe -- he knows this is Clara's handiwork.

He continues working to free his hands, making progress.

MAIN HALL

With the other guards transfixed by the blast outside, Paulo goes on red alert, sensing it's being used as a distraction.

He scans the room and sees a FIGURE moving in the shadows.

PAULO

Over there!!

It's Clara, masked and wearing all black, a GLOCK in one hand and a KA-BAR DAGGER in the other.

She KNIFES TWO GUARDS before they even know what's happening.

THE OTHER GUARDS FIRE! Clara moves through the darkness like a phantom, the guards' bullets hitting nothing but air.

STABBING and SHOOTING as she moves, Clara's assault is a breathtaking work of (brutal) art.

Paulo calls into his radio:

PAULO (CONT'D)
He's in the main hall!!

As a team of guards races toward the main hall, Clara presses a button on her watch...

BOOOOOOM!!!!

A triggered explosion takes out the approaching guards.

STUDY

The blast shakes the room. Greco can't believe his perfectly manicured estate is under siege.

Sam finally manages to free his arms. He stands, races out toward the main hall.

GRECO
Hey!!!

Greco FIRES, barely missing as Sam disappears out the door.

MAIN HALL - CONTINUOUS

Sam emerges to see Clara taking on a whole team of guards.

Paulo spots Sam, FIRES! Sam dives for cover behind a statue.

Paulo then FIRES at Clara, who ducks behind a column. He yells at his men:

PAULO
MOVE! NOW!!!

Despite Clara's ravishing rampage, Greco's surviving guards regain their footing. They BLAST SHOTS into the column!

Sam peeks out. He sees Clara is greatly outnumbered. It's only a matter of time before the guards get a clean shot.

Sam knows he should stay put... but he can't help himself.

SAM JUMPS UP, TACKLES ONE GUARD and CLOCKS ANOTHER!

Clara spots Sam getting in on the action. Their eyes connect.

She smiles at him. He smiles back at her.

Clara rolls out from the behind the column. The two of them go to work fighting Greco's men on either side of the room.

STUDY

Listening to his house getting destroyed, Greco's fear is giving way to another emotion: rage.

He barks at his two guards:

GRECO

*I won't just wait in here to die
like a caged dog. One of you go see
what's going on out there.*

After a few "no, you go" looks exchanged by the guards, one of the guards timidly opens the door, exits the study.

Barely a beat later...

The guard comes CRASHING THROUGH THE DOOR with a bullet through his head, landing on the floor, dead.

Greco eyes the dead guard in stunned disbelief.

Seeing that there's no running from this, Greco stands tall, buttons his jacket -- a man ready to face his fate.

He cocks the Desert Eagle that Paulo gave him.

GRECO (CONT'D)

*Let us face this Il Pitone. I'm not
afraid to die.*

(then, to the guard)

Give me your vest.

GUARD

Seriously?

Greco signals for the guard to hand it over. The guard reluctantly removes his bullet proof vest.

MAIN HALL

Sam and Clara work their magic on opposite ends of the room.

Keeping an eye on Sam, Clara SHOOTs a guard charging at him from his six. Sam gives her a "thank you" nod.

Sam grabs a GUN off the floor, shoots two guards charging at Clara. She responds with a "thank you" nod of her own.

Once again they are dancing.

Greco's guards are going down, their numbers thinning out.

Sam and Clara just might pull it off! But suddenly...

BAM!!!!

Greco emerges from the study and FIRES A SHOT FROM HIS DESERT EAGLE, WHICH CLIPS CLARA IN THE SHOULDER.

Sam watches helplessly as Clara falls to the ground. Before he can move to help her...

BAM! BAM! BAM!

PAULO FIRES AT SAM, who dives into the other room. Paulo chases after him.

Taking cover behind a couch, Clara clutches her wounded shoulder, in serious pain.

Greco is left with only three remaining guards. He signals for two of them to finish the job.

The guards move forward, UZIs drawn. Meanwhile in the...

NEXT ROOM

Paulo creeps inside, moving carefully as he hunts for Sam.

As Paulo turns a corner...

Sam emerges from behind a door frame and CHOPS DOWN on Paulo's gun, knocking it to the ground.

Sam swing his gun toward Paulo, but Paulo knocks it loose.

Both disarmed, SAM AND PAULO GO AT IT IN HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT!

MAIN HALL

The guards pump UZI FIRE into the couch. Once they're sure that anything behind the couch is good and dead...

They hold their fire. As they step forward to check behind the couch, they see that somehow there's nothing there.

BAM! BAM!

Clara (who has rolled clear) BLASTS SHOTS into guards' kneecaps. The guards SCREAM, fall to the ground.

BAM! BAM! Clara puts a bullet into each guard's head.

Greco watches in disbelief, now down to one guard.

NEXT ROOM

Sam and Paulo trade blows. Paulo's skill is evident, the rare fighter that can match Sam toe to toe.

Paulo charges with a flurry of KICKS. Sam BLOCKS, then HITS PAULO WITH A JAB! But as Sam loads up another punch...

Paulo pulls a KNIFE from his coat. HE JAMS IT INTO SAM'S ARM!

Sam YELLS OUT in pain.

MAIN HALL

Hearing Sam's scream, concern registers in Clara's eyes... but there's nothing she can do to help him now.

Clara stands, faces Greco and his sole surviving guard on the opposite side of the room.

Through her mask, Clara locks eyes with Greco -- they both know this all ends now.

NEXT ROOM

Sam is on his heels while Paulo works forward with the knife. Sam barely avoids lethal strikes.

As Sam backpedals, Paulo knocks him to the floor.

MAIN HALL

Greco raises his DESERT EAGLE. His guard raises his UZI. Clara takes off in a SPRINT right toward them.

Greco and his guard FIRE!

Clara bobs and weaves, then FIRES A SHOT that hits the guard right between the eyes.

Now it's just Greco v. Clara.

Greco keeps blasting from his DESERT EAGLE.

A SHOT CLIPS CLARA'S TORSO! Hobbled, she keeps charging.

Getting into striking distance, CLARA LEAPS off a table, launching up over Greco.

SHE SAILS THROUGH THE AIR ONLY INCHES AHEAD OF GRECO'S FIRE.

NEXT ROOM

Paulo hauls back the knife and comes flying down on Sam, who is completely defenseless...

Until Sam feels something on the floor -- it's Paulo's gun.

MAIN HALL

Floating over Greco and doing a magnificent front flip...

CLARA SWINGS HER KNIFE DOWN INTO GRECO'S CHEST, DRIVING IT IN WITH ENOUGH FORCE TO PUNCTURE THE BULLET-PROOF VEST, LODGING IT FIRMLY INTO GRECO'S HEART.

Clara lands gently on both feet behind Greco.

NEXT ROOM

With Paulo's blade coming down on him...

SAM GRABS PAULO'S GUN AND GETS OFF ONE SHOT!

THE BULLET CUTS THROUGH PAULO'S SKULL, KILLING HIM INSTANTLY.

Sam catches Paulo's wrist just in time to block the knife, which comes to a stop only inches from his eyeball.

Sam pushes Paulo's corpse off of him, stunned to be alive.

MAIN HALL

Greco eyes the knife protruding from his chest in shock. He stumbles backward into the...

STUDY

... and falls to a seat on top of the desk.

Clara enters the study, pulls off her mask. Seeing that Il Pitone is a woman, Greco lets out the driest of laughs.

Clara sees Artur's corpse on the ground. She kneels next to him, wiping a tear from her eye.

Physically and emotionally exhausted, Clara takes a seat on the desk next to Greco. They sit in silence for a beat.

GRECO

I'm sorry about Artur.

CLARA

I'm sorry about Marco.

The apologies are genuine -- two people who have spent their lives surrounded by death, both filled with regret.

GRECO

I hope that I see my son.

Greco uses the last of his strength to perform a cross, then he slumps as the life drains from his body.

Her rampage complete, Clara pulls off her weapons and outer layer, revealing a white tank top.

As she sits on the desk, we see a RED BLOOD STAIN form where she was hit in the torso -- small at first, growing rapidly.

Sam races into the study, lights up as he sees Clara alive.

SAM

Thank God...

He runs to her and gives her a big hug. She hugs him back.

CLARA

You should get out of here.

SAM

Why? What's wrong?

CLARA

I placed explosives around the building.

Clara shows him a COUNTDOWN on her watch -- 60 seconds left.

SAM

Come on...

Sam lifts Clara off the desk, but as he does...

She groans. He notices the drenched blood stain on her shirt.

SAM (CONT'D)
(horrified)
Oh no, no, no! We have to--

CLARA
It's OK. Really. It's OK.

At peace with her fate, Clara sits back down on the desk.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Go. It's too late for me.

SAM
I'm getting you to a hospital.

Against Clara's objections, Sam drags her out of the study.

MAIN HALL - CONTINUOUS

As they move through the wreckage and corpses...

CLARA
If I go to a hospital, I'll be
picked up by Interpol, Europol,
Italian police -- I told you I
wasn't going to die in jail.

SAM
I'm not letting you die here.

CLARA
There's nothing out there for me,
Sam. Just let me go.

SAM
I'm not going to do that.

Sam continues to drag Clara along. She's fading fast.

OUTSIDE

Sam pulls Clara through the front door. But just as they
cross the threshold...

Clara stops Sam and pulls him in for a long kiss. Then...

She uses her last bit of strength to KICK him in the chest.

Sam goes falling down the opulent entrance stairs.

Clara disappears back into the house just as...

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

A series of explosions engulf the entire structure! Sam is thrown back by the blasts.

He looks on in heartbroken shock at the wreckage of the mansion consumed by flames.

Clara is gone.

EXT. GRECO'S ESTATE - OUTER GATE - DAWN

The sun peeks out above the city beyond the smoldering mansion. Sam sits on a cobblestone wall taking in the sunrise. Pain in his eyes.

He hears the sound of SIRENS in the distance, growing closer.

A massive convoy of EMERGENCY RESPONSE VEHICLES appears speeding down the long driveway.

Sam stands, holds his hands above his head in surrender.

The first person out of the cars is Agent Grant.

Grant barks out orders to his Italian subordinates, then approaches Sam and asks quietly enough not to be overheard:

AGENT GRANT

Greco?

SAM

He's dead. Clara got to him.

AGENT GRANT

What about Clara?

SAM

Also dead. Inside when the blast went off.

Grant eyes Sam suspiciously. Sam could care less if Grant believes him.

INT. ITALIAN POLICE STATION - INTEROGATION ROOM - DAY

Bruised and heavily bandaged, Sam sits across from a several high ranking ITALIAN POLICE OFFICERS and AGENT GRANT.

POLICE OFFICER

... So after being mistaken for the assassin known as Il Pitone, you were taken to Giuseppe Greco's compound, at which point the real Il Pitone arrived and murdered Greco and his men?

SAM

Yes, that's correct.

POLICE OFFICER

But Il Pitone was killed in the blast, and you did not see his face and do not know his identity?

Grant gives Sam a subtle *"stick to the script"* nod.

SAM

That's correct.

The officers exchange skeptical looks. Grant cuts in:

AGENT GRANT

Well, if there are no more questions, it is the position of Interpol that Mr. Clark should be cleared of all charges and released on his own recognizance...

INT. POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Grant walks Sam toward the exit. He speaks in hushed tones:

AGENT GRANT

I don't suppose I need to tell you what a shitstorm you'll be in if you ever talk about this to anyone.

SAM

No, I don't suppose you do.

AGENT GRANT

In that case, this is goodbye.

Grant extends his hand for Sam to shake.

Sam eyes the hand, then simply walks off.

SAM

Enjoy your retirement, Agent Grant.

Sam walks through the doors outside.

EXT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Sam feels sunlight on his face, happy to finally be free.

Then he spots Channing Tatum and his assistant waiting by a nearby SUV. Seeing Sam, Channing hops off a call.

CHANNING TATUM

Hey Kamala I'll call you back...

(hangs up, to Sam:)

Fuck yes! Dude, you're a free man!

Channing runs over, gives Sam a bear hug. Sam winces in pain.

CHANNING TATUM (CONT'D)

Let's get you the fuck out of this country. After everything you've been through, I want you to have my lie down seat on the flight back to L.A. I'll take your seat in coach.

(before Sam can interject)

No, I insist. You deserve it. Also, Kate my publicist thought it'd be cool to get some pics of me in coach -- you know, "Channing Tatum gives up first class seat to hero stuntman." Like Bernie Sanders. Anyway, let's go!

SAM

What about the reshoots?

CHANNING TATUM

They're going to fix my shirt in post -- no big deal.

(starts toward the car)

Back to good old Hollywood...

Channing starts toward the car, but sees Sam hasn't moved.

CHANNING TATUM (CONT'D)

What's up?

SAM

Actually, I'm going to stick around here. I talked to Shannon. She's gonna fly Nicki out. Shannon'll visit some relatives in France while I spend some time with Nicki here in Italy. It's a nice country -
- I thought I'd share it with her.

(then)

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

Plus, the Italian government is giving me a free place to stay and passes to all the museums as a way of saying "our bad."

Channing sees that this is about more than a few days off.

CHANNING TATUM

Does this mean you're not my stuntman anymore?

SAM

Yeah. I think it might. Gotta grow up sometime, right?

Channing looks a little dumbstruck, but also happy for Sam.

CHANNING TATUM

Hey man, bring it here.

Channing pulls Sam in for a big hug, knowing this is the end of the line.

CHANNING TATUM (CONT'D)

Don't be a stranger now. You ever decide you want to blow some shit up, you know where to find me.

SAM

Yes I do.

With that, Channing starts toward the car to take off.

SAM (CONT'D)

... but I could still use a ride to the hotel.

CHANNING TATUM

Right. Hop in.

Sam climbs in the back of the car.

INT. GALLERIA BORGHESE MUSEUM - DAY

A COLLECTION OF SHOTS show sublime art on display throughout the gallery -- all that "culture" Sam was so sorely lacking.

Nicki moves through the museum like a kid in a candy shop, hardly able to decide which masterpiece to soak in next.

Sam, wounds slowly healing, walks behind her -- a proud dad who's happy because his daughter is happy.

Nicki stops near BERNINI'S SCULPTURE OF DAVID.

NICKI

This was one of the first
sculptures to capture David in
motion as he throws the stone. Did
you know that?

SAM

Yeah. Definitely.

They both laugh -- clearly Sam is full of shit.

Then Sam notices something behind the sculpture across the
gallery -- a woman looking right at him through the crowd.

It's Clara!

Sam can hardly believe his eyes.

Seeing that her father is in a daze:

NICKI

What's wrong...?

Sam cuts through the crowd toward Clara. She moves toward
him. They meet in the center of the gallery.

They stand in silence, looking into each other's eyes.

NICKI (CONT'D)

Dad...?

Hearing his daughter, Sam breaks out of his daze.

SAM

Nicki, this is Clara. She, uh...

With Sam at a loss, Clara cuts in:

CLARA

I'm a history professor. I was a
consultant on your father's film
shoot.

SAM

Right. Exactly. History.

NICKI

Cool.

Sam looks at Clara, entranced, ecstatic to see her alive.

Then suddenly concerned...

SAM

Are you working right now... as a professor?

CLARA

I'm on sabbatical.

(then, to Nicki)

Actually after watching your father work on set, I thought I might try my hand at movie stunts. I think I might have a knack for that sort of thing -- just need someone to show me the ropes, help me make the right connections.

SAM

I might be able to help with that.

Sam and Clara share a smile.

Nicki senses a spark between her dad and this mystery woman.

NICKI

Well we're just looking around if you want to join us. I'm sure you could teach us a few things.

CLARA

That's very kind of you.

Clara swings her look to Sam, asking if that'd be alright.

SAM

Yeah. I'd like that.

With that, Nicki leads the way into the next display.

Sam and Clara follow, looking into each other's eyes as they move through the museum.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.