

# ***THE SPY WHO DUMPED ME***

By

Susanna Fogel & David Iserson

FIRST DRAFT  
August 2016

**EXT. EASTERN EUROPE - OUTDOOR MARKET - DAWN**

A MAN -- rugged, square chin, hasn't slept or shaven in days. This is DREW THAYER (30s). He wears a thick coat, tries not to stand out. He's not from around here.

"Here" is a bleak, locals-only market surrounded by crumbling Soviet-era buildings. Anemic vegetables. Dried meat. Fish. Handmade woolens. This place isn't in a Lonely Planet guide.

**VILNIUS, LITHUANIA**

Drew shouldn't be out in public but he needs to eat. He glances around furtively as he buys a ROLL from a BAKER.

DREW  
(Lithuanian)  
*Thank you.*

He sees something in his periphery -- his gears turn -- knows he'll have to run. Or fight. Probably both. He crosses to --

A table of sad Chernobyl-looking shit manned by a skinny LITTLE GIRL -- bootleg Snoopy alarm clock, filthy handmade dolls -- one man's trash... Drew picks up a HAND MIRROR.

LITTLE GIRL  
(broken English)  
Three Euro.

Drew ignores her, uses the mirror to look behind him -- at a FLOWER STAND there's a THUG. Shaved head. Flat nose from repeated breaks. The kind of man who'd never buy you flowers.

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)  
(broken English)  
Two? I give you for two.

Drew puts the mirror down and walks away.

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)  
One-fifty... ?

**EXT. WOOLEN STAND - CONTINUOUS**

Colorful clothes sway as Drew slips behind them. The THUG appears... looks around... Then suddenly -- a STRIPED SCARF ensnares his neck. Tightens, tightens -- Thug gasps for air.

Drew's behind him -- he's done this before -- Thug kicks, knocks over a table of mittens -- The AGING VENDOR SCREAMS.

Then it's over. Thug goes LIMP. Drew holds him by the waist with one hand, swiftly reaches the other to his belt. Pulls out Thug's HANDGUN and lets the dead body fall into a PUDDLE.

VENDOR  
 (Lithuanian)  
*Savages! You pay for this mess!*

As Drew drops a stack of Euros onto her table...

ANOTHER GUY jumps out. Probably his brother. Bigger -- if that's possible. Drew FIRES -- but his target's ready for it and dives behind a BUTCHER'S STAND. Drew FIRES again... most of the bullets hit SALAMI. But his last bullet HITS the guy's CHEST. He falls. Drew calmly moves in to finish the job.

Click. Gun's empty. Fuck.

As the guy gasps for life, goes for his own gun -- Drew yanks down a SALAMI, smacks the guy's hand with it -- a makeshift bat -- then leaps onto his chest. With one hand, Drew holds the guy's nose -- with the other, shoves the jagged, broken SALAMI DOWN THE GUY'S THROAT. Bad way to die. But at least there's no one coming after him now.

Wait. Spoke too soon. From around the corner, a MAN with a horrible 1994 haircut comes at Drew -- GUN BLASTING. Drew DUCKS. He WEAVES. Drew dives around the corner, disappearing. The GUNFIRE keeps coming...

**INT. BARCADE - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT**

The GUNFIRE now comes from DUCK HUNT -- the old Nintendo game. We're in a retro arcade-themed bar and the shooter of the ORANGE PLASTIC HANDGUN is AUDREY. She turns 27 today. She decimates duck after duck, insanely good at this game.

Unlike every female character in every other movie, Audrey knows exactly how beautiful she is. Like a 7. Maybe an 8 if she wasn't wearing her tacky Hawaiian TRADER JOE'S UNIFORM.

**LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA**

MORGAN (27), her best friend, walks over with TWO BEERS.

MORGAN  
 You can't stand over here all night.

Morgan's parents always told her she could be anything, including a rocket scientist or a supermodel, if she wanted. Morgan totally buys that. Girl has zero insecurities.

AUDREY  
 Why? I'm having a good time.

MORGAN  
 Because it's your birthday party.

Behind Audrey: some FRIENDS, a half-eaten supermarket cake.

AUDREY

Right. And for my birthday, I want to stand in the corner and not talk to anyone who isn't caught up on my life. Everyone's gonna ask me what I'm up to cause that's what you do, and I'll have to tell everyone that I'm not up to *anything*.

MORGAN

Audrey...

AUDREY

Look at me. I'm twenty-seven years old and I work at Trader Joe's. I wear a Hawaiian shirt to work and I am neither Hawaiian nor Jimmy Buffett. Like, three years ago what I'm doing was considered "finding myself." Now I'm suddenly at the age where people feel bad for me for doing the exact same thing.

MORGAN

Who feels bad for you? I'll kill them.

AUDREY

My parents called today. They spent five seconds saying happy birthday, and the next forty-five minutes bragging about how my brother Adam is about to cure Cystic Fibrosis.

MORGAN

Fuck Cystic Fibrosis.

AUDREY

Actually, it's a really serious disease. Adam has a huge heart.  
(sighing)  
And everyone's gonna ask about Drew.

MORGAN

Fuck Drew. That guy was a dick.

AUDREY

You're just saying that to make me feel better. You never said that when we were together.

MORGAN

Well yeah. You can't say shit about your friend's current boyfriend. But dude, he dumped you in a text. Objectively, he *suuuucks*.

AUDREY

Or he just wasn't in love with me.

MORGAN

Audrey, you control the narrative here. It's all about spin. Look at me. Am I successful? Not in the conventional sense of being like, employed. But ask me what I'm doing with my life.

AUDREY

What?

MORGAN

Say, hey Morgan, what have you been up to lately?

AUDREY

(flat)

Hey Morgan. What have you been up to lately?

MORGAN

Getting in touch with my gifts. Voice lessons. Stage combat. So no matter what roles come along in theater, film, or life's journey itself, I'm ready. It's a beautiful thing as a woman to empower yourself like that, you know?

AUDREY

Okay that was amazing.

MORGAN

Hey, do I have your e-mail? My one woman show is really coming together.

TESS (27) walks in. She's anorexic, personality-free and a huge cunt. (We're taking back that word, sorry!)

AUDREY

Shit. It's Tess. Don't make me talk to Tess. She's gonna do that thing she always does, where she gives me a bullshit compliment then pivots it into something super insulting.

MORGAN

Audrey. Spin. You got this. Here...

She hands Audrey a tube of lipstick.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
 Put this on. Tell the world you're  
 trying. Ideally, you'd change out  
 of your work clothes too but...

Morgan walks away. Tess is now next to Audrey.

TESS  
 Hey lady! Oh my God, those earrings  
 are so cute! Are those shells?

AUDREY  
 Yeah...

TESS  
 Where's your adorable boyfriend? You  
 guys are such a surprising couple!

Audrey just... can't. She takes the plastic gun from the  
 game, puts it to her OWN TEMPLE. Pulls the trigger and  
 dramatically FAKE DIES. Tess has no idea how to react.

**EXT. VILNIUS ALLEY - DAY**

Drew runs down stairs down to a rusty basement door. It's  
 locked. Drew turns, sprints back to an overflowing DUMPSTER.

He grabs a busted HAIR DRYER. This'll do. He bashes it on the  
 ground til the innards are exposed. Yanks out a HEATING COIL.

BACK AT THE DOOR -- Drew picks the lock with the coil. He's  
 fast. Walks in like he owns the place.

**INT. BASEMENT OF LITHUANIAN BROTHEL - DAY**

A tall LATEX-CLAD DOMINATRIX clicks a REMOTE CONTROL. Across  
 the room: a MAN suspended from a harness wearing only  
 underwear, tattoos and piercings -- his nipples hooked up to  
 electrodes. He screams in pain/gratification.

Nonplussed, Drew brushes past -- grabs a WHIP, CHAINS, and a  
 SPIKED COLLAR for later use. He shoves them into his jacket.

**INT. LITHUANIAN BROTHEL - DAY**

Upstairs, WOMEN IN LINGERIE work the early-morning shift. You  
 could catch herpes just by looking at them. Drew emerges and  
 the ANCIENT MADAM approaches, cigarette dangling. Drew hands  
 her a wad of cash. He's done this before.

MADAM  
 (Lithuanian)  
 Which one?

Drew points to a young, thin, SPOOKED GIRL. She nods. Drew  
 takes the spooked girl's hand and she leads him upstairs.

**INT. BROTHEL - UPSTAIRS ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Drew closes the door behind them. The girl starts to take off her clothes, speaks in Broken English.

DREW  
No. Keep them on.

Drew pulls the SPIKED COLLAR out of his jacket. The Girl is terrified. But Drew crosses to the WINDOW, opens it.

GIRL  
What you into?

DREW  
(Lithuanian)  
*I'm into you never saw me.*

With that, Drew hands her more money than she's ever seen in her life (\$25 USD). Then turns the COLLAR upside down and loops it over the POWER LINE out the window. He jumps out.

**EXT. BROTHEL - CONTINUOUS**

Drew ZIPLINES out of the brothel, over rooftops, and finally jumps off on a LANDING outside the open window of a --

**INT. RAMSHACKLE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

TWO BORED TEENAGERS watch THE MINDY PROJECT dubbed in Lithuanian. They barely look up as Drew runs past them --

**INT. RAMSHACKLE HOUSE - KITCHEN**

The MATRIARCH ladles BORSCHT from a pot. Seeing Drew, she SCREAMS and drops it, Pepto Bismol pink everywhere. SIRENS WAIL in the distance.

DREW  
(Lithuanian)  
*Keys.*

**EXT. VILNIUS ROAD - MINUTES LATER**

Drew whizzes down a COBBLESTONE STREET on a MOPED. TWO COP CARS round the corner, in hot pursuit.

**INT. BARCADE - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT**

Morgan sits at the bar, flirting with Eurotrash VIKTOR -- shaved head, Ukrainian football tracksuit.

MORGAN  
*Such a coincidence. I just auditioned to be a Ukrainian farm girl in a Geico spot. Wait, so is it "Ukraine" or "The Ukraine?"*

VIKTOR  
You say how you like. Always let  
beautiful woman decide.

Morgan swoons... then notices Audrey, head pressed mournfully  
against the JUKEBOX. Draining her SCOTCH. She puts it on top  
of the juke next to TWO OTHER EMPTIES. Morgan grimaces.

MORGAN  
Hey, Viktor? Hold that thought.

Morgan crosses to Audrey.

AUDREY  
Why did I have my birthday here?  
This is where I met Drew.

MORGAN  
Enough. After tonight, I never want  
to hear the name "Drew" again. Even  
if you, like, "drew" me a picture,  
you say "I painted you something  
with pencils." You have to move on.

AUDREY  
I know. It's just kinda hard to do  
that when he left that box of shit  
in our apartment that I have to see  
every day. He won't even text me  
back about picking it up.

MORGAN  
Let me see your phone for a sec.

Audrey hands her CELL over. Morgan finds the BREAKUP TEXT.

**"Hey there -- it's over. Sorry."**

Morgan then scrolls through a series of UNANSWERED REPLIES  
from Audrey: **Why / What are you... / Call me / WTF? / How can  
you...** Then she starts a NEW TEXT MESSAGE.

AUDREY  
Who are you texting?

MORGAN  
Drew. "Fuck you, you worthless pussy  
-- I'm setting your shit on fire."

AUDREY  
Why are you saying that?

MORGAN  
Because we're gonna go set his  
fucking shit on fire. I love  
setting things on fire.



**EXT. VILNIUS SLUMS - DAY**

Drew speeds through the decrepit, graffitied streets, on a mission. He parks behind a burnt out APARTMENT COMPLEX.

He looks at his cell -- GRIMACES. Then rounds the corner and sees something worse -- Three GIANT THUGS waiting for him.

Drew takes the long way around the building, stealthily pulling the WHIP and CHAINS from his jacket. He rounds the corner -- now behind the men -- and just STARTS SWINGING. In seconds, all three men are bloody messes. Two knocked out, the other moaning in pain. Drew steps over them.

**INT. AUDREY AND MORGAN'S FIRE ESCAPE - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT**

Typical L.A. stucco fourplex. Audrey and Morgan stand drunkenly on the fire escape over a BANKERS BOX of Drew's stuff. Morgan holds a bottle of LIGHTER FLUID. Audrey gingerly picks up a pair of BOXER BRIEFS.

AUDREY

Really Drew? Skid marks on your underwear? Are you eight? Was I supposed to wash this for you? Is that why you dumped me? I didn't mother you enough?

MORGAN

Fuck you and wipe your own ass!

Next, Audrey picks up a small PLASTIC TROPHY shaped like a VICTORIOUS FOOTBALL PLAYER. The plaque reads: SECOND PLACE.

AUDREY

Your Fantasy Football trophy for SECOND place? And you saved it?

MORGAN

It's not even real football. It's a fucking fantasy.

AUDREY

And I'm a real fucking person. So if you think you're gonna get some supermodel who also has nothing better to do with her time than blow you while you watch the game... uh, fuck you.

Morgan pulls out a STRAIGHT TO DVD SPY ACTION MOVIE.

MORGAN

Um, speaking of fantasy, say goodbye to your straight-to-DVD shitty action movie starring Ryan Phillipe and Mischa Barton!

AUDREY

That you forced me to watch with you. I will never get those 82 minutes back. There's like one review on the cover. Three and a half stars from *JeffreyLovesMovies.com*?!

MORGAN

And you got it used at Chevron? Really Drew? You walked into a gas station and you're like, yes! One copy of "Marked Target" please. Here's \$3.99.

Morgan pours LIGHTER FLUID all over the box and its contents. She hands Audrey a matchbox.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

You do the honors, birthday girl.

Audrey takes the matches. We're CLOSE on the MATCH LIGHTING... and then... BUZZ. Her cell, in her pocket.

Audrey shakes out the match and pulls out her phone...

AUDREY

It's... Drew.

DREW (V.O.)

Hey.

**INT. DREW'S SHITTY VILNIUS APARTMENT - INTERCUT**

Not a place you'd want to spend the night in. Peeling walls, roaches, bare light bulb. Drew paces, earpiece in, checking the SURVEILLANCE SCREENS by his bed.

AUDREY

Really? That's it? "Hey?"

DREW

Audrey, I'm so sorry. I fucked up.

MORGAN

Tell him to go fuck himself.

DREW

I'll come by your place tomorrow. I can explain everything... and I'll get the stuff I left there.

AUDREY

(annoyed)

So that's why you called? Just to get your shit back? Awesome.

She awaits a response. But Drew's busy PUNCHING THE DRYWALL by his night stand. In the hole: a SECRET STASH of MONEY, PASSPORTS and GUNS. Drew stuffs it in his POCKETS.

AUDREY (CONT'D)  
It's my birthday, by the way.

Drew hears a GUN COCK. Someone's behind him.

ON AUDREY: The line goes DEAD.

ON DREW -- spinning around -- knocking the gun from his attacker, an OLDER THUG. They know each other. No weapons now. They punch and kick, equally matched.

OLDER THUG  
Fight me all you want but you have more problems coming. You know what they want.

DREW  
They're not getting it.

OLDER THUG  
They'll get it when you're dead.

DREW  
I can handle dead. Can you?

Drew PINS the old thug to the floor with one hand. CRACKS HIS NECK with the other. Drew shakes off the body and moves to --

### **THE KITCHENETTE**

Drew pulls a bag of MICROWAVE POPCORN from an almost-bare cupboard. Then, from the hole in the wall, delicately --

A BRICK OF C-4

Drew affixes it to the bag of NEWMAN'S OWN (in Cyrillic), tosses it in the microwave, presses the POPCORN SETTING. The popcorn STARTS POPPING...

### **EXT. STREETS OF VILNIUS - MOMENTS LATER**

Drew walks away from his building as his apartment EXPLODES. In the flames, our title:

### **THE SPY WHO DUMPED ME**

### **INT. BARCADE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

*A year ago. Audrey, happier, before her heartbreak. She's at the jukebox, flipping. She's lightly bumped on the back.*

DREW (O.S.)  
Sorry.

Audrey turns, notices DREW behind her. Back then he was clean-shaven, like any guy you'd see in a Silver Lake bar.

AUDREY  
That's okay.

Audrey's wears a "HAPPY BIRTHDAY" PARTY STORE TIARA.

DREW  
Oh. Hey. Happy birthday.

AUDREY  
What?  
(off tiara, deadpan)  
Oh, this? It's not my birthday. I just wear this for warmth.

DREW  
Well, if it was your birthday, I would say happy birthday.

AUDREY  
And I would say thank you.

A moment. They're clearly feeling a vibe.

AUDREY (CONT'D)  
Hey, can I get your help with something really really important?

DREW  
I do consider myself a problem-solver.

AUDREY  
I have one quarter left. Your mission, should you choose to accept it, is to find the absolute worst song on this jukebox.

Drew smiles, joins her.

**INT. TRADER JOE'S - DAY (PRESENT)**

Audrey snaps out of the memory, hands a CUSTOMER a RECEIPT. She's at her shitty CASHIER JOB at Trader Joe's.

AUDREY  
Thank you. Have a great day.

Audrey notices her reflection in a MIRROR by the register. She looks hung over. Remembering Morgan's words, she pulls out the LIPSTICK and applies it. Almost immediately --

SEBASTIAN HENSHAW (30) -- shirt, tie, charming, British -- steps to her register. With NO GROCERIES. Audrey's confused.

AUDREY (CONT'D)  
Can I help you?

SEBASTIAN  
Yes... one gum please.

He hastily grabs the nearest pack of GUM and hands her a dollar. As Audrey rings him up.

AUDREY  
Have a nice day.

SEBASTIAN  
...Sebastian. Aren't you going to ask me if I need help to my car?

Audrey smiles. He's flirting with her. Well, look at that.

**EXT. TRADER JOE'S PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER**

Audrey follows Sebastian to a far corner of the parking lot.

AUDREY  
So, where are you from?

SEBASTIAN  
England.

AUDREY  
That's what I thought. But sometimes when I think that, people end up being Australian.

SEBASTIAN  
(amused)  
People do sometimes end up being Australian.

AUDREY  
Shut up.  
(then, flustered)  
Sorry, I didn't really mean shut up. It's a figure of speech. I dunno if you do that in England...

SEBASTIAN  
Figures of speech? We invented that.

AUDREY  
Some would say I'm not exercising good judgment, following a strange man through a parking lot. I mean, this is how people get shoved into the back of sketchy vans, right?

SEBASTIAN  
(dead serious)  
Get in the van.

AUDREY  
What?

REVEAL Sebastian's stopping in front of a BLACK VAN with TINTED WINDOWS. The DOOR OPENS from the inside. Sebastian flashes a BADGE.

SEBASTIAN  
Federal agent.

**INT. VAN - DAY**

The van moves. Sebastian faces Audrey. Next to him is TOPHER PATEL (30) -- a smarmy jerk. Audrey is beyond freaked out.

AUDREY  
What's going on? Am I in trouble? I didn't do anything wrong.

SEBASTIAN  
There's nothing to be afraid of, Ms. Stockman.

AUDREY  
Says the guy who just kidnapped me. And knows my name. Oh my God what the fuck is happening... ?

PATEL  
We just want to talk. About Drew Thayer. He's your boyfriend, right?

AUDREY  
(surprised)  
No. I mean he was. But we broke up. Why? Is he in trouble or something?

PATEL  
Yes. Drew is in a lot of trouble.

SEBASTIAN  
Do you know where your ex-boyfriend worked, Ms. Stockman?

AUDREY  
Yeah. NPR. He has this podcast about... um, honestly, I'm not positive. The episode I listened to was about little-known composers of the 18th Century... well, I listened to most of it.

PATEL  
 Nobody listened to that podcast.  
 Not even me and I went to Harvard.

SEBASTIAN  
 Wow. Only took you two minutes.  
 (flat)  
 Patel went to Harvard.

PATEL  
 That podcast was Drew's cover job.

AUDREY  
 He never said anything about having  
 another job.

PATEL  
 That's what "cover" means, hon.

AUDREY  
 Okay I know. I'm not stupid. I'm  
 just... processing. This is a lot.  
 What was it a cover for?

SEBASTIAN  
 Drew was a CIA agent.

AUDREY  
 Wait, what?!

SEBASTIAN  
 Then he stole things he shouldn't  
 have and killed people he shouldn't  
 have. Now he's on the run.

PATEL  
 And if we don't find him, a lot of  
 innocent people are going to die.  
 Do you want that to happen?

AUDREY  
 No! Jesus. No. Look, I'm with you  
 that Drew's an asshole. I just  
 can't believe he's... a killer.

Sebastian pulls out a FOLDER of PHOTOS. Grainy surveillance  
 pictures of Drew -- with guns, making a drop, stabbing a man  
 in the neck. Audrey gets more anxious as she flips through.

AUDREY (CONT'D)  
 Oh my God. OH MY GOD.

She stops at a photo of HERSELF with DREW, in VEGAS.

AUDREY (CONT'D)  
 You guys were in Vegas when we saw  
 Celine Dion?

(MORE)

AUDREY (CONT'D)  
 (quickly)  
 Ironically.

He hands her another photo. TWO DEAD BODIES by a CRAPS TABLE.

PATEL  
 Has Drew been in touch since you  
 broke up?

ON AUDREY - should she tell them?

AUDREY  
 No... well, yes. He called me last  
 night. I mean, he called me back.  
 Finally. I had called him like a  
 thousand times.  
 (self-conscious)  
 After he disappeared. I called him  
 a normal amount when we were  
 together. I'm normal.

**INT. AUDREY'S APARTMENT - DAY**

An Ikea-filled two-bedroom. Audrey rushes in, still in her uniform (she'll continue to be until we say otherwise.)

AUDREY  
 Morgan! Morgan!

Morgan emerges from the kitchen in her bra and underwear, mid-phone call. Peeling and eating string cheese.

MORGAN  
 ...Yeah, Mom. Audrey just got home.

AUDREY  
 I have to talk to you.

MORGAN  
 Dude, I have to talk to you. I  
 slept with Viktor.

AUDREY  
 Who?

MORGAN  
 From your birthday party.

Behind her, Viktor emerges in nothing but RED LYCRA BRIEFS. He kisses Morgan intensely, then grabs a sleeve of CRACKERS.

VIKTOR  
 I will hit shower, yes?

He heads into the bathroom. The shower runs.



MORGAN  
 (into phone)  
 What? Sorry, Mom, I'm kind of in a  
 sex haze...  
 (beat)  
 Hmm. I don't know, I'll ask her.  
 Audrey, have you ever been with an  
 uncircumcised guy?

AUDREY  
 Morgan!

MORGAN  
 Audrey thinks I tell you guys too  
 much... I know! I think it's  
 healthy too. But yeah, I know most  
 European guys are uncircumcised.  
 Like when I first saw it I was  
 like, ew this looks like an unbaked  
 crescent roll. But then it's like  
 when it's in there, the whole thing  
 expands and it feels like -- I know  
 this doesn't sound like it would  
 feel good -- but it's like your  
 insides are covered in scotch tape.  
 Wait, duh, you already know this,  
 Mom. You did a year abroad.

AUDREY  
 MORGAN HANG UP THE FUCKING PHONE!

MORGAN  
 I'll call you back.  
 (hangs up)  
 Jesus. What?

AUDREY  
 These guys from the CIA came to  
 Trader Joe's today. To talk about  
 Drew. They said... he's a spy.

Morgan cracks up, assuming she's kidding.

AUDREY (CONT'D)  
 I'm serious. They showed me  
 pictures of him with like, weapons  
 and dead bodies. People he killed.

MORGAN  
 Wait. What?!

AUDREY  
 I know it sounds fucking batshit.  
 But think about it. There were just  
 so many unanswered questions with  
 that guy...

MORGAN

Yeah there were. Like if he really went to Vassar, why does he pronounce it liberry?

(then)

Oh my fucking God!

AUDREY

Thank you! That is the appropriate reaction!

MORGAN

No. Behind you!

Audrey turns. DREW is on the fire escape, wresting the window open. He smiles. Ugh. It's a charming fucking smile.

DREW

Hey.

AUDREY

(reeling)

Hi...

DREW

So you have my stuff?

AUDREY

Yeah...

Then Audrey snaps out of it, remembers how angry she's been.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

Wait, that's all you have to say? What happened to you explaining everything?

DREW

I will, just right now I'm in a rush. Where's the stuff? Your room?

He just heads for her room. Audrey follows, pissed off.

AUDREY

Stop. You can't just go in there.

**INT. AUDREY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Audrey walks in to find Drew grabbing THE BOX on the floor. She shuts the door behind him. They share a silent look.

AUDREY

Hey. Asshole. We're not together. There are like, rules.

DREW  
 (re: the box)  
 This smells like lighter fluid.

AUDREY  
 Yeah. I wasn't kidding when I said  
 I was gonna burn your shit.

But Drew just keeps moving, back to...

**INT. AUDREY AND MORGAN'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Audrey follows Drew as he heads back to the window. This is all happening so fast. But it's her last chance to say it...

AUDREY  
 I know you're a spy.

This finally stops Drew. His face drops. He turns around.

AUDREY (CONT'D)  
 People from the CIA came to my work.  
 They made me get in a van and showed  
 me pictures of people you killed.

DREW  
 What did you tell them?

AUDREY  
 You're not gonna give me a bullshit  
 excuse about how this is a joke your  
 coworkers are playing on you? And  
 those pictures were photoshopped?

DREW  
 Audrey...

AUDREY  
 It was fucking scary, Drew.

Drew is PANICKED. Checks windows, behind doors, opens the closet. Then, he pulls a HANDGUN out of his jacket.

AUDREY (CONT'D)  
 Jesus! Fuck.

DREW  
 Audrey. Listen to me. I need to  
 know exactly what you told them.

AUDREY  
 (confused)  
 What's on your head?

DREW  
 What?

AUDREY

You have a red dot on your head.

Sure enough, there's a LASER SIGHT right between Drew's eyes.

GUNSHOTS -- BANG -- shattering windows. Drew springs to action, SHOVES AUDREY behind the COUCH -- pulls them both down and holds her close. It's weirdly intimate.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

What the fuck is going on?

Then she sees the BLOOD. Drew's been shot twice in the CHEST. But he's ALIVE. Audrey GASPS--

**INT. MORGAN'S BEDROOM - SAME**

Morgan is still on the phone again as she gets dressed.

MORGAN

What the fuck was that?!

(then)

Dad, I have to call you back.

**INT. AUDREY AND MORGAN'S LIVING ROOM - SAME**

BEHIND THE SOFA. GUNFIRE doesn't let up. Drew speaks, urgent.

DREW

Audrey... bad people are after me--

AUDREY

The CIA guys?

DREW

There's more than just the CIA chasing me. And now they're after you too. Fuck. This is exactly what I didn't want -- you in danger. That's why I broke up with you.

Before Audrey can respond, Drew reaches into the box and pulls out his FANTASY FOOTBALL TROPHY.

DREW (CONT'D)

But we're in this together now. And a lot of innocent people are gonna die if we don't bring this where it needs to go. So listen. We're gonna leave this apartment, we're gonna fly to Vienna, and give this to someone named Verne at the Hotel Sacher Cafe at 6pm tomorrow...

AUDREY

Why are you telling me this if we're going together?

DREW  
 In case I don't make it out of here  
 alive. Verne. 6pm. Hotel Sacher  
 Cafe. Then you'll be safe. And so  
 will everyone else. Got it?

AUDREY  
 Drew, you're not gonna die --

DREW  
 Listen. Don't trust anybody.

The bathroom door opens and VIKTOR appears in the doorway.  
 TOTALLY NAKED. CLOSE ON: HIS WEIRD UNCIRCUMCISED DICK.

AUDREY/DREW  
 Eughhhhhh!

Viktor pulls out a GUN, SHOOTS Drew in the HEART point blank.  
 Audrey's next...

THEN. Morgan RUNS out of her room like a banshee. PLOWS into  
 Viktor full force, shoving him into --

### THE KITCHEN

Before he can catch his balance, she pushes Viktor out the  
 open window. He SCREAMS as he FALLS to his death.

Audrey and Morgan are in total shock. Drew is dead! The  
 shooting's stopped -- But only because they now hear a  
 BATTALION OF FOOTSTEPS running up the stairs.

AUDREY  
 We have to get the fuck out of here!

MORGAN  
 Oh my God, Drew!

AUDREY  
 We have to go. Now!

As they BOLT for the FIRE ESCAPE, Audrey yanks the FOOTBALL  
 TROPHY out of Drew's dead hands. She spots a wad of FOREIGN  
 BILLS in his jacket. Stuffs them in her pockets.

Overwhelmed, Audrey gives Drew one last look. Is there  
 something she could have done? But it's too late now.

ANGLE on the DOOR as a SWARM of SPECIAL FORCES PERSONNEL  
 burst in, led by SEBASTIAN and PATEL.

But the girls are gone.

**I/E. AUDREY'S HONDA CIVIC - DAY**

Audrey, shaking, fighting tears, drives as fast as she can -- not terribly fast. A conservative driver. Morgan's shotgun.

MORGAN

Where are we going?!

AUDREY

I don't know. Give me a minute.  
Okay. Where would we be safe?

MORGAN

Pull into this parking lot. There's  
a bathroom in Pilates Plus.

AUDREY

We're not hiding in fucking Pilates  
Plus! Where's the police station? I  
think I voted there...

MORGAN

We can't go to the police. I just  
killed someone. And I have a ton of  
unpaid speeding tickets. And...  
Black Lives Matter.

AUDREY

You killed someone in self-defense.  
That doesn't count.

MORGAN

Just call those CIA agents.

AUDREY

Drew said we can't trust anyone.  
And he's right. He's dead. Probably  
because I talked to them.

MORGAN

Or because I brought an assassin  
into our apartment.

AUDREY

Okay so it's both our faults.

Audrey slows as she approaches a STOP SIGN.

MORGAN

Go! Why are you stopping at stop  
signs? People are after us.

Audrey nervously SPEEDS through the stop sign.

Then her PHONE RINGS on the BLUETOOTH. BLOCKED NUMBER. She  
inhales, picks it up. It plays through the CAR SPEAKERS.

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)  
Audrey? It's Sebastian.

AUDREY  
You killed Drew. I told you where  
he was gonna be and you killed him.

MORGAN  
Who is this asshole?

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)  
Are you in the car?  
(no response)  
What did Drew say to you?

AUDREY  
Why would I tell you anything after  
everything you've done?

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)  
Audrey. Where are you taking it?

Audrey eyes the TROPHY, on the car's console.

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)  
Give us the package. Trust me.

AUDREY  
I don't trust anyone anymore.

Audrey HANGS UP. A moment.

MORGAN  
You trust me though, right?

AUDREY  
Of course. Not counting you.

MORGAN  
Good. Cause this isn't like, a fake  
spy friendship that the Russians  
put together.

AUDREY  
Dude, shut up. I know.  
(grabbing the trophy)  
Drew said a lot of people are gonna  
die if we don't deliver this.

MORGAN  
What people?

AUDREY  
He didn't get that far. But he was  
like, lying on the floor about to  
die when he said it. I know he lied  
about a lot of shit, but like...

(MORE)

AUDREY (CONT'D)  
if I don't do what he said and a bunch of people die, in a terrorist attack or whatever, I will always wonder if I could have stopped it.

Morgan thinks about this.

MORGAN  
That would fucking suck.  
(beat)  
What did he say we have to do?

AUDREY  
Bring this to some cafe in Vienna.

MORGAN  
Vienna? As in, Austria, Vienna?

AUDREY  
That's what he said.

MORGAN  
Then... why don't we do that?

AUDREY  
Why don't we go to Europe when people are trying to kill us?

MORGAN  
They're trying to kill us here too.

AUDREY  
But we're just like, regular people. Yes, we happen to be in this extreme situation right now but we are not qualified to like... do some international spy mission.

MORGAN  
It doesn't sound like a whole "mission." It's just doing this one thing. Versus staying here and getting killed. Plus, you've never been to Europe. Do you really want to die never having gone to Europe? Or do you want to go to Europe and die, having been to Europe?

AUDREY  
Why are those my only two options?

MORGAN  
I don't know, cause you dated a spy?

AUDREY  
You fucked an assassin.



MORGAN  
That I did.

Morgan opens the GLOVE COMPARTMENT, pulls out PASSPORTS.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
I'm just saying. Our passports are still in here from our road trip to Mexico. And I have my dad's credit card for emergencies...

AUDREY  
(beat)  
Are we going to Austria?

MORGAN  
I think we're going to Austria.

Audrey sharp-turns on to the FREEWAY ON-RAMP.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
But we should ditch our phones. Bad guys can track us with our phones. Even if the phone is off.

AUDREY  
How do you know that?

MORGAN  
I went to summer camp with Edward Snowden.  
(proudly)  
First hand job. Oh my God that guy was obsessed with me.

She grabs Audrey's phone and fishes hers from her bag.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
And he was really into ska.

AUDREY  
Weird.

MORGAN  
Right? When that whole thing was going down, I was like - hello, why is no one talking about how Edward Snowden is really into ska?

Morgan THROWS THEIR PHONES OUT THE WINDOW into the opposite lane. Watches in the rearview as CARS CRUSH THEM.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
Do you think my Candy Crush progress will be saved?

AUDREY  
Yeah, in the cloud. You linked your  
account with Facebook, right?

MORGAN  
No. I don't like getting all those  
notifications.  
(mournful)  
Fuck.

**I/E. 405 FREEWAY/AUDREY'S HONDA CIVIC - DAY**

Audrey starts to pull off at an EXIT.

MORGAN  
Why are you getting off here?

AUDREY  
To park.

MORGAN  
Dude, people are trying to kill us.  
We are *not* fucking parking in Lot C.

**INT. AIRPLANE - DAY**

Mid-flight. Audrey and Morgan sit next to each other, eyeing  
all fellow passengers suspiciously. Wondering who might be a  
threat. A WELL-DRESSED BUSINESSMAN. A PROFESSORIAL TYPE in a  
bow-tie. Everyone in between. A FLIGHT ATTENDANT passes.

MORGAN  
Could I get a Pinot Grigio please?

The Flight Attendant nods and leaves.

AUDREY  
You can't drink right now!

MORGAN  
I have to. This is so fucking  
stressful. Like, any of these  
people could be trying to kill us.

She makes eye contact with a LITTLE GIRL across the aisle.  
The little girl stares back stoically. Morgan's freaked out.

AUDREY  
Morgan. We need all our faculties.

MORGAN  
(re: her screen)  
That guy just drank like three  
martinis.

Reveal she's watching a BOND MOVIE. Audrey's watching BOURNE.

AUDREY  
He's been doing this a really long time. This is our first time.

MORGAN  
Do you think Drew was a James Bond kind of spy?

AUDREY  
I don't know. I don't think James Bond would like, need to try every breakfast burrito in Los Angeles.

MORGAN  
Yeah. Seems more like a Bourne thing.

AUDREY  
Are your parents gonna be pissed that we used their credit card?

MORGAN  
Not if I tell them why. That's our family policy. As long as I tell the truth, they can't get mad.

AUDREY  
Morgan. You can't tell them the truth about this.

MORGAN  
(deeply conflicted)  
What if I tell them we went to Europe to go to museums?

AUDREY  
You just said you weren't supposed to lie!

MORGAN  
It won't be a lie if we go to a museum.  
(off Audrey's look)  
As long as we're there! We drop off the trophy at this cafe, that's like an hour, tops. And then one museum.

AUDREY  
We'll play it by ear.

The wine arrives. Morgan gulps it down. Audrey shakes her head and puts on her headphones, focusing on her movie.

ANGLE ON: BOURNE in a kickass action sequence... and we...

**INT. BARCADE - AUDREY AND DREW - FLASHBACK**

*Audrey and Drew stand close at the jukebox, scrolling.*

DREW

Oh God. That Sarah McLachlan song.  
This is the one in the commercial  
where the dogs are sad, right?

AUDREY

I think the sad dogs redeem the  
song. Ugh, what about Mambo No. 5?

DREW

Please. That's nothing compared to  
Mambos one through four.

Audrey laughs. They're enjoying each other.

AUDREY

Oh. Oh my God I have it. Close your  
eyes. Don't look.

Drew closes his eyes. Audrey gleefully puts the quarter in.

THE CRASH TEST DUMMIES "MMM MMM MMM MMM" plays. Drew opens  
his eyes. Without missing a beat, starts singing along in the  
lead singer's super-deep bass.

DREW

"Oooooonce there was this kiiiid  
who / got into an accident and  
couldn't come to school / But  
wheen he finally caaaame back... "

Audrey laughs, totally smitten.

### **I/E. CAB - DAY**

The gorgeous sights of Vienna flash by as the girls sit in a  
CAB heading across town. The driver is a middle-aged elegant  
AUSTRIAN WOMAN. Morgan and Audrey whisper.

### **VIENNA, AUSTRIA**

MORGAN

She hasn't smiled once. Do you  
think she's an assassin?

AUDREY

No. We just randomly picked this  
cab. And she's like, delicate.

MORGAN

Dude. Sexist! Women of all shapes  
and sizes can be anything they want  
to be. They can be assassins...

(points to themselves)

They can be operatives.

AUDREY  
I wouldn't say we're "operatives."  
This is just one operation.

MORGAN  
Yeah. But you and me? We're always  
operating.

Morgan notices something out the window. She GASPS in shock.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
Oh my GOD.

AUDREY  
(scared)  
What? What?!?!

MORGAN  
That building is fucking beautiful.

**INT. HOTEL SACHER CAFE - DAY**

An ornate European restaurant packed with high-end tourists and locals. Audrey and Morgan sit tensely in a corner table, subtly checking everyone out as they eat SACHERTORTES.

AUDREY  
Okay. Who do we think Verne is?

MORGAN  
I don't know. It's kind of a frumpy  
name.

AUDREY  
You think? We might just be  
pronouncing it frumpy. Like, Jules  
Verne wasn't frumpy.

MORGAN  
I beg to differ. And wait, won't  
this guy be looking for Drew?

AUDREY  
Yes. Shit. He will.

A beat as they scan... then Morgan suddenly TENSES UP.

AUDREY (CONT'D)  
What? What do you see?

MORGAN  
Nothing...  
(sighs)  
Okay, I know being here right now  
is really important but this cake  
is a lot of flour and dairy for me  
and... I need to go have diarrhea.  
(MORE)

MORGAN (CONT'D)

It's just a biological fact. No matter who you are, no matter how high the stakes in a given moment, sometimes you have to-

AUDREY

Oh my God just go.

MORGAN

Thank you. I'll be right back.

Morgan rushes toward the bathroom. We stay with Audrey as a BUTCH WAITRESS approaches.

WAITRESS

Anything else?

SEBASTIAN (O.S.)

*Zwei Kaffee, bitte.*

Before Audrey knows what's happening, SEBASTIAN emerges from behind her, takes Morgan's seat. Audrey's about to SCREAM --

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Don't scream. I'm the person you're here to see.

AUDREY

(confused)

You're Verne?

SEBASTIAN

It's an alias.

(then)

Hand it over.

Audrey hedges.

AUDREY

If Drew wanted me to give this to you, why wouldn't he have done it himself?

SEBASTIAN

It's a long story.

AUDREY

I'm not in a rush.

Then something touches her leg under the table. A GUN.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

Oh my God!

SEBASTIAN  
 Don't make any noise. Just hand it  
 over. I'm not gonna hurt you. I'm  
 trying to protect you.

AUDREY  
 Like you protected Drew?

SEBASTIAN  
 That wasn't us. We didn't do that.

AUDREY  
 If you were really protecting me,  
 you wouldn't be pointing a gun at  
 me. I may not be in the fucking CIA  
 but I know that.

SEBASTIAN  
 I'm MI-6, actually.

AUDREY  
 Whatever.

**INT. HOTEL SACHER CAFE, BATHROOM - DAY**

Morgan washes her hands next to their WAITRESS. She smiles  
 politely. Then Morgan double-takes.

The waitress's NAME TAG -- VERNE.

MORGAN  
 You're Verne?

VERNE  
 Guttentag!

Morgan rushes out of the bathroom, back to --

**INT. HOTEL SACHER CAFE - MOMENTS LATER**

Morgan FREEZES, seeing Sebastian at the table with Audrey.  
 She waves -- tries to get Audrey's attention. Audrey sees her  
 but doesn't react. The gun's still trained on her.

AT THEIR TABLE -- Sebastian continues to explain.

SEBASTIAN  
 I'm only pointing this at you so  
 you sit still and listen. In a  
 minute, everyone in this cafe is  
 going to start shooting. If you  
 run, you'll be killed. And even if  
 you manage to get out alive, you  
 won't be able to go anywhere.

(MORE)

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

If you scan your passport at a border, there'll be men with guns a lot bigger than this one who won't say a word before they shoot you in the face. So hand me what I want and no one gets hurt.

AUDREY

Except for Drew.

SEBASTIAN

Okay, it's not productive to keep bringing that up.

Audrey has no choice. She reaches into her POCKET and grabs the TROPHY. She starts to hand it over, when --

Morgan -- seeing this -- SCREAMS.

MORGAN

THAT'S. NOT. VERNE!

CHAOS ERUPTS! Almost everyone in the cafe has a gun, and most of them start SHOOTING. Sebastian whips around, SHOOTS BACK.

A DEAD ASSASSIN plummets into an elaborate ROAST CHICKEN.

A DEAD VERNE FALLS ON TOP OF AUDREY, GUN in her dead hand.

Morgan drops to the ground, hides under a TABLE... thinking fast, Audrey GRABS Verne's GUN. Crouching, scans for Morgan -- just as -- an ARYAN-LOOKING MAN with a RIFLE stalks Morgan, prepares to end her short, wonderful life...

Audrey acts on instinct, aims with precision -- just like Duck Hunt -- and BLOWS THE GUY'S BRAINS OUT. Saving her.

Morgan looks up, shocked, grateful. AUDREY's surprised too. She stares at the gun in her hands -- SHE'S GOOD AT THIS.

Then a GUTTURAL SCREAM from behind them-- Sebastian throws SCALDING HOT COFFEE on an attacker, stabs a FORK in his neck. While he's distracted, Audrey and Morgan fucking run for it.

**EXT. VIENNA STREET - MOMENTS LATER**

Audrey and Morgan sprint down the alley, panicking...

AUDREY

I just killed someone... oh my god  
Morgan, I just killed someone...

MORGAN

Don't think about it! Keep running!

AUDREY

I killed someone!





AUDREY  
Go go go go go! Go! Go!

Lukas stares at HIS PHONE: A picture of an ASIAN MAN.

LUKAS  
Mr. Nguyen?

AUDREY  
Yes. Mr. Nguyen. Just go!

Audrey throws a bunch of BILLS at him. Lukas shrugs and drives. Typical Uber chatter ensues.

LUKAS  
So you guys visiting?

The girls' eyes dart everywhere -- frantic -- not listening --

MORGAN  
(panicking)  
Can we go another way? There's a lot of traffic here --

LUKAS  
Bottled water? Still? Sparkling?

AUDREY  
No! Just drive --

LUKAS  
You have enough air back there?

A GUY ON A MOTORCYCLE PULLS ALONGSIDE THEM -- full-head helmet obscuring his face. He LIFTS a MACHINE GUN. Ready to fire... Audrey and Morgan SCREAM. Audrey reaches over and kicks her own LEG down on top of Lukas's -- SPEEDING THE CAR UP.

AUDREY  
Here's the deal, okay? Some guys with guns are trying to kill us right now. Can you just, lose them?

LUKAS  
(lighting up)  
Fuck yeah!

Lukas starts driving like a MANIAC. EFFECTIVELY. He makes a SHARP TURN, losing the assassin. The girls exhale. Until:

LUKAS (CONT'D)  
Good thing I smoked a little meth before. *Fear is an illusion!*

He turns down a ONE-WAY STREET. The wrong way. CARS HONK, pull to the side. Lukas swerves in and out... on to nearby TRAIN TRACKS. He drives down the tracks at top speed...

bumping wildly... heads into a NARROW TUNNEL. In the dark, the lights of an ONCOMING TRAIN appear...

AUDREY

Lukas!

LUKAS

I see it. No problem.

Lukas SPEEDS UP. The girls SCREAM at the top of their lungs... The Uber pulls out of the tunnel and off to the side JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME -- The TRAIN rushes by.

LUKAS (CONT'D)

Up here!

Lukas lifts a hand to HIGH-FIVE. Before they can return it--

BLAM! -- BLAM!! THE BACK WINDOW shatters! THE GIRLS -- duck! LUKAS -- is sprayed with bullets. He DIES TEN TIMES OVER.

MORGAN lifts her head cautiously over the back seat... FIVE MORE MOTORCYCLE GUYS are racing through the tunnel, armed --

MORGAN

Audrey, get on top of him!

Audrey jumps on the LAP of Lukas's DECIMATED CORPSE. She DRIVES, cautious at first... then gets an ADRENALINE RUSH. Drives FASTER AND FASTER. When she gets to a CROSSING, she TURNS off the tracks, into TRAFFIC -- Weaving between cars.

Audrey is a quick fucking study. She makes a SHARP TURN. Loses her pursuers. For now.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Hey! Pull over! Stop the car!

A BAROQUE SIGN AHEAD -- STEPHANSPLATZ. METRO STATION. Audrey pulls up to the curb. Morgan jumps out. Audrey climbs off Lukas' dead body. Glances back at him one more time...

AUDREY

(ruefully)

Five stars, Lukas.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Five stars.

They sprint toward the Metro. SIRENS in the distance.

**INT. VIENNA SUBWAY STATION - DAY**

AUDREY and MORGAN run down the ESCALATOR, to the TURNSTILES.

MORGAN

Jump the turnstile!

Audrey stops. There's a COP patrolling nearby.



SEBASTIAN  
(sotto)  
In the mirror.

PATEL  
I'm not an idiot, Sebastian. I was--

SEBASTIAN  
Harvard. Yes. We know.

WENDY  
(stern)  
Boys. If I wanted to sit here with two children, I'd spend time with my own children. And I don't want to spend time with my own children. Now what do we know about these idiots?

PATEL leans over and types a few keys. ON THE SCREENS -- DMV PHOTOS of AUDREY and MORGAN.

PATEL  
Audrey Stockman. 27. Works at Trader Joe's.  
(to Sebastian)  
You're right. Can't let anything happen to her. Who else would serve the samples of Vegan Gyoza?  
(to Wendy)  
She's worked there since she graduated from Oberlin with a B minus average. Which is where she met this genius...

MORGAN'S PICTURE.

PATEL (CONT'D)  
Or shall I say "This Musical Theater major who designed her own minor."

WENDY  
In what?

PATEL  
She literally minored in "Personality."

SEBASTIAN  
What's your point, Patel? You're okay letting two innocent women die?

PATEL  
I think society is okay letting these two die. They're losers. And we'll catch them the minute they try to cross the border.

(MORE)

PATEL (CONT'D)  
 These girls are the stupidest  
 people America hasn't managed to  
 kill yet.

**INT. WIEN HAUPTBAHNHOF TRAIN STATION - NIGHT**

An uber-modern mall-like International hub.

**INT. THE TICKET WINDOW**

AUDREY grabs two tickets and hurries through the CROWD,  
 keeping her head down, lying low... she arrives

**INT. OUTSIDE THE GIFT SHOP**

Just as MORGAN emerges with a BAG. The girls walk quickly.

AUDREY  
 Keep moving. There are cameras  
 everywhere.

MORGAN  
 I got us changes of clothes.

Morgan pulls out two BASEBALL HATS with MOZART'S FACE.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
 They really play up that Mozart's  
 from here. Really downplay that  
 Hitler's from here.

The girls put on the hats and head for the tracks.

AUDREY  
 What else did you get?

MORGAN  
 Everything that said Wiener on it.

She shows Audrey a jar of VIENNA SAUSAGES and a cake labeled  
 TORTE WIENER ART. Then Audrey suddenly STOPS.

AUDREY  
 Wait. Fuck. Our passports.  
 Sebastian said we'll get stopped if  
 we try to use them.

MORGAN  
 Okay. So we just have to get new  
 ones. Let's find a couple of girls  
 who look like us, tell them what  
 happened and convince them to give  
 us theirs. They can just go to the  
 embassy and say theirs were stolen.

AUDREY  
 Who would do that for us?

MORGAN  
Any girls! It's girl code. Eat Pray  
Love.

AUDREY  
They look kinda like us.

She points to two KIND OF NERDY GIRLS who look like them.

MORGAN  
Babe, what are you talking about?  
Those girls look nothing like us.  
Those girls look like us.

Morgan points to two TALL BACKPACKERS WHO LOOK LIKE MODELS.

**INT. TRAIN STATION BENCH - MOMENTS LATER**

By the TRACKS -- Audrey and Morgan are nearly in TEARS as they explain their predicament to the AUSTRALIAN BACKPACKERS.

AUDREY  
... Just think about the only guy  
you've ever really loved dying in  
front of you. And asking you to do  
this one thing for him. Wouldn't  
you sacrifice anything?

MORGAN  
Yeah, I mean this was my favorite  
shirt. It's H&M but now it's also  
B&B. Blood and Brains.

AUSSIE TOURIST 1  
You guys are weird.

MORGAN  
We're not...  
(mocking Australian accent)  
weeeeid. We're serious. You'd be  
saving our lives. And a lot of  
other innocent people. You don't  
want those people to die, right?

AUDREY  
Please guys. Just go to the embassy  
and get new passports. We'll give  
you some money for your time --

AUSSIE TOURIST 2  
Sorry. We'd love to help you out,  
mate, but we don't know you and...

MORGAN  
No, I get it. I get it.

The TRAIN pulls in behind them. Morgan and Audrey exchange a look. They both know what they have to do.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
Thanks anyway. It was beautiful  
meeting you two.

AUDREY  
Have a great time in Poland.

They pull the two Backpackers in for a HUG...

MORGAN  
(yelling)  
Now!

AUDREY and MORGAN GRAB the girls' FANNY PACKS and dash for the WAITING TRAIN. Before the Aussies know what's happening, the train has left the station. Along with their passports.

PRE-LAP thumping ETHEREAL HOUSE MUSIC...

**INT. MILAN PALAZZO - NIGHT**

Dizzying strobe lights -- thumping bass -- an AVANT GARDE runway show in a drafty PALACE BALLROOM. Androgynous men and women move stiffly down the catwalk in clothes that look like armor. Vacant faces STREAKED with black and metallic paint.

**MILAN, ITALY**

We track one MODEL -- 6'3, deathly pale, beauty that only exists in unpronounceable countries. NADEJDA (pronounced "Nadia" but everything, including spelling, is harder where she's from.) She completes her walk and heads back to --

**INT. MILAN PALAZZO BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS**

The bullpen. Nadedja ignores the chatter of models and interns as she goes to a CUBBY, removes an expensive leather bag. Pulls out her BUZZING PHONE. In a heavy SLAVIC accent:

NADEDJA  
Hello... Yes... I understand.

She crosses behind a CURTAIN, pulls it shut.

**INT. DRESSING AREA - CONTINUOUS**

Nadedja strips NAKED, revealing a bony, hairless body. She pulls out the components of --

A GUN. Assembles it expertly. From outside the curtains --



MALE INTERN (O.S.)  
 Nadedja? You're not changing, are  
 you? Carlo wants everyone out  
 there.

Nadedja continues, unperturbed by the request. Moves on to a  
 HANDGUN -- screws in a SILENCER.

The curtain is YANKED OPEN, revealing the CHUBBY MALE INTERN.

MALE INTERN (CONT'D)  
 Carlos said now -- HOLY SHIT.

His eyes widen, taking in the nudity -- luckier than he's  
 ever been in his life. And ever will be. Because he's about  
 to die. He should not have seen those guns.

Nadedja moves like lightning -- AIMS, FIRES. Intern FALLS.

She pulls a shapeless FROCK from a nearby rack, checks her  
 reflection in a mirror. Uses a MAKEUP SPONGE to wipe the  
 Intern's blood off her face, steps over him in her stilettos.

**EXT. STREETS OF MILAN - DAY**

Nadedja climbs into a MERCEDES SLR MACLAREN -- mirrored  
 exterior, as otherworldly as she is. This is like, a 650K€  
 car (given the current European economy, you could negotiate  
 down to six, but Nadedja doesn't negotiate.) She speeds away.

**I/E. TRAIN - DAY**

Gorgeous countryside. Audrey and Morgan -- now in different  
 clothes -- sit in a TRAIN COMPARTMENT. Morgan holds the  
 TROPHY, Audrey removes a PHONE from one of the FANNY PACKS.

MORGAN  
 We should get you a gun. Cause  
 dude. Back there? In that cafe?  
 You're like, deadly.

AUDREY  
 I play a lot of Duck Hunt.

MORGAN  
 (re: trophy)  
 God, what is the fucking deal with  
 this thing?

AUDREY  
 I don't know. That's what we have  
 to figure out.

MORGAN  
 Or maybe... we don't. I mean, Drew  
 asked you to hand it to this one  
 person. We tried.  
 (MORE)

MORGAN (CONT'D)

People shot at us. And each other.  
Clearly this isn't as easy as we  
thought. Maybe we should just  
like... throw it out the window.  
Then it's just... not on us.

Audrey thinks about it. Tempting, but she just can't.

AUDREY

No. If it's really that important  
and we just ditch it and something  
really bad happens... I don't want  
that blood on my hands. In addition  
to the literal blood that's already  
all over my hands.

MORGAN

That train station hand soap is for  
shit.

AUDREY

We just have to get out of this  
country of murderers. We'll be in  
Prague in a few hours.

MORGAN

Prague does not sound free of  
murderers.

But Audrey's distracted, clicking around on one of the  
Aussie's CELL PHONES with a bejeweled pot leaf case.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

What are you looking at?

AUDREY

Facebook. Photos of me and Drew.  
He's looking away in every picture.  
How did I never notice that before?

MORGAN

When you're in love you don't see  
shit you don't want to see. Are  
those his parents?

ANGLE on a photo of Audrey and Drew -- head turned -- with a  
MIDDLE AGED MIDWESTERN-LOOKING couple. TOM and MARSHA.

AUDREY

Yeah. I met them the night before  
he disappeared. We all went to the  
Cheesecake Factory.

MORGAN

God, that menu. Too many options.

AUDREY  
I know. We ended up splitting a lot  
of things.

MORGAN  
Do you think they knew?

AUDREY  
I don't know who knows anything  
anymore. All I know is I really  
fucking liked that guy...

**INT. BARCADE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

*The CRASH TEST DUMMIES song is still playing. Audrey and Drew  
SLOW-DANCE in the bar, half-ironic, Junior High-style.*

AUDREY  
I don't know. Like my best friend  
always knew she wanted to be an  
actress. And she's just... a natural  
at it. I've never had anything like  
that. I've never had a thing where  
people are like, "Audrey, this is  
what you were born to do."

DREW  
You will.

AUDREY  
How do you know? You just met me.

DREW  
I'm a good judge of character.

*Audrey smiles. A moment. Are they going to kiss? Then the  
song FADES OUT, breaking the moment.*

AUDREY  
Anyway, thanks for the dance.

DREW  
You too.

*Audrey heads back to MORGAN, drinking at the bar...*

DREW (CONT'D)  
Actually, wait.  
(she turns around)  
Let's play it again.

*Drew pulls a TWENTY out of his wallet.*

DREW (CONT'D)  
Like, a lot of times.

*Audrey laughs, delighted.*

CZECH BORDER GUARD (PRE-LAP)  
Passports?

**INT. TRAIN - NIGHT**

CLOSE on two stern-looking CZECH SOLDIERS studying the AUSTRALIAN GIRLS' PASSPORTS. They look up and we --

RACK FOCUS to AUDREY and MORGAN, smiling innocently from their seats. Morgan speaks in a HEAVY AUSTRALIAN ACCENT.

MORGAN  
Hi! Name's Briony! As you can tell  
by my accent, I grew up in Perth.  
Though I live in Sydney now.

Audrey chimes in awkwardly... in a TEXAS DRAWL.

AUDREY  
Great uniforms! Thanks y'all!

The guards stamp their passports and hand them back. Move on. Audrey and Morgan slide the door shut and exhale.

AUDREY (CONT'D)  
I can't believe that worked.

MORGAN  
Me neither. You sounded like if  
Matthew McConaughey had a stroke.

AUDREY  
Wait. I just thought of something.

MORGAN  
What?

Audrey picks up the TROPHY. BASHES IT against the armrest.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?! What if that's  
like, a bomb?

AUDREY  
No way. We went through airport  
security. Twice.

Sure enough, the trophy CRACKS. There's a FLASH DRIVE inside.

MORGAN  
Oh my God, dude. Audrey! You are  
such an operative right now.

AUDREY  
I bet we'll know what to do and  
where to go if we can just figure  
out what's on this thing.

She pulls out the drive, discards the trophy.

MORGAN

But we don't have our laptops. And even if we did, I'm sure it's like, top secret stuff in code or whatever. We'd need some computer genius to figure it out for us...

SMASH TO:

**INT. PRAGUE APPLE STORE - DAY**

The iconic APPLE image above the GENIUS BAR.

**PRAGUE, CZECH REPUBLIC**

A CZECH VERSION of an AMERICAN COMPUTER GEEK -- GAUGED ears, kinda cool, kinda not. NEON GREEN tee. He holds the drive.

CZECH GENIUS

It's not something we sell. But let's take a look!

He opens the nearest LAPTOP and plugs the drive into the USB port. A STREAM OF NUMBERS AND LETTERS APPEAR.

CZECH GENIUS (CONT'D)

Wow. This is something I have not seen before. Let me ask Lubos...

**INT. PRAGUE APPLE STORE - DAY**

NINE GENIUSES huddle over the laptop. No other customers are being helped. The STORE MANAGER shakes his head.

STORE MANAGER

I've never seen anything like this. This is some serious government Mr. Robot shit. Where did you get this?

AUDREY

Uh, Best Buy?

MORGAN

My Grandma Rose... who works at Best Buy.

LUBOS -- ENORMOUS, BEARDED -- pipes up.

LUBOS

Wait. Here's something...

(he clicks)

What if we open up this guy...

The Geniuses nod, mutter their agreement.

ALL POWER IN THE APPLE STORE goes OUT. THE COMPUTERS SMOKE!

CZECH GENIUS  
What the fuck... ?

AUDREY  
(to Morgan)  
Fuck. Get the drive! Get it out!

In the darkness, Morgan GRABS THE FLASH DRIVE. They RUN.

**INT. CIA PARIS STATION - DAY**

In the bullpen, on a COMPUTER SCREEN, a NOTIFICATION FLASHES on a DIGITAL MAP. A TECH shouts to the room:

TECH  
Prague! They're in Prague.

**I/E. MERCEDES MACLAREN - DAY**

Nadedja -- intense EDM blasting -- SPEEDS down a highway.

**EXT. CHARLES BRIDGE - DAY**

The iconic bridge. Packed with tourists, vendors, caricature artists. Morgan and Audrey move through the crowd. Morgan holds the Aussie's POT LEAF PHONE.

MORGAN  
I just want to tell them I'm safe! I haven't gone a day without talking to my parents, like, ever.

AUDREY  
Fine. But you cannot tell them what's going on.

MORGAN  
I can't lie. That's our deal. If I tell the truth, they can't get mad.

AUDREY  
They might get mad this time.

MORGAN  
They didn't get mad when I tried cocaine with our rabbi. They didn't get mad when I blew the homeless guy.

AUDREY  
You didn't know he was homeless though.

MORGAN  
That's what they said! Trust me. It's better to have someone know where we are right now.

Audrey sighs but doesn't argue as Morgan steps aside, dials. The phone rings. Morgan's mom CAROL answers.

CAROL (V.O.)  
Hello?

MORGAN  
Mom! It's me.

**INT. CAROL AND ARNIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY- INTERCUT**

CAROL (50s) sits at the kitchen table in their suburban home, cutting an ARTICLE out of the *Asbury Park Press*.

CAROL  
Oh thank God. Arnie, she's okay!  
Honey you're all over the news.

REVEAL the article is about AUDREY and MORGAN. "FREEHOLD NATIVE AND FRIEND SOUGHT IN INT'L MURDER CONSPIRACY".

CAROL (CONT'D)  
I'm conferencing your father in.

**INT. CAROL AND ARNIE'S BATHROOM - SAME- INTERCUT**

ARNIE (50s) is on the toilet, on his cell.

ARNIE  
Honey? This is Dad. Where are you?  
Did you and Audrey murder two  
people? That's what they said on  
Channel Seven.

MORGAN  
No! I mean yes I killed someone but  
he was an assassin. And then Audrey  
killed someone in Austria. But that  
was self-defense...

ARNIE  
You're in Austria?!

CAROL  
Arnie, get out of the bathroom. I  
can hear the echo.

A FLUSH.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
Oh God, mute yourself. Your  
father's a pig.

**INT. CIA PARIS STATION - DAY**

A LISTENING STATION picks up a HIT. A map of NEW JERSEY with a blinking dot over FREEHOLD. Another TECH traces the call.

TECH 2  
Charles Bridge. Prague.

**EXT. CHARLES BRIDGE - DAY**

AUDREY nervously looks around at passersby, suspecting everyone. Morgan is still absorbed in her PHONE CALL.

**INT. CAROL AND ARNIE'S BEDROOM - SAME - INTERCUT**

Arnie is now sitting on the bed.

MORGAN

...And we can't go to the police because they might be in on this. That's what we're trying to figure out right now.

ARNIE

Where are you staying tonight?

MORGAN

We hadn't gotten that far...

ARNIE

Listen. I have a friend. Roger Bernstein. Ophthalmologist. Met him doing Doctors Without Borders. He's got a big place in Prague. Lotta money, that guy. Married a Czech woman. Beautiful girl. Zaftig.

CAROL

*Arnie.*

ARNIE

She left him but he stayed on. I think he likes the culture.

CAROL

Sexually adventurous.

ARNIE

He'll behave. I'll give him a call.

**EXT. PRAGUE BUILDING - DAY**

NADEDJA stands on top of BUILDING, behind a SNIPER RIFLE. She looks through her sight at --

THE CHARLES BRIDGE.

Nadedja pauses. Makes a CALL. The voice on the other end speaks through a VOICE MODULATOR.



NADEDJA  
Who am I looking for?

VOICE MODULATOR (V.O.)  
I texted pictures. Targets are two  
dumb American women.

Nadedja looks on her phone. Pictures of AUDREY and MORGAN.

She looks through her sight again. THROUGH THE CROSSHAIRS: SO  
MANY PAIRS OF DUMB AMERICAN WOMEN --

Two SLUTTY GIRLS take duck-face Selfies.

A DRUNK CHICK pukes over the side of the bridge while her  
HUNG-OVER FRIEND holds her hair back.

Two girls HUMP a statue of JESUS, cracking each other up.

OFF NADEDJA -- she has no idea who to shoot.

**EXT. CHARLES BRIDGE - DAY**

Audrey, sensing DANGER, leans over to Morgan.

MORGAN  
(into phone)  
Wait, there are Ophthalmologists in  
Doctors Without Borders?

AUDREY  
We should go.

CAROL  
What, you think people in  
Afghanistan don't have astigmatism?

ARNIE  
Your judgment is also a border,  
young lady.

Audrey GRABS THE PHONE and THROWS IT OFF THE BRIDGE.

AUDREY  
We have to fucking go!

**EXT. STREETS OF PRAGUE - DAY**

The girls race CITY BIKES through Prague, passing Cathedrals,  
Museums, etc. Not stopping to see the sights.

**I/E ROGER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Audrey and Morgan POUND ON THE ORNATE WOODEN DOOR as they  
glance behind them, paranoid. Finally it opens. ROGER (50s) --  
cardigan, balding, benign -- appears.

ROGER

Whoa there! One of you must need  
the bathroom.

Morgan and Audrey just hurry inside and slam the door.

MORGAN

Yeah. Sorry. Nice to meet you.

ROGER

(to Audrey)

You must be Morgan! You've got your  
mother's face.

MORGAN

Actually... I'm Morgan.

AUDREY

Audrey.

ROGER

Audrey, has anyone ever told you  
you've got Morgan's mother's face?

The uncle humor relaxes them a bit. Roger leads the way  
upstairs - but the girls linger, glancing at the door.

AUDREY

Mind if I lock the door... ?

ROGER

Nervous traveler, eh?

(she nods)

Come on. Let's go help you relax.

He WINKS as he locks the bolt. The girls cringe a little. Ew.

**INT. ROGER'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

At a candlelit table, Audrey and Morgan serve themselves  
salad. Roger enters from the kitchen.

ROGER

You girls look like you'd enjoy  
some pot...

He pulls a POT ROAST off the counter.

ROGER (CONT'D)

...Roast!

He cracks himself up.

AUDREY

Thank you so much, Roger, I'm  
starving.

Audrey serves herself some but Morgan wrinkles her nose.

MORGAN  
Oooh. Uh... I'm sort of vegan.

ROGER  
Oh. I wish I'd known...

MORGAN  
It's kind of a new thing.

AUDREY  
Except when she gets really drunk  
and eats bacon-wrapped hot dogs off  
this gross cart.

MORGAN  
Drunk Morgan doesn't have the same  
ethics as sober Morgan.

AUDREY  
Roger, this is delicious. You're a  
great cook.

ROGER  
Morgan, I can't let you eat salad  
for dinner. What kind of host would  
I be? I'll just whip something up.

He ducks back into the kitchen. A moment.

MORGAN  
Am I crazy or is Roger into me?

AUDREY  
Oh God.

Audrey clutches her stomach.

AUDREY (CONT'D)  
I think I'm eating too fast. All  
this meat is hitting me weird.

MORGAN  
That's your body questioning your  
moral decisions.

AUDREY  
I'm gonna find the bathroom.

**INT. ROGER'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Audrey, pale, clutching her stomach, races into the bathroom  
and THROWS UP in the toilet.

**INT. ROGER'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

Roger re-emerges with a dish of GRILLED EGGPLANT.

ROGER  
Here. Eat.

MORGAN  
You know what? I'm good. I'm trying  
not to eat when I'm not hungry.

ROGER  
What happened to Audrey?

MORGAN  
She went to the bathroom. But I  
think she's done.

ROGER  
Then let's retire to the living  
room, shall we?

Morgan smiles politely and follows, but she's skeeved out.

**INT. ROGER'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Audrey wretches again. IN HER POV... The room is SPINNING.

**INT. ROGER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Roger and Morgan stand before an intense EGON SCHIELE NUDE.

ROGER  
You like art?

MORGAN  
She doesn't look like she's  
enjoying herself.

ROGER  
Sometimes the sweetest pleasure  
comes when you're not enjoying  
yourself.

MORGAN  
I don't think I agree with that.

And then Roger PUTS HIS ARM AROUND HER. Morgan stiffens.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
Uh, hey Roger? You're so nice and  
my dad says great things about you  
and everything you did with those  
refugees' eyes... but...

He squeezes Morgan's shoulder harder.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
Ow. That hurts, actually. Can you --

She realizes Roger's hands are drifting up to her NECK.  
Before Morgan can stop him, he's SHOVED HER TO THE GROUND.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
Aaaaaah! Help!

She kicks Roger in the BALLS.

ROGER  
Ow! Fuck!

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
Audrey!

Roger climbs on top of Morgan.

**INT. ROGER'S HOUSE - BATHROOM- SAME**

Still in Audrey's POV. Morgan's yelling is muffled. Audrey tries to stand -- but loses her balance. She falls into --

THE SHOWER.

THERE'S A DEAD BODY IN THE TUB. A different BALD NERD. THE REAL ROGER. Audrey flails to get off him. It's tough. She's been drugged. She COLLAPSES to the floor, barely conscious.

**INT. ROGER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME**

Roger, on top of a screaming Morgan, yanks up the side of her shirt and injects her with a TRANQUILIZER.

**INT. ROGER'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Roger tosses a WOozy MORGAN into the bathroom with Audrey, slams the door. The girls are barely lucid.

MORGAN  
Audrey... Roger drugged me...

AUDREY  
That's not Roger.

Audrey pulls back the shower curtain, reveals the body.  
Morgan gasps. Audrey pulls out the flash drive.

AUDREY (CONT'D)  
You have to swallow this.

MORGAN  
What?

AUDREY  
So they can't find it. Come on!  
Before he comes back!

MORGAN  
You swallow it.

AUDREY  
I just puked like nine times. I'll  
just throw it back up.

MORGAN  
I can't even swallow Advil! I have  
to mash it up and put it in  
Applesauce... that thing is huge.

AUDREY  
Pretend it's that homeless guy.

MORGAN  
(fading)  
Dude. I didn't know...

Audrey musters the strength to lift Morgan's head to the sink. She runs the water into Morgan's mouth, putting the FLASH DRIVE IN. Morgan tries to swallow... but coughs it up.

AUDREY  
Lift your head back. Hold your nose.

Morgan tries holding her nose and dangling the flash drive into her mouth. It goes in... and Morgan starts CHOKING. Audrey SLAPS her on the back. The flash drive flies out.

Audrey, passing out, picks up the flash drive, thinking fast--

THE DOOR flies open just AS THE TOILET FLUSHES. "Roger" is flanked by THREE THUGS. IN THE GIRLS' POV, we FADE TO BLACK.

**INT. ABANDONED LOCKER ROOM - DAY**

The girls come to -- finding their hands are CHAINED TO PIPES above their heads. They're in an old, rusted out locker room.

MORGAN  
Audrey?

They're not alone. A MIDDLE AGED COUPLE sits by the SHOWERS. Audrey squints at them -- recognizes them -- gasps!

IT'S DREW'S PARENTS. TOM and MARSHA are typical Midwesterner parents -- greying, thick, Patagonias. They look exhausted.

AUDREY  
Oh my God. Tom! Marsha!

MORGAN  
Who?

AUDREY

Drew's parents.

(to Tom and Marsha)

Oh God. Am I the reason you got dragged into this? Believe me, I never meant for of this to happen. I never meant for Drew to die...

MORGAN

Help us get these off before they come back and chain you up too...

Marsha nods sweetly, crosses slowly to Audrey and... PUNCHES HER HARD ACROSS THE FACE.

AUDREY

Ahhhhhh! What the --

Marsha speaks... with a HEAVY RUSSIAN ACCENT.

MARSHA

Shut up, you dumb bitch.

TOM

Where's the drive?

He has an accent too. He approaches Morgan, pulling a KNIFE.

AUDREY

(realizing)

You guys are in on this too.

TOM

Tell your friend to answer my fucking question.

AUDREY

Trust me. Your son would have wanted you to protect us.

MORGAN

Uh, Audrey. I don't think those are really Drew's parents.

AUDREY

Yes they are! Right?

(to Tom and Marsha)

That dinner happened. We split the chicken lettuce wraps. We talked about Tom's colonoscopy. We both love *Scandal*, Marsha! I was team Fitz, you were team Jake! Jake's the good guy! Scott Foley!

MARSHA

I can like Scott Foley and be a Russian operative who is not Drew's mother. Drew worked for us.

TOM

Where's the fucking drive?!

He holds the KNIFE to Audrey's throat. A long beat.

AUDREY

I... flushed it down the toilet.

Silence. This is a big fucking deal.

TOM

Do you know what you've done?

He glares at them. It's a scary fucking look.

TOM (CONT'D)

Nadedja!

NADEDJA enters, now wearing a FORM-FITTING LEATHER SUIT.

MARSHA

Shoot these cunts in the head.

TOM

Torture them first. Make sure they're not lying.

AUDREY

We're not! We have no reason to lie! We don't even know what's on that drive! No one ever told us!

They leave the girls with Nadedja. She UNZIPS her CASE -- lays out a bunch of fucked up looking DENTAL EQUIPMENT. Audrey starts shaking. Morgan nervously starts rambling...

MORGAN

You're really pretty. Like you're barely human you're so pretty --

AUDREY

Morgan, shut up.

MORGAN

No! Everybody likes compliments!

NADEDJA removes a pair of PLIERS. Approaches Morgan.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Wow! Did you sharpen that yourself? Do you work with metal often?



Nadia brings the PLIERS closer.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
Oh God oh God oh God...

AUDREY  
Please no, stop!

**EXT. BELGIAN COUNTRYSIDE - DAY**

A fleet of BLACK SUVs races across the bleak countryside.

**I/E BLACK SUV - SAME**

Patel drives the lead car. Sebastian sits shotgun.

**EXT. ABANDONED ICE HOCKEY ARENA, BELGIUM - DAY**

A long-abandoned, run down ICE HOCKEY RINK from the 70s.  
That's where the girls are being held.

On the ROOF -- the parents and some THUGS load gear into a  
whirring HELICOPTER. ANGLE ON the DECAL on the chopper --

**VOLVO.** (Did you know Volvo made choppers? Apparently they do  
for assassins posing as Midwestern parents)

**INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY**

Nadedja nears Audrey's mouth with the pliers...

NADEDJA  
I ask question. If I don't like  
answer, I take tooth. Same as her.

A SOB. We reveal Morgan -- BLOOD is pouring from her mouth.

MORGAN  
That was a fucking wisdom tooth! It  
was all the way up in there.

NADEDJA  
Where is the drive?

AUDREY  
I already told them. I flushed it  
down the toilet.

NADEDJA  
I don't like answer.

She takes the PLIERS to one of Audrey's FRONT TEETH.

MORGAN  
This is so bad for women!

Nadedja brutally TWISTS AUDREY'S TOOTH. Audrey GASPS in pain.

**EXT. ABANDONED ICE HOCKEY ARENA - DAY**

THE SUVs pull up just in time to see the CHOPPER LEAVING.

**INT. BLACK SUV - DAY- CONTINUOUS**

Patel and Sebastian watch as the chopper retreats.

PATEL

Fuck. They got the drive.

(into a handset)

Okay kids. On my order, scuttle the F-15s. Let's blow this shithole up.

SEBASTIAN

Wait. The girls could be in there.

PATEL

If they are, they're either dead or surrounded by terrorists. Also: I don't care.

SEBASTIAN

Just give me five minutes and three agents. I want to check.

PATEL

So four agents can get killed? I can't authorize that. And this is my operation.

THE RADIO (V.O.)

F-15s are a minute out.

PATEL

Sweet. Let's crush this mother like we've crushed Yale in every football game since 2007.

(beat)

By "we" I mean Harvard.

Sebastian makes a snap decision. He SLAMS PATEL'S HEAD INTO THE STEERING WHEEL, knocking him out. Sebastian seizes his RADIO. Does his best Patel impression:

SEBASTIAN

Actually guys, hold up? Abort mission.

THE RADIO (V.O.)

Roger that.

SEBASTIAN

Go Crimson.

He HANDCUFFS Patel to the steering wheel.

**EXT. ABANDONED ICE HOCKEY ARENA - MOMENTS LATER**

Sebastian, HANDGUN up, creeps along the side of the building.

**INT. ABANDONED ICE HOCKEY ARENA - CONTINUOUS**

A GUARD on the other side of the door with a RIFLE.

Sebastian leaps out of nowhere -- KICKS HIM IN THE FACE -- we see his training in action. The Guard's rifle CLANGS to the ground. Sebastian STOMPS on his fallen body. He's out.

**THROUGH ANOTHER SET OF DOORS**

Sebastian peeks out -- moves quietly -- hiding under a BLEACHER. Takes in the cavernous HOCKEY RINK.

Rats scuttle across DIRT where the ICE used to be. A MASSIVE DECREPIT ZAMBONI in the corner. A moldy old HOCKEY GOAL.

In the shadows, creepy THUGS stalk, on patrol.

A muffled SCREAM from across the rink. Sebastian spots the locker room door on the far side. Knows they're in there.

FLICK! A RUSSIAN GUARD lights a cigarette inches from Sebastian -- doesn't see him. He takes a drag, enjoying it. He'd better - it'll be his last ever. He walks a couple paces, around the ZAMBONI --

Sebastian's waiting. In one fluid move, he has the guard in a headlock -- shoves the lit cigarette into his mouth -- holds it closed as the guard burns from the inside. Then crumples.

Sebastian drops him -- runs swiftly, unseen, under the rink-side barriers. Stops a few yards from the LOCKER ROOM...

A CARD TABLE stands in the way. NINE BAD FUCKING GUYS around it. All with guns on them. Eating, drinking, laughing.

Sebastian silently checks his clip. He wouldn't have enough bullets for all of them even if every shot was perfect. Fuck.

**INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY**

Blood is now streaming out of both the girls' mouths.

Nadedja smiles for the first time -- albeit sadistically -- as she pulls out JUMPER CABLES attached to a CAR BATTERY.

AUDREY

I'm telling you we don't know anything!

MORGAN

I've never kept a secret in my life! I tell everyone everything!

Nadedja just hits the jumpers together. SPARKS fly.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
I have herpes!

AUDREY  
What are you doing?

MORGAN  
Proving to her that I'm honest and have nothing to hide! I stole my dad's painkillers from his hernia surgery and sold them at Coachella!

Nadedja approaches Morgan with the jumpers...

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
I text while I drive -- drunk -- all the time! I once made out with this guy who has a hormone disorder where he looks twelve. He's actually forty, but still! It's like I hooked up with a child!

AUDREY  
Morgan. This is not helping--

MORGAN  
Tell her something personal about you.

AUDREY  
No!

MORGAN  
Audrey has a recurring sex dream about Turtle from *Entourage*!

Nadedja SHOCKS MORGAN. Morgan SCREAMS. Blinding pain.

**I/E. BLACK SUV - DAY**

Patel stirs awake -- groggily realizes what happened. Then realizes his hand is CUFFED.

PATEL  
You fucking dick, Henshaw.

Fuming, he reaches down with his free arm, manages to grab the WIRE to his mouthpiece. Talks into it.

PATEL (CONT'D)  
Okay! Send the F-15s.

**INT. ABANDONED ICE HOCKEY ARENA - DAY**

SEBASTIAN HEARS THIS...

PATEL (V.O.)  
Drop the payload. Now.

SEBASTIAN knows he has to move. Now.

### THE ZAMBONI -- MOMENTS LATER

Sebastian sits astride the beast. There's no way this thing still works, right? No fucking way. But he has to try. He turns the IGNITION. It burps awake. Fucking miracle.

### AT THE CARD TABLE

The thugs are confused. What the fuck is that? THE ZAMBONI ROARS AHEAD -- NOW ON TOP OF THEM.

SEBASTIAN drives. One moment the table was full of scary dudes. Now a THREE TON hunk of metal and giant spinning blades SHRED the life out of every one of them.

Someone's SEVERED HAND flies into the HOCKEY GOAL.

Sebastian doesn't have time to be impressed with himself -- A GIANT MAN pulls him out of his seat.

No actually, a straight up HULK -- pulls him to the ground. Stands over him. This guy is the biggest monster Russia has ever created and he's about to crush Sebastian.

Sebastian KICKS. Gets him in the shin. This is nothing to him. Hulk leans down, takes Sebastian's left arm. SNAPS IT. Blinding pain. Then Hulk SHOTS him in the OTHER SHOULDER.

Sebastian writhes in agony as the thug points his gun at Sebastian's head. So much for playing hero. He's gonna die.

One last ditch thought -- Sebastian grabs for his gun. With two fucked up arms, he can't AIM so he just SHOTS WILDLY. WHEREVER HE CAN. Hulk laughs. Bullets nowhere near him, but --

ONE BULLET ricochets around the rafters, hits a CHAIN. Which holds -- AN ANCIENT SCOREBOARD. The scoreboard FALLS, right on the Hulk. CRUSHES his SKULL.

### INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Hearing the LOUD NOISE, Nadedja turns. What was that?

A momentary reprieve for Morgan and Audrey as she grabs two guns and heads toward the noise...

### INT. OUTSIDE THE LOCKER ROOM - SAME

Sebastian crouches under the bleachers as NADEDJA'S HIGH HEELS pass. Once she's gone -- he crawls to the locker room.

**INT. LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Sebastian enters and GASPS.

Audrey and Morgan look horrible. But they're alive. Seeing him, they start collapsing in sobs -- but there's no time --

SEBASTIAN  
We have to move fast.

Sebastian struggles to lift Audrey -- unhooks her from the pipe she hangs from. Not easy given his own injuries...

Audrey unhooks Morgan. They hurry toward the BACK EXIT--

**EXT. ABANDONED ICE HOCKEY ARENA - DAY**

A bloody, hobbled Audrey, Morgan and Sebastian hurry out of the arena into the sunlight. The girls stop.

AUDREY  
Where are we -- ?

SEBASTIAN  
Keep moving! Go! Go!

The F-15s buzz over the ARENA. DROP THEIR PAYLOAD.

Sebastian pulls them away as fast as he can as the building -- EXPLODES. A fiery boom. Then just a fire.

The old rink is now a HEAP of RUBBLE along with everyone inside. At least they're safe. Sebastian crouches over the girls, shielding them from the debris. As the smoke clears:

AUDREY  
Okay. I trust you now.

SEBASTIAN  
Jesus, I should hope so.

But when the smoke clears... there are FIFTY SPECIAL FORCES AGENTS surrounding them. Guns drawn. Oh shit.

**INT. CIA PARIS STATION, HOLDING CELL - DAY**

Sebastian -- one arm bandaged, one in a SLING -- sits with the girls in a holding room.

AUDREY  
Be honest. Does this look fake?

She smiles. An UNNATURALLY WHITE FAKE TOOTH where hers was.

MORGAN  
You know I would never lie to you.

Morgan leaves it at that. Audrey turns to Sebastian.

AUDREY

I should have just given you the drive in the cafe. Then none of this would have happened.

SEBASTIAN

I wouldn't have believed me either. Drew told you to keep it safe.

MORGAN

Okay. Can you just tell us what is on that fucking drive?

SEBASTIAN

I actually don't know. What I know is it was made by an international terrorist group called Highland. Intelligence tells us they're planning a series of assassinations. High profile people. The plans will be on that drive. So if we had it, we'd know how to stop them.

Audrey is about to say something when --

THE DOOR OPENS. WENDY enters with PATEL -- his nose broken and bandaged.

WENDY

Henshaw? My office. Patel, stay here.

Sebastian glances back at the girls, then follows Wendy out. In their wake, PATEL is alone with the girls. Awkwardly:

AUDREY

What happened to your nose?

PATEL

Your new best friend slammed my head into a steering wheel so he could put our entire team at risk. In order to save you.

AUDREY

Oh.

An awkward silence.

MORGAN

So, "Patel." Do you know a Danny Patel who went to Wesleyan?

INT. CIA PARIS STATION - WENDY'S OFFICE - DAY

Wendy coldly sits across from Sebastian.

WENDY

Henshaw, you read English at university. Did you ever learn the word "hierarchy"?

SEBASTIAN

Wendy, I know I --

WENDY

How about the word "treason"? That's a good one. Love when it comes up in the crossword.

SEBASTIAN

I know I overstepped --

WENDY

Overstepped? Overstepping is wearing a tank top on Casual Friday. Overstepping is stealing my Activia from the office fridge even though I brought it from home.

SEBASTIAN

I didn't steal your Activia.

WENDY

Goddammit. We work for an international intelligence organization and I can't figure out who's been eating my yogurt. My point is you did a lot more than overstep. You violated my direct orders, handcuffed your superior and went into a building swarming with terrorists without backup.

SEBASTIAN

I know. I exercised poor judgment --

WENDY

Which one of them is it?

SEBASTIAN

Sorry?

WENDY

The only reason I can fathom why you'd put the entire mission on the line to save two girls' lives is you're in love with one of them. So which one is it?

(MORE)



WENDY (CONT'D)

The one with the tooth or the one who invited me to see her in *Pippin* at the Santa Monica Playhouse?

**INT. CIA PARIS STATION HOLDING CELL - LATER**

PATEL paces the room, enjoying this. The girls are upset.

PATEL

So what was going through your mind exactly when you flushed it down the toilet? "This thing is so important that actual people are actually dying because of it. So I know what I'll do! I'll treat it like a piece of shit wrapped in a piece of toilet paper."

Morgan involuntarily LAUGHS. Claps a hand over her mouth.

PATEL (CONT'D)

This is funny? Death is funny to you?

MORGAN

No, just... *that's* how you go to the bathroom?

Audrey starts quietly laughing too.

PATEL

Go ahead. Laugh. Meanwhile, I'll tell you how many lives were lost and will be lost because of you.

MORGAN

...So let me get this straight. You take a piece of toilet paper and what? You like wrap your hands in it and then poop into it, and then take that whole contraption and that's what you drop into the toilet? You know the toilet is designed to take all that work out of it for you?

**INT. CIA PARIS STATION. WENDY'S OFFICE - DAY**

Wendy and Sebastian, as before.

WENDY

How long did the doctor say it would take your arm to heal?

SEBASTIAN

Two months for the bullet wound. Three for the fracture.

WENDY

Great. Take a five month leave.

SEBASTIAN

Oh, I assume he meant the two arms  
will heal simultaneously.

WENDY

I know what I said.

**INT. CIA PARIS STATION HOLDING CELL - DAY**

Patel is in the middle of berating the girls. He leans in.

PATEL

And every time you hear the song  
that will be recorded by Sting  
(featuring Bruno Mars) about  
everyone who's about to be killed,  
just know that *that* song would  
*never have had to be made* if you  
two weren't such fuck-ups.

AUDREY

Okay. We get it.

PATEL

Oh, sorry, have you had enough?  
(then)  
Drew was right about you.

Audrey FLINCHES. Patel savors this.

PATEL (CONT'D)

You're nothing to him. Just a place  
for him to put his stuff. Because  
no one would ever suspect you of  
anything. No one would ever think  
you were important enough.

This hangs in the air for Audrey. The door opens and  
SEBASTIAN re-enters. Avoids Patel, addresses the girls.

SEBASTIAN

I just wanted to say goodbye.  
You're on the next flight to LA.

MORGAN

What happens when we get there? Are  
we gonna go to jail?

SEBASTIAN

No, we'll take care of it. That's  
what we do here.

PATEL

Actually Henshaw, not to be a  
grammarians here but you're not  
technically included in "we"  
anymore when referring to what we  
do here. Since you're suspended.

Sebastian seethes but doesn't say anything.

PATEL (CONT'D)

Now how about you drop these two at  
the airport on your way home? Good  
practice for your next career  
driving a SuperShuttle.

**I/E. TOYOTA COROLLA - DAY**

Sebastian drives his modest car out of the parking garage.  
Audrey sits shotgun, Morgan in the back.

SEBASTIAN

Sorry about all the dog hair back  
there.

MORGAN

I'm surprised they don't give you  
more of a badass James Bond car.

SEBASTIAN

I don't have company car privileges  
right now. Or for the next five  
months.

AUDREY

Ugh. We ruined your life.

SEBASTIAN

No you didn't. I'll be fine. And I  
don't know what Patel said to you  
in there but this situation would  
be much worse if you hadn't flushed  
that drive and it ended up in the  
wrong hands.

MORGAN

But a lot of people are gonna die.

SEBASTIAN

And they would have died if you'd  
never found the drive in the first  
place. This is not your fault.

A moment.

AUDREY

Just out of curiosity, if we *did* still have the drive, what would have happened?

SEBASTIAN

Well, hopefully we could de-encrypt it. Then ideally, we'd see what Highland's plans are and stop them.

AUDREY

How do you de-encrypt something?

SEBASTIAN

Why do you want to know?

AUDREY

(a nervous beat)

Because the drive is in my vagina.

SEBASTIAN

Sorry?

AUDREY

Yeah...

Sebastian and Morgan are SHOCKED.

SEBASTIAN

Wait.

MORGAN

Are you fucking kidding?!

AUDREY

You told me it was important! I'm not going to flush something that important down the toilet!

MORGAN

So it's in there right now? Doesn't that hurt?

AUDREY

You get used to it.

SEBASTIAN

So even when you were being tortured... you didn't give it up.

Sebastian is really impressed with Audrey.

MORGAN

The ultimate irony would be if you saved the world, then died of Toxic Shock Syndrome.

SEBASTIAN

Right then, not to be impolite but do you think you might... access it? From... the place where--

AUDREY

Yeah. Everyone turn your head.

ANGLE on AUDREY'S FACE as she unzips, removes the flash drive. A moment, then another ZIP. She holds out the drive.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

Should I just put it...

SEBASTIAN

Uh, I'll take that.

An awkward -- and extremely intimate -- moment as Audrey hands the drive to Sebastian. He puts it on the dash, then turns off at an exit for CHARLES DE GAULLE AIRPORT.

MORGAN

Where are you going after this? Back to headquarters or whatever?

AUDREY

Yeah. I'm sure they'll un-suspend you if you show up with this.

SEBASTIAN

Maybe. But I may try to take this one on myself.

AUDREY

How? Look at you. You're like, disabled right now.

SEBASTIAN

I'll figure something out.

A moment. Audrey and Morgan exchange a look.

AUDREY

Dude, no. I'm not gonna sit on the plane watching *Cake Boss* while you're risking your life to clean up a mess we made. I want to help.

MORGAN

Me too. You can't do this alone.

SEBASTIAN

No. No. You two have risked your lives enough as it is.

A moment. Then the other part of the truth comes out.

MORGAN

But... I don't want to go back yet.

AUDREY

Me neither. This might sound stupid because this is your job and it's really serious and dangerous, but I feel like this is something we could actually be... good at.

MORGAN

I know. This is everything I love about theater and I'm finally getting to do it. Just pretending to be a spy.

SEBASTIAN

You're not pretending.

Sebastian DOES AN AGGRESSIVE U-TURN. New plan.

**EXT. BIBLIOTHEQUE MAZARINE - DAY**

A gorgeous historical library on the Seine facing the LOUVRE.

**INT. BIBLIOTHEQUE MAZARINE - DAY**

Breathtaking details, centuries-old books. A tourist destination. But these are no ordinary tourists.

The READING ROOM -- Sebastian inserts the FLASH DRIVE into his laptop while the girls look on. The same ENCRYPTED numbers and letters that appeared in the Apple Store pop up.

SEBASTIAN

Hmmmm. That's odd.

He LOOKS DOWN AT THE DRIVE. Then back at Audrey. Then back at the DRIVE. Audrey gets paranoid about what he's judging.

AUDREY

Whatever dude. Not every woman is like, a waxed porn star. We have stuff going on in there.

SEBASTIAN

No, no. I mean on the drive... this is State Department encryption.

MORGAN

Meaning?

SEBASTIAN

Highland didn't make this. Your government did. I can't access it. I don't have clearance. I'm suspended.

AUDREY  
Can't you just hack the password?  
You're a spy.

SEBASTIAN  
They change it every 24 hours. It's  
16 characters. Numbers, letters,  
case-sensitive. Even if I had a  
supercomputer, it would take days.

AUDREY  
So... what are you saying?

SEBASTIAN  
We can't get into the flash drive.  
I'm saying we lost.

A sober moment for all of them.

MORGAN  
There must be something else we can  
do.

SEBASTIAN  
Not unless you have access to some  
sort of expert on U.S. intelligence  
computer security.

Morgan gets an idea.

MORGAN  
Actually, hold on.

**INT. BIBLIOTHEQUE MAZARINE - NIGHT**

Two FRENCH STUDENTS absorbed in MATH TEXTBOOKS. Around them,  
the usual student technology -- laptops, mobiles, etc. Morgan  
appears at their table. In her best French accent --

MORGAN  
*Où est la bibliothèque?*

They students are confused.

FRENCH STUDENT  
You're already at the library.

MORGAN  
Yeah, sorry, it's the only thing I  
remember from high school French.  
(then)  
I'm just gonna borrow this for one  
second. Be right back.

She grabs one of their MOBILES and steps outside.

**INT. MOSCOW HOTEL - DAY- INTERCUT**

The back of someone's head, staring out the window at the KREMLIN as he ties a TIE. His phone buzzes. He looks at the number, doesn't recognize it, but answers it anyway.

EDWARD SNOWDEN  
This is Edward.

MORGAN  
Eddie? Eddie Snowden?

Yes -- it's EDWARD SNOWDEN.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
It's Morgan. From Buck's Rock Camp.

Edward Snowden loses his shit.

EDWARD  
Oh my God, Morgan! How are you?  
It's been forever. I've sent you a bunch of emails over the years... I thought maybe you didn't have your AOL account anymore.

MORGAN  
Yeah, I have a Gmail now.

EDWARD SNOWDEN  
Actually... I knew that.

MORGAN  
Right. I guess you would.  
(beat)  
So hey. I need a really big favor.

A knock at Edward's hotel room door. A RUSSIAN AIDE appears.

RUSSIAN AIDE  
Sir, Mr. Putin is ready for you.

EDWARD SNOWDEN  
He can wait.  
(into phone)  
What do you need, Morgan? Anything.

MORGAN  
Are you near a computer?

EDWARD SNOWDEN  
Always.

**INT. CIA SITUATION ROOM - DAY**

In the SITUATION ROOM, Wendy stares at the screens. Silence. Then a CIA TECHNICIAN notices something on his computer.



CIA TECHNICIAN  
 Ma'am! Ma'am.  
 (Wendy looks over)  
 They didn't get on their flight.

WENDY  
 Shit.

She turns to PATEL.

WENDY (CONT'D)  
 Either those dum-dums took their  
 selfie sticks to the Eiffel Tower  
 or they lied about not having the  
 drive and they're on the run. Which  
 agent took them to the airport?

Patel freezes. He fucked up.

PATEL  
 I, uh, sent Henshaw.

WENDY  
 You sent the agent I just suspended  
 for insubordination?

PATEL  
 I'll fix it.

WENDY  
 You'd better. Give me an excuse to  
 leave couples therapy early. I'm  
 sick of watching my husband cry.

**INT. BIBLIOTHEQUE MAZARINE - DAY**

Sebastian types in the password Morgan reads off...

MORGAN  
 ...Two, upper case L, at sign, at  
 sign, asterisk, lower-case j...

ON THE SCREEN: A CHECK MARK.

Sebastian and Audrey exchange a look, amazed. Sebastian  
 hastily downloads the de-encryption key. He's in.

**INT. BIBLIOTHEQUE MAZARINE - LATER**

Morgan is now trying desperately to wrap it up with Snowden.

MORGAN  
 Yeah. Yeah. Totally. I love the  
 Mighty Mighty Bosstones too. Makes  
 sense that they're touring Eastern  
 Europe now... I'll definitely try  
 to make it.

(MORE)

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
 But if I can't, call me if you're  
 ever in LA!... Oh right, I guess I  
 knew that. K then... bye.

She hangs up on Edward Snowden.

ON SEBASTIAN'S LAPTOP: ICONS flood the screen and don't stop.  
 There must be millions. Sebastian's eyes widen.

AUDREY  
 What? What's on the drive.

SEBASTIAN  
 These... aren't Highland's plans.  
 This is a lot bigger.

Sebastian SLAMS THE LAPTOP SHUT just as Morgan returns.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)  
 We have to get out of here.

**INT. EUROPEAN HOTEL ROOM - SUNSET - INTERCUT**

In a lavish bed in a luxury hotel in Europe somewhere sits --  
 NADEDJA. She's still alive? What the fuck?

Her PROFILE, haunting beauty, lit by the sunset. She's stone-  
 faced, chain smoking, surrounded by artillery. EURO MTV plays  
 low in the background but she stares out the window. Her CELL  
 buzzes. She answers in CROATIAN.

NADEDJA  
*Zdravo.*

A VOICE speaks through a VOICE MODULATOR.

VOICE MODULATOR  
 I need to add another target.

NADEDJA  
 Double rate.

VOICE MODULATOR  
 No. You failed once. The girls are  
 still alive. You should be happy  
 we're still working with you. I'll  
 send you everything you need.

We stay on NADEDJA as her A TEXT comes through. A picture of  
 SEBASTIAN. Then, LINK to GOOGLE MAPS with a MOVING DOT.

Nadedja turns to assemble her weapons -- and we reveal --  
 HALF HER FACE IS MELTED OFF. Hideously deformed. The bombing  
 at the ice rink. Well... she's survived worse.

**EXT. SUBURBAN PARIS SHOPPING CENTRE PARKING LOT - DAY**

By the parked Corolla, Sebastian switches the SIM CARD in his phone -- opens the TRUNK, pulls out DRY CLEANING.

SEBASTIAN  
Here. Change your clothes. We need to ditch anything they could use to find out where we're going.

AUDREY  
Where are we going?

SEBASTIAN  
Amsterdam. I know a place we can hide.

As they all put on Sebastian's DRESS SHIRTS...

MORGAN  
Oh my God my friend Beth lives in Amsterdam! She just emailed me about a new gallery show.  
(to Sebastian)  
She uses pipe cleaners and glitter to discuss draconian abortion access in contemporary India.

SEBASTIAN  
Interesting. Do you want your friend Beth to die?

MORGAN  
I wasn't saying we should go.  
(beat)  
Unless we get this all resolved and we're safe. Then I wouldn't mind supporting her.

Meanwhile, Audrey tries not to stare at Sebastian's body as she helps him button his shirt. Dude's in great shape. He catches her looking. An awkward moment as they both redden. There's tension -- and not just the life and death kind.

A series of QUICK CUTS, over energetic music --

-Morgan THROWS ALL THEIR CLOTHES into a DUMPSTER.

-Sebastian pulls a stash of SPY SHIT -- MONEY, PASSPORTS, GUNS, GADGETS, A PACK OF CIGARETTES -- from his glove box...

-Sebastian walks Morgan through JIMMYING the lock on another car, a modest PEUGEOT HATCHBACK. Then through hot-wiring it.

**EXT. FRENCH HIGHWAY - MINUTES LATER**

The Peugeot zips out on to the road. Success.

**I/E. A PARIS TRAIN - NIGHT**

NADEDJA in a CLOSED TRAIN CAR -- bad side facing away from us, toward the window. She tracks the moving DOT.

KNOCK KNOCK! A sleazy SPANISH GUY slides the door open.

SPANISH GUY  
Good evening, beautiful.

He sits next to her. Nadedja blithely turns, revealing the other side of her face -- now bandaged but SOAKED WITH BLOOD.

SPANISH GUY (CONT'D)  
Bella, what happened to your face?

Nadedja calmly lifts a hand and BASHES HIS NOSE IN. Amused:

NADEDJA  
What happened to yours?

**I/E. SEBASTIAN'S CAR - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT**

Sebastian and Audrey up front, Morgan sleeping in back.

AUDREY  
So what kind of dog do you have?

SEBASTIAN  
Well, *had*.

AUDREY  
Oh. I'm sorry.

SEBASTIAN  
No. No. The dog's still alive. He just lives with my ex.

AUDREY  
Do you ever see him?... Or her? Or, sorry, maybe they're both "him," I don't mean to be presumptuous.

SEBASTIAN  
The dog's a "he." The ex is a "she."

AUDREY  
Got it. What happened?

SEBASTIAN  
You know. The usual. I worked too much. We never saw each other. She was having an emotional affair with one of her coworkers. They were always hugging. They once hugged for five minutes.

(MORE)

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Just try to hug someone for five minutes. I bet you can't.

AUDREY

Yeah, that's a really long time.

SEBASTIAN

Also I found out she was selling weapons to the Chinese government.

AUDREY

Where is she now?

SEBASTIAN

Off the grid. I lost track of her -- and Banjo -- somewhere along the Kyrgyzstan border.

AUDREY

I'm really sorry.

SEBASTIAN

Yeah. Breakups suck. As you know.

A moment of connection.

AUDREY

They just make you feel crazy. Like, you're with someone for ten months, you think you're in love... then you're like, oh wait, that was all a lie. I was just a vagina for him to store a flash drive in.

SEBASTIAN

It's more complicated than that. People reveal who they are in the end. It doesn't mean what you had wasn't real.

AUDREY

Morgan says Drew was always a selfish dick.

SEBASTIAN

And what do you think?

AUDREY

I mean, he did bring assassins to my apartment. But then again, so did you.

SEBASTIAN

(smiling)  
Shut up.

In the back, MORGAN wakes up.

MORGAN  
 Hey guys? I know we're on the run  
 from a shit-ton of people but can  
 we eat soon? I'm fucking starving.

**EXT. ROTTERDAM, NETHERLANDS - DAY**

The sun rises over the gorgeous town.

**ROTTERDAM, NETHERLANDS**

**INT. AN OFFICE - DAY**

Long, thin fingers type into a PHONE.

"Targets located."

NADEDJA stands in a corporate office -- empty for the weekend  
 -- overlooking a quaint outdoor cafe. Through her SCOPE...

**EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE - SAME**

AUDREY, MORGAN and SEBASTIAN eat breakfast - in her  
 CROSSHAIRS.

We leave Nadedja's POV and pull closer... revealing...

It's NOT THEM. It's the AUSTRALIAN TOURIST GIRLS they stole  
 passports from in Vienna. And some RANDOM SKEEVY GUY. One of  
 the girls wears SEBASTIAN'S JACKET FROM EARLIER.

AUSSIE TOURIST 1  
 How cute is this jacket?

AUSSIE TOURIST 2  
 I can't believe you found it in a  
 dumpster. You always find the best  
 secondhand stuff.

SKEEVY GUY  
 Yeah, so, you guys into threesomes?

BAM-BAM-BAM! All three collapse, instantly dead --

**EXT. A DIFFERENT CAFE - DAY**

In an entirely different CAFE, our three heroes eat Dutch  
 apple pancakes in peace. Totally safe. For now.

AUDREY  
 So Sebastian, is this what your job  
 is like all the time?

SEBASTIAN  
 Uh, no. Mostly it's a lot of  
 paperwork. Reading reports. Waiting  
 to get sent into the field.

AUDREY

At least you have a field. My field is a conveyor belt with almond milk and cruelty-free chicken coming at me. Reeeeeeally slowly. With plenty of time for me to intercept them.

MORGAN

I've never had a job. But I love hearing about jobs. Maybe I should get a job here serving *pannekoeken*. I do a really good Dutch accent. Audrey knows.

AUDREY

She played a guard in *Diary of Anne Frank*.

MORGAN

The part was written as a man but at Oberlin we did a Gender-Switch version.

On Sebastian -- what the fuck are they talking about?

AUDREY

Speaking of hiding out, where are we staying tonight? Do we finally get to sleep in a real hotel?

MORGAN

Yeah, like one of those ones in Bond where there just happens to be a private waterfall for him to have sex under?

SEBASTIAN

No. We need to stay somewhere we won't stand out. Where we don't seem weird. Because everyone there will be weirder.

SMASH TO:

**INT. FLYING PIG YOUTH HOSTEL, AMSTERDAM - NIGHT**

A grimy YOUTH HOSTEL. Full of freaks. A JAPANESE GUY plays with a POSSUM. A SWISS GUY openly sells COCAINE. A THRUPLE of IRISH TOURISTS make out.

**AMSTERDAM, THE NETHERLANDS**

At the check-in desk, Sebastian hands cash to a clerk.

**INT. FLYING PIG YOUTH HOSTEL - ROOM - NIGHT**

Sebastian sits on one of the beds, on his laptop while Audrey looks on. Morgan, on another bed, channel-surfs on the tiny TV. On the tiny DESK, an assortment of GUNS is laid out.

AUDREY

...So you're telling me this drive gives us access to the entire Cloud? Everyone's private shit?

SEBASTIAN

The U.S. government has built a back door to access everything. Everyone's private emails, their finances... everyone's secrets. That's what Drew stole.

AUDREY

What does Highland want with that?

SEBASTIAN

Imagine the power that comes from unlimited information. Blackmail, theft, they can take anything. Know anything. This is why people are --

MORGAN

Hey! You guys!

On TV: CNN INTERNATIONAL NEWS. It's a story about AMERICAN GIRLS ARMED, DANGEROUS, AT LARGE. It's Audrey and Morgan.

CNN INTERNATIONAL ANCHOR

*...Thought to be part of a bigger terrorist plot, the young women were said to be involved in a hack at the Apple Store in Prague...*

The girls stare, mesmerized...

CNN INTERNATIONAL ANCHOR (CONT'D)

*...and the murder of a local doctor, which may have had a sexual motive.*

MORGAN

Ew. We would not have sexual motives with that guy. That's like, so insulting to us.

CNN INTERNATIONAL ANCHOR

*Here are recent photographs of the suspects...*

ON THE TV: Morgan's photo is a glamorous headshot. Audrey's is a drunken, shiny bar photo. Baggy, stained sweatshirt.



AUDREY  
Ugh, I keep trying to untag myself  
in that picture.

MORGAN  
Was that from Halloween?

AUDREY  
No.

MORGAN  
Oh.  
(beat)  
It's cute!

AUDREY  
It's really not.

MORGAN  
Sebastian, back me up here. Doesn't  
Audrey look cute in that photo?

SEBASTIAN  
I'm busy.

MORGAN  
What, you don't have one second to  
validate her? All you have to do is  
give a thumbs up or thumbs down!

*CNN INTERNATIONAL ANCHOR*  
*...The FBI has released transcripts*  
*of Facebook messages between the*  
*suspects about victim Drew Thayer,*  
*confirming their intent.*

AUDREY  
Oh God. Morgan. Our chats...

*CNN INTERNATIONAL ANCHOR*  
*"I just wish he would die. Is that*  
*too much to ask? Just for someone*  
*to [expletive] murder him," said*  
*Audrey Stockman. Then, "Do you want*  
*me to murder him? I totally will.*  
*That's what friends are for. Music*  
*note emoji, music note emoji,"*  
*replied Morgan Freedman.*

Sebastian finally looks up, amused.

SEBASTIAN  
Your name is Morgan Freedman?

MORGAN  
It's Morgan Alexa Freedman on IMDB.

AUDREY  
Oh God. Morgan. Look.

Onscreen - **TESS BAKER-TONETTI: COLLEGE FRIEND OF SUSPECT.**

TESS  
*...Honestly? I just don't believe  
Audrey would ever do this.*

Audrey is surprised and weirdly touched. Until...

TESS (CONT'D)  
*She's just like, not that  
complicated of a thinker. I mean  
she's 27 years old and she doesn't  
even have a bed frame.*

Audrey shuts off the TV. She and Morgan cross to Sebastian.

MORGAN  
So with this drive, if anyone had  
ever emailed or like iMessaged a  
naked picture to someone else...

SEBASTIAN  
This drive could access it.

AUDREY  
Who did you send naked pictures to?

MORGAN  
Don't worry about it.

AUDREY  
I can find out. He just said I can  
find out.

Audrey grabs the LAPTOP. Morgan smacks her hands away.

MORGAN  
Or we could look at pictures of  
someone we actually want to see  
naked.

The girls exchange a knowing look. Beat.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
Anderson Cooper.

AUDREY  
Amal Clooney.

Morgan starts typing... Sebastian tries to wrestle the laptop  
back but she playfully holds it out of his reach.

SEBASTIAN  
Guys. This is not a joke...

ONSCREEN -- A NAKED ANDERSON COOPER. Reverent silence.

MORGAN

God. Everything about that guy is chiseled.

AUDREY

Snow white carpet, snow white drapes.

MORGAN

Ooh, is that one from behind?

AUDREY

Anderson Cooper 360.

Suddenly -- An ENORMOUS FINNISH BACKPACKER bursts into the room!

ALL THREE OF THEM PANIC, SCRAMBLE FOR THEIR GUNS. Point it right at the backpacker... who is totally non-plussed.

ENORMOUS FINNISH BACKPACKER

(thick accent)

Cool.

He plops on one of the beds and immediately falls asleep.

**INT. FLYING PIG YOUTH HOSTEL BATHROOM - LATER**

Audrey enters the communal bathroom to find Sebastian unwrapping a KID'S travel toothbrush. She does the same.

AUDREY

What'd you get? I got the blond girl from *Frozen*.

SEBASTIAN

That's Elsa. You can have my Olaf if you'd prefer.

(off her look)

I have nieces.

(beat)

Who are quite weirded out that I saw *Frozen* in the theater three times by myself.

Audrey laughs. They switch toothbrushes, brush their teeth.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

I hope you're not upset about what that girl said. On the news.

AUDREY

I mean, I'm not surprised she said that. I haven't really done anything that impressive with my life so far.

SEBASTIAN

I've seen you do some pretty impressive things. You were a great shot in the cafe. You didn't break when you were tortured. You had the forethought to put that thing up your... thing. You're a natural at this.

AUDREY

You think so?

SEBASTIAN

Absolutely.

AUDREY

Well, I'm impressed with you too. Not a lot of people would've cared about saving me. Including my ex.

A moment.

SEBASTIAN

Audrey. About that. I want to clear something up. You weren't just a cover for Drew. That much I know.

AUDREY

How?

SEBASTIAN

I was... there the night you two met. At your birthday last year.

AUDREY

You were at Barcade?

SEBASTIAN

Outside. In the surveillance van. Drew was actually there to take out a target.

AUDREY

Who?

SEBASTIAN

The bartender. He was in ISIS.

**INT. BARCADE - NIGHT(FLASHBACK)**

*A BARTENDER with a VERY LONG BEARD -- could be in Isis, could be in Iron & Wine -- hands DREW a drink at the bar.*

*ISIS BARTENDER*

*Craft Bourbon Cocktail with tobacco bitters and a rhubarb zest?*

We hear Sebastian in V.O. through Drew's earpiece.

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)  
Can you identify him as the target?

Drew's leans back to get a better view, knocking into Audrey at the jukebox. He turns, sees her. Smiles. She's cute.

DREW  
Sorry.

AUDREY  
It's okay.

From DREW'S SIDE NOW, we see Audrey turn around in her TIARA.

DREW  
Oh. Happy birthday.

AUDREY  
What?  
(off tiara, deadpan)  
Oh, this? It's not my birthday. I just wear this for warmth.

**INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT- (FLASHBACK)**

Sebastian sits with TWO OTHER AGENTS, watching FOOTAGE of different areas of the bar. ONSCREEN, Drew and Audrey flirt.

SEBASTIAN  
Thayer. We do not have time for this.  
(Drew ignores him)  
Thayer. Show me you're listening to me.  
(Drew keeps ignoring him)  
Tell me this earpiece is still working. Or I'm coming in there.

They start dancing. Drew subtly NODS over Audrey's shoulder.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)  
If you see me, why aren't you fucking moving?!

**INT. BARCADE - NIGHT- (FLASHBACK)**

MORGAN approaches the dancing couple.

MORGAN  
Okay, kids. The birthday girl's gonna turn into a pumpkin in a second. Let's get Del Taco.

Audrey and Drew break apart. Morgan addresses Drew.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
 You're coming. You can bring your  
 giant square chin with you.

AUDREY  
 No night is complete without a bad  
 decision at Del Taco.

DREW  
 Actually... I can't.

AUDREY  
 Oh. Okay.

She's disappointed. Drew glances back at ISIS BARTENDER, now  
 closing out the register. Preparing to leave...

DREW  
 I just, have a work thing.

AUDREY  
 At 2am?

DREW  
 Yeah, my job is weird.

This sounds like bullshit.

AUDREY  
 Okay, well, nice meeting you, Drew.

She turns to leave. ON DREW -- glancing from the BARTENDER  
 retreating to the BATHROOM and AUDREY on her way out...

DREW  
 Wait.

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)  
 Don't you dare give her your  
 number. Do not give a witness at  
 the bar where you're about to  
 murder a man your phone number.

DREW  
 (sotto)  
 Too late.

Audrey turns.

AUDREY  
 Too late for what?

DREW  
 Nothing. Here. Take my number.  
 Maybe we can hang out another time.

Audrey lights up, hands him her phone. He punches in his number. Audrey leaves with Morgan.

The second they're gone, Drew SPRINTS TOWARD THE BATHROOM.

**INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT- (FLASHBACK)**

The agents watch as onscreen, in the BATHROOM --

ISIS BARTENDER is finishing up at the urinal. Drew walks in.

**INT. BARCADE BATHROOM - NIGHT- (FLASHBACK)**

Drew, now steely-eyed, expertly moves toward him, grabs the back of his head -- shoves him hard right INTO THE FLUSHER HANDLE. We SMASH BACK TO --

**INT. HOSTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT- PRESENT DAY**

Audrey and Sebastian, as before. Audrey is overwhelmed.

SEBASTIAN

My point is, being with someone -- caring about them -- makes our job harder. So if Drew was trying with you... that was real.

AUDREY

Until I got him killed.

SEBASTIAN

He got himself killed.

A moment. Sebastian tries to lighten the mood.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

And not that you asked my opinion, but I would say the worst song on that jukebox is "Your Body is a Wonderland." No question.

AUDREY

(laughing)  
No way dude! I lost my virginity to that song.

SEBASTIAN

Wow. To who? The cheesiest person in the world?

AUDREY

Oh, I'm sorry. Did you lose your virginity in a non-cheesy way, Fancy British Guy?

Now Sebastian's laughing too. They're enjoying each other. Audrey turns to leave... then turns back.





AUDREY  
Stop! Please! Don't! Stop it --

Patel just pushes harder, harder. Sebastian WRITHES. Audrey STEPS FORWARD to intervene, but he whips the gun back to her.

PATEL  
Hands! Up. Both of you.  
(to Sebastian)  
That's both hands, cripple.

Audrey and Sebastian raise their arms. Sebastian winces -- he can't raise his injured arm very high. Patel notices, smirks.

PATEL (CONT'D)  
Higher.

Sebastian tries. It's excruciating.

PATEL (CONT'D)  
...Just because I can.

SEBASTIAN  
What is this, Patel? Revenge? I was already suspended. You won.

PATEL  
I know I won. This isn't about you.  
Or them. I'm just here for this.

Patel moves to the desk -- reaches over a whimpering Morgan -- slides the FLASH DRIVE from the computer.

PATEL (CONT'D)  
Of course, now I have a couple of loose ends to tie up.

He retrains the GUN on Sebastian, point blank...

AUDREY  
Wait! None of this is his fault, okay? It's mine. This was all me and Morgan. Just tell the CIA that.

SEBASTIAN  
Audrey, no...  
(to Patel)  
He's not here on CIA business. He's working for Highland.

PATEL  
Please. Highland works for *me*. And you won't believe how much the Chinese Mafia is offering me for this thing. And the Russian Mafia. Multiple mafias.

SEBASTIAN

So this is all about money?

PATEL

Money, justice, whatever you want to call it. I personally think it's unjust that I risk death every day and sacrifice any shred of a personal life to make sixty five grand a year and wear a suit from Men's Wearhouse. And on that note, I'll just finish you all and be on my way. As much fun as it's been watching you kids play *Tinker Tailor Stoner Spy*.

Patel waits for a reaction. Nothing. Audrey's incredulous.

AUDREY

What, were you hoping to get a laugh? You're about to kill us.

PATEL

I was on the *Lampoon* in college. Whatever. I'm funny. Doesn't matter. Cause one thing's mightier than the pen and it's called a fucking handgun. For heckling me, princess, you die first.

Patel moves the gun to AUDREY'S TEMPLE... hand on the trigger... SQUEEZING. SQUEEZING. A tense final second, AND --

Patel GASPS and DROPS to the ground, DEAD! The ENORMOUS FINNISH BACKPACKER stands behind him. He leans down, pulls his BLOODY KNIFE from Patel's back.

SEBASTIAN

Jesus!

AUDREY

Oh my God.

Shell-shocked, Audrey rushes to Morgan and UNPEELS the tape. They hug, both messes of emotion.

MORGAN

Thank you. Oh my God, thank you.

ENORMOUS FINNISH BACKPACKER

This man was robbing us, yes?

SEBASTIAN

Yes.

ENORMOUS FINNISH BACKPACKER

He might have stolen Angelika.

He unzips his backpack. A GIANT YELLOW SNAKE SLITHERS OUT.

ENORMOUS FINNISH BACKPACKER (CONT'D)  
Just ignore her. She'll take  
herself for a walk.

He climbs back into his bed, puts the knife down on the sill,  
closes his eyes. The snake slithers over Patel's dead body.

Everyone is a little disgusted. But they don't dare complain  
after what he just did for them. Morgan turns to Sebastian.

MORGAN  
So what now?

SEBASTIAN  
First, we have to move this body.

**INT. FLYING PIG YOUTH HOSTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT**

Morgan and Audrey carry a blanket-wrapped SOMETHING -- it's  
clearly a body -- through the lobby. Sebastian in tow. There  
are just a couple of people there. They're all suspicious.

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)  
Just act like everything we're  
doing is normal and no one will  
question it. People only suspect  
you when you look like you're  
trying to hide something. Smile.  
Make eye contact. Say hi.

Morgan and Audrey take the note too far, smiling and saying  
hello to EVERY PERSON they pass. A SLEAZY GUY by the desk  
smiles back at Morgan. Gives her a little nod - 'Sup girl.

**EXT. AMSTERDAM STREET - NIGHT**

Sebastian hot-wires a BLACK SEDAN as Audrey and Morgan ease  
Patel's body into the trunk.

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)  
We need a clean car. Then we need  
to get out of the city.

**I/E. BLACK SEDAN - NIGHT**

Audrey drives. Sebastian's shotgun. Morgan in the back.

AUDREY  
How did he find us?

SEBASTIAN  
We took every precaution. We used  
cash. No phones --

Then Audrey realizes something. Turns back to Morgan. Morgan quickly looks out the window. Audrey realizes.

AUDREY

Morgan, did you call your parents?!

MORGAN

I'm sorry! I just had to tell them I was okay! I thought maybe my dad found out about Roger and I didn't want them to think I was dead so I got a burner phone at the gift shop and just said hey I'm fine -- real fast -- then I threw it in a dumpster! Like on *The Wire*! I thought you couldn't track a call if it was less than two minutes!

SEBASTIAN

That's not a thing anymore.

MORGAN

I realize that now.

SEBASTIAN

Morgan. Listen to me. You cannot do any more shit like that. You put all of our lives in jeopardy.

MORGAN

I'm sorry! But it's not like I'm the only one of us who fucked up.

SEBASTIAN

Who else fucked up?

MORGAN

You left the drive in the computer?

SEBASTIAN

Just for a second! You were in the room! Where else would I put it?!

MORGAN

What's wrong with your ass?!

SEBASTIAN

My ass? I couldn't have done that with my arm like this! I wouldn't have been able to get the angle.

AUDREY

You could have asked one of us to help you insert it. I was in the bathroom with you.

MORGAN

Yeah. I'm sure Audrey would have loved to put something up your ass! I'm sure she still would.

AUDREY

(reddening)

Not in a sexual way. Just like, for the sake of mankind.

**EXT. NDSM WHARF, OUTSIDE AMSTERDAM - NIGHT**

An abandoned industrial area by the waterfront under the cover of night. The girls fill Patel's pockets with ROCKS.

The girls lower Patel into the water. As body slowly sinks, a CELL PHONE BUZZES. PATEL's. It's coming from under the blanket. It's on him. The girls freeze, set the body down.

SEBASTIAN

We need to check who he's texting.

Audrey takes a breath, and wades into the water. His dead face stares back at her. She winces, reaches into his jacket, removes the phone before it gets wet. Slides to unlock it.

AUDREY

The phone needs his thumbprint.

MORGAN

Well... there's his thumb.

Audrey grabs Patel's dead arm. She presses thumb to button. The phone unlocks. There's a TEXT from an unknown number:

**"Text me when you get the package."**

AUDREY

What do I say back? Who is he texting with?

SEBASTIAN

Let's find out. Tell them we have it and ask them where the drop is.

She writes back. A moment, then another BUZZ.

**"Bring it to Operation Albrecht."**

AUDREY

What's "Operation Albrecht"?

SEBASTIAN

Let's check his emails.

Sebastian pulls the DRIVE and laptop from his bag. Inserts the drive, kneels on the dirty ground, laptop on his knee...

ONSCREEN -- PATEL'S EMAILS. He searches "Albrecht."

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)  
He's been emailing with someone named "Hunter Pierce."

MORGAN  
Okay, so, a gay porn star.

SEBASTIAN  
"Operation Albrecht" appears to be Highland's first planned assassination. They don't name the target, but it's going down tomorrow night. There's a gala at the Museum of German Technology in Berlin. Text back and tell him you'll be there with the drive.

AUDREY  
Shit. It locked again.

Audrey uses Patel's thumb again, replies. Meanwhile--

SEBASTIAN  
Wow, Patel has a lot of pictures of his mom on here.

ON THE SCREEN -- Photos of PATEL and an OLDER WOMAN. Then one where they're BOTH NAKED AND MAKING OUT.

MORGAN  
Ahh. Not his mom! Not his mom!

AUDREY  
Wait!  
(urgent)  
That person's gonna keeps texting.  
We'll need his thumb.

They all exchange looks. There's just one option and Audrey is already in the water. She grabs a BEER BOTTLE from the shore and SMASHES IT on a rock. Holding the JAGGED GLASS, she returns the cold water, over to Patel's body, nearly under.

CLOSE on his hand as it sinks. Audrey grabs it -- uses the glass as a BLADE, CUTS PATEL'S THUMB OFF. Not much blood.

She holds up the thumb to her cohorts in victory. It's disgusting, but we see Audrey is also weirdly proud of herself. She really is a natural at this.

**EXT. BERLIN - DAY**

The sun rises over Berlin.

**BERLIN, GERMANY**

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)

Here's the plan. The guest list for the gala includes the Canadian ambassador and his wife. Audrey, you and I will pose as them.

**INT. TEGEL AIRPORT, BERLIN - CUSTOMS - DAY**

Passengers deplane, hug family, pick up their bags.

AUDREY (V.O.)

Won't people know what they look like?

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)

No. No one ever remembers what Canadians look like... They land at Tegel Airport at 2pm.

At BAGGAGE CLAIM -- a GENERICALLY HANDSOME MAN and his PLAIN BLOND WIFE walk briskly towards... A SIGN with their NAMES on it: "AMBASSADOR AND MRS. MULLICAY." Pan up--

The DRIVER HOLDING IT is MORGAN. In a hat and everything.

MORGAN (V.O.)

Can I do an accent?

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)

You don't need to.

MORGAN (V.O.)

Nah, I'm gonna do an accent. I know what I'm gonna do. "To really inhabit a character, you must speak with their tongue." Stanislavsky.

She takes the couple's carry-ons. In a THICK COCKNEY ACCENT:

MORGAN

'ELLO. Funny coincidence -- you two is from London, Ontario and me, I'm from Jolly Old London! England.

The Canadians are taken aback.

**EXT. TEGEL AIRPORT - PARKING GARAGE ROOF - DAY**

Morgan leads them to a LIMO in a corner of the EMPTY roof. It wasn't necessary to park this far. The Canadians exchange glances but don't say anything because they're Canadian.

**INT. LIMO - MOMENTS LATER**

Morgan turns on the engine and opens the sunroof...

AUDREY -- suddenly on TOP OF THE CAR -- sticks her head down into it! The Canadians SCREAM. Morgan feigns SHOCK too.

MORGAN

Oh my! Rascal! Ruffian! Begone!

Audrey shoots the couple with TRANQ DARTS. They pass out.

AUDREY

Have a nice nap, guys. Sorry you'll miss the party.

**INT. GERMAN REST STOP BATHROOM - DAY**

A dingy public bathroom. Audrey DYES HER HAIR BLOND in the sink to MATCH THE CANADIAN WOMAN'S. Morgan dyes her hair RED.

AUDREY

Do I look like her?

MORGAN

Yeah. Do I look awesome?

AUDREY

You look cute.

MORGAN

I just feel like for our friendship, we should be changing our looks at the same time. You to a Canadian Ambassador's wife and me to a young Julianne Moore.

**EXT. DEUTSCHES TECHNIKMUSEUM BERLIN - NIGHT**

A stunning modern glass-walled building with a GOLDEN PLANE on top. Fancy couples walk up a RED CARPET to the GRAND ENTRANCE, manned by SECURITY.

From behind, we follow a MAN in a TUXEDO, and a BLOND WOMAN in a RED SATIN DRESS and HEELS. We move around them... It's Sebastian and Audrey. They look amazing. Throughout this sequence, Sebastian, Audrey and Morgan will be able to hear each other on earpieces.

SEBASTIAN

Morgan, are you in position?

**EXT. DEUTSCHES TECHNIKMUSEUM BERLIN - BACK DOOR - INTERCUT**

Morgan is dressed in a LAVENDER UNITARD. Acrobats in matching unitards stretch and warm up. Morgan stretches with them.



MORGAN

I was born in position.

AUDREY

Everyone was born in position.  
That's why they call it "the fetal  
position."

MORGAN

Oh, I just put that together. But  
yes. I'm psyched about this.  
Performing with Cirque de Soleil is  
like, a top three dream. I was a  
C.I.T. in Acrobatics and Clowning at  
camp. It was competitive.

SEBASTIAN

Once again, Morgan, you are not  
performing with the troupe. Your  
job is to stay backstage and watch  
the surveillance. We have to locate  
the assassin.

MORGAN

What about just for one song?

SEBASTIAN

No.

Morgan longingly eyes a LITHE MAN doing a warm-up back flip.

MORGAN

This is like taking a thoroughbred  
to the Kentucky Derby and telling  
him, "you have to stand here and  
watch the Kentucky Derby, Horse."

Sebastian addresses the Marines in a PERFECT CANADIAN ACCENT.

SEBASTIAN

Evening! Honey, you have our  
passports?

Audrey proffers the Canadians' passports. The Marine surveys  
them. Looks back to Sebastian and Audrey. A tense moment.  
Then he waves them through. As they enter the party...

AUDREY

That was a perfect Canadian accent.

SEBASTIAN

I watch a lot of *Degrassi*.

AUDREY

Really?!

SEBASTIAN  
 (dumb bro accent)  
 Naw -- it's my training, dumbass.  
 (then)  
 That was my LA accent.

AUDREY  
 Shut it.

SEBASTIAN  
 You look good as a blond, by the way. And are you wearing lipstick?

Hearing this, MORGAN smiles as she mans --

**INT. DEUTSCHES TECHNIKMUSEUM BERLIN, BACKSTAGE - NIGHT**

-- a bank of SECURITY SCREENS. Guests move around the party.

MORGAN  
 What am I watching for exactly?

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)  
 Anyone you've seen before. Or anyone who looks suspicious.

But Morgan can't help but glance longingly at the unitard-clad Cirque de Soleil performers as they frolic past the curtains to a STAGE set up in the ATRIUM.

**INT. DEUTSCHES TECHNIKMUSEUM BERLIN, LOCOMOTIVE ROOM - SAME**

A vast room of German TRAIN CARS from various eras. Sebastian and Audrey hold hands as they move through the crowd.

AUDREY  
 What constitutes suspicious?

SEBASTIAN  
 Use your instincts.

AUDREY  
 I have great instincts. If I'm attracted to them, they're probably gonna get us killed.

SEBASTIAN  
 (deadpan)  
 So, that guy might kill us?

Sebastian points to a cheesy BRAZILIAN DIPLOMAT with a ponytail, in a white tux.

AUDREY  
 Actually, my high school boyfriend Craig looked like that.

(MORE)

AUDREY (CONT'D)

Interests included: *Family Guy* and  
finger-banging. Usually at the same  
time.

SEBASTIAN

My girlfriend at Uni kinda looked  
like her.

He points to a TINY VIETNAMESE WOMAN.

AUDREY

I had that phase in college too.

**INT. DEUTSCHES TECHNIKMUSEUM BERLIN, BACKSTAGE - INTERCUT**

Morgan's eyes widen, seeing someone head towards the stage.

MORGAN

Hey. I see someone very suspicious.

SEBASTIAN

Okay. Stay calm. Describe him.

REVEAL the man Morgan was talking about as she describes him.

MORGAN

He has a long twirly mustache. Big  
pointy scary eyebrows. He's  
holding... yeah, he's holding a bag  
with a big dollar sign on it.

Sebastian and Audrey glance at the stage. The MUSTACHE MAN is  
clearly the bad guy in the Cirque de Soleil show.

SEBASTIAN

I think that guy's part of the show.

AUDREY

Yeah, I don't know that an actual  
bad guy would look like an evil Mr.  
Monopoly.

MORGAN

I'm gonna go with my gut on this.

Morgan joins the acrobats heading for the stage. She keeps  
her eyes on Mustache Man as she climbs THE TRAPEZE.

The man is miming and twirling his mustache.

As Morgan gets to the top... he opens his DOLLAR SIGN BAG and  
CONFETTI pours out on to the crowd.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Wait. You know what? I think you  
might be right.

AUDREY notices a COUPLE across the room. She grabs Sebastian.

AUDREY  
Oh my God.

SEBASTIAN  
What?

AUDREY  
Tom and Marsha. Or whatever the fuck their names are. Drew's fake parents. They're the assassins.

Sure enough, "Tom and "Marsha" -- also dressed FORMALLY, blending in -- stand at the bar. Glam outfits. Finally looking like the chameleonic agents they really are.

"Marsha" spots them. She taps "Tom." The couples stare at each other for an intense moment across the room... Just as a group of people passes between them.

When the sea opens up again, "Tom" and "Marsha" are gone.

SEBASTIAN  
Morgan, get down. I've been blown.

Morgan LAUGHS.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)  
This isn't funny.

MORGAN  
Oh God, I know. I know.  
(beat)  
But you just said "I've been blown."

She laughs again. Sebastian shakes his head.

SEBASTIAN  
Okay, both of you. Stay together and in plain sight until I get back.  
(then, to Audrey)  
You put the drive somewhere safe?

AUDREY  
Yes. Very safe.

SEBASTIAN  
Is it in... the same place as last time?

AUDREY  
You'll have to find out.

She flinches. That came out way too forward. Audrey stammers.

AUDREY (CONT'D)  
 I mean, not "you'll see" as in... I  
 just meant I'll tell you later...  
 Whatever, just go!

As Sebastian hurries off, also blushing a little.

**INT. TRAPEZE - SAME**

Morgan turns to descend the ladder when she sees someone across the way, on the opposite acrobat landing.

NADEDJA. Face bandaged but wearing a unitard like it was made for her. Morgan mutters to herself:

MORGAN  
 Oh my God. That girl.

A MALE ACROBAT behind her pipes up, also staring at Nadedja.

MALE ACROBAT  
 I know. Butterface, right?

Nadedja sees them. Morgan grabs the trapeze. It's going down.

**INT. DEUTSCHES TECHNIKMUSEUM BERLIN, HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Sebastian hurries to the edge of the ballroom -- a big DOOR into a BACK HALLWAY... manned by a SECURITY GUARD. Sebastian thinks fast -- pretends not to see the guard as he pulls a pack of CIGARETTES from his jacket, tries to hurry past.

SECURITY GUARD  
*Rauchen verboten!* No smoking! Sir!

But Sebastian's on the other side of him now. He plays DUMB, steps back. The guard follows. Now they're behind the door.

SEBASTIAN  
 Sorry. Filthy habit, I know.  
 (conspiratorially)  
 Want one?

SECURITY GUARD  
 Sir, I don't smoke.

SEBASTIAN  
 Me neither. Me neither.

Sebastian TOUCHES THE UNLIT CIGARETTE to the guard's neck. BZZZZZT. It's a TASER. The guard attempts to GRAB SEBASTIAN as he falls... knocking out Sebastian's EAR PIECE.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)  
 Shit.

He scans the floor but can't find it in the shadowy darkness. Fuck it. He has to move. Sebastian hurries down the hallway.

**INT. DEUTSCHES TECHNIKMUSEUM BERLIN, LOCOMOTIVE ROOM - NIGHT**

Back in the crowded ballroom. Audrey stands alone in the CROWD. PATEL'S PHONE VIBRATES in her hand. A new text:

**"In position. Where are you?"**

AUDREY  
Sebastian? They just texted me...  
Sebastian?

Silence. Audrey starts to get nervous.

**INT. DEUTSCHES TECHNIKMUSEUM BERLIN, AVIATION ROOM - SAME**

Sebastian enters a dark room full of imposing GERMAN PLANES. He looks around. No one in sight.

THUNK! A PROPELLER comes out of nowhere and KNOCKS HIM from behind. Sebastian collapses, passed out.

**INT. DEUTSCHES TECHNIKMUSEUM BERLIN - SAME**

Audrey stares at the phone. Still no response. Tries again.

AUDREY  
Sebastian, what's going on?

Audrey inhales. She's gonna have to do this herself. She subtly reaches into her bag and pulls out her TUBE OF LIPSTICK. Takes the cap off... twists it.

PATEL'S THUMB SPIRALS UP. Audrey shudders a little as she uses it unlock the phone. Sends a text.

She texts: **"I don't see you"**

She gets another text: **"Ships Room"**

Audrey takes a deep breath. As she crosses to the EXIT, she STUMBLES over the FALLEN GUARD. Beside him, Sebastian's "CIGARETTES." Audrey picks them up, hurries down the hall.

PRE-LAP loud CHEERING...

**INT. ATRIUM, TRAPEZE - SAME**

THE CROWD GOES WILD as "Butterface" guy does an impressive back-flip. On the landing... CLOSE ON MORGAN. She's next.

Morgan's entire life has been building to this moment. Morgan jumps from the landing, SWINGING a HUNDRED FEET IN THE AIR!

NADEDJA does the same, swinging from the other side. CRASH!  
The women meet in the middle.

NADEDJA deals the first blow -- KICKING MORGAN in the  
stomach. Morgan SWINGS BACK, sticks her FEET OUT, CAREENS  
back into Nadedja. Knocks her back.

The crowd CHEERS, unaware this is for real. Loving it.  
Despite that it's life or death, Morgan is exhilarated too.

**INT. SHIPS ROOM - NIGHT**

Audrey enters a ROOM of CENTURIES-OLD SHIPS. She steps to the  
middle of room. Silence. Then -- She sees a SHADOW moving.  
Audrey freezes. The figure keeps moving toward her. And  
finally emerges into the light...

**IT'S DREW. HOLY SHIT. IT'S FUCKING DREW!**

AUDREY  
What the *fuck*?

DREW  
Oh my God! Audrey!

He seems overjoyed to see her. Audrey's mind is blown.

AUDREY  
So wait, you're not... ?

DREW  
Dead? Yeah. That was a surprise to  
me too, after what happened.

AUDREY  
But I saw you get shot. You were  
bleeding. You were dead. I thought.  
You weren't dead?

DREW  
I was right on the edge. But the  
bullets missed my vital organs. I  
woke up in a military hospital.

AUDREY  
But on the news... Morgan and I are  
like, wanted for your murder.

DREW  
You're not. That's how the CIA's  
been trying to find you. They lie.  
But they don't want to hurt you.  
They're trying to keep you alive.  
That's why I'm here. To save you.  
(beat)  
And stop Henshaw.

AUDREY  
Sebastian? He's been helping us.

DREW  
Audrey, have you heard of Highland?

AUDREY  
Yeah...

DREW  
That's who Sebastian's working for.  
He's the assassin.

AUDREY  
So who's the target?

DREW  
Me. I am. He's been using you to  
get to me. And it worked.

AUDREY  
(wait? what?)  
That doesn't make sense. Sebastian  
knows I thought you were dead. And  
I saw Patel try to kill him. And  
Patel admitted he worked with  
Highland. And I've been texting  
with the assassin with Sebastian  
right next to me, so how --

DREW  
Hey. Can we like, stop with the  
questions for a second? I'm just...  
I almost died a few days ago. I  
thought I would never see you  
again. Can I just give you a hug?

But when he steps toward her, Audrey reflexively steps back.

DREW (CONT'D)  
Audrey...

AUDREY  
Sorry. I'm just on edge. People have  
been trying to kill me all week. I  
know that's like, all in a day's work  
for you but I work at Trader Joe's...

DREW  
You must have been so scared. Ugh,  
the thought of anyone trying to  
hurt you...

Audrey flinches. This triggers something for her.

AUDREY  
You hurt me, Drew. A lot.



DREW  
I know I did. And I'm so sorry...

AUDREY  
You lied to me about everything. You let me think I was meeting your parents and they weren't your parents.

DREW  
They're the people I've been hiding from. When they found me in LA, I knew my cover was blown. And it was just easier to... make something up... I knew if I told you the truth, it would lead to questions I couldn't answer.

AUDREY  
Is that why you broke up with me by text message? Because it was too hard to tell me the truth? You said you loved me. Was that a lie too?

DREW  
No! I did love you. I do love you. Even more now that we can finally be honest with each other.

This is everything Audrey was waiting for. Especially when--

DREW (CONT'D)  
(playful)  
Audrey Stockman, I love you as much as I hate that fucking Crash Test Dummies song.

Audrey smiles. Letting her guard down a little. Playing back:

AUDREY  
Which Crash Test Dummies song are you referring to, Drew? Cause there are so many. I don't remember any one in particular.

DREW  
Shut up.

AUDREY  
No really, I'm gonna need you to jog my memory. Cause I have all their albums and there are just, a lot of tracks. And bonus tracks.

DREW  
I hate you. I know I just said I love you but I also hate you.

AUDREY  
 If you could maybe just sing a  
 couple bars. How does it go?

Drew shakes his head. He knows what he has to do. And then,  
 in a deep bass-baritone, Drew starts SERENADING AUDREY.

DREW  
*Once, there was this girl who...*

Off Audrey -- a captive audience in spite of herself.

**INT. ATRIUM, TRAPEZE - SAME**

Morgan struggles to hang on to the TRAPEZE with one hand as--

NADEDJA swings across... SLAMS both her feet into the arm  
 that's holding on. Morgan's FINGERS slip... but she regains  
 her balance, tightens her fist. Reaches up with the other  
 hand, steadies herself, swings back towards waiting Nadedja --

Morgan KICKS Nadedja at full force. It just makes Nadedja  
 mad. From behind her unitard, Nadedja PULLS a GUN. The crowd  
 keeps cheering. Assuming it's part of the show. Until...

Nadedja FIRES --

Morgan LETS GO OF THE TRAPEZE -- sails through the air, just  
 missing the BULLET. It HITS an ACROBAT on the far platform.

The Acrobat falls backward, DEAD. He hits the floor, at the  
 crowd's feet. SLAM. The crowd is stunned. As they realize  
 what's really going on--

MORGAN SAILS onto NADEDJA'S TRAPEZE... landing on top of  
 Nadedja -- her legs wrapped around Nadedja's NECK.

NADEDJA TIPS backwards under the weight... just as MORGAN  
 manages to GRAB the TRAPEZE by the tips of her fingers.  
 Nadedja flails, tries to get a grip. But Morgan blocks her.

NADEDJA FALLS, FALLS, FALLS -- SLAM. She hits the FLOOR from  
 a hundred feet, at the crowd's feet.

People are now fully SCREAMING. NADEDJA is finally DEAD.

Morgan SWINGS safely above, watching from her perch. Catching  
 her breath. Holy fucking shit.

**INT. DEUTSCHES TECHNIKMUSEUM BERLIN, SHIPS ROOM - SAME**

Drew is now standing close to Audrey. Leaning against an old  
 ship just like they leaned against that jukebox at Barcade.

DREW

...When I woke up in that hospital  
and I didn't know where you were,  
or if you were even alive...

AUDREY

I know. I know. When that guy shot  
you... it was so fucking horrible.

Audrey chokes back tears a little. The adrenaline she's been  
running on for days giving way to the raw emotion she'd  
tamped down. She tries to fight it but Drew's not blind.

DREW

Hey. Kiddo.

The term of endearment just makes Audrey more emotional. Drew  
puts his arm around her and holds her close. Audrey  
tentatively lets him. In his arms, she relaxes. She's been  
wanting this for months. They embrace for a moment. Then...

DREW (CONT'D)

Ooh, what's this?

Drew pulls the TASER CIGARETTES sticking out of her purse.

DREW (CONT'D)

You got some spy gadgets?

AUDREY

Shut up.

DREW

What else you got here, Jane Bond?

He tosses the cigarettes aside and gently takes Audrey's bag  
off her shoulder. Starts rifling through.

DREW (CONT'D)

When'd you start wearing lipstick?

AUDREY

Uh, I wouldn't open that.

He does anyway. Finds Patel's THUMB.

DREW

Wow. A thousand guesses and I never  
would have landed on thumb.

Audrey laughs as Drew returns to the purse. Rifles quicker  
now -- less playful. Audrey gets a weird feeling.

AUDREY

Hey. The drive isn't in there.

DREW  
What? No! Audrey...

He stops rummaging. Puts a hand on Audrey's shoulder.

DREW (CONT'D)  
(too fast, less genuine)  
We're in this together! We just  
have to get out of here. Trust me.  
We can go anywhere you want. You  
pick. China? You love Chinese food.  
Can you imagine what they can do  
with a breakfast burrito over there  
with those moo shu pancakes?

AUDREY  
You said not to trust anyone.

They lock eyes for a second.

DREW  
Touché.

Then the DOOR OPENS. "TOM" and "MARSHA" drag in a CUFFED,  
GROGGY SEBASTIAN.

AUDREY  
Oh my God! Sebastian...

Audrey rushes toward him.

DREW  
Audrey. He's with them.

"MARSHA"  
Oh look! We're all together again.  
Just like the Cheesecake Factory.

SEBASTIAN  
Fuck, you hit me hard. I'm  
hallucinating.

AUDREY  
No, it's Drew. He's still alive.

SEBASTIAN  
Audrey... get away from him. Now.  
He's gonna kill all of us.

AUDREY  
Funny, he just said the same thing  
about you.

We can see Audrey really doesn't know who to trust.

INT. DEUTSCHES TECHNIKMUSEUM BERLIN HALLWAY - NIGHT

Morgan rushes down the hall, frantically looking for Sebastian and Audrey.

INT. SHIPS ROOM - NIGHT

The others, as before. "Tom" turns to Drew impatiently.

"TOM"

All right, Thayer, we gave him a full check. Drive's not on him. Can we remove the target now?

AUDREY

(to Drew)

Wait, you said you were the target. You said you're Operation Albrecht.

"Marsha" points her gun at Audrey's head. Audrey is TERRIFIED. Then DREW pulls out a GUN as well... Audrey screams... But he doesn't shoot her. He SHOOTS MARSHA. BAM.

"TOM" LUNGES for the door but Drew gets him too. BAM. "Tom" falls back, on to an ANCIENT ANCHOR. It IMPALES HIS HEAD. Brain matter everywhere. Audrey shakes, tries not to wretch.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

*Oh my god...*

DREW

It's okay, Audrey. I'm right here. No one else matters right now.

He turns the gun on SEBASTIAN.

AUDREY

Drew, don't!

SEBASTIAN

(calmly)

Audrey, listen to me. Drew has been working with Patel.

DREW

Sebastian was working with Patel.

SEBASTIAN

Audrey, you saw Patel try to kill me yesterday. He's the one who sent that assassin after you in Belgium. Drew was gonna let that happen. He would have let you die.

DREW

Sebastian sent the assassin to Belgium.

SEBASTIAN

Okay. Everything I say you did, you can't just say I did.

DREW

I can do whatever I want! I'm the one with the gun.

He turns to Audrey. Meanwhile, Audrey notices MORGAN slip into the room. No one else sees her... Morgan spots DREW. SHOCKING. But she stops herself from making any noise. The girls share a meaningful look.

Morgan tiptoes into the SHIP beside Drew.

DREW (CONT'D)

That night we met... changed my life. I was driving by that bar and I saw you. Walking. And I was like, wherever that girl's going, that's where I want to be.

AUDREY

So that's why you went into Barcade? Because you saw me?

DREW

I would have followed you anywhere. There was just something magnetic. I know this is cheesy but it felt like Kismet. It felt like fate.

AUDREY

Really? Cause I thought we were being totally honest with each other. You went to Barcade to assassinate the bartender.

And suddenly, Audrey puts it all together.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

Wait. Hunter Pierce, from those emails. That was Ryan Phillippe's character in that terrible "Marked Target" movie you made me watch. And "Albrecht". That's Theo Albrecht. Founder of Trader Joe's. You came here to assassinate... me.

SIRENS approach outside. Drew SNAPS.

DREW

Oh my God, I forgot how fucking annoying you are. Fuck this shit.

Drew SHOOTS SEBASTIAN, who falls backwards. Audrey tries to move to him but Drew is now pointing the gun at her.

DREW (CONT'D)  
Where's the fucking drive?

AUDREY  
I'll tell you, okay? But there's  
one thing you need to know first.  
Morgan likes to set things on fire.

DREW  
What are you talking about?

AUDREY  
Morgan likes to set things on fire.

**INT. SHIP - SAME**

Morgan crouches behind a SMALL SHIP'S CANNON, aiming it at Drew. She uses the CIGARETTE TASER he tossed aside to LIGHT THE FUSE. Amazingly, it WORKS.

BAM!

**INT. SHIPS ROOM - SAME**

A CANNONBALL sails from the ANCIENT CANNON across the room...

NOWHERE NEAR DREW. It arcs through the air -- CRASHES through the glass window. SMASH! It lands on a parked car outside. A CAR ALARM sounds. Bystanders yell -- what the fuck?

Drew turns to Audrey, his charming smile now condescending.

DREW  
Nice shot. Great plan, Audrey.

He aims his gun at Audrey's head.

**INT. SHIP - SAME**

Panicking, she picks up a SOFTBALL-SIZED CANNONBALL -- heavy as hell. But she flings it with every bit of her strength.

**INT. SHIPS ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The CANNONBALL CONKS Drew on the head. HARD. He weaves. He falls. He drops his gun --

Audrey scrambles for the gun. As does Drew. As she gets closer he reaches for her leg. She FALLS. Drew pulls her as Audrey reaches and stretches for the gun. She kicks -- gets him a few times in the face -- but Drew holds on.

She... GRABS it just as -- Drew gets up and LEAPS on top of her. They struggle -- Audrey points her gun at Drew but doesn't shoot as Drew pulls the gun from her by the barrel.

Then BAM. She SHOOTs. There's a big bloody GAPING HOLE in his hand. She stands and aims at the now fallen Drew.

DREW

Bitch! You blew my fucking hand off!

Morgan runs to Audrey from the ship as Drew continues wailing.

MORGAN

Jesus, how are you still alive?

DREW

Fuck you. I never liked you.

MORGAN

Feeling's mutual, dick.

AUDREY

(to Drew)

She tried to tell me you were full of shit. Should've listened.

SIREN LIGHTS flash from right outside. The COPS are coming. Sounds of COMMOTION as POLICE descend on the building. Audrey stays still and strong, gun steady, trained on Drew.

DREW

You're running out of time. Kill me. That's what I would do.

AUDREY

I'm sure it is. But I'm a better person than you. You revealed your true self. This is mine.

The GERMAN POLICE burst in! Audrey calmly puts the gun down and nods to them. Take him. As the Polizei circle Drew, they try to cuff him but can only manage his non-destroyed hand.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

To quote a text message I got once:  
"Hey there -- it's over. Sorry."

Another OFFICER HELPS SEBASTIAN TO HIS FEET. He's okay -- he was wearing a BULLET PROOF VEST. Audrey rushes up.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

What?! I didn't know you had bullet-proof vests!

SEBASTIAN

I just had the one.



AUDREY

You know, I would've felt a little more comfortable if I also had a bullet-proof vest. So much for you protecting me.

SEBASTIAN

You protected yourself.

Audrey smiles. He's right, on a number of levels.

**EXT. DEUTSCHES TECHNIKMUSEUM BERLIN - NIGHT**

Chaos. The place is SURROUNDED by POLICE CARS. The POLIZEI haul Drew into one just as Sebastian and Audrey step outside.

SECURITY GUARD

Ambassador? Ma'am? Do you need an ambulance?

AUDREY

(demure, Canadian)

Oh no. We're fine, thanks. We just have to leave... emergency back home... our hockey team is sick.

Morgan runs out after them. As she passes the guard:

MORGAN

Cirque de Soleil is also from Canada. So I know them.

**EXT. LANDWEHR CANAL - NIGHT**

Our heroes walk down the gorgeous riverside BIKE PATH, away from the FUCKING CHAOS behind them.

MORGAN

Sebastian... can I see your phone?

He hands it over. Morgan dials as they walk.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Mom! Get Dad! Yeah, I know, I'm calling from this international spy's phone... Sebastian Henshaw.

SEBASTIAN

Can you not reveal my identity?

AUDREY

She tells them everything. She's not allowed to lie.

MORGAN

Now I don't have to.

(beat)

(MORE)

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
 Guess what, guys?! I just went to a  
 museum.

BEEP. Call waiting.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
 Ugh. Hang on a second.

**INT. CIA PARIS STATION, WENDY'S OFFICE - NIGHT - INTERCUT**

Wendy sits at her desk, on the phone.

WENDY  
 Nice job, Henshaw. We found the  
 correspondence between Thayer,  
 Patel and Highland... I'm sorry I  
 questioned your loyalty.

Behind her, Wendy's ADORABLE SON (6) hands her a cute drawing.

WENDY (CONT'D)  
 What's this supposed to be? A dog? A  
 cat? It looks like a piece of shit.  
 (then, into phone)  
 Destroy that drive. Then come in.

MORGAN  
 I'll give him the message. I'm just  
 kinda on the other line right now.

Morgan hangs up on Wendy. Wendy stares at the phone. That was  
 a first. Morgan Sebastian.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
 CIA lady said destroy the drive.  
 (then, to her parents)  
 Okay, and what did the Doctor say  
 about your cholesterol?

On Sebastian and Audrey --

SEBASTIAN  
 So Drew didn't get the drive.

AUDREY  
 You said put it somewhere safe.  
 (then)  
 Morgan, give me the thing.

Morgan, still on the phone, fishes the drive from her  
 CLEAVAGE. Hands it to Audrey.

Then Morgan notices a MAN coming her way, carrying flowers.

EDWARD SNOWDEN.

MORGAN  
 The fuck... I'll call you back.  
 (hanging up)  
 Eddie... how'd you know I was here?

EDWARD SNOWDEN  
 I know everything that has happened  
 and everything that's going to  
 happen.  
 (then, flirty)  
 Want to know what's gonna happen  
 right now?

MORGAN  
 Uh, sure.

Edward Snowden produces two THEATER TICKETS from his pocket.

EDWARD SNOWDEN  
 You're coming with me to see *Guys  
 and Dolls* at the Admiralspalast.  
 Then a bottle of ice-cold Riesling.  
 And then maybe we can repeat what  
 happened last time after we saw  
*Guys and Dolls* together at camp.

MORGAN  
 ...Or another idea is we can just  
 go see *Guys and Dolls* as friends.

EDWARD SNOWDEN  
 Should've known that was gonna  
 happen.

BACK ON AUDREY and SEBASTIAN. Staring at the drive.

SEBASTIAN  
 You can do the honors.

Audrey smiles. Then SNAPS THE DRIVE IN HALF. She hurls the  
 pieces OFF THE BRIDGE.

AUDREY  
 Can't they just make another one?

SEBASTIAN  
 It's their software. They can make  
 these whenever they want. That's  
 where the world is headed anyway.  
 Total transparency. Everyone wants  
 to know everything.

AUDREY  
 (shrugging)  
 I still think it's better to give  
 people the chance to show you who  
 they are. On their own terms.

SEBASTIAN

Safe to say you've done that.

A sweet, intimate silence...

Then Audrey and Sebastian finally KISS. We leave them in peace, pulling out to the Berlin night...

**SIX MONTHS LATER**

**INT. SILVER LAKE TRADER JOE'S - DAY**

Audrey's back at the register, still with her BLOND HAIR. And there's another big difference: she looks HAPPY to be here as she rings up a customer. The next customer steps up... TESS.

TESS

Oh my God, Audrey! Your blond hair is so fun!

(then, pitying)

I didn't know you still worked here.

AUDREY

Hey Tess! Yeah, you know, I realized this job is actually perfect for me. It's easy, it's not too stressful, I can save my energy for my real passions. And you can't beat the flexibility.

Tess is taken aback. Audrey's CELL BUZZES with a TEXT.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

Speaking of which, they need me in the supply room! God I love when I have to get supplies.

**INT. TRADER JOE'S SUPPLY ROOM - DAY**

Audrey works quickly -- stealthily removes a CINDER BLOCK from the wall -- pulls out a FAKE PASSPORT, FOREIGN MONEY, etc. As skilled as Drew was at this.

**EXT. TRADER JOE'S PARKING LOT - DAY**

Audrey moves fast toward the corner of the lot where the SAME BLACK VAN she was interrogated in is parked. This time, Audrey confidently slides the door open and dives in without hesitation. The van glides away.

**EXT. SHIBUYA, TOKYO - LATE NIGHT**

The unmistakable neon hub of Tokyo's popular nightlife area. As we move to a side street, push into a dark BASEMENT CLUB--

**TOKYO, JAPAN****INT. SHIBUYA KARAOKE CLUB - NIGHT**

Dimly lit except for garish flashing neon lights. We follow--

AUDREY -- now in a stunning GOLD COCKTAIL DRESS -- as she confidently winds through a packed, intoxicated crowd. Approaches an expressionless CLERK at a HOST STAND.

CLERK  
(Japanese)  
Reservation?

Audrey's about to give her name when the sound of GLASS SHATTERING cuts the air. The clerk -- and everyone else -- turns, distracted by the DRUNK COUPLE who just knocked over a huge stack of glasses...

It's MORGAN. With a Japanese BUSINESSMAN. Making a huge scene. Seemingly oblivious to Audrey.

MORGAN  
(to the Businessman)  
Oh my God Akira you're a mess!  
(to the bartenders)  
Barkeep! Two more Yakuzas please!  
Or wait, whatever this whiskey is called. Yakuza is the thing you're in, right? Oh wait, shit, was that a secret?

Unattended now, Audrey subtly REACHES BEHIND THE HOST STAND and presses a button. A DOOR behind the stand clicks. Unlocked. Audrey heads for it, when--

MAN (O.S.)  
Miss? Excuse me! Miss!

This stops Audrey dead. She slowly turns...

It's SEBASTIAN. At the bar behind her. Holding out a GOLD PURSE that matches Audrey's dress.

AUDREY  
Oh! Silly me. Must have dropped that.

They share a private, knowing, look, then she keeps moving.

**INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

...Audrey removes a GUN from the purse as she strides down the hall, solo. Drops the purse in the trash as she arrives --

At the end of the hall. Another door. Inside, muffled voices conspire, up to no good. Audrey takes a deep breath.

As she cocks the gun and kicks the door open, we --

SMASH TO BLACK.

**THE END**