

FALLSTREAK

Written by

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Where the money is, there will the jackals gather,
And where the jackals gather something usually dies.

Raymond Chandler
Ten Per Cent of Your Life

Never say no to adventures. Always say yes.
Otherwise you'll lead a very dull life.

Ian Fleming
Chitty Chitty Bang Bang: The Magical Car

FADE IN:

EXT. BRAZILIAN INSTITUTE - DAY

Thousands of sky lanterns glide across the dawn.

Below, a soiree overlooks the cliffs; some anniversary celebration in progress. ATTENDEES mingle on the patio or under the vine-braided pergola.

The institute itself is quite impressive. Triangular roofing with skylights. Sandstone block walls.

At the base of the cliffs, out of sight, something bubbles and flickers beneath the waves.

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

A FIGURE in diving gear works on an inlet grate with an oxyhydrogen torch.

The grating gives way.

The figure snakes into the pipe, towing a waterproof pouch.

INT. CISTERN ROOM - DAY

A shaft of sunlight shines through an oculus.

The black drysuit hood noiselessly emerges from the cistern in the center of the room. Infrared goggles over the mask.

Does a 360.

Nothing but 16th-century Manueline arches and stone columns.

The figure discards the hood to give a first look at DANI STELMANIS. Features sharpened by a long, rigorous career. Battle scars worn with pride and elegance.

Dani climbs out of the cistern.

Ditches the flippers.

Pulls a large handbag from the pouch--Jean-Paul Gaultier, natch--then a matching pair of flats.

She unzips her drysuit.

INT. BRAZILIAN INSTITUTE - SECURITY - DAY

The GUARD taps his keyboard. No response. One by one, system failures blink on his monitors.

He grabs his walkie-talkie.

INT. CISTERN ROOM - DAY

"Upload Complete" states Dani's phone, connected to the Institute Wi-Fi.

Dani touches up her lipstick, her drysuit replaced by an *au courant* cocktail dress.

She slips on her flats. Brushes back her hair.

Checks her phone, then casually drops it in the cistern and ascends the stairs leading outside.

EXT. BRAZILIAN INSTITUTE - DAY

Dani grabs a drink from a passing WAITER. Crosses the patio, limping slightly, toward the research pavilion.

Smiles and nods from the other guests. She responds in kind, loving the life of the party.

INT. BRAZILIAN INSTITUTE - SECURITY - DAY

The Guard and his SUPERVISOR try workarounds.

All fail against the malware.

INT. BRAZILIAN INSTITUTE - ATRIUM - DAY

Dani enters without a care in the world. Discards her drink en route to the glass elevators, HUMMING merrily.

Her shoes ECHO on the creole marble floor.

She notes more GUARDS hurrying to the security office on the floor above her, radios in hand.

Dani taps the button to summon the elevator.

INT. BRAZILIAN INSTITUTE - SECURITY - DAY

The Supervisor reboots the system. Everything goes dark.

INT. BRAZILIAN INSTITUTE - LAB - DAY

The elevator DINGS.

Dani exits and makes her way to the enormous cold storage door. Warning signs in Portuguese.

She stands in front of the door. Her Breitling strikes the top of the hour.

DANI

Door to shield from fire and wind,
hear me and obey, now open!

She waves her hand in a theatrical flourish.

The door BEEPS.

Unlocks with a CLUNK.

Slowly opens.

Dani GIGGLES to herself and enters.

INT. BANGKOK PENTHOUSE - DAY

The two-foot-long AROWANA swims endless circles in her aquarium. Perpetual resting fish face despite her brilliant violet coloring and \$300,000 price tag.

Her owner, the Thai CLIENT, anxiously taps his mahogany coffee table while his BUTLER, BUSINESS MANAGER, and SECURITY OFFICER wait. Painting of a gold, serpentine dragon above the credenza.

Dani enters. All business, no nonsense; a Valkyrie in Armani with matching briefcase.

The Client smiles. Sort of. More stretches his mouth to both sides of his face.

CLIENT

Dani!

DANI

Sawatdee-kah, Khun Ratanapol.

CLIENT

Please, call me Vichai.

DANI

Vichai, can you please verify that
these are yours?

Dani pulls a cooler from her briefcase.

The Client puts on a pair of thick gloves.

He opens the cooler. White clouds of sublimation pour out.

He reaches in, removes a heavily insulated jar the size of a football.

The condensation clears. Thousands of orange, half-inch globes stuffed inside. Fish eggs.

The Client smiles with a father's pride.

Security Officer steps up with a microchip scanner.

The Client carefully unseals the jar. With a couple of probes, the scanner registers an ID from an egg.

The Business Manager compares the ID to a registry. Nods to the Client.

They seal the jar, return it to the cooler, and close it.

DANI (CONT'D)

Two-thousand nine-hundred sixty-four eggs, averaging six big ones apiece, that's...

MANAGER

Seventeen million, seven-hundred eighty-four thousand dollars.

Dani nods.

CLIENT

Take them to the farm tonight. I can never repay you, Dani.

DANI

No need to. The company handles it.

CLIENT

Can I throw in a little bonus?

She smiles, flattered.

DANI

I'm afraid not.

CLIENT

Then toast with me. Get us something special.

The Butler bows and leaves. Dani eyeballs the Arowana.

DANI
Is she the mother?

CLIENT
One of them. It took a small
fortune to get her like that. Fin
jobs, eye lifts, tail tucks. Do you
have any plans after this?

DANI
A long-overdue holiday.

CLIENT
Very nice. Fiji?

DANI
I was thinking the Azores. They
found a U-boat off the coast that
should make great wreck-diving.

The Butler returns with a bottle of rum and shot glasses.
Everybody gets one.

CLIENT
Chai yo.

They toast. Bottoms up. Dani sets aside her glass.

DANI
There's still the question of how
your eggs fell into the wrong
hands. Three people had access to
your cryo-vault. All three are in
this room: your business manager,
your security officer, and you.

The insinuations makes them shifts uncomfortably.

DANI (CONT'D)
Instead of spending months on an
exhaustive investigation, I found
the thief. It's not hard if you
know where to look. Among his many
talents, he has lovely singing
voice. He'll sing like a canary for
enough cash.

She takes out a microcassette player.

DANI (CONT'D)
And he recorded his meeting with
the mole.

Hits play. Two VOICES somewhere with a BUSTLING BACKGROUND.

FIRST VOICE (V.O.)
You better be right about this.

SECOND VOICE (V.O.)
Hey, it's good. The code for the
cold storage is 7-2-7-9-6-3.

FIRST VOICE (V.O.)
How do you know?

SECOND VOICE (V.O.)
I got a guy on the inside. He runs
everything there. He's the number
two man, the manager, you know?
When do we get the money?

All eyes shoot toward the Manager. His jaw drops.

FIRST VOICE (V.O.)
Once we confirm that the specimens
are viable, we'll contact you.

Dani stops it, blows on the player like a smoking gun.

MANAGER
Lies! All lies! She faked all this
to frame me!

DANI
Police picked up your brother at
the drop site one hour ago.

Anger burns through the Client.

CLIENT
Hold him.

The Butler and Security Officer bind the Manager's arms behind
his back.

The Client slides open a drawer to his credenza. Lifts the
lid to a flat ivory box.

The curved blade of the knife inside gleams.

He picks it up by the ornate, carved handle and walks to the
struggling Manager.

DANI
At this juncture, my obligations
are finished. Pressing charges is
your decision.
(MORE)

DANI (CONT'D)

I must discourage you from any act
tantamount to cutting off your nose
to spite your fish.

She dabs some sanitizer on her fingers and wipes her hands.

MANAGER

I did nothing!

Dani's phone CHIRPS. She checks it.

DANI

If you need anything else, please
call the office.

CLIENT

Let me show you what happens to
thieves.

Dani makes herself scarce.

The Client's arm slashes.

A chunk of the Manager's nose lands in the arowana tank.

The surly fish looks up and gobbles it in a flash.

Dani leaves. The Manager's CRIES follow her.

INT. HOTEL SHOWROOM - DAY

A maze of yellow police tape in French: ACCÈS INTERDIT

Flashbulbs glint off the display cases.

Shiny. Sturdy. Empty.

FORENSICS scours the scene.

INSPECTORS CARAX and BEINEIX of the Cannes police walk among
them, overworked and underdressed for the posh surroundings.

CARAX

The Chief better double his Valium
for this one. Who did you say they
belonged to?

BEINEIX

Ueli Sonam.

CARAX

The chocolatier?

BEINEIX

The same.

A passing AGENT hands Carax a clipboard.

CARAX

This is everything?

AGENT

I checked it three times.

Carax taps the clipboard.

CARAX

Make sure the insurance rep gets this when he arrives tonight.

BEINEIX

Let me guess: Wayser's?

Carax nods.

BEINEIX (CONT'D)

And If I know Wayser's, they'll put Cronje on this. Ever met him?

CARAX

Non.

BEINEIX

Let me put it this way, if I asked you to get ten of the toughest guys in the world and you brought only Cronje, I would not feel short-changed.

Carax points to Manet's "Lilas Blanc" on the wall.

CARAX

I'm surprised they didn't take the Monet.

DANI (O.S.)

Manet, actually.

The Inspectors turn toward her.

BEINEIX

This area's off-limits.

CARAX

Are you some kind of art expert?

DANI
Not quite. I believe the office
called ahead.

She offers her card. Beineix glances at it, pockets it.

BEINEIX
We were expecting *Monsieur* Cronje.

DANI
And he'd be here if he didn't break
his leg last week.

The inspectors exchange surprised looks.

Dani surveys the room, sees the CCTV camera up in the corner.

DANI (CONT'D)
Were you notified about the
exhibit?

BEINEIX
Non. It was supposed to be under
wraps until tomorrow's unveiling.

Dani SNAPS on a pair of surgical gloves from her briefcase.
She raps the displays. Bulletproof. Inspects the locks.

CARAX
So, uh... how did he break his leg?

She doesn't even look at them.

DANI
Who? Cronje?

CARAX
Oui.

The inspectors' gazes drift to her athletic legs.

Dani senses them ogling behind her back. Rolls her eyes.

DANI
You seriously want to know?

CARAX
Bien sûr.

DANI
Rock climbing. He fell.

Both men wince.

She faces them.

DANI (CONT'D)
Is there an inventory?

Beineix SNAPS his fingers at Carax, who realizes he still holds the clipboard and hands it to her.

BEINEIX
We, uh, place the value at 36 million Euros.

CARAX
Still didn't take the Manet.

Beineix glares at him.

Dani flips through the pages.

DANI
Thirty-six million?

INT. HOTEL SECURITY - DAY

Vast array of monitors. Carax points to one piece of footage.

CARAX
He enters here.

HOTEL SHOWROOM

Two VENDORS and the SHOW MANAGER prep an exhibition under the watch of two GUARDS; a satchel beside one of the cases.

Enter the BIKER. Leather jacket. Helmet. Tinted visor.

A guard moves to confront him, but stops when the Biker brandishes a pistol.

Everyone cowers.

The Biker hefts the satchel over his shoulder.

Down on the floor, his boots pass by the Show Manager's nose and exit out the side door.

BEINEIX
The alley cam has nothing. The staff sometimes turns it off so management can't monitor their breaks.

DANI

Figures. What about that hall he
came from?

HALLWAY

The Biker exits a suite. Heads toward the showroom.

TERRACE

JEUNESSE DORÉE chill on the terrace, relaxed in the self-
assurance of wealth.

Offshore, pleasure craft lazily traverse the sparkling
waterfront under floating GULLS.

A GLOVED HAND pops over the terrace edge.

Its owner, the BIKER, scrambles up and over.

Guests stop and stare.

The Biker orients himself. Weaves through the tables, chairs,
and umbrellas.

Every eye follows him. Those closest scoot away.

He stops at the French windows of a suite.

Tries the handle. Unlocked. Slips inside.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Swanky. Billowing curtains. Bronze and gilt cherub statues.

Dani's gloved hand tries the French window. Still unlocked.

Carax and Beineix follow her outside.

EXT. HOTEL TERRACE - DAY

COPS take depositions.

Dani pops on her sunglasses. Peers over the edge where the
Biker climbed, thinking.

Behind her, Carax answers his phone. He looks up.

CARAX

Dani, you'd better come with us.
And keep your gloves on.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

The incongruously grimy WRECKER DRIVER hauls his cables and chains across the pristine grounds and into the water hazard. COPS mill about.

A car arrives. Out step Carax, Beineix, and Dani, still wearing her gloves. Somewhere a helicopter BUZZES overhead.

DANI
Who's grabbing lunch?

Beineix jabs a thumb over his shoulder at one of the cops.

BEINEIX
Philippe.

The wrecker REVS. Churns the fairway into guck, and lurches forward.

Tows a dripping Peugeot from the water hazard.

Beineix crowbars the trunk open and GAGS on some mephitic odor. Carax throws a hand over his mouth and waves Dani over.

She approaches and gingerly reaches into the trunk.

Brushes aside a boot and pulls out the Biker's bloody helmet.

Carax and Beineix get ahold of themselves.

Dani extricates a playing card from the helmet. A Hungarian playing card bearing the likeness of William Tell.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

The best of Savile Row sits around the table; morose ACTUARIES presided over by the patrician FUND MANAGER. Downtown London glitters outside.

Dani's face materializes on the conferencing monitor.

DANI (V.O.)
Am I coming through?

An UNDERWRITER stops pacing in front of the giant Wayser's logo on the wall.

UNDERWRITER
Crystal. Connection secure.

DANI (V.O.)
Right. Let's get started. This was
very slick. Very precise.

Crime scene photos display adjacent to her face.

DANI (V.O.)
Too precise for my taste. Locals
found the perp. What's left of him,
anyway. No sign of the goods. We've
reason to suspect the involvement
of the Marczincsáks crew.

ACTUARY
Was this an inside job?

DANI (V.O.)
Unlikely. Sonam has no major
liabilities. Stable financials.

UNDERWRITER
How much are we looking at?

DANI (V.O.)
With 72 stones, I'd say \$300
million.

Frowns deepen around the table. All eyes turn to the Fund
Manager.

ACTUARY
Fallstreak?

She deliberates momentarily, then nods.

UNDERWRITER
Fallstreak is now in effect.
Authorization 81512910.

DANI (V.O.)
Send the IGI tags to Interpol. I'll
pick them up in Antwerp.

FUND MANAGER
Whatever it takes, Dani, just keep
it quiet. No waves. Not a ripple.

EXT. DIAMOND DISTRICT - DAY

Bollards lower. An armored truck enters under the watch of
ARMED GUARDS. A polyglot sign declares: "You are now entering
the Secure Antwerp Diamond Area."

CCTV cams, steel-barred windows, and bulletproof glass everywhere. HASIDS and JAINS, some with briefcases shackled to wrists, compare stones or make tiny trades on the street.

"Diamonds du Look" reads the tasteful gold placard by a shop's door. Dani presses the BUZZER. The intercom CRACKLES.

GUARD (V.O.)
Can I help you?

She flashes her credentials to the camera overhead.

DANI
I have an appointment.

INT. DIAMONDS DU LOOK - DAY

The door BUZZES. Dani enters the foyer; a four-armed statue of Ganesha beside Renoir's "Grand Canal."

From the office rolls GAUTAM, a jovial Jain in a wheelchair and sporting a very smart necktie.

GAUTAM
Dani! Welcome back!

Her cool veneer drops. She smiles.

DANI
Gautam.

INT. DIAMONDS DU LOOK - OFFICE - DAY

Gautam wheels behind his exceptionally tidy desk. Dani eases into an armchair.

GAUTAM
Last time you had that apprentice.
What was her name? Traci? Teri?

DANI
Shani.

GAUTAM
That's right. Quite a mess in
Cannes. It's all anyone's talking
about around here.

DANI
I'd like to borrow Dharsen again.

GAUTAM
He's in Kandla now. Married a nice girl, too.

DANI
Mazel tov. What about Ronak?

GAUTAM
Off to Hong Kong and won't be back for two weeks. But there is Sanjay.

DANI
Has he graduated yet?

GAUTAM
Last year.

INT. DIAMONDS DU LOOK - WORKROOM - DAY

CUTTERS and POLISHERS tend to circular saws and grinding wheels. Cricket game on TV. Gautam leads Dani through this Holiest of Holies.

GAUTAM
You won't find someone twice his age with as much experience.

They stop at a microscope and its preoccupied USER.

Gautam CLEARS his throat.

No reaction.

GAUTAM (CONT'D)
Sanjay!

The user jumps out of his concentration. Meet SANJAY. Probably half Dani's age. Doesn't shave yet, could still pass for a teenager.

GAUTAM (CONT'D)
You remember my friend Dani?

SANJAY
I, uh, maybe.

DANI
Nice to see you again.

She offers her hand. He awkwardly shakes it.

SANJAY
You're a detective, right?

DANI
Something like that. I need someone
who can grade and identify stones
on sight. Can you do it?

SANJAY
Ah, if you bring them here I could--

She shakes her head.

DANI
You have to come now. Is your
passport in order?

SANJAY
Yeah, but...

He looks disconcertedly at his dad.

DANI
If compensation is a concern,
you'll find I am not ungenerous.

From her blazer, she hands him a folded check.

He opens it. His jaw slackens. He SWALLOWS hard.

GAUTAM
Go on. It'll be fun.

SANJAY
W-When do we start?

Dani opens a document on her smartphone.

DANI
Before we do, there's a non-
disclosure agreement. If I could
get your thumbprint here...

She points to the signature box.

He presses his thumb to the screen. Flashes green.

DANI (CONT'D)
Great.

She gives Sanjay a once-over.

DANI (CONT'D)
(to Gautam)
Give him your tie.

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

Dani drives. Sanjay fumbles with the tie. She grabs a folder from the backseat and plops it in his lap.

DANI

Here. Your reading for the flight.

Sanjay leafs through the IGI certificates inside, still printed on red paper to deter photocopying.

EXT. ANTWERP AIRPORT - DAY

The car halts on the tarmac beside an IDLING bizjet. Dani and Sanjay step from the car.

SANJAY

Is that yours?

She gestures to the plane with an inviting hand and a smile.

DANI

Step into my office.

INT. BIZJET - DAY

Cruising at 14,000 meters. Dani notates evidence on mind-mapping software.

Sanjay peruses the IGI certificates.

SANJAY

Do you expect to find all these?

DANI

Gem heists have a recovery rate around ten percent. If we're lucky, we find the perps, but the goods are long gone.

SANJAY

And what do you get out of this? If you do find the gems, I mean?

DANI

One percent of the claim as a commission.

Sanjay's eyebrows pop at the potential payday. He points to a certificate.

SANJAY

See the black inclusion here?
That's considered bad luck in a lot
of places.

DANI

Could they cut it and reclassify
the gem?

SANJAY

That won't change the internal
patterns. The surface changes, but
the heart remains unchanged.

DANI

Granted, but this business isn't
rooted in rationality.

SANJAY

That's pragmatic, I suppose.

DANI

Pragmatic? Have you ever had a gun
to your head?

Sanjay goes bug-eyed.

INT. COP SHOP - DAY

Morgue photos. Big glossy ones. Carax stuffs them in a folder
as Dani enters with Sanjay.

BEINEIX

This is your subject matter
specialist?

DANI

Yeah. What have you got?

Carax hands her the folder. She flips through it.

CARAX

Patellar damage indicates a
rotating, engraved mechanism.

DANI

Lovely. Any ID yet?

BEINEIX

It will be a while.

CARAX

I think our dead friend here made a bad deal.

DANI

Or someone else got to him first.

She catches Sanjay peeking over her shoulder. Turns so he can't see. Flips to a photo of an arm with a freshly branded Patriarchal cross.

DANI (CONT'D)

What do we know about the Hungarians?

CARAX

They're like Russians, aren't they?

DANI

No and don't tell them that unless you want to piss 'em off.

CARAX

Could someone be trying to pin it on them?

DANI

Seems like a lot of trouble to match the card, the branding, and the mutilations.

SANJAY

You're juggling more variables than a calculus class.

She flips to pictures of the front and back of a wrinkly scrap of paper.

DANI

What's this?

BEINEIX

Found it in the car.

DANI

Coat check receipt?

BEINEIX

Riviera d'Azur. Not too shabby.

Half-legible writing on the back: "VANV"

DANI

Any idea what this is?

CARAX

No clue.

She closes the file.

DANI

Let's check it out.

Beineix points at Sanjay.

BEINEIX

Hang on. He's not coming.

DANI

We need a subject expert, that leaves him.

BEINEIX

That leaves him here.

DANI

Are you a diamantaire?

BEINEIX

If you tell us what to look for, then--

DANI

Guys, this is not the time for a crash course in gemology.

Beineix looks to his partner for support. Carax shrugs.

BEINEIX

Fine.

DANI

Come on, Sanjay.

SANJAY

What makes you think anything's there?

DANI

A hunch.

INT. RIVIERA D'AZUR - LOBBY - NIGHT

A Neo-Modern Garden of Earthly Delights. Dani and Sanjay watch Carax and Beineix question the RECEPTIONIST. With a couple of nods, the Inspectors finish and rejoin them.

CARAX

Says he was here the other day. *La Grande Suite*.

DANI

Sanjay and I will take a look. Give us five. If we're back before then, there's nothing.

SANJAY

They're not coming?

DANI

Do they look like they'll blend in?
(to Beineix)
Any objections to being a party crasher?

BEINEIX

None at all.
(to Carax)
Your wife's going to kill you for being late again.

Carax rolls his eyes.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Sanjay uses his reflection on the ceiling to adjust his tie.

He hangs his head and WHISPERS a silent prayer.

Dani watches him pray. She pulls a flask from her blazer and swigs.

Sanjay closes his eyes and SUSPIRES.

SANJAY

Dani, about what you said earlier... about having a gun to your head...

She offers the flask.

Sanjay shakes his head.

She raises the flask, insistent.

DANI

I won't tell Gautam.

He sips and COUGHS. Dani grins and takes back the flask.

DANI (CONT'D)
Just stick close to me.

The elevator DINGS.

INT. RIVIERA D'AZUR - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The two stop outside La Grande Suite. MUSIC and CONVERSATIONS on the other side of the door.

DANI
Ready?

SANJAY
No.

Dani KNOCKS.

The door opens and there stands a genial ARMENIAN in striped tie, suspenders, and a glass of riesling.

ARMENIAN
Ah, come in! Come in! You're early!

Dani and Sanjay share a puzzled look.

INT. SUITE - NIGHT

They enter. A neck-deprived BRUTE accosts them.

ARMENIAN
Oh, yes, I almost forgot. A little precaution.

Brute frisks an uncomfortable Sanjay, then reaches for Dani.

She rolls her eyes and raises her arms.

DANI
Be quick.

He is.

Dani spots a pistol peeking from his jacket.

The Brute's hands stops over her blazer.

Reaches in.

Removes her flask. Grins slyly. Returns it.

The Armenian ushers them in. Spare and elegant. Richter's "XL 513" on the wall. *Haute couture* BON VIVANTS lounge on couches, PUFFING on a hookah.

ARMENIAN
Can I get you a drink?

| | | | |
|------|------|-----|--------|
| | DANI | | SANJAY |
| Yes. | | No. | |

The Armenian CHUCKLES.

ARMENIAN
For the *madame*?

DANI
An Aviation, *merci*.

ARMENIAN
Exquisite.

A young woman, NABILA, sidles up to Dani. Nice girl, but probably trying too hard. Sips her Chardonnay through a straw.

ARMENIAN (CONT'D)
Nabila, how is the Chardonnay?

NABILA
Tastes like money.

Sanjay spots her underarm folds, telltale signs of transaxillary scars.

She notices his staring and fondles his necktie.

NABILA (CONT'D)
I love your tie. Tell me, have you
ever met a contract killer?

Gobsmacked, he shakes his head.

Want to? NABILA (CONT'D)

He turns green. Nabila playfully leads him away by his tie.

Dani's Aviation arrives. She sips and surveys the scene.

Nabila taps one of the Go players on the shoulder.

NABILA (CONT'D)
I beg your pardon, Yann. I want you
to meet someone.

YANN looks up from his game. He is a piece of work.
Ethnically ambiguous, impossibly chic, dapper, debonair.

YANN
Pleasure to meet you...

He offers a hand.

SANJAY
Sanjay.

YANN
Sanjay. Have a seat.

SANJAY
Thank you, sir. She said you...
work. Did you kill Olof Palme?

NABILA
Who?

Yann LAUGHS it off.

YANN
That was before my time.

IROLITA
Are you boring the poor dears,
Yann?

IROLITA saunters over. Lissome, unlike Miss Transaxillary
Scars. Ouroboros armlet. Ankh necklace. All kinds of trouble.

Dani eyes her across the room. Senses something amiss, for
predators recognize their own kind.

Irolita drapes an arm across Yann's broad shoulders and
nuzzles his neck.

IROLITA (CONT'D)
Is that your third nose or fourth?

YANN
Fourth.

IROLITA
I liked the last one better.

NABILA
(sotto voce)
Get a room.

Irolita leans over Yann to set a Go stone and capture a long
chain.

ARMENIAN

There's been some difficulty with subcontractors, no?

Yann glares at him.

ARMENIAN (CONT'D)

'Course, it lures amateurs, but they don't last long, poor devils.

NABILA

Sounds like a bad day in Detroit.

DANI

Every day's a bad in Detroit.

YANN

And you are?

DANI

Dani.

YANN

Charmed.

Yann takes her hand and lightly bussess it. Suave as Hell.

The hookah BUBBLES and BLURBLES.

CONVERSATIONS halt as in step Carax and Beineix, still looking out of place.

CARAX

Evening, everybody. No need to get up.

They flash their badges.

CARAX (CONT'D)

We have some questions.

The other guests offer the silent treatment.

BEINEIX

You said there would be interested parties.

CARAX

Well, this is an interesting party.

Beineix intercepts Irolita. Flashes his badges.

BEINEIX

We're investigating the diamond
heist. Heard anything?

She SNEEZES on his suit. After some mutual shock, she tries
to wipe it with a napkin.

IROLITA

I beg your pardon. My allergies.
There's some antihistamines in the
lav if you'll come with me.

He follows her.

SANJAY

You think she's a pro?

DANI

Yeah, but not the kind you're
thinking of.

INT. SUITE - LAVATORY - NIGHT

Irolita SNEEZES into a handkerchief. Beineix keeps his
distance, hand on his hip.

IROLITA

Excusez-moi.

BEINEIX

Bless you.

She takes a bottle of nasal spray from the medicine cabinet.

IROLITA

I know nothing.

BEINEIX

Then let's try some of your friends
out there.

She covers her mouth and nose with the hanky.

Then sprays Beineix in the face.

He GASPS.

CHOKES.

Rubs his eyes.

Cyanide, to thy work.

INT. SUITE - NIGHT

Bored Sanjay listens to the lecturing Armenian.

ARMENIAN

--created all the planets and
galaxies; all made of ice,
naturally, except our own. The moon
isn't even our only one. Previous
ice moons collided with Earth, the
last causing the Great Flood and
the destruction of Atlantis.

Dani sets aside her Aviation and twirls a coin across her
knuckles, then flips her hand.

DANI

Want to see some real magic?

The coin disappears.

Nabila watches, captivated.

Dani shows all angles of her hand. No coin anywhere.

DANI (CONT'D)

What's that? Where'd it go?

She traces a finger along Nabila's jaw, across her lips, and
then playfully pokes her nose.

DANI (CONT'D)

Honk.

The coin drops from Nabila's nose into Dani's free hand.

She shows it around. Nabila CLAPS.

NABILA

Again! Again!

Carax checks his watch and heads for the lavatory.

Dani spots him leave over Nabila's shoulder.

NABILA (CONT'D)

What did you say your job was?

DANI

Insurance.

Nabila removes an earring, offers it to Dani.

NABILA

Take it. I want you to have this.

Dani accepts.

INT. SUITE - LAVATORY - NIGHT

Irolita hefts Beineix's carcass into the bathtub.

CARAX (O.S.)

Beineix? *Êtes-vous là?*

The door opens.

There stands Carax.

He goes for his gun.

Irolita leaps at him.

His gun comes up.

Her kick knocks him back into the hall.

Gun DISCHARGES.

INT. SUITE - NIGHT

Everyone freezes.

Dani drops her Aviation. Spins.

Chops Brute in the solar plexus.

He doubles over.

She seizes his gun.

Irolita runs in, Carax's gun in hand.

DANI

Stop!

Dani protectively shoves Sanjay to the floor.

Irolita SHOOTS.

Yann's head snaps back.

Dani crouches. SHOOTS back.

Partygoers hit the deck. Sanjay covers his ears. Bullets ZING overhead, rip up the lush milieu.

Irolita runs. SHOOTING. To the balcony.

EXT. RIVIERA D'AZUR - NIGHT

Irolita vaults the balcony and slides down the roof tiles.

Dani stops, not daring to follow.

Watches Irolita disappear into the night.

INT. SUITE - NIGHT

Dani turns and holds everyone at gunpoint.

DANI
No one move!

They don't. She dials 1-1-2 with her free hand.

On the floor, Sanjay gapes at the brain-leaking Yann.

INT. SUITE - MORNING

COPS cuff and haul away the partygoers.

Dani and Sanjay sit on the sofa. Dog-tired. She pops a couple of naproxen tablets and flexes her hand. He rubs his ears.

DANI
Still ringing?

He nods. She offers a pack of gum.

DANI (CONT'D)
This'll help.

He pops a stick and chews.

SANJAY
Why didn't you shoot her in the leg?

DANI
She'd bleed out in thirty seconds if it struck an artery.

SANJAY
Are we going to jail?

She pats him on the shoulder.

DANI
Better?

He nods.

DANI (CONT'D)
You get used to it.

An OFFICER passes.

OFFICER
You can go. DGSi is taking over.

He thrusts a thumb at the oncoming HERD of DGSi AGENTS.
General Directorate for Internal Security, roughly analogous
to the FBI.

TINTORERA leads the pack. Tailored suit hugs his jacked
physique; a scowl chiseled onto his lantern jaw. He'd be
perfect for a GQ cover if not for his Simon Cowell scowl.

DANI
We'd better say "hi."

OFFICER
Probably not a good idea. You do
not want to piss off Tintorera.

DANI
Let me do the talking.

She rises. Offers her hand.

TINTORERA
Stelmanis?

DANI
Yes, I'm--

TINTORERA
We know.

DANI
Listen, I need to talk to one of
them.

TINTORERA
No.

DANI
Five minutes. Give me five minutes.
Trust me.

TINTORERA
Carax and Beineix trusted you.

He marches off, leaving Dani stung.

SANJAY
Maybe give it a little time for him
to come around?

DANI
That's a dwindling commodity right
now, 'Jay. Come on.

SANJAY
Is this legal?

DANI
That is what lawyers are for.

She sneaks by and takes Nabila by her cuffed hands.

NABILA
Let me go!

DANI
You want to rot in prison? Then
come with me.

Dani takes Nabila aside into the

KITCHEN

DANI (CONT'D)
(to Sanjay)
Out. Girl talk.

He stands confused.

DANI (CONT'D)
Now. Keep an eye out there for
cops.

Nabila glowers at her.

Dani sets the earring on the table.

DANI (CONT'D)
Say something.

Nabila looks away.

DANI (CONT'D)
You should say something.

NABILA

*Allez vous faire foutre connards.
Je ne travaille pas avec des flics.*

DANI

I'm not a cop.

NABILA

Liar.

DANI

Your affairs don't concern me. I have no country, but I do have some pull around here. A little cooperation would go a long way keeping you from vanishing down one of the Directorate's black holes.

NABILA

Find some other *larbin* to be the fulcrum for your agenda.

DANI

Who is Irolita?

NABILA

Does it matter? You'll never see her again. Remember the Van Gogh that was stolen in Cairo a couple of years ago?

DANI

"Poppy Flowers?"

Nabila assents. Dani gets it.

DANI (CONT'D)

Get outta here! Where's she from?

NABILA

(switching to Arabic)

From somewhere and everywhere and anywhere and nowhere.

DANI

(in perfect Arabic)

Why were you here tonight?

Nabila sits up, pleasantly surprised.

NABILA

(in Arabic)

I don't know.

(MORE)

NABILA (CONT'D)

I heard Irolita say something about
10,000 shares of stock, I think.
Lampago. Lampago Holdings.

SANJAY (O.S.)

You can't go in there! Dani!

Tintorera barges in; his men grab Nabila. She looks to Dani
for support.

TINTORERA

What the Hell are you doing?

They haul her out, passing Sanjay on his way in.

TINTORERA (CONT'D)

Interfere in this again and you'll
be on the next flight out.

DANI

Be good to her.

He leaves.

SANJAY

Now what?

DANI

That depends. Are you willing to
get in bed with the Devil?

EXT. LOUIE'S DACHA - DAY

Champagne ices by the infinity pool with four flutes. Across
the shimmering water, three BEACH BUNNIES work on their
melanoma. No tan lines among them.

LOUIE works on his knees in the garden. Pushing 70, the
burly, avuncular Romani inspects flower roots.

FOOTSTEPS approach. He doesn't even look up.

LOUIE

Fifteen years and your gait hasn't
changed, Dani.

DANI (O.S.)

How you been, Louie?

He rises. Brushes dirt from his gloves and faces Dani. Behind
her, Sanjay tries not to gawp at the Bunnies.

LOUIE
Bored to death.

She grins. He returns the gesture.

LOUIE (CONT'D)
Is that one of Gautam's boys?

DANI
Sanjay, say "hello" to Louie.

SANJAY
Uh, hi, Louie.

LOUIE
Is this a social call, or should I
ask whose throat I have to cut?

INT. LOUIE'S DACHA - KITCHEN - DAY

Dani and Sanjay sit around an ikebana arrangement. Louie
chews on their conversation in progress.

LOUIE
I must be the unluckiest schlub in
the world to have you keep showing
up. It'll cost you. Eighty.

DANI
Hardly. Twenty.

LOUIE
Cut off my balls if you're going to
insult me with an offer like that.
Seventy.

DANI
Twenty-five. No more.

LOUIE
Sixty-five then. Alimony's a bitch.

She CLUCKS her tongue.

DANI
Want to flip for it?

Louie taps the case against the counter and nods. Dani takes
a coin from her pocket and shows him both sides.

DANI (CONT'D)
Heads, you get 30. Tails, 60.

LOUIE
Fair enough.

She flips it, catches it, and slaps it on her wrist.

Shows him.

Heads.

LOUIE (CONT'D)
Merde.

A Beach Bunny enters, grabs an orange from a fruit bowl, and pecks Louie on the cheek.

BEACH BUNNY
Come back outside.

And leaves without acknowledging their guests. Dani smirks.

DANI
Tell you what, I'll cook dinner
once while I'm here.

He SIGHS.

LOUIE
Let me make a few calls.

DANI
Good. Can I trust you with a
grocery list?

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

From a dozen stories up, Irolita gazes out the bay windows of the unfinished edifice. Her nightwear swapped for a Members Only jacket and jeans. Power tools, cables, and plastic sheets lie scattered about.

Somewhere a lift WHIRS and CLANGS.

She checks her watch.

HEAVY FOOTSTEPS, loudening.

Five pairs of boots approach from behind her.

The cranky RICSİ, with bandaged nose, leads THREE HENCHMEN. Very blue collar. Flannel and denim. Two lug a footlocker.

IROLITA
That's far enough, Ricsi.

They stop.

She turns to face them and eyes the youngest, probably in his late teens.

IROLITA (CONT'D)
Who's the kid?

Ricsi puts a proud hand on the kid's shoulder.

RICSI
This is my nephew, József.

JÓZSEF
Kezét csókolom.

IROLITA
Köszönöm.

He SNAPS his fingers.

His thugs lay the locker on a worktable. One dials the padlock and removes it. They back away.

IROLITA (CONT'D)
Why did you dump Serge at the golf course?

RICSI
Consider it a bonus.

IROLITA
No, not a bonus. And if not for your stupid calling card, police wouldn't have waltzed in last night. Next time, you ask before you clip someone.

She steps up to the footlocker and lifts the lid.

The absolute mother lode.

She uses a gem holder to pick up a diamond. Takes a moissanite tester, roughly the size of a toothbrush, from her pocket and applies the tip to the diamond.

The tester SQUEALS. Blue lights flash.

The Hungarians watch warily.

Irolita tries another gem.

Again, the tester SQUEALS and flashes blue.

She tries a third, same verse as the first two.

She sets aside her gear.

IROLITA (CONT'D)
Where's the real ones?

RICSI
What?

She jabs a finger at the diamonds.

IROLITA
This is grot.

RICSI
Oh?

She picks up a gem.

IROLITA
See this?

And throws it on the floor. It shatters. Glass.

RICSI
Pity.

His henchmen draw guns.

IROLITA
You conniving little--

Ricsi holds up a finger.

RICSI
We are willing to broker a new
arrangement: you keep the grot, we
keep the real ones. Does that
content you?

Irolita steels herself.

IROLITA
Quite.

She coolly sidesteps away from the window.

Brushes back her hair to reveal an earpiece.

IROLITA (CONT'D)
Tuan.

Automatic GUNFIRE from outside shatters the window. Cuts down the Hungarians.

Stray rounds strike the worktable. Scatter the "diamonds."

Irolita watches, nonplussed.

One shocked henchman still stands, then keels over.

Irolita looks out the now-shattered window.

IROLITA (CONT'D)
Spot on, Tuan. Much obliged.

She steps through the charnel scene. Nudges bodies with her boot.

Ricsi WHEEZES at her touch.

Irolita rummages through his jacket and pilfers his phone.

RICSI
Kurva! You'll never find where they
are.

Irolita waggles the phone in his face.

IROLITA
Actually, you already told me.

She scoops up a handful of diamonds...

IROLITA (CONT'D)
As you crave wealth, let this sate
your appetite.

...and shoves them down his throat.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Irolita crosses the street to a parked silver sports car.

INT. SPORTS CAR - DAY

Irolita connects Ricsi's phone to a gizmo resembling a GPS receiver on the dashboard.

The gizmo boots up and begins its load sequence.

Irolita waits.

DRUMS her fingers on the steering wheel.

The gizmo stops, displaying: "Invalid Scan Freq."

She smacks it. The gizmo reboots.

Displays an arrow pointing up.

Irolita cycles through the phone's call history to the most recent one. Selects it.

The arrow veers to the right, then creeps left.

INT. COP SHOP - DATABASE ROOM - DAY

DESK OFFICER searches the computer. Dani lurks over his shoulder.

DESK OFFICER
Irolita... Irolita... Ir-o-li-ta...

The system works. Sanjay sits in the corner, sketches gem designs on a notepad.

DESK OFFICER (CONT'D)
This will cross-reference
everything on the network.
Brazilian bookbinders, New Age
herbalists, Filipino satellite
technicians.

He pointedly looks at Dani.

DESK OFFICER (CONT'D)
And some inclusions from our
counterintelligence files.

It finishes. Query results: 0

INT. COP SHOP - DAY

OFFICERS clean out Carax's and Beineix's desks.

Dani tacks a printout to the cork board.

DANI
Lampago real estate holdings and
brokerage. Sounds like a front.

Sanjay watches the cops pack up boxes. Tintorera walks up.

TINTORERA

This may interest you: construction crew ran across this a couple hours ago.

He hands her a folder. She pulls out crime scene photos.

TINTORERA (CONT'D)

Diamonds. Fake diamonds according to the... stomach contents of one of the victims.

INT. COP SHOP - EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

Sanjay tends to the fake gems. Dani examines distended bullets in an evidence jar.

DANI

Non-NATO caliber.

She sets a small magnet next to one.

The fragments leap to it.

She shows Tintorera.

DANI (CONT'D)

See that? Tungsten penetrator. Probably alloyed with nickel or iron.

Sanjay rubs his eyes.

SANJAY

These are good. Very good. For this level of quality, you need the kind of resources found in a Global 500 company or...

DANI

A nation?

He nods.

TINTORERA

Traffic cams caught this.

Pixelated footage pops up on a monitor. High in the corner, half-obscured by sunglasses, is a FIGURE.

Dani squints. The Figure's eyes may be covered, but there's no mistaking her: Irolita.

DANI
Let's pay Lampago a visit.

SANJAY
Is this another of your hunches?

She glares at him.

EXT. FRENCH RUINS - DAY

Among the picturesque Roman-era arches sits a sedan. In the driver's seat, a SLIM HUNGARIAN holds a phone to his ear. A ROBUST HUNGARIAN stands by the car, smoking.

Slim puts down the phone.

SLIM HUNGARIAN
Basszus.
(to Robust)
Adj egy füst.

Robust drops the smoldering butt.

He fishes for another from his jacket.

Stops.

Spots something.

The sun glints off metal moving far in the distance.

A car.

Heading towards them.

Irolita's car.

Robust raps the sedan's roof to get Slim's attention.

Slim cocks a pistol. Hides it behind the door.

At thirty meters, the car stops.

Out steps Irolita.

She approaches. Keeps her hands visible.

Slim keeps the pistol trained on her through the door.

IROLITA
Ricsi's dead. You work for me now.

ROBUST HUNGARIAN
Why should we?

IROLITA
Because you can be rich or extinct.

The Hungarians share a concerned look. Slim's pistol hand wavers.

IROLITA (CONT'D)
Now where are the diamonds?

EXT. SNIPER'S NEST - SAME TIME

A telescopic reticle clocks Slim.

It sways to Robust. He scribbles on a scratchpad, rips off the note, and gives it to Irolita.

ROBUST HUNGARIAN
Here.

She glances at it. Nods.

IROLITA
We need to tie up some loose ends.

EXT. FRENCH RUINS - DAY

Irolita moseys over to a cloudy pond. The surface roils from something moving.

IROLITA
You read much history?

ROBUST HUNGARIAN
No.

IROLITA
Augustus would throw slaves that displeased him into a pool of lampreys. Big ones.

She holds her hands four feet apart. Robust shudders.

The Hungarians make haste. Irolita stuffs the note in her mouth, chewing as she watches them drive away.

TUAN (V.O.)
Zoo zhege gaibian jiwah?

She swallows the pulp and puts a finger to her ear.

IROLITA
No, nothing changes. Let them go.
Your fee's in the car.

EXT. CAFÉ - DAY

Sanjay carries a tray with an espresso and a juice across the patio.

Lays it on the table, where Dani watches the six-story office complex across the street.

DANI
Grazie.

SANJAY
They had no palmier.

She focuses on the complex.

Other PATRONS read. CHAT. Oblivious.

SANJAY (CONT'D)
Do you think anybody knows what's
about to happen?

Dani shrugs. Glances up and down the street.

SANJAY (CONT'D)
Can we get closer?

DANI
If anything happens, you don't want
to be closer.

SANJAY
Where is your courage?

DANI
In my client's wallet.

SANJAY
Did you ever...

He glances about for eavesdroppers.

DANI
Yes?

SANJAY
Did you ever kill someone?

DANI
Your brothers never asked this many
questions.

Sanjay waits. Not budging.

Dani leans toward him.

DANI (CONT'D)
Can you keep a secret?

He nods eagerly.

DANI (CONT'D)
So can I.

She eases back and sips her espresso.

Sanjay waits, then shakes his head with a nervous LAUGH.

SANJAY
I could never...you know...

DANI
Your adherence to nonviolence is
commendable.

SANJAY
I can't forsake my beliefs in the
face of danger. Then what kind of
person would I be?

DANI
Pragmatic.

A utility van pulls up across the street.

Dani notices. Sanjay doesn't.

SANJAY
That's easy for you to say. You
have jets and high-tech doodads and
probably know kung fu.

DANI
Tae kwon do, actually.

SANJAY
Tae kwon do. Of course.

DANI
Don't knock it. It's the most fun
you can have with your clothes on.

SANJAY
I, uh, I think I need to use the
loo.

He returns into the café.

Dani stirs her drink. Eyes the van.

SLEAZY ARTIST
'Scuse me?

Dani looks up to see a SLEAZY ARTIST. Greasy hair. Cigarette
clench in his yellowed, toothy grin.

He plants himself in Sanjay's chair.

SLEAZY ARTIST (CONT'D)
If I followed you home, would you
keep me?

Dani self-consciously tugs her blazer closed.

DANI
Cute, but no.

SLEAZY ARTIST
What brings you to Cannes?

DANI
The weather.

The van disgorges a SWAT TEAM. Rush the complex.

Dani sees it. Sleazy Artist doesn't.

DANI (CONT'D)
If you don't mind, I'm in the
middle of something.

SLEAZY ARTIST
Having trouble with your friend?

DANI
Just a weak bladder.

SLEAZY ARTIST
Do you want some company or will it
offend your little boy toy?

Dani crosses her arms.

DANI
No, thank you, sperm bank.

He COUGHS out a LAUGH and waves away his cigarette smoke.

SLEAZY ARTIST

Now why do you have to go and be so
impertinent? I see you sitting here
and I say to myself, "This lady
looks like she's on top of it all,
like she knows the score, and she
looks like she needs a really good--

Glass SHATTERS across the street.

A SCREAMING HUNGARIAN crashes through a fifth-floor window.

Makes like Newton's apple.

Splats face-first on the sidewalk.

Dani bolts from her chair, hurdles the fence, leaves Sleazy
Artist stupefied.

She jaywalks like hell through HONKING cars.

Reaches the no-longer-Screaming Hungarian.

Flips him over with her shoe.

Sanjay stands aghast across the street.

Tintorera and the cops arrive.

TINTORERA

My paperwork just tripled.

INT. COP SHOP - EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

Dani, Sanjay, Tintorera, and his team sift through Screaming
Hungarian's effects: cell phone, pens, keys, wallet, and a
credit card case.

Tintorera gets an ID from the wallet.

TINTORERA

Kees Rozsa. Look into it.

He passes it to a teammate.

Dani flips open the case. Lots of prepaid debit cards jammed
into every nook and cranny. Sanjay raises an eyebrow.

DANI

You were expecting a briefcase full of money? Each of these can hold up to 25,000 Euros.

SANJAY

Laundering?

DANI

Our friend was likely a bagman.

Another DGSi Man drops a stack of yellow documents--each sheathed in plastic--on the table.

DGSi MAN

From the office safe. Bearer shares.

Dani flips through them. Thousands. It takes a while.

She stops on one printed in blue. Pulls it from the stack: Makassar Solutions.

Dani taps the odd-share-out and thinks.

INT. GREENHOUSE - DAY

The grandmotherly HORTICULTURIST scores a Spanish Iris bulb with a scalpel.

Irolita, holding a brochure, steps out from behind a cluster of hydrangeas.

IROLITA

Excuse me, my flat has poor air drainage. Do you recommend anything with a low pollen count?

HORTICULTURIST

What did you have in mind?

IROLITA

Geraniums, maybe.

The Horticulturist stops. She sets down her work to face Irolita.

HORTICULTURIST

Bad allergies, eh?

IROLITA

The worst.

HORTICULTURIST
Do you need delivery?

IROLITA
Please. And I would like tracking.

The Horticulturalist notates with a pencil nub.

HORTICULTURIST
Where to?

IROLITA
Atocha.

HORTICULTURIST
Atocha? You should clear it with
Customs.

IROLITA
It's authorized.

She admires a particularly striking mixed arrangement.

HORTICULTURIST
Ground or air delivery?

IROLITA
Can I get an estimate?

HORTICULTURIST
It will take a few hours. And how
are your peonies?

IROLITA
Thirsty. I had a whole bouquet, but
someone stole them.

HORTICULTURIST
We'll send a replacement. In the
meantime, burn the original if you
find it.

She picks up another bulb.

HORTICULTURIST (CONT'D)
As for the peonies, if you want
them to bloom, beware the Mantidae
Lanisells. It feeds on the ants
that open the buds.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

Irolita's sports car sits on the shoulder.

INT. HER CAR - DAY

Irolita enters "Mantidae Lanisells" into her phone's decryption app.

She looks around while it works.

The phone RINGS. She answers.

IROLITA

Si?

HORTICULTURIST (V.O.)

Buenas tardes. We have an estimate on your shipment.

IROLITA

Go ahead.

HORTICULTURIST (V.O.)

By eastern delivery at noon tomorrow, the express rate will be 4,139,47. The standard rate is 540.82.

Irolita scribbles the numbers on a note.

On the road, a red sports car approaches from behind.

Irolita watches in the mirror.

Her hand slips to her holster.

IROLITA

Quite a price difference. *Gracias.*

The call ends.

The sports car slows and parks in front of her.

The driver's window rolls down and a hand creeps out holding another William Tell card.

Her phone DINGS.

She checks the decryption app.

At the top of its list, with a 78% likelihood, is "Daniella Stelmanis."

She jots the name on a scrap and wedges it on the dashboard.

Irolita steps from her car. Leaves keys in the ignition.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

Slim Hungarian gets out of the red sports car.

They wordlessly cross paths and swap vehicles.

INT. SPORTS CAR - DAY

Irolita slips into the car. Gets a feel for it. Likes it.

A laptop sits on the passenger seat beside her.

EXT. ABANDONED SERVICE STATION - DAY

Rusty and dusty in the middle of nowhere. Faded, graffitied signs.

Irolita's old car pulls up.

The bay door rises.

INT. ABANDONED SERVICE STATION - DAY

The car GRUMBLES inside. Robust Hungarian glances outside and SLAMS the bay door down.

A third, SHORT HUNGARIAN, guides the car up a pair of ramps improvised from cinder block and boards.

Slim Hungarian kills the motor and pops the trunk.

Robust pulls a war bag from the trunk. Empties it on the worktable. Tac vests, boots, goggles, radios, and a map.

Short Hungarian slips under the car with a flashlight and wire cutters.

He flicks on the light. Illuminates three machine pistols zip-tied to the undercarriage.

Snips the ties. Passes the goods to Slim, who passes them to Robust, who lays them by the rest of the gear.

INT. COP SHOP - DAY

Dani slices open the flap of a Manila envelope. Out slips a bound document: "Makassar Solutions Summary of Assets." She flips through it.

Sanjay stirs cups of tea. Sets one by her, intrigued.

DANI
(reading)
Delivered 23 March to Costa Del
Sol, microprocessors, firmware
packages. Multi-axis milling
machines?

SANJAY
We use those for precision
grinding.

DANI
How precise?

SANJAY
Microscopic.

DANI
They must be fencing the diamonds
to pay for all this.

SANJAY
That seems impractical.

DANI
Not really; \$100 million in gold
weighs over two tons. In cash, it's
one ton, but--in diamonds--you can
carry it in a shoebox.

Dani's briefcase BUZZES. Inside, among her kit, lies a zip-
lock bag filled with burner phones. One still BUZZES. She
checks it. A text: "Please update your parking pass."

DANI (CONT'D)
Wait here.

She plunks the phone in her tea. Instant brick.

EXT. COP SHOP - PARKING LOT - DAY

Dani crosses the lot, car keys in hand.

She stops at the empty spot where, instead of her car, sits a
small music box.

Dani looks around for witnesses, then picks it up. Lifts the
lid. A tinny TUNE plays.

Written under the lid: "Cafe Florencia. Alone. Now."

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Dani strolls toward the Cafe ahead.

A sedan pulls up alongside, pacing her.

The window lowers. A slovenly suited ROTUND MAN rides shotgun.

ROTUND MAN
Need a lift, ma'am?

DANI
No, thank you.

ROTUND MAN
You met a friend of ours last
night, Dani.

She stops.

DANI
Don't you usually use vans and ski
masks?

ROTUND MAN
Budget cuts.

The back door opens.

An OLD MAN, immaculately suited with Old World charm, sits
there. Pats the seat beside him.

INT. CAR - DAY

Dani climbs in back. The BALDING DRIVER winds through the
streets. Checks the mirrors.

ROTUND MAN
Louie was right about your
tenacity.

DANI
And what should I call you? Salami?
Salome? Salammbô?

ROTUND MAN
Let's forget the names. A woman
left the party last night. What do
you know about her?

DANI

Obvious access to resources, money.
Unlikely to belong to any low-to-
mid-tier criminal class.

INT. CAR WASH - DAY

The car enters. Conveyor pulls it through wipers and jets.

Rotund Man looks to the Old Man, who nods permissively.

ROTUND MAN

Her passport name was Irolita
Gubova, but that identity belongs
to an Uruguayan paralegal. A sixty-
four-year-old Uruguayan paralegal
with one leg. Before that, it was
Dace Ramezani, also a likely alias.

DANI

So she has a penchant for fish
names. This isn't about financing
terrorism, is it?

OLD MAN

In the dark, all cats are gray.

Fans outside HOWL, rocking the car with hot winds.

Dani puts it together.

DANI

Yann was your man, wasn't he? He
was going to stop someone from
procuring the goods. Why?

ROTUND MAN

Put this one aside, Dani. You're
out of your league.

EXT. CAR WASH - DAY

The car emerges, shiny and clean.

INT. CAR - DAY

The Old Man BLOWS his nose with a handkerchief.

The car stops beside Dani's car on the street.

OLD MAN
I'm sorry for theatrics. Please
remember to forget this
conversation.

DANI
What conversation?

OLD MAN
Atta girl.

INT. COP SHOP - DAY

Tintorera and the DGSI lead the hooded suspects out the door.

TINTORERA
Pack 'em up.

Dani returns. Dismayed.

DANI
What the Hell's going on?

TINTORERA
Sorry. Priorities changed.

DANI
But we're not through yet.

TINTORERA
It's not your concern anymore.

They march out, leave Dani and Sanjay crestfallen.

DANI
Shit.

SANJAY
Now what?

DANI
Which do you prefer: Mediterranean
or Chinese?

EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC - DAY

Militarized RAID OFFICERS guard an unmarked C-20 jet. DGSI
men embark their hooded Prisoners.

The Old Man shakes hands with Tintorera before boarding.

Tintorera and his crew head leave. Behind them, the jet SHRIEKS onto the runway.

EXT. SCRAPYARD - DAY

Irolita sits with her laptop atop a pile of junked cars, WHISTLING a Prokofiev tune. Aerial footage of the airport streams on the computer.

She connects a gamepad to her laptop. Uses the analog joysticks to zoom in on and track the C-20.

The plane races down the runway and takes to the sky.

She taps a button on the controller.

A dialog box flashes on her laptop: "RELEASE"

INT. AIRPORT TOWER - DAY

CONTROLLERS tend to their delicate juggling act.

The C-20 is almost a speck when a contrail streaks through the air toward it.

Blossoms in a dark cloud.

Controllers stand in shock, CHATTERING in French and English.

The jet spirals to Earth.

Disintegrates, kerosene-fueled eruption, thick smoke.

KLAXONS blare.

EXT. SCRAPYARD - DAY

Irolita scans the crash site. Satisfied with the twisted wreckage, she closes the laptop.

INT. LOUIE'S DACHA - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dani pinches a lemon wedge over a pilaf saucepan. Juice SIZZLES. Louie and Sanjay nosh on samosas while poring over documents at the table.

LOUIE

Someone didn't want them talking.

DANI

For once, I'm glad to be out of the loop. You need wasabi, Louie. Real wasabi; not that dyed horseradish.

SANJAY

Are you trying to kill us?

DANI

What is life without a little spice?

She winks and tends to the glazed carrots. Finessed motions befitting a Le Cordon Bleu alumna. Choppity choppity chop.

LOUIE

Makassar Solutions. Construction. Imports. Exports. Vineyards. Registered here to Kees Rozsa.

SANJAY

Wasn't he--

DANI

Our friend who became sidewalk art.

SANJAY

Then why was there a bearer share for them in the Lampago office?

DANI

Security? Especially if you're transferring a load of shares in compensation for services rendered.

SANJAY

Services?

DANI

That's the \$10 million question.

She rubs her knuckles. Damn arthritis.

LOUIE

Lots of outlays, but few deposits, all from offshore. This smells like reverse laundering. Delegitimizing clean money.

SANJAY

Criminals do that?

DANI

No, but state-sponsored ops do.

LOUIE
(reading)
"Andalusian vineyards." Very
lovely. Very good for making money
disappear.

DANI
Yeah, I know that trick, too.
Garlic salt. Why didn't I say
garlic salt? I'm losing my mind.

She pours an Amarone.

SANJAY
(to Louie)
Does she always talk to herself?

DANI
I enjoy intelligent conversation.

She garnishes with salpicon and serves the dishes.

DANI (CONT'D)
Enough talk. Eat! Eat!

They tuck in. It's damn good.

LOUIE
Dani, you outdid yourself this
time.

DANI
It just doesn't make sense. They
steal diamonds, but don't try to
fence them. They buy tools for
precise cutting, but not on
diamonds.

LOUIE
That's nothing. Back in the Cold
War, the CIA arranged for the
Russians to "steal" computer
hardware. Russians being to
computers what British are to food,
the CIA was worried their defective
machines would accidentally start a
war. Obviously, the American
parliament wouldn't approve, so
they hired a fixer.

SANJAY
Did it pay well?

LOUIE
Did what pay well?

Sanjay gives him a "get real" look.

LOUIE (CONT'D)
When did you become such a sleuth?

Sanjay shoots a thumb at Dani.

SANJAY
When I started hanging out with
Miss Marple here.

CHUCKLES.

A CAR ENGINE approaches outside.

DANI
Expecting visitors this late?

LOUIE
No.

NOISE stops in front of the villa. Dani sets down her fork.

DANI
It never fails. Every time I--

LOUIE
Don't worry. I'll take care of it.

Louie glances out the front window.

LOUIE (CONT'D)
Should have installed that gate.

A KNOCK at the door.

GRUFF VOICE (O.S.)
Police.

Dani and Sanjay share confused looks.

DANI
Odd.

Louie goes to answer.

Sanjay looks to Dani. She puts a finger to her lips.

Louie spies through the peephole.

TWO COPS outside, partially obscured in shadow.

Louie flicks the light switch.

Nothing happens.

GRUFF VOICE

Nous devons parler à vos invités.

LOUIE

Show me your badges.

One figure holds up a badge to the peephole.

GRUFF VOICE

Pouvez-vous le voir?

LOUIE

And the other one, too.

The badge comes away from the peephole.

Reveals the business end of a pistol.

Louie has no time to react at the SHOT.

Dani and Sanjay jump.

Louie crumples.

The door bursts open. In steps one cop.

It's Slim Hungarian, gun up. Balaclava over his face.

Sanjay, confused, terrified, and scrambles under his bed.

Dani unscrews the lamp's bulb. Fills the room with blackness.

Slim Hungarian looks over his shoulder and nods. Robust follows, also masked.

They enter, machine pistols drawn.

The sliding glass door to the pool SHATTERS and in steps Short Hungarian.

Slim signals to his comrades with his hands.

The intruders split up and sweep the house. Slim to Dani's room, Robust to Sanjay's, and Short as rear-guard.

Dani retreats into the closet with her suitcase.

Slim flicks the light switch. Nothing.

Flicks it again. No change.

He enters the dark.

Dani peers over the closet hangers.

She retrieves a small bottle of bleach from her suitcase.

Slim looks under the bed

Turns to the closet.

She unscrews the bottle.

He slides open the closet door.

Dani springs.

Splashes bleach in his eyes.

He SCREAMS. FIRES blindly.

Dani deftly disarms him. Clamps an arm around his neck.

Robust rounds the corner.

ROBUST HUNGARIAN

Baszd meg!

His bullets aerate the hapless Slim.

Dani shoots over her human shield. Slim's dead weight pulls her to the ground.

Robust jumps behind the wall. Stucco explodes around him.

Dani's gun locks back. Empty.

She grabs another mag from Slim's belt.

Short slips to the other side of the door from Robust. Nods to him.

Dani crawls into the

KITCHEN

Hides behind the island.

Robust pops out from behind the wall. So does Short.

Strobe-lights the room with bullets.

Dani reloads. The fusillade shreds the furniture.

Robust advances.

She rolls out. Tags Robust in the cervical vertebrae.

Sanjay steps from hiding.

DANI
(whispering)
'Jay? Where's the other one?

SANJAY
(mouthing)
I don't know.

Dani sees Robust's gun at Sanjay's feet.

She motions for him to give it to her.

Sanjay pries at Robust's fingers.

Short Hungarian pops out from the hall. SHOOTING.

Sanjay throws the gun to Dani.

She catches it.

He turns and runs out the front door.

Short hoses the kitchen in lead.

EXT. LOUIE'S DACHA - NIGHT

Sanjay runs like an out-of-shape elephant seal.

Short right behind him.

Short pops off a couple SHOTS.

Bullets WHIZZ by the terrified Sanjay.

Short corners him.

High beams fall on Short.

He turns toward the source, now ROARING at 500 hp.

The bright red blur of a sexy sports car plows into Short.

He bounces up and over car.

The car brakes.

Passenger door opens.

It's Irolita.

IROLITA

Get in.

Sanjay hesitates. She points a gun at him.

IROLITA (CONT'D)

Get in. There's more of them.

INT. SPORTS CAR - NIGHT

The wheels hug the road through high-G turns.

Sanjay holds on, looks in the mirrors, over his shoulder, anywhere but at the driver.

Wipers wipe flecks of blood from the windshield.

IROLITA

It never fails. I just had this detailed.

SANJAY

What was that all about?

IROLITA

I couldn't let you die back there.
Imagine how it would make me look.

She makes another sharp turn. Sanjay squeezes his armrests.

IROLITA (CONT'D)

If you're not police, who are you?

SANJAY

I'm a- I'm a diamantaire.

Irolita does a double take.

IROLITA

How did you end up in all this? Did
some trollop waltz through the door
and offer you a lot of money?

INT. LOUIE'S DACHA - NIGHT

COPS tend to the mess. Tintorera lumbers into the kitchen where Dani finally eats her dinner.

TINTORERA

There goes our leads. Try not to
kill them next time.

DANI

That doesn't count. I only shot the one.

TINTORERA

No serial numbers on the weapons.

DANI

And if they knew how to use them, they'd still be alive.

TINTORERA

Where's Sanjay?

DANI

He ran out. Shouldn't you be looking for him?

A chirpy RINGTONE interrupts.

Everyone stops and looks around.

It's coming from a dead Hungarian.

Dani opens the bodybag and finds the phone.

DANI (CONT'D)

Everybody, quiet.

Puts it on speaker.

DANI (CONT'D)

Dis moi.

MODULATED VOICE (V.O.)

Is the bitch dead yet?

INT. HER LAIR - NIGHT

Irolita leads Sanjay inside. She kicks off her shoes. Tchaikovsky's "CHARODÉYKA" on the stereo. Sumptuous Louis Seize décor. An 1857 Steinway. A Goya on the wall.

SANJAY

You, uh, you fund all this by stealing?

IROLITA

No, the Hungarians stole.

SANJAY

And you killed them for what? Money?

IROLITA

You make me sound like an American.
No, the Hungarians were so
superficial they thought spiritual
ecstasy was something you buy in
Amsterdam.

SANJAY

And what do you want?

IROLITA

Same as you: the sublime. Atoms
under pressure for billions of
years create a block of carbon.
Then someone digs it out of the
earth and shapes it into something
beautiful.

SANJAY

Don't discount skill. A good
sculptor can turn granite into The
Thinker. A bad one makes gravel.

She takes a pear from the fruit bowl.

IROLITA

Vegan?

SANJAY

Yes.

She takes a bite and tosses it to him.

He reflexively catches it.

With a wink, Irolita goes to the bedroom. SINGS along with
the OPERA in perfect mezzo-soprano.

Sanjay stands transfixed, then sets the pear on the table.

He sneaks to the door and reaches for the handle.

IROLITA (O.S.)

The door's wired.

His hand darts from the knob.

He inspects a reproduction of John Collier's "Lilith."

Finally, he skulks down the hall.

The OPERA continues on the stereo.

The bedroom door cracked ajar.

He peeps through the slit.

Irolita slips into a silk robe. Floofs her hair.

Sanjay tiptoes a retreat.

Opens the liquor cabinet.

A bottle of cognac with a bright green VIPER pickling inside sits front and center. The snake stares back at him with black eyes.

Sanjay edges closer, piqued.

The viper twitches.

Then SMACKS its head against the glass.

Sanjay jumps out of his skin. Tries to catch his BREATH.

Sees a pistol tucked behind another bottle. Reaches for it when--

IROLITA (CONT'D)
Arsenic on the rocks?

He whirls to see a Irolita watching.

SANJAY
Er, no, no, thank you.

IROLITA
Suit yourself.

She brushes by him and pours a brandy.

IROLITA (CONT'D)
By the by, The Thinker is bronze,
not granite.

SANJAY
Oh.

He settles on a settee.

She points to a 19th-century engraving of a rhinoceros.

IROLITA
Look at that. There are only 20,000
rhinos left. Most will be extinct
by the end of the century. How much
is each one worth?

Sanjay shrugs.

IROLITA (CONT'D)
 Meanwhile, seven billion humans.
 The gene pool can stand some
 trimming.

SANJAY
 Aren't you a credit to the species.

IROLITA
 You think you're blameless? How
 many unregistered gems does your
 family have in how many banks in
 how many different countries? How
 many innocent lives did those
 destroy?

He shifts uncomfortably.

IROLITA (CONT'D)
 You aren't saving the world. You're
 a glorified coal peddler.

They share a long stare before Irolita bursts into LAUGHTER.

IROLITA (CONT'D)
 As I have nothing to offer the
 world, then let me be evil.

SANJAY
 It's not my position to judge.

IROLITA
 Oh yes it is.

She sets her drink aside and crouches between his knees;
 décolletage peeks out of her robe.

IROLITA (CONT'D)
 And how do you share your body?

Her hand rests on his thigh.

IROLITA (CONT'D)
 Indian, hmm? I don't think I've
 been with an Indian before.

She slowly runs her hand up. He squirms.

IROLITA (CONT'D)
 Have you ever been with an older
 woman?

Sanjay holds her gaze.

SANJAY

Don't start what you can't stop.

A concupiscent grin spreads across her face.

She takes his hand and leads him to the bedroom.

INT. HER BOUDOIR - NIGHT

She lies prone on the satin bedspread. Her tantalizing leg oscillates back and forth.

IROLITA

Why don't you freshen up?

INT. HER BATHROOM - NIGHT

He washes. Notices his cuts and bruises. Leans into the mirror for a closer look.

The metallic CLICK of the deadbolt grabs his attention.

Turns to see the door shut.

He jiggles the handle. Bolted.

SANJAY

Uh, excuse me?

He tries the handle again. Definitely locked.

BANGS on the door.

SANJAY (CONT'D)

Hello!?

INT. HER BOUDOIR - NIGHT

Irolita unfurls the bedspread. Picks up the carbine and webbing vest lying on the sheets.

INT. HER BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sanjay stops POUNDING.

SANJAY

Figures.

He backs up and kicks the door. Kicks it again and again. No sell.

INT. COP SHOP - NIGHT

Dani flips through paperwork. Bags under her eyes. Tintorera steps up, coffee in hand.

DANI
Any word on Sanjay?

TINTORERA
Locals are still searching.

He sets a hand on her paperwork.

TINTORERA (CONT'D)
Would you mind telling me what
you're doing with these?

DANI
Sure. And you can explain how a
suspect fell out a window. Or why a
planeload of witnesses blew up. Or
my dead friend. My office should
bill you.

Tintorera doesn't blink.

Dani's phone RINGS.

DANI (CONT'D)
Will you excuse me?

He leaves. She answers.

DANI (CONT'D)
Yeah?

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Please hold for Mr. Sonam.

She sits up as UELI SONAM joins the call.

UELI (V.O.)
Miss Stelmanis?

DANI
How did you get this number?

UELI (V.O.)
That's not important. What news do
you have?

DANI
I'm prohibited from discussing
ongoing--

UELI (V.O.)
For what I pay in premiums, please
indulge me.

DANI
There's been complications. Deaths.
Now my specialist is missing.

A cold silence on the other end of the line.

UELI (V.O.)
Listen closely, Miss Stelmanis.
There's more at stake here than
your firm's reputation. It would
behoove you to ensure my property
is recovered.

DANI
Yes, sir. I--

The line DIES.

Dani looks at her phone and EXHALES in relief.

INT. HER BATHROOM - MORNING

Sanjay sits on the john, tired and trapped.

He looks around the sparse bathroom. No windows. Vents too
small to crawl through. Some shampoos and soaps. Tankless
toilet.

He unscrews the drain stopper from the sink. Removes the
entire assembly.

Reaches in and does the same for the bathtub.

He McGuyvers the metal pieces together and wiggles them
through the jamb.

Keeps trying. Aiming blind.

The door CLICKS.

INT. HER LAIR - MORNING

Sanjay steps out into the blue glow of dawn.

Looks around. No phone. No computer.

He tries the door. Locked. He POUNDS on the door.

SANJAY
Help! Hey! Help!

He fiddles with the door crack around the lock.

Fingers catch on something.

Curious, he reaches in.

Extricates thin, black wires.

He backs away.

Goes to the balcony. Slides open the door.

EXT. BALCONY - MORNING

Sanjay steps out and peers over the edge.

It's a

long

way

down.

Leans a bit further.

He spots the balcony of the floor beneath him. No fire escape nearby or other means of descent.

INT. HER BOUDOIR - MORNING

Sanjay ties the 800-thread-count bedsheets together. Pulls them extra tight.

EXT. BALCONY - MORNING

Sanjay ties one end of the bedsheet rope to the railing. Tugs it tight.

Then ties another knot. Just to be safe.

He lowers the rope over the side. It reaches only part of the way.

Sanjay's vertigo kicks in and he recoils before taking several DEEP BREATHS.

He swings one leg over the railing and looks down again.

SANJAY
(mockingly)
"It'll be fun."

He swings his other leg over.

Sanjay descends the sheet, one sweaty palm after another.

Above, the sheet slowly unfastens.

He looks up. Sees it. Eyes widen.

He drops. Frozen in terror.

His arms flail for anything to grab, wrapping around the railing in a death grip. Legs dangle in mid-air.

He looks down, sees the sheet flutter to the street.

Heart POUNDING, GASPING air, he worms his way over the railing and onto the balcony.

Lies on the floor for a moment to catch his breath.

Finally composed, he lurches to his feet.

Inside, a JAPANESE SALARYMAN in a bathrobe beholds the sight.

Sanjay KNOCKS on the door.

SANJAY (CONT'D)
Can I use your phone?

INT. COP SHOP - BULLPEN - MORNING

Sanjay sits in a chair surrounded by Dani and leering COPS.

DANI
That's quite a story, 'Jay.

SANJAY
Nothing happened. I swear.

She pats him on the shoulder.

DANI
It's OK. We all have our...
youthful indiscretions.

She dismisses him with a wave and picks up an evidence bag with a rainbow of passports.

DANI (CONT'D)
All forgeries. No surprise. The
flat had enough hexogen to level
the complex.

SANJAY
Where's Tintorera?

DANI
Good question.

She stops a COP.

DANI (CONT'D)
Do you know what's up with the DGSI
team?

COP
They left last night. I heard
something about Atocha.

DANI
Spain?

He shrugs.

SANJAY
Didn't we run across that name
yesterday?

DANI
Did we?

She riffles through documents.

SANJAY
I want to say it was a hotel or a
plane or something.

Dani stops on a page.

DANI
How about a boat?

EXT. THE MED - DAY

The sleek, 122' hydrofoil yacht THUNDERS over the waves.

Beneath her three luxurious decks and flapping Panamanian
flag reads the name on her transom: ATOCHA.

INT. YACHT - BRIDGE - DAY

The goateed LOOKOUT lowers his binoculars and, passing the HELM, heads for the stairs.

A pair of sunglasses resting on a console catches his reflection, and the submachine gun slung across his back.

Beneath the glasses, the GPS displays their location:
41°39'47" N 5°40'8.2" E

EXT. YACHT - DAY

The Lookout leans against the sun deck's railing, smoking.

He absentmindedly looks astern. Squints against the sun.

Surprise crosses his face.

Helicopter. On their six. Gaining fast.

He lifts his binoculars. Adjusts focus.

A tadpole-shaped Eurocopter AS350. Perched with one foot on a landing skid, Irolita aims a scoped carbine right at him.

The Lookout mouths an obscenity.

He drops the binoculars and unslings his weapon.

A bullet strikes his chest. Pitches him over the railing.

EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Decked out for war, Irolita clamps a carabiner on her belt.

The helo paces the yacht over the sun deck.

She drops a rope and abseils down. Gloves smoke from the friction.

EXT. YACHT - DAY

Boots hit the teak deck. Fingers detach carabiner.

Gun up, she rolls over the side, bypassing the stairs.

INT. YACHT - BRIDGE DECK - DAY

Irolita stealthily enters.

The Coxswain turns in time to be cold-cocked with the stock.
She taps buttons on the console. Engines power down.
FOOTSTEPS and indistinct VOICES approach the bridge.
Irolita goes to the hatch. NOISES on the other side.
She steps back diagonally and sights up the hatch.
SPRAYS half the magazine.

Listens.

Wild SHOTS from the other side penetrate the door.

She empties the mag in response.

Rolls to another spot and reloads.

Opens the hatch.

DEAD SEAMEN litter the corridor.

VARIOUS PASSAGEWAYS

SHOUTS and SHOTS reverberate through the yacht.

A trail of spent casings leads down the stairs.

INT. YACHT - MAIN DECK - DAY

Irolita hunts from cabin to cabin, fearing none but her own kind.

Finally stops at the skipper's cabin. Hatch locked.

She bends a paper clip three times with her multitool's pliers to make a torsion wrench.

She inserts the wrench and bobby pin into the keyhole.

After a little jiggering, the hatch unlocks.

Enters. Shuts the hatch behind her.

SKIPPER'S CABIN

Heavy, off-white safe. No dial, but a keypad.

Irolita pulls an ultra-thin slimjim from her toolkit.

Gently probes the gap around the door.

Listens for anyone coming.

A CLICK announces the triggering of the code reset switch.

The safe swings open.

Satchel inside.

She unzips it and lifts the flap.

Gems glister in her eyes.

Irolita probes one with the moissanite tester. Flashes green.

INT. YACHT - ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Bullets jackhammer a BEARDED SAILOR against a generator.

Irolita steps over him. Empty magazine CLATTERS on the deck.

She unhooks a brick of mustard-yellow hexogen from her web gear.

Wedges it under a fuel bunker. Molds the plastique to better match the shape.

Sticks a radio receiver and detonator into the hexogen.

A flick of a switch activates the receiver.

EXT. YACHT - SUN DECK - DAY

The helo swoops in low and hovers alongside.

Irolita heaves the satchel into the cabin.

Climbs in after it.

The helicopter turns tail and BUZZES away.

A BLOODY SEAMAN staggers up the stairs. Pistol in hand.

He unloads on the fleeing helo.

I/E. HELICOPTER - DAY

Irolita slips the safety from the detonator. Squeezes it three times.

Smoke BLASTS out the yacht's windows.

Then a larger fireball rips through her decks in the swankiest Viking funeral ever.

INT. COP SHOP - DAY

The printer BUZZES. Dani reads the pages spitting out.

DANI

Let's see... Atocha. Registered in Panama. Lots of help there.

SANJAY

How so?

DANI

Six thousand ships are registered in Panama. Eighty percent have foreign owners. They're called "flags of convenience" and they're very tricky to trace.

She taps the vineyard document.

DANI (CONT'D)

I think we'll find some answers in Andalusia.

SANJAY

Is this the part where you go rogue? Doesn't it work that way?

DANI

No, it does not work that way. You need to stop watching TV.

SANJAY

But I don't watch any.

DANI

Maybe you should.

INT. GOLTZIUS' WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Humble little establishment. GOLTZIUS is old and refined, but careful. Takes his time inspecting a gem. A reproduction of Degas' "Ecole de dance" on the wall.

Irolita in red, drops off the satchel. He looks at her with the disdain of one doing a job unwillingly.

GOLTZIUS

You have it?

She holds up an envelope.

IROLITA
Eight hours. Can you do it?

GOLTZIUS
I can do it.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Irolita crosses from the workshop to a tavern.

INT. GOLTZIUS' WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Goltzius sets a gem on a carat scale.

Lasers scan the diamond. The 3D model on his computer indicates proper cuts.

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

Stocky TURKS shoot pool and MUMBLE amongst themselves, puffing on Parliaments.

They fall silent for a moment when Irolita sashays into the room.

She leans against the bar and lights up a cigarette from her case. Blows a thin stream of smoke.

The Turks steal glimpses of her any chance they can; their balls roll aimlessly across the baize.

INT. GOLTZIUS' WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Goltzius oh-so-cautiously marks the rock with a black marker.

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

Irolita removes her shades and snuffs out the butt.

She picks up a cue.

IROLITA
May I?

The men stand too dumbfounded to answer.

She sights up and launches the cue ball.

It ricochets into another ball.

Bounces off the other side.

Sinks it.

The Turks smile at each other.

INT. GOLTZIUS' WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Goltzius polishes the cut stone with a scaif. Weighs the gem on a carat scale.

Satisfied, he grips another diamond with his clampers and repeats the process.

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

Irolita nails one trick shot after another. Turks CHEER her.

She bends backward over the table, flaunting her uninhibited womanliness, and nails the last ball.

The Turks APPLAUD.

Triumphant, she tosses them her cue.

INT. GOLTZIUS' WORKSHOP - MORNING

Irolita slings the satchel over her shoulder.

IROLITA

So precious was the secret of silk
that the Chinese would execute
those who revealed its origins and
three generations of their
families, then burn all record of
their existence. You know how long
that secret stayed?

He shrugs. She slides the envelop over to him.

IROLITA (CONT'D)

Three thousand years.

She leaves. He opens the envelope to find a storage key and a postcard of El Greco's "Portrait of a Young Nobleman."

GOLTZIUS

All for moth larvae.

INT. CHANCERY - DAY

Irolita waits at the reception desk of some anonymous backwater. The EMBASSY GUARD scrutinizes her passport, then picks up a phone.

INT. CHANCERY - MAIL ROOM - DAY

TWO COURIERS crate up the satchel. Nail down the lid. Spray paint a stencil: "Diplomatic Shipment - Ministry of External Relations." Slap on tamper seals.

EXT. CHANCERY HELIPAD - DAY

A helo lands. Irolita slinks to it. The Couriers follow with the crate.

EXT. SPANISH BEACH - DAY

Pretty and vacant. A sandrail VROOMS over the dunes. SCREECHING gulls scatter.

Dani drives. Mirrored aviators on her nose. Sanjay hangs on for dear life.

The sandrail brakes in the cover of the dunes.

Dani steps out and pulls a crossbow from the back. No Renaissance Fair reject, this has carbon fiber frame, collapsible stock, and scope.

She hides behind a rock and, through the scope, surveys the *terroir*.

A vineyard and villa enclosed by a stone wall.

No movement.

SANJAY

Maybe we should knock on the front door.

Dani shoots him a disapproving glance, then motions for him to follow.

She loads a grappling hook in the crossbow. Clips on a cable.

Launches it over the wall.

Gives the line a tug. Solid.

Starts climbing.

EXT. VINEYARD - DAY

Dani lands soundlessly on the other side.

Sanjay lands with a THUD. PANTING. Dani shushes him.

She tightens the tension on the bow and loads another bolt. Signals him to follow her through the rows of vines.

He does.

Radio STATIC stops Dani.

Her hands tense.

She advances toward the CRACKLING.

Just beyond another row, beneath the grove of olive and fig trees, she sees--

DEAD GUY. Uzi in one hand, walkie-talkie in the other.

Another DEAD GUY perforated by the toolshed.

Dani spots another, further removed from the others.

DEAD GARDENER. A spade sticks out the earth by him.

Beside him, a square hole in the garden about three feet deep and three feet across.

DANI

These have been dead several hours.
Shot from up close.

EXT. SPANISH BEACH - DAY

Footprints lead from the sea.

Dani crouches by them. Checks the spacing and indentation in the sand. Probably size 12 or 13.

She dips a finger in a print heading toward the villa. A quarter-inch deep.

A second print cluster returns to the sea in two parallel groups. Same type of boots.

She measures a print returning to the sea. A three-fourths-inch deep.

Sanjay uneasily looks around.

DANI
Tide will erase 'em in a few hours.

EXT. VILLA - DAY

Dani feels around the edge of a window for alarms.

She plucks a small spray can with a strip of yellow tape from her utility belt. Douses the window frame.

Sanjay covers his nose at the odor.

Dani takes another can with a purple strip and applies it over the first layer. FIZZY reaction.

SANJAY
Come on, Dani. Let's call it in.

Dani easily pushes in the window.

DANI
Don't get any on you.

Sanjay pains to avoid the fizzing and follows her inside.

INT. VILLA - DAY

DEAD MAID on the floor.

SANJAY
Next time, let's knock on the front door.

Dani searches the house.

Lifts rugs. TAPS the floor with her foot.

Looks behind pictures on the wall. KNOCKS for hollows.

Sanjay stays in the kitchen.

Exhausted, Dani looks around the kitchen again at the spice rack on the wall. The framed marigold painting. Oven. Thermostat. Fruit bowls. Clock. Cupboards.

The Oven.

She steps toward it. The temperature set to 120°C.

She opens the door. No heat.

Taps some buttons. Nothing happens.

She pulls at the faceplate.

It flips down. Two buttons: one red, one green.

She looks at Sanjay.

DANI

Watch out.

She presses the green.

Somewhere a DULL CLANK beneath their feet.

The a section of floor pops up by Sanjay. He steps back.

Dani lifts the hinged panel away from the secret compartment. Rows of cabinets. All locked.

Their faces light up in surprise.

Dani searches the dead maid. Finds a key.

Tries it in the locks. The drawers slide open.

DANI (CONT'D)

Tintorera's going to be pissed when
he realizes he's off by 500
kilometers.

She photographs sheet after sheet of documents with her phone, not reading the contents, just recording them. She stops on a paper. Looks closer.

DANI (CONT'D)

What do you know about fashion?

SANJAY

"Apparel oft proclaims the man."

DANI

"Fashion wears out more apparel
than the man." Or in this case,
Harmon Zen.

SANJAY

The Harmon Zen?

DANI

No, just a Harmon Zen.

Sanjay reviews a schematic. Shows it to her.

SANJAY

They're crazy. If you cut the gems like this, you might as well grind them up and pour them in your tea for what it would do to the value.

DANI

What about industrial use?

SANJAY

That could work.

Eureka.

DANI

They're not going to sell the diamonds. They're reshaping them into cutting instruments.

SANJAY

What?

DANI

You know who makes the most money during gold rushes and oil booms?

SANJAY

Prospectors.

DANI

Merchants selling to the prospectors. They're doing the same thing here, only to make weapons.

SANJAY

Like laser guns?

DANI

Like stealthier aircraft, or quieter submarines. They could rewrite the arms industry overnight.

A silence falls on them. Somewhere outside, the unmistakable STACCATO of distant helicopter blades. Then SIRENS.

Dani grabs her crossbow and peeps out the front windows.

DANI (CONT'D)

Time to go. Now.

EXT. SPANISH BEACH - DAY

Dani throws the sandrail in gear. GUNS the engine.

Off like a shot. The villa disappears in the distance.

Over the dunes ROARS a helicopter. Paces them. "GUARDIA CIVIL" plastered on the side.

SNIPER aboard aims at them.

SPANISH COP
(over PA)
Stop the vehicle.

Sniper pops off a SHOT into the sandrail's engine.

DANI
Shit!

Smoke spews out.

Sandrail SPUTTERS to a halt.

Helo lands. Armed COPS jump out, guns drawn.

Surround them.

SPANISH COP
Step out slowly!

Dani and Sanjay do. Hands up. She's calm. He's shaking.

SPANISH COP (CONT'D)
Daniella Stelmanis. Sanjay Parekh.
You are under arrest for accessory
to murder and conspiracy to traffic
stolen goods.

Cops shove them to the ground. Snap Plasticuffs over wrists.

Dani and Sanjay share a last look before hoods cover their faces.

EXT. WIND FARM - NIGHT

Lazily spinning vanes cut across the wind turbine's red warning light.

Two sedans nearby hit their high beams, revealing a stretch of dirt road.

Overhead, a plane twinkles in the starry sky.

The single-prop craft banks on final approach. The cowlings landing light pops on.

The car doors open and TINTORERA and his DGSi team step out.

The plane touches down. Kicks up a dusty wake.

The passengers watch it slow to an IDLE. One passenger with a COMBOVER hustles to the plane.

Out steps a suited MUSTACHE MAN.

He slides his seat forward. Helps Combover pull Dani and Sanjay, still bound and hooded, from the back. Haul them to waiting cars.

The plane turns to take off.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Unadorned chateau. A breeze wafts through the open window.

Dani and Sanjay sit motionlessly on folding chairs. Mustache Man reads a magazine.

Out in the hall, Tintorera and Combover confer in WHISPERS.

Tintorera enters the room. Pulls the door closed behind him.

He waits until the FOOTSTEPS recede down the hall. Practically glowing, he walks toward Dani.

TINTORERA

Dani Dani Dani. How in the Hell are you not dead yet?

She doesn't react.

Tintorera rocks back on his heels.

TINTORERA (CONT'D)

O prefieres otro língua?

Still nothing. Mustache Man glances up from his magazine.

Tintorera circles Dani and Sanjay, positively giddy.

TINTORERA (CONT'D)

We have lots of fun in store for you two. See, I have an incomplete puzzle here and you have the missing pieces.

He removes Dani's hood. Her eyes bore into him with an intellect vast and cool and unsympathetic.

DANI
Speed it up, Tinto. My flight
certification expires next month.
Did you find what you were looking
for in Atocha?

He frowns.

DANI (CONT'D)
Aw, too bad. I got her real name.

TINTORERA
Oh?

DANI
"Her name is Rio and she dances on
the sand."

That hit a nerve.

Sanjay, still hooded, looks around. Tintorera removes his hood. Sanjay blinks, blinded.

TINTORERA
(to Dani)
You won't talk.
(to Sanjay)
You will.

Tintorera looks to his team, draws a finger across his throat.

DANI
Wait a second. Can I have a
cigarette first?

Tintorera smiles at her romanticism.

Offers a filtered Parliament from a rumpled pack.

She extracts it with her teeth.

DANI (CONT'D)
Got a light?

Combover leans in with a lighter. Dani takes a PUFF.

DANI (CONT'D)
Don't tell him anything, Sanjay, or
you'll violate your NDA.

TINTORERA

That's enough. Get her out of here.

Combover and Mustache Man seize her.

DANI

(to Sanjay)

It'll be OK.

They drag her out. The cigarette falls, trampled underfoot. Door SLAMS closed behind them.

Tintorera drags Dani's chair in front of Sanjay and sits in it reverse-style.

TINTORERA

Here's what will happen: in a few seconds, they're going to shoot Dani in the head. You still have a chance.

Sanjay stiffens. Tries to put on a game face.

SANJAY

You can't kill her. She's cheated death too many times.

TINTORERA

You think she's going to kung fu her way out of this?

He feigns karate gestures with mock-Bruce Lee NOISES.

SANJAY

In a minute, she's going to walk through that door and shoot you in the face.

GUNSHOT outside. Sanjay jumps.

Tintorera folds his hands, beaming.

Sanjay chastens.

TINTORERA

A quarter of a billion in diamonds is gone, Sanjay. Who else to blame but a disgruntled adjuster who went off the reservation?

Sanjay clams up and looks away from him.

TINTORERA (CONT'D)
Now tell me, what did you find in
Spain?

Sanjay's eyes well up. He looks away, tight-lipped.

The door opens.

Mustache Man stands there, smoking.

TINTORERA (CONT'D)
It's done?

Mustache Man nods. Leans against the door frame.

TINTORERA (CONT'D)
Too bad. Our *ami* here decided to
grow a pair.

Sanjay's eyes water, staring daggers into Tintorera's soul.

TINTORERA (CONT'D)
If you have nothing else, we can
skip to the next step.

He opens a small case. Vial, needle, and syringe.

TINTORERA (CONT'D)
This is T-61. Veterinary
euthanizer.

He unsheathes the needle and jabs it into the vial.

TINTORERA (CONT'D)
Don't worry. It won't hurt. I'm
certain Dani will appreciate the
company.

He taps the syringe and squirts out the air bubble.

Dani steps behind Mustache Man. Throws arm around his neck.
Other arm comes up. Gun pointed at Tintorera's face. Flurry
of SHOTS.

Sanjay flinches.

Dani rabbit-punches Mustache Man to the floor. Stamps his
trachea.

She covers the room, a honed, angry killing machine.

SANJAY
Dani?

She softens.

DANI
Did you miss me?

SANJAY
Took you long enough! Get me out of
these.

She works on his cuffs.

DANI
Pull your hands apart.

He does, straining. Dani pulls Combover's lighter from her pocket. Flicks the wheel. Holds the flame to the cuffs.

DANI (CONT'D)
Keep pulling.

SANJAY
I'm trying.

He winces from the heat. The PlastiCuffs warp.

DANI
Flex your wrists.

He does. The cuffs snap.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Dani rummages through the cupboards. Sanjay rubs his wrists.

She rounds up a bottle of vodka, an ice bucket, a rocks glass, and a towel.

SANJAY
Drinking again?

Dani fixes a vodka on the rocks. Wraps a handful of ice in the towel, gives it to Sanjay.

DANI
Here.

He applies it to his wrists. Dani downs her drink.

DANI (CONT'D)
Want one?

He shakes his head.

Dani reviews postings on the cork board. One of them is a photo of Irolita entering the chancery.

Checks the computer. Finds it still unlocked.

DANI (CONT'D)
We just need a weak point and if my
guess is accurate...

An options menu loads.

DANI (CONT'D)
Typical. No one secures network
printers. In this century!

She adds an itinerary entry, then overclocks the settings.

SANJAY
Is that some kind of virus?

DANI
Gift-wrapping a nice asteroid for
these dinosaurs.

She marshals up photographs and papers in a folder.

DANI (CONT'D)
Now we have to erase any sign we
were here. Pile up anything you
touched and burn it.

SANJAY
What?

DANI
I said burn it! Burn everything!

He obeys.

Dani sloshes a can of paint thinner over everything. Lights
it. Smashes the smoke detector.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Dani and Sanjay scuttle out the back.

SANJAY
What's to stop them from trying
again?

DANI
Maybe one day they'll make weapons,
but not with these. Not on my
watch.

SANJAY
Is it worth all this?

DANI
If you want to walk, walk. You'll
be home tonight.

She leaves him behind.

Sanjay steels himself.

SANJAY
No.

She turns back toward him.

SANJAY (CONT'D)
We finish this.

INT. CHANCERY - DAY

They stride into the lobby.

DANI
Shoulders back. Chin up.

Sanjay complies, imbued with confidence. Two IT SPECIALISTS
wheel out a smoking copier.

The Embassy Guard contemptuously eyes the frumpy newcomers.

DANI (CONT'D)
We have an appointment.

INT. CHANCERY - ATTACHE'S OFFICE - DAY

The saturnine ATTACHÉ sits at his desk. His AIDE lays a
demitasse and saucer.

Dani and Sanjay sit across from him. Waiting.

The Aide pours a Turkish coffee from a cezve high over the
demitasse to maximize the foam.

ATTACHÉ
Thank you.

The Attaché swirls his coffee. The Aide bows and leaves.

ATTACHÉ (CONT'D)
What can I do for you?

DANI
We're looking for someone. Maybe
you've seen her.

She pushes a traffic cam photo of Irolita across his desk.

He eyeballs the pic and sips his coffee.

ATTACHÉ
If this is a missing person, I'm
sure it is best left to the police.

DANI
We did. We suspect she came here to
secure passage out of the country.

ATTACHÉ
If she was, maybe someone on the
consular staff saw her.

DANI
Are you familiar with the Cannes
heist?

ATTACHÉ
Not especially.

DANI
There's been many deaths, including
local police. She's involved.

After a moment, the Attaché pushes the photo back to them.

ATTACHÉ
This is a diplomatic mission. We do
not appreciate effrontery, slander
or insinuations of same. Now,
please leave. Rest assured the
ambassador will be sending a letter
of protest over this.

He finishes his coffee, upends the demitasse on the saucer,
then presses the intercom.

ATTACHÉ (CONT'D)
Please escort my visitors off the
premises.

SANJAY
Let's go, Dani.

DANI
Not yet.

Dani sets more photos on the desk: Irolita entering and exiting the chancery.

Then the pièce de résistance: Irolita, seen through the windows, chatting with the Attaché.

The Attaché taps the intercom.

ATTACHÉ
Belay that last request.

DANI
News travels in these circles like
herpes on a hockey team. A diplomat
could find himself persona non
grata if word of collusion got out.

He leans back in his chair and pensively tents his fingers.

ATTACHÉ
"If."

INT. BIZJET - DAY

Jetting east, Dani hands freshly minted diplomatic credentials to Sanjay, now blasé to her shenanigans.

He flips the booklet to his title: "Special Envoy."

SANJAY
Diplomats must love making deals.

Dani checks her appearance in a make-up mirror.

DANI
Zen's showcasing his collection
tonight. We'll intercept him there.

SANJAY
Then what?

She rouges over her lacerated cheek

DANI
Then you'll go home, marry a nice
girl, and sire a dozen kids.

She checks her hair. Another gray strand. She HUFFS.

SANJAY

Remember when you said you usually
get the culprits, but not the loot?
If you had to choose, which would
you rather have?

She closes the mirror, then turns on her side.

DANI

Get some sleep. We need to go
shopping.

EXT. VENETIAN CANAL - NIGHT

Water taxi zips under bridges through the narrow channel.

Sanjay and Dani stand in the back, wearing the *dernier cri*
and *Carnevale* masks. The *Nebbish* and the *Amazon*.

Ahead, flashing neon festoons a jetty. Masked ATTENDEES
mingle. Thumping Eurotrash TECHNO. Sacred and profane.

The taxi deposits them ashore at the House of Zen. Dani
grimaces at the godawful music.

SANJAY

I feel like a peacock.

INT. HOUSE OF ZEN - NIGHT

Gangly MODELS parade on the catwalk in meretricious duds
under the light of rapid-fire flashbulbs.

Dani and Sanjay remove their masks. Wind through the crowd.

Sanjay gawks at one model in ridiculously elevated stilettos.
He nudges Dani.

SANJAY

How do you walk in those?

DANI

Magic.

Dani scans the crowd with her opera glasses.

She spots Irolita, sporting a snazzy garrison cap, beside the
manicured, urbane HARMON ZEN in the private box. A gold
earring his sole adornment. She whispers in his ear.

DANI (CONT'D)
I'll be damned.

Irolita slips out of the box.

Dani hands Sanjay an earpiece...

DANI (CONT'D)
Keep watching Zen.

...and takes off after Irolita.

Sanjay nestles the piece in his ear.

Irolita enters the ladies' room.

Dani pauses at the door and pops a couple naproxen tablets.

INT. LADIES' ROOM - NIGHT

Seems empty at first glance. Dani squats and peeks under the stalls. Two pairs of shoes.

Dani coolly reaches for the mace can strapped to her thigh.

A toilet FLUSHES.

Dani stands.

Out of one stall steps Irolita.

She freezes on seeing Dani, then SIGHS and holds up her hands.

IROLITA
May I please wash up first?

Dani nods.

Irolita goes to the sink and cleans up.

Dani readies a pair of PlastiCuffs.

Irolita dries her hands. She primps up in the mirror.

Then whirls on Dani. Cups her face. Kisses her on the lips.

Surprised, Dani drops the spray and strokes Irolita's hair.

A toilet FLUSHES.

Another ATTENDEE steps from a stall and smirks at the sapphic exhibition. She quickly washes up.

Dani's hand slips between Irolita's thighs.

Irolita GASPS, then MOANS.

The Attendee hurriedly exits.

The door barely shut, Irolita viciously jabs Dani's sternum.

Pained, Dani narrowly evades the next blow. Backs up in a defensive posture.

Irolita kicks off her heels. Unhooks a brooch from her outfit. Unfolds it with a flick into a glass-bladed balisong.

Slashes with icepick grip. Drives blade into wall. Stuck.

Dani dives for her spray.

Irolita seizes Dani's arm. Redirects the spray.

Bashes Dani's hand repeatedly against a stall.

Dani drops the can. Whirls to unlock herself from Irolita. Their 'dos go flying.

Dani's earpiece skitters across the floor.

Dani gets in a good kick to the gut.

Irolita teeters, somersaults backwards, recovers, and hurls the wastebasket at Dani.

Misses. Strikes the overhead fluorescent fixture. Knocks it loose. The light spins on its cable amidst the melee.

INT. HOUSE OF ZEN - NIGHT

Zen's BODYGUARD bends toward his master's ear. WHISPERS something. Zen WHISPERS back and nods. The Bodyguard holds up a walkie-talkie.

BODYGUARD

Send him up.

Sanjay arrives. Sits beside Zen.

ZEN

Where are you from? The Revenue office?

SANJAY

I know your secret.

ZEN

You're a little late. I paid my taxes this year. Most of them, anyway.

SANJAY

Cut the crap, Zen. You left your game in the locker room. There's a lot of dead people because of what you're involved in. I've seen them.

Zen's face falls.

INT. LADIES' ROOM - NIGHT

Dani and Irolita smash headlong through the stalls.

Dani pins her forearms into Irolita's throat.

Irolita GAGS. Ear claps Dani.

Dani recoils. Clasps her ears.

Irolita's foot wedges between them.

Drives Dani aside.

INT. HOUSE OF ZEN - NIGHT

Sanjay holds up a finger.

SANJAY

Here's some free advice: it's not very expensive to hire ex-Mossad agents and they're much less polite.

Zen thinks on it, then passes him a business card.

ZEN

Stop by the place later tonight.

Sanjay pockets it, stands to go.

ZEN (CONT'D)

That's a very nice tie, by the way.

INT. LADIES ROOM - NIGHT

Irolita pulls knife from wall. Chucks it at Dani. Misses.

The door opens.

Irolita bolts for it.

In steps a SECURITY GUARD.

Irolita strikes his chest. Tosses him aside on her way out.

Dani hobbles to her feet. Picks up the knife.

INT. HOUSE OF ZEN - NIGHT

Dani stumbles out.

Sanjay's at her side, putting her arm over his shoulder.

DANI

Where is she? Where'd she go?

SANJAY

I don't know.

DANI

Shit.

SANJAY

Come on. We have a meeting with Zen.

DANI

What? You?

SANJAY

Uh huh.

DANI

Damn, Jay. How'd you swing that?

SANJAY

By hanging around one clever bitch.

EXT. ZEN'S ESTATE - NIGHT

Wedged snugly amongst the classic Venetian architecture. Dani and Sanjay BUZZ through the gates. She wipes away the last bloodstains.

DANI

What makes you think he has them?

SANJAY

A hunch.

They KNOCK on the front door.

It opens. Zen's Bodyguard ushers them in.

INT. ZEN'S ESTATE - NIGHT

CHAMELEON perched in a terrarium. Two brawny KUVASZ lie on a Persian rug. Zen lounges on his sofa. His CONSIGLIERE reviews paperwork.

The dogs sit up and GROWL.

The Bodyguard leads Dani and Sanjay up the stairs to them.

ZEN
Easy, girls.

Dani spots Van Gogh's "Poppy Flowers" on the wall.

ZEN (CONT'D)
Is she the one who trashed the
ladies' room?

| | | | |
|-----|--------|-----|------|
| | SANJAY | | DANI |
| No. | | No. | |

Zen puts up his feet.

ZEN
I want immunity. You take them and
we go our separate ways. No police.
No questions.

DANI
Ask me no questions, I'll tell you
no lies.

ZEN
(to the Consigliere)
Show them.

The Consigliere disappears into the next room.

Zen scratches behind one of his dog's adorable ears.

DANI
They're beautiful.

ZEN
Endlessly loyal. The Soviets nearly
drove them to extinction.

The Consigliere returns with the satchel. Lays it on the coffee table.

DANI
Mind if my associate checks them?

Zen gestures invitingly.

ZEN
Be my guest.

Sanjay sits and opens the bag. Blinks at the dazzling light.

He puts on his loupe and starts checking the gems.

Zen reviews Dani with a calculating eye. Not bad. Frayed, but still snappy.

ZEN (CONT'D)
I should design for you.

DANI
What do you have in mind?

ZEN
Jackets.

DANI
Any color in particular?

ZEN
Any color you like, so long as it's black.

DANI
What about boots?

ZEN
No boots! Leave those to Hugo Boss and his thugs.

Beads of sweat trickle down Sanjay's brow.

He finishes checking the diamonds.

Nods to Dani.

ZEN (CONT'D)
Satisfied?

SANJAY
Very.

Zen stands.

ZEN

I'm sure you can find your way out.
Please be so kind as to remember
our arrangement.

He gestures for them to leave.

DANI

You're lucky we got to you in time.
These are very dangerous.

IROLITA (O.S.)

My sentiments exactly.

Everyone turns to see Irolita with a pistol trained on them,
an ostentatious suppressor affixed to the muzzle.

IROLITA (CONT'D)

Back for round two, darling? Such a
waste of fine hands. At least your
little friend can think his way out
of a bind.

Dani surreptitiously slips the obsidian knife into her palm.

DANI

I don't suppose a deal's out of the
question?

IROLITA

What do you mean "a deal?"

DANI

You know, a deal deal.

SANJAY

Dani?

DANI

Sorry, kid, I'm all out of bon
mots.

ZEN

(to Irolita)

You said they'd never know.

IROLITA

They won't. I keep insurance, too.

(to the dogs)

Malinovy balet!

Something clicks behind the dogs' eyes, like a switch being
flipped.

They leap at Zen. KNOCK him over the couch. SNAP at his throat.

The Bodyguard draws his gun.

Turns on Dani.

She flings the knife.

Knocks gun aside. SHOT strikes the Consigliere in the heart.

Zen struggles against his dogs.

Dani charges the Bodyguard.

DANI
'Jay! A little help!

Dani pulls the knife from his arm. Stabs him in the chest.

His next SHOT goes wild. Grazes Dani's head.

She collapses.

Sanjay leaps on The Bodyguard's back. Loops a power cord around his neck.

BODYGUARD
Don't be stupid, boy. I can kill
you with just my thumb.

He looks to Irolita for assistance.

She takes the satchel and ambles out of the room.

The Bodyguard cringes at the betrayal.

He rolls on his back. Flattens Sanjay against the floor.

The Bodyguard reddens. Veins bulge.

Finally, his struggling peters out. Goes limp.

Sanjay hurries to Dani's side. Props her up against the wall.

DANI
Shit. I'm getting slow.

Sanjay pulls off his coat, presses it against Dani's head.

SANJAY
Here. Keep pressure on that.

DANI
I know. I know.

Sanjay looks around and spots Zen's gun on the floor.

The dogs back away from their now-GURGLING owner. Innocently look at Sanjay.

Sanjay edges closer to the gun, right by the dogs.

SANJAY
Nice doggies.

They pant in happiness; their snow-white fur stained pink.

Sanjay takes the gun and charges after Irolita.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

He kicks open the door.

Leaps to adjacent rooftop.

Lands hard. Takes a moment to get back on his feet.

Sanjay runs along the canal, gun out.

RUNNING FOOTFALLS. He takes off after them.

Spots Irolita running along the canal embankment.

Sanjay fumbles with the gun. Levels it.

SANJAY
Stop!

She doesn't.

Sanjay braces himself and SHOOTS.

Bullet ZINGS by her. She keeps running.

SANJAY (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Please stop.

She doesn't.

He holds his breath, sights her up, and blazes away.

Irolita GRUNTS and jerks.

Both she and bag slide down the sloping titles.

Irolita tumbles over the edge. Grabs the gutter. Dangles over the canal.

The bag stops by her on the roof's edge.

Sanjay walks over to her, mindful of his balance.

IROLITA
Rather... unsporting.

Sanjay watches her bleed. Sees her wound.

IROLITA (CONT'D)
Come now. Give me a hand.

SANJAY
It's your subclavian artery. You're going to bleed out in two minutes.

Her grip weakens.

IROLITA
If one good deed I did in all my life, I repent it from my very soul.

She lets go.

Lands in the drink with a great splash.

Sanjay waits.

No bubbles, only an expanding crimson cloud.

He looks at the gun.

Bereft of pride or regret, he drops it in the canal and picks up the bag.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Dani sleeps, face half-covered in bandages. She stirs and wakes.

Sanjay sits bedside. She stretches and YAWNS.

DANI
How long was I out?

SANJAY
Long enough that they moved you from two other rooms.

She sits up.

DANI
Thanks for leaving me back there.

SANJAY
I figured between you and the gems,
you were less likely to go
anywhere.

Dani CHORTLES.

DANI
You got them?

He taps his foot against the case beside his chair. She
smiles.

DANI (CONT'D)
Bravo, 'Jay.

He looks down at his hands. Dani doesn't need to be psychic.

DANI (CONT'D)
It's all right. You probably have a
thousand years of bad karma to work
off because of me.

She notices the basket with a bouquet, bottle of Dom
Pérignon, and folded parchment on her nightstand.

SANJAY
Your bosses must be proud. They
didn't send the cheap California
stuff.

DANI
Your father will be proud, too.

Sanjay scrapes up a smile.

Dani offers her hand.

He hesitates, then shakes it.

DANI (CONT'D)
Mazel un broche.

SANJAY
Mazel un broche.

Their hands linger together a moment, then he brushes her
bandaged face.

SANJAY (CONT'D)

Get some rest. You need to get back on the hunt.

DANI

Please! I need a holiday.

KNOCK at the door. NURSE with a fruit basket and cheap Californian sparkling wine.

NURSE

Mi Scusi. Your office sent this.

Dani and Sanjay's perplexity gives way to alarm.

Dani snatches the parchment from the first basket, reads it.

Her brow furrows.

SANJAY

What?

Perplexed, she hands him the note.

DANI

Is this what I think it is?

Sanjay glances at it. His face blanches. He looks Dani in the eye. The note slips from his fingers.

It reads, in delicate calligraphy:

"I underestimated both of you.
Kudos and get well soon."

Signed with a doodle of a rhino.

FADE OUT.