

SUSAN COOPER

Written by

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FIRST DRAFT
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FADE IN:

INT. CONCRETE HALLWAY - DAY

A dim hallway. Concrete walls. Scary. BRADLEY FINE, 30s, handsome, stalks down it silently, GUN DRAWN, on high alert.

A SHADOW appears and moves across the end of the hallway. Fine stops and studies. The shadow disappears. Fine continues. Hears a VOICE. It speaks BULGARIAN.

VOICE (O.S.)
(in Bulgarian; subtitled)
Yes, it's all in place. The next
move is yours. I will await your
call.

Hear a phone BEEP off and click back into its base. Fine takes a deep breath and moves quickly to the end of the hall.

INT. BASEMENT OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Fine appears around a corner, gun aimed and ready to fire. A man, TIHOMIR BOYANOV, 50s, big, stands with his back to us.

FINE
(calmly)
Hands up, Tihomir.

Tihomir turns. He's a scary looking guy. Stares at Fine.

TIHOMIR
(thick Bulgarian accent)
Bradley Fine. I'm honored.

FINE
Pleasure's all mine. Tell me where
it is. You've got ten seconds or
you're dead.

TIHOMIR
Interesting. You see, when my men
and I hid it ...

INT. ARMORED ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

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As Tihomir talks, we see THREE THUGS locking a large military case into an armored room. They wipe their brows and turn toward Tihomir, who stands with TWO HUGE HENCHMEN.

TIHOMIR (V.O.)
... I made sure to erase any
witnesses.

The henchmen lift their Uzis and SPRAY THE THUGS WITH GUNFIRE, killing them instantly. Tihomir nods thanks to the henchmen.

TIHOMIR (V.O.)

And then I erased the erasers.

In a flash, Tihomir pulls out two handguns and FIRES BULLETS INTO HIS HENCHMEN'S HEADS. They drop like rocks.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT

Tihomir smiles at Fine, who keeps his gun trained on him.

TIHOMIR

Which means I'm now the only one who knows just where that nuclear suitcase bomb is. So, I'd say I have a lot more than ten seconds.

FINE

Well, then, if that's the case, I'd say you'd better start talki--

Suddenly, Fine SNEEZES an enormous sneeze. BLAM! His gun goes off, shooting Tihomir right between the eyes. Tihomir drops, dead. Fine looks stunned.

FINE (CONT'D)

Oh, shit. Shit!

(listens; then)

It came out of nowhere! There's like tons of pollen in here.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAY

A large computer room filled with various work stations, DOWDY WOMEN at each one. SUSAN COOPER, 30s, cute but plain, sits in front of a bank of monitors, speaking into a headphone mic, aghast. INTERCUT.

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*
*

SUSAN

Didn't you take your allergy medicine?!

FINE

I forgot it on the plane.

Susan shakes her head in disbelief, then sees something on her monitors.

*

SUSAN

Oh god, they're coming to you. Go out the door on your left, now.

*

Fine hears FOOTSTEPS running. He bolts toward a side door. Just as he goes through it, GUNSHOTS explode behind him. TWO THUGS chase through the door after him.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Fine races down a curved corridor. It splits into two directions at the end. INTERCUT WITH SUSAN.

FINE
I'm going right.

SUSAN
No, three more coming that way. Go left, then left again.

Fine flies around the corner as THREE MORE THUGS appear. They FIRE at him, just missing him as he rounds another corner.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Susan watches the monitors, one with the floor plan Fine is running through. Heat sensors show each of the thugs. The other monitor shows Fine's POV as he runs. Behind her, some WORKMEN are talking loudly with Susan's coworker, NANCY, 30s, a tall British oddball. Another coworker, SHARON, listens in. *

NANCY
(to the workmen)
Some droppings fell right out of the ceiling into my herbal tea yesterday. I thought they were peppercorns and I accidentally drank one. *

SHARON
Why the hell would you drink peppercorns? They'll burn a hole in your colon. *

SUSAN
(to Fine) *
Go right in twenty feet.
(to Nancy and the workmen)
Can you guys keep it down?

NANCY
Sorry, Susan. Exterminators. Rats in the ceiling again. *

SUSAN
Uch, this disgusting place. *
(to Fine)
Go down the stairs.

INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Fine runs toward a stairwell.

FINE
Why not up?

SUSAN
Because the exit's downstairs.

FINE
But I came in upstairs.

SUSAN
The house is on the side of a hill,
Fine.

FINE
Oh, yeah. That's right. I knew
that.

*
*

Fine runs down the stairs.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Susan studies the monitors as a workman stands on a desk and lifts up a ceiling tile. A BUNCH OF BATS fly out and into the room. Nancy SCREAMS as people duck and dive. Susan turns to look but then sees something on Fine's monitor.

SUSAN
Fine, stop at the door. You've got
a guard approaching. I'll tell you
when.

A BAT LANDS ON SUSAN'S HEAD AND GETS TANGLED IN HER HAIR, its wings flapping wildly. She looks like she wants to freak out but holds it together, staring at the monitor.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
Gah! Oh god ... Okay, he's coming
at you in three, two, one. Now!

*

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

As a HUGE THUG reaches for the door, Fine shoves the door open hard, hitting the thug in the face and knocking him out. REVEAL the house is a giant concrete mansion on the Black Sea. Fine starts to run around the side and up the hill.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The bat is going crazy in Susan's hair as Nancy sees it and GASPS and the workmen run over. Susan tries to stay focused.

*
*

SUSAN

Fine, where are you going? You've got SUVs approaching.

FINE

I can outdrive them.

SUSAN

You won't get to your car. They're too close.

A workman throws a blanket over Susan's head to catch the bat. Susan SCREAMS and starts fighting under the blanket.

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Fine gets to the top of the hill to see THREE BLACK SUVs skid to a stop in front of the house. HUGE THUGS jump out, weapons drawn. Fine hears Susan screaming.

SUSAN

Get this off of me! I can't see!

FINE

Coop? Are you all right? *

SUSAN

Go back down! Boyanov's boat is at the end of the dock!

Fine rushes back down the hill as the thugs from inside the house try to push the door open. However, the unconscious thug's body is blocking the door.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Susan throws the blanket off her head. The bat is now on tangled in her bangs, its wings smacking her in the face. Susan fights with it as she stays glued to the monitors.

SUSAN

He keeps the keys under the seat. Hurry!

EXT. DOCK - CONTINUOUS

Fine runs down the dock as the SUV thugs run down the hill and the henchmen from inside finally push the door open. THEY * OPEN FIRE ON THE DOCK with their Uzis as Fine dives into the boat. He reaches under the seat. Nothing.

FINE

There's no key! He must have taken it with him.

SUSAN

Hot wire it!

Bullets hit the boat's dashboard as Fine hits the deck.

FINE

I can't get to it!

SUSAN

Then stay down and hold your ears.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SUSAN GRABS THE BAT AND TEARS IT OUT OF HER HAIR as she reaches over and grabs a hotline phone with her other hand.

SUSAN

Lock on coordinates 43.16547,
27.94654 and fire! Now!

EXT. DOCK - CONTINUOUS

As the thugs run toward the dock, spraying machine gun fire, there's a sudden WHOOSH. KA-BLAM!!! A drone missile hits the shore in front of the dock and sends them flying.

Fine reaches under the dashboard and hot wires the boat. It ROARS to life. He hits the gas and flies away from the dock as the surviving thugs get up and uselessly fire their guns after him as he speeds away on the Black Sea.

FINE

Nice work with the drone, Coop.
How'd you make that happen?

SUSAN

(exhausted)

I made some calls. I had a feeling
you might need help. *

FINE

There's a first time for
everything.

SUSAN

Yep. You're amazing, Fine. Okay,
get back safe. I love you. *

FINE

Love you too. See you at the house.
Oh, I'm out of shaving cream. *

SUSAN

Bought you some yesterday. *

FINE
You're the best.

*
*

SUSAN
(joking warmly)
That's what I keep telling you.

*
*
*

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Susan sits back in her chair, relieved. She then notices the bat is still clenched in her hand. She jumps and lets it go, completely grossed out. As it flaps away ...

OPENING TITLE SEQUENCE

A very cool and exciting spy movie credit sequence featuring graphics of Susan in dangerous but fictional situations. But they won't be fictional for long. END OF CREDITS.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - MAIN HALLWAY - DAY

Susan is waiting in the hallway. A door marked "Secure Conference Room" opens and Fine walks out. He walks briskly down the hall as Susan keeps up.

SUSAN
Everything okay?

FINE
Yeah, they reamed me a bit but I told them I had no choice except to shoot Boyanov.

SUSAN
Because of your allergies?

FINE
There's a lot of pressure out in the field, Coop. It's not like sitting in an air-conditioned basement on a computer sipping coffee with the girls.

*
*
*

Susan bites her tongue, choosing not to respond.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Susan and Fine sit at a table, looking at their menus. Fine looks up at Susan and smiles at her. She notices and gives him a sweet smile back. Fine then pulls out a ring box. Susan looks surprised.

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*
*

SUSAN
Oh my god. Fine, I ...

*

FINE

Coop, it's not an engagement ring.

SUSAN

(covering poorly)

I know. Good. Phew.

*

FINE

I saw this in Sofia and it made me think of you. Open it.

She takes the box and opens it. It's a thin gold ring, no stone, very plain. Susan's a bit thrown but covers.

SUSAN

It's ... beautiful.

FINE

Wear it in good health, pal.

He holds his hand up for a high five. She looks at his hand, then fives him back halfheartedly. She puts the ring on. It's way too big. She forces a smile, puts it back in the box.

*

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*

SUSAN

I'll get it sized.

The waiter delivers their drinks, a martini for Fine and a Diet Coke for Susan. Fine holds up his martini to Susan.

*

*

FINE

To the best ear piece girl in the CIA. Thanks for your support.

*

*

*

SUSAN

Well, you do all the hard work.

*

*

FINE

I know but don't sell yourself short. We're a good team, Coop. You're great behind the computer and that makes me even more amazing out in the field.

*

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SUSAN

I had this weird dream last night they sent *me* out into the field. Everybody was trying to kill me and I couldn't get away because I could only run in slow motion. So scary.

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FINE

(laughing)

That's funny.

*

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*

SUSAN *
What, that I almost got killed? *

FINE *
No. Just ... you in the field. *
That's a funny thought. *

SUSAN *
Why? *

FINE *
Coop, c'mon, field work was *
definitely not your strong suit *
when we went through the academy. *
It's why I had them make you my ear *
piece girl. There's no shame in it. *

SUSAN *
Well ... I beat you at chin-ups. *

FINE *
Girl chin-ups. That doesn't count. *

SUSAN *
They were regular chin-ups. I've *
got great upper body strength. I *
don't even throw like a girl. My *
grandma was the same way. She could *
pitch a 70 mile an hour fastball. *

FINE *
Gee, what a terror you'd be on a *
mission beating the bad guys at *
chin-ups and throwing baseballs at *
them. You'd be a real Jane Bond. *

SUSAN *
Very funny. *

FINE *
This all works, Coop. I was born to *
stop bad guys and you were born to *
help me do it from a safe and *
secure setting. *

SUSAN *
Yeah. I do worry about you out *
there, though. It's so dangerous. *

FINE *
Well, don't. I'm fine. Literally. *
(he smiles) *
'Cause it's my last name, y'know. *
Fine. Like, Bradley "I am" Fine. *

SUSAN

Yeah, I know. I get it.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Susan is in bed, working on her laptop. Fine is in bed next to her, reading a report, deep in thought. Susan glances over at Fine, then closes her laptop. She moves over next to him.

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SUSAN

Wanna cuddle, super spy?

FINE

Do you mean, have sex?

SUSAN

I believe that's what I meant, Shakespeare.

FINE

Then why don't you say that? You always say "cuddle" but to me, cuddling means hugging. Do you want me to hug you or fuck you?

SUSAN

Jesus. Neither one now.

FINE

Look, I'm sorry, Coop. It's just hard to come down off these missions. Too much adrenaline. When your heart gets pumping and your body gets all jacked up like that, the last thing you're in the mood for is sex.

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SUSAN

(that made no sense)
... I'm sorry.

*
*

FINE

It's alright. It's just spy stuff. Thanks for trying, though, buddy.

*
*

He goes back to reading his report. She looks confused and rejected. After a beat, she pulls her laptop back onto her lap and starts working on it again.

INT. CIA BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Fine and Susan are in a briefing with several other officials. Their boss, PETER CROCKER, 50, sits at the head of the table.

PETER

I don't want to shock any of you but it appears Tihomir Boyanov lied. We've been intercepting chatter that the weapon is still being offered to the highest bidder. Which means someone else knows where that suitcase nuke is.

*

A picture of RAYNA BOYANOV, very pretty, early 20s, appears on the screen behind Peter.

PETER (CONT'D)

Rayna Boyanov. Educated at Harvard, top of her class. Majored in international law and had up until recently been living in London. Her father must have shared the location of the weapon with her and now she's gone into the family business. Passport Control indicates she's returned to Varna and taken up residence somewhere near her late father's house. There has apparently been communication between Rayna and the heads of several terrorist organizations, most ominously Solisa Dudaev ...

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A picture of a scary looking guy, SOLISA DUDAEV, comes onto the screen behind Peter.

PETER (CONT'D)

... the al Qaeda-funded leader of the Chechen Martyrs Brigade who has made several direct threats against the UN Headquarters in New York. We need to get to Rayna and find that weapon.

FINE

My bags are already packed, sir.

PETER

We need her alive, Fine. Without a bullet in her head.

FINE

Of course, sir. Not a problem.

PETER

You said that about Boyanov.

FINE

Those were extenuating
circumstances. It won't happen
again.

PETER

Well, take a Benadryl and see that
it doesn't.

*

Fine smiles confidently. Susan looks at him, concerned.

INT. WINE BAR - NIGHT

Susan is at a table with Nancy. Nancy's drinking white wine.
Susan nurses a Diet Coke absently.

SUSAN

Can I have a sip of your wine?

NANCY

Sure. It's really buttery.

Susan takes a sip that turns into a long sip that turns into
her drinking half the glass. Nancy looks surprised.

NANCY (CONT'D)

We can get you a glass, you know.

SUSAN

No, I hate wine. You ever feel like
you're just running down the clock?

NANCY

What's that mean?

SUSAN

I don't know. Every night before I
go to bed, I close the living room
curtains. It used to feel like a
long time before I got to the
curtain closing part of my day. But
every year, I feel like I'm closing
the curtains sooner and sooner and
lately I'm almost happy when I'm
pulling that chord because I got
through another day and I get to go
to bed. Sometimes, all I can think
about is closing those curtains,
which means I think I'm just trying
to speed through my life.

*

*

*

NANCY

You can close your curtains with a
chord?

(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)

I have to pull mine shut with a stick like in a hotel room.

(off Susan's look)

Seriously, I do. But what do you want me to say? You have a great job and you and Fine make an amazing team. I don't know what you're complaining about.

*

SUSAN

I'm not complaining. Forget it.

NANCY

Aren't you and Fine getting along?

SUSAN

I don't know. He's always out in the field and when he's home, he's completely distracted. I think I bore him.

NANCY

So go out on assignment with him.

SUSAN

I can't. I could never handle that. I was terrible at field work when I went through the academy.

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*

NANCY

What are you talking about? You were great. You aced every class, especially your field work. Jesus, what's gotten into you? You're depressing me unacceptably.

*

SUSAN

I know. I'm sorry.

Susan takes another drink of her Coke and gets up.

NANCY

Where are you going?

SUSAN

Home. To close the curtains. I'll see you tomorrow.

Susan leaves, depressed. Nancy watches after her, confused.

EXT. SEASIDE BAR - VARNA, BULGARIA - NIGHT

A crowded outdoor nightclub on the Black Sea, one of many along Varna's seaside strip. ELECTRONIC DANCE MUSIC blares.

Fine enters the club, dressed handsomely in a cream-colored linen suit. He looks great. He scans the club coolly.

Across the club, RAYNA BOYANOV sits with a couple of friends, TALKING and LAUGHING. Two huge BODYGUARDS guard the table.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAY

ON A MONITOR, we see Fine's POV of Rayna and the guards. Suddenly, the picture glitches and cuts out. REVEAL Susan watching the monitor.

SUSAN

Fine, I lost the image. Are you all right?

The picture crackles back on. Fine looks into a mirror behind the bar and makes a "How about now?" face at Susan.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Okay, you're back. The place must have a metal roof. Nice suit, by the way. Is that new?

(Fine winks at her)

How'd you find the only good tailor in Bulgaria, Beau Brummel?

*
*

Fine smiles and turns back to look at Rayna. As he does, Rayna and her friends get up and start to leave the club.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Okay, Fine, you're on. Good luck.

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EXT. SEASIDE BAR - VARNA, BULGARIA - NIGHT

Rayna says goodbye to her friends and gets into a large black SUV. The bodyguards get in the front and the SUV pulls away. Fine walks over to a small sports car and gets in.

He starts up the car and pulls out after the SUV, his headlights off.

EXT. VARNA - NIGHT

The SUV drives down a dark barren road on the moonless night. Following far behind them is Fine, hidden by the darkness.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Susan watches the monitors as she sees Fine's car following the SUV toward a secluded house on the Black Sea. On Fine's POV monitor, the image glitches again, cutting in and out.

SUSAN

There's something wrong with your camera. Can you switch it out for a new one?

FINE

There's no time. I think it's just a reception issue. Let me know if it keeps doing it.

EXT. SEASIDE MANSION - NIGHT

The SUV pulls up in front of a large pre-fab mansion on the edge of a sea cliff. The bodyguards get out and open the door for Rayna. They all go inside the mansion.

Fine's car stops at the end of the long dirt driveway. He gets out of his car, pulls out a silencer and screws it onto the barrel of his gun. He then sneaks off down the driveway.

INT. SEASIDE MANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Fine sneaks into the kitchen, gun at the ready. He scans the room and moves forward.

FINE

(whispering)

There was no perimeter security. If she only has the two bodyguards, she travels way lighter than her father ever did. Not smart. Seems like the acorn fell pretty far from the tree.

*

SUSAN

I don't like this, Fine. It's too easy.

Fine looks into a shiny pan hanging from the ceiling, showing his reflection to Susan. He winks and smiles.

FINE

I just make it look that way.

Just then, the two bodyguards burst into the kitchen, guns drawn. In a flash, Fine spins and shoots them both dead.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Susan jumps, startled, as she watches the monitor.

SUSAN

Holy shit, Fine. I don't know how you do things like that. Nice work.

INT. SEASIDE MANSION - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Fine looks back into the shiny pan and winks at Susan again.

FINE

Hey, who's the finest of them all?

Suddenly, a gun barrel is pressed against Fine's temple.

RAYNA (O.S.)

I don't know. But I'm guessing it's
you?

He sees Rayna standing next to him, cool as ice. She has an American accent and shows no signs of her Bulgarian upbringing. She reaches out and grabs Fine's gun out of his hand. *

SUSAN

Fine? What's happening?

RAYNA

Let me guess. Whoever's in your ear
wants to know what's up.

(loudly, to Fine's ear)

His time on earth, that's what,
person in this piece of shit's ear.

Rayna steps back, keeping her gun aimed at Fine. Fine turns toward her and smiles.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

On Susan's monitor, the camera glitches again, the picture going blank. Susan hits the keyboard in frustration.

SUSAN

No! Not now! C'mon!

The picture glitches back on again, just as Rayna tosses Fine's gun aside and cocks her own gun.

FINE

That's an awfully big gun for such
a little girl.

SUSAN

Jesus, don't say shit like that,
Fine.

(then; recovering)

Okay, there's a knife rack directly
to your right. The way she's
holding the gun shows she's not
that experienced.

(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)

If you duck and lunge, you can get
the knife and disarm her.

Susan's monitor shows Fine's POV glance quickly over at the
knives, then back at Rayna. Rayna smiles.

RAYNA

Great plan. Grab the knife, take
down the girl who doesn't know much
about guns, right? Well, it'd be
worth a try ...

Rayna smiles into Fine's eyes as Susan watches in horror.
Then, BLAM! She fires a shot directly at Fine's face. Susan
GASPS. Fine's POV falls to the ground, hitting it hard. *

We see Rayna's feet walk into frame. She then grabs Fine's
head and turns it so that she's looking directly down into
his camera. She puts her face in close and speaks.

RAYNA (CONT'D)

His name was Bradley Fine. He works
for the CIA. Other top agents
include Matthew Wright, Timothy
Cress, Rick Ford and Karen Walker. *

We know who all your active agents
are. How? Let's just say it's
common knowledge. So, unless you'd
like the body count to grow, I
suggest you all stay far away from
us.

And with that, Rayna stands up, aims the gun directly at us
and SHOOTS. The image goes haywire, then to static.

Susan stares at the screen, stunned and horrified.

SUSAN

Oh my god ... Fine ...

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - MAIN LOBBY - DAY

Susan stands staring straight ahead, eyes red, distant, in
shock. PULL BACK to reveal a memorial ceremony is taking
place in the lobby of the CIA Headquarters.

CLOSE-UP on a shiny metal star. Pull back to reveal the star
is on the wall with rows of other stars that pay tribute to
each CIA agent who has been killed in the line of duty.

All the agents and CIA personnel face this newest star and
salute. Nancy puts her hand on Susan's shoulder. Susan just
stares at the star, lost and sad.

INT. SUSAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Susan walks through her apartment in a t-shirt and sweats. As she turns off the kitchen light, she notices the ring box Fine gave her sitting on the counter.

She picks it up and opens it. Takes out the way too big ring and puts it on. She stares at it, smiling sadly.

SUSAN

What am I going to do without you,
Fine?

She sighs, then sees a framed photo of Fine shaking hands with the President. The photo is signed "Bradley, Thanks for all your amazing service to this country, Barack Obama." Susan stares at the photo, then at Fine's ring, then gets a determined look. *

SUSAN (CONT'D)

We're going to get her, Fine. And
we're going to make her pay for
what she did to you. *

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAY

CLOSE UP on the ring from Fine, hanging on a necklace chain. *
PULL BACK TO REVEAL Susan wearing it as she sits in front of *
her monitors, replaying Fine's final minutes in Rayna's *
kitchen. Rayna points a gun at him. *

FINE (O.S.)

That's an awfully big gun for such
a little girl.

Fine's POV glances quickly over at the knives on the counter, then back at Rayna. Susan furrows her brow, then backs up the footage. Plays it again.

FINE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

-- gun for such a little girl.

As his eyes look over at the knives, Susan freezes the frame. On the counter next to the knives is A PIECE OF SCRAP PAPER. Susan zooms in on the paper. There's something written on it but it's too dark and blurry. Susan calls over to Nancy.

SUSAN

Nance, I'm sending you a frame.
It's pretty bad. Can you enhance
it?

Susan sends the still to Nancy's computer, then walks over to her work station. Nancy hits a few buttons.

The frame goes infrared, making the paper bright. More buttons bring the photo into soft focus. There's a barely readable phone number on the paper.

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SUSAN (CONT'D)
(staring at the number)
Italy?

INT. CIA BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Around the conference table are the CIA's top spies - MATTHEW WRIGHT, TIMOTHY CRESS, KAREN WALKER and RICK FORD. Peter Crocker sits at the head. Susan sits off to the side. (In a perfect world, the top agents would all be played by famous actors who have played spies - Tom Cruise, Matt Damon, Angelina Jolie, Jeremy Renner, etc.)

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PETER
Our satellites lost track of Boyanov after a series of highly choreographed vehicle exchanges in underground parking structures. At this point, she could be anywhere. We suspect she's left the country.

RICK FORD
(too much testosterone)
Then let's find that Bulgarian bitch! This is bullshit.

*
*

PETER
Dial it back with the B-word, Ford. You don't need another HR incident. It may be "bullshit" but the threat is real. Rayna having the names of four of the people in this room changes everything for us.

*
*
*

MATTHEW WRIGHT
How did she find out?

PETER
We have no idea.

KAREN WALKER
There's a mole. I can smell it a mile away.

PETER
It could be a mole, they could have hacked into our system, one of our foreign partners could have leaked it. It's anyone's guess.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

We're looking into it now but the bottom line is that a tactical nuclear weapon transaction between Boyanov and a terrorist organization is imminent and we have to stop it. Now, our analyst Susan Cooper has found us a lead.

*

A picture of a handsome Italian man, SERGIO DE LUCA, 30s, appears on the screen behind Peter.

PETER (CONT'D)

Rayna Boyanov had the number of Sergio De Luca, Italian playboy and the key investor in Security Systems Corp, the company that was making the Spectroscopic Portal monitors to detect radioactive shipments into US ports until the program was suspended in 2011 for being too costly and ineffective. We've long suspected De Luca of working as an intermediary for terrorist groups looking to procure advanced weaponry, including the Chechen Martyrs Brigade and the Haqqani Network. We suspect Rayna's using him to find bidders for the suitcase nuke. We traced his number to an office he keeps in Venice. We need someone to get to De Luca without getting detected and maybe that will take us to Boyanov.

*

RICK FORD

Okay, here's what we do. I go into the Face Off machine and get a whole new face. They'll never know it's me.

PETER

We don't have one of those machines, Ford.

RICK FORD

Really? I thought we did. Are you sure?

TIMOTHY CRESS

Look, I hate to say it but Ford's right. One of us has to go in. It doesn't matter if we've been exposed. We've all gone deep before and we've always gotten our guy.

PETER

The problem is this isn't just a kill mission. We need to track Rayna all the way to the transaction. We have a real opportunity to get *her*, some top terrorist leadership *and* the weapon back. Our best option is to have someone who can get close to her and work from the inside. We need someone invisible.

*

They all sit thinking. Susan looks around at them. Her fingers touch Fine's ring on the necklace. She thinks a beat, then slowly raises her hand.

*

*

SUSAN

(quietly)

I'll do it.

Everyone looks over at her strangely. Then they all chuckle derisively.

RICK FORD

Okay. Thanks, lunch lady.

SUSAN

I'm serious. I've never been in the field and it's highly doubtful that anybody has exposed me. I'm just an analyst, as far as they're concerned.

PETER

But you worked with Fine. They may have a record of you too.

SUSAN

It's possible but the odds of them knowing my face are low. And I know Boyanov's organization inside and out. Mr. Crocker, I would really like to do this. For Fine.

KAREN WALKER

You're not seriously considering this, are you, Peter?

Off of Peter's face, considering ...

EXT. CAMP PEARY - WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA - DAY

Susan's car approaches the front gates of the CIA's Camp Peary, also known as "The Farm."

INT. SUSAN'S CAR - DAY

Inside the car are Susan and Nancy. Susan looks apprehensive. Nancy looks nervous.

SUSAN

Thanks for doing this with me. Man, I haven't been back at the Farm since I went through training. I hope I don't completely embarrass myself.

*
*
*

NANCY

My stomach's in knots. I was terrible when I was here. Every time I tried to shoot a gun, it would kick back and hit me in the face. They started calling me Indira Gandhi because I always had a red dot on my forehead.

SUSAN

Indira Gandhi didn't have a red dot on her forehead.

NANCY

Well ... I did.
(then)

Do we have to come up with our spy name? I always thought mine should be Amber Valentine.

SUSAN

That sounds like you're a stripper.

*

NANCY

I did the spy name formula. Amber was the name of my first pet and I grew up on Valentine Street.

SUSAN

That's how you make your stripper name.

*

NANCY

I thought that was how you make your spy name. What would yours be?

SUSAN

Fluffy East Euclid.

*

NANCY

Wow, that would strike terror in the hearts of ne'er-do-wells.

*

EXT. CAMP PEARY - SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

Susan is on the shooting range with a male INSTRUCTOR. He's a bit cocky. Susan looks nervous. He hands her a gun.

INSTRUCTOR

Now, I know it's been a while for you, so let's just take it slow, okay? Don't worry if you're a little shaky, sweetheart.

*

Susan takes the gun, tests it in her hand, then raises it and fires off five quick shots in a row. They all hit the target dead center. The instructor is stunned. Susan's surprised.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Okay. I see it's coming back to you ... ma'am.

*

*

In the stall next to her, Nancy aims a gun nervously and fires. It kicks back and hits her right in the forehead.

EXT. CAMP PEARY - DRIVING TRACK - DAY

Susan is in a car, speeding backwards between two long lines of cones as she steers looking only in the rearview mirror. Even though there's only inches between her car and the cones, she doesn't hit one and threads the needle perfectly.

In another car, Nancy (with a big red spot on her forehead) is trying the same thing but is somehow hitting almost every cone on the track. She loses control of the car and it spins out, almost flipping over. The INSTRUCTORS run over.

NANCY

(weakly trying to joke)
Do I get points for hitting them all?

INT. SHOOTHOUSE - DAY

Susan walks cautiously through a dimly lit target practice house, her gun drawn and ready. A cutout of a HOSTAGE pops out. Susan spins on it but holds her fire.

Three more cutouts pop out at once, ANOTHER HOSTAGE and TWO CRIMINALS WITH GUNS. She quickly shoots both the criminals between the eyes, then spins and takes out another CRIMINAL CUTOUT that pops out behind her. She looks pleased.

INT. SHOOTHOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Nancy is walking through the same target practice house, WHIMPERING to herself. A HOSTAGE cutout pops out.

She SCREAMS and fires wildly. The gun kicks back and hits her in the forehead again.

As she stumbles back from getting hit in the head, a CRIMINAL cutout springs out behind her and hits her in the back of the head, hard. She drops her gun, finished.

NANCY

Okay. All right. My work here is done. I'm a computer person. I'll be in the bar.

As she tries to leave, another cutout springs out of the wall and hits her in the face.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Susan sits in a classroom with other agents-in-training. A SENIOR AGENT teaching the class hands out the results of their field tests.

SENIOR AGENT

All right, everyone. Please direct your attention to the TV up front.

He puts Susan's test results down in front of her.

SENIOR AGENT (CONT'D)

Nice work, Cooper. You haven't forgotten a thing. I never understood why you went the ear piece route. Glad to have you back.

*
*
*

Susan looks surprised, then smiles at him. The lights dim and a video comes on a TV at the front of the class.

*

BRADLEY FINE APPEARS ONSCREEN, sitting behind a desk with American flags behind it. Susan's eyes go wide. The senior agent looks over at her, concerned, having forgotten Fine was in the video. Susan absently grasps Fine's ring.

*

FINE

(on screen)

Hello, agents. If you're watching this, it means you've done well in your field tests. Congratulations.

We slowly PUSH IN on Susan as she watches Fine, thrown.

FINE (CONT'D)

But while doing well at the Farm is a good way to hone your skills, it has little to do with the pressures you'll be facing out in the field.

*

(MORE)

FINE (CONT'D)

If you're driving evasively in the real world, it will mean someone is chasing you. If your gun is drawn as you stalk through a building, it will mean someone is trying to kill you. And if you must discharge your weapon, it means you are more than likely discharging it into fellow human being with the express purpose of killing *them*. Real people do not die like cardboard cutouts. They die messily. And not always after one shot. Are you prepared to do this, to see this? Because at some point you will almost certainly be required to do. Which is why you must ask yourself, do I have what it takes?

*

*

*

Susan is now staring at the screen, completely freaked.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Susan is throwing up into the toilet in a stall. Nancy stands outside the stall, worried.

NANCY

You probably just ate something bad. Your salad smelled weird.

SUSAN

I don't know if I can do this, Nancy. Fine's right. He always said it. He's still saying it. I'm not cut out for this type of thing. I don't think I could shoot anybody. I'm not good with pressure outside of the basement. I can't go on any mission.

*

*

NANCY

I know. Neither could I. It's way safer at the monitors. The agents know what they're doing. Guys like Ford and Cress and Karen, they're the brave ones. You and me, we're not cut out for this kind of thing. Just tell Mr. Crocker that you were wrong and let's both go back to our computers. That's where we're the best. Away from danger.

*

*

*

Susan stares at Nancy for a long beat. Then ...

SUSAN

Were you just using reverse
psychology on me?

NANCY

No. Why?

SUSAN

Because that's how I heard it.
(deep breath)
You're right. I've gotta do this.
For Fine. Thanks, Nancy.

*

And with that, Susan stands, wipes her mouth with a piece of
toilet paper, flushes the toilet and exits. Nancy watches
after her, completely confused.

NANCY

... Anything to help.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - PETER'S OFFICE - DAY

Susan sits across the desk from Peter, who hands her a manila
envelope. She opens it and pulls out a fake passport, a
wallet filled with ID and photos, and a bio. She reads
through the bio.

PETER

Your name is Penny Morgan. You're a
housewife from Iowa. You sold more
Mary Kay products than anyone else
in your state and traded in the
free car you won to fund a dream
trip through Europe.

SUSAN

(looking through bio)
My hobbies are decoupage, knitting
and needlepoint? I collect
porcelain dolls and am the vice
president of the Ames Garden Club?
What am I supposed to be, eighty
years old?

*

*

PETER

Your main job is to blend in, to
not attract attention. Penny Morgan
does not attract attention.

SUSAN

No kidding. She's like a walking
Ambien. She also sets women back
about fifty years.
(reads more)
(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Ten cats?! Why do I have to have ten cats? Am I supposed to be insane too?

PETER

It makes you more believable and non-threatening. This has all been researched.

Susan opens the wallet and sees a picture of a woman on a couch with ten cats around her. Susan's face has been Photoshopped onto the woman's body. It looks very real.

SUSAN

Oh my god. Is it a problem if I hate who I'm supposed to be?

PETER

You're a spy now, Cooper. We give you an identity and you become that person. Take it or leave it.

SUSAN

But if I'm going to get close to Boyanov, there has to be some aspect of me that's not completely pathetic. Fine always got to be a businessman or a playboy. He even got to be a race car driver once! This is totally sexist.

PETER

Okay, forget it. You're not cut out for this. I'll send someone else.

*

SUSAN

All right, all right. I'll do it. Jesus, ten cats.

(sighs; regroup)

The extremely sad and unappealing Penny Morgan, reporting for duty.

Peter gives her a "don't fuck this up" look. She forces a reassuring smile.

EXT. VENICE AIRPORT - DAY

A commercial jetliner touches down at the Venice Airport.

EXT. VENICE AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

Susan walks out of the airport, carrying a small suitcase. She looks both nervous and excited. As she looks at the transportation signs, she sees something ...

SUSAN'S POV: Rick Ford, wearing an expensive summer suit, is walking down the sidewalk toward the water taxi stands, a fancy Louis Vuitton backpack thrown over his shoulder.

Susan furrows her brow and starts to walk after him. *

EXT. WALKWAY - DAY

Ford walks briskly along under the covered walkway with several other tourists around him. Susan rushes to catch up, then gets a few feet behind him. She takes out a 10 Euro bill, tosses it on the ground, then picks it up.

SUSAN
(calling to Ford)
Sir? Excuse me, sir? You dropped
your money.

Ford turns and sees her. He looks caught, then covers. Grabs the bill from her.

RICK FORD
Thank you, ma'am. I appreciate your
honesty.

He turns and keeps walking. Susan keeps pace behind him, speaking secretly.

SUSAN
What are you doing here, Ford?
Somebody's going to recognize you.

RICK FORD
I'm just here on vacation. Needed a
little time off.

SUSAN
Did Peter send you to keep an eye
on me?

RICK FORD
I told you, Cindy. I'm strictly
here for pleasure. Enjoy your stay.

Ford heads off. He holds up a receipt to a WATER TAXI DRIVER, *
tosses his bag into the boat and climbs in. The taxi pulls
out, then races off toward the island of Venice.

SUSAN *
Wow, you're really gonna keep that *
ten, huh? *

Susan watches him go, then hands her ticket to the water taxi
DISPATCHER. He looks at it, then shoves it back at her.

DISPATCHER

The shuttle is over there.

Susan looks and sees a large Alilaguna boat packed with tourists and their suitcases. Susan sighs and heads over to the overstuffed boat.

EXT. ALILAGUNA BOAT - DAY

Susan is crammed up against the railing as the Alilaguna chugs along toward Venice. She stares, transfixed, at the skyline of Venice as it approaches in the distance.

Suddenly, the barrel of a gun is pressed into the small of her back. She GASPS quietly.

VOICE (O.S.)

Don't move, spy.

Freaked, she takes a deep breath, then slowly looks over her shoulder. Nobody is there. Confused, she looks down at the gun. A 5-year-old ITALIAN BOY is holding a toy gun on her.

MOTHER

Leopaldo, no.

The boy's MOTHER pulls the boy away apologetically.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry. My husband showed him a spy movie the other night and now he's obsessed.

SUSAN

(trying to recover)

No, it's fine.

(to the boy)

You shouldn't play with guns, though.

The boy points the gun at Susan's face and pulls the trigger several times. CLICK CLICK CLICK. His mother grabs the gun.

MOTHER

Leopaldo, you don't shoot people!

(to Susan)

Again, I'm so sorry. I don't know what's gotten into him.

The mother pulls the boy against her. He keeps staring at Susan, then secretly makes his hand into a gun and keeps shooting Susan silently slowly and intensely.

*

SUSAN
(creeped out)
Adorable child.

Susan turns back to Venice, completely weirded out.

EXT. SAN MARCO SQUARE - DAY

Susan gets off the Alilaguna in front of San Marcos Square, which is bustling with tourists. She looks to the left and notices ...

SUSAN'S POV: Rick Ford, wearing a different expensive summer suit, walking out of the luxurious HOTEL DANIELI. He jumps into his water taxi and speeds away like James Bond.

She looks at her itinerary. It reads "HOTEL BIASIN." A map shows it's on the opposite side of Venice. She deflates.

EXT. VENICE - DAY

Susan struggles to get through the massive crowds of tourists stuffed into the narrow walkways of Venice. It's like a nightmare. People can barely move as others stop to look in store windows, completely stopping the foot traffic.

Just as Susan makes her way through one crowded walkway, she hits another. She's sweating and miserable. She's stuck behind an OLD MAN shuffling along with the crowd. He FARTS loud and long. It seems to go on forever. Susan's in hell.

EXT. HOTEL BIASIN - DAY

Susan finally makes it to her one star hotel. It's clearly the worst hotel in Venice, extremely small and depressing. She looks at it, hesitant, then heads inside.

INT. HOTEL BIASIN - DAY

The lobby is tiny. A small seating area is next to the front desk. An OLD COUPLE are asleep in the two chairs. An Italian CLERK, 40s, a bit cheesy, sees Susan. *

CLERK
Hallo! Welcome to the Hotel Biasin.
Do you have a reservations?

SUSAN
Yes, under Morgan.

CLERK
Ah, yes. Miss Penny Morgan. You
have a boyfriend who loves you, no?

SUSAN

I ... what? I mean, I ... No.

CLERK

Then you have a person who admires you very much. They have asks me to place beautiful flowers in your room. That I did.

SUSAN

Oh, um, yes. Those are ... from someone I know.

CLERK

That is so nice. They were very pretty. Very heavy. Very hard to carry up stairs. In hot summer.

SUSAN

I'm sorry.

He stares at her, smiling, waiting. She's confused.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Oh, thank you. Can I get my key? *

His mood suddenly changes, realizing no tip is coming. He grabs a key from a hook and tosses it on the counter.

CLERK

Eat and shit. That's all you tourists do in my city. Eat and shit.

He sits down and SNAPS open a paper, icing her. She takes the key, confused, and heads up the stairs.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Susan opens the door to her small and depressing hotel room. The bed fills almost the entire room. The bedspread is faded and the mattress sags in the middle.

Susan wrinkles her nose at the place, then notices a flower arrangement sitting on a small desk. She walks over to it and grabs the flower stems. Turns them.

The flowers lift off, revealing a manila envelope stuffed inside the vase. She pulls out the envelope and opens it. A small handgun and a box of bullets are inside.

She looks at it nervously, then steels herself. She checks the clip to make sure it's full, then puts the gun down the back of her waistband and pulls her shirt over it.

She then takes a small box out of the envelope and opens it. Inside are TWO TINY EARPIECES and A CONTACT LENS CASE. She twists an earpiece on and puts it in her ear. *

SUSAN

Nancy? Are you there?

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAY

Nancy is at the monitor console that Susan used to monitor Fine at. She adjusts her headphones and mic. INTERCUT.

NANCY

I'm here. Everything okay? You get your gun, Penny?

SUSAN

Yes, and don't call me that.

NANCY

I was trying to help you get into character.

SUSAN

I just have to drink ten cups of Sleepy Time tea to do that. I'm going to find De Luca's office.

NANCY

Put in your eye piece. I want to see your room.

SUSAN

No, you don't.

Susan takes out a contact lens and pops it in her eye. Her POV of her room comes up on Nancy's monitor.

NANCY

Ooo, you're right. I don't.

SUSAN

You'll never guess who's here. Rick Ford.

NANCY

Yeah, I didn't want to say anything but they decided to send him after you left.

Nancy glances over at another work station, where Sharon is watching Ford's monitors. Ford's POV monitor shows he's on the Lido, staring at a girl in a bikini. Sharon notices Nancy looking over and nods wearily. *

NANCY (CONT'D)

They're nervous about you doing
this on your own.

SUSAN

Nice vote of confidence.

NANCY

Hey, Susan, can you buy me an "I
Love Venice" t-shirt while you're
there?

SUSAN

Don't work against me, Nancy.

NANCY

When am I ever gonna get to Venice?

EXT. SALITA SAN MOISE - DAY

Susan is walking down the Rodeo Drive of Venice past the
expensive stores, her eyes scanning her surroundings
cautiously as she tries to act casual and touristy.

NANCY

(as Susan passes stores)

Ooo, those glasses are nice. I
wonder if they'll ship to the U.S.?
Wow, what a pretty jacket. That was
in Vogue last month. Ooo, that
sweater's ugly. My mother would
love it. It'll obscure her breasts.
They're the size of baby heads.

*
*
*

Susan gets a frustrated look and takes out her cell phone to
provide cover for talking to Nancy. Puts it to her ear.

*

SUSAN

Please stop talking.

*

NANCY

I'm sorry. I'm nervous.

SUSAN

Why are *you* nervous?

NANCY

Because you're not.

SUSAN

I'm terrified.

NANCY

You are? Oh. Good. I mean--

Susan turns a corner and stops. IN FRONT OF HER ONE OF THE BUILDINGS HAS BEEN BURNED OUT IN A FIRE.

*

NANCY (CONT'D)

Is that number 39?

SUSAN

Yep. He torched it. They must have known something's up.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nancy glances over at Ford's work station. On his monitors, we see he's walking through the food stalls at the Rialto Market. Nancy calls over to Sharon.

NANCY

Hey, where's Ford at?

SHARON

Rialto Market. He got a lead from one of his sources.

NANCY

What's the lead?

*

SHARON

He said I'm not allowed to tell you. Sorry. You know how he gets.

*

NANCY

Susan, Ford is at the Rialto Market. He got some kind of a lead.

*

SUSAN

On De Luca?

NANCY

I don't know. He won't let Sharon tell me.

SUSAN

God, she knows he's never gonna sleep with her, right?

NANCY

No, not really.

EXT. GRAND CANAL - DAY

*

Susan walks up to the Grand Canal. Across the canal is the Rialto Market. Susan takes out a compact camera and turns it on. She looks through it at the Market.

SUSAN'S POV: She scans the food stalls. ZOOMS IN and sees Ford sitting at a table of an outdoor cafe, sipping espresso, his Louis Vuitton backpack hanging on the back of his chair. *

SUSAN

He's waiting for someone. *

Susan sees a small dock with a sign over it that reads "TRAGHETTO." Several locals are climbing into a very plain gondola. They move to the back of the gondola and stand.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

I'm heading over to keep an eye on him. Don't let Sharon know.

Susan heads to the dock, hands a GONDOLIER some coins and climbs in the gondola, standing in the middle of the boat. Some unsteady female TOURISTS climb in after her. *

TOURIST #1

Oh my god, I've got to sit down.

TOURIST #2

No, the locals stand up in these. I don't want to look like a tourist.

TOURIST #1

Like you don't already? Who cares?

TOURIST #2

I do. I want to blow a real Italian guy. Just stand up. You can hold onto me. Don't be embarrassing. *

The tourists stand wobbly, #2 holding #1's hips, as the gondolier pushes off from the dock to cross the canal. Tourist #2 looks panicked, barely able to stand. *

TOURIST #1

I'm gonna fall over. It's rocking too much. *

TOURIST #2

(angry whisper)

No, you're not. C'mon, the gondolier's hot. Don't ruin it. *

Susan lifts her camera and watches Ford again. A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN approaches his table. Ford sits up. Susan zooms in tighter on the woman but the camera gets all shaky.

TOURIST #2 (CONT'D)

What are you doing?! You're putting me off balance. *

TOURIST #1

There's too many waves. It's
rocking too much. I have to sit
down.

*

Tourist #2 starts to panic, making the gondola rock quickly.
The other passengers start to complain in Italian as the
gondoliers yell at the tourists.

GONDOLIER

Lady, stop moving! Stand still!

TOURIST #1

I'm gonna fall. I've gotta sit
down!

*

Susan tries to steady the panicking tourist as the boat rocks
violently but glances over at Ford again. As she does, she
sees a TALL MAN walk behind Ford's chair and QUICKLY EXCHANGE
FORD'S LOUIS VUITTON BACKPACK WITH AN IDENTICAL BACKPACK. The
tall man heads off as the woman motions Ford to follow her.

*

SUSAN

Nancy, someone just--

GONDOLIER

No, lady, don't sit on the side!

But it's too late. Tourist #1 falls sideways, flipping the
gondola. Everybody falls into the water with a SCREAM. Susan
hits the water hard as other people fall on top of her,
shoving her under the dirty water. She thrashes under them.

*

*

SUSAN

(resurfacing; sputtering)

Nancy! Someone switched his
backpack. Nancy?

Susan feels her ear. The ear piece is gone. She waves her
hand in front of her eye, trying to contact Nancy.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nancy is staring at the monitors. On Susan's POV, all she
sees are kicking feet under the water, then the camera turns
straight down and floats down toward the murky bottom.

NANCY

Susan? Can you hear me? Did you
lose your eye piece or are you
drowning? Ew, blimey, is that a
dead turtle?

*

*

EXT. GRAND CANAL - CONTINUOUS

As everybody thrashes around in the water and people grab onto the capsized gondola, Susan starts to swim toward the Market side as people gather to watch the sinking gondola.

She strains to see Ford as she swims but he's gone. She then sees him rounding a corner as the beautiful woman points him toward San Marco Square.

Susan speeds up and gets to the dock. People help pull her out. They try to see if she's all right but she waves them off and takes off running after Ford.

EXT. CALLE ORO - DAY

Susan tries to follow Ford but he's too far ahead and the crowds are too dense. She pushes through people but it's almost impossible to move quickly.

SUSAN

Ford! Ford! Excuse me, please. I need to get through.

ANGRY MAN

We're all tryin' to get to the same place, lady. Pushin' ain't gonna help. You ain't the First Lady. *

SUSAN

I'm the President of the Ames Garden Club! So move! *

She shoves her way through the crowd, squeezing between people, pushing them out of the way, upsetting everyone. She strains to see Ford as he disappears around another corner.

EXT. CALLE CAVALLETTO - DAY

Susan picks up some speed in an open campo as she races across the large square. She sees a LADY taking out her cell phone. Susan snatches it out of her hand as she runs by.

LADY

Hey!

SUSAN

I apologize! Garden Club emergency! *

Susan dials the phone as she runs. It rings, then picks up.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Nancy! Someone switched backpacks with Ford! You need to tell Sharon--

RECORDING

I'm sorry but your current service plan does not provide support for international calls. Please contact your service pr--

Susan tosses the phone onto a bench, yelling back.

SUSAN

Update your plan before you travel!

EXT. SAN MARCO SQUARE - DAY

Susan runs into San Marco Square, which is packed with tourists feeding pigeons, taking pictures, sightseeing. SHE SEES THE TALL MAN WHO SWITCHED FORD'S BACKPACK FILMING SOMETHING ON A LONG LENS DIGITAL CAMERA.

She follows his lens and sees he's secretly filming Ford, who is wading into the densest part of the crowd.

SUSAN

FORD!!!

Ford hears her and turns, his face incredulous, giving her a "What the fuck are you doing blowing my cover?" look.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sharon is staring at Susan on Ford's POV screen.

SHARON

What the hell is she doing?

Nancy turns and sees Susan. She rushes over to the monitor.

NANCY

Susan?

EXT. SAN MARCO SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

SUSAN

(yelling; to Ford)
THEY SWITCHED YOUR BAG!!!

Ford looks confused, then unzips his backpack. Inside is a SHITLOAD OF C4 EXPLOSIVES WITH A BLINKING DETONATOR ON TOP. He blanches.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sharon and Nancy see the explosives on the monitor.

NANCY/SHARON

Oh, shit!

EXT. SAN MARCO SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

Susan looks and sees the tall man with the camera turn and look at her. He makes a "hurry up" face at someone behind Susan, then quickly turns his camera back to Ford.

Susan looks behind her and SEES THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN WHO DISTRACTED FORD. SHE IS STARING AT FORD AS SHE PULLS OUT A CELL PHONE AND STARTS TO PUT HER THUMB ON A BUTTON.

Rick sees he's surrounded by hundreds of tourists and bolts through the crowd toward the water.

RICK FORD

EVERYBODY MOVE!!! NOW!!!

In a flash, Susan knocks two tourists aside and TACKLES THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN to the ground, knocking the phone out of her hand before she can press the button. It clatters away. *

Susan and the woman struggle on the ground to get to the phone first. The woman is vicious and punches and kicks at Susan expertly, Susan trying to deflect her. Susan's really taking a beating but not backing down. *

Finally, Susan lunges past the woman and grabs the phone. Susan pulls her gun out and aims it at the woman.

SUSAN

Freeze!

The woman immediately bolts off into the crowd, ducking low to keep her head from being seen. Susan tries to aim but there's too many bystanders and no sight of the woman.

Susan jumps up and looks at the cell phone. Its screen shows a number has been dialed except for the final digit. Susan looks to see where Ford is.

FORD

Is running toward the open water at the edge of San Marco Square, pushing through people.

RICK FORD

GET AWAY FROM THE WATER! NOW! HIT
THE DECK!

And with that, he flings the backpack over rows of empty docked gondolas. Everybody SCREAMS and runs. Gondoliers dive for cover. As soon as the backpack hits the water ...

KA-BOOOOOM!!! An enormous explosion sends tons of water into the air. Gondolas and water taxis go flying in all directions as people SCREAM and dive to the ground. Empty gondolas crash down onto the ground as people run to avoid them.

SUSAN

Is shocked as everyone in San Marco Square SCREAMS and starts running. She looks down at the cell phone. The final number wasn't dialed. There must have been a second detonator.

Right then ... CLICK! Susan turns and sees the tall man with the camera a few feet away. He smiles, takes another picture of her, then turns and runs off into the crowd.

SUSAN

Shit!

And with that, Susan takes off running after him.

EXT. VENICE STREETS - DAY

Susan runs after the tall man as he pushes his way through the panicking crowds fleeing San Marco Square. As Susan struggles to keep up with him, she clears the number off the detonator phone and dials Nancy.

SUSAN

Nancy! I need help! I'm in pursuit of one of the terrorists! I need your eyes on this. I can't keep up with him.

NANCY

Where are you?

SUSAN

I can't see street names. Just track this phone! Now!

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nancy quickly types into the system. INTERCUT WITH SUSAN.

NANCY

Does he have a gun?

SUSAN

I don't know. He has a camera. He took my picture. I can't let him show anyone who I am.

A satellite image of Venice pops up on Nancy's monitor. Susan's phone flashes in the middle of it. Nancy zooms in on a blurry shot of Susan running from overhead.

NANCY

I've got you!

EXT. VENICE STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Susan picks up speed as the man runs around a corner. The crowds of people are slowing down as they get further from the explosion. The tall man shoves through the crowd, jumping onto bridge railings and springing off garbage cans to avoid people.

SUSAN

See if you can find him. He's the only one running up ahead of me. I'm losing sight of him.

NANCY

(scanning monitor)

I see him. He's still in the same street as you, around a couple of corners. But there's no side streets for him to escape into yet. *

Susan hurries and dodges and weaves like a linebacker through the confused crowd. She's getting winded.

NANCY (CONT'D)

He just turned left and is running diagonally across an open square. He's really fast.

SUSAN

I hadn't noticed! *

EXT. CAMPO - CONTINUOUS

The tall man runs out of the square and into a narrow walkway. The crowds are sparse. This is off the beaten path. Susan races into the square and runs toward the walkway.

NANCY

He went into a building.

SUSAN

Which one?

NANCY

I'll tell you when you get there. Keep going!

Susan runs into the walkway. When she's halfway down ...

NANCY (CONT'D)
There! He went in there!

Susan pulls out her gun and enters.

INT. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Susan enters a crumbling old apartment building. Winding rickety stairs lead up to the roof. She HEARS the tall man's footsteps as they run up the stairs. Then they go silent.

SUSAN
(whispering into phone)
He's at the top of the stairs.
Stand by.

NANCY
Please be careful. You've never
done anything like this before.

SUSAN
Thanks for reminding me.

Susan puts the phone in her back pocket and starts cautiously up the stairs, gun held out in front of her. She peeks cautiously up between the railings toward the top. Nothing.

When she reaches the top, she sees a door to the roof. It's ajar. Holding her gun at full alert, she pushes through the door.

EXT. ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

BLAM! The door kicks back hard into Susan and knocks her sideways. She falls heavily onto the roof. The tall man steps out from behind the door, having kicked it in on her.

The tall man is holding a knife and smiling at her evilly.

TALL MAN
(Italian accent)
I've always wanted to kill a
terrorist. Can't believe you set
off that bomb. You almost killed a
lot of people.

Susan struggles to recover from the door hit. She aims her gun at the man.

SUSAN
Stop or I will shoot you.

TALL MAN

I don't think you will. I can see
in your eyes. You're new. You've
never shot anybody before. Plus,
you don't have any bullets.

Susan looks confused. He nods toward her left side. She looks
and sees the ammo clip from her gun sitting five feet away.

MAN

Oops. Somebody didn't put their gun
together correctly. Guess that CIA
training isn't what it used to be.

He stalks forward until he's standing over her, ready to stab
her. She stares at him, scared, wide-eyed. Then ...

SUSAN

I guess you're right.

In a flash, SUSAN KICKS HIM INCREDIBLY HARD IN THE BALLS. He
doubles over, dropping his camera, and she unloads a huge
kung fu kick right into his chest. He stumbles back, dazed.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Oh, no. Oh, shit.

He stumbles back to the edge of the roof and falls off,
plummeting five stories. Susan jumps up and runs over. Peers
over the edge.

SUSAN'S POV: The tall man has landed on a jagged pile of
bricks and rusty old scrap metal. An iron pole protrudes
through his chest where it impaled him. He is quite dead. *

Not prepared for this sight, Susan involuntarily throws up
over the edge of the building.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

(watching her vomit fall)

Oh no ...

Her vomit rains down on the tall man's corpse. It couldn't be
more disgusting. Seeing this makes her start to throw up
again but she claps her hand over her mouth so as not to hit
him a second time.

Susan turns and throws up on the roof, then takes the phone
out of her pocket, dazed and sick to her stomach.

NANCY

What happened? Are you okay?

SUSAN

Yeah, I'm fine. I just killed a guy
and threw up on his corpse.

NANCY

Man, you're hardcore.

*

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAY

ON A MONITOR, the video of Ford unknowingly walking into the crowd with the bomb in his bag plays on the screen of the camera Susan took from the tall man.

REVEAL Nancy is watching the monitor with Peter, who stands next to her. Sharon watches from her station.

PETER

They were setting Ford up to look like he was the bomber. Someone really wants to make us look bad.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Susan sits on the bed in her hotel room watching the man's camera, a new contact lens camera in her eye sending the image back to Nancy. INTERCUT WITH NANCY AND PETER.

*
*

SUSAN

We'd just arrived. Somehow they knew he was going to be in Venice. The good thing is they didn't seem to know anything about me.

*

PETER

They do now.

SUSAN

Only that woman, whoever she is. The only pictures they took of me are on this camera.

*
*
*

As she talks, Susan clicks through still photos on the camera. The photos of her, then photos of Ford in various places around Venice.

*

PETER

We assume. But there was clearly a second person who detonated that bomb and they definitely have somebody on the inside if they know all our agents and their movements. I have to assume you've been compromised too.

SUSAN

Possibly but-- oh my god ...

*

A picture of the tall man's penis appears on the screen. Then another one. Then one of him naked in a bathroom mirror pointing at his penis proudly. Then spy shots of the beautiful detonator woman through her apartment window naked; in the shower; doing nude yoga; all unaware of the camera.

NANCY

Well, he seems like the sort
deserving of having vomit rained
down upon his lifeless body after
all.

*

*

*

*

SUSAN

(opening a video file)

Uch, god, I can only imagine what
this is.

Susan hits play. It's a video of the tall man as he's fiddling with the camera for the first time. It's practically shooting up his nose. In the background, we HEAR voices.

MAN'S VOICE

--and go back there after the
attack. I'm taking Gianni to Capri
and will find out more there. But
you need to make sure to-- Nicola!
Are you listening to me?

*

The camera shifts as the tall man turns to look at who's talking. We can see across the room it's SERGIO DE LUCA. The beautiful woman is also there.

TALL MAN

I was just testing the camera.

DE LUCA

Well, turn it off. I need--

The video ends.

SUSAN

Nancy, book me a ticket to Capri.
I'll head to the airport right now.

PETER

Forget it, Cooper. It's too
dangerous. I want you to come back
immediately.

SUSAN

No, Peter. There's no one else to send. Let me do this. They definitely know all the other agents but we don't know if I've been compromised or not. I'm your only option and we're running out of time. Please let me do this for Fine. Please.

*
*
*

PETER

You're no good to me or Fine if you're dead, Susan.
(thinks, then)
All right but disguise yourself and be extremely careful. As far as I know, we have no idea who this Gianni is. You don't know what you're walking into. These people are ruthless.

*

SUSAN

Thank you, sir.

Peter turns to go, then turns back.

PETER

And Cooper? Nice work on diverting that bombing. That would have been a real mess.

*

Susan smiles as Peter walks out. As he walks past Sharon ...

RICK FORD

(over his monitors)
How did I do, sir?

PETER

Great, Ford. Keep your eyes on your shit next time.

As Ford deflates ...

EXT. NAPLES - DAY

An airliner flies over the densely packed houses and buildings of Naples and lands at the Naples airport.

EXT. NAPLES AIRPORT - DAY

Susan walks out of the airport, her hair dyed dark brown and cut shorter. She wears glasses and looks like a kindergarten teacher. She definitely doesn't stand out. She scans her surroundings, then hails a cab.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Susan sits in the backseat, watching Naples go by, looking a bit excited. The TAXI DRIVER holds up a picture of a CAT.

TAXI DRIVER
This is Luciano. He is very fat.

SUSAN
Why are you showing me that?

TAXI DRIVER
You seem like a cat person.

SUSAN
Can you just drive the taxi, please?

EXT. FERRY DOCKS - DAY

Susan's taxi pulls up to a port where several huge ferries are docked. Tourists and locals are everywhere, looking for their boats. Susan walks toward one marked "CAPRI."

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nancy watches Susan's POV as she heads to the Capri ferry.

NANCY
(in Susan's earpiece)
You okay?

Susan's thumbs-up comes into frame on her POV monitor.

INT. FERRY - DAY

Susan walks into the main passenger area of the large ferry. It is very full. The only seats available are at the very front of the boat. She heads up and sits in the front row. She turns sideways so she can keep an eye on everyone.

Susan's eyes scan the other passengers. All tourists and locals. No one looks suspicious or seems to be watching her. She pulls out a guide book of Capri, pretending to read but still scanning the crowd.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - DAY

The ferry plows along through very choppy waters.

INT. FERRY - DAY

Susan looks green. The front of the boat where she's sitting is really pitching up and down. She's trying to hold it together. She pulls out a pen and paper. Writes.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Susan's POV shows she's written "I'M GOING TO THROW UP." *

NANCY

Really? Man, you've got a weak
stomach. Go get some air. You don't
want to cause a scene.

Susan gets up shakily and tries to make her way to the back
of the ferry, where a door leads to an outdoor area. The
choppy water makes the journey incredibly difficult.

Susan's face is getting sweatier by the minute as she
struggles to not vomit. A big bump makes her fall into a
LARGE MAN eating a big salami and provolone sandwich. *

LARGE MAN *

(in Italian)

Be careful, stupid woman!

The blast of salami breath in Susan's face proves too much as
Susan clamps her hand over her mouth. Just then ...

VOICE (O.S.)

(heavy Italian accent)

Here, senora, let me help you.

Susan turns and sees a kindly older Italian SAILOR next to
her. He puts his arm around her and leads her back to the
outdoor area. She nods her gratitude, her hand still clamped
over her mouth.

EXT. BACK OF FERRY - DAY

The sailor leads her to the back railing. Susan leans over it
and throws up, completely nauseous.

SAILOR

Front of the boat is the worst
place to be when sea is like this. *

Always stand in back for air.
(then; quietly)

If you want to be an agent, you
cannot get sea sick in front of
entire boatload of people.

She looks at him surprised, then unsure if he's a friend or
enemy. She acts confused.

SUSAN

What are you talking about? Agent
of what? I'm a schoolteacher.

SAILOR

Don't worry. I am Aldo, like the shoe store found in American malls. I work for Peter. He told me to keep an eye on you. I will be watching if you need any help. Here's your gun. Good luck.

He secretly slips an envelope into Susan's purse. Then he cups her butt and squeezes it. She GASPS. He walks back into the boat as if nothing happened.

NANCY

Did he grab your butt?

SUSAN

Yes.

NANCY

Yeah, they said he would.

As Susan breaths deep and tries to recover ...

EXT. CAPRI - DAY

The ferry is docked in the harbor. Huge expensive yachts sit off to one side as other ferries come in and out. Susan gets off the ferry and takes in the breathtaking island of Capri. Susan stares at it in awe.

SUSAN

Wow.

NANCY

It's beautiful. You're so lucky. *

SUSAN

I might get killed, Nancy.

NANCY

Yeah, but still ...

SUSAN

Any leads on where De Luca is?

NANCY

Not yet. None of the airlines have any bookings under his name. He may not even be there yet.

SUSAN

That or he didn't fly. Do we know who this Gianni is yet? *

Susan takes out her compact camera and zooms it all the way out, using it as a telescope to scan the people walking around the harbor.

NANCY

Nothing comes up. It's like he doesn't even exist.

Susan scans the expensive yachts. She focuses on something. *

SUSAN

Maybe it's because he's not a he.

NANCY

He's a she?

SUSAN

No. He's a yacht.

SUSAN'S POV: A large ornate yacht is docked amid the others. The name on the back of it reads "GIANNI."

EXT. CAPRI HARBOR - CAFE - DUSK

Susan sits at a table in a touristy cafe next to the water. She nonchalantly watches De Luca's yacht, pretending to take pictures of the harbor in the late afternoon sun.

VOICE (O.S.)

A beautiful day, was it not?

She turns to see Aldo, the sailor from the ferry, sitting next to her. He smiles and laughs, speaking loudly.

ALDO

I am happy to offer you a boat tour of the island for tomorrow, lady. I give you good price. Blue Grotto included!

(quietly; leaning in)

I have procured for you a very reliable motorbike to be used at your discretion. You will need it. There is a chance that De Luca is meeting with Massimo Jordana, who lives up on top of the island in Anacapri. Jordana has spent much time of late in Pakistan. We suspect he is working with the Kashmir Jedah Force, who are looking to procure large weapons. *

SUSAN

Thank you, Aldo. Very good to know.

ALDO

It is my duty. And my honor.

They stare at each other for a few beats. Then ...

SUSAN

Can you take your hand off my
vagina, please?

*

REVEAL that Aldo's hand is resting about as high up on
Susan's thigh as possible without having his hand in her
vagina. He lets it linger another few seconds.

*

ALDO

I will bring you more information
as I receive it.

He leaves as if everything was fine. Susan shakes her head.

SUSAN

Nancy, get me all the info you can
on this Jordana guy.

Just then, she sees De Luca, dressed to the nines, getting
off his yacht and into a private car. The car heads through
the harbor town and starts up the hill to the city of Capri.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Okay, De Luca's on the move. I'm
gonna follow.

Susan heads over to the moped Aldo left her and jumps on.

EXT. ROAD TO CAPRI - DUSK

Susan motors along a few cars back from De Luca as his car
winds its way up the steep hairpin turns of Capri's roads.

NANCY

Oh man, I'm getting sea sick.

SUSAN

YOU are? I just got off a boat.

NANCY

You're not the only one who can get
sick, you know.

SUSAN

Hey, let's just have a little radio
silence for a bit, okay?

NANCY

I'm sorry. I'll take a Xanax.

*

EXT. CITY OF CAPRI - DUSK

Susan pulls up in front of a taxi stand and watches as De Luca gets out of the car and heads down the Via le Botteghe into the center of Capri. She parks her scooter and follows.

She follows De Luca through the crowds sightseeing and sitting in cafes in the main square. He heads down the Via Camerelle past the expensive stores and the glamorous Quisisano Hotel.

He then walks over to a fancy building that reads "CAPRI CASINO." Several men in tuxedos greet De Luca as he heads inside. The place looks right out of a James Bond movie.

NANCY

Are you going in?

SUSAN

(with a smile)

Not before I'm able to blend in a little better.

INT. EXPENSIVE STORES - MONTAGE - DUSK

- Susan is in an expensive dress store. She tries on a long satin dress. It clings to her. She looks fantastic.
- Susan is getting her hair and nails done at an expensive salon.
- Susan tries on a killer set of high heels.
- Susan handing over her credit card in all these places.

EXT. VIA CAMERELLE - NIGHT

Susan steps out onto the Via Camerelle, looking absolutely amazing. She cleans up well. As she walks down the street, people stop and turn. She's enjoying the attention.

NANCY

I don't know if they're going to reimburse you for all that. You should have gone to cheaper stores.

SUSAN

You can't catch a big fish with cheap bait, my friend.

NANCY

Yeah, but accounting says they'll only reimburse disguises up to three hundred dollars and they discourage the use of name brand--

*
*

SUSAN

Okay, going offline, Nancy. Can't take a chance of them seeing the ear piece.

Susan pulls out her ear piece, happy to have some silence. She puts it in her clutch purse and struts to the casino.

EXT. CASINO - NIGHT

Susan walks up to the entrance. The tuxedoed BOUNCERS stare at her in awe. She struts past them.

SUSAN

Buongiorno, boys. Wish me luck.

She gives them a seductive wink and heads inside.

INT. CASINO - NIGHT

Susan walks in glamorously and suddenly stops.

SUSAN'S POV: The casino is filled with people dressed like shit. Shorts and t-shirts and baseball caps. Total tourist place, garish and cheap looking.

An older American FEMALE TOURIST walks up to Susan, a bucket of nickels in her hand.

FEMALE TOURIST

Excuse me, ma'am, where's the bathrooms? Oh, and can you send a waitress over to the nickel slots?

SUSAN

I don't work here.

FEMALE TOURIST

Well, Jesus, ain't you fancy then?

The woman walks away as Susan scans the place. No sign of De Luca. A WOMAN AND THREE KIDS suddenly surround Susan and pose with her. An American MALE TOURIST snaps a picture.

SUSAN

Oh, no, you can't--

MALE TOURIST

Don't worry, I know how this works.

He hands Susan a 5 euro bill as he and his family walk off. *

SUSAN

Sir, I ...

She notices De Luca across the casino, exiting out a back door with some other men. She heads after him.

*
*

EXT. BACK OF CASINO - NIGHT

De Luca and the other men head down a path toward a nondescript building behind the casino. Susan follows cautiously, keeping a safe distance.

De Luca and the men go into the building.

INT. CASINO DE CAPRI - NIGHT

Susan walks in and stops in her tracks.

SUSAN'S POV: This is the real casino. Big and beautiful, filled with people in evening gowns and tuxedos. Nicer than Monte Carlo. De Luca and the men disappear into the crowd.

Susan is about to follow when an exotic female HOSTESS approaches her with a clipboard.

*

HOSTESS

Good evening. Your name, please?

SUSAN

Um, Penny Morgan.

HOSTESS

(scanning the list)

I'm sorry, Miss Morgan. We don't have you on here.

SUSAN

Well, I just thought I'd--

VOICE (O.S.)

She's with me.

Susan turns to see Rick Ford approaching suavely, decked out in a killer tuxedo.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nancy sees Ford on Susan's POV monitor. Nancy GASPS, then turns to Sharon.

*

NANCY

Goddammit, Sharon, why didn't you tell me Ford was there?

SHARON

Hey, I don't have to tell you everything I do.

NANCY

You're going to die sad and alone,
you know that, right?

INT. CASINO DE CAPRI - CONTINUOUS

Susan tries not to show her shock as Ford hugs her. *

RICK FORD

You're late, my dear. But the way
you look, I'd say it was worth the
wait. Come, let's get a drink.

The hostess gives Ford a flirty smile as he takes Susan by
the arm and leads her into an alcove. Whispers angrily.

RICK FORD (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing? *

SUSAN

(angry whisper back)
Me? What are you doing here? They
know who you are. You're completely
compromising me right now.

RICK FORD

Yeah, this was way worse than you
about to create a scene trying to
crash this place.

SUSAN

Yes, I was going to start screaming,
"I'm a crazy cat lady from Iowa! You
can't keep me out!" I'm not an
idiot. You need to get out of this
casino, Rick. De Luca is here and I
need to get close to him. *

RICK FORD

How, Cooper? You're gonna seduce
him? Is that your big plan? *

SUSAN

Maybe it is. Why is that so hard to
believe? *

RICK FORD

Because you look like a school
teacher who just won the lottery.
This is the big leagues, Coop. Life
and death. It's a hell of a lot
different than sitting behind a
bunch of monitors Googling shit.

SUSAN

(into Ford's ear)

You hear that, Sharon? That's what he thinks of you. Can't wait for him to ask you to the prom.

(to Ford)

Just stay away from me, Ford, and don't let De Luca see you. And take out your ear piece. Why don't you just tattoo "I'm a spy" on your goddam forehead?

Susan walks away from him and into the glamorous crowd as Ford feels his ear piece, looking a bit unsure. Pulls it out secretly and puts it in his pocket.

INT. CASINO DE CAPRI - BACCARAT TABLES - NIGHT

Susan walks toward the baccarat tables. De Luca sits at one, playing a high stakes game with other rich looking men. People stand around and watch.

Susan takes out a stick of deep red lipstick and puts it on. Primps her hair, takes a deep breath and heads over.

She positions herself in De Luca's line of sight, under a light that makes her stand out. De Luca is engrossed in the game and doesn't notice her.

De Luca reveals his cards, winning the hand. The crowd watching "OOOs" and APPLAUDS. As De Luca glances up to acknowledge the crowd, Susan APPLAUDS LOUDER to draw his attention. She makes a sexy face at him.

He smiles at her. Susan makes an even sexier face, but then notices that his eyes are looking past her. She turns and sees a GORGEOUS WOMAN standing behind her. Stunning, in a sexy dress and high heels. The woman smiles back at De Luca.

Susan subtly steps in front of the woman, obscuring De Luca's view of her. Susan gives him her sexy face again but he's already gone back to the game.

Regrouping, Susan "accidentally" steps hard on the front of the gorgeous woman's open toed shoe. The woman yelps in pain as Susan turns to her.

SUSAN

Oh, I'm so sorry. I didn't even see you there. Oh god, come, sit down.

Susan moves her away from the baccarat table and over to a bench. The woman's confused but in pain.

GORGEOUS WOMAN

Ow, I'm fine. Really.

SUSAN

No, someone stepped on me like that once in Monte Carlo and my toes swelled up like hot dogs. I spent the rest of the night with my right foot looking like Fred Flintstone wearing stilettos. You look too stunning to take a chance like that. Just ice your foot for five minutes. I'd feel better if you did.

Susan flags down a WAITRESS.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Could you get my friend an ice pack? I'm worried about her.

The waitress nods and helps the confused woman away. Susan makes sure she's gone, then heads back to the table. She positions herself even closer to De Luca, getting into a sexy stance, making sure the light is hitting her correctly.

De Luca makes a big bet and is given a card. Before he turns it over, Susan says loud enough for him to hear ...

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Good luck. Not that you need it.

He looks up at her. She winks, then gives him a big open mouthed smile, REVEALING SHE HAS LIPSTICK ALL OVER HER TOP TEETH. It couldn't be less sexy.

De Luca gives her a weird look, then goes back to his cards. Susan looks frustrated, then starts to move even closer to him. As she's almost to him, someone grabs her and pulls her away.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Game over. Come with me. Right now.

Susan is being hustled away so fast, she can't focus on who is holding her. The person pushes her into a bathroom.

INT. CASINO BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Susan enters the bathroom and turns to see who pushed her in. RAYNA BOYANOV stands before her, wearing a stunning self-assured dress, hair and make-up natural and gorgeous, a large modern pendant hanging from her necklace, everything about her tough but feminine. She's cool as ice.

Susan freezes, stunned, as Rayna stares at her, emotionless.

RAYNA

Congratulations. You're dead.

Rayna reaches into her purse as she steps toward Susan. Susan tenses. Rayna pulls out a tissue. She's snarky but cool.

RAYNA (CONT'D)

He now has zero interest in you,
clown teeth. You opened your mouth
and looked like you just ate a box
of birthday candles. What the hell
were you thinking?

*

Susan looks confused. Rayna spins her to face the mirror.

RAYNA (CONT'D)

Smile.

Susan does and sees the lipstick all over her teeth. Rayna steps in front of her and starts to wipe the lipstick off of Susan's teeth with the tissue.

RAYNA (CONT'D)

Don't you check your make-up before
you hit on a guy? That was so
embarrassing, you made me want to
poke my eyes out.

*

*

SUSAN

I ... uh ... I just did my lipstick
quickly when I saw him.

*

RAYNA

Well, smooth move, killer. Way to
troll out of your league. You're
not his type, you know.

SUSAN

Why not?

RAYNA

Uh, because you're over twenty. I
know him and he's a creep. Trust
me. He thinks I'm too old for him.

Susan is very confused but trying to cover. Does Rayna know who Susan is? Is she toying with her? There's no way to know.

*

SUSAN

Well, thanks for the help.

RAYNA

Why are you all decked out in this place? No offense but you really don't look like you belong here.

Susan studies Rayna, considering her reply. Then ...

SUSAN

I'm on vacation. My husband left me for our neighbor and I got some of his money and now I'm going to all the places he never wanted to go. Sort of a revenge tour.

Rayna stares at Susan for a long beat, as if she's assessing Susan's story. Then she shakes her head.

RAYNA

Well, that sucks. I hope you're spending as much of his money as you can.

SUSAN

Like my outfit?

RAYNA

Yep, you are. You're not here by yourself, though, are you? Please tell me you didn't do anything that sad.

*
*

SUSAN

All right, I won't tell you.

RAYNA

(laughs)

Wow. That really bums me out. And yet I kind of admire you for it. Let me buy you a drink, weirdo.

SUSAN

You don't have to do that.

RAYNA

I know I don't. But I feel like if I don't do something nice for you, it'd be like leaving a puppy in the middle of the freeway. C'mon.

SUSAN

I really shouldn't--

RAYNA

(pointed)

Don't insult me by saying no. I
don't take rejection well. Trust
me.

*
*
*

Rayna gives her a no-nonsense look. Susan stares at her,
unsure what to do. She then makes a decision and nods yes.

RAYNA (CONT'D)

Excellent choice. I buy great
drinks. Let's go.

Rayna turns to leave. Before Susan follows her, she quickly
pops the camera contact lens out of her eye and palms it. She
then follows after Rayna, steeling herself for anything.

INT. CASINO DE CAPRI BAR - NIGHT

Susan and Rayna sit at a table in the ornate casino lounge.
Susan has an expensive looking glass of red wine. Rayna
drinks a martini, sizing Susan up.

RAYNA

So, tell me everything.

SUSAN

About?

RAYNA

You. Where you from? What do you
do? The whole lowdown. I don't even
know your name.

Susan glances at her wallet, which sits in her purse. There's
no escape from it. She pumps herself up, then sells it.

SUSAN

Penny Morgan. I'm from Iowa. Ames,
to be exact. I'm the vice president
of the Garden Club and I sell Mary
Kay Cosmetics. And I love to knit
and do needlepoint. And decoupage.

Rayna stares at her for a second, then bursts out laughing.

RAYNA

And you were just trying to pick up
Sergio De Luca? Wow, girl, you've
got some brass balls on you. You
must sell the shit out of those
Mary Kay cosmetics.

SUSAN
(hating this)
I won a car.

RAYNA
And your husband left you? That
neighbor must have been hotter than
hell. *

SUSAN
I don't know. I guess so. It just
kind of happened. I mean, she was
younger than me. But we'd been
having problems.

RAYNA
What, in bed?

SUSAN
(not expecting that)
Um, yeah, I guess that was part of
it. I just think he started looking
at me more like his sister than his
wife. He liked me when I was
helping him and supporting him but
the passion died out a while ago.

RAYNA
Then screw him. You'll find someone
better. You're pretty. I might
change up the mom hair but you know
how to rock that dress. *

SUSAN
Thanks. I like your pendant. It's
really unique. Where'd you get it?

Rayna touches her enamelled pendant, which is rectangular and
very modern. She shrugs.

RAYNA
Present from my dad.

SUSAN
Nice. Okay, I bored you with my
life. Now tell me all about you.

RAYNA
Nothing to tell. My name's Kim
Hudson and I have a good time.

SUSAN
It must get expensive.

RAYNA
My dad's rich.

SUSAN
What does he do?

RAYNA
He lays in the ground. He's dead.

SUSAN
I'm sorry.

RAYNA
What are you gonna do? I help run
his business now. Blah blah blah.

Rayna suddenly reaches out and grabs Susan's wallet out of
her purse. Opens it. Sees the picture with the ten cats.

SUSAN
Hey!

RAYNA
Oh, man, that is some sad shit
right there. That's an assload of
cats. Your house must stink. *
(pulls out cards)
"Frequent Flyer Buyer at the Yarn
Barn?" "Tulip Bulb of the Month
Club?" Is that a picture of a doll
house? That's super creepy.

Susan takes the wallet back, hating this.

SUSAN
All right, I get enough abuse at
home.

RAYNA
You're a real mystery, Penny
Morgan. You're either the most
repressed housewife in the world or
you're a spy and somebody gave you
a really terrible identity.

Susan is clearly thrown by this but plays it cool.

SUSAN
I *wish* I was a spy. It's gotta be
more interesting than what I do
back in Iowa.

RAYNA

Yeah, until somebody kills you.
(studies Susan, then)
I like you. You're weird. In a good way. Wanna go to Paris?

SUSAN

(thrown)
What?

RAYNA

I'm flying to Paris tonight on my dad's plane. You should come with me. I can get you a room at the Bristol.

*

SUSAN

I ... I don't think I can.

RAYNA

Why? You got yarn you need to go shopping for here? C'mon, we'll introduce you to some real men. Then you can knit them some condoms and shove tulip bulbs up their ass if that's your thing.

*

*

*

*

*

SUSAN

This is crazy.

RAYNA

Only if you say no, Iowa. Offers like this don't come along everyday. Take a chance.

Susan tries to read Rayna's face. Does she know she's a spy or doesn't she? Susan can't tell. She thinks, then ...

SUSAN

Okay. I'm in.

RAYNA

Awesome. Let's get out of here. Capri's boring. We'll stop by your hotel and get your stuff.

Rayna gets up. Around the lounge, several LARGE BODYGUARDS stand up also. Susan didn't even notice them before. They are clearly carrying guns under their jackets.

SUSAN

Wow, friends of yours?

RAYNA

They just keep an eye on me.
Dangerous for a girl to travel
alone these days. But I guess
nobody told you that.

Rayna looks past Susan and sees something. Her eyes narrow.
Susan glances secretly to see what it is. Across the casino
is Rick Ford, chatting up a pretty cocktail waitress.

SUSAN

(to Rayna)
Something wrong?

RAYNA

Nope. Nothing at all.

Rayna subtly indicates Ford to her bodyguards with her eyes.
Two of them nod and take off toward Ford. Susan tries to hide
her concern.

RAYNA (CONT'D)

So, which hotel are you in? The
Quisisano?

SUSAN

No, nothing that nice. I forget the
name. It's on my key.

Susan digs in her clutch for her key.

INSERT: Inside her purse, Susan palms her earpiece and
secretly starts tapping on it lightly with her thumb.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nancy's drinking a mug of tea. She hears the tapping on the
earpiece and snaps to, almost spilling her tea. She grabs a
piece of paper and starts writing down letters.

NANCY

She's sending code.
(calling to Sharon)
Sharon, you've been spotted. Two of
Boyanov's guys heading your way.

SHARON

Ford took out his earpiece. Susan
told him to. I don't have him.

NANCY

Shit. Susan! He's offline. Oh man,
you can't hear me either.

INT. CASINO DE CAPRI - CONTINUOUS

Susan watches as the two bodyguards walk up behind the unsuspecting Ford and grab his arms, pulling him toward the exit. Trying to stay focused, she pulls out her key.

SUSAN

Here it is. I'm at the Stella Maris.

RAYNA

(taking the key)

Wow, one star. What, were all the cardboard boxes and dumpsters already booked? If you're trying to bankrupt your ex, there are much quicker ways to do it.

*

SUSAN

Then let's get to Paris and start maxing out his cards.

She takes Rayna's arm and starts across of the casino after Ford and the guards. With her free hand, she quickly and secretly taps more code into the palmed earpiece.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nancy listens intensely, writing down Susan's code.

NANCY

"Shut ... off ... the power."
(grabs phone; yells in it)
Shut down the power to the casino.
... What? Then shut down the entire grid. Now!

EXT. CAPRI - NIGHT

From high above the island of Capri, we see half of the island go dark.

INT. CASINO DE CAPRI - CONTINUOUS

Just as the guards are about to take Ford out the door, the lights in the casino go out and all the DOORS SLAM SHUT AUTOMATICALLY, locking everyone in. The guards pulling Ford look around in surprise as people REACT.

CASINO MANAGER

Everybody, please remain calm and stay where you are.

Ford uses the moment to spin and attack them. He takes one out with a swift punch to the jaw, dropping the guard immediately. He then spins and takes out the other guard with a head grab and knee to the face.

SUSAN

Oh my god, what's going on? Rayna,
are you okay?

Susan hears another of Rayna's guards running up behind her to stop Ford. Using the darkness, she throws a fierce elbow up just as he runs past her. The guard takes a direct shot to the face and goes down hard, out cold.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Ow! Somebody hit me! What's
happening?

Susan crashes into Rayna as if she's been pushed. Ford runs off toward a locked side exit as Susan secretly taps more code on the palmed earpiece. As Ford reaches the door, all THE LIGHTS COME BACK ON AGAIN and the doors unlock.

Ford pushes through the door and escapes before anybody sees him. The restored lighting reveals the three unconscious body guards. Susan SCREAMS as Rayna looks around, surprised.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Oh my god, what happened to your
guys? Was it a robbery? Are they
all right?

Rayna's final bodyguard runs up, looking surprised at his fallen comrades. Rayna throws him an angry look.

RAYNA

Gee, I certainly hope they are.
It'd be terrible if they weren't
able to perform their duties.

Off Rayna's look that says we won't be seeing those bodyguards again ...

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

A private jet flies through the night sky.

INT. PRIVATE JET - NIGHT

Susan and Rayna sit in the very fancy jet, Susan back in her dumpy Penny Morgan clothes. The jet is laid out like a living room/party pad, gold and wood everywhere. A STEWARD serves them champagne as Rayna's lone remaining body guard sits in another seat. Susan looks around the jet, amazed.

SUSAN

Wow, this is really nice. Is it yours?

RAYNA

It's my dad's. You've never been on a private jet?

SUSAN

Me? Are you kidding? I was lucky if I could get my husband to buy plane tickets and not force us to take the bus to visit my sister in Chicago.

*

RAYNA

Well, then here's to popping your private air travel cherry.

Rayna clinks glasses with Susan. Susan takes a sip of the champagne.

SUSAN

Holy smokes, that's good.
(then)
Why are you being so nice to me?

RAYNA

I already told you. I feel sorry for you. It's pure pity. Don't get too excited about it.

SUSAN

Yeah, but c'mon. This is a bit crazy. I'm some woman you just met in a casino. It doesn't make sense.

RAYNA

Hey, nothing fun makes sense. Except champagne.
(then, after a beat)
You remind me of my mom.

*

SUSAN

(a bit thrown)
Really?

RAYNA

Yeah. She died when I was 13. She was great. She did lots of weird shit like you do. The minute I saw you with lipstick on your teeth, it was like I was looking at her again.

SUSAN

Please tell me she was young when she died.

RAYNA

She was. Here's her picture.

Rayna holds out her iPhone with a picture on it. Susan looks and blanches.

SUSAN'S POV: Rayna's mom is extremely unattractive and out of shape.

SUSAN

(covering)
She looks sweet.

RAYNA

She was. I still miss her.

SUSAN

Well, then ...
(raises glass again)
Here's to your mom.

RAYNA

To my mom.

They CLINK. Just as they do, BLAM! They look up to see the steward pointing a smoking gun at them. They then look over and see that the steward has shot Rayna's bodyguard. He sits wide-eyed, dead. *

RAYNA (CONT'D)

(to the steward) *
Colin! What the hell?! *

STEWARD

I'm sorry, Rayna, but we have to divert the plane.

There's a rumbling sound. Susan looks out the window and sees a Lear Jet flying next to them, almost touching their wing. *

RAYNA

Holy shit, who paid you off?

STEWARD

Does it matter? Let's just say there's some people who really want what you're selling.

RAYNA
 (seeing the other jet)
 So, what, you're kidnapping me? *

STEWARD
 No, I'm just helping them do it. *

The pilot comes out of the cockpit, a gun aimed at the steward.

PILOT
 (to the steward)
 Drop it, asshole. Right now--

The steward spins and shoots the pilot in the chest, knocking him backwards into the cockpit and onto the steering yoke. The plane starts to nosedive. The steward aims his gun at Susan.

STEWARD
 Sorry, lady. They only paid me for one person. I'm afraid the free ride is ove--

In a flash, Susan kicks her leg up and knocks the gun out of Colin's hand and into the air. Susan springs out of her seat and in one continuous move catches the gun and smacks it across the steward's face, knocking him out cold.

Susan rushes into the cockpit and pushes the pilot off the controls, his body falling through the doorway and into the aisle. She grabs the yoke and starts to level the plane. *

BAM! The plane suddenly jolts violently. Susan looks up and sees the other Lear Jet is now above them, ramming down on their roof. *

SUSAN
 Jesus Christ, asshole, we're not in goddam cars.
 (to Rayna)
 Hang on! *

Susan pushes the yoke forward.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Rayna's jet dives and then does a sharp left turn. The Lear Jet banks sharply and heads after them, in pursuit.

INT. PRIVATE JET - CONTINUOUS

Rayna falls onto the dining table as the plane banks steeply and the champagne and hors d'oeuvres go flying.

Susan sees the Lear Jet pursuing on her radar screen. It's approaching fast. Rayna yells to Susan in the cockpit.

RAYNA

Do you know what you're doing?!

SUSAN

Yes, my husband taught me how to use the flight simulator program on his computer.

RAYNA

You're shitting me.

SUSAN

Buckle up!

Susan flips some switches expertly and rolls the plane up and to the right. Rayna is knocked off her feet.

EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS

Rayna's plane shoots up and away from the pursuing Lear Jet. However, the Lear Jet accelerates and chases after.

INT. PRIVATE JET - CONTINUOUS

Rayna tumbles down the aisle, the unconscious steward and dead pilot rolling after her. She hits the back wall and the bodies roll on top of her. Rayna freaks. *

RAYNA *

Oh my god! Tip the nose down! Get them off me! *

RADIO (O.S.)

(man's voice)

Boyanov plane, you will divert your flight and follow us to Corsica or we will bring your plane down. Do you copy? *

SUSAN

(grabbing mic)

Negative. If you persist in your pursuit, we will be forced to take offensive action. *

RADIO (O.S.)

Who is this? *

SUSAN

The President of the Ames Garden Club, that's who. *

Susan shoves the yoke forward, sending them into a steep dive.

EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS

Susan dives as the Lear Jet follows. They are going extremely fast as they speed down toward the Italian Alps.

As they dive, the Lear Jet maneuvers recklessly to get over Rayna's plane. The pilot brings the Lear Jet down on top of Rayna's plane again, hitting it harder.

INT. PRIVATE JET - CONTINUOUS

The plane jolts violently as Susan fights to keep control. The bodies roll down the aisle as Rayna hangs onto the table legs to keep from sliding after them. She looks up and sees the Alps approaching through the cockpit windshield.

*
*

RAYNA

Holy shit, you're gonna get us killed.

SUSAN

I'm trying to avoid that. Think positive!

EXT. ITALIAN ALPS - CONTINUOUS

The two planes speed toward a tall peak, the Lear Jet trying to make contact with Rayna's plane again. Susan weaves the plane back and forth to avoid it.

Susan speeds toward the mountain peak, then banks left quickly, just missing the peak. The Lear Jet looks like it's going to hit the mountain, then just misses it, its wing clipping a snowy cliff, sending an avalanche of snow tumbling down the mountain.

INT. PRIVATE JET - CONTINUOUS

Susan dives down toward the valleys between the mountain peaks as Rayna watches out the windshield, wide-eyed.

RAYNA

This isn't fucking Star Wars! Get away from the mountains!

SUSAN

Do you want to lose them or not?!

RAYNA

I'd like to *live* is what I'd like to do!

*
*
*

EXT. ITALIAN ALPS - CONTINUOUS

Susan weaves the plane through the valley between the mountains, low to the ground, kicking up clouds of snow, the Lear Jet hot on her tail. Only the moonlight and the lights on the plane show the dangerous terrain as it approaches.

The Lear Jet's door slides open and a MAN wearing a harness leans out just enough to raise a machine gun and aim at Rayna's plane. He OPENS FIRE, hitting Susan's left wing.

INT. PRIVATE JET - CONTINUOUS

Susan sees the bullets rip into the wing.

SUSAN

Shit! Hold on!

RAYNA

Like I have a goddam choice?!

*

Susan twists the yoke hard to the right.

EXT. ITALIAN ALPS - CONTINUOUS

Susan peels away sharply, heading right toward the side of a mountain. She pulls back hard on the wheel and shoots up the side of the mountain, barely skimming the surface.

The Lear Jet banks and pursues, the man continuing to fire the machine gun at Rayna's plane. His bullets tear up the side of the mountain as the pilot struggles to get closer.

The two planes fly up and past the mountain's peak, snow exploding off it from their roaring engines. Susan banks and heads back down toward the mountains as the Lear Jet follows, blazing gunfire at them.

INT. PRIVATE JET - CONTINUOUS

Susan grips the yoke and weaves evasively as Rayna looks white with fear. Bullets rip into the right wing now.

SUSAN

Okay, now they're pissing me off.
If they hit our rudders or gas
tank, we're dead. I'm gonna end
this. Han--

RAYNA

If you tell me to "hang on" again,
I'm going to throw up all over you!

SUSAN
Suit yourself.

Susan grabs the throttle and pulls it back hard, the engine decelerating as if she just stomped on the brakes. *

EXT. ITALIAN ALPS - CONTINUOUS

Susan's plane drops down and de-accelerates quickly as the two planes head toward the mountains, Susan moving under the Lear Jet. Susan's plane then rises up, its fuselage hitting up against the Lear Jet's right wing.

Susan's plane then accelerates up sharply, flipping the Lear Jet 90 degrees just as they approach a mountain peak. The Lear Jet banks off right, momentarily out of control, and SLAMS into the mountainside, EXPLODING INTO A FIREBALL.

Susan's plane banks left, just avoiding the exploding fireball as it singes her right wing. Her plane flies up and away to safety.

INT. PRIVATE JET - CONTINUOUS

Susan sits back in the pilot's seat and heaves a relieved sigh, the enormity of what she's just been through sinking in. Just then ...

CLICK. She turns to see a shaky Rayna aiming a gun at her.

RAYNA
Congratulations, Penny Morgan. You just blew your cover. Now, put the plane on auto-pilot and get up. Any bullshit and I will spread your brains across that control panel.

Susan cautiously clicks the auto-pilot on and slowly gets up. Thinking quickly.

SUSAN
Rayna, I know what you're thinking but you're wrong.
(then)
My name is Amber Valentine.

RAYNA
Amber Valentine? What are you, a stripper? *

SUSAN
No, I know, it's a stupid name but I'm a private body guard and your father sent me. *

RAYNA

Holy shit, you really want to die, don't you?

SUSAN

I'm not lying. Before your father was murdered, he asked me to keep an eye on you.

RAYNA

Bullshit. He didn't know he was going to die. And he never mentioned anything about you.

SUSAN

He knew people were after him. And he didn't talk about me because ... he just wouldn't have.

RAYNA

If you tell me you were fucking my father, I'm going to shoot you.

SUSAN

Then shoot me. Because I was.

Rayna stares at her, anger in her eyes. Unsure.

RAYNA

You're lying.

SUSAN

No, I'm not. We met when he traveled to Rome last year. He was meeting with Fedya Grigorevna about the suitcase nuke and I was on Grigorevna's security detail. After that, I would meet your father on his plutonium runs to Zarechny and sometimes fly in to spend time with him at his villa in Varna.

RAYNA

None of that is true. These are all details the CIA would know. You're an agent.

Rayna tightens her grip on the gun, her finger tensing against the trigger. Susan stays cool.

SUSAN

No, I'm not, Rayna. I loved your father. And he loved me. Or at least he said he did.

(MORE)

*

SUSAN (CONT'D)

I thought he might have mentioned me to you but there you have it. He was a complicated man. But the one thing I know is that he loved you above all else. He just had great guilt that he could never really show it.

This seems to affect Rayna, who blinks at her. Susan sees this and continues. As Susan talks, INTERCUT flashback images from Fine's video screen during his raids on Boyanov's house as Susan remembers them:

- a picture of an 8-year-old Rayna holding a rifle next to her father. She has a pink ribbon in her hair.
- another of a handgun-holding 15-year-old Rayna with her father and some other men. Her smile is forced.
- a photo of a 21-year-old Rayna with her father at a birthday party. He smiles for the camera as Rayna smiles at him, her eyes wanting his approval.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

He knew how desperate you had always been to please him, that even as a child you knew he was disappointed you were a daughter and not a son. He saw how you overcompensated for that by trying to become something you weren't, by trying to please him. And he knew you'd be driven to prove to yourself you were worthy of his respect, that you would chase his approval even after he was dead by trying to carry on his business. It's why you were the only one he told about the location of the weapon. He wanted you to succeed. But he worried about your safety, as he should. And that's why he told me to protect you. He just didn't want you to know that I was.

*

Rayna's eyes begin to tear as she processes this. She starts to lower her gun. Susan has struck a nerve.

RAYNA

(quietly)

I'm sorry I doubted you. It's just so hard to know anymore. I can't trust anybody now.

(MORE)

RAYNA (CONT'D)

I mean, there's no way to know if somebody's for real or if they could have just seen a bunch of pictures in my father's office via a contact lens cam and then done some amateur psychology to construct a vague analysis of how screwed up the only daughter of a powerful misogynist must be just to save their ass.

*

Rayna's eyes harden again and she raises the gun to shoot Susan.

RAYNA (CONT'D)

Goodbye, spy.

SUSAN

You think I'm a spy? Okay, asshole, how about this? Your father had a huge birthmark on his left ass cheek and an incredibly small dick that curved to the right. His balls were the size of lemons and he was obsessed with feet and occasionally made me jerk him off with my toes and when he orgasmed, he sounded like a walrus being strangled and--

*

*

RAYNA

All right, all right, I believe you! Jesus Christ, stop, you're gonna make me throw up.

Rayna lowers the gun and stares at Susan. After a beat ...

RAYNA (CONT'D)

I used to hear him with lots of women in our house. He was a goddam freak. I spied on him once and I've needed therapy ever since. You'd better be one hell of a body guard since the image of you fucking him is burned into my brain.

*

*

*

*

*

*

(then)

Let's get to Paris. I need a drink.

As Susan gives her a sympathetic smile and gets into the pilot's seat ...

EXT. PARIS-LE BOURGET AIRPORT - MORNING

Rayna's plane lands on the runway of this private airport in Paris, the city rising in the background.

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

Susan drives as Rayna sits in the passenger seat of an economy rental car. Rayna looks put off.

RAYNA

They rent cars that aren't shitty and embarrassing, you know.

*
*

SUSAN

We can't attract attention. People are after you and so the stealthier we are, the safer you are.

*
*

RAYNA

I can't believe Colin sold me out. I've known him since I was twelve. He was completely loyal to my father. I thought he liked me.

*

SUSAN

Who, that steward? You're a different person now and a lot of things are going to change. Now, tell me exactly why we're in Paris.

RAYNA

I have meetings.

SUSAN

With who?

RAYNA

Potential buyers.

SUSAN

Which ones?

RAYNA

You know, my father never shared the details of his dealings with anyone and the ones he did, he killed. So, unless you'd like me to kill you, just worry about my security and mind your own business.

SUSAN

Knowing who you're meeting with *is* my business. And if you don't mind me saying, I think you're in way over your head.

Rayna pulls out her gun and presses it against Susan's temple.

RAYNA

And unless you'd like to lose yours, I'd suggest you shut the fuck up.

*
*
*

SUSAN

All right, all right. Sheesh, I liked you better when you thought I was Penny Morgan.

RAYNA

I liked you better when you thought you were Penny Morgan.

EXT. LE BRISTOL HOTEL - DAY

Susan's rental car pulls up in front of the glamorous Le Bristol Hotel on the Rue St. Honore. They get out as the DOORMAN takes their bags out of the car.

Susan notices a SHADY MAN walking up behind Rayna menacingly. He reaches into his pocket and starts to pull something out as he stares at her and is about to make contact.

In a flash, SUSAN EXPERTLY WHIPS HER KEYS AT HIM, just missing Rayna and HITTING HIM RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES. He GRUNTS and falls down hard onto the sidewalk.

Rayna turns and sees him. He's holding a pack of cigarettes that he was pulling out of his pocket. He slowly sits up, dazed, rubbing his forehead painfully.

RAYNA

Anton?

(turns to Susan)

Jesus Christ, hair trigger. You don't have to protect me from my own goddam body guards.

*

SUSAN

(playing it cool)

I see a threat, I take it out. That's my job.

*

Rayna stares at Susan for a beat, then turns to Anton.

RAYNA

Be more like her, asshole.

INT. LE BRISTOL HOTEL - HALLWAY - DAY

Susan and Rayna walk down the hall, followed by Anton, who has a welt where the keys hit him.

RAYNA

I'm going to take a shower. Go change out of your mom jeans and come to my room in 15 minutes. We've got a big night.

Rayna hands Susan a key and then opens the door to her own room and goes inside. Anton takes his place outside her door, guarding it. He gives Susan the stink eye. She stares back.

SUSAN

Keep looking at me like that and next time those keys are going right up your ass.

She turns and heads to her room, which is two doors away. She unlocks the door, gives Anton another tough glare and heads inside.

INT. SUSAN'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Susan steps inside and closes the door behind her. She leans back against the door and heaves a sigh. Having to act so tough is clearly hard on her. She looks a bit freaked out.

She pulls the earpiece out of her pocket and puts it in her ear, keeping her finger on it. She's about to talk when she stops herself. Looks around the room, her eyes scanning.

SUSAN'S POV: She notices a miniscule glint of light up in the corner of the room. ZOOM IN on a tiny fiber optic embedded into the join in the corner of the crown molding.

FIBER OPTIC POV: We see the room and Susan standing in it as the secret camera sees it. Somebody is watching her.

Susan pretends to itch the inside of her ear, covering that she just put the earpiece in. She tries to act normally and puts her suitcase on the bed. Opens it. Takes out some toiletries and heads to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Susan walks into the bathroom and puts her toiletries on the counter, her eyes secretly scanning the room. She glances up and sees something.

SUSAN'S POV: Another tiny fiber optic is built into upper corner of the bathroom.

FIBER OPTIC'S POV: We see the bathroom and Susan standing in it. This camera sees absolutely everything you do in here. *

Susan tries to act nonchalant but she looks very put off.

SUSAN
(under her breath)
... perverts ...

NANCY (O.S.)
(through earpiece)
Nancy?! Is that you??? Are you
being attacked by perverts?! *

Susan starts to HUM, putting on a show of casualness for the camera, as she heads out of the bathroom. *

NANCY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Why are you humming? Is something
wrong? Are the perverts making you
sing? Talk to me. Where have you
been? Are you humming a code? *

Susan rolls her eyes, not able to talk and now having a panicked Nancy in her ear. She grabs a cell phone from her bag and heads out. *

EXT. LE BRISTOL HOTEL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Susan comes out of the room and sees Anton on guard in front of Rayna's room. She hides the cell phone in her jacket.

NANCY (O.S.)
Susan? Please answer me!

Susan COUGHS in the hopes of signalling Nancy to shut up.

NANCY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You coughed! Have you been
poisoned? Did somebody stab you?
Are you choking?

Susan heads down the hall and walks past Anton.

SUSAN
(to Anton, acting cool)
Going to get stockings, not that
it's any business of yours.

NANCY (O.S.)
"Going to get stockings?" That's
code for a kidnapping, right?

Anton reaches out and grabs her by the arm. Pulls her close.

ANTON

(French accent)

You and me, we could guard each other's genitals tonight, no?

SUSAN

(pulling away)

Calm down, Pepe Le Pew. Shove some ice down your pants. *

NANCY (O.S.)

Pepe Le *Who*? Why's he wearing nice pants? Is that who's holding you hostage? Cough once for yes, twice for no.

Susan heads off down the hallway as Nancy continues to jabber in her ear.

EXT. RUE ST. HONERIE - DAY

Susan walks out the front door of the hotel and heads down the Rue St. Honerie, pulling out her phone and holding it to her ear to cover that she's talking to Nancy.

NANCY (O.S.)

Susan?! Are you still alive?!

SUSAN

Jesus Christ, yes! Calm the hell down. You're driving me crazy.

NANCY

You disappeared for 12 hours. We didn't know what happened.

SUSAN

I had to take out my ear piece and contact lens because if Rayna is onto our agents, she'll be able to spot any of our equipment a mile away. I'm going to have to remain on radio silence. I can't even risk keeping the ear piece on me and typing code to you.

NANCY (O.S.)

Don't worry. I'll be able to keep a better eye on you now.

SUSAN

What? How?

SUSAN CRASHES INTO NANCY, who is standing in front of her on the street. Susan GASPS.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Nancy! What are you doing here?!

NANCY

We got worried when you went off the grid and so they sent me in case you needed help.

SUSAN

They sent *you*?

NANCY

Well, I forced them to. I'm as unknown as you are and so I figured my cover was safe.

VOICE (O.S.)

Amber?

SUSAN/NANCY

(in unison)

Yes?

Susan turns and blanches. It's Rayna, who looks confused that they both answered. Anton is with her.

SUSAN

(trying to cover; joking)
Yes, Amber Valentine, at your service, m'lady!

Nancy looks at Susan with an incredulous look that says, "Oh my god, you took my fake name!" Rayna stares at Nancy.

RAYNA

Who's this?

SUSAN

She's one of my cyber security experts. She contacted me to see if we needed her help but I told her we don't.

RAYNA

(to Nancy)

What's your name?

A look of panic in Nancy's eyes. Trying to think fast ...

NANCY
(blurts)
Susan Cooper.

Susan's eyes go wide but she quickly covers. Barely.

SUSAN
Yes! My associate ... Susan Cooper.

She glares secretly at Nancy as Rayna steps forward.

RAYNA
Well, Susan Cooper, I actually have
some direct deposit Swiss accounts
I need set up. Can you do that? *

Nancy glances at Susan to see what she should say.

SUSAN
Susan can do whatever you need.
She's the best.

NANCY
(not good under pressure)
Yes, I am. The best. No one better.

SUSAN
She's modest, too.

Susan and Nancy laugh, Susan pissed, Nancy freaked.

RAYNA
You guys are fucking weird. C'mon,
I've got a meeting tonight and I
want to vet what you're going to
wear. You walk in dressed in your
Chico's shit and we'll get laughed
out of the place. *

As Rayna talks, Susan notices a black Mercedes with darkened windows approaching. The passenger window rolls down and the barrel of an Uzi starts to come out. Susan snaps to.

SUSAN
Get down!

She grabs Rayna and Nancy and pulls them down behind a parked car just as the Mercedes OPENS FIRE. Anton is cut down by the bullets and hits the ground, dead, as people on the street SCREAM and start running. The Mercedes speeds away.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
(to Nancy)
Susan, get Rayna to safety, now!

Susan runs over to a moped that a MAN was parking right before the shooting. The man cowers next to the moped. Susan grabs his keys from his hand and jumps on the moped. She guns its engine and speeds off after the Mercedes.

EXT. STREETS OF PARIS - DAY

Susan chases after the Mercedes through the streets of Paris. She pushes the moped as fast as it will go but it's no match for the Mercedes, which is getting further away from her.

The Mercedes is far ahead as it turns a corner. Seeing she can't catch up, Susan thinks.

SUSAN'S FLASHBACK: We see a street map of Paris pop into Susan's head as she remembers talking Fine through a Paris chase. ZOOM IN on a small alley that runs diagonal to the street she's currently on.

Susan sees the small side alley approaching and guns her moped into the mouth of it, zooming down the small shortcut.

NANCY (O.S.)

Amber! What are you doing?

SUSAN

I have to find out who's trying to kill Rayna. If it's terrorists who want the weapon, we need to capture them, and if it's some other country trying to kill her, I need to stop them. If they kill her, we'll never get that bomb back.

Susan zooms out the end of the alley, just in time to see the Mercedes flying past her. She guns the engine and pursues.

EXT. RUE ST. HONERIE - CONTINUOUS

A panicking Nancy is pulling Rayna down the street as they run away from the scene of the shooting. Nancy pretends to talk into her phone as she talks on the earpiece.

NANCY

(to Susan, via earpiece)

What are you going to do if you catch them?

SUSAN (O.S.)

I'll figure it out if I do! Just keep Rayna safe!

NANCY

I am.

RAYNA

Where are we going?

NANCY

I have no idea. Somewhere French.

*

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Mercedes skids around a corner ahead of her. Susan guns the moped and tries to catch up, skidding around the corner.

REVEAL a traffic jam up ahead as Susan rounds the corner. The Mercedes skids to a stop behind the other cars. It's trapped. It SCREECHES a U-turn and heads straight at Susan.

She sees the Uzi come out of the window again. Just as it aims at her, she pulls out her gun from her waist and shoots the gunman's wrist. He drops the Uzi, which clatters onto the street and skids under a parked car.

The Mercedes barrels straight at her. Susan swerves and just avoids a head-on collision. As the Mercedes flies by, Susan skids her moped to a halt and burns rubber as she pulls a U-turn, accelerating after the Mercedes.

EXT. RUE ST. HONERIE - CONTINUOUS

Nancy, completely out of shape, is now beet red and sweating profusely as she tries to keep running with Rayna. However, she's going very slowly. Rayna looks confused.

NANCY

I ... must ... get you ... to ...
safe ... ty ...

*

Nancy drops to her knees, winded. Rayna just rolls her eyes.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Mercedes SCREECHES around a corner, followed closely by Susan. As the Mercedes guns its engine and starts to pull away, Susan shoots at its back tires. They explode and the car swerves wildly.

Susan guns her engine and catches up to the Mercedes, which is going slower because of its blown tires. Susan starts to pull up next to the passenger window, which is still open. She aims her gun as she pulls forward.

SUSAN

Drop your weapons and pull over
now!

As Susan pulls up next to the passenger window, she sees the shooter, who is holding her shot wrist. It's Karen Walker, the female superspy from the CIA.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Karen! Holy shit, I didn't mean to shoot you. Didn't you know it was me you were firing at?

*

KAREN WALKER

Yes, Susan. I did.

Karen pulls out a gun and is about to shoot Susan as Susan's eyes go wide. BLAM BLAM! Two gunshots shatter the windshield, KILLING BOTH KAREN AND HER DRIVER WITH PRECISE SHOTS TO THE FOREHEAD. The Mercedes veers off to the side and crashes into a parked car.

Susan is completely shocked as she skids to a stop. She looks around to see who the shooter was but there's no one visible. She scans the surrounding buildings and roofs but nothing.

Feeling exposed, she quickly guns her moped and speeds back toward the hotel.

EXT. LE BRISTOL HOTEL - DAY

Susan skids to a stop in front of the hotel, just in time to see a sweaty and winded Nancy walking toward her. Susan jumps off the moped.

SUSAN

Where's Rayna?

NANCY

I don't know.

SUSAN

Nancy! How can you not know?! I told you to watch her!

NANCY

I think I passed out. I--

Suddenly, water rains down on their heads. Shocked, they look up. Rayna is leaning out of her hotel room window five stories up, holding an empty bottle of Evian. She just shakes her head and goes back inside. Susan glares at Nancy.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Susan and Nancy ride up in the elevator, both wet from the water Rayna poured on them. Nancy looks surprised.

NANCY

Karen Walker? That's crazy. Do you think she's the only double agent?

*

SUSAN

I have no idea. I don't know how deep this goes. But I don't think we can trust anybody now.

*

NANCY

Holy smokes ...

(then)

I can't believe you took my spy name.

*

SUSAN

Me, *Susan Cooper*? Why didn't you just call yourself "Please Kill My Friend?" I have no idea if she knows my name or not. I don't know what she knows or if she's buying any of my covers. Something's not right. I don't even know if you're going to kill me now.

*

NANCY

I wouldn't kill you, Susan. Not even if I was actually a ruthless double agent posing as a gangly, awkward, lightly neurotic British woman.

*

*

*

*

SUSAN

You're not making me feel any better.

INT. RAYNA'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Rayna paces around. She's trying to act cool but is clearly a bit unnerved. Susan and Nancy stand before her.

RAYNA

Well, guess what? We're gonna need more body guards.

*

SUSAN

I'm so sorry about Anton.

RAYNA

Shit happens. If he can't even guard himself, he's not gonna keep me alive. We're going to need more backup where we're going tonight...

(re: Nancy)

(MORE)

RAYNA (CONT'D)

... and Big Bird here's not gonna be any help. Get me some more guards as good as you, Amber. We've got a big night. Be ready for anything.

*

Off Susan's nod and Nancy's worried look ...

INT. LE BRISTOL HOTEL - HALLWAY - EVENING

Susan heads down the hallway. Sees a porter up ahead pulling a garment rack, delivering dry cleaning to rooms. He knocks and goes inside one. Susan looks around, then walks over.

She quickly looks through the expensive clothing on the rack. Finds A VERY SEXY, TRENDY, EXPENSIVE DRESS. She coolly and stealthily takes it and heads toward her room as the porter comes out and pushes his rack away, unaware.

INT. SUSAN'S HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Susan, post-shower in her robe, primps her hair and looks over at the dress which is inside a walk-in closet. She smiles and walks in, taking off her robe.

After a beat, she walks out wearing the dress. It looks terrible on her. Way too big and hanging off her like a poncho. She sighs, bummed.

INT. EXPENSIVE STORE - EVENING

Susan hands over her credit card, looking like someone who has just spent way too much (again) on an outfit. Nancy stands with her.

NANCY

They won't reimburse you for that, you know. The clothing allowance cuts off at fifty--

SUSAN

If you tell me that again, I will kill you. Just worry about getting the new bodyguards, okay?

*
*
*

NANCY

Already did, grumpy. The agency said they're sending their best.

*

INT. SUSAN'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. Susan, dressed in her expensive high fashion outfit, opens the door to find Aldo and ANOTHER GUY who looks like him standing there, dressed in all black.

ALDO

Hello, Amber Valentine! My brother Arnaldo and I are at your service. Your breasts look very lovely in that outfit.

Susan eyes them both, not exactly reassured.

EXT. RUE DE RIVOLI - NIGHT

Crowds of beautiful young Parisians crowd outside Paris' hottest VIP nightclub, trying to talk their way past the bouncers. It's a scene.

Nancy stands off to the side, surveying the crowd, using an iPad Mini to monitor everything. She has pictures of various terrorists and bad guys she's checking against the crowd.

NANCY

(through her earpiece)

No one so far, Susan. Slightly intimidating crowd, however.

Two SUPER HOT FRENCH GIRLS walk past Nancy and look her up and down. She gives them a friendly smile. They burst out LAUGHING.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Who says the French aren't friendly?

INT. VIP ROOM CLUB - NIGHT

A high tech Paris dance club. DANCE MUSIC POUNDS. Packed with beautiful young Parisians, French celebs and American B and C listers. Rayna and Susan sit at a VIP booth off to the side. Aldo and Arnaldo stand guarding it.

SUSAN

So, who are you meeting?

RAYNA

A customer.

SUSAN

Someone you've met before?

RAYNA

Yes, but keep an eye out for her.

SUSAN

What does she look like?

Rayna opens a picture on her iPhone and shows it to Susan. It's the BEAUTIFUL WOMAN from Venice who tried to blow up Rick Ford. The color drains from Susan's face as she covers.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Very pretty.

RAYNA

I'm not dating her, oddball. Just bring her over when she gets here.

*

Susan nods and gets up. Looks around nervously. Whispers to Aldo as she walks by ...

SUSAN

Keep your eyes open. I may need help.

Susan wades into the crowd. She holds her ear, speaking into her earpiece.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Nancy, the woman who spotted me in Venice, the bomber, she's coming to the club. Did you see a beautiful blonde woman, very exotic looking?

EXT. RUE DE RIVOLI - CONTINUOUS

Nancy looks around. She is literally surrounded by beautiful blonde women with very exotic features.

NANCY

You may have to narrow that down a bit.

INT. VIP ROOM CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Susan heads through the crowd, searching. Then, she furrows her brow. Looks closer. Her face registers disbelief.

SUSAN'S POV: Rick Ford, wearing a moustache and sunglasses, in "disguise," dancing with a beautiful model as he not-so-secretly surveys the place.

*

*

Susan heads over to him, upset. It's hard to get through the packed dance floor. She gets jostled about as the oblivious dancers gyrate wildly. She finally gets to him and cuts in.

*

SUSAN

(to beautiful model)

Back off. He's mine.

(dancing away with him)

What are you doing here, Ford?!

*

*

*

RICK FORD

You're gonna need help, Cooper.
This isn't play time anymore.

They continue to dance as they argue. Susan grabs hold of him and tries to dance him toward the door in what becomes a more and more aggressive techno-pop tango as he tries to dance her back to the middle of the floor. *

SUSAN

Yeah? Where'd you get that
moustache? Off a Mr. Potato Head?
She's gonna see right through that
stupid disguise. You look like a
70s porn star. *

RICK FORD

Just worry about yourself, Cooper.

Their dance/struggle becomes a weird slow rhythmic grappling match as they try to overpower each other without drawing attention. They are soon trying to slowly dance wrestle the legs out from under each other. *

SUSAN

You are endangering this entire
operation. Again. De Luca's trigger
woman from the Venice bombing is
coming to meet her here and if she
sees either one of us, she'll blow
my cover and we're dead.

Some dancers around them start to try and do the same "dance" as Susan and Ford slowly wrestle each other onto the floor. *

The MUSIC SUDDENLY STOPS as the lights dim and the CLUB OWNER takes the stage. Susan and Ford stop fighting and look. *

CLUB OWNER

(in French)

All right, everybody, we said
there'd be a special performer
tonight and we weren't kidding.
Please welcome to the stage ...
Kanye West!!! *

The place goes crazy as KANYE WEST walks out and his new song starts POUNDING. Susan jumps up. *

KANYE WEST

Bonjour, motherfuckers!

As Kanye starts performing, Susan sees the BEAUTIFUL WOMAN enter the club. She has two HUGE HENCHMEN with her.

SUSAN

Shit! We can't let her get to Rayna. Help me get her out of here, Ford, any means possible.
(into earpiece)
Nancy! Get in here now!

Susan pulls out her gun and tries unsuccessfully to push her way through the dense crowd toward the woman as Nancy runs into the club. Susan sees Rayna scanning the club.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

(into earpiece)
Nancy, don't let Rayna see her!
Create a diversion to draw her attention! Now!

*

Nancy sees the woman making her way toward Rayna, then sees Susan trapped in the crowd. Nancy looks at Kanye on stage.

As Kanye gets to the chorus of his song, NANCY SUDDENLY LEAPS ONTO THE STAGE AND TACKLES KANYE. They go down hard. The whole club GASPS as Kanye's bodyguards and the club's bouncers swarm the stage. People stop dancing and watch.

NANCY

Kanye! I love you! I traveled all the way from Norwich to see you!
Kiss me!!!

KANYE WEST

Lady, get your big English ass off me!

Nancy wrestles with Kanye as the guards try to pull her off and everybody watches, some LAUGHING. Susan sees both Rayna and the woman watching the stage.

Susan comes up behind the woman and grabs her by her collar, shoving the gun into her back.

SUSAN

(in the woman's ear)
Move quietly to the door or I will shoot you. Let's go.

The woman freezes as her henchmen turn and see Susan's gun pressed into her back. Susan gives them an "I'm not kidding" look and starts to move the woman toward the door.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

(into her earpiece)
Nancy, I've got her. Meet me outside.

Nancy hears this and suddenly tries to extract herself from Kanye's bodyguards and bouncers, acting perfectly normal.

NANCY

Okay, I'm fine. I'm all better.
Just got over-excited. Can you
blame me? OW! That's my arm you're
twisting there. Oh, crikey, those
are my ribs!

The swarm of security manhandle Nancy off the stage toward the wings. Susan sees this and looks over at Ford, signalling him to meet her outside. He runs over and grabs the woman.

RICK FORD

All right, I'll take it from here,
Cooper. Let's go, you--

The woman uses the moment to spin and send an elbow into Ford's jaw, dropping him. In the same move, she knocks the gun out of Susan's hand, spins her and gets Susan in a choke hold as her henchman rush at Susan.

Nancy sees Susan in trouble as she's being pulled off stage. Notices a sound mix board she's being dragged past. A small control panel next to it reads "Dance Floor Effects" in French. Nancy hits all the buttons as she's pulled past.

BOOM! Confetti cannons all around the club explode clouds of thin paper confetti into the air as fog cannons shoot jets of fog onto the dance floor. The crowd CHEERS.

Susan uses the distraction to kick her legs up in the air and nail both henchmen in the chin with her heels. They fall back in pain as Susan sends an elbow into the woman's stomach.

Susan twists free as the woman stumbles backwards. One of the henchman pulls his gun and raises it to shoot Susan. In a flash, Susan tips a cocktail table over and ducks behind it just as the henchman fires.

BLAM BLAM! The bullets hit the table top as Susan hides behind it. People SCREAM and start running for the exits.

BLAM BLAM! Aldo and Arnaldo pull their guns and shoot the two henchmen in the back, dropping them. They then aim at the woman, who stands stunned. Rayna sees her and looks confused.

ALDO

Do not move!

WHOOSH! A huge jet of fog blasts out of one of the dance floor cannons, completely obscuring the woman. When it stops, she's gone. Susan turns and sees her running for the exit.

SUSAN

Aldo! Get Rayna out of here!

*

Susan runs off after the woman, who pushes her way through the fleeing crowd and out the exit.

EXT. RUE DE RIVOLI - CONTINUOUS

The woman runs away from the club as Susan squeezes her way out the door. Susan sees her sprinting across the very busy street and runs after her.

The woman is insanely athletic, leapfrogging off of moving cars, hurtling herself over their hoods and sliding across their roofs, parkour style.

*

Susan is nowhere near as graceful but still manages to keep up, rolling and tumbling painfully over cars and getting battered between them as they slam on their brakes to avoid her. Everybody watching winces in pain at each impact.

As Susan makes the other side of the street, she sees the woman running down the sidewalk. Susan sprints after her.

SUSAN

(into earpiece)

Nancy! Where are you?

NANCY

A bit indisposed.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS - INTERCUT WITH SUSAN

Nancy is being shoved into the back of a police truck by cops and Kanye's bodyguards as she struggles to get free.

NANCY

It seems Kanye doesn't have a great sense of humor or irony.

SUSAN

Show them your ID. I need your help!

NANCY

I didn't bring my wallet. My pants were too tight. I wanted to keep a slim silhouette.

EXT. RUE DE RIVOLI - CONTINUOUS

Susan sees the woman duck into a side alley.

SUSAN

Then call someone! I'm in pursuit
and I'm gonna need backup. I don't
have my gun.

Susan flies around the corner and down the alley as the woman
rushes into a doorway.

INT. BISTRO KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Susan yanks open the door and finds herself in the small
kitchen of a French bistro. A COOK stares at Susan, wide-
eyed. His eyes shift to look next to her. Uh oh.

SLASH! The woman bursts out from behind the open door with a
10 inch chef's knife just as Susan jumps out of the way. The
chef runs out as the woman attacks Susan fiercely, slashing
wildly as Susan grabs a pan from the stove. It's hot!

SUSAN

OW! SHIT!

Susan blocks a knife slash as the pan burns her hand. She
throws it at the woman, who deflects it with the knife and
keeps on attacking. Susan ducks and weaves as she looks for
another pan but they're all on the other side of the kitchen.

In desperation, she grabs a long loaf of French bread off a
stack of bread on the counter. She tries to fend off the
woman's knife attack but the bread only marginally slows the
woman down as she chops the loaf to bits.

As the woman takes a big swing, Susan grabs another loaf and
counters, smacking the woman in the side of the face hard,
the crust breaking and crumbs going into the woman's eyes.

Susan uses the moment to run around the center island and
grab a skillet and a cleaver off the other counter. The woman
leaps and slides over the island and attacks again as Susan
blocks her knife with the pan and fights back with the
cleaver.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Stop! I don't want to kill you.

WOMAN

(exotic accent)

The feeling's not mutual.

CLANG! CLANG! The fight is fierce as Susan starts to get
angry and the woman's attack intensifies. She takes a big
swing and hits Susan's cleaver so hard that it flies out of
her hand and sticks into the wall.

The woman smiles, winded but pleased to have Susan disarmed. Susan glances down quickly and notices the woman is standing on a section of perforated kitchen mat. The floor is wet underneath it.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

You really like to get in my way,
don't you, spy? Well, we all go
down eventually.

*
*

SUSAN

Yes we do.

*

And with that, Susan shoves the mat forward hard with her foot, pushing it out from under the woman's feet and causing her to fall forward. Susan swings the pan down hard on the woman's hand, knocking the knife away, then grabs the woman by the front of her shirt, spins her and slams her up against the kitchen wall, knocking her head against the concrete, dazing her.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

You're under arrest by the
government of the United States of
America.

The woman glares at Susan, then her hand finds a knife on the counter behind her. She grabs the knife and is about to stab Susan when suddenly ...

SHLINK!!! A long kitchen knife flies over Susan's shoulder and goes right into the woman's throat, pinning her to the wall, dead. Susan is stunned and horrified. She turns to see Rayna standing in the kitchen doorway.

*

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Rayna ... Holy shit. How did you do
that?

RAYNA

I didn't.

A person steps into the doorway from behind Rayna. IT'S BRADLEY FINE. Very much alive. Susan GASPS.

FINE

I did. Nice to see you again, Susan
Cooper.

And with that, several henchmen swarm into the room as Susan stares at Fine in disbelief, until a henchman comes up behind her and hits her on the back of the head with his gun. As her POV goes black ...

INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT - DAY

The SOUND OF A TRAIN slowly fades in as a blurry image begins to appear out of the darkness. Once it focuses, we can see it's Bradley Fine, staring at us, sitting across from us.

REVEAL Susan is sitting slumped into a train seat in a private compartment, the countryside flying by outside the window. She winces in pain and goes to touch the back of her head but can't because her hands are tied behind her back.

FINE

Have a nice nap?

Rayna walks into frame and sits next to Fine. She stares at Susan coldly.

RAYNA

Next time you want to play spy, you should wear a trench coat and fedora so that you can be even more obvious.

*

SUSAN

You knew?

RAYNA

Of course I knew. Everybody knew.

FINE

I told you you were better in the earpiece, Susan. You could have avoided all of this.

SUSAN

So, what, Fine? You're a nuclear black marketer now? A terrorist?

*

RAYNA

No. He's just fucking me.

Rayna kisses Fine deeply for Susan's benefit. Susan looks crestfallen. Rayna then gets up and gives Susan a smug smile.

RAYNA (CONT'D)

Hope you had fun. 'Cause the fun is over.

She pulls out a gun and presses it against Susan's forehead. Fine looks surprised. Susan stares at Rayna, in shock. Rayna pulls the trigger. CLICK. Empty. Rayna smiles coldly.

RAYNA (CONT'D)

Like I'd waste a bullet on you.
(to Fine)
Get her away from me.

Fine grabs Susan by the arm and pulls her up. He pulls her out of the compartment door as Susan throws a look back to Rayna. Rayna stares at her, a look of hurt in her eyes.

INT. TRAIN PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Fine pulls Susan down the passageway, angry.

FINE

Goddammit, Susan. You completely screwed yourself.

*

SUSAN

I did all this for you.

FINE

Yeah? To what? Get me killed?

They turn a corner. Fine's demeanor changes. He whispers.

FINE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about all this but it was my only way in. She knew about every one of our agents. Karen Walker sold her the names. I had to present myself as a traitor and seduce her to get in and find that weapon. I couldn't trust anyone in the agency not to give me away, even you.

SUSAN

Uch, you're old enough to be her father.

FINE

Her very young father. Like an early teenage pregnancy situation.

SUSAN

Do you know where the weapon is?

FINE

Not yet. But she made a deal with Solsa Dudaev. Sergio De Luca put it together.

SUSAN

That woman you just killed worked for him. She and De Luca tried to frame Rick Ford with a bombing in Venice.

FINE

Well, she was at that club to kill Rayna. The woman was working for a Basque Separatist group that doesn't want Dudaev to have the bomb. She wanted to kill Rayna to stop the sale. Rayna's in way over her head, Susan. She acts tough but she has no idea what she's doing. She's just trying to prove herself to her dead father.

*

SUSAN

How am I supposed to believe you about any of this? Staging your own death after starting a secret relationship with an arms dealer? And you never told me about it? It all sounds crazy.

FINE

Did Karen Walker try to kill you or not?

SUSAN

You shot her?

FINE

I'm deep undercover. But not so deep that I can't still protect you. I've missed you, Susan.

Susan stares at him, trying to figure out if he's for real. He seems very sincere.

SUSAN

Rayna really knew I was a spy?

FINE

Not until I told her. You blew your cover in the club and it was the only way I could keep you alive. She liked you, Susan. So, she's kind of a mess right now.

He opens the door to another train car and leads her in.

INT. CARGO CAR - CONTINUOUS

They enter a storage car with some suitcases and boxes in it. Sitting against the wall are Aldo and Arnaldo, who have their hands tied behind their backs and their ankles tied together.

ALDO

Hello, pretty lady!

FINE

(to Susan)

I'm going to get you all out of here. You just have to give me time. I told her we need you all as hostages in case the CIA tries anything else against her. So, just sit tight and I'll get this all done.

SUSAN

But who's going to help you?

FINE

I don't need help anymore, Susan. I learned from the best.

(sees ring on her necklace)

Hey, nice. Glad to see you like it.

*
*

He gives her a sweet smile and kisses her. She's confused and overwhelmed. He gently lowers her down so she's sitting against the wall next to Aldo.

Fine gives her a "don't worry" smile and wink, then exits the car to head back to Rayna. Susan watches him go. It's all too much for her to take in.

ALDO

We are glad to see you are alive.

SUSAN

What happened?

ALDO

When we took Miss Rayna into the back for safety, we were overpowered by Fine's men.

SUSAN

Do you think he's telling the truth?

ALDO

(thinks a beat)

It is my firm belief that he is.

(MORE)

ALDO (CONT'D)

He is not smart enough to be a double agent.

Susan thinks for a beat, then makes a decision. She shifts and turns her back toward Aldo.

SUSAN

Aldo, I need you to untie me.

ALDO

You have heard Mr. Fine. We should stay put. He is working a plan.

SUSAN

I don't care. I'm not going to just sit here. He'll need my help.

ALDO

It is too dangerous.

SUSAN

Untie me. Now.

Aldo exchanges a look with Arnaldo, then shrugs and nods. He turns himself so he is back to back with Susan. His hands appear to be working on her knot. Then ...

SUSAN (CONT'D)

(after a beat)

That's my ass, Aldo. You're simply grabbing my ass.

ALDO

I am sorry. It is very difficult to see or get proper leverage from this position. Lie on your side.

Susan looks suspicious and lies on her side as Aldo does the same, still back to back with her. After another beat of working on her ...

SUSAN

Wow, okay, you've got that hand right up in there. Are you anywhere near my wrists?

ALDO

It is close. The knot is very tight but I am making progress. However, my left hand is restrained from the weight of my body. Roll to your right.

Susan struggles to roll onto her stomach as Aldo awkwardly rolls himself on top of her, his hands now trapped between their butts.

SUSAN

Jesus Christ, you're crushing me.

ALDO

Okay, this is an idea that has backfired. I have solution. Do not move.

SUSAN

I swear to god, Aldo ...

He rolls off her and onto his stomach, then inchworms his face toward her butt.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

This can't be happening.

ALDO

Do you want to get free or not?

He puts his face on her butt cheek and pushes his face down to get leverage to inchworm his body and mouth closer to the knot.

ALDO (CONT'D)

(muffled, his face buried)

The back of your pants has the pleasing scent of lilacs.

SUSAN

Don't make this worse.

Aldo get his mouth onto the knot and starts trying to untie it with his teeth, pushing his face down into her butt to get a good grip on it.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

You are seconds away from the knot and your face entering my rectum.

ALDO

(very muffled)

Almost there. Hang on.

Susan looks over at Arnaldo, who is watching them impassively, as if this is something he sees everyday. Finally, Aldo pulls his head up and the knot unties.

ALDO (CONT'D)

It is done.

Susan throws off the rope and scrambles to her feet, trying to compose herself.

SUSAN

Thank you, Aldo. Despite a few detours, you did excellent work.

ALDO

The pleasure was all mine. My childhood diving for conch shells trained my lungs to have the necessary endurance to survive such an extended stay in your tender and beautiful buttocks.

Susan stares at Aldo, deciding whether to respond, when ...

KA-BLAM!!! The entire back half of their train car blasts into splinters, sending Susan flying into the other end of the car and Aldo and Arnaldo flying out of the car with the debris.

A stunned Susan looks through the smoke and dust to see a black helicopter hovering next to the hole. She also sees the train that was pulling Rayna's cars heading away from them, the explosion having uncoupled the cars.

Machine gun fire RIPS into the floor as a BLACK HOODED MAN fires an Uzi out of the helicopter. Susan jumps up and runs into the next car as the train slows to a stop.

INT. TRAIN PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Susan slides open the door to find the car filled with smoke.

SUSAN

Fine! Rayna! Where are you?!

Out of the smoke at the end of the corridor, Fine and Rayna appear, walking toward her. Then, the smoke reveals two HOODED MEN behind them, holding them at machine gun point.

Before Susan can react, the barrel of a gun presses against the back of her head. She glances back to see another HOODED MAN holding an Uzi on her.

HOODED MAN

Let's all go on a little trip, shall we?

Susan sees the men pull black bags over Fine and Rayna's heads. As another black bag is pulled over Susan's head, her POV of the captured Fine and Rayna goes to BLACK ...

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

The sound of a HELICOPTER from the inside. Out of the black, we start to see light through the fabric of the hood. We strain to focus through it and start to make out a body of water far below.

REVEAL Susan, Rayna and Fine sitting in a helicopter, still wearing their bags, hooded men sitting across from them with machine guns. Susan is trying to look out the window.

EXT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

The helicopter is flying over the Mediterranean toward a huge yacht in the middle of the sea. It's the Gianni. The copter banks and begins its descent to a helipad on the yacht. *
*

EXT. YACHT - DAY

The helicopter touches down as the doors open and the hooded men hustle Susan, Rayna and Fine out onto the deck and into the yacht's interior.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Susan, Rayna and Fine are brought into the yacht's huge split level living room. Dark wood and gold fixtures and white leather everywhere. The guards shove them to their knees and pull the bags off their heads. Rayna's eyes go wide.

Sitting on the couch before them is Sergio De Luca, dressed in an expensive Tom Ford suit.

RAYNA

Sergio? What the fuck?!

DE LUCA

I was going to ask you the same thing, Rayna. I'm not sure I approve of the company you've been keeping. We've got a lot of money and a very anxious buyer waiting to see if you're for real or not. And here you are, traveling around with not one but two CIA agents. It doesn't exactly inspire confidence, wouldn't you say?

RAYNA

Fuck you, Sergio. How dare you question me. You would never have done something like this to my father.

DE LUCA

Your father would never do something like this to me.

FINE

Mr. De Luca, the CIA thinks I'm dead. I have nothing to do with them anymore. I'm with Rayna now and I'm here to help both of you.

DE LUCA

You and Karen Walker are both double agents? What's going on at the CIA? Pay cuts? Or is it just bad food in the cafeteria?

(to Susan)

And you? Is this some sort of Make-A-Wish adventure? Or are you *also* a double agent?

*

FINE

This woman is an assistant in the agency. They apparently promoted her to find Rayna because she was unknown. We're just keeping her as insurance against any attack. We'll get rid of her once the deal's been made.

De Luca stares at them, thinking. Then he nods and stands up.

DE LUCA

Good thinking. Sometimes a hostage can be useful.

He then pulls a gun out of his waistband. Aims it at Susan. Rayna looks surprised.

DE LUCA (CONT'D)

(cocking the gun)

But in this case, I don't think we need one.

FINE

Wait!

DE LUCA

My goodness. Very emotional about a hostage, aren't we?

FINE

(covering; angry)

I said I want to keep her for now.

RAYNA

Sergio, knock off this bullshit.
It's really irritating.

*

DE LUCA

I'm just saying if this man is
truly on our side, I'd like a
little proof. Your father would
have done the same thing.

This stings Rayna. De Luca flips the gun around and holds the handle out for Fine to take.

DE LUCA (CONT'D)

Kill your hostage. Now.

Fine stares at the gun, thinking. Suddenly, Rayna snatches the gun out of De Luca's hand and aims it at De Luca's head.

RAYNA

I am not my father, asshole.

*

She pulls the trigger. CLICK. Nothing. De Luca smiles.

DE LUCA

No, you're not.
(then)
You're better than he was. Well
done. You passed the test.

De Luca looks warmly at Rayna, then takes his gun from her. He ejects the empty clip and pulls a full clip out of his pocket. Clicks it into the gun, then puts the gun back in his waist.

DE LUCA (CONT'D)

Let's go make some money.

De Luca heads for the bridge. Rayna looks a bit shaken. As Susan studies her and Fine tries to recover ...

EXT. MONTE CARLO - DAY

The yacht cruises into the bay of Monte Carlo.

EXT. YACHT DECK - DAY

De Luca, Rayna and Fine stand on deck at the front of the yacht as it pulls into its berth. Susan is sitting at a table, her wrist handcuffed to its base.

As the gangplank extends out to the dock, two imposing black SUVs pull up in front of the yacht. Several henchmen get out and stand guard at the second SUV.

DE LUCA

All right, our buyer is here.
 (to henchman; re: Susan)
 Unlock her. She's coming with us.

FINE

Why?

DE LUCA

Your word. "Insurance." A human shield is only useful if she's in front of you. They must have taught you *that* in the CIA, right?

A henchman unlocks Susan and grabs her by the arm. Brings her over to De Luca. De Luca pulls her close.

DE LUCA (CONT'D)

Try anything and you will be dead before you hear the gunshot.

They all head down the gangplank and approach the SUVs. One of the henchmen opens the door and SOLSA DUDAEV steps out.

DE LUCA (CONT'D)

Welcome to Monte Carlo, Mr. Dudaev. Is it your first time?

SOLSA DUDAEV

(Chechen accent)

Enough with the bullshit. Where is the package?

DE LUCA

Once my client has seen the payment, she'll be more than happy to take all of us to its quite secure resting place. Wherever that may be.

Dudaev glares at De Luca and Rayna, then nods to one of his henchmen. The henchman opens the passenger door revealing a MAN with a briefcase on his lap. The briefcase is chained to his wrist. Dudaev nods at him. The man unlatches the case.

He opens it, revealing it is FILLED WITH DIAMONDS. De Luca looks them over.

DE LUCA (CONT'D)

One hundred million Euros just doesn't buy what it used to, does it?

De Luca then pulls a jeweler's lens out of his pocket. Looks at Dudaev.

DE LUCA (CONT'D)

May I?

SOLSA DUDAEV

You do not trust me?

DE LUCA

No, I do not.

SOLSA DUDAEV

Maybe I don't trust you either.

DE LUCA

You probably shouldn't but since I have what you want, I'm afraid you have no choice.

Dudaev scowls at De Luca, who stares back, completely unfazed. Dudaev nods his head toward the diamonds, mad. De Luca digs into the diamonds and pulls out two at random. They're both very big. Inspects them.

As he does, Susan glances around. She looks back at the yacht and scans it. She sees one of the crew members with A LONG LENS CAMERA SECRETLY TAKING PHOTOS OF THEM.

DE LUCA (CONT'D)

I have to say, Solsa, I don't know who you're stealing from these days but they must really be missing these. Quite exquisite.

De Luca tosses the diamonds back into the case.

DE LUCA (CONT'D)

(turning to Rayna)

It's all yours.

RAYNA

(to Dudaev and his men)

Gentlemen, if you'll accompany us to my father's yacht.

SOLSA DUDAEV

No. We do not travel with you. We will follow in our own helicopter.

(to De Luca; pointedly)

It is a matter of trust.

DE LUCA

Whatever makes you feel better.

RAYNA

Well, actually, this isn't about trust. It's about size. And I'm afraid your helicopter's way too big to go where I'm taking you.

*

Rayna smiles and gestures them toward the yacht. De Luca looks surprised by this. Dudaev walks up to Rayna.

SOLSA DUDAEV

The payment stays where it is until we've seen the package and are back safely on this dock. Understand?

RAYNA

(with a sweet smile)

It helps me understand that you're kind of a pussy. But if that'll make you feel better, then go right ahead.

Dudaev glances at his men, unhappy to be insulted in front of them. He then glares at Rayna.

SOLSA DUDAEV

Take me to the package. Now.

He signals to his men. Two go back to guard the SUV and the other four follow him as Rayna leads them all back onto the yacht.

Susan looks up at the bridge again and sees the crew member continuing to take pictures of them all. De Luca pushes her to start walking.

INT. YACHT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rayna leads them all through the living room and down a staircase to a door.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

The two henchmen guard the SUV. Behind them, two rich ARAB WOMEN in full burkhas are dropped off by a Rolls Royce. The women start looking at all the docked yachts and start snapping pictures as they "ooo" and "aah" at the boats.

*

INT. YACHT - CORRIDOR - DAY

Rayna leads the group down a corridor past various guest cabins and toward a smaller door at the end of the hall.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

The two Arab women walk toward the SUV, snapping pictures of the skyline and each other, laughing and talking. The henchmen glance back at them but pay no attention.

INT. YACHT - ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Rayna opens the door and leads the group through the clean white engine room toward a metal door on the opposite end. De Luca looks very confused.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

As the Arab women are about to walk past, they both suddenly pull knives out of their purses, throw an arm around each guards neck and stab them in the back, killing them.

In a flash, they pull open the passenger door and stab the man with the briefcase before he can even react. They pull off their veils and we recognize them as two of the men who were with De Luca at the Capri casino. *

One of the men grabs the briefcase while the other pulls a machete out from under his burkha, grabs the man's arm that has the briefcase's chain attached to his wrist and brings the machete down on his forearm with a CRACK.

INT. YACHT - STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Rayna opens the large metal door and leads everyone into a storage room. There's nothing in it. No more doors. A dead end. Dudaev looks nervous. His guards tense up on their weapons. De Luca is very confused, as is Fine. Susan thinks.

RAYNA

Here we are.

SOLSA DUDAEV

What is this bullshit?

RAYNA

This bullshit? This is--

SUSAN

(realizing)

The armored room. *

RAYNA

(with a smile)

Correct. Viola.

Rayna takes off her pendant and presses it against the wall. A motor WHIRS and the wall starts to lower down, revealing the armored room we saw Tihomir Boyanev put the military case into in his flashback. Rayna then presses the pendant against the door's electronic lock, enters a code, and the door slides open, revealing the bomb's case inside.

DE LUCA

(shakes his head, amused)

Unbelievable. I was sitting on it
the whole time.

*

Dudaev walks forward and kneels next to the case. He opens it, revealing a small nuclear weapon, about the size of a large suitcase. He smiles. Fine and Susan step forward to look at it also.

SOLSA DUDAEV

It is beautiful.

DE LUCA (O.S.)

Yes it is. Makes for a real Kodak
moment, doesn't it? Smile.

Dudaev, Rayna, Fine and Susan turn to look at him. FLASH! They see the crew member with the camera standing next to De Luca. He has just taken their picture with the bomb.

SOLSA DUDAEV

What the fuck?

In a flash, De Luca's henchmen appear behind Dudaev's guards and yank wires around each of their necks, strangling them, their weapons clattering to the floor. Dudaev is frozen. Rayna looks horrified.

RAYNA

Sergio! What are you doing?!

DE LUCA

Conducting business.

And with that, De Luca pulls his gun out and shoots Dudaev in the forehead. Dudaev hits the ground, dead. Rayna looks completely freaked.

DE LUCA (CONT'D)

You didn't really want him to have
it, did you? It's like giving a
Stradivarius to a hillbilly.

De Luca nods to his men. Two of them walk over and grab the bomb, closing its case and carrying it out of the room.

DE LUCA (CONT'D)
(to the men)
Put it in the helicopter.

RAYNA
Sergio, what the fuck is this?

SUSAN
It's a set up, Rayna. The pictures, keeping Fine and me alive, selling this to Dudaev. De Luca always planned on stealing this from you as soon as you showed him where it was. He's been trying to frame CIA agents to scare the public and now he's going to use those pictures to blame the agency for selling that bomb to Dudaev, most likely after he detonates it and makes a fortune when the government starts buying his company's nuclear monitors again.

DE LUCA
Very good. I didn't realize I was so transparent. They should really promote you to agent. You're the only smart one I've ever met. Maybe they will ... posthumously.

RAYNA
So, what? You're going to kill me too, Sergio?

DE LUCA
I'm afraid so. It's just cleaner this way. You understand. But I'll keep all of your memories alive. As far as the public's concerned, no one in this room will even be dead. You'll just continue to do bad things. Shame on you all.

De Luca raises his gun to shoot Rayna. Just then ...

RICK FORD (O.S.)
No, it's shame on you, De Luca!

Rick Ford rushes in with his gun drawn but the pocket on his jacket accidentally gets hooked on the door handle as he runs past it. His coat jerks him to a stop as the force pulls the door into the side of his head hard. He hits the ground, unconscious, his gun skittering away. Everyone stares at him.

SUSAN

Huh boy.

DE LUCA

This day just gets better and better. Thank you for the entertainment. But the show's over.

De Luca begins to raise his gun again to shoot Rayna. Susan sees Ford's gun near her feet. Just as De Luca shoots, SUSAN TACKLES RAYNA, the shot barely missing her. In the same move, she grabs Ford's gun, shoots De Luca's two remaining guards in the chest and shoots De Luca in his gun arm, knocking the gun out of his hand. De Luca is stunned.

SUSAN

Sergio De Luca, you are under arrest.

De Luca freezes for a second, then grabs the metal door and yanks it shut as he bolts out of the room. BAM! Susan fires but it just catches the closing door.

RICK FORD

(waking up)

What's happening? Did I get him?

SUSAN

(bolting for the door)

He's heading to the helicopter!
Stop him!

Susan runs out of the room, Fine and Rayna running after him. Ford jumps up groggily and runs after them, a bit wobbly.

INT. YACHT - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

De Luca runs down the corridor, pulling open cabin doors as he does to block Susan's path. Susan runs into the corridor after him and hits the doors out of the way as De Luca runs up the stairs.

EXT. YACHT - CONTINUOUS

De Luca runs out of the living room and over to the helicopter, where his two men are locking the bomb case into the back seat. As De Luca jumps into the cockpit ...

DE LUCA

(to his men)

Kill them!

He starts up the engine as Susan runs out of the living room. The men raise their guns to fire but Susan is too fast.

She shoots them both, dropping them. Then she aims at De Luca. CLICK. She's out of ammo. Fine and Ford run up behind her.

SUSAN

Shit! Ford, why don't you have a full clip?

RICK FORD

The airline lost one of my bags. It's all the bullets I had left.

The helicopter's blades spin up to speed and De Luca starts to take off. Susan bolts toward the helicopter.

SUSAN

No!

As the helicopter lifts off, Susan lunges and grabs onto one of its landing skids, hooking her arms around it. She lifts off the ground.

FINE

Susan! What are you doing?!

RICK FORD

I've got her! Don't worry!

And with that, Rick Ford runs and jumps up to grab her, grabbing onto her legs. The helicopter takes off with Susan hanging onto the helicopter and Ford hanging onto Susan.

FINE

Holy shit.

EXT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Susan strains to hang on as Ford hugs her legs as the helicopter speeds low over the Mediterranean.

*
*

SUSAN

Ford! What the hell are you doing?!

*

RICK FORD

Don't worry. I'm fine. I'm going to crawl up you and take out De Luca.

SUSAN

You're too heavy! I can't hold on.

RICK FORD

Just hold on, Susan. I can do this.

Ford tries to grip his way up Susan's pants but slips down with each new grip.

RICK FORD (CONT'D)

I can't get a good grip. Your pants are too slippery. You should have worn coarser pants!

SUSAN

I didn't think I'd have a grown man crawling up them over the goddam Mediterranean!

*

Ford tries again but loses his grip and slides all the way down Susan's legs. Just before he falls, he grabs onto her shoes. The force pulls Susan's left arm off the landing skid. She grabs her right hand and grips it tightly, her right arm looped over the skid, the only thing holding her as Ford dangles beneath her, each hand holding a shoe.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

You're breaking my arm! I can't hold on anymore. You're too heavy.

RICK FORD

Okay, new plan. Hang on tight. I'm going to swing like I'm on a trapeze and loop my way up to the cockpiiiiiii--

Susan's shoes pop off her feet and Ford plunges down into the sea. De Luca sees Ford fall, then sees that Susan is still hanging on.

*

*

De Luca takes the copter up higher and higher. Susan watches in horror as the sea gets farther and farther away, hundreds of feet below her.

*

*

*

De Luca then starts to swing the helicopter from side to side, trying to shake Susan off as Susan tries desperately to hang on.

*

De Luca sees her legs fly up as he rocks the helicopter more. He sees that her legs come up closer to the rotor blades each time. He starts swinging the helicopter even more, trying to send her into the blades. Susan sees the blades just miss her feet.

SUSAN

Gah!

She uses the downward swing to kick her legs up and hook them around the skid. She's now clinging to the skid more securely.

De Luca continues to swing the helicopter but no longer sees Susan's legs swinging. He stops swinging the copter and looks back to see if she fell.

Susan shimmies down the skid and grabs onto the strut that attaches it to the copter right below the cockpit door. She pulls herself up and gets on top of the skid. She takes a breath and then yanks the door open.

De Luca looks surprised as Susan grabs him and tries to throw him out of the cockpit. But she's not strong enough. He tries to push her away with his wounded arm as he continues to steer the helicopter with his good arm.

DE LUCA

I've got to hand it to you. You are
one brave woman. Incredibly stupid
but still an inspiration to us all!

*

And with that, he shoves her even harder, trying to push her off the door. Susan fights to hang on and tries to kick De Luca with her leg. But he's just too strong, even with one wounded arm.

DE LUCA (CONT'D)

From this height, they say hitting
the water is just like hitting
cement. The extremities have been
known to come off. Which is too bad
because you definitely have a nice
set of legs.

(then)

But so do I.

He turns in his seat and cocks his leg back to deliver the death blow to Susan's chest. Just as he's about to ...

BAM! He's shot in the back. His eyes go wide as he slumps
against the seat, stunned and neutralized. RACK FOCUS to see
a bullet hole through the passenger side window, then RACK
MORE to reveal another helicopter flying next to them. Nancy
is holding her forehead with one hand and a smoking gun in
the other, having just shot De Luca, the recoil from the gun
hitting her in the head once again.

*

*

NANCY

Ow, bloody hell. That's gonna be a
permanent Gandhi.

Susan can't believe it. Sees Aldo is flying the helicopter.

*

ALDO

Hello, pretty lady! I am glad you
are not dead.

Just then, De Luca reaches out in his death throes and grabs onto the ring on Susan's necklace as he falls back against the door behind him, knocking it open. Susan gets pulled forward as he starts to fall out the door. She struggles to hold on.

DE LUCA

Just like a woman to wear jewelry into battle. Vanity will be the death of you all.

SUSAN

You know what? You keep it. It looks better on you.

And with this, she unlocks the necklace's clasp. It pops off her neck and De Luca falls out the door, plunging hundreds of feet and smashing into the sea.

De Luca's helicopter starts to tip forward as Susan pulls herself in and regains control of the helicopter. She then looks over at Nancy and smiles. Notices that Nancy's helicopter is very fancy and expensive.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Nice helicopter. I don't think the agency is going to reimburse you for that.

NANCY

Thanks. It's Kanye's. I had to deputize him to let us use it.

Kanye West sticks his head out the door, psyched.

KANYE WEST

I'm a motherfuckin' spy! Let's go shoot somebody else!

As Susan exchanges a grateful smile with Nancy ...

EXT. YACHT - DAY

Interpol and local police are everywhere as they unload the bomb off the helicopter and search the yacht. Kanye's helicopter sits on the dock as agents debrief him, get his autograph and have their pictures taken with him.

Susan sees Rayna being led away in handcuffs. Susan walks over to her. Rayna shows her handcuffed wrists.

RAYNA

Well, this is great. A real dream come true. Many thanks.

(MORE)

RAYNA (CONT'D)

(then)

I never saw someone hanging from a helicopter before. Not in real life. And with another dude on their pants. Pretty impressive.

SUSAN

Thanks. I was in the moment.

(then)

Hey, Rayna, I have to know. When you first saw me in the casino and tried to help me with De Luca, did you really know I was a spy? Did I give myself away that easily?

Rayna stares at her, then smiles sadly.

RAYNA

I'd like to say you did. But no. You just made me kind of sad. Some bad guy I am, huh? Ruthless.

SUSAN

I don't think you're a bad person, Rayna. Well, except for the whole selling a nuclear weapon to terrorists part. That's about as bad as it gets.

(then)

I just wish you never felt like you had to prove yourself to your father.

RAYNA

Yeah, well. There's always something that fucks us up, right? God, I can't believe I fell for Fine. My spy-dar is about as bad as it gets. I mean, the guy killed my dad.

*

SUSAN

Yeah, well ... it's hard to meet a decent guy these days. Good luck, Rayna. Things aren't going to be easy.

RAYNA

They never are. See ya round.

*

They exchange a sad smile and Rayna is taken away. Aldo comes up next to Susan and watches Rayna go.

ALDO

It is very sad. So young and pretty. Such a waste.

SUSAN

(sadly)

Yeah. It definitely is.

(then)

Hey, Aldo?

WIDEN TO REVEAL Aldo's hand is casually cupped over Susan's breast. He looks at her as if nothing's wrong.

ALDO

Yes?

(she nods to his hand)

I understand. You need some alone time. We will talk later.

Aldo's hand lingers another few seconds, then he gives Susan a gentlemanly nod and heads off. Fine walks up to Susan.

FINE

Nice work, Susan. Maybe you did beat me at regular chin-ups after all. You're really something. I'm sorry I put you through this.

*
*
*
*

SUSAN

It's okay. I'd do it again. You know, if they ever ask me to.

*

FINE

I think they probably will.

(then)

Can I buy you dinner? We have a lot to catch up on.

Susan looks over and sees Nancy waiting for her by the police cars. Susan gives her a smile. Nancy smiles back.

SUSAN

You know what? I sort of feel like a girls night. You understand, right?

Fine studies her. He can see she's now different from the person he used to know. She smiles at him but it's a smile that tells him everything will be different from here on in. He gives her a nod.

FINE

Yeah. Sure. I get it. We'll catch up later. Go have a good time.

SUSAN

I'm pretty sure we will.

Susan walks over to Nancy and they start to head away together.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Did you ever worry that you might have shot me instead of De Luca up there?

NANCY

No. Should I have?
(off Susan's look)
Oh. Right. Crikey, you're lucky to be alive.

SUSAN

(happy)
Yeah. I definitely am. I think I'm going to start leaving my curtains open when I get home.

NANCY

Just don't walk around in your underwear.

Susan laughs and puts her arm around Nancy warmly. As the two friends head into Monte Carlo, Rick Ford is walking past, following a medic. He's wrapped in a towel and still wet.

RICK FORD

(looking back at her)
Nice work, Cooper! We made a pretty awesome team out there! We'll have to do it again soo--

Ford trips over a pile of boat ropes and falls into a tangle of old fishing lines with hooks in them. As he painfully tries to extract himself from the sharp hooks sticking all over him ...

RICK FORD (CONT'D)

Man, this shit never happens to James Bond.

FADE OUT.