

Spies, Lies, and Lovers

By

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Based on the Award-winning
True Story
"Silent Cats: Deadly Dance"
by JD Wallace

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FADE IN:

EXT. PANAMA - SKYDIVE - SUNRISE

TITLE: PANAMA - DECEMBER 1989

The AIRPLANE HUMS as seven men in wingsuits launch off the back deck of a KC-130T cargo plane over a dense jungle. The leader of the SEAL team is FRED "TIZ" MORRISON, Jr., early 30s, a tall African American, Naval Academy, and will not eat crunchy food because crumbs are upsetting. The second in charge is JASON "CHIEF" TUMILSON, late 40s, short, stocky, southern, and has the personality of a wood rasp.

TIZ (OVER RADIO)
Anyone have eyes on Pantera?

CHIEF (OVER RADIO)
Yea, he's on my left, Skipper.
Rattlin' like an old bi-plane.

Group laughter.

TIZ (OVER RADIO)
Pantera, how ya doin'?

Like your worst falling dream, MARCUS "PANTERA" SINCLAIR, 23, with striking blue eyes, tries to sound calm, but his voice cracks and sounds like he is talking into a blender.

PANTERA (OVER RADIO)
My first squirrel suit...Still
workin' out the kinks.

TIZ (OVER RADIO)
(supportive)
Just keep your arms thrust forward
and the wings tight...You'll be
fine. Chief, gotta ETA?

CHIEF
Yes, Sir. Drop zone, two mikes.
Prepare to transfer to 'chutes.

From above. Wingsuits are same color as the ground. A small hole in the jungle canopy can be seen from the skydivers perspective. From below. Panamanian soldier with binoculars looking up into the sky views wingsuits--same color as sky. All wingsuits POP as they transition to ram parachutes.

RADIO
 (Spanish accent)
 Navy SEALs inbound, five hundred
 feet.

Five BMY 5-ton trucks, twenty Panamanian troops encircle a drop zone the size of a baseball diamond and watch in awe as SEALs land. Each SEAL hits the ground, turns, pulls in parachute, then runs out of the drop zone. A pristine uniformed Panamanian Army Colonel, ROBERTO, late 40s, stands anxiously as he scans for Tiz.

ROBERTO
 Good morning, Lieutenant. I've
 never known SEALs to be late. Good
 jump?

They shake hands.

TIZ
 Hello, Colonel. Good to see you,
 too. Unfortunately,
 (looks over at Pantera)
 we have a hitchhiker from the
 agency.

Tiz and team remove wingsuits, revealing wetsuits. Chief grabs Leader's wingsuit, hands it to another SEAL who runs off. They stow their gear in the trucks, then gather around Roberto and Tiz. Pantera lags behind.

TIZ (CONT'D)
 Yea, good jump. Little shaky for
 our CIA hunter. But he made it.

ROBERTO
 (curious surprised)
 A hunter, really. Where is he?

Pantera walks over from the truck as he is trying to find something in his bag.

PANTERA
 He, is right here. Marcus Sinclair.
 SEALs call me Pantera.

Pantera and Roberto shake hands.

TIZ (TO CHIEF)
 Chief. Could you start pre-dive
 check, we'll follow.

ROBERTO (TO PANTERA)
Pantera? Like the panther? You are
some kind of super interrogator?

CHIEF (TO TIZ)
Aye, aye, Sir.
(slightly raised voice)
Team on me.

Chief leads the team off into the jungle.

PANTERA (TO ROBERTO)
Yessir, on account of my build and
my temper. Super interrogator, not
exactly.

ROBERTO
Met several CIA interrogators, but
never a hunter. Interrogators just
ask a bunch of *stupido* questions,
don't get what they want, throw
their hands in the air, and quit.

All three (Roberto, Lieutenant, and Pantera) laugh.

PANTERA
(smiles uncomfortably)
Thank gawd I'm not that.

TIZ
So far, 100% effective.

ROBERTO
Hope so. That Colonel North and his
CIA people, ah, *riendo*.

TIZ
Chuckleheads.

All three laugh.

ROBERTO
Yes. Chuckleheads. The General is
at his house, doing his bad things.
He is all yours.

TIZ
Thank you, Colonel.

ROBERTO
De nada. Watch the bridge, quite
busy. Shouldn't take you more than
an hour to get to the house.

(MORE)

ROBERTO (CONT'D)
Pantera, you gonna rendition the
General?

PANTERA
Nah. Hunters aren't typically
tasked with renditions. It's above
my paygrade.

ROBERTO
Very good. Let's get Noriega and
finish this.

Tiz gives Roberto a thumbs up; he and Pantera walk into the
jungle.

TIZ
(over his shoulder)
Hope third try is a charm.

EXT. PANAMA - UNDERWATER SCENE - MORNING

Seven swimmers, each in a Draeger diving apparatus, DEEP
REGULATOR BREATHING, passing under a bridge. The bridge is
busy with military vehicles and running troops. YELLS IN
SPANISH AND GUNFIRE can be heard in the distance.

EXT. PANAMA - PALATIAL ESTATE, RIVER EDGE - MORNING

SEAL Team prepares for assault. River's edge opens to a
rectangular grassy opening; swimming pool. A two-story house
has a glass wall of windows overlooking the pool; a sliding
door is open slightly. Tiz signals, Team 1 heads off to the
left. Tiz signals, Team 2 heads off to the right. Tiz,
Pantera, and SNIPER, head straight to the house in a double-
time crouch. SUPPRESSED GUNFIRE echoes on each side of house.

EXT. PANAMA - PALATIAL ESTATE, FRONT DRIVEWAY - MORNING

A taller-than-average older model wearing an expensive,
colorful pantsuit and fancy sunglasses, TAL COHEN, late 40s,
stands next to a very clean, expensive SUV. She hears the
GUNFIRE, reacts but is not surprised. She then sees the
RUNNING MAN, 30s, in a Panamanian officer uniform hurrying
out the front door of the house with a box of papers and a
desktop computer tower.

TAL
Hurry. Sounds like the Americans
are taking out Noriega's generals.

RUNNING MAN
(out of breath)
This is everything I could find
that mentions us.

The Running Man throws the boxes in the back seat, both jump in and speed off.

EXT. PANAMA - PALATIAL ESTATE, RIVER EDGE - MORNING

The SNIPER, late 20s, moving like a WWII tank drops down and lays prone in the grass at the edge of the swimming pool. Tiz and Pantera move toward the sliding glass door. They ease it open and move through. An estate guard walks around the corner behind Tiz and Pantera. Sniper SHOTS. Headshot.

INT. PANAMA - PALATIAL ESTATE, SECOND FLOOR OFFICE - MORNING

ALYN "KAT" DAVID, 23, striking blue eyes, looking and moving like cat woman, opens the large window to the office and enters. She hears the sniper shoot the guard and hurries, searching...

INT. PANAMA - PALATIAL ESTATE, LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Tiz and Pantera head upstairs. SCREAMS come from the master bedroom. Two guards enter the house from the left. They start to sneak upstairs. Sniper peers through his scope...

SNIPER (OVER RADIO)
Two guards. Coming up stairs behind
you.

Everyone stops. Sniper FIRES twice letting loose two bullets that SLICE THROUGH THE GLASS WALL without destroying it.

SNIPER (CONT'D)
Two guards. Falling down stairs.
Clear.

A single LAUGH, barely audible, could be heard.

TIZ (OVER RADIO)
Chief. Secure the first floor.

CHIEF
Roger that.

Team 1 and Team 2 enter from each side of the house. Chief comes in with Team 1.

Tiz points to Pantera to take the office as he moves to the room between the office and the master bedroom.

INT. PANAMA - PALATIAL ESTATE, SECOND FLOOR OFFICE - MORNING

Hearing the hallway footsteps, Kat puts on a uniform from the closet and hides. Pantera slowly opens the office door and scans the trashed room. Cables coming from the wall are not connected to anything--something was torn out. He SNIFFS the air then trains his weapon at the closet.

PANTERA

Hello. Come on out.

Kat slowly swings the closet door open. Pantera realigns his laser to her forehead. When they both take a good look at each other, a spark of attraction flares.

PANTERA (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

Holy shit.

KAT

(under her breath)

Quvesh harah.

They stiffen.

PANTERA

Who are you?

KAT

(Spanish accent)

I am the General's assistant.

PANTERA

On the ground. Face down.

Spread'em.

Kat slowly gets facedown on the ground and spreads her arms and legs. Pantera searches her in a professional manner. Kat expresses surprise that Pantera isn't groping her. She finds the right moment, puts Pantera off balance, he recovers only to launch her near the window landing on her feet as he lunges prone to retrieve his weapon. He looks up, aims, and sees her CHESHIRE CAT SMILE before she jumps out the window. Pantera buries his face in his arm. Tiz enters the doorway, sees the window open, and Pantera on the ground.

TIZ

You agency guys sleep a lot--no time for a nap. Let's get a move on?

A MOTORCYCLE leaving can be heard in the background. Pantera and Tiz head to the master bedroom.

INT. PANAMA - PALATIAL ESTATE, MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

Pantera kicks in the door. Tiz enters, scans left to center. Pantera follows, scans right to center. Both men train their weapons on the GENERAL, 50s, dark, overweight, wearing only camo pants and boots and a gold front tooth. He's whipping a woman wearing shredded clothes. The General doesn't hear them and whips her again. The woman SCREAMS, YELLS SPANISH EXPLETIVES, looking at Tiz and Pantera. The General turns his head, and grins at Tiz and Pantera.

TIZ

(condescending)

You can stop that right now.

GENERAL

(through a heavy accent)

And what are you going to do...Amer-ri-cans...Shoot me?

General laughs, turns toward the woman, and raises his whip. Pantera shoots the General's hand. Whip falls.

GENERAL (AT PANTERA) (CONT'D)

(recoiling)

You mot'erf'cker.

TIZ (AT PANTERA)

(sarcastic)

Really? He's not yours yet.

PANTERA

(shrugs)

What? He asked. I'd like to get started. We're on the clock.

Pantera stands, puts his weapon away.

PANTERA (CONT'D)

(talks to SEALs)

Guys, can we take the *General* (poor *Spanish* accent), to the kitchen and duct tape him to a chair.

Two SEALs grab the General and heavy-handedly take him downstairs to the kitchen. Pantera waits for the team to leave, then pulls a sheet from the bed and wraps the woman in it.

He escorts her to the hallway and points to the front door. The woman kisses Pantera on the cheek, then runs out the door.

INT. MILAN, ITALY - CAFE - SUNRISE

TITLE: MILAN, ITALY

A beautiful, haute couture dressed woman, ALONA, late 20s, looks out over the Piazza del Duomo (Milan, Italy) with a local newspaper and espresso in front of her. A young Italian girl, BARISTA, with a dirty, coffee-soaked apron approaches Alona.

BARISTA
(in Italian, subtitled)
Alona, telephone, in office.

Alona nods, winds through the coffee shop to a cramped office in the back.

INT. MILAN, ITALY - CAFE OFFICE - SUNRISE

Alona picks up the receiver of a ROTARY DIAL PHONE. A middle-aged female, PHONE VOICE, sounds like a 1950s operator is on the other end.

PHONE VOICE (O.C.)
(in Hebrew, subtitled)
Can you talk?

Alona reaches over and closes the door.

ALONA
Yes. Go ahead.

PHONE VOICE (O.C.)
Did you see that new Gucci bag?

Alona smiles and looks down at her Gucci bag on the floor.

ALONA
No. I'll have to take a look.

PHONE VOICE (O.C.)
Got bad intel. Computer breach last week at HQ. Complete damage not known. A list of Katsas was taken, and operational files.

TITLE: KATSA = MOSSAD FIELD INTELLIGENCE OFFICER

ALONA
 (concerned)
 What about my Katsa, Alyn David,
 code name "Kat"? I thought
 personnel files weren't in the
 computer database yet, especially
Kidon Katsas.

TITLE: KIDON = MOSSAD SUB-GROUP - ASSASSINS ("HUNTERS")

PHONE VOICE (O.C.)
 Kat. Checking. Katsa. Kidon group.
 (shuffling papers)
 Not listed. Kidon personnel files
 were moved to the computer database
 last month. All Sayan to change
 systems and protocols, provide
 briefing to your Katsa. Courier to
 arrive this week.

TITLE: SAYAN = LOGISTICAL SUPPORT FOR KATSAS

Alona collapses into the chair.

ALONA
 What about this thing called a
 mobile phone and *arpanet*
 connection?

PHONE VOICE (O.C.)
 Continue to use your satellite
 phone for now. I don't have a
 status on the mobile phones or
 connection to the *arpanet*. By the
 way, it is called the *internetwork*
 now. More next week. Goodbye, my
 friend.

Alona hangs up, continues sitting, stares off.

ALONA
 (under her breath)
Oh harah. Oh Kat.

Alona makes another call. A woman, BIANCA, late 60s, with a
 scratchy old Italian voice picks up.

BIANCA (O.C.)
 (in Italian, subtitled)
La Republica Newspaper,
Metropolitan section...

ALONA

Bianca, please get me the first train ticket to Rome. I have a family emergency.

Alona hangs up, then rests her head on her wrist still holding the receiver.

ALONA (CONT'D)

God, no.

INT. LANGLEY, VA - CIA BRIEFING ROOM - AFTERNOON

TITLE: CIA SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY BRIEFING

Twelve-chair oval meeting table with presentation screen. Everyone in the room stands as RICHARD, early 60s, commanding presence, enters. Richard waves to the room and nods to Gina. A petite, geeky woman, GINA, early 30s, wearing itchy church clothes, stands next to the presentation screen.

GINA

Good afternoon. At zero-three-thirty eastern standard time, last Friday, our deep-rooted overt and covert personnel and operational files were breached from our new computer system. So far, we know the hacker stole twenty six files.

TITLE: CHIEF - SPECIAL ACTIVITIES DIVISION (SAD)

Sitting uncomfortably next to Richard is JACK, late 30s. Jack claws at his shirt collar, but still resonates Marine officer. He speaks with a gravelly Boston accent.

JACK

Hacker? Wait. What? Why am I hearing about this a week later?! Richard? Debra?

Richard looks to DEBRA, 50s and frumpy, sitting on the other side of Richard.

TITLE: DEPUTY DIRECTOR - SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY (DDST)

DEBRA

We still don't know the extent, didn't want to read you in until we had something to give you.

JACK
Well. Read me in. What levels? What
job classifications? Geographies?
What do you know?

Richard leans forward causing Jack to straighten.

TITLE: DEPUTY DIRECTOR - OPERATIONS (DDO)

RICHARD
Jack. They're working on it. S&T
has been running twenty-four-seven
since the hack.

GINA
(uncomfortable tone)
We don't exactly know who and what
the hackers were trying to find. No
common thread. They might have
created a backdoor to bomb our
whole computer system. However, we
did trace the intrusion--

JACK
(interrupts)
--Okay. Some positive news. I've
got over one hundred and fifty
officers in some really horseshit
locations. Where do I send a team
to end this?

Debra visibly stiffens, bracing for Jack's reaction.

DEBRA
We traced it to the--Activity--the
DOD-ISA.
(beat)
You'd remember them as Grantor
Shadow.

JACK
(shocked)
What?! You mean...
(beat)
The DOD's Intelligence Support
Activity? The only fuckin'
government group where you have to
die twice to work there. That
Activity?

RICHARD
Jack. Take a breath. No one from
your teams has been compromised--
(MORE)

RICHARD (CONT'D)

(beat)

--that we know of.

Jack looks around the room, then at Richard.

JACK

Take a breath? Really Richard?
That, you, know, of? Last time I
checked, it doesn't say Burger King
on the door. Our enemies can't have
it their way.

Richard shoots a steely gaze at Jack.

RICHARD

I need your best on this.

JACK

My best?

(shakes head)

My best was just killed by someone,
who we know is a dark female.
That's it. We've been trying to
identify her for five years. She
also killed an MI-6 agent at the
United Nations Special Operations
Group before that.

RICHARD

Who can you send? Don't you have a
new batch of hunters coming out of
Omega?

JACK

My next best? Sinclair? A pimply-
faced-twenty-something is my number-
one Omega hunter.

DEBRA

Excuse me. The Omega Hunter
program? Richard? We are back to
turning psychopath psychological
operations officers into hunters?

JACK (TO RICHARD)

(ignoring Debra)

Yea. Sinclair is our top candidate.

RICHARD

This is not your concern, Debra.

DEBRA

My clearance and rank says
otherwise.

(MORE)

DEBRA (CONT'D)

That program was shut down. Taking psyops interrogators and giving them profiler and medical doctor training is the exact definition of moral ambiguity.

RICHARD

I restarted the Omega program at the request of our former DCI, and current president. Maybe you haven't been listening. We have multiple national security threats in our backyard. Omega hunters have the highest success rate over all interrogators.

(looks around the room)

I am now changing the classification of this conversation. Seal the room.

Metallic DOOR LOCK in the background.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

(back to Debra)

You might have the clearance, I don't think you have the stomach. You can leave.

DEBRA

I'm staying. And I will be discussing this train wreck with the DCI.

RICHARD

Your choice. I suggest you look up Executive Order 12333 while you're at it.

Richard looks to Jack.

JACK

Don't know if a year on a hunter/killer team is enough...
(pointing at the presentation screen)
...for this. I was sending him to a simple banking investigation. Not the goddam Activity!

Gina raises her index finger, looks from Richard to Jack.

GINA

Um, Sir.

JACK
(turns to Gina)
Go ahead, Gina, bring me some more
good news.

GINA
The breach originated from the
Naples ISA office.

Jack leans back, weaves his fingers behind his head, closes eyes for a moment, then bounces a look between Debra and Richard.

JACK
(returns to Gina)
Naples, Italy. All roads.

Gina nods.

JACK (CONT'D)
All of a sudden, we trace computer
hacking and illegal banking
activity back to the same base.
Isn't that the biggest goddam
coincidence. Now does anybody want
to tell me we *don't* have a mole?

Richard looks around the table, then back at Jack.

RICHARD
How long to get Sinclair to full
hunter status? Can he replace that
MI-6 interrogator at UNSOG?

Jack leans over and whispers to a fresh-out-of-college intern, BRAD, late 20s, nationally-ranked in Call of Duty video game.

JACK
Get Sinclair to the farm, A-SAP.

BRAD
Aye, Sir.

Brad leaves the meeting--door unlocks and relocks.

JACK (TO RICHARD)
You're gonna signoff on a four-
level promotion?

RICHARD
Yes.

JACK

Two weeks.

DEBRA

If he is doing physical infiltration, IMF, ISA, and UNSOG are right next to each other on the Naples Naval base.

Richard nods at Debra.

RICHARD (TO JACK)

I understand he's a legacy of an intelligence star recipient. If his numbers are good, tell the chief psychologist to fast track him. He might be the only person our enemies won't see coming. Make it one week and get him there before New Year's.

RICHARD (TO DEBRA) (CONT'D)

Debra. Set Sinclair up with a military infil-, exfil-, and NOC packet. And anything else Jack needs. Sinclair has my full support.

RICHARD (TO JACK) (CONT'D)

Jack. You and I both know the UNSOG's reputation. We are giving them our best hunter. Keep this kid alive. That's an order.

Richard stands up. Everyone else stands up. Richard nods.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Thank you everyone.

Jack rubs his forehead as he leaves.

JACK

(under his breath)

Damn.

INT. PANAMA - PALATIAL ESTATE, KITCHEN/DINING ROOM - MORNING

General, duct taped to a fancy wrought-iron chair with his hand wrapped in a blood-soaked towel.

Pantera walks in.

PANTERA
(checks tautness of tape)
Well. Aren't you as snug as a bug
in a rug.

GENERAL
(condescending tone)
You American SEALs. You cannot
touch me. I have rights by the
Geneva Convention.

PANTERA
Listen to you--wannabe smart guy.
Is this from that fancy American
university you attended? Let me
straighten you out. You are not a
combatant. You are a criminal. A
mass murderer. A sadist. And a
druglord.

General smiles, proud. Pantera sneers in disgust.

GENERAL
And don't forget really rich!

PANTERA
Hah. Besides. I'm not a SEAL.
(points to himself)
Honestly, don't think I'd ever pass
for a SEAL.

GENERAL
(becomes nervous)
Who are you?

Pantera cups one hand to the side of his mouth.

PANTERA
(smiles, slight whisper)
I work for the Central Intelligence
Agency--I want Noriega.

GENERAL
(beads of sweat drip from
under the taped forehead)
Noriega will kill me.

Pantera walks to the kitchen and lays the tip of a chef's
knife over a burner; then walks back to the General.

PANTERA
You, pudgy little old fart, you are
a terrorist who won't even get to
see GITMO.

(MORE)

PANTERA (CONT'D)

Since the United States only wants Noriega, all Noriega Generals have been deemed...Wait for it...ex-pen-da-ble. Expendable.

GENERAL

(sweating profusely)

Make me a deal. Yes?

PANTERA

(fake considering)

Absolutely. What kind of deal would you like?

GENERAL

Let me go. I tell you where Manuel is. I know where.

PANTERA

(looks up, then back)

Ahhh, no. You have that backwards. You tell me where Noriega is right now, and then, I let you go.

Pantera gets knife.

PANTERA (CONT'D)

(pointing knife)

Ah, ah, ah. Before you answer...failure to accept my offer will mean you and my red-hot poker are going to become intimately familiar.

GENERAL

You ca.ca.can't...

Pantera raises an eyebrow.

PANTERA

Really?

GENERAL

(forced bravado)

Fuck you, Mr. C-I-A. You people have no...cojones. Your Colonel North is a joke! He's never willing to do what is needed to protect his people. I killed half his team.
(laughs hysterically)

PANTERA

(smirks)

Such language.

(MORE)

PANTERA (CONT'D)

Yea, you love your people. Talk is cheap. I'm more of an action guy. I will ask again.

(clenched teeth)

Where the fuck is Noriega?

Pantera gives a steely gaze and raises the glowing-orange knife.

GENERAL

Okay, okay. He is at the Decameron Beach casa.

Pantera concentrates on the General's face.

TIZ

I'll call ops.

PANTERA (TO TIZ)

Wait.

Pantera raises his hand and turns back to the General.

PANTERA (TO GENERAL) (CONT'D)

Not true, huh. And you thought I was an interrogator. Ha. Think of me as a doctor who specializes in the truth. Lie to me again and you will beg me to end you.

GENERAL

(screams)

You will never find Manuel without me!

PANTERA

Oh, no, not true. You should know, I will find him. With or without you. If it's without you...

Pantera looks down at the knife.

General (breathing heavy) pauses.

TIZ

(leans into Pantera)

Hey. Can I speak with you?

Pantera walks to the kitchen, puts knife back on the stove. Tiz and Pantera step into the next room, out of the hearing range of General.

TIZ (CONT'D)
 (his back to the General)
 Two questions. Not questioning your
 methods...
 (raising hand in appeasement)
 ...you come highly recommended. But
 how long is this going to take?

PANTERA
 What? Gotta a date?
 (looking over Leader's
 shoulder)
 One hour...Maybe less.

TIZ
 (slightly surprised)
 Oh, okay. Good. I'll start the
 clock.
 (smile)
 Second question. How did you know
 he was lying?

PANTERA
 I've been able to see the muscles
 in people's faces since I was a
 kid. Had an Uncle who was CIA and
 he taught me how to use the skill.
 (beat)
 Funny. I suck at poker. (laughs)

TIZ
 You can actually see the face
 muscles move?

PANTERA
 (pistol gesture)
 Bingo. You Annapolis guys are so
 smart.

Pantera takes a step toward the General.

TIZ
 (a bit concerned)
 What about the knife?

PANTERA
 Effective prop, dontcha' think?
 Sometimes not. I'm trained to do
 whatever needs to be done to get
 the truth--it's him or us.

TIZ
 (a bit relieved)
 Understood, Sir.

Pantera walks back to the General, sits.

PANTERA

Look, General. Your people want you dead. The US wants you dead. Hell, after the rumors we spread, Noriega will want you dead. Give up Noriega and live, or don't, and spend the final minutes of your life in mind-bending pain.

(upbeat)

By the way, how much do you weigh?

GENERAL

Huh? Two-hundred eighty pounds?

PANTERA

(looks up at a SEAL)

Ha! See. I thought at least three hundred.

Pantera nods at a SEAL who then draws liquid from a small vial and hands it to Pantera. Pantera stabs the General.

GENERAL

OW!

(cringes)

Fuckin' bastards. What was that?

PANTERA

Makes you hurt more...a lot more. A bee sting will feel like your arm is being torn off.

Pantera stands up, looks around the room.

PANTERA (CONT'D)

Gotta couple minutes to let that sink in. Anyone got a Snickers? I hear it does a body good.

CHIEF

That's milk.

PANTERA

Damn taglines.

A Snickers comes hurdling through the air, Pantera isn't looking, but catches it.

INT. PANAMA - PALATIAL ESTATE, KITCHEN/DINING ROOM - MORNING

General's body starts to spasm and sweat.

PANTERA

Well. Game time. Once I carve you
up, I will peel your skin off.
You're gonna love that.

Pantera retrieves the knife, expertly spins it in front of
the General's eyes. General, out of breath, acting drunk,
pants like a big, slobbering dog.

GENERAL

(whispers)

Pleeease. STOP. Manuel is in
the...Vatican Embassy.

Tiz, on a satellite phone in the other room, pauses and looks
at Pantera.

Pantera is concentrating on the General's face and neck.

PANTERA

(nods to Tiz)

Yea. He's at the Embassy.

Pantera sits back.

TIZ (ON PHONE)

Vatican Embassy. Roger. Standing
by.

Beat.

PANTERA

(looking around room)

The Catholic Church has embassies?
I thought churches were
embassies...of a sort? Humph.

SEALs in the room look at each other and shrug.

TIZ (ON PHONE)

Roger that. Out.

Tiz nods to Pantera.

TIZ (CONT'D)

Chief. Prepare to move out.

Pantera stands and throws the chef knife into the wall in the
kitchen.

PANTERA

General...it was a pleasure doing
business with you.

GENERAL

You are going to take me back to
the--

PANTERA

--No. You fuckin' dirtbag.

Pantera nods to one of the SEALs. SEAL shoots General. Some blood splashes on Pantera.

PANTERA (CONT'D)

Damn dude. You could have waited
until I was out of the splash zone.
Ick.

SEALs and Pantera exit the house the same way they came in.

TIZ (TO PANTERA)

Hey. What was that liquid in the
syringe?

PANTERA

(laughs)
Water.

INT. ROME, ITALY - PARKOUR CENTRE - SUNRISE

TITLE: ROME, ITALY

The owner of the Parkour Centre, GIANCARLO, 40s, a wiry, dark-skinned Italian, walks up to Kat. Kat and a BLOND-HAIRED MAN, 30s, very tall, French Foreign Legion-type tattoos all over, stand at a starting line preparing to race through a Parkour course inside a half-acre warehouse filled with huge oil and gas equipment.

GIANCARLO

(Italian accent)
Are you sure about this, bella. If
you lose, you could *real'* lose.

KAT

(in Italian, subtitled)
(side look at huge Blond-
Haired Man)
Let him try.

Kat tightens her pony-tail as she steps up to the starting line. Blond-Haired Man flexes, then BLOWS HIS NOSE in his hand and rubs it on his shorts. Kat sneers and looks away.

Giancarlo opens a box next to the starting line and flips a switch. Hanging over the course is a red/yellow/green signal light.

The signal light FLASHES RED.

The Blond-Haired Man hops up and down, shaking and flexing his muscles as he winks at a pretty woman in the crowd. Kat, stoic, spits in each hand, rubs it on the bottom of each shoe.

The signal light turns YELLOW.

The audience of about twenty calms. The Blond-Haired Man stops hopping and appears to now take the race seriously. Kat closes her eyes -- "centers her ch'i". The Blond-Haired Man looks over at Kat. Glares.

A BUZZER sounds as the signal light turns GREEN.

Kat is ten steps into the course before the Blond-Haired Man realizes the race has started. The Blond-Haired Man bolts down the course following his line, up and over the oil and gas equipment.

Low HUM and WHISPERS from the audience.

Kat finishes the course and looks up at the timer on the wall: 3:36. She glances at the "Record Board" for Level 4: "1. Kat 3:22" and shakes her head. Hands on hips, she bends over to catch her breath. Giancarlo walks up and throws her a towel.

GIANCARLO
No record today, bella.

KAT
(out of breath)
Not today.

Kat straightens. Out of nowhere, the large Blond-Haired Man shoves Kat from behind. Kat turns the fall into a roll to one knee, stays in a low position, and faces the Blond-Haired Man. She prepares her towel for combat.

BLOND-HAIRED MAN
(in French, subtitled)
(yelling)
You bitch! Let me show you how the
LEGION deals with cheats!

Giancarlo unsheathes a short stiletto, previously hidden.

GIANCARLO

Sir. I would advise you *not* to do that.

(to Kat)

Can I--

The Blond-Haired Man shoves Giancarlo.

BLOND-HAIRED MAN

(interrupting Giancarlo)

Shut up, little Italian man. Like you can protect her.

Kat grins at Giancarlo.

KAT

(in Italian, subtitled)

I got this, Gio.

Giancarlo shakes his head, re-sheaths his blade, crosses his arms, and makes no move to help. He gazes lovingly at Kat.

KAT (CONT'D)

(in Italian accent)

Pissed off Frenchy, 'cause you lost? Is this one of your little-- *man rules*--cannot lose to a woman?

BLOND-HAIRED MAN

(in French accent)

Fuck you, you little bitch. You cheated.

Kat slowly rises from her one-knee position. Crowd gathers to watch fight. He takes a step toward Kat to straight-punch her in the face. She wraps the towel around his arm and pulls, setting him off balance, then dodge rolls behind him with the towel still wrapped around his arm. He loses sight of her and YELLS. She roundhouse kicks his knee, releases the towel from his arm. He goes down hard, then unsteadily gets back up.

KAT

(snarky)

Oh Frenchie, let me teach you a lesson. Some women cannot be intimidated.

The Blond-Haired Man turns to face her.

BLOND-HAIRED MAN

(showing some pain)

A little girl like you can't hurt a real man.

KAT

I am still waiting to meet a real man.

Kat front kicks his stomach, then uses *Wushu Kung-Fu* with an acrobatic move to his back, wraps the towel around his neck and flips him. He lands on his face, unconscious. Kat lands on her feet, straddling him, then walks away.

KAT (TO GIANCARLO) (CONT'D)

Why do you let the Legion in here?

Kat heads toward the changing area in the front part of the building. Giancarlo, heavy limp, tries to keep up.

GIANCARLO

Money.

KAT

I thought you only allowed intelligence officers in here. Not military types. Will you get my money from Legion boy?

GIANCARLO

Yes, Ma'am. They're usually a friend of some spy member. Money is money. I will get yours.

Kat and Giancarlo stop at the changing area. Kat opens a locker, pulls out a gym bag, opens it on a low bench. She grabs her pager, reads the screen (in Hebrew).

TITLE: MOSSAD CODE: MICHOEL - YOUR LOCATION - 10AM

Kat looks at the clock on the wall. 10:05AM. At the front door, a "styled" black hair, impeccably dressed, MICHOEL, early 40s, tall. Michoel struts into the warehouse, sniffs the air, wrinkles his nose, and spots Kat. Kat catches Michoel sniffing the air and rolls her eyes.

KAT

Thanks for the workout, Gio. Next time find me a real man.

(looks to Michoel, while still speaking to Giancarlo)

Have a nice day.

Giancarlo follows Kat's look, sees Michoel.

GIANCARLO

I try. Ciao, bella.

Kat and Giancarlo exchange a two-cheek kiss. Giancarlo walks away.

KAT
(in Hebrew, subtitled)
Good morning, Michoel.

Kat towels off.

MICHOEL
Good morning, Kat. How was Panama?

KAT
Empty. Nothing there. Third time I was sent on, what do the Americans say, a wild goose chase. It is in my report.

Kat's eyes go distant, [INSERT: Pantera's face] she grins, then forces a more serious expression before Michoel notices.

MICHOEL
I look forward to reading another empty report. Your director sent an assignment.

Michoel hands a file to Kat.

KAT
(looks through file)
Senior level?

MICHOEL
No. Greek election manipulation.

KAT
(in Hebrew, subtitled)
(heavy sigh)
Harah.

Kat turns her focus to the file.

MICHOEL
Don't worry. If it doesn't come in while you're gone, I will send a recommendation for the Senior Kidon position by diplomatic pouch to your director. We can talk more. Meet Nyssa at the airport in Greece. Safe travels.

KAT
Nyssa? In Greece?

Kat flashes ANGER. Michael doesn't notice, pulls out a handkerchief to cover his nose and mouth, and leaves. Kat refocuses on the file.

INT. WILLIAMSBURG, VA - SMALL BEDROOM - DAWN

A beautiful, naked woman, CAROL, 30s, wild hair like a Cher music video lies in a disheveled bed as Pantera picks up his clothes strewn around the room.

CAROL
(waking up/Carolinas
accent)
Hey, baby. Were you gonna leave me
a note?

PANTERA
Yes, yes I was.

CAROL
You gonna tell me your name?

PANTERA
John.

CAROL
I'm Mary. Nice to meet you.

PANTERA
Sorry, Mary, I gotta go.

CAROL
Where did you say you work,
McDonalds on Monticello.

PANTERA
Yup. Those burgers won't make
themselves. Bye.

Pantera closes the door behind him.

EXT. CAMP PEARY, VA - GATE TWO - MORNING (RAINING)

A rusted black Toyota 4x4 truck rolls up. A mountain-esque, GUARD, 20s, stands vigilant in black fatigues with an "MP" armband.

GUARD
Hey! Saw you leaving the Library
with that hottie last night.

PANTERA

I know, right? College bars are like shootin' fish in a barrel. Boy o'boy did I ride her hard and put her up wet. Those William and Mary chicks are so easy. I'm aiming for one a night while I'm back.

GUARD

Tell me how you do it.

PANTERA

Simple. Tell'em you work for Doctors without Borders and they'll swoon right before asking you to play doctor. They think it's their idea!

GUARD

(laughs)

Talk to ya later.

Guard straightens and salutes, then directs truck forward. Pantera nods, gives a half-military wave, drives through.

INT. ATHENS, GREECE AIRPORT - BAGGAGE CLAIM - SUNRISE

Baggage claim. Arriving people coming through door. Glancing down at her watch, NYSSA, 20s, sees Kat is focused on something off in the distance. Kat glances at Nyssa then returns to her line of sight.

NYSSA

What are you looking at?

KAT

Look at the guy holding his pants up over there.

Nyssa squints. A disheveled fat Greek man shuffling through baggage claim, trying to carry his Louis Vuitton bag and hold up his pants that are ripped down each side with his underwear sticking out of the front pocket. The fat Greek man catches Kat and Nyssa watching him, shudders and scurries away. Nyssa, hand over mouth, laughs.

NYSSA

Oh Alyn, what have you done now?
I'm guessing you still travel
light?

KAT
 No bags. I taught him an overdue lesson. I will tell you about it later.

Kat turns her attention to Nyssa as a fit of anger flashes across Kat's face.

KAT (CONT'D)
 Why are you here?

NYSSA
 (surprised)
 Huh? I'm picking you up.

KAT
 No. Why are you in Greece? You left me stranded and you show up. Here. Now.

Nyssa looks around.

NYSSA
 We can talk about it in the car.
 Not here.

Nyssa rushes off to the airport curb and waves to a distant car.

INT. ATHENS, GREECE - CAR - SUNRISE

Nyssa turns on Kat with a motherly anger.

NYSSA
 How dare you hold that grudge.

KAT
 I come back to our apartment and you and your stuff are gone. Gone!

NYSSA
 You said Kosovo would be three days. Two weeks later still no word. I had no idea if you were dead or what. HQ wouldn't tell me anything and neither would your family. I left. I was scared.

KAT
 I had to save my brother. You could have waited. I always return. We were going to announce to our parents! You, disappeared, on, me!

INT. CAMP PEARY, VA - CAROL'S OFFICE (JACK) - MORNING

TITLE: "THE FARM" - CAMP PEARY, VA

Military style office, faded yellow masonry brick, no windows, mismatched furniture. Just moved in look. A diploma from The College of William & Mary, Doctorate of Psychology, pokes out of a box. Plain white and brown placard outside office, "CAROL SHOCK, PhD - Chief Psychologist - Special Activities Division - Political Action Group." Carol sits behind her desk with her hair in a tight-bun, bespectacled, using her native hard Brooklyn accent and dressed like Dr. Jennifer Melfi of the SORPRANOS.

CAROL

You want me to, what?

(raising her eyebrows)

Last time I checked, political action group doesn't rubber stamp hunter classification clearances. Why is the Chief of the Special Activities Division asking?

Jack crosses his arms and leans back in his chair.

JACK

I am here on behalf of the Deputy Director of Operations.

CAROL

Still. Not sure I'm comfortable with waving him through this sign-off, Jack. I haven't had the opportunity to officially meet with him much less evaluate him. And with Joan's abrupt departure, I cannot find her notes, just this basic CIA personnel file.

Carol walks over to a filing cabinet, retrieves a thin file, and returns to her seat.

JACK

Since you're new here, Carol, let me rephrase this for you.

(beat)

I need Marcus Sinclair moved up to GS-13, so he can go dark.

CAROL
 (reading from file)
 Army Ranger Medic, professional
 service training, clandestine
 service training, and psychological
 operations officer programs
 completed. Number one in every
 class--

Jack leans forward and raises his hand to cut her off.

JACK
 Yes, yes. All high marks. And he's
 finishing his Omega program now.

CAROL
 (recalling a vague
 memory)
 The interrogators-turned-hunters
 program who we pair with killer
 teams from J-SOC and your SOG
 teams?

Jack leans the chair back and weaves his fingers behind his
 head.

JACK
 Exactly.

CAROL
 (looks at thin file)
 Where's the rest? Family,
 upbringing, childhood Mensa
 testing...how 'bout a picture at
 least?

JACK
 I'll send part of it over, but it
 stays with me. He's a legacy,
 trained in HUMIT, deception
 detection, and martial arts since
 six-years-old using agency
 techniques. His Uncle, by the way,
 was a highly-decorated CIA
 operations officer...and my former
 boss.

Jack leans in and beams at Carol.

JACK (CONT'D)
 I...
 (points to himself)
 (MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

I recruited Marcus at nineteen,
directly from the Rangers, right
after his father died.

CAROL

Nothing in his file says anything
about an Uncle, his list of NOCs, a
father dying, much less his real
name.

Carol tosses the file on the desk in front of Jack. Jack ignores the file, gets up, and goes to the door.

JACK

(over his shoulder)

Not needed. What you need to know
is he has seventeen years
experience in his twenty-three-year-
old head. Just sign off, Carol.

Jack walks out.

INT. ATHENS, GREECE - EMBASSY, NYSSA'S OFFICE - EVENING

Nyssa's office is dark and large. Kat walks to a big, puffy leather couch, delicately slides shoes under table, relaxes. Nyssa makes tea at a mini-kitchen in corner.

NYSSA

Let's just get the brief out of the
way.

KAT

Sounds great, Miss Chief of
Station.

Nyssa, frustrated, wrestles with the "Tea for Two" machine.

NYSSA

Pretty simple. Three presidential
candidates. You take out one
campaign manager and implicate the
another. The candidate who
recognizes Israel as a sovereign
state wins.

Kat frowns.

KAT

A campaign manager? I hate
political manipulation.

(MORE)

KAT (CONT'D)

I retire tyrants, genocidal murderers, and pedophiles. This better be sanctioned, Nyssa.

Nyssa walks over to the couch, flips off her shoes, and hands Kat a cup of tea.

NYSSA

Russia has been rigging the Greek presidential election for decades. Innocents are collateral damage when sovereigns fight. This is our chance to successfully rig an election. This mission is an enormous honor. Israel gains a foothold in Greek politics, and,
(beat)
guarantees my return to Indonesia as a Katsa Jumper. That's why I specifically asked for you. You are the best.

Kat scowls as they cheers their cups.

KAT

You are using me. This is the only reason you asked for me? A wet-works-frame job?

NYSSA

Alyn, please.

KAT

You do not get to call me Alyn anymore. I am Kat.

NYSSA

Okay. Sorry. Look. It may be a small step for your ambition, but this is a huge jump for Israel. Russians, amongst others, are preoccupied with rigging the United States elections as we speak.

KAT

I know. This is a good plan and means a lot for our country. I know.

NYSSA

This could be your last mid-level contract. This is bigger than you or me. Think about the big picture.

(MORE)

NYSSA (CONT'D)

Also, as a bonus, you will get to use all those cool gymnastics moves you have.

Kat raises her eyebrows.

KAT

Still calling parkour, gymnastics? Come on Nyssa.

NYSSA

There is another bonus. Both targets are psycho-playboys.

KAT

(head tilt)

Is that all I am to you? A man-hater?

NYSSA

Well. You were when we were together.

KAT

You really hurt me when you left.

NYSSA

Get some rest. Here's the key to a little motel down the street.

Kat sighs as she looks at the key.

KAT

A motel. Senior Kidon officers get five star hotels. I get a fleabag motel.

Kat gets up and walks to the door. Nyssa talks after Kat.

NYSSA

It will get better, Alyn...Kat. I promise.

Kat doesn't turn. She rolls her eyes as she walks out.

INT. ATHENS, GREECE - MOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Kat opens the door to see Nyssa standing in the doorway.

NYSSA

Sorry.

INT. ATHENS, GREECE - MOTEL ROOM - MIDNIGHT

Kat's alarm goes off. She turns on a lamp. A mouse squeaks and scrambles across floor.

Nyssa stirs, but doesn't wake.

KAT
(groggy, sarcastic
whisper)
Wonderful. I am a Walmart assassin.
What a career path.

Two medium-sized boxes sit opened on the floor. One has clothes, the other holds a backpack and various tools. Kat gets dressed and meticulously prepares the tools she needs. She zips up the bag and leaves.

EXT. ATHENS, GREECE - CAR - MIDNIGHT

A sedan is backed in right outside her motel room door. Kat enters and the car speeds off.

INT. ATHENS GREECE - TARGET 1 - CAR - MIDNIGHT

Sitting in the front passenger seat is INTEL OFFICER 1, 50s, feeling dapper in his polyester suit.

INTEL OFFICER 1
We're heading to Gazi, Ma'am. Both
targets live within three blocks of
each other.

Kat nods and stares off into the darkness.

INTEL OFFICER 1 (CONT'D)
Here. Second floor, corner. Both
jobs tonight?

Kat slips out of the car, pokes her head back in.

KAT
You will have to wait and see.

Kat flashes them a wink and a sideways grin.

EXT. ATHENS GREECE - TARGET 1 - 2ND FLOOR WINDOW - MIDNIGHT

Kat climbs effortlessly to the second floor. Peeks in the window, finds target sitting at a desk typing on an electric typewriter.

She pulls out WD-40, SPRAYS it on the lock, and uses a small, thin piece of metal to unlock the window latch. She climbs in.

INT. ATHENS GREECE - TARGET 1 - 2ND FLOOR APT - MIDNIGHT

Kat pulls a pneumatic gun from her shoulder holster and SHOOTs target in his calf. He falls back in his chair. She retrieves the dart. She unbuttons his shirt, punches his chest and abdomen, then takes a three prong RAKE-TYPE INSTRUMENT and scrapes his face and chest several times. She takes skin cells off the rake, delicately places them in a small plastic vial, and caps it. She rebuttons his shirt. She pulls out a bottle with an eyedropper with blood in it, then drops and smears blood on the target's cuffs, collar, and chest area. Kat steps back, surveys the scene, and notices an ancient Greek Athame (ceremonial dagger) behind the desk, and takes it.

KAT

(under her breath)
Your life, as you knew it, is now over. Not that your life was worth anything anyway.

Kat retraces her steps. Halfway to the window, she reaches down and runs her finger across floor. She looks at her finger.

KAT (CONT'D)

Good. No dust.

Kat climbs out the window, then uses a small wire to re-latch the window.

EXT. CAMP PEARY, VA - PARKING LOT - MORNING (RAINING)

Looking like a Carhartt commercial, Pantera approaches Jack who looks like a bag of bones in clothes two sizes too big as he field strips his cigarette. He stands at the top of the steps of a two-story, green roofed structure, oddly designed like a Mesopotamian ziggurat with a dual obelisk entryway.

JACK

El Mercader de la Muerte. Welcome back.

PANTERA

(tired)
Thanks, Chief, but Panama better be my last training gig. The Little Creek lifeguards are bo-or-ring.

(MORE)

PANTERA (CONT'D)
Add another knife and gunshot wound
to--

JACK
--Stop crying. Just one knife and
one bullet? I could show you--

PANTERA
--yeah, yeah. Tell me another one
of your 'Nam stories later,
Skeletor. New shrink. New
assignment. Just spit-ballin' here.

Pantera walks passed to the building doors.

JACK
(talking after Pantera)
Hey.

Pantera stops and half turns at the door.

JACK (CONT'D)
You need her signoff. Get me?

Pantera gives a half-salute.

INT. CAMP PEARY, VA - CAROL'S OFFICE (PANTERA) - MORNING

Pantera knocks.

CAROL
Enter.

Pantera walks in, stands in front of the desk at attention.
Recognizing Carol, his eyes go wide, then he looks straight
ahead.

PANTERA
Reporting as requested, Ma'am.

CAROL
So you are the infamous chameleon,
Marcus Sinclair, also known as
Pantera by your SEAL buddies. And
then of course a whole host of
other NOCs.

Carol grins to herself [INSERT: Carol and Pantera in bed] and
waves for him to sit down.

PANTERA
Uh-um. Yes. Names don't align with
identity. My personal view, Ma'am.

CAROL
 (snarky)
 Given your psychological profile, I can see that. Jack suggested I fast-track you for a promotion. What do you think?

PANTERA
 I think yes. Is that all?

Pantera grabs both arms of the chair, pushes himself up.

CAROL
 Not yet.

She waves him back down.

CAROL (CONT'D)
 Tell me about the time when you found out your parents weren't your parents.

PANTERA
 (recognizes Jack's file)
 Are you serious? You can read about it.

CAROL
 I want to hear it from you.

Pantera rolls his eyes.

PANTERA
 (monotone)
 Fine. A year after my birth, bio-mom dumps me on my grandparents' doorstep. I was ten when she returned. I am forced to live with this granola-eating-Birkenstock-wearing freakshow and father number two, the musician. Both are dumber than a box of rocks. She makes my blood boil.

CAROL
 Wait. Father number two?

PANTERA
 Come on Carol, keep up. My only real father dies when I'm nineteen. I find out they only half lied to me.

(MORE)

PANTERA (CONT'D)

Father number two isn't my father, and now, my bio-dad is some Navy Intelligence Officer out of San Diego who married a Korean spy. I was named after him, his father, and his grandfather. I have no interest in meeting him, or them-- dead or alive.

CAROL

What about Uncle Bill?

PANTERA

Uncle Bill rocks. I met him when I was six. He spent lots of time teachin' me stuff, like lockpicking, jacking cars, information drops, losing a tail, where to stab a person--was told he was a truck driver. Ha! Again, at nineteen, I find out he's former CIA. He introduced me to Jack. The. End.

CAROL

We are gonna talk more. I want monthly check-ins. I'm giving you a temporary signoff with conditions.

PANTERA

Whatever. Can I go?

Pantera jumps up, heads to the door.

CAROL

Nice meeting you.

Pantera turns to say something about having already met. Noticing Carol is already working on something else, he decides to leave.

INT. CAMP PEARY, VA - JACK'S OFFICE - MORNING

Jack's Camp Peary office is a standard executive office. A wall of certificates, diplomas, pictures in Marine uniform, and him with SecDefs and Presidents (circa 1980s). Plain brown placard outside Jack's office: "Jack Barnett - Division Chief - Special Activities Division". Pantera barges straight through the open door, sits down, and crosses boots on Jack's desk. Jack raises an eyebrow as he closes the door, slaps Pantera's boots off the desk, and walks back to his chair.

JACK

Good job with the shrink. You slept with her?

PANTERA

Yea. You know, I'm that good.
(brushing dust off his
lapel)
I picked her up at that college
bar.

JACK

Ah-huh. She profiled you and made you, ex-lax. Said your skills are...pedestrian. Work on it or some foreign agent is gonna' toss you down a hole. How many is it this week?

PANTERA

Three. Pedestrian? Excuse me! Come on, she had an frickin' agenda.

JACK

Three is acceptable. So what if she had an agenda. They all do. Get better at reading them and for Christ-sake, stop thinking with little Pantera.

PANTERA

Fine. Am I done with Omega?

JACK

Almost. Final training test, then straight to the big leagues.

PANTERA

Four years. Geez. Finally. Almost to the day. You still have me slotted for the Udon Thani black site? What's it called, Detention Site Green?

JACK

(side grin)

Black sites are boring. You joined the agency to travel the world, meet interesting people and kill them. I'm giving you that exact opportunity.

(beat)

Bill is in Colombia helping the DEA.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

I am sending you to close the interrogation. He wanted to give you your final exam. Ace it!

PANTERA

Huh? Uncle Bill? A reunion.

Pantera looks conflicted.

JACK

Get over it. Should be simple. When you complete that, I will come down and brief you on your first official hunter mission.

Jack gives Pantera a "why are you still here" look. Pantera jumps up and quick steps out the door.

INT. GREECE - TARGET 2 - CAR, DRIVING - MIDNIGHT

INTEL OFFICER 1 (ON CAR PHONE)

Okay, thanks for the info.

Hangs up car phone.

INTEL OFFICER 1 (CONT'D)

(over shoulder to Kat)

Surveillance unit says second target returned about an hour ago. Third floor, middle, west side.

EXT. GREECE - TARGET 2 - WALL OF BUILDING - MIDNIGHT

Kat climbs the wall of the old stone building to a wooden window frame with modern sliding glass windows.

KAT (TO HERSELF)

Gymnastics moves. Oh Nyssa.

Kat squeezes thick black grease along the window slide. She pops the lock, slips in, leaves window a finger width open.

INT. GREECE - TARGET 2, APARTMENT - MIDNIGHT

Lavish art deco apartment. Bedroom door is open. Dimly lit bedside lamp casts a shadow over target lying on his back, mouth wide open. Kat looks into the room and recognizes the hardwood floor when the room begins to spin and she falls into a couch against the wall...

**INT. TEL AVIV, ISRAEL - TEENAGE KAT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT
(FLASHBACK)**

Teenage Kat, bad dream, tossing and turning.

VOICE OVER
(excited, older male)
Giddyup...you will love this, Alyn.

She wakes with her hair around her face wet from sweat and runs out of the room. There's a faint blood stain on the hardwood floor near the bed.

**INT. TEL AVIV ISRAEL - TEENAGE ALONA'S ROOM - NIGHT
(FLASHBACK)**

Teenage Kat runs into Teenage Alona's room and jumps into her bed. Teenage Kat and Teenage Alona fall asleep in each other's arms...

RESUME PRESENT

INT. GREECE - TARGET 2 - APARTMENT - MIDNIGHT

Kat's face is wet with sweat as she tries to regain her composure and orient herself to the surroundings when the snoring of the target gets louder. She walks into the bedroom, grits her teeth, and plunges the Athame into the target's chest up to the hilt. The knife vibrates with each heartbeat. Blood slowly absorbs into his shirt and bed covers.

FRONT DOOR UNLOCKS.

Kat reacts to the front door swinging open and loses control of the target as he tries to sit up. Focusing back on the target, she forces his head back into the pillow and covers his mouth. He claws for life. Kat twists the dagger. It stops vibrating. She leaves the Athame in place.

KEYS HITTING GLASS DISH.

Kat rotates her bag, pulls out the vial of skin, fills his nails with skin cells, and slips out of the bedroom.

FOOTSTEPS ON HARDWOOD.

Kat pulls out a black towel, throws it on the floor, and cleans the dusty floor to obscure her footprints back to the window.

FEMALE SCREAM.

Kat RELOCKS the window, climbs down.

INTEL OFFICER 1 (ON CAR PHONE)
Cinderella has left the ball.

EXT. COLOMBIA - HOTEL FOYER/BAR - SUNSET (RAINING)

TITLE: LA QUINTA HOTEL, BELLAVISTA, COLOMBIA

Pantera walks into a small hotel foyer, then to the small bar (four tables). He reaches under a table, un-tapes a playing card. THE JOKER. He stares off remembering something. Standing on the curb, he wiggles the card between his middle and ring fingers. A few seconds later, a car arrives. Pantera gets in the back seat.

INT. COLOMBIA - CAR - SUNSET (RAINING)

The front passenger turns around with his arm over the back of the seat. UNCLE BILL, 60s, untucked button-down dress shirt, baggy jeans, and boots provides a smiling welcome.

UNCLE BILL
(southern accent)
Hello, nephew, how ya' doin' this fine day?

PANTERA
(snarky)
The Joker? I would hope my transformation and journey into self-understanding are coming to an end.

UNCLE BILL
I don't believe we ever quite leave the Joker behind. I have a new card for you, since your training wheels will soon be off.

Uncle Bill faces forward then flips a card over his shoulder. Pantera snaps it out of the air.

PANTERA
Queen of Hearts?
(staring intensely at the card)
A woman that will provide emotional support, but has dark undercurrents and problems of her own. What?
(MORE)

PANTERA (CONT'D)

A woman is going to provide me--
emotional support? Ha. You're
kidding.

Pantera looks out the window and grins. [INSERT: Panama fight
with Kat]

UNCLE BILL

I just pick'em. I made you memorize
'em. I'd watch out more for the
dark undercurrents, given your line
of work.

PANTERA

I'll keep that in mind.

UNCLE BILL

Ah. The fond memories. Ready to get
it on?

Pantera taps driver's shoulder.

PANTERA (TO DRIVER)

Can we get some grub before we get
started?

INT. COLOMBIA - MARCOS DINER - NIGHT

The restaurant looks more like a camp site than a diner, the
three men sit at the last table in the back with a big bowl
of chips on the table. Uncle Bill drenches a chip in salsa
and YELLS...

UNCLE BILL

Tres carne asada burritos, por
favor.

UNCLE BILL (CONT'D)

Ever heard of Pablo Escobar?

PANTERA

I don't do drugs.

Uncle Bill drenches another chip and talks with his mouth
full.

UNCLE BILL

Still a smart ass.

PANTERA

Rather than...I always say.

Idle chatter for a few minutes. The waitress arrives with their order.

UNCLE BILL
DEA caught one of Escobar's lieutenants, Jose Carillo. They tried to interrogate him, utter failure. You're going to finish the job so they can get what they need from him.

Idle chatter for a few minutes. Pantera cocks his head and nods.

PANTERA
Sounds simple enough. Let's get started. By the way. These burritos are da bomb!

Pantera finishes his burrito, gets up with the other two men.

UNCLE BILL
(looking around)
Probably dog meat.

Bill throws a couple of dollars on the table and the three men walk out.

EXT. LA CALDERA, COLOMBIA - OLD BARN - NIGHT

Car pulls up in front of a barn in the middle of the Colombian jungle. The three men get out. Pantera looks around at all the men in black fatigues.

UNCLE BILL
SEAL Team 8 is perimeter security.

INT. LA CALDERA , COLOMBIA - OLD BARN - NIGHT

Two-story barn, most of second floor destroyed by age and bullet holes with hay bales lining the walls.

UNCLE BILL
Marcus, this is Jose. Jose, this is the person who will end you. Have a nice day.

JOSE, a Colombian with his face tenderized and clothes torn, 40s, sits duct-taped to a very sturdy chair made of 2x4s. There is a single light hanging over Jose's head and he tries to spit blood at Pantera.

JOSE
(Yells expletives in Spanish)

Pantera looks into Jose's eyes.

PANTERA
I don't speak Spanish. Now. Unless
you speak Arabic...

Pantera looks around.

PANTERA (CONT'D)
Anyone want to tell me what he
said?

SEAL
(from the darkness)
Nothing important.

Pantera withdraws liquid from a vial as Uncle Bill looks at
his watch: 1:25AM.

EXT. CITY UNKNOWN - SMALL APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tal knocks on the door of a small apartment. KATSA 1, 30s,
answers through the door.

KATSA 1
Can I help you?

TAL
(in Hebrew, subtitled)
Katsa two-four-one-six-five,
authorization code, gimel-shin-
alef.

KATSA 1
Come in, please.

TAL
I'm Tal Cohen.

Katsa 1 recognizes the name and shows respect, but is guarded
at the unusual nature of the visit.

KATSA 1
I've heard of you.

TAL
I'm looking for Alyn David,
daughter of Gideon David, Director
of Shin Bet.

KATSA 1

Kat? I have not seen Kat for over three years. She was heading to Kosovo with her brother to...

Katsa 1 looks past Tal when a dark figure, KATSA KILLER, early-30s, "Libyan" dark complexion, exotic but rough features, severe acne scars about face and neck with extreme weathering walks out of the bedroom with a suppressed weapon pointed at her.

TAL

That's too bad. I was hoping you could help me.

Katsa Killer shoots Katsa 1 twice in the heart, turns to Tal.

KATSA KILLER

(harsh middle eastern accent)

You work for Mossad. Why can't you just look her up?

TAL

Like in the Mossad phone book? If I do, there will be a record of it and her death will be traced back to me. And my computer team hasn't been able to hack her file, yet.

INT. LA CALDERA, COLOMBIA - OLD BARN - NIGHT

Jose is limp in the chair. Sweat drips off his hair. A long thin needle sticks out near each clavicle. A tube drips clear fluid out of his back.

INT. LA CALDERA, COLOMBIA - OLD BARN - A COUPLE HOURS EARLIER (FLASHBACK)

Jose is SCREAMING and Pantera is controlling the epidermal ball valve and YELLING back it him.

PANTERA

I am going to crush your fuckin' brains!

Jose's SCREAMING turns to CRYING.

JOSE

I will tell you what you want to know! Pleeese! Stop!

END FLASHBACK

INT. LA CALDERA, COLOMBIA - OLD BARN - NIGHT

A car drives up. Jack gets out. All SEALs recognize Jack and stiffen.

JACK
Bill. How's it going?

UNCLE BILL
He's able to go the extra mile to close an interrogation. Training complete, he's all yours.

Pantera walks away from Jose, flashing a wrinkled nose at him while wiping his hands with a wet rag. Pantera stiffens at seeing Uncle Bill and Jack before sitting at attention on a hale bale near where they're standing.

PANTERA (TO JACK AND UNCLE BILL)
Not my best work. But they got what they needed.

PANTERA (TO ANYONE) (CONT'D)
Does anyone have a Pay Day? I hear it really satisfies.

VOICE FROM DARKNESS
That's Snickers.

PANTERA
Damn.

A Payday is thrown at Pantera's feet. Uncle Bill looks at his watch: 5:35AM. Uncle Bill nods to Jack.

INT. ATHENS, GREECE - EMBASSY, NYSSA'S OFFICE - PRE-DAWN

Kat walks in as Nyssa sits at her desk working.

KAT
We good?

Nyssa looks up.

NYSSA
You and me? Or the assignment?

KAT
Both?

Nyssa gets up, walks over to Kat, caresses her hair. They hug and engage in a passionate kiss.

NYSSA

(face to face)

We will always be good. I'm still going to Indonesia though.

(beat)

The assignment? The guys say you really are the best, and, these guys have been around.

Kat's attitude turns salty; she shoves the Athame sheath at Nyssa.

NYSSA (CONT'D)

Assignment complete. Our guys can handle the rest. Doing anything for New Year's Eve?

Nyssa walks back to her desk, lays the sheath on the desk, and sits on the edge of the desk.

KAT

(tired)

No. Can you send my boxes back to my embassy?

NYSSA

Already sent someone over to pick them up. So Cinderella...no roman masquerade ball to go to this year

(beat)

to find your Prince Charming?

Kat shakes her long black hair loose, heads to the office door, and turns in the doorway.

KAT

(snarky)

This Cinderella has no ball, no glass slippers, no mythical Prince Charming.

(smirks)

I am more likely to find my real man in the jungle anyway.

Kat turns, waves, and leaves. Nyssa sighs and stares longingly after her.

INT. LA CALDERA, COLOMBIA - OLD BARN - SUNRISE

PANTERA

Wait one friggin' second, you want me to infiltrate the Activity? Holy shit! That's not a mission, that's a death sentence. I've heard the stories.

Pantera shakes his head.

JACK

No. Not infiltrate directly. You are being assigned to the United Nations Special Operations Group, UNSOG for short.

Pantera scowls, looks at Uncle Bill; Uncle Bill shrugs.

PANTERA

Never heard of 'em.

JACK

Exactly--no one has. They are the elite of all hunters and killers in the world. Someone once told me... they are mythical by reputation, mystical by skill set, and mysterious by nature. And, under UN agreement, the only group allowed to legally cross borders to pursue criminals or rescue hostages without some bureaucrat's approval.

PANTERA

Not tracking. I'm going in as a CIA hunter.

JACK

Ah, no. You are an infiltrator--using a military NOC. To your fellow UNSOG teammates--you're a simple SEAL Medic and Interrogator.

Jack tosses a file labeled "CIA Director--Eyes Only" to Pantera.

JACK (CONT'D)

In a nut shell. Ten years ago S&T started seeing significant-sized money transfers from gray-screen accounts to several known terrorist accounts. Then the money disappeared.

PANTERA

Gray-screen means those accounts used by the owners of the Federal Reserve. The sovereigns.

JACK

Part of the reason you were sent to Panama--Noriega received some of those funds. Now. We have sent almost a dozen people more trained than you to investigate. All dead. We know the transfers were initialized from the IMF office in Naples. That's where you start.

PANTERA

Oh. Kamikaze mission. Thanks.

JACK

They were not you. You are the best deception expert I have ever seen-- don't get a big head.

PANTERA

How could I? It's about to get blown off.

JACK

You can do this.

PANTERA

Understood. Mole in Naples. Kill mole.

UNCLE BILL

Remember. US has no jurisdiction over the owners of the Federal Reserve, or the DOD.

JACK

This is a black op. Keep your head on a swivel.

Pantera sucks in a loud breath.

PANTERA

To summarize. Find lots of money. Hunt a computer-hacking-assassin, without getting dead. Be a fake SEAL, without meeting a
(using air quotes)
training accident.

(MORE)

PANTERA (CONT'D)

Infiltrate the most mysterious and dangerous group in the world, and not get disappeared. Italian pizza. Hot Italian women. What else could a guy want? Dream job.

Pantera smiles pensively. Jack and Uncle Bill share a glance.

JACK

Any questions?

Pantera breathes deep, then raises his head with a big smile.

PANTERA

(pronounced southern accent)

Nope. I'm goin' mole huntin'!

JACK

By the way, Rome has a fantastic New Year's Eve festival. You should get to that US Embassy party in Rome.

EXT. LONDON, ENGLAND - WADDES DON MANOR GROUNDS - AFTERNOON

A Red Ferrari, top down, drives down a country road toward an enormous estate. A woman's long hair flies care free in the wind.

EXT. LONDON, ENGLAND - WADDES DON MANOR - AFTERNOON

The Red Ferrari pulls up as a CHANCELLOR, 60s, reminiscent of Alfred--Bruce Wayne's butler--stands at the top of the steps with a young man, SQUIRE, 20s, sporting the same butler uniform, but clumsily worn. The young man rushes down to open the car door for the woman.

SQUIRE

Good afternoon, Ms. Cohen. Welcome back to Waddesdon.

Tal nods to the Squire and approaches the Chancellor. The Squire rushes back up the steps to stand by the door.

CHANCELLOR

Good to see you again, Ms. Cohen.

TAL

I'm hoping he is here this time?

CHANCELLOR

Yes, Ma'am. I will escort you. The Baron is in the Tower Drawing room in the North Wing.

The Chancellor turns and follows Tal into the mansion.

INT. LONDON, ENGLAND - WADDES DON MANOR - DRAWING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Tal stops and waits in the anteroom as the Chancellor enters and closes the door to the drawing room.

INT. LONDON, ENGLAND - WADDES DON MANOR - DRAWING ROOM - AFTERNOON

CHANCELLOR

Baron. Your two o'clock appointment, Ms. Cohen, has arrived.

From behind a large, antique desk the BARON, 50s, short gray hair, bespoke suit and shoes looks up from intensely reading over ledgers.

BARON

Yes, yes. Please. Retrieve her.

INT. LONDON, ENGLAND - WADDES DON MANOR - DRAWING ROOM - AFTERNOON

The Chancellor opens the door and nods to Tal.

CHANCELLOR

You may enter, Ms. Cohen.

Tal enters the room.

CHANCELLOR (CONT'D)

Mi lord. May I present Ms. Tal Cohen.

The Chancellor leaves, closing the door. Tal sits.

BARON

Tal. Always nice to see you. Sorry about missing our last meeting. Family business.

TAL

I understand, Baron. My report will be short.

Baron nods, but doesn't come out from behind the desk, instead points to a chair opposite the desk.

TAL (CONT'D)

My team created backdoors in both CIA and Mossad computers. From my sources at both agencies, they think the hacks were internal. Both computer bombs are ready.

BARON

I'm assuming both agencies don't know who we're funding?

TAL

No, Sir, they don't. Panama was successful. CIA knows about the money transfers from the Federal Reserve, but nothing more. They're sending someone to Naples, but my asset couldn't find out who. I'll take them out like the rest.

BARON

Ready for the next phase?

TAL

Yes, Sir. I have new information, a sort of..bonus. A Louisiana man just wrote an entertaining economic paper called, "Draining the Swamp"...very socialistic.

BARON

Catchy title. I think we'll help them--drain their swamp.

Baron gives evil laugh.

TAL

My computer team is creating hundreds of fake identities on this internetwork to push all our conspiracy stories. You're still moving forward with acquiring the debt of that real estate putz so we can use him later?

BARON

Absolutely. Let's go full-steam ahead with the conspiracy stories, as you say, to lay the groundwork for our future senator or president. Whatever he turns out to be. How is the hunt for that Kidon Katsa going? Kat is it? And why do we need her?

TAL

Still looking. Didn't pick her up in the hack. Why? She took something from a Kosovo mission and didn't report it.

(looks up at a portrait)
She killed my--

BARON

--Oh. That's right. My apologies. I forgot I'm not the only person Israel and America have tried to destroy.

Baron flashes anger.

TAL

Sorry Baron. Plans within plans. Revenge will be ours. For you, the collapse of America, both politically and economically, while using the Mossad and CIA as our instruments.

BARON

Thank you for all your hard work. Anything else? Any budget concerns?

TAL

No Baron. All is going to plan.

Tal stands, nods to the Baron, and leaves.

INT. ROME, ITALY - KAT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Simple one-bedroom apartment. Kat and Alona relax on a big bed. Italian TV plays in the background.

ALONA

What are you doing for New Year's?

KAT

Michael agreed to approve my promotion request if I help with the Ambassador's security detail at the US Embassy Gala.

ALONA

Like last year?

KAT

Uh-huh. Just like last year.

ALONA

I hear there are a couple of new IDF guys on the detail. You might find a nice boy and--

KAT

--Stop right there. You scored the son of a banker, who is also a Baron. That is your superpower. Not mine.

A picture on Kat's dresser shows Alona with her boyfriend and her boyfriend's father and mother in front of Waddesdon Manor. The father is the Baron.

ALONA

Okay. True. How is Nyssa? You gonna start that up again?

KAT

(shakes her head)
She was just using me to get back to Indonesia.

ALONA

Umm. Got bad news.

KAT

Uh-huh.

ALONA

HQ's computer was hacked. They stole some personnel files and some other stuff. You could be on someone's hit-list.

KAT

(unfazed)
Not the first time.
(yawn)
Won't be the last.

ALONA

This feels different--very different. Someone broke into a-- Mossad computer. I hear there are people who can cause a computer to blow up--without ever touching it. Who can do that? I don't like it.

Alona looks at Kat for a response. Kat has fallen asleep in her arms. Alona stares out the window, deeply worried.

FADE OUT.