

Red Winter

by

Kenneth M. Sutton
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(906) 253-1965
ksutton@sweetkenny.com

RAINY:

Superimpose- London Bridge 2015

A MAN is walking his SMALL DOG across the BRIDGE enjoying their morning walk.

He's dressed in an off the rack suit, over coat, worn shoes. He carries himself as if he's in the upper most class of London.

People are walking about and going about their daily business life.

Some are out for a jog while others are enjoying the view.

A WOMAN in a black jogging suit, sexy, with big BAMBI eye's is running towards THE MAN walking his SMALL DOG, she trips and bumps into the MAN.

Both HER and THE MAN with THE SMALL DOG fall to the ground.

The MAN picks himself up and helps the WOMAN up--

CU - She touches his hand--

--as he helps her up off the ground.

CU - She pricks his hand with a SMALL PIN she has on her RING facing down in the palm of her hand. He jerks back his hand.

WOMAN IN BLACK.

(she smiles at him)

Oh I'm sorry, did I hurt you sir?

MAN WITH DOG.

(smiles back)

No not at all, are you okay? Are you hurt?

WOMAN IN BLACK.

(concerned)

Your hand, your bleeding!

MAN WITH DOG.

(looks at his hand)

Oh so I am, it's just a scratch it's fine.

They both smile at each other and go their own way.

MAN WITH DOG.

Come on Sam let's go home.

The MAN walks to the end of the BRIDGE and begins to feel weak and sick.

A SERIES OF SHOTS OF THE MAN -- sweating and dizzy and breathing hard, he grabs his chest.

The MAN with the SMALL DOG staggers and makes his way to a road side bench and sits down. The world is spinning around him.

A SERIES OF SHOTS OF THE MAN ON THE ROAD SIDE BENCH ZONING IN AND OUT.

The MAN starts to convulse and foams at the mouth and dies.

People are passing by without noticing the MAN and his SMALL DOG.

The SMALL DOG begins to bark uncontrollably.

A PASSER BY stops and looks at the SMALL DOG and checks on the MAN.

PASSER BY.
Sir!, sir are you alright?
(calls the police)
Hello there's a man not breathing
on a bridge.-- I-- Think he's
dead!!

CUT TO:

3 INT.- MEDICAL EXAMINER OFFICE.- DAY.

3

TWO DETECTIVES enter the MEDICAL EXAMINERS AUTOPSY ROOM.

IMAGE OF MAN ON AUTOPSY TABLE.

DETECTIVE #1.
Hey doc what we got?

MEDICAL EXAMINER.
I don't know yet, I'm running some
test now.

DETECTIVE #2.
(sips his coffee)
Whats that yellow foamy stuff on
his mouth?

MEDICAL EXAMINER.
(swabs the foam from the
mouth)
I don't know, I'll get it to the
lab and let you know.

DETECTIVE #1.
(walks around the table)
Are there any gun shot wounds, stab
marks doc.?

MEDICAL EXAMINER.
 (looks at the detectives)
 No he's clean.

The MEDICAL EXAMINER pulls down his face shield and picks up a scalpel and cuts his Y incision.

MEDICAL EXAMINER.
 (looks at the detectives)
 Step back please.

He picks up his chest saw--

ZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

--and begins to saw the breast plate, and removes it.

DETECTIVE #1.
 (sips his coffee)
 Well doc, call us when you find something.

Both DETECTIVES leaves the MEDICAL EXAMINERS OFFICE and head back to POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

CUT TO:

4 EXT.- LONDON/POLICE STATION.- DAY. 4
 Overhead view of the city streets.

CUT TO:

5 INT.- POLICE STATION.- DAY. 5
 Sounds of the POLICE OFFICERS and others fill the building.
 Lobby Entrance--
 Large front desk with THREE OFFICERS working.
 Hookers, drug addicts, and seedy characters fill the lobby.
 To the right is a set of stairs leading to the DETECTIVES floor.
 To the left is a set of DOUBLE DOORS leading to the JAIL CELLS.
 The set of DOUBLE DOORS is cracked open--
 Image of MALE INMATE giving a blow-job to a CELL MATE.
 OFFICER walks by double doors--
 CU- CELL MATE GIVING BLOW-JOB!

OFFICER #1.
 (bangs on the door)
 HEY! SPIT THAT OUT YOU!

CELL MATE.
 FUCK YOU!

Behind the front desk is the OFFICERS OFFICES and
 interrogating rooms.

6 INT.- POLICE/DETECTIVES FLOOR.- DAY. 6

Typical office space, desks in rows of five long, three
 wide.

Some are very clean with photos of family, some are messy
 with coffee cups sitting around.

Phones are always ringing.

RING, RING, RING, RING!

DETECTIVES desk phone rings,

RING, RING, RING!

--as the screen transforms into...

7 MAIN TITLE - MUSIC VIDEO. "LIKE IN JAMES BOND" 7

CUT TO:

8 EXT.- WASHINGTON DC,- NIGHT. 8

A Still Image of the WHITE HOUSE.

Superimpose- Five Years Later 2020

CUT TO:

9 INT.- A RESTAURANT.- NIGHT. 9

Elegant, A modern day Casablanca looking Restaurant for the
 upper class of who's who of Washington.

A MAN dressed impeccably in an Armani suit, is being shown
 to his table by the MAITRE D' --

--he takes his seat--

MAITRE D'
 May I get you something to drink
 sir?

A MAN.
 (Russian accent)
 Yes, a whiskey sour please.

MAITRE D'

Yes sir.

The MAN, watching THE HOSTESS BAR--

--from a dark alcove of the Restaurant, where slinky HOOKERS flatter the guests.

The MAITRE D' returns with the gentleman's drink--

A MAN.

(looks up at him)

Thank you.

MAITRE D'

Your welcome sir, is there anything else.

A MAN.

No this is fine, thanks.

The MAN'S eyes catch something,-- someone entering the Restaurant.

HIS POV- A WOMAN,-- more vibrant than he's ever seen. She is impossibly glamorous in a sparkling dress that fits like second skin. Her hair is full and tumbling, her eyes are fiery and wild.

The eye's of every male in the Restaurant follow her as shes shown to her table in the back of the room.

She takes her seat--

--she orders a Vodka Martini.

The MAITRE D' walks past the the MAN--

--the man stops the MAITRE D'.

A MAN.

(nods over at the woman)

Who's the woman?

MAITRE D'

That's Elizabeth Diaz, beautiful, isn't she.

A MAN. CONT'D

(looking over at her)

Elizabeth Diaz?... Can you introduce me?

MAITRE D' CONT'D

You want me to introduce you? Yeah sure, sure! Just one moment.

The MAITRE D' walks back over to the WOMAN--

--she looks over at the gentleman, and nods yes.

The MAITRE D' walks back over to the MAN.

MAITRE D' CONT'D
She's agreed to meet with you, this
way sir.

The MAN leaves his table--

--and joins the WOMAN.

FADE TO BLACK

10 INT.- BEDROOM.- WATERGATE HOTEL.- DAY.

10

Morning:

Superimpose WATERGATE HOTEL.

The MAN wakes, he's in bed with the woman ELIZABETH DIAZ,
who's wrapped in the sheets.

The MAN slowly slides out of bed, he's naked, and makes his
way to the bathroom--

--the door shuts behind him.

CROSSFADE:

11 INT.- BEDROOM.- WATERGATE HOTEL.- CONTINUOUS.

11

Some Time Passes By:

The bathroom door opens, the MAN, now dressed is adjusting
his tie.

The woman ELIZABETH DIAZ, wakes, she rolls over and smiles
at the MAN.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
Good morning.

A MAN.
(smiles back at her)
Good morning.

He walks over to her and gives her a kiss on the top of her
head--

--he sits on the edge of the bed, and puts on his shoes.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
Do you want something to eat? I'm
starving.

He turns and looks at her.

A MAN. CONT'D
(Russian accent)
There's coffee on the table.

She slides out of the bed, unconcerned with her nakedness, walks over to the table and pours herself a cup of coffee, smiling.

The MAN now standing, slides his suite coat on, smiles back at her.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
Are you shy around a naked woman?

A MAN. CONT'D
(stone faced)
No. I gotta go.

And walks over to her, kisses her on the cheek--

A MAN. CONT'D
I put my number in your phone,
sorry I really am late.

--turns and leaves the room, she standing stunned.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
What the fuck just happened?

She turns and walks to the bathroom and shuts the door.

FADE TO BLACK

12 INT.- THE WHITE HOUSE, SECURITY.- DAY. 12

We follow ELIZABETH as she enters the WHITE HOUSE. She passes through countless security procedures, watched by an attentive staff.

ELIZABETH hands her SMART PHONE to a STAFF MEMBER.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
Have this checked, see what you can
get off it.

13 INT.- SECRET SERVICE OFFICE.- DAY. 13

BRIEFING ROOM:

A large office, a long large table dominates the room. SEVERAL AGENTS listen to the debriefing. Agent TANNER explain things; He points to a still surveillance photo, on a large monitor, of a TALL MAN in a Armani suit.

TANNER.
This man was seen going into The
Watergate Hotel a week ago.

ELIZABETH'S eyes get wide when she sees the PHOTO of the TALL MAN, and squirms in her seat. "She Knows Him"

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
(under her breath)
Shit!

AGENT JACKSON.
Who is he?

TANNER. CONT'D
He's Victor Makvenio, an FSB agent.

AGENT TANNER clicks the remote and shows another photo.

TANNER. CONT'D
He was met by this man.

He clicks and zooms in on the face in the photo.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
Who is he?

TANNER. CONT'D
He's Dr. Razhnov he's a Russian neurologist defecting to the United States, he was working with us and the CIA.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
Did you say was?

TANNER. CONT'D
Yes, he was found dead by the maid.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
What was he working with us on?

AGENT TANNER clicks the remote again, and the blinds close and the room darkens.

He clicks again and a A HUGE, TRANSPARENT 3-D IMAGE of a virus floating in the centre of the large table.

AGENT TANNER walks over to the 3-D IMAGE with a pointer, and points to the HOLOGRAM IMAGE.

He presses a button, the HOLOGRAM turns...

TANNER. CONT'D
This is virus RCN-20. The tech name is Rhino Corona Nova-toxin - 20. It's a 100 times more deadlier then the Coronavirus-19 that infected the world in 2020.

ELIZABETH DIAZ-- stands and moves in closer to the 3-D HOLOGRAM IMAGE, and sticks her finger in it.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
Has he developed it yet?

TANNER. CONT'D
Yes. And he was just about to turn
it over to us.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
Then he was found dead.

A knock on the door, then a WOMAN enters with a file in her
hand. She hands it to the DIRECTOR OF THE SECRET SERVICE.

SECRET SERVICE DIRECTOR.
Thank you.

The DIRECTOR opens and reads the file-- looks up and over at
ELIZABETH, with a look of "You Gotta Be Kidding Me" on his
face.

Then suddenly--

SECRET SERVICE DIRECTOR. CONT'D
That'll be all everyone.

The room begins to clear, AGENT TANNER turns off the
HOLOGRAM IMAGE...

SECRET SERVICE DIRECTOR. CONT'D
Aah, not you Elizabeth, you to
Tanner, this is for you're ears
too.

AGENT TANNER clicks the remote, opens the blinds and turns
on the lights.

The DIRECTOR sits down, ELIZABETH and AGENT TANNER join him.

SECRET SERVICE DIRECTOR. CONT'D
It seams Elizabeth your phone has a
new phone number on it, and a
finger print that matches a Russian
FSB agent.-- Care to explain?

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
(shifts in her chair)
Explain what?

She looks over at TANNER, back to the DIRECTOR.

SECRET SERVICE DIRECTOR. CONT'D
(in a strong voice)
How did a Russian Operative get
hold of your phone?

ELIZABETH nervously squirms in her chair.

PAUSE FOR A BEAT.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
 (brushes her hair out of
 her face)
 Last night.-- I picked up a guy,
 and, and, and we, well he and I--

SECRET SERVICE DIRECTOR. CONT'D
 (throws up his hand and
 stops her)
 I don't want to hear no more.--
 (in a stronger voice)
 Did you know he was an agent
 working for the Russians?

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
 (on the spot)
 Not until I seen his photo.-- I
 needed a release.-- I do have a
 life outside of here!

Angered, the DIRECTOR walks around the room.

SECRET SERVICE DIRECTOR. CONT'D
 Okay, okay, I get it.-- Does he
 know your a secret service agent?

She gets up, and walks around the room.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
 No! Not that I know of.-- Director
 I swear it was just sex, that's
 all!

SECRET SERVICE DIRECTOR. CONT'D
 (he stares intently at
 her)
 You better get yourself under
 control.

The air in the room is tense and heavy.

AGENT TANNER is looking at ELIZABETH'S phone.

TANNER.
 Sir.-- She did turn her phone in to
 get checked out.-- I believe her.

The DIRECTOR looks at TANNER sharply.

The room goes dead, no sound at all as the DIRECTOR stands
 staring at TANNER.

SECRET SERVICE DIRECTOR. CONT'D
 Okay! I'll believe you this time.

He looks over at ELIZABETH, "Like a father looks at his
 daughter."

SECRET SERVICE DIRECTOR. CONT'D
 Don't make me regret this,
 understand!

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
 (half smiles in relief)
 Yes sir.

The DIRECTOR is all business.

SECRET SERVICE DIRECTOR. CONT'D
 Now that you've had fun with this
 Russian,-- get closer to him and
 find out what he's up to.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
 You want me?

SECRET SERVICE DIRECTOR. CONT'D
 You started it, now see it through.

They exchange a look.-- "A look of recognition between TWO
 professionals, who know the terrible price of what they do."

FADE TO BLACK.

14 EXT.- WASHINGTON DC,- NIGHT. 14

The CITY STREETS are quiet, it's a beautiful night.

CUT TO:

15 EXT..- SMALL BROWNSTONE HOME.- NIGHT. 15

The lawn sprinkler comes on, the lawn is in need of a
 cutting.

16 INT.- ELIZABETH'S BEDROOM.- NIGHT. 16

ELIZABETH, dressed in panties and a bra sitting at her small
 desk working on her laptop pc. Shes searching the SECRET
 SERVICE'S Data servers on the FSB AGENT she met the other
 night.

A SERIES OF IMAGES OF THE FILES AND PHOTO'S ON THE LAPTOP.

She picks up her SMART PHONE.

Scrolls through the contacts, and rests on VICTORS number.

She calls him.

Sound of VICTOR'S phone ringing through her phone.

VICTOR. (V.O.)
 (Russian accent)
 Hello.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
 (sexy, playful)
 Hi it's me.

VICTOR. CONT'D (V.O.)
 (surprised)
 Hey, I was hoping you would call.
 How you doing?

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
 (playful)
 I'm good, but lonely.-- You up for
 some fun?

VICTOR. CONT'D (V.O.)
 Sure what do you have in mind?

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
 Maybe a little dinner, and some
 fun?

VICTOR. CONT'D (V.O.)
 Same place we met?

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
 Sounds good. Hows about an hour?

BEGIN INTERCUT:

VICTOR standing in his FSB SAFE HOUSE, the room dark, only
 light coming from streetlamp shining through half shaded
 window.

VICTOR. CONT'D
 I'll meet you there!

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
 (very sexy)
 Bye...

END INTERCUT.

CUT BACK TO ELIZABETH'S HOUSE.

She hangs up the phone, runs to her bathroom.

CUT TO:

17 INT.- FSB SAFE HOUSE.- NIGHT.

17

Small one bedroom apartment, sofa, chair, tv set, small
 kitchen, no table. Bathroom, shower/bath, sink, toilet,
 cracked mirror. THE APARTMENT is very dull and dark.

VICTOR.
 Fish on.

VICTOR walks to the closet, gets his coat--

--he slips it on, opens the door and leaves the APARTMENT.

18 INT.- APARTMENT HALLWAY.- CONTINUOUS, 18

VICTOR pulls a hair out from his scalp--

--he bends down, licks his fingers--

--then place's it on the door and doorjamb, stands up and leaves.

CUT TO:

19 INT.- A RESTAURANT.- NIGHT. 19

VICTOR is sitting having a drink, waiting on ELIZABETH to show up.

20 EXT.- CITY STREET, BLACK VAN.- NIGHT. 20

LIGHT RAIN:

21 INT.- BLACK VAN.-NIGHT. 21

THREE FBI AGENTS are watching the Restaurant.

FBI AGENT #1's POV- looking through a long lens camera, he's looking at VICTOR having a drink.

POV- through the CAMERA LENS ON VICTOR HAVING A DRINK.

We hear a soft fart, pause for a beat, the smell lingers in the air--

AGENT #2.

(smells the fart, makes a face)

WHAT THE FUCK IT THAT?

(looks over at agent #3.)

Did you shit yourself?

AGENT #3.

Sorry, it must be the chilidog I had for lunch.

AGENT #1 gets a whiff--

AGENT #1.

FUCK! Man, shit head crack a window! DAMN!!

AGENT #2 rolls down the window a slight bit.

AGENT #2. CONT'D

(waves the air)

Fuck I can taste that shit!

AGENT #1- pulls out a stick of gum from his jacket pocket.

22 EXT.- CITY STREET.- RESTAURANT. 22

A CAB pulls up to the front entrance of the Restaurant.

BEGIN INTERCUTS

Out comes ELIZABETH, dressed in black leggings, black pumps, low-cut white blouse, very sexy, the sloping curves of her body, to accentuate her perfect hourglass shape.

23 INT.- BLACK VAN.- CONTINUOUS. 23

AGENT #1 POV- Zooms his camera in on ELIZABETH.

ZOOM SHOT FROM CAMERA

AGENT #1.
Hey, hey, hey I got something.

The OTHER AGENTS look out of the VANS WINDOW.

AGENT #3.
Damn she's fine!

AGENT #2.
H-E-L-L-O mama!

24 EXT.- CITY STREET.- RESTAURANT.- CONTINUOUS. 24

She leans in the passenger side window of THE CAB, pays the driver.

She turns and walks to the front entrance.

25 INT.- BLACK VAN.- CONTINUOUS. 25

A SERIES OF STILL PHOTO SHOTS.

AGENT #2. CONT'D
Holy fuck is she fine.

AGENT #3.
(looks out of the window)
I'd do her on Tuesday.

Both AGENTS #1, and #2 look over at AGENT #3.

AGENT #1. CONT'D
Tuesday? Why Tuesday??

AGENT #3. CONT'D
I got something to do the rest of the week.

AGENT #2. CONT'D
Man!, get the fuck outta here-- asshole.

26 EXT.- CITY STREET.- RESTAURANT.- CONTINUOUS. 26
--she pulls the door open and goes in.
END INTERCUTS.

27 INT.- BLACK VAN.- CONTINUOUS. 27
AGENT #1 sits back in his seat, checks his camera.
AGENT #2 gets another whiff of foul air.
AGENT #2.
 (makes sick face, looks
 over at agent #3)
 Damn motherfucker!
CU - AGENT #3 smiles.

CUT TO:

28 INT.- A RESTAURANT.- NIGHT. 28
ELIZABETH stops at the MAITRE D' desk--
--the MAITRE D' takes her to VICTORS table.
ELIZABETH is breathtaking, with a kind of beauty every man
wants -- the kind every man fears. Walks with the MAITRE D'
over to VICTORS table.
Smooth Jazz is playing on the house music system Softly.
VICTOR stands as she approaches him.
ELIZABETH full of smiles.
VICTOR kisses her on the cheek.
VICTOR.
 Elizabeth?!?
She looks over at VICTOR, with a smile.
ELIZABETH DIAZ.
 You, you know my name?
VICTOR helps her with her seat-
VICTOR. CONT'D
 (thinking of a quick lie)
 I, I got it off your phone the
 other night, when I put my number
 in it.
VICTOR takes his seat.
VICTOR. CONT'D
 You look stunning.

The MAITRE D' walks up-

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
Thank you.

MAITRE D'
May I get you something?

VICTOR. CONT'D
Yes, scotch and soda.

MAITRE D' CONT'D
And for you miss?

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
Oh, I'll have a Vodka martini,
thank you.
(she smiles at the maitre
d')

The MAITRE D' walks away.

VICTOR. CONT'D
So Elizabeth, what do you do for a
living?

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
(smiles)
I work for a law firm.

VICTOR. CONT'D
A law firm, how long?

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
Ten years, next week... And you,
what do you do?

VICTOR. CONT'D
I'm in sales, I work for a large
drug company.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
So your a drug dealer, nice.

VICTOR. CONT'D
Yeah, I'm a drug dealer.

The MAITRE D' returns with their drinks.

ELIZABETH looks up at him, she smiles.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
Thank you.

VICTOR also smile with a nod.

CUT TO:

29 EXT.- CITY STREET, BLACK VAN.- NIGHT.

29

A BLACK SUV parks across the street from the BLACK VAN.

The driver gets out, he's a TALL MAN, gray hair, mid 40s dressed in a dark charcoal suit.

He's walks over to the BLACK VAN, taps on the back door.

TAP!, TAP!, TAP!

The VANS door opens up, he gets in.

30 INT.- BLACK VAN.- CONTINUOUS.

30

AGENT #3,
Hey.

THE DRIVER.
So what do we got?

AGENT #1.
She's meeting him in the Restaurant
now.

THE DRIVER. CONT'D
Do we got ears on them?

AGENT #2.
Yeah, a lot of nothing.

THE DRIVER. CONT'D
Open up the com. Let me hear.

AGENT #3 pulls the headphone plug.

VICTOR. (V.O.)
Do you like to travel?

ELIZABETH DIAZ. (V.O.)
I love to travel, I've been to
Afghanistan six times, love the
people, and the food, it's amazing.

AGENT #2 looks through the camera--

AGENT #2. CONT'D
Like I said, a lot of nothing.

THE DRIVER gets a whiff of something foul.

THE DRIVER. CONT'D
(puts his hand over his
noise.)
What the fuck is that smell? Crack
a window will ya!

AGENT #1's POV- through the camera, ELIZABETH and VICTOR
leaving the Restaurant.

AGENT #1.
Hey, hey, hey their leaving!

A whiff of foul air!

AGENT #1. CONT'D
(looks over at agent #3)
Damn dude, you need to get that
under control! SHIT!!

CUT TO:

31 EXT.- CITY STREET.- RESTAURANT.- CONTINUOUS. 31

A WHITE CAR pulls up to the Restaurant, a VALET gets out

VICTOR hands the VALET a \$100 dollars, and opens the door
for ELIZABETH.

She slides in, he shuts the door and, walks around to the
drivers side, opens the door, slides in, shuts the door and
drives off.

CUT TO:

32 INT.- POSH HOTEL.- NIGHT. 32

Hotel Room, dominated by a LARGE PAINTING of a bearded man
in traditional Turkish garb, sitting proudly on a horse.

ELIZABETH setting on the chair, VICTOR walks over to her--

She looks up at him, into his eyes;

He bends down and kisses her, walks back to the door, and
shuts it.

ELIZABETH stands up from the chair, they meet halfway, they
are so close.-- All she has to do is tilt her mouth
upward.-- she kisses him. His hands come up across her back,
pressing her toward him, her body melting into his, and
then.--

She pulls back.-- Has to physically step away from him.

VICTOR.
What is it?

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
...I can't!

That was exactly the wrong thing to say. She sees the
rebellion flair in his eyes.

VICTOR. CONT'D
WHAT?!?-- Do you mean you can't?

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
I gotta go, sorry.

She starts toward the door.

VICTOR. CONT'D
Did I do something wrong?

She stops, she backs up-- then heads out the door.

IN THE HALLWAY:

She scrolls through her phone, finds the DIRECTORS number--
--walks down the hallway to the elevator, presses the down
button and waits for the door to open.

The door opens--

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
Director!
(she gets in the
elevator)
Call the dogs off!-- The ones who
you have watching me!

--she presses the street level button, the door closes.

CUT TO:

33 EXT.- UNDISCLOSED LOCATION.- DAY.

33

SUPERIMPOSE RUSSIA, THE MOUNTAINS.

In rolling hills of forest, morning dew sparkling on the
leaves and green grass and trees, the morning sun shining
through the trees.

The sound of a RUSSIAN HELICOPTER in the distance.

Alone fisherman fishing in his old fishing boat on a hidden
lake deep in the woods, looks up at the speeding HELICOPTER
low enough to see the pilot and crew.

INSIDE HELICOPTER - COCKPIT PILOTS POV- Looks down at the
fisherman.

The RUSSIAN HELICOPTER speeds by with a THUNDERING sound,
spraying the fisherman with lake water.

The fisherman flips off the passing HELICOPTER.

34 EXT.- UNDISCLOSED LOCATION.- CONTINUOUS.

34

Deep in the forest, a large guarded compound, FOUR large
buildings with no windows. The RUSSIAN HELICOPTER lands on
the HELIPAD.

THREE MEN get out, ducking their heads from the air of the
rotating blades, they head for the large centre building and
go in.

The RUSSIAN HELICOPTER lifts off, and flies away.

CUT TO:

35 INT.- COMPOUND BUILDING.- DAY.

35

A set of double doors opens up into a large LABORATORY.

Rows and rows of animal cages fill the Laboratory, Rats, Monkeys, Snakes, etc. It's a mini zoo of test animals.

Tables full of Lab equipment. are set about the room.

In the back of the room is a LARGE GLASSED SEALED IN ROOM floor to ceiling with a test table in the centre, straps hang from the table.

A LAB TECH worker carries in a MONKEY and straps it to the table, rubs the MONKEYS head.

The worker leaves and seals the door, turns the VIDEO CAMERA on--

CU- On Monitor.

SHOT OF LAB MONKEY ON THE TABLE.

Another LAB TECH worker dressed in a hooded suite, rubber gloves, sealed from Head to Toe.

He's carrying a LARGE SYRINGE with the deadly VIRUS RCN-20.

CU- On THE SYRINGE as he pulls the cap off and squirts out a small amount.

The LAB TECH shoves the needle into a rubber inlet, it's thick, takes a slow steady pressure to insert--

CU- on the needle entering the SEALED ROOM.

The LAB TECH slowly squirts the VIRUS RCN-20 into the SEALED ROOM.

He replaces the cap on the SPENT SYRINGE, sets it on a near table.

Reaches into his pocket and pulls out a stop watch--

Clocks the time--

CU- On the stop watch. 00:00:00

GO!

INTERCUT SHOTS OF THE STOP-WATCH AND THE LAB MONKEY.

The MONKEY in the SEALED ROOM begins to scream and fight-

CU- On the MONKEY.

The MONKEY begins to convulse and foams at the mouth, it wets itself, defecates, blood runs from it's eye's and dies.

CU- On stop watch, FOUR minutes.

FADE TO BLACK:

36 INT.- SECRET SERVICE DIRECTORS OFFICE.- DAY.

36

ELIZABETH enters. A CIA AGENT (AGENT BROWN) is perched on the edge of The DIRECTORS desk. Two glasses, a bottle of whiskey open.

SECRET SERVICE DIRECTOR.
Agent Brown, Elizabeth Diaz.

AGENT BROWN mid 40s- slight gray hair in his perfectly styled black hair, tall 6 foot 4 inches, suite dark black, shoes to match, shirt is white, his tie is always black. He's a stuff shirt type of guy, very MATTER- OF- FACT in his speaking.

--he stands and extends his hand to ELIZABETH.

They both shake hands--

CU- On hands.

Then suddenly, CIA AGENT BROWN SHOOTS A WRIST TRACKER into ELIZABETH'S right wrist, a small drop of blood.

She pulls back hard, but it's to late.

CU- ELIZABETH'S Face.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
(surprised look on her
face)
WHAT THE FUCK!

SECRET SERVICE DIRECTOR. CONT'D
Sorry, but I knew you wouldn't go
for it.

ELIZABETH looks at her wrist--

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
Really?!? Why do you need to track
me??

SECRET SERVICE DIRECTOR. CONT'D
Calm down.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
(pissed.)
Un-fucking real!

She looks over at CIA AGENT BROWN.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
WHAT the fuck you looking at
asshole?

The DIRECTOR reaches into his desk and pulls out another glass and pours her a drink.

He hands her the drink.

SECRET SERVICE DIRECTOR. CONT'D
Here, have a drink and calm
yourself.

ELIZABETH takes the drink, slams it back in one gulp.

She's pissed, and slams the glass on the desk.

The DIRECTOR pours her another, he sits down at his desk.

SECRET SERVICE DIRECTOR. CONT'D
(in a stern voice)
You alright now! Are we good?!?

She looks intently at him--

PAUSE FOR A BEAT.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
Yeah, I'm good.-- Now will you tell
me whats going on?

The DIRECTOR picks up the report from his desk. ELIZABETH notices it is in Russian, with a SEAL from a Russian military agency in the corner: GRU.

SECRET SERVICE DIRECTOR. CONT'D
It's a report.-- On the virus
RCN-20.

CIA AGENT BROWN.
This was sent to us.

CIA AGENT BROWN holding a flash drive--

CIA AGENT BROWN.
It contains a short video on the
effects of the virus RCN-20.

He plugs the FLASH DRIVE into a laptop, plays the video.

CU- On video of the MONKEY in the LAB.

CU- ELIZABETH'S eyes enlarge, with a Horrified look on her face.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
Holy FUCK!

AGENT BROWN stops the video.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
But what does this have to do with
me?

Both the DIRECTOR and AGENT BROWN look at each other.

SECRET SERVICE DIRECTOR. CONT'D
I'm sending you into Russia.-- I
need you to find out as much as you
can about the virus and destroy the
thing, that's why the tracker.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
Why me?

SECRET SERVICE DIRECTOR. CONT'D
Your an unknown.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
Unknown?

SECRET SERVICE DIRECTOR. CONT'D
Yes! Your not on any watch list,
or-- spy list that we know of.

The DIRECTOR pours her another drink, she picks up the glass
and tilts it back, small pause, slams it back, she sets the
glass down.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
(smartly)
And how am I suppose to do that
director?

SECRET SERVICE DIRECTOR. CONT'D
I want you to get close to the
Russian agent you've been seeing.--
He's booked a flight for moscow,
and your going too.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
(smartly)
Then what?

SECRET SERVICE DIRECTOR. CONT'D
DON'T BE A SMART-ASS, YOU KNOW WHAT
I MEAN!

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
(scared, tone changes)
Yes sir.

The DIRECTOR leans over his desk with both hands on the
desk, and gets in her face.

SECRET SERVICE DIRECTOR. CONT'D
 (in a stern voice)
 Agent Browns going to take you down
 to the CIA and set you up with
 everything you need.-- DON'T,-- you
 fuck this up!

ELIZABETH scoots back her chair, stands up from her seat,
 smiles--

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
 Yes sir.

--and leaves with AGENT BROWN.

The DIRECTOR pours himself another drink--

SECRET SERVICE DIRECTOR. CONT'D
 (with drink in his hand)
 Son-of-a-bitch! Shes gonna give me
 a heart-attack!!

--slams the drink back.

CUT TO:

37 EXT.- CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY/HEADQUARTERS.- DAY. 37

SUPERIMPOSE CIA HEADQUARTERS, Langley, Virginia.

It's a warm sunny day, the sprinkler system is watering the
 lawn, the sun is shining trough the large ceiling skylights
 filling the front entrance with warm sunlight.

CUT TO:

38 INT.- THE DIRECTORATE OF SUPPORT (D.S.).- DAY. 38

AGENT BROWNS office, desk, THREE-CHAIRS, laptop pc, desktop
 pc, phone- a well kept office, photo's of service hang on
 the wall, photo of AGENT BROWN and his wife, THREE children
 sit on his desk.

AGENT BROWN and ELIZABETH enter his office.

It's a EVERYTHING IN IT'S PLACE looking office.

AGENT BROWN walks behind his desk and takes a seat.

ELIZABETH picks up the photo of AGENT BROWNS family--

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
 Your wife?

AGENT BROWN sitting at his desk, logging on to his desktop
 pc. His Demeanor is cold and calm.

CIA AGENT BROWN.
 Yes.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
She's pretty.

CIA AGENT BROWN. CONT'D
Thank you.

ELIZABETH walks around the office looking at photo's--

CIA AGENT BROWN. CONT'D
(takes a deep breath)
Okay, Miss Diaz.

Puts out his hand--

CIA AGENT BROWN. CONT'D
Please have a seat.

ELIZABETH takes a seat.

AGENT BROWN is typing out details on the cover mission, and why ELIZABETH is in RUSSIA.

Fake passport, cover story.

CIA AGENT BROWN. CONT'D
(he points to a wall)
Can you stand over there please?

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
Sure.

ELIZABETH stands up and walks over to the wall, AGENT BROWN pulls out a digital camera from his desk, walks over in front of her, aims the camera--

CIA AGENT BROWN. CONT'D
Smile.

CU- ELIZABETH'S face, there's a blinding flash.

AGENT BROWN walks back over to his desk, plugs the usb cord into the camera, the other end into the desktop pc.

SHOT OF PC MONITOR, ELIZABETH'S Passport photo, he takes her photo and slides it into a folder marked 0000553-2022-PPID.

CIA AGENT BROWN. CONT'D
I need your thumb print.

He reaches into his desk and pulls out a finger print scanner, places it on the desk in front of her.

ELIZABETH places her right thumb on the scanner.

CU- ELIZABETH getting her thumb print scanned.

SHOT OF PC MONITOR- Thumb print scanned.

He places it into the folder marked 000553-2022-PPID, and picks up the phone and calls the printing office.

CIA AGENT BROWN. CONT'D
I'm sending a folder marked
000553-2022-PPID, how long?, 30
minutes, thanks.

Hangs up the phone.

He sends it to the printing office in the basement of the building, and check his watch.

CU- WATCH 4:00 pm

AGENT BROWN pulls out another device.

CIA AGENT BROWN. CONT'D
Let me see your wrist please.

He plugs in a USB CORD on a WRIST TRACKER GUN, hovers it over her WRIST--

CU- of WRIST GUN hovering over her wrist.

--he looks at the GUNS SCREEN, types in some codes, sets the time.

CIA AGENT BROWN. CONT'D
Hand me your cell phone.

She hands over her SMART PHONE, he installs an APP. titled MUSIC BEATS.

CIA AGENT BROWN. CONT'D
(shows her the app.)
This app. will only show up as a
music file, mp3 if you will. Tap it
three times, like this--
(he shows her)
And only you can read it, okay?

He hands her back her SMART PHONE, she checks it out.

MUSIC PLAYS-- SOME SORT OFF DANCE MUSIC.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
This music sucks!

AGENT BROWN smiles at her.

He opens a SMALL BOX, pulls out a SMALL BROOCH in the shape of a flower (A ROSE), in the ROSE is a small MICRO CAMERA/VIDEO with a 2000-gigabytes (2000Tb-SD) storage card.

He shows her how it works, where to put the (SD-CARD)and how to turn it on.

CIA AGENT BROWN. CONT'D
 You place the SD card in the back,
 like this. It will store two
 thousand gigabytes of video.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
 So two thousand terabytes!

CIA AGENT BROWN. CONT'D
 (looks at her strange)
 Yes it is.-- pressing the middle
 like this, turns it on.
 (he hands it to her)
 Please put it on.

She takes the SMALL BROOCH, looks at at--

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
 This is pretty.

SHOT OF ELIZABETH'S face on the pc monitor from the MICRO
 CAMERA/VIDEO.

--and puts it on.

He smiles at her, checks the MICRO CAMERA/VIDEO.

CU- on COMPUTER MONITOR OF SCREEN CAPTURE OF ELIZABETH ALONG
 WITH VIDEO.

CIA AGENT BROWN. CONT'D
 Say something.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
 (confused.)
 What?

CIA AGENT BROWN. CONT'D
 Say something, speak something
 please.

She adjusts herself in her seat.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
 (feeling silly)
 Testing, 1,2,3

CU- ON THE PC MONITOR OF LINE LEVEL AUDIO.

CIA AGENT BROWN. CONT'D
 Thank you.-- Keep the brooch with
 you at all times please.

He unplugs the USB CORD from the desktop pc.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
(confused and kinda
pissed)
Look you cold motherfucker, what
the fuck is going on? Why the James
Bond shit?

He looks over at her.

CIA AGENT BROWN. CONT'D
I'm getting to that.

She throws up her hands in discuss, sits back in her chair
like a little child upset at her mother.

CIA AGENT BROWN packs up his camera, finger print scanner,
folds up his usb cords, places them in his desk neatly.

And sits back in his chair and places his hands together
fingers to fingers in the shape of a pyramid.

And waits silently, looking forward at ELIZABETH.

THE ROOM HAS A TENSE FEEL TO IT, NOT A SOUND IS HEARD.

ELIZABETH is getting uncomfortable at his staring at her
with a blank expression.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
(very uncomfortable.)
Look motherfucker, your creeping me
out, SAY SOMETHING!

CIA AGENT BROWN looks at his watch without a word.

CU- Watch 20 minutes passed. 4:20 pm.

He continues to look forward.

THREE soft knocks at the door--

KNOCK!, KNOCK!, KNOCK!

A MAN in a blue smock, older mid 50s- small man, enters,
walks over to AGENT BROWN, hands him a envelope, and leaves
the room.

CIA AGENT BROWN opens the envelope, takes out the newly
printed passport, looks it over, leans over his desk and
puts in front of ELIZABETH, along with a form for her to
sign.

CIA AGENT BROWN. CONT'D
(cold)
Sign here please.

Hands her a BLACK ballpoint pin to sign the document.

She signs it and looks up at him, shakes her head back and forth and rolls her eyes, drops the pin on the desk.

CIA AGENT BROWN.

Thank you.

CIA AGENT BROWN places the passport back into the envelope.

He stands up, and rolls his chair under his desk.

Buttons his suite coat, picks up the envelope.

CIA AGENT BROWN. CONT'D

Come with me please.

ELIZABETH stands from her chair.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.

(mocks him)

Yes master.

CIA AGENT BROWN opens the door, shuts off the light, they both walk out of the door, the door closes.

CLICK!

CUT TO:

39 INT.- CIA DIRECTORS OFFICE.- DAY.

39

A Large office, large leather bound top desk, leather high back desk chair, desktop pc, phone, desk lamp.

Large shelf with rows of books off to one side, photo's of the CIA DIRECTOR with seated president and former Presidents line the walls, assorted knick knacks, photo of wife and son sit on the desk.

Ink blotter sets in the center of the desktop.

The office is clean and warm. Meant to relax you feeling to it.

The CIA DIRECTOR is on the phone--

--there's a soft knock on the door.

KNOCK!, KNOCK!, KNOCK!

--the door opens, CIA AGENT BROWN and ELIZABETH enters.

CIA AGENT BROWN sets the envelope on the desk, then leaves.

ELIZABETH stands, and looks around.

THE CIA DIRECTOR hangs up the phone, looks up at ELIZABETH.

CIA DIRECTOR.

Have a seat please.

He picks up the envelope, opens it, reads the file on ELIZABETH and the mission.

She sits down, crosses her legs.

Pause for a beat.

The CIA DIRCETOR closes the file.

CIA DIRCETOR.

(a calming voice)

Hi Elizabeth, it's nice to meet you.-- Do you know what your mission is?

ELIZABETH DIAZ.

No! That big goon didn't tell me.-- Whats up with him?

CIA DIRCETOR. CONT'D

(laughing)

Yeah he's like that, but a good man.-- Miss Diaz, your going into Russia under your own name, but as a freelance seller for a large pharmaceutical company.-- Your file says you've already met a Russian agent by the the name of,--

(looks at the file)

Victor Makvenio, he's a very bad guy, so be careful.-- Get close as you can to him, do what ever you have to do to gain his trust.-- But what ever you do, don't trust him.-- He's known for killing little girls like you, and without care. So watch yourself.

ELIZABETH sits back in her chair, and relaxes.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D

What is it that I'm supposed to do exactly?

CIA DIRCETOR. CONT'D

We need an insider.-- Your job is to find out as much as you can about the virus rcn-20, where it's held, who's working on it, what their plans are for it, with it. Stuff like that.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D

Okay, do I take pictures and send them to you, how long am I to be there?

CIA DIRCETOR. CONT'D
Your going to be there as long as
it takes or until they find you
out. Video anything that you think
that will be a help to us. But be
careful! If they catch you-- they
won't be kind like us. So don't get
caught.

He points to her WRIST TRACKER.

CIA DIRCETOR. CONT'D
That tracker you have in your
wrist, will send and receive files,
just hold your wrist over your cell
phone.

FLASH BACK SHOT OF AGENT BROWN INSTALLING MUSIC APP. ON HER
SMART PHONE.

CIA DIRCETOR. CONT'D
It has a gps on it so if you need
to get out, press your wrist
three-times and it'll let us know
your location.--
(he shows her)
You don't have to check in with us,
we'll check and download your
whereabouts everyday at 7:00 am.
We'll also contact you by the
tracker.-- It'll feel a little warm
on your wrist. You login at this
website.

He hands her a FAKE CREDIT CARD with a FAKE WEB ADDRESS ON
IT, WITH FAKE CARD NUMBERS. WWW.SYNTHETICRESEACH.COM

CIA DIRCETOR. CONT'D
Login with these numbers.
(points to the cards
numbers.)
4439-6813-7754-1328. If you need us
to pull you out for any reason. Use
the card at any store, coffee shop,
anywhere at all. We'll contact you
by your wrist tracker.-- When it
gets warm, just login in at that
address for instruction.-- If your
in a place were you can't use the
card, tap your wrist five-times and
get somewhere safe, and we'll send
an army to pick you up!
(he's lying)

ELIZABETH looks at the tracker.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
Some real James Bond shit huh?
Alright!

CIA DIRCETOR. CONT'D
Something like that, but this is
for real, okay.

He reaches into his desk drawer, and pulls out some items.

A plane ticket, credit cards, photo Id.

CIA DIRCETOR. CONT'D
Here's your passport, plane ticket,
a photo id, and credit cards.

She takes the items.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
Whats the limit on the cards?

CIA DIRCETOR. CONT'D
\$10,000, more if you need it.

ELIZABETH kisses the card.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
Mama likes.

CIA DIRCETOR. CONT'D
Call the number on the back, it's a
direct line to this office. Your
pin is, I love you.-- Wait for
instructions, do what your told to
do. Easy right?

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
Yeah, sure.

CIA DIRCETOR. CONT'D
If at any time, you fear for your
life, or think their onto you, just
hit that tracker five-times or use
that number on that card... And
we'll get you out-- okay.

He stands up from his seat, reaches for her hand to shake
it.

She stands, and shakes his hand.

CIA DIRCETOR. CONT'D
(smiles)
Good luck!

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
(smiles back)
Yes sir.

ELIZABETH turns and leaves the office.

FADE OUT/IN:

40 EXT.- RUSSIA, MOSCOW.- DAY.

40

The bustling streets of MOSCOW are filled with locals and tourists, with it's beautiful buildings and rich history. The sun is shining, the birds fill the air. With everyone being watched by the KGB, and the FSB, in a country of growing tensions of old ways verses new days.

SUPERIMPOSE Pirogov Russian National Research Medical University.

We see ELIZABETH walking the campus grounds.

Shes dressed in a blue over coat, gloves to match, sunglasses, black knee high boots.

Shes carrying a black briefcase and over the shoulder purse, also black.

She's headed to the office of the MEDICAL BIOPHYSICS.

CUT TO:

41 INT.- OFFICE OF MEDICAL BIOPHYSICS.- DAY.

41

The RECEPTIONIST desk office.

A state of the art office, super clean, all white, large floor to ceiling window filling the office with natural light. A large tree sets in the center of the office, with a seating bench shaped around the large tree.

The RECEPTIONIST, young woman late 20s- blue eyed, blonde hair, short black skirt, shoes to match, white button down shirt with BIOPHYSICS LOGO on the upper left pocket. She's beautiful, stunning.

We see ELIZABETH walk up to the young RECEPTIONIST desk.

She sets down her briefcase.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.

(in russian)

Hi, I'd like to see your head of pharmaceuticals...

RECEPTIONIST.

(in russian)

Okay, just a moment please.

The RECEPTIONIST picks up the phone and types in a number.

RECEPTIONIST. CONT'D

(in russian)

I have someone here who would like to speak to you about pharmaceuticals.-- Okay, thank you.

(smiles at Elizabeth)

Up two flights, office 304.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
 (in russian)
 Okay, thank you.

ANGLE ON ELIZABETH as she picks up her briefcase, and heads for the elevator.

She presses the up button and waits.

The elevator's doors open, she goes in---

42 INT.- ELEVATOR.- DAY

42

She presses the button for floor number THREE, that is labeled in RUSSIAN, the doors close.

CUT TO:

43 INT.- OFFICE OF MEDICAL BIOPHYSICS.- CONTINUOUS.

43

FLOOR NUMBER THREE.

pharmaceutical FLOOR.

We see a long glass wall, that ends at the fire exit stairwell.

The ELEVATOR door opens, out walks ELIZABETH, she goes to the entrance door to the PHARMACEUTICALS OFFICE.

She goes in--

CUT TO:

44 INT.- PHARMACEUTICAL OFFICE.- DAY.

44

ELIZABETH is greeted by the RECEPTIONIST, (AVA) shes tall, long brown hair, a model type in her 30s, very sexy, dressed in a black pencil skirt, white blouse, black 6-inch pumps, glasses.

RECEPTIONIST- AVA.
 (subtitled in Russian)
 May I help you?

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
 (subtitled in Russian)
 Hi my name is Elizabeth, I believe your expecting me.

RECEPTIONIST- AVA. CONT'D
 Yes. I'll see if he's ready to see you.

She picks up the phone and calls the HEAD OF PHARMACEUTICALS.

RECEPTIONIST. AVA. CONT'D
 You have a sales rep here to see
 you.-- yes sir.
 (hands up the phone)
 If you can follow me, I'll take you
 to his office.
 (she gestures with her
 hand)
 This way please.

AVA and ELIZABETH walk down a long hallway to a set of
 double doors labeled LAB (IN RUSSIAN), they enter the LAB--

CUT TO:

45 INT.- PHARMACEUTICAL OFFICE.- LAB.- DAY.

45

The LAB is a typical style LAB, analytical instruments, raw
 material testing for pharmaceutical, bio-pharmaceutical.

THE SOUNDS ON LIVE ANIMALS IN GAGES.

Lab animals, monkeys, rats, small dogs, cats are in cages,
 computers, monitors, etc.

The LAB is a COVER LAB for SECRET BIO-WEAPONS that include
 biological weapons, microorganisms like virus, bacteria,
 fungi, or other toxins that are produced and released
 deliberately to cause disease and death in humans, animals
 or plants.

The back center, A LARGE GLASS WALLED ROOM, is a testing
 chamber, with a long metal table in the center, with chain
 rings and leather binding straps attached to it.

The floor has large rings and chains attached to them. Large
 exhaust ports are in the ceiling of the LARGE GLASS WALLED
 ROOM.

A LAB DESK sits in the center of the room, in front of the
 LARGE GLASS WALLED ROOM.

A MAN in a LAB COAT, (DR. ZUKOVSKY) is working at a LAB
 DESK, looking through a MICROSCOPE.

He's in his 50s, salt and pepper colored hair, clean shaven,
 neat looking MAN.

AVA walks up to him, lightly touches his shoulder, he turns
 to see who is touching him.

RECEPTIONIST- AVA.
 (subtitled in Russian.)
 Dr. Zukovsky, this is the
 pharmaceutical rep I called you
 about, Elizabeth Diaz from
 Synthetic Research Corps.

DR. ZUKOVSKY.
 (subtitled in Russian.)
 Oh yes, yes, yes-- it's so nice to
 meet you!

He sticks out his hand to ELIZABETH as to shake it.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
 (subtitled in Russian.)
 It's nice to meet you Doctor.-- Do
 you speak english?

DR. ZUKOVSKY. CONT'D
 Yes, yes I do-- please sit.

RECEPTIONIST- AVA. CONT'D
 (subtitled in Russian.)
 I'll be leaving you to talk.
 (she leaves the room.)

DR. ZUKOVSKY. CONT'D
 So what can I do for you Miss.
 Diaz?

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
 I represent a large pharmaceutical
 company in the United States. We
 supply raw supplies for testing,
 equipment, and anything you might
 need. We are looking to branching
 out into Russia.

She hands him a business card for SYNTHETIC RESEARCH, he
 takes the card, looks at it.

She looks around the LAB, and notices the cages of small
 animals and the monkeys that line the walls.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
 You don't mind if I look at the
 animals do you-- I just love
 animals, their so cute.

DR. ZUKOVSKY.
 No, no please, have a look, please!

She gets up from her seat, walks over to the ANIMAL CAGES.

She has a big happy smile on her face, as she looks at them.
 SHE PRESSES THE BROOCH TO RECORD THE LAB ANIMALS.

CU- on her and the ANIMALS IN CAGES.

She can't help notice the wounds and missing fur on the
 animals, some are infected, some of the animals are sick.

RED TAGS with RUSSIAN writing are placed on the SICK ANIMAL
 CAGES.

She looks over her shoulder to see if DR. ZUKOVSKY is watching--

ELIZABETH'S POV- on DR. ZUKOVSKY, who is back looking at his slide in his MICROSCOPE.

She removes one of the cards from the LAB MONKEYS CAGE.

It reads, (In RUSSIAN) hold for testing, date 2022-6-04, RCN-20 VIRUS 2:30 pm DR. ZUKOVSKY.

She holds it up to her brooch.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.

(to herself.)

That's tomorrow afternoon.-- I hope you all get this.

She quickly puts the card back, before DR. ZUKOVSKY sees her.

She walks back over to DR. ZUKOVSKY.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.

Well DR. Zukovsky, if you should need to contact me about any of your needs of supplies, please call me, I'll be more than happy to help you sir.

DR. ZUKOVSKY, lifts his head, turns and smiles at her.

DR. ZUKOVSKY.

Yes, yes I will, thank you.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.

It's been my pleasure Doctor, nice meeting you.

DR. ZUKOVSKY. CONT'D

Nice meeting you too, goodbye.

ELIZABETH leaves the LAB.

CUT TO:

46 INT.- PHARMACEUTICALS OFFICE/HALLWAY.

46

ELIZABETH suddenly stops in her tracks--

--she removes her BROOCH--

ELIZABETH DIAZ.

I hope this works.

--and turns around--

CUT TO:

47 INT.- PHARMACEUTICALS OFFICE.- LAB.- CONTINUOUS.

47

--and re-enters the LAB.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.

I'm sorry Dr. Zukovsky, I forgot my
briefcase.

DR. ZUKOVSKY.

(smiles, points)

It's right over there.

ELIZABETH walks over and picks up her briefcase, and
nonchalantly places her BROOCH on the shelf over looking the
LARGE GLASS WALL.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D

Thank you-- once again it was nice
to meet you Doctor.

He turns and smiles at her, she leaves the LAB.

CUT TO:

48 INT.- OFFICE OF MEDICAL BIOPHYSICS.

48

LOBBY.

ELIZABETH is walking out of the building.

CUT TO:

49 EXT.- MEDICAL BIOPHYSIC BUILDING.- DAY

49

ELIZABETH is walking to her rental car--

ANGLE ON TWO FIGURES HIGH UP IN AN OFFICE WINDOW WATCHING
HER LEAVE, ONE FIGURE (A WOMAN, EVIL AND DARK) IS ON THE
PHONE.

FADE OUT/IN:

50 EXT.- LUXURY HOTEL.- DAY.

50

The weather is cold, snow is on the ground.

CUT TO:

51 INT.- LUXURY HOTEL/LOBBY.

51

ELIZABETH is at the LOBBY DESK checking for messages.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.

(subtitled in russian)

Any messages for room 606 please.

RECEPTIONIST.

(subtitled in russian)

One moment please.

She checks on her computer for messages.

RECEPTIONIST. CONT'D
No, there in no messages, sorry!

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
Okay thank you.

ELIZABETH walks over to the elevators and presses the button and waits for the car door to open.

DING!

The ELEVATOR door opens, she goes in, presses the SIXTH FLOOR button--

CU- SIXTH FLOOR BUTTON

--the doors close.

CUT TO:

52 INT.- LUXURY HOTEL.

52

SIXTH FLOOR HALLWAY:

The elevator door opens, she walks out and walks down the hallway to her room 606--

CU- on the door number 606

She slides her key card into the lock--

BEEP!

The door unlocks, she goes in.

CUT TO:

53 INT.- ELIZABETH'S ROOM 606.

53

She removes her coat and lays it on the bed, removes her BLACK LAPTOP from her briefcase and sets it on the bed and turns it on, she walks into the bathroom, and uses it.

The sound of the toilet flushing / water in the sink runs.

She feels her WRIST TRACKER getting warm.

CU- of WRIST TRACKER, as she moves it around on her wrist.

CUT TO:

54 INT.- RUSSIAN FSB SURVEILLANCE.- NIGHT.

54

A dark room equipment with a LARGE MONITOR in the center of the back wall, with TEN small split screens of guest rooms in various hotels and suites in MOSCOW.

FSB officers sit at small desks with computers that are linked to the LARGE MONITOR.

We see on the LARGE MONITOR ELIZABETH'S ROOM 606 with the date and time stamped. (IN RUSSIAN)

A TALL BEARDED MAN keeps watch over the FSB OFFICERS. He's old Russian OLA GUARD.

Note

ONE OF THE SELECT FEW WHO RULES OR INFLUENCES LEADERS IN AN OLIGARCHY CAN BE CALLED AN OLIGARCH. EXAMPLE: THE MEMBERS OF JUST THREE FAMILIES HAVE RUN THE COUNTRY AS AN OLIGARCHY FOR DECADES, SERVING ONLY THEIR OWN INTERESTS.

CUT TO:

55 INT.- ELIZABETH'S ROOM 606- CONTINUOUS.

55

ELIZABETH is sitting on the bed with her BLACK LAPTOP, she logs on to the WEBSITE she was given
WWW.SYNTHETICRESEACH.COM

CU- on LAPTOP SCREEN of website.

CUT TO:

56 INT.- RUSSIAN FSB SURVEILLANCE.- CONTINUOUS.

56

The TALL BEARDED MAN'S POV- on the ELIZABETH'S ROOM, as shes on her LAPTOP.

TALL BEARDED MAN.

(subtitled in Russian)

What is she looking at? Zoom in closer on her laptop! You!

(points to a worker)

Yes you! Whats she looking at?

FSB WORKER.

(subtitled in Russian)

Shes blocking the cameras view sir!

THE TALL BEARDED MAN curses something in RUSSIAN.

He reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out his CELLPHONE, and calls someone.

TALL BEARDED MAN.

(subtitled in Russian)

Get into the American woman's room. Find what shes doing on her laptop, and keep me informed.

(hangs up the call)

He curses something in RUSSIAN.

CUT TO:

57 INT.- RUSSIAN DANCE CLUB.- NIGHT.

57

CLUB FLUORESCENT:

A multi-layered warehouse-style venue just inside Moscow. The large main stage plays host to dance music's biggest DJ artists. The drinks flow as the scantily dressed women move to the groove of the music and laser light show.

We follow ELIZABETH through the dance crowd, shes dressed in a LIME GREEN CORSET DRESS with a See-through print design of gauze and lace, with matching THONG PANTIES and PUMPS, that GLOW UNDER THE FLUORESCENT BLACK LIGHTS. She dances to the groove of the music, taking a drink from a long bong-style glass filled with some kind of drink that is passed around the club, PINK in color.

CUT TO:

58 INT.- ELIZABETH'S ROOM 606.- NIGHT.

58

TWO FSB AGENTS enter ELIZABETH'S room.

The room is clean, with her BLACK LAPTOP sitting on the bed.

ONE of the FSB AGENTS turns on her LAPTOP and installs a SPY-CLONE software on her drive.

CUT TO:

59 INT.- CIA INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.- DAY.

59

A large room with ROWS OF CUBICLES, FOUR wide and SIX deep. MEN and WOMEN make up an ASSET MONITORING UNIT.

CU- on a CIA worker who is MONITORING ELIZABETH'S LAPTOP and WRIST TRACKER.

An ALARM gos off-- and a BLINKING ALERT WARNING WINDOW POPS UP!

CU- on workers PC- MONITOR SCREEN of ALERT WARNING.

The WORKER picks up the phone and calls the CIA DIRECTOR.

CIA WORKER.

Sir, Agent Diaz' laptop was just hacked.-- they loaded a clone ware on it.-- yes we can see their every move. Yes sir.

(hangs up the phone)

CUT TO:

60 INT.- RUSSIAN DANCE CLUB.- CONTINUOUS.

60

ELIZABETH is dancing with a group of MEN and WOMEN-- enjoying herself--

ANGLE ON THE FRONT ENTRANCE, TWO FSB AGENTS enter the club--
CUT TO THE BACK OF THE CLUB.

We see VICTOR sitting with a VERY PRETTY YOUNG LADY, she's in her 20s, blonde hair in a PEEK-A-BOO style, dressed in club ware, LIPSTICK THAT GLOWS UNDER THE FLUORESCENT BLACK LIGHTS.

VICTOR'S POV- on the TWO FSB AGENTS, he QUICKLY shifts his eyes on ELIZABETH who is still dancing with the group of MEN and WOMEN.

VICTOR kisses the YOUNG LADY on the cheek, stands up and gives her some money-- heads to the dance floor and over to ELIZABETH.

He taps her on her shoulder, she turns around-- she smiles at the sight of him, throws her arms around his neck, she's DRUNK AND HIGH from the PINK DRINK that was passed around to her.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
(drunk)
Hey-- what are you doing here?
(kisses him.)

VICTOR pulls her arms from around his neck.

VICTOR.
(embarrassed)
It's time to go.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
Go? But I'm having fun-- dance with me!

ELIZABETH grinds on VICTOR.

VICTOR. CONT'D
Okay, okay that's enough, it's time to go.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
(grabs his cock)
Fuck me! Fuck me right here! On the dance floor.

She drops to her knees, pulls at his pants zipper, he slaps her hands away-- he's pissed and embarrassed at her behavior.

VICTOR, MAN HANDLES ELIZABETH.

VICTOR. CONT'D
(pissed)
Stand up! It's time for you to go!

VICTOR grabs her up like a RAG DOLL and carries her through the clubs FLICKERING STROBE LIGHTS.

She fights him, the club roars at the sight of VICTOR and ELIZABETH-- one of the TWO FSB AGENTS calls someone on his CELLPHONE.

CUT TO:

61 EXT.- RUSSIAN DANCE CLUB.- NIGHT. 61

The entrance doors open, with ELIZABETH in the tight gripped arms of VICTOR.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.

(fighting)

Let me go you big goon!

He lets her go, she falls back a bit, unsteady on her feet.

VICTOR.

Your drunk, it's time for you to go and sleep it off.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.

Fuck you!

(falls into his arms)

I'm horny, I want you to fuck me, fuck me Victor!-- I'll let you fuck my ass!

A CAR pulls up, a YOUNG MAN gets out, and opens the passenger side door.

VICTOR walks ELIZABETH to the CAR--

VICTOR. CONT'D

Get in.

ELIZABETH gets in the car, he shuts the door, and gets in the drivers seat, drives off.

CUT TO:

62 INT.- VICTORS HOUSE.- DAY. 62

LIVING ROOM:

VICTOR is sleeping on his sofa, his GLOCK 9.mm on the COFFEE TABLE under a news paper out of sight, in reach if he needs it.

CUT TO:

63 INT.- VICTORS HOUSE.- DAY. 63

BEDROOM:

The door to the BEDROOM is half opened, the room is dark.

ELIZABETH is fully clothed in VICTORS bed, a heavy blanket covers her.

Shes laying on her back, with one leg hanging off the bed.

CUT TO:

64 INT.- VICTORS HOUSE.- CONTINUOUS.

64

BACK IN LIVING ROOM:

VICTOR, sleeping on the SOFA.

The sound of VICTORS CELLPHONE VIBRATING.

ZZZZZZZZZZZZ!--ZZZZZZZZZZZZ!--ZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

VICTOR wakes up, reaches for his CELLPHONE from the COFFEE TABLE.

CU- on VIBRATING CELLPHONE.

VICTOR.
(subtitled in Russian)
Hello. Yes, yes.--
(lites a cigarette)
Shes in my bed sleeping.-- No we
didn't have sex last night.-- yes I
will.-- okay bye.

VICTOR gets up from the sofa, goes to the kitchen sink and splashes water on his face and hair. Makes a pot of coffee, leans on the kitchen counter, smoking,-- THINKING.

He walks back into the LIVING ROOM, lifts the NEWS PAPER off his GLOCK 9.mm, checks it, slides the magazine. out of it,-- blows on the rounds and slides it back into the gun,-- tucks it behind his back in his pants, takes a drag from his smoke.

The sound of the COFFEE MAKER beeps.

BEEP!, BEEP!, BEEP!

CU- on COFFEE MAKER.

He pours himself a CUP OF COFFEE, and sits at the small KITCHEN TABLE.

ANGLE ON BEDROOM DOOR as it opens, out walks ELIZABETH in a hangover drunken zombie walk.

She stands and looks around at her surrounding,-- she lost to where she is at.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
(whispers)
Where the fuck am I?

She walks slowly to the smell of the COFFEE--

VICTOR'S POV- on ELIZABETH, shes a mess, her hair is out of place and her makeup smugged.

VICTOR.
(smiles)
Hey, good morning!

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
Is that coffee?

VICTOR. CONT'D
Yes, let me get you a cup.

VICTOR gets up and helps her to the KITCHEN TABLE.

VICTOR. CONT'D
Let me help you before you fall down.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
How'd I get here?

VICTOR. CONT'D
(pouring the coffee)
I brought you here, you don't remember?

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
(in a zombie state)
No! Did we?-- we, have sex?!?

VICTOR. CONT'D
(hands her the coffee)
Give me some credit, you were drunk off your feet, I'm not that kinda man. Drink your coffee.-- You want something to eat?

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
God no, just coffee!
(sips the coffee)

VICTOR. CONT'D
So, what brings you to Russia?

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
My job.

VICTOR. CONT'D
(he knows shes lying)
Your job? Doing what??

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
I'm a pharmaceuticals rep. This coffee is really good.

VICTOR. CONT'D
 (smirks)
 A pharmaceutical rep.?

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
 Yeah why?

VICTOR. CONT'D
 Nothing! I'm gonna take a shower,
 make yourself at home.
 (leaves for the bathroom)

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
 (to herself)
 Shit!

She gets up, looks for her shoes, puts them on.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
 VICTOR! I'M GONNA LEAVE OKAY! I'LL
 CALL YOU LATER! BYE!!

CUT TO:

65 INT.- VICTOR'S HOUSE.- CONTINUOUS.

65

BATHROOM:

The sound of the shower water running.

VICTOR is fully clothed, standing behind the BATHROOM DOOR
 with his GLOCK 9.mm in his hand.

The sound of the front door closing.

VICTOR comes out of the BATHROOM, checks the other rooms,
 runs to the WINDOW, looks out--

VICTOR'S POV- as ELIZABETH comes out of the building, and
 walks out of sight.

He reaches for his CELLPHONE and calls someone.

VICTOR.
 (subtitled in Russian)
 She just left. Yes.

CUT TO:

66 INT.- ELIZABETH'S ROOM 606.

66

ELIZABETH is in the shower, the room is steamy--

--the steam pours out into the bedroom, music plays from her
 SMART PHONE.

CUT TO:

67 INT.- RUSSIAN FSB SURVEILLANCE.- DAY.

67

FSB OFFICERS are watching ELIZABETH'S room, the steam from the BATHROOM SHOWER steams up the MICRO CAMERAS placed in the corners of the room--

CU- on MICRO CAMERAS.

--the music from her SMART PHONE distorts the AUDIO DEVICES in the tiny room.

CU- on SCREEN MONITOR, SHOWING A BLURRED STEAMY ROOM.

TALL BEARDED MAN.
(subtitled in Russian)
Whats happening? Why so fuzzy?

FSB WORKER.
(subtitled in Russian)
Shes taking a hot shower, steam is fogging up the cameras sir.

TALL BEARDED MAN. CONT'D
What is the noise?

FSB WORKER. CONT'D
She's playing music sir.

TALL BEARDED MAN. CONT'D
Go to another camera, find what shes doing!

The FSB WORKER switches through each MICRO CAMERA looking for ELIZABETH.

CUT TO:

68 INT.- ELIZABETH'S ROOM 606- CONTINUOUS.

68

BATHROOM:

ELIZABETH is sitting on the TOILET SEAT checking her massages on the website she was given.

CU- on LAPTOP SCREEN, as she scrolls through her massages.

She clicks a massage titled EYES.

She opens the MESSAGE, it opens and shows an EMOJI of a pair of EYES.

She quickly closes the window, and logs off of the site, and shuts down the LAPTOP.

She sits a moment, thinking!

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
(to herself)
FUCK!

She quickly undresses and takes a shower.

CUT TO:

69 INT.- CIA INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.- NIGHT. 69

We see a CIA AGENT monitoring ELIZABETH'S LAPTOP--

A window pops up on his screen, showing she has logged on to the website and checked her massages.

The CIA AGENT calls the DIRECTOR.

CIA WORKER.

Sir, agent Diaz has logged on and checked the massage.

CUT TO:

70 INT.- CIA DIRECTORS OFFICE.- NIGHT. 70

The CIA DIRECTOR, sitting at his desk, on the phone with the CIA AGENT--

CIA DIRECTOR.

Has the Russians seen it? Scrub it and place a fake message in it's stead. Keep me informed.

(hangs up the phone)

CUT TO:

71 INT.- CIA INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.- CONTINUOUS. 71

The CIA AGENT hangs up the phone, runs a MESSAGE SCRUB PROGRAM and replaces it with a new FAKE MESSAGE.

FADE TO BLACK:

72 INT- COMPUTER STORE.- DAY. 72

ELIZABETH is shopping for a NEW LAPTOP, a LOOK-A-LIKE, like the ONE she has now.

She picks up a BLACK LAPTOP PC that matches her OLD ONE, looks at the price. (RUSSIAN CURRENCY)

Takes it up to the COUNTER and pays for the LAPTOP on her COMPANY CARD.

CUT TO:

73 INT.- CIA INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.- CONTINUOUS. 73

CU- on CIA AGENTS MONITOR a window pops up showing the use of the COMPANY CREDIT CARD being used.

The CIA AGENT records the trans action.

CUT TO:

74 INT- COMPUTER STORE.- CONTINUOUS. 74

ELIZABETH walks out of the COMPUTER STORE and walks across the street to a COFFEE SHOP--

QUICKLY CROSSFADE:

75 INT.- COFFEE SHOP.- DAY. 75

A small INTERNET COFFEE SHOP, small tables and chairs fill the shop.

ELIZABETH takes a seat about THREE-ROWS from the entrance, and just far enough away and out of site of the LARGE FRONT WINDOW, she can see whose coming and going.

The COFFEE SHOP HOSTESS brings her a SMALL CUP OF COFFEE.

ELIZABETH logs on to the website--

CUT TO:

76 INT.- CIA INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.- NIGHT. 76

CU- on CIA AGENTS MONITOR, a window pops up, showing a new login from a new LAPTOP.

CU- on WINDOW POP UP, as a login password is typed in.

The CIA AGENT picks up the PHONE and calls the DIRECTOR--

CIA WORKER.

Sir! Agent Diaz has just logged in with a different laptop. Yes sir I can.-- You should see it now sir.
Yes sir.

(hangs up the phone)

CUT TO:

77 INT.- COFFEE SHOP.- CONTINUOUS. 77

ELIZABETH checks for a new message from the CIA DIRECTOR.

CU- on EMAIL MESSAGE BOARD, she scrolls through the new messages.

As shes scrolling a NEW MESSAGE POPS UP!

She clicks the NEW MESSAGE, it opens--

IT READS;

Eyes are on you, and laptop. PLAY THE GAME THROUGH!!

It'll get warm soon!

D.

The MESSAGE DELETES before her eyes.

ELIZABETH sips her COFFEE, and LOGS OFF from the WEBSITE.

She sits and thinks-- WHY HER?

A SERIES OF FLASH BACKS OF MEETING VICTOR, THE CIA.

SHE FEELS A SETUP TO FALL ON HER.

She ponders her next move, closes the LAPTOP and leaves the COFFEE SHOP.

CUT TO:

78 INT.- MOSCOW BANK.- DAY.

78

ELIZABETH buys a SAFETY DEPOSIT BOX--

The BANK TELLER takes her to her DEPOSIT BOX in a LONG LARGE ROOM with ROWS AND ROWS OF SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES.

CU- on BOX 209, BANK TELLER hands her her PRIVATE KEY, smiles at her and leaves ELIZABETH alone.

ELIZABETH unlocks the DEPOSIT BOX, puts her BLACK LAPTOP in the BOX, locks it, and leaves the room and out the door.

CUT TO:

79 INT.- ELIZABETH'S ROOM 606- DAY.

79

ELIZABETH quickly changes her cloths--

--she puts on a BUSINESS SUIT, ties her hair up in a ponytail, leaves the room.

CUT TO:

80 EXT.- MEDICAL BIOPHYSIC PARKING LOT.- DAY

80

We see ELIZABETH pull into the PARKING LOT, she parks--

CUT TO:

81 INT.- ELIZABETH'S RENTAL CAR.- DAY.

81

She checks her makeup, her breath, and opens the door and steps out.

CUT TO:

82 EXT.- MEDICAL BIOPHYSIC PARKING LOT.

82

She walks to the entrance of the BUILDING and goes in.

CROSSFADE:

83 INT.- OFFICE OF MEDICAL BIOPHYSICS.

83

RECEPTIONEST DESK:

The RECEPTIONEST is the same young lady as before.

RECEPTIONEST.
(subtitled in Russian)
May I help you?

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
(subtitled in Russian)
Yes, I'm here to see Dr. Zukovsky
on a follow up.

RECEPTIONEST. CONT'D
Just one moment please.
(she calls someone)
Yes I will.
(hangs up the phone)
You can go right up.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
Thank you.

The RECEPTIONEST calls someone--

CUT TO:

84 INT.- PHARMACEUTICALS OFFICE.- DAY.

84

TOP FLOOR:

A OLDER WOMAN (EVIL DARK) dressed in a BLACK PANTS SUIT,
hair long with gray streaks put up in a bun, old style
glasses, shes an OLD EX-KGB AGENT from the COLD WAR. MOTHER
RUSSIA is her life.

Sitting at her desk, CIGAR burning next to her, typing on
her keyboard, (MORE LIKE CHICKEN PECKING)--

The PHONE RINGS.

RING!, RING!, RING!

OLDER WOMAN.
(subtitled in Russian)
Yes-- keep me informed.
(hangs up the phone)

CUT TO:

85 INT.- PHARMACEUTICALS OFFICE.- LAB.- DAY.

85

The door opens and walks ELIZABETH, she met by AVA, DR.
ZUKOVSKY'S RECEPTIONEST.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
 (subtitled in Russian)
 Hi, Ava is it?

RECEPTIONEST- AVA.
 (subtitled in Russian)
 Yes, how are you?

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
 I'm good, is Dr. Zukovsky in?

RECEPTIONEST- AVA. CONT'D
 Yes, I'll let him know your here.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
 Thanks.

RECEPTIONEST AVA, calls DR. ZUKOVSKY. She places her hand over the PHONE and WHISPERS LOW.

She hangs up the PHONE.

RECEPTIONEST- AVA.
 He'll see you now, you can just go on back.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
 Thank you.

ELIZABETH heads for the LAB.

ANGLE ON RECEPTIONEST AVA, as she calls someone else.

CROSSFADE:

86 INT.- PHARMACEUTICALS OFFICE.- LAB.- CONTINUOUS.

86

The LAB has changed a slight bit, the ANIMAL CAGES are gone, and the GLASS ROOM has been removed and put in it's place rows of shelves and book cases.

ELIZABETH walks through the LAB DOORS, DR. ZUKOVSKY is eating his lunch.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
 Hi Dr. Zukovsky, how are you?

DR. ZUKOVSKY.
 (smiles)
 Elizabeth how are you?

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
 Did you get a chance to look over any of the products I showed you?

DR. ZUKOVSKY. CONT'D
 Yes, yes I did. But I'm afraid I can't help you.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
Awe that's to bad, why? Is there
anything I can maybe help you with,
something for your animals, lab
work??

DR. ZUKOVSKY. CONT'D
No, I'm sorry Elizabeth, budget
cuts, you know how it is.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
Yes I know, that's to bad, I'm
sorry.

(she looks around.)
Looks like some changes have been
going on sense I was last here,
your not moving are you?

DR. ZUKOVSKY. CONT'D
No, no just completed project.

ELIZABETH walks around the LAB, she spots her BROOCH CAMERA
where she left it.

CU- on BROOCH CAMERA.

She watches for her moment to retrieve her BROOCH CAMERA.

The sound of the PHONE RINGS.

RING!, RING!, RING!

DR. ZUKOVSKY. CONT'D
Excuse me, I must take this.
(he picks up the phone)
Yes?

ELIZABETH quickly grabs her BROOCH CAMERA and slips it into
her pocket.

CU- on her slipping it into her pocket.

ELIZABETH'S POV- on a LOGGED ON LAPTOP, she waits for her
chance to see whats on it.

DR ZUKOVSKY sets the phone receiver down and leaves the LAB.

ELIZABETH quickly inserts a USB DRIVE and COPIES THE LABS
FILES--

She quickly removes the USB DRIVE keeping an eye out for the
DOCTOR to return.

He returns and continues his call.

She mouths the word I'M GONNA GO NOW! To DR. ZUKOVSKY.

ANGLE ON DR. ZUKOVSKY, he waves goodbye and a smile.

She leaves the LAB.

CUT TO:

87 EXT.- MEDICAL BIOPHYSIC PARKING LOT. 87

ELIZABETH quickly, at a fast pace walk to her RENTAL CAR.

CUT TO:

88 INT.- OFFICE OF MEDICAL BIOPHYSICS.- CONTINUOUS. 88

OLDER WOMAN'S POV- on ELIZABETH walking to her RENTAL CAR
CIGAR in her hand.

CUT TO:

89 EXT.- MEDICAL BIOPHYSIC PARKING LOT.- CONTINUOUS. 89

ELIZABETH opens the drives side door--

CUT TO:

90 INT.- ELIZABETH'S RENTAL CAR. 90

--slides in, starts the engine, and drives off.

CUT TO:

91 INT.- PHARMACEUTICALS OFFICE.- CONTINUOUS. 91

The OLDER WOMAN picks up her phone and calls VICTOR.

OLDER WOMAN.

(subtitled in Russian)

Victor, you find out what this girl
is up to, and report back to me.--
No, no! You are to report to me!!

She hangs up the phone, takes a drag from her CIGAR, slowly
blows out the smoke--

CUT TO:

92 EXT.- A SERVICE ROAD.- DAY. 92

AERIAL SHOT:

We follow the RENTAL CAR to an OVER PASS, she pulls over
under the OVER PASS, and parks.

CROSSFADE:

93 INT.- ELIZABETH'S RENTAL CONTINUOUS. 93

ELIZABETH takes her SMART PHONE from her pocket along with
the BROOCH CAMERA.

CU- on BROOCH CAMERA, as she removes the MEMORY CARD and puts it into her SMART PHONE.

CU- on SMART PHONE SCREEN as the video plays.

VIDEO ON SMART PHONE;

We see a horrific scene, of a MONKEY strapped on a table, a LAB TECH dressed in protective clothing, hooded mask shield, rubber gloves, protective boots, carrying a small silver tray.

CU- on the SILVER TRAY, a VIAL BOTTLE AND A SYRINGE covered with a white towel.

The LAB TECH loads the SYRINGE from the VIAL BOTTLE--

CU- of VIAL BOTTLE marked VIRUS RCN-20. (The tech name is Rhino Corona Nova-toxin - 20.)

ANGLE ON ELIZABETH'S face as she watches.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.

What the hell are they doing?

ANGLE ON LAB TECH.

--injects the MONKEY, and leaves the GLASS WALLED ROOM.

The LAB TECH stands in front of a CONTROL PANEL and pushes a button--

--raising the LAB TABLE and MONKEY at an 45 degree ANGLE, for everyone to see.

We hear others in the background speaking in RUSSIAN and CHINESE.

With in a minute the MONKEY began to shake violently, it's eyes began to bleed out, blood rolls down the MONKEYS cheeks and onto the table and drips on the floor.

The MONKEY'S chest and stomach heaves, it has trouble breathing--

The MONKEY tries to scream, but nothing come out!

It arches it's back up high in the air in a violent pain--

--and DIES!

ANGLE ON ELIZABETH'S FACE, she horrified, gasps for air, quickly opens the drivers door and throws up.

We hear the sound of the VIDEO still playing with what sounds like a congratulations cheer.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
 Mother-fuck!-- What the fuck was
 that?-- FUCK!

She spits out pieces of food onto the ground.

She pulls herself together, wipes her mouth off, checks
 herself in the rear view mirror, wipes her eyes, fixes her
 makeup and hair--

--shes breathing hard, takes a deep breath, calms herself--
 --and drives off.

CUT TO:

94 INT.- RUSSIAN FSB SURVEILLANCE.- DAY.

94

The TALL BEARDED MAN and VICTOR are standing together
 watching ELIZABETH'S HOTEL ROOM.

CU- on LARGE MONITOR SCREEN of ELIZABETH'S ROOM.

TALL BEARDED MAN.
 (subtitled in Russian)
 Did you get a chance to copy the
 data from the girls phone?

VICTOR.
 (subtitles in Russian)
 No.

TALL BEARDED MAN. CONT'D
 (subtitled in Russian)
 No? But you stayed the night with
 her! Why not copy phone?

VICTOR gets into the TALL BEARDED MANS face.

VICTOR. CONT'D
 You don't tell me how to do my job!
 I do what I want, and how I want!
 It's not so easy to do! What is
 Rnc-20 virus?

TALL BEARDED MAN. CONT'D
 Where did you hear about this, this
 virus?

VICTOR. CONT'D
 I have ears. So what is it?

TALL BEARDED MAN. CONT'D
 If you must know, it's power over
 the Americans.

VICTOR. CONT'D
 Power over the American? How??

TALL BEARDED MAN. CONT'D
 We pay the Chinese to make it, grow
 it in their labs-- they release it
 into the air, Americans get sick,
 western world gets sick, have lock
 downs, lose billions of dollars,
 kills off millions of people.

VICTOR. CONT'D
 So how is that good for Russia?

TALL BEARDED MAN. CONT'D
 When economy go's bad in the west,
 we get stronger.

VICTOR. CONT'D
 What about people here in Russia?

TALL BEARDED MAN. CONT'D
 Some people die, it's just a loss
 we can live with, makes it look
 like we get sick too, all part of
 the game.

VICTOR. CONT'D
 Part of the game?

TALL BEARDED MAN. CONT'D
 YES! With this virus we bend the
 Amearicans knee, and the western
 world. Let the small China man take
 the blame Mother Russia needs to
 rule from now on!

VICTOR. CONT'D
 I don't want to hear anymore, I'm
 outta here.

TALL BEARDED MAN. CONT'D
 Just get information we want!

VICTOR. CONT'D
 I will! When I'm ready!!
 (leaves the room)

CUT TO:

95 INT.- RUSSIAN FSB SURVEILLANCE.- DAY.

95

HALLWAY:

VICTOR, angered-- he calls ELIZABETH on his CELL PHONE.

ELIZABETH'S VOICE MAIL;

ELIZABETH DIAZ VOICEMAIL.
 Hi this Elizabeth, sorry I'm not
 in, please leave a message!

VICTOR.
Elizabeth, it's me Victor, are you
free for diner? Call me back, bye!

VICTOR hangs up his call, lights a cigarette and leaves the
building.

CUT TO:

96 INT.- COFFEE SHOP.- NIGHT. 96

ELIZABETH, is logged on to the CIA FAKE website, she sends a
massage to the CIA DIRECTOR-- titled "RCN-20"

She uploads the VIDEO of the MONKEY in the LAB.

CUT TO:

97 INT.- CIA INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.- DAY. 97

A WINDOW pops up showing ELIZABETH'S LOGIN.

The CIA WORKER calls the DIRECTORS PHONE.

CUT TO:

98 INT.- WASHINGTON D.C..-DAY. 98

SENATORS OFFICE.

The CIA DIRECTOR is in a private meeting with the
CONGRESSWOMAN OF COLORADO.

His CELL PHONE vibrates.

ZZZZZZZZZZ!, ZZZZZZZZZZ!, ZZZZZZZZZZ!

CIA DIRCETOR.
Excuse me, I need to take this
ma'am.--- This is Director Gates.
Yes, send me the video. Thank you.

THE CIA DIRECTOR watches the VIDEO of the MONKEY on his
PHONE.

CU- on CELLPHONE screen, VIDEO PLAYING.

CIA DIRCETOR. CONT'D
(a gasp)
Holy fuck!

CONGRESSWOMAN.
What is it?

CIA DIRCETOR. CONT'D
Congresswoman, what I'm about to
share and show you cannot leave
this room-- understood!

CONGRESSWOMAN. CONT'D
Yes, yes of course! What is it??

CIA DIRCETOR. CONT'D
This video was taken by an
undercover agent of mine working in
Russia.

He shows THE CONGRESSWOMAN the VIDEO.

She watches the VIDEO.

She gasps, places her hand over her mouth, holding back her
lunch.

CONGRESSWOMAN. CONT'D
What in the hell is that?

CIA DIRCETOR. CONT'D
That is Rnc-20-- a virus designed
to kill millions if set free on the
world.

CONGRESSWOMAN. CONT'D
Well we gotta destroy it! We can't
let them use that shit Jim!!

CIA DIRCETOR. CONT'D
I have an agent working on it.

CONGRESSWOMAN. CONT'D
Are they any good?

CIA DIRCETOR. CONT'D
Yes, very. I'm sorry but I have to
go, we'll continue this another
time?

CONGRESSWOMAN. CONT'D
Jim! Kill that virus, okay!!

CIA DIRCETOR. CONT'D
We'll do are best.

The CIA DIRECTOR leaves the room in a hurry.

FADE TO BLACK:

99 INT.- CIA DIRECTORS OFFICE.- DAY.

99

The CIA DIRECTOR is sitting at his desk--

ANGLE ON DOOR as AGENT ROBERTS, 40s, tall good looking, well
kept, all business, PSYCHO-- comes in.

AGENT ROBERTS.
You wanted to see me sir?

CIA DIRCETOR.
 (looks up)
 You are going to Russia.

AGENT ROBERTS. CONT'D
 Russia sir?

CIA DIRCETOR. CONT'D
 Yes, Russia. Your going to team up
 with agent Diaz.

AGENT ROBERTS. CONT'D
 Agent Diaz's? Isn't she-- the--?

CIA DIRCETOR. CONT'D
 Yes, the very one. She's
 undercover, and has came across a
 deadly virus the Russians have
 tested along with the help of
 Chinese government.

AGENT ROBERTS. CONT'D
 Does she know sir? That she's gonna
 take the fall for this!

CIA DIRCETOR. CONT'D
 No! And your gonna make sure she
 falls hard on this. Or we're all
 gonna fall. If this comes back on
 us in anyway, we all go to prison.

The CIA DIRECTOR hands him a USB DRIVE in the shape of a
 CUTE BEAR--

AGENT ROBERTS takes the DRIVE, looks at it, smiles.

CIA DIRCETOR. CONT'D
 All you need to know about the
 virus is on here. It'll delete it's
 self as you review it, so pay
 attention.
 (shakes his hand)
 Do it at all cost!

AGENT ROBERTS. CONT'D
 All cost sir?

CIA DIRCETOR. CONT'D
 (pause)
 All cost!

AGENT ROBERTS. CONT'D
 Yes sir.

AGENT ROBERTS, leaves the room and into--

CUT TO:

100 INT- AGENTS ROBERTS HOUSE.- NIGHT.

100

LATE EVENING:

The windows are open, the HOUSE IS COLD, SPOOKY COLD!

AGENT ROBERTS is sitting NAKED at his kitchen table with a TALL GLASS OF MILK, reviewing the USB DRIVE given to him by the CIA DIRECTOR.

A SERIES OF STILL IMAGES OF TOP SECRET PAPERS ON THE VIRUS AND A FOLDER TITLED VIRUS, A FOLDER TITLED-- DOSSIER-- ELIZABETH DIAZ.

He reviews the TOP SECRET PAPERS on the VIRUS. As he scrolls through the PAPERS they are DELETED.

He clicks the FOLDER TITLED "VIRUS" and watches the VIDEO of the MONKEY.

HE FEELS NOTHING! NO EMOTION. HE ENJOYS THE VIDEO!

Without any emotion he takes it all in to the end of the VIDEO-- then it DELETES like a BURNED OLD FILM.

He then clicks the FOLDER TITLED--"DOSSIER"-- ELIZABETH DIAZ.

The FOLDER opens--

CU- on IMAGES OF ELIZABETH, FAMILY PHOTOS, OLD PHOTOS OLD EX-BOYFRIENDS PHOTOS etc.

He scrolls through the HISTORY of ELIZABETH, from her life as a child to the present day.

He stops on a "SANCTION ORDER" the ORDER is FLASHING in BIG RED LETTERS.

"TERMINATE!" OVERLAID, OVER ELIZABETH'S IMAGE.

With a stern blank all business look on his face he closes the window out--

--the USB DRIVE sparks and smokes--

He slowly closes his LAPTOP, and drinks his GLASS OF MILK, HE'S AROUSED.

FADE TO BLACK:

101 INT.- ELIZABETH'S ROOM 606- NIGHT.

101

ELIZABETH is sitting on her bed taking off her shoes--

The sound of her SMART PHONE- MUSIC PLAYS.

She picks up her PHONE and checks to see who it is.

CU- on SMART PHONE SCREEN SHOWING VICTORS NAME.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
Hello! Dinner? Ahmmm, yeah sure,
when? Okay, let me hop in the
shower and I'll see you in an hour,
okay! Bye!!

She thinks to herself-- That's weird??

CUT TO:

102 INT.- VICTORS HOUSE.- NIGHT. 102

VICTOR, at his KITCHEN TABLE cleaning his GLOCK 9.mm, he
reassembles it--

FLASH IMAGES OF REASSEMBLING GUN.

He slides the magazine in the butt of the gun, pulls the
slide back, releases it--

CLICK!

--LOCKED AND LOADED!

CUT TO:

103 EXT.- MOSCOW AIRPORT.- NIGHT. 103

AGENT ROBERTS walks out of the AIRPORTS entrance, black
briefcase in hand, hails a CAB.

CAB pulls up, he gets in--

--the CAB pulls off--

CUT TO:

104 INT.- A RESTAURANT.- ESTABLISHING.- NIGHT. 104

VICTOR AND ELIZABETH are enjoying drinks, she a glass of RED
WINE, him a glass of RUSSIAN VODKA.

VICTOR.
You look great.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
My hair okay?

VICTOR. CONT'D
Perfect, as always.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
You think so!?

VICTOR. CONT'D
It's absolutely beautiful. You
always look beautiful.-- so, are
you enjoying yourself in Russia?

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
Yeah, it's a nice place-- a little
cold, but nice, I like it.

A BIG MAN who looks like he just stepped out of the GYM
walks up to VICTOR. He whispers something in VICTOR'S ear.

BIG MAN.
(in Russian)
Her room is clean.

ANGLE ON ELIZABETH, understanding them both, she sips her
wine.

VICTOR.
(in Russian)
Okay thank you.

The BIG MAN leaves.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
Is everything okay?

VICTOR.
(lying)
Yes, yes my brother, you know
family.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
Victor! You should have introduced
me to him!!

VICTOR. CONT'D
He had to get back home, wife and
kids, you know!

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
Victor!

VICTOR. CONT'D
It's okay. Hows you drink?

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
Good! So, what we gonna do tonight?

VICTOR. CONT'D
Oh, I don't know. What would you
like to do?

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
Lets go dancing!!

VICTOR. CONT'D
Okay, we go dancing.

VICTOR raises his hand up to the waiter for his check.

CUT TO:

105 INT.- CIA SAFE HOUSE.- NIGHT. 105

Small ONE ROOM, BED, KITCHEN TABLE, STOVE, SMALL FRIDGE, SMALL SINK, and BATH.

AGENT ROBERTS pulls the STOVE out from the wall. Behind it is a SAFE--

CU- ON SAFE, as he enters the SAFE CODE 66855.

We hear a BEEP!

He opens the SAFE and removes a 9.mm GLOCK and SILENCER, a BUNDLE ON RUSSIAN CASH--

--he looks at the CASH and puts it back in the SAFE, closes it, slides back the STOVE in place.

He puts the 9.mm behind his back, the SILENCER in his JACKET POCKET, shuts off the light and leaves the safe house.

We hear a CLICK of the door LATCH!

FADE TO BLACK:

106 INT.- VICTORS HOUSE.- NIGHT. 106

The door opens, in falls VICTOR and ELIZABETH locked in a heated KISS-- She kicks closed the door with her foot as VICTOR removes his JACKET, the TWO rushing and pawing at each others cloths as they remove them, she quickly unzips her dress, it falls to the floor at her feet, she steps out from it and, pulls at his pants as he removes his shirt-- their breath is heavy as the TWO kiss and touch each other, making their way to the BEDROOM.

BEDROOM:

VICTOR is backing up, as ELIZABETH drops his pants--

--she backs up a bit, bites her lip, and in a smooth motion pushes him onto the bed, and goes down on him-- she looks up at him--

VICTORS POV- on ELIZABETH, she has a look of, "YOUR GONNA LOVE THIS WHEN I'M DONE!" On her face.

Her head drops in his lap, his head falls back in pleasure.

DISSOLVE TO:

107 INT.- VICTORS HOUSE.- CONTINUOUS. 107

LATE THAT NIGHT:

VICTOR and ELIZABETH are sleeping, her head on his chest, his arm under her neck.

CU- on VICTOR as his eyes open, he looks over at her, he waits--

A MOMENT.

He slowly slides his arm from underneath her, gets out of bed, gets his SMART PHONE from his pants goes into the LIVING ROOM--

We follow him--

LIVING ROOM:

He picks up her bag, and removes her SMART PHONE, goes into the KITCHEN, he places her PHONE ON TOP OF HIS and COPIES her PHONE DATA.

ANGLE ON BEDROOM DOOR, ELIZABETH is standing in the doorway watching him.

ELIZABETH'S POV- on VICTOR copying her PHONE.

VICTOR removes her PHONE from his, checks his PHONE--

CU- on VICTOR'S PHONE SCREEN, "COPY COMPLETE."

ANGLE ON BEDROOM DOOR, ELIZABETH goes back to bed.

VICTOR puts back her SMART PHONE, goes to the BATHROOM.

CUT TO:

108 INT.- VICTOR'S HOUSE.- DAY.

108

ELIZABETH is putting her dress on, VICTOR is pretending to be asleep, she quietly leaves the BEDROOM.

ANGLE ON VICTOR, he lifts his head and watches her leave the room.

LIVING ROOM:

She grabs her shoes and bag, opens the door and leaves.

We hear the door latch CLICK! Gently as she closes the door.

ANGLE ON VICTOR, he quickly jumps out of bed and goes into the LIVING ROOM, looks out of the window and watches her leave.

He goes into the BEDROOM and gets his PHONE from his pants--

--calls someone--

VICTOR.
 (subtitled in Russian)
 I'm sending you her phone data.
 (sends her data)
 Okay bye.

FADE TO BLACK:

109 INT.- COFFEE SHOP.- DAY.

109

ELIZABETH is enjoying a CUP OF COFFEE and working on her NEW LAPTOP, she contacts her SECRET SERVICE DIRECTOR--

MESSAGE;

Director,

Attached is a video of a Monkey in a lab. Testing on the Monkey is the RNC-20 Virus.

This is an un-monitored laptop, I will contact you soon.

E.

We see her upload the VIDEO of the MONKEY in the LAB.

CU- upload pop up-- progress bar 00-100% "UPLOAD COMPLETE."

She closes down her laptop, sips her COFFEE, and thinks a bit alone.

CUT TO:

110 INT.- ELIZABETH'S ROOM 606- NIGHT.

110

ELIZABETH is cooking herself something to eat, the pot on the stove is boiling water, frying pan filled with meat and frying.

We hear a KNOCK at her door--

KNOCK!, KNOCK!, KNOCK!

She turns down the frying pans burner--

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
 JUST ONE SECOND!
 (burns her finger)
 Shit!
 (kisses it)

She unlocks the door--

AGENT ROBERTS is standing on the other side.

--opens it--

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
(shocked)
May I help you?
(finger in her mouth)

AGENT ROBERTS.
(Russian accent)
Elizabeth-- Diaz?

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
Yeah I'm her. Who are you?

AGENT ROBERTS. CONT'D
I'm here about your watch.

She looks at her watch, confused.

AGENT ROBERTS. CONT'D
(he points to her watch)
Your watch.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
Oh! Yeah my watch-- come in, please
come in.

AGENT ROBERTS comes in, she shuts the door.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
They didn't tell me you were coming
in person.

She takes it off and hands it to him, and mouths the words--
THERE WATCHING US.

He winks slightly back at her.

AGENT ROBERTS. CONT'D
This will only take a moment.

She walks over to the stove and checks the boiling water,
places Spaghetti noodles in the water, turns the burner heat
on the frying pan up.

AGENT ROBERTS pretends to adjust her watch.

AGENT ROBERTS.
Smells good.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
Would you like to stay for dinner?
I have plenty!

AGENT ROBERTS. CONT'D
(hands her back the
watch)
All set.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
It's fixed?

AGENT ROBERTS. CONT'D
All fixed.

ELIZABETH puts the watch back on-- they both share a look of
"Not Here, Not Now!"

AGENT ROBERTS. CONT'D
May I use your bathroom?

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
Sure,-- it's behind you through the
bed room, that way.

She shows him the way.

AGENT ROBERTS. CONT'D
Thank you.

CUT TO:

111 INT.- ELIZABETH'S ROOM 606.

111

BATHROOM:

AGENT ROBERTS shuts the BATHROOM door, runs the HOT WATER IN
THE SINK, steams up the mirror, and writes a message.

MESSAGE ON STEAMY MIRROR;

Meet me at the COFFEE SHOP across from the BANK 2 pm
tomorrow.

He shuts off the water, flushes the toilet, and leave the
BATHROOM.

CUT TO:

112 INT.- ELIZABETH'S ROOM 606- CONTINUOUS.

112

AGENT ROBERTS returns to the LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN.

ELIZABETH is standing at the STOVE frying her meat for her
dinner, the smell of the frying meat fills the room.

AGENT ROBERTS.
I'm gonna leave now. If you have
any more problems with your watch--
please contact us for a repair.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
Thank you so much for stopping by.
Are you sure you don't want to stay
for a bite to eat?

AGENT ROBERTS. CONT'D
 Yes I'm sure, thank you for the
 offer though.

ELIZABETH shows him the door, he leaves. She continues
 cooking her dinner.

CUT TO:

113 INT.- RUSSIAN FSB SURVEILLANCE.- NIGHT. 113

The TALL BEARDED MAN walks into the FSB SURVEILLANCE ROOM.

TALL BEARDED MAN'S POV- on monitors of ELIZABETH'S ROOM.

TALL BEARDED MAN.
 (subtitled in Russian)
 Who was that who just left her
 room?

FSB WORKER.
 (subtitled in Russian)
 Repair man for her watch sir.

ANGLE ON LARGE MONITOR SCREEN, shows ELIZABETH waving a
 towel over the SMOKE ALARM.

TALL BEARDED MAN. CONT'D
 (subtitled in Russian)
 What is she doing?

FSB WORKER. CONT'D
 (subtitled in Russian)
 Her smoke alarm is going off sir,
 she's waving to smoke away from it.

TALL BEARDED MAN. CONT'D
 Stupid girl!

CUT TO:

114 INT.- ELIZABETH'S ROOM 606- CONTINUOUS. 114

We hear the SMOKE ALARM going off--

BEEP!, BEEP!, BEEP!

ELIZABETH is waving a towel across the SMOKE ALARM, smoke
 fills the room--

She opens the window to remove the smoke.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
 Shit!

FADE TO BLACK:

115 INT.- SECRET SERVICE DIRECTORS OFFICE.- DAY.

115

The DIRECTOR is LOGGING ON to his COMPUTER, he types in his PASSWORD.

CU- on COMPUTER SCREEN, LOGIN WINDOW.

A WINDOW POPS UP in the right hand corner of the MONITOR.

It reads "NEW MESSAGE FROM AGENT DIAZ"

The DIRECTOR clicks the POP UP WINDOW.

A WINDOW OPENS WITH ELIZABETH'S MESSAGE.

MESSAGE;

Director,

Attached is a video of a Monkey in a lab. Testing on the Monkey is the RNC-20 Virus.

This is an un-monitored laptop, I will contact you soon.

E.

He clicks the ATTACHMENT, THE VIDEO PLAYS.

A SERIES OF BACK AND FORTH SHOT OF THE VIDEO AND THE DIRECTORS FACE AS THE VIDEO PLAYS.

SECRET SERVICE DIRECTOR.

Damn!

He picks up the phone--

SECRET SERVICE DIRECTOR. CONT'D

Get me the president please!

He hangs up the phone, leans back in his chair, thinks about his next move.

A moment.

CUT TO:

116 INT.- ELIZABETH'S ROOM 606- NIGHT.

116

ELIZABETH is cleaning up after her diner, she shuts off the light, locks her door, goes into the BEDROOM--

BEDROOM:

She opens the BATHROOM DOOR to block the VIEW OF THE CAMERA in the CORNER CEILING/WALL.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.

You sick motherfuckers want to see something! Watch this!

She begins to undress, she sticks out her bare leg, then her arm, she throws out her BRA--

BEGAN INTERCUTS BETWEEN FSB AND ELIZABETH'S ROOM.

The FSB WORKERS are watching the STRIPPER SHOW ELIZABETH is putting on.

ANGLE ON THE TALL BEARDED MAN, he's shocked!

ELIZABETH kicks off her PANTIES into the air.

THE FSB WORKERS are on the edge of their seats, both MALE and FEMALE WORKERS watching her.

ELIZABETH steps out from behind the DOOR in a sexy dance, she bends over to touch her toes, giving them a FREE SHOW.

CU- on THE TALL BEARDED MANS FACE, he's shocked and pissed at the show.

CU- on FSB WORKERS, their faces are smiling, eyes are wide, some are standing up as they watch.

She spins around like a top, and FLIPS THEM OFF and steps into the BATHROOM.

FSB WORKERS are SHOCKED, the TALL BEARDED MAN embarrassed.

CUT TO:

117 INT.- ELIZABETH'S ROOM 606- CONTINUOUS.

117

BATHROOM:

She runs the shower water, it's hot and steamy, the room fills up with steam, she takes a shower--

She comes out of the shower and see the MASSAGE that AGENT ROBERTS left her.

MASSAGE;

Meet me at the COFFEE SHOP across from the BANK 2 pm tomorrow.

She wipes the MIRROR clean of the MASSAGE.

CUT TO:

118 INT.- COFFEE SHOP.- DAY.

118

It's 12:45 pm

ELIZABETH shows up early, and takes her usual seat. She checks the USB DRIVE she copied from the LAB DOCTORS LAPTOP.

A SERIES OF IMAGES OF LAB DATA, IMAGES, AND VIDEOS OF LAB TESTS ON ANIMALS AND THE 2015 KILLING OF THE MAN ON THE

LONDON BRIDGE.

SHE CLICKS ON A FILE TITLED FUNDS. IT OPENS AND SHOWS A SPREADSHEET OF MONIES FROM INSIDE THE C.I.A. FUNDING THE LAB AND IT'S TESTS ON THE VIRUS RNC-20.

She looks up at the CLOCK ON THE WALL.

ELIZABETH'S POV- on WALL CLOCK TIME- 1:45 pm

She removes the USB and shuts down her LAPTOP, places it in her SHOULDER PACK.

She sips her COFFEE, and THINKS.

ELIZABETH'S POV- on the LARGE PICTURE WINDOW as AGENT ROBERTS shows up out side of the COFFEE SHOP.

CUT TO:

119 EXT.- COFFEE SHOP.- DAY. 119

AGENT ROBERTS stands on the sidewalk, looks both ways--
--all clear!

A moment.

He checks his watch, 1:58 pm

CUT TO:

120 INT.- COFFEE SHOP.- CONTINUOUS. 120

ELIZABETH gets up from her seat with her LAPTOP, goes to the REST ROOM.

CUT TO:

121 EXT.- COFFEE SHOP.- CONTINUOUS. 121

AGENT ROBERTS turns around and goes in the COFFEE SHOP--

CUT TO:

122 INT.- COFFEE SHOP.- CONTINUOUS. 122

He looks around to see if ELIZABETH is seated.

He takes a seat close to the EXIT, checks his watch 2:00 pm
he gets up to buy himself a CUP OF COFFEE.

ANGLE ON REST ROOM, as ELIZABETH watches him at the counter.

She quickly walks past him and exits the COFFEE SHOP.

He pays for his COFFEE and returns to his seat.

ANGLE ON COFFEE SHOP ENTRANCE, as ELIZABETH walks in.

She looks for AGENT ROBERTS.

ELIZABETH'S POV- on AGENT ROBERTS as he sips his COFFEE.

She walks over to him and takes a seat at his table.

He's surprised at her.

AGENT ROBERTS.

Hello-- Can--

(unsure)

I get you a coffee?

ELIZABETH DIAZ.

(smiles)

Yes thank you, thank you very much.

He turns in his seat, raise his hand.

ANGLE ON COFFEE COUNTER, the BARISTA comes over to the TWO.

BARISTA.

(subtitled in Russian)

Yes sir, may I help you?

AGENT ROBERTS.

(subtitled in Russian)

She would like a coffee.

(to Elizabeth)

Any special flavor?

ELIZABETH DIAZ.

Just regular black coffee please.

AGENT ROBERTS. CONT'D

(subtitled in Russian)

Just black coffee please.

BARISTA.

(subtitled in Russian)

Yes sir.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.

So, what brings you here?

AGENT ROBERTS.

I was sent to help you with your
fire sale.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D

O-kay.

(a pause, she thinks)

So when do we start?

AGENT ROBERTS. CONT'D

(he leans in)

I just need an address.

ELIZABETH looks in her bag, pulls out a business card of hers, writes down the address and slides it to him.

He looks at the address, smiles at her.

AGENT ROBERTS.
I haven't had anything to eat,
would you join me in a lunch?

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
Lunch? I don't think they serve
lunch here, just coffee.

AGENT ROBERTS. CONT'D
Well hell, lets go find a place.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
Sure.

The TWO leave the COFFEE SHOP.

CUT TO:

123 INT.- A RESTAURANT.- DAY.

123

AGENT ROBERTS and ELIZABETH are enjoying a lite lunch.

ANGLE ON ENTRANCE, as VICTOR enters with another MAN, he's heavy set, OLDER MAN, very rough looking, powerful.

The RESTAURANT MANAGEMENT gives him special treatment.

VICTOR'S POV- on ELIZABETH, he's surprised to see her, but careful, he smiles at her.

ELIZABETH'S POV- on VICTOR, she smiles back.

AGENT ROBERTS looks over at VICTOR, back to ELIZABETH.

AGENT ROBERTS.
You know him?

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
(lying)
No, no, God no! He just smiled at
me, so I smiled back.

AGENT ROBERTS, glances over at VICTOR who is engaging in small talk with the POWERFUL MAN. He knows she's laying, but plays along.

CUT TO:

124 INT.- CIA SAFE HOUSE.- NIGHT.

124

AGENT ROBERTS is sitting in the DARK-- COLD ROOM, the light from the STREET LAMP outside shines in through the dirt stained window with a BLUE GRAY GLOWING COLDNESS.

We can see his breath in the COLDNESS of the room as he breathes calmly.

Cleaning his GLOCK 9.mm at the KITCHEN TABLE in full DARKNESS.

NAKED, he sets the TIMER on his WATCH--

CU- on WATCH FACE, as he sets the TIMER 00:00:00--

GO!

FLASH SHOTS OF HIM PUTTING THE GLOCK 9.MM BACK TOGETHER.

He pulls back the slide, releases it--

CLICK!

He quickly points and aims at the door.

CU- on his FACE, it's blank, eyes gant, he feels nothing inside, but the dark coldness of his heart.

FADE TO BLACK:

125 EXT.- MOSCOW PARK.- DAY.

125

ELIZABETH and AGENT ROBERTS are going over their plans on DESTROYING the VIRUS LAB.

CU- on MOCKUP BUILDING PLAN.

ELIZABETH points to the MAIN LAB with all of the ANIMAL CAGES.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.

This is were the monkey test was performed. But when I went back, everything was moved and the test room was gone.

AGENT ROBERTS.

It's doesn't matter, I'm gonna blow up the whole building anyways.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D

(confused)

Then what the fuck am I doing here then?

AGENT ROBERTS. CONT'D

(cold)

I need you to be my look out.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D

Your look out?

AGENT ROBERTS. CONT'D

Yes, my look out.

ANGLE ON HILL, as VICTORS watches them.

VICTORS POV- on ELIZABETH and AGENT ROBERTS.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
So when are we gonna do this?

AGENT ROBERTS. CONT'D
Tonight.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
What time?

AGENT ROBERTS. CONT'D
Meet me here at 11:30 pm. Dress in
something you can run in.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
Run in?-- Okay??

ELIZABETH walks away to her RENTAL CAR.

CROSSFADE:

126 INT.- ELIZABETH'S RENTAL CAR.- DAY.

126

ELIZABETH'S POV- on AGENT ROBERTS as he walks away talking
on his CELL PHONE.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
Who the fucks he talking to?

Her PHONE RINGS--

MUFFLED MUSIC PLAYS:

She takes her CELL PHONE out from her pocket--

THE MUSIC GETS LOUDER.

CU- on CELL PHONE SCREEN, showing VICTORS name.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
Hello, hey.-- dinner, tonight? Yeah
sure. What time? Sevens good for
me.-- see you then.
(she looks at her phone)
Strange?--

She starts her car, and leaves the PARKS PARKING LOT.

ANGLE ON HILL, as VICTOR watches her drive off.

CUT TO:

127 EXT.- APARTMENT BUILDING.- NIGHT.

127

OUTSIDE ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT.

VICTOR pulls up in a BLACK SUV--
 --he gets out and enters the building.

CUT TO:

128 INT.- ELIZABETH'S ROOM 606- NIGHT.

128

BED ROOM:

ELIZABETH is rushing to get dress for her dinner date with VICTOR.

She dressed in her BRA and PANTIES standing in her closet doorway, looking for some thing to wear for her date.

She picks out a Red High Low Lace Dress, Styled in a form-fitting bodycon silhouette. With flouncy tiers of lace that flow from the hem and back down to a pretty midi length. Strappy heels.

We hear THREE SOFT KNOCKS at the door--

KNOCK!, KNOCK!, KNOCK!

ELIZABETH is standing in front of the mirror, she runs to the door.

She looks through the peephole--

ELIZABETH'S POV- through the peephole, it's VICTOR.

She answers the door--

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
 Victor, come in.

VICTOR comes in and shuts the door.

ELIZABETH heads for the BED ROOM to finish getting ready.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. (O.S.)
 Just let me finish getting ready
 okay?

VICTOR.
 Take your time, I'm in no hurry.

VICTOR keeps an eye on the BED ROOM door, as he looks around for her purse--

He looks through her bag and finds her CELL PHONE, checks to see if it's on--

CU- on CELL PHONE, as VICTOR scrolls through her CONTACTS, he stops on an UN-NAMED NUMBER.

He programs the NUMBER in his PHONE, quickly puts back her PHONE.

ELIZABETH comes out of the BED ROOM, she stunning, shes putting on one of her Rhinestone Heart Shaped Earrings.

VICTORS POV- on ELIZABETH as she comes walking out of the BED ROOM. He's shocked at how beautiful she is.

VICTOR.
WOW! You look wonderful!!

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
(big smile)
Oh this old thing! You like?

VICTOR. CONT'D
Do I like?-- Take it off and lets--

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
Lets what?

VICTOR. CONT'D
Go to dinner.

She stands close to him, kisses his cheek--

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
Put your eyes back in your head,
and lets go.

She puts on her coat.

VICTOR. CONT'D
Yeah, lets go!

VICTOR quickly opens the door, and they both leave.

CUT TO:

129 INT.- BLACK RENTAL CAR.- NIGHT. 129

AGENT ROBERTS POV- On ELIZABETH and VICTOR coming out of the building.

He watches as the TWO drive off--

He starts his engine, puts it in drive and lags behind them.

CUT TO:

130 EXT.- A SERVICE ROAD.- NIGHT. 130

ARIEL SHOT of the VEHICLES moving.

CUT TO:

131 EXT.- RESTAURANT.- NIGHT. 131

VICTOR pulls up to the VALET STATION, he gets out and opens the door for ELIZABETH, she gets out--

VALETS POV- on ELIZABETH, she sexy, he stares at how beautiful she looks.

The VALET hands VICTOR a TICKET, and drives off.

CROSSFADE:

132 INT.- BLACK RENTAL CAR.- NIGHT. 132

AGENT ROBERTS slowly pulls up across the street, watching VICTOR AND ELIZABETH enter the RESTAURANT.

A moment.

He drives off--

CUT TO:

133 INT.- ELIZABETH'S ROOM 606- NIGHT. 133

The door opens, in walks ELIZABETH AND VICTOR, shes happy and up-beat, he's conserved and plays along.

ELIZABETH checks the TIME on her CELL PHONE.

It's 10:00 pm.

She looks at VICTOR--

ELIZABETH DIAZ.

Hey, I really enjoyed tonight,
but-- I really would just like to
call it a night-- Is that okay?

VICTOR.

Yeah sure, sure. I got a lot to do
in the morning anyways.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D

You sure?

VICTOR. CONT'D

Yes, yes!
(kisses her)
I'll call you tomorrow, good night.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D

Thanks Victor, bye!

VICTOR leaves the ROOM.

ELIZABETH rushes to the BEDROOM to change her clothes.

CUT TO:

134 EXT.- MOSCOW PARK.- NIGHT. 134

AGENT ROBERTS dressed in a BLACK TRACK SUIT and matching WATCHMENS CAP, is waiting for ELIZABETH, he checks his

watch--

CU- on WRIST WATCH, the time is 11:15 pm.

ANGLE ON PARKS PARKING LOT as ELIZABETH'S RENTAL CAR PULLS IN.

AGENT ROBERTS looks at his WATCH--

AGENT ROBERTS.
Well shes on time, I'll give her
that!

ELIZABETH comes running down to meet AGENT ROBERTS.

Shes dressed in BLACK LEGGINGS, BLACK JACKET, and a KNITTED CAP.

SHE ACTS DITZY.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
(out of breath)
Am I late?

AGENT ROBERTS.
(looks her over)
Now don't you look cute!

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
(looks down at herself)
Whats wrong with what I got on? You
said dress for running!

AGENT ROBERTS. CONT'D
(rolls his eyes)
It's fine.

AGENT ROBERTS hands her a EAR COM.

AGENT ROBERTS.
Here put this on.

She puts on the EAR COM.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
So what do you want me to do?

AGENT ROBERTS.
I just need you to be my look out,
let me know who's coming in the
parking lot. I've already found you
a spot on a hill over looking the
parking lot and the building.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
(pissed)
That's all you want me to do is be
your damn look out?

AGENT ROBERTS. CONT'D
 Yes.-- Look! This is Russia, not
 New York, just keep an eye open,
 and I'll do the rest okay!

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
 Yeah, yeah okay.

AGENT ROBERTS. CONT'D
 Lets go.

The TWO walk back to AGENT ROBERTS CAR, and leave for the
 Pirogov Russian National Research Medical University.

CUT TO:

135 EXT.- MEDICAL BIOPHYSIC PARKING LOT. -NIGHT.

135

HILL OVER LOOKING PARKING LOT:

ELIZABETH AND AGENT ROBERTS are hunkered down. AGENT ROBERTS
 removes his BACKPACK and hands ELIZABETH a pair of NIGHT
 VISION GLASSES.

AGENT ROBERTS.
 Here, put these on.

ELIZABETH takes the GLASSES, looks them over.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
 (plays dumb)
 How do they work?

AGENT ROBERTS looks over at her with a confused look on his
 face.

AGENT ROBERTS.
 (peeved)
 You flip this down to see at night,
 flip it back up, normal.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
 Down I see at night, up normal. Got
 it.

AGENT ROBERTS. CONT'D
 How did you ever become an agent?

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
 I guess they liked the way I
 looked!

AGENT ROBERTS. CONT'D
 Just stay here and keep an eye out
 okay!

AGENT ROBERTS grabs his BACKPACK and puts it on, pulls down
 his FACE MASK.

AGENT ROBERTS.
I'll be right back. Just keep an
eye out!

He makes his way down to the building.

We follow him to the BUILDING.

ELIZABETH'S POV- through the NIGHT VISION GLASSES as AGENT
ROBERTS enters the BUILDING.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
He's green.

CUT TO:

136 INT.- OFFICE OF MEDICAL BIOPHYSICS.- NIGHT. 136
AGENT ROBERTS is standing in the hallway by the ELEVATORS.

AGENT ROBERTS.
(soft voice)
What did you say?

ELIZABETH DIAZ. (O.S.)
I said you look green.

AGENT ROBERTS. CONT'D
What?

CUT TO:

137 EXT.- MEDICAL BIOPHYSIC PARKING LOT. CONTINUOUS. 137

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
You look green through the glasses.
(laughs to her self)

CUT TO:

138 INT.- OFFICE OF MEDICAL BIOPHYSICS.- CONTINUOUS. 138

AGENT ROBERTS. CONT'D
Stop talking and keep an eye out--
(to himself)
You dumb bitch.

The sound of the ELEVATOR.

DING!

The ELEVATOR door opens, he gets in--

CUT TO:

139 EXT.- MEDICAL BIOPHYSIC PARKING LOT. CONTINUOUS. 139

A SUV with BLACKED OUT LIGHTS slowly pulls into the PARKING
LOT, parks in a DARK BLIND SPOT LOOKING AT THE HILL.

The DRIVER (VICTOR) gets out, quietly shuts the door, looks around--

VICTORS POV- on ELIZABETH on the HILL.

He looks over at the BUILDING, back on ELIZABETH.

Gets back into his SUV, and waits.

CUT TO:

140 INT.- PHARMACEUTICALS OFFICE.- LAB.- NIGHT. 140

AGENT ROBERTS removes SMALL EXPLOSIVE CHARGES from his BACKPACK and places the SMALL EXPLOSIVE CHARGES in KEY LOCATIONS in the LAB, he sets the TIME to 00:10:00 minutes and adds TWO minutes a to each as he sets them.

CU- ON EXPLOSIVE CHARGES TIMERS.

He leaves the LAB.

CUT TO:

141 EXT.- MEDICAL BIOPHYSIC PARKING LOT. CONTINUOUS. 141

HILL TOP:

ELIZABETH'S POV- scanning the PARKING LOT, she spots VICTOR'S SUV--

--she ducks down low and in a prone position, trying to keep out of sight.

She looks over at the BUILDING seeing AGENT ROBERTS coming out.

CU- on AGENT ROBERTS walking out of the BUILDING.

CUT TO:

142 INT.- VICTORS SUV.- NIGHT. 142

VICTOR looking through his own NIGHT VISION GLASSES spots AGENT ROBERTS walking out of the BUILDING.

VICTORS POV- on AGENT ROBERTS.

VICTOR.

(subtitled in Russian)

Who is he?

He sweeps his focus to the HILL, where ELIZABETH is at.

Their TWO EYES MEET.

BACK AND FORTH SHOTS OF ELIZABETH AND VICTOR LOOKING AT EACH OTHER.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
(whispers)
Shit!

AGENT ROBERTS SHOWS UP!

AGENT ROBERTS.
Hey.-- What you looking at.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
(she lies)
I thought I seen someone pull in
the lot. But it was nothing.

AGENT ROBERTS GRABS the NIGHT VISION GLASSES from her, and
looks for himself.

AGENTS ROBERTS POV- as he scans the lot--

--VICTOR is gone--

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
Did you see anything smart guy?

AGENT ROBERTS. CONT'D
(looks at his watch)
We have just about two minutes to
get out of here--
(pissed)
So lets move!

He GRABS ELIZABETH'S arm and forcible stands her to her
feet.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
(feisty)
Hey, you big fuck let go of my arm!

She slaps his face, he returns the hit, knocking her to her
ass.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
Hey motherfucker whats your deal?

AGENT ROBERTS. CONT'D
Shut the fuck up and move!

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
Fuck you!

He bends down, GRABS her by her arm and stands her up--

--in a fast quick motion SHE slams her fist into his face,
catching him off guard, knocking him to the ground.

She runs off, down the HILL to the PARKING LOT--

ANGLE ON VICTORS SUV as it quickly pulls up along side of
her, the door opens--

CROSSFADE:

143 INT/EXT- VICTORS SUV.- NIGHT. 143

BACK AND FORTH SHOTS.

VICTOR leaning into the passenger seat.

VICTOR.

Get in!

ANGLE ON ELIZABETH, she's shocked to see him.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.

What the fuck are you doing here?

ANGLE ON HILL as AGENT ROBERTS comes running down.

BACK ON VICTOR.

VICTOR. CONT'D

GET IN ELIZABETH!!

ELIZABETH'S POV- as she looks back and see AGENT ROBERTS taking aim at her.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D

Fuck!

PFFT!, PFFT!, PFFT!

THREE SHOTS hit VICTORS SUV, shattering out the REAR PASSENGER WINDOW, sending glass in the air--

ELIZABETH ducks, she dives into the SUV as VICTOR speeds off.

AGENT ROBERTS fires again, shattering the REAR WINDOW--

PFFT!, PFFT!, PFFT!

CROSSFADE:

144 INT.- VICTORS SUV.- NIGHT. 144

--hitting VICTOR in the NECK, squirting blood out like a squirt gun, he slumps to the left, DIEING--

--ELIZABETH grabs the WHEEL and steers the SUV out of the PARKING LOT.

CUT TO:

145 EXT.- MEDICAL BIOPHYSIC PARKING LOT. CONTINUOUS. 145

AGENT ROBERTS POV- as he watches the SUV disappear in the night.

BOOM!, BOOM!, BOOM!-- BOOM!

The BUILDING blows up in a EARTH SHAKING FIRE BALL.

AGENT ROBERTS calmly walks to his CAR, gets in, and drives off as if nothing has happened.

CUT TO:

146 INT.- VICTOR'S SUV.- CONTINUOUS.

146

ELIZABETH steers the SUV into a dark spot off of the SERVICE ROAD, she stops and checks on VICTOR.

She puts her hand on his NECK and checks for a pulse.

He's dead!

ELIZABETH DIAZ.

No, no, no no! Victor!!

(shes crying)

No Victor!

A moment.

The PASSENGER side DOOR GLASS SHATTERS, a hand and arm reaches in and grabs ELIZABETH'S HAIR.

CUT TO:

147 EXT.- DARK SERVICE ROAD.

147

AGENT ROBERTS has ELIZABETH by the HAIR--

AGENT ROBERTS.

Get out of the car bitch!

ELIZABETH DIAZ.

(fighting)

Fuck you!

He opens the door, and pulls her out to the ground.

AGENT ROBERTS. CONT'D

I thought of fucking you before I
killed you, I really did
Elizabeth.-- BUT YOU FUCKED THAT
UP! Now didn't you!!

ELIZABETH DIAZ.

I wouldn't fuck you if you paid me
too, you psycho motherfucker!

She gets on to her feet, takes a swing at his face, he blocks her with his forearm, and back hands her to the face dropping her back to the ground.

AGENT ROBERTS. CONT'D

Now your really making me horny
Elizabeth!

She swings at him, he laughs and jumps on her, sits on her waist and places his hands around her neck choking her.

She struggles, she can't breathe,-- she fights him, slapping him over and over,-- he tightens his grip!

He's crazy in love with his work.

AGENT ROBERTS. CONT'D
We could of had a happy life
together Elizabeth!

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
(a gasp for air)
Ca, ca, ca!

She gets a BURST of ENERGY and knees him in the balls, flips him off of her, she rolls over gasping for a breath--

--he rolls over in pain--

She stands up to her feet, gives him a swift hard kick to the face and runs off in to the dark.

A moment.

Like JASON from the "MOVIE JASON" he sits up, he has no expression on his face, his eyes are cold and dark.

He stands to his feet, and like the dead walking, he walks after ELIZABETH.

CUT TO:

148 EXT.- OLD WAREHOUSE.- NIGHT.

148

A window broken rat infested building, full of trash and graffiti painted walls.

In a seedy part of MOSCOW'S industrial complex. A large fence surrounds the buildings, a chained locked gate stands in the way of ELIZABETH and a hiding place.

ELIZABETH pulls and yanks at the CHAINED GATE, pulling it a part just enough for her to squeeze through.

She squeezes through the GATE and her JACKET gets caught and rips, and leaves a small part on the CHAIN LINK FENCE.

She runs to the WAREHOUSE and goes in through a BROKEN WINDOW.

CUT TO:

149 INT.- OLD WAREHOUSE.- NIGHT.

149

Dark, cold, and wet. The building is full of trash, rats and the smell of a dead dog. Cockroaches scatter as she carefully steps along the floor.

The moon light shines through the holes in ceiling and roof sky lights.

ELIZABETH hides behind a set of METAL DOORS, she crouches down small, trying to slow her breathing.

SHE'S SCARED!

Off in the distance we hear the sound of a door being kicked in--

BANG!, BANG!--SLAM!

ANGLE ON AGENT ROBERTS, as he slowly and calmly walks through the kicked in door.

In his hand is his SILENCED 9.mm, pause, he looks around and adjusts his eyes to the darkness.

He waits!-- Listens for movement.

AGENT ROBERTS.
I KNOW YOUR IN HERE ELIZABETH!

ANGLE ON ELIZABETH behind the METAL DOORS, her eyes shift side to side-- she begins to feel her heart pound in her chest.

THUMP!, THUMP!, THUMP!

AGENT ROBERTS. (O.S.)
ELIZABETH! COME OUT!! I PROMISE NOT
TO HURT YOU!!!
(to himself)
Not to much.

She hears a CAN FALL TO THE FLOOR and a CAT SCREAM!

ME-OW!

CU- on CAN FALLING, CAT SCREAMING.

She jumps in her skin at the sound,-- she waits.

ANGLE ON AGENT ROBERTS, hunting for her, looking behind stacked doors, piles of boxes, he's getting pissed.

AGENT ROBERTS.
WILL YOU COME OUT AND FACE ME
ELIZABETH?!?

He kicks over a TABLE in anger.

BANG!, CRASH!

ANGLE ON ELIZABETH, she quickly stands up, pushes the METAL DOORS over, and runs behind him towards the KICKED IN DOOR.

He quickly turns around and fires TWO SHOTS at her--

PFFT!, PFFT!

-hitting some BOXES--

He hollers!!

AGENT ROBERTS.

STOP!

She stops in her tracks, her hands up.

AGENT ROBERTS. CONT'D

Now that's more like it.

CU- on METAL BAR leaning against the wall.

ELIZABETH'S POV- on METAL BAR, she quickly grabs the METAL BAR and spins around like a top and slams it into his hand--

BAM!

--sending the 9.mm GLOCK flying out of his hand--

AGENT ROBERTS screams in pain!

AGENT ROBERTS.

A-A-A-A-A-AGH! YOU FUCKING BITCH!!

YOU BROKE MY HAND!! A-A-A-AH!

She tries to run, he grabs her by the hair with his left hand, pulling her back--

--she looking up at him--

AGENT ROBERTS. CONT'D

NOT today baby!

--and slams his elbow down on her forehead, dropping her to the floor.

She's in pain, sees stars, she holds her head as tears roll down her face.

He toys with her, "LIKE A CAT WITH A MOUSE."

He kneels, looking over her face,-- he brushes her hair from her face--

AGENT ROBERTS. CONT'D

(concerned)

Did I hurt you? Here let me see--

(gently moves her hair)

CU- on ELIZABETH'S FOREHEAD, a GIANT GOOSE EGG FORMING.

AGENT ROBERTS. CONT'D

--here let me make it better.

He bends over and kisses her forehead.

She grabs him by his ears and bites his NOSE with a force of a BEAR TRAP!

Squirting blood from it.

AGENT ROBERTS.

A-A-A-A-AGH!

He slams his fist into her side with a force of a BULL, causing her to let go.

He stands up holding his NOSE with blood pooling in his hand, dripping through his fingers.

AGENT ROBERTS.

(muffled)

YOU FUCKING BITCH, YOU BIT OFF MY NOSE!

ELIZABETH holding her side in pain, gasping for air, rolls over onto ONE KNEE and stands up straight, she spits out a gob of blood, parts of his NOSE.

ELIZABETH DIAZ.

There, you can have it back motherfucker!

THEN SUDDENLY in a burst of energy he grabs her and lifts her up off her feet, and BODY-SLAMMS her to the floor.

WHOOSH!, WHAM!, BAM!

He sits on her waist, pins her to the floor, he looks into her eyes--

A moment...

Blood dripping from his NOSE onto her chest.

AGENT ROBERTS.

Your pretty.

A moment...

--he kisses her, she fights it off--

--she spits in his face, he wipes it off with his left hand, looks at it-- then licks it off.

AGENT ROBERTS. CONT'D

Mmmmmmm! I was told you liked it rough! You do like rough-- Don't you?

ELIZABETH DIAZ.

What?!? You want to fuck me now?!??

AGENT ROBERTS. CONT'D
Oh, you would like that wouldn't
you?

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
Sorry! But I just ate!

And in ONE SMOOTH QUICK FAST MOVE, she flips him off of her,
and makes for the door--

--with him hot on her tail--

He's cool and calm.-- Then turns into a RAGE.

AGENT ROBERTS. CONT'D
ELIZABETH!! STOP!!! Your making me
tired.-- All this fighting is so
exhausting!

She ducks behind a LARGE MACHINE.

He walks past her.

AGENT ROBERTS.
ELIZABETH!
(it echos)
WHERE THE FUCK ARE YOU?

She comes out from behind the LARGE MACHINE with a METAL BAR
in hand-- she swings with alls shes got--

--placing it to the back of his head!

BAM! DONG!

He drops to his knees, dazed from the hit.

She takes a deep breath, raises the bar over-head--

SCREAMS!

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
A-A-A-AGH!

And drives it into his shoulder down his back to the floor,
coming out of his ass.

CU- on AGENT ROBERTS FACE, with a look of "I Can't Believe
You Killed Me."

ELIZABETH DIAZ.
Is that rough enough for you?

We hear a DEATH RATTLE come from him, as he SLUMPS over
dead.

She,-- holding her side,-- limps out of the WAREHOUSE.

FADE TO BLACK:

150 FADE IN: 150

BACK IN THE UNITED STATES:

151 EXT.- CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY/HEADQUARTERS.- DAY. 151

It's a rainy day, as ELIZABETH enters the BUILDING.

CUT TO:

152 INT.- CIA DIRECTORS OFFICE.- DAY. 152

A knock at the door.

KNOCK!, KNOCK!, KNOCK!

The CIA DIRECTOR is sitting at his desk.

CIA DIRECTOR.

Come in!

The door opens, in steps ELIZABETH, shes dressed in a BLUE SUIT, and sporting a BLACK EYE.

She removes her SUNGLASSES.

The CIA DIRECTOR looks up at her--

--he's shocked to see her alive.

CIA DIRECTOR.

You look like hell!

ELIZABETH DIAZ.

(sweet voice)

Please sir, don't get up. Yeah I'm still alive-- but not so good for your agent Roberts.-- The last I saw of him, he had a metal bar sticking out of his ass.

She takes the TRACKER THAT WAS IN HER WRIST--- places it on his desk.

A SMALL BAGGY WITH BLOODY TRACKER IN IT.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D

Heres your tracker back.

(she leans in on him)

If you track me,-- or follow me, bug me,-- or anything happens to me.-- I'm gonna give you the same as your agent got.-- I'm gonna keep your little secret for now.

CIA DIRECTOR.

What secret?

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
 The little one you and your spooks
 cooked up on the virus. How you
 would show it was a Russian virus
 if it was released on the public,
 and all the money you would make on
 the vaccine for it.

CIA DIRECTOR. CONT'D
 You have no proof! And if you did.
 I'm the director of the C.I.A, who
 would believe you?

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
 Oh I have the proof sweetie-- so
 you better make sure nothing
 happens to me! Or it's gonna be
 uploaded for all to see.

She kisses her TWO FINGERS and places them gently on his
 lips.

ELIZABETH DIAZ. CONT'D
 Bye director.

She leaves the office, shuts the door behind her.

CLICK!

He sits silent...

FADE TO BLACK:

153 FADE IN: 153

154 INT.- BLACK VAN.- NIGHT. 154

THREE FBI AGENTS are watching a GANG SOCIAL CLUB.

CROSSFADE:

155 EXT.- GANG SOCIAL CLUB.- NIGHT. 155

The CLUB looks more of a STRIPPER BAR then a SOCIAL CLUB.
 With GANG MEMBERS going in and out, with very sexy half
 dressed women in tow.

CUT TO:

156 INT.- BLACK VAN.- CONTINUOUS. 156

FBI AGENT #1's POV- looking through a long lens camera, he's
 looking at TWO GANG MEMBERS smoking a joint.

POV- through the CAMERA LENS ON the TWO GANG MEMBERS SMOKING
 A JOINT.

We hear a soft fart, pause for a beat.

AGENT #2.
(smells the fart, makes a
face,)
WHAT THE FUCK IT THAT?
(looks over at agent #3.)
Did you shit yourself again?

AGENT #3.
Sorry, it must be the chilidogs I
had for lunch today.

AGENT #1 gets a whiff--

AGENT #1.
FUCK! Man, shit head crack a window
motherfucker!

AGENT #2 rolls down the window a slight bit.

AGENT #2. CONT'D
(waves the air,)
Fuck! I can taste that shit. Man
you gotta stop eating that shit!

AGENT #3,
But they good as hell!!

CUT TO:

157 CLOSING MUSIC VIDEO:

157

END CREDITS: THE END.