

THE FURIES: AGENTS OF VENGEANCE

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2<sup>ND</sup> DRAFT PILOT

2.

INT. LONDON, ENGLAND ST. PANCRAS INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - DAY

Hectic International terminal. People moving fast in front of a Eurostar Train boarding platform. Security checks and a long line snaking past as the camera PANS across the crowd. A voice on the PA announcing the departures but it's muddled in the din of a busy terminal.

PUSH INTO THE WINDOW TO REVEAL:

INT. EUROSTAR PRESTIGE LOUNGE

Enter the elegant XAN STONE, 50s, stepping into a private lounge. XAN is the type of old-money, Ivy League-educated, New York City socialite, who moves amongst an enviable circle of ambassadors, CEOs and Arab princes. Xan revels in the first-class delight of travel for the .01 percent as she leans back into the leather seat with a mysterious smile while taking in her surroundings with a razor-sharp stare.

VALET

(VO)

Miss, your complimentary champagne.

Xan nods and dismisses the service with a swift movement of her chin. She is more intent on what's going on in the terminal. Xan surveys the hustle bustle beyond the lounge, her keen eyes scanning the crowd. *What or who is she looking for?* Suddenly, she stands up, seeming to crave a little excitement. Xan puts her glass down to step outside.

SUDDENLY: A huge flash and a booming sound. CLOSE ON: Xan's face. She immediately knows what it is... She closes her eyes. Unfazed, she opens them to see PANDEMONIUM.

INT. ST. PANCRAS INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL

Chaos on the Eurostar platform. Smoke everywhere. An alarm rips the air with a loud urgency. People running in all directions screaming, trying desperately to find each other and move away from the blast.

Xan checks her body matter-of-factly to make sure she has no injuries and then looks around at the chaotic crowd: Something is not right with this explosion - too much smoke; not enough debris.

In the distance, Xan spots a stunning, dark-haired young woman in her mid-20's, GIA, stumbling through the crowd and catching herself right before she crosses paths with police officers arriving from the top of the steps. Gia is injured from the

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blast, yet something about her precise and purposeful movement and the way she evades the cops, catches Xan's attention: Gia is a woman on a mission, and nothing is stopping her.

Xan realizes that Gia is headed to another platform. With cat-like swiftness, Xan darts back into the lounge, grabbing a bag and an odd pair of sunglasses that she dons as she follows Gia briskly, dodging screaming travelers.

Running full-speed, Gia collides with a huge burly man, who knocks her off-balance, if only for a moment.

BURLY MAN

(yelling)

What the hell... Watch where yer going!

Gia recovers with remarkable speed and dexterity. Xan is even more intrigued and tries to keep an eye on her. Xan scans above to see what platform Gia is making a beeline for..

INT. EUROSTAR - BRUSSELS PLATFORM

Despite her injury, Gia dives past the chaos, running up an escalator onto another platform, managing to board a different EUROSTAR train.

CONDUCTOR

(over P.A.)

Eurostar Express London to Brussels: 1  
minute to departure. All passengers on  
board now.

A rush of final stragglers boarding and just as the doors are about to close, Xan slips in.

INT. EUROSTAR TRAIN

Xan's eyes survey the crowded train car for Gia but there's no trace of her. She's vanished into thin air..

INT. EUROSTAR TRAIN CAR

In another section of the train, Gia impatiently waiting by a toilet. She looks around nervously, fidgeting with her ticket and eventually crushing it into her jacket pocket. Finally, the toilet door opens, and she shoves past the previous occupant quickly.

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INT. EUROSTAR TRAIN TOILET

Gia tries to breathe slowly while studying herself in the mirror, pulling herself together. Something in her eyes snaps into focus and you can tell she's now back to business. Gia expertly pulls out her kit from a light duffel, working with surgical precision to stem her arm injury. She dumps out multiple mobile phones and devices, dismantling four of them quickly and destroying the SIM cards. But she pauses on one last message...

CLOSE ON THE DEVICE

WE see the video playback—a shaking selfie video of a woman looking lost in the crowd on the train platform.

ELDERLY WOMAN

(v.o.)

Gia, Gia. Where are you, m'ija? Where are you?

BOOMING SOUND AND THEN BLACK SCREEN.

CLOSE ON GIA'S FACE...

GIA

(rocking herself)

Mama, mama...why...why...I told you not to come...

The knowledge of her mistake is soul-destroying for her. She loses control, breaking into sobs, utterly devastated.

INT. EUROSTAR TRAIN FIRST CLASS CARRIAGE

Xan scans the crowd and smiles as if she recognizes someone as we PAN across only to discover, it's not Gia. Another blonde, exquisitely dressed sits a few rows in front of Xan.

In an instant, Xan sidles up next to her and tranquilizes her with a pen needle to the neck: the elegant BLONDE slumps within seconds. With skill and precision, Xan rifles through Blonde Lady's Celine tote and without skipping a beat, Xan "borrows" the tote.

After propping the woman as if she is asleep, Xan proceeds down the aisle looking for Gia.

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INT. TRAIN TOILET

Xan opens the door and ascertains no one is there. She walks down further. Xan looks forward, scanning the passengers again, and sees inside the second-class carriage, everyone is seated. No Gia.

Xan walks calmly to the next carriage.

EXT. FRANCE/BELGIUM BORDER RURAL COUNTRYSIDE- DUSK

The train thunders along the countryside, just passing Lille in France, heading towards the Belgium border at a pace of 300km/hour.

INT. EUROSTAR TRAIN SECOND CLASS CARRIAGE CORRIDOR

Gia locates a storage compartment. She takes out a key and lets herself in.

INT. LONDON-BRUSSELS EUROSTAR/STORAGE COMPARTMENT

CLOSE-UP on SATNAV: Pull out to show Gia holding the device. Gia is inside a storage compartment. THEN Gia breaks the window with a sharp train emergency hammer and climbs out the window.

INT. EUROSTAR TRAIN SECOND CLASS CARRIAGE CORRIDOR

Xan can't see anyone, but suddenly, she feels the air pressure change- a window has opened. Her eyes follow the storage compartment. It's locked but Xan uses a knife to open in time to see...

INT. EUROSTAR STORAGE COMPARTMENT

The wind is buffeting the broken window. Xan looks out the window to find Gia, but sees nothing.

EXT. RURAL BELGIUM COUNTRYSIDE- DUSK

The train is thundering past a 300-meter drop bridge. Gia, perched between the two carriages, counts down: 3-2-1 and JUMPS.

She falls, falls, falls, going into the abyss of a deep valley.

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POV: DEEP CREVASSE AND CREEK, RURAL BELGIUM COUNTRYSIDE- DUSK

Gia is diving down, down, down – the whole outside whizzing by her. She's enjoying this. She spreads her limbs wide to slow herself down and then suddenly makes a decision and points herself straight down, hands at her sides, reducing whatever friction her body had.

AS she BULLETS down to her inevitable demise, a hurtling body grabs her from behind. A safety harness is clamped on the shoulder and waist. Gia looks up to see:

XAN. The two women are just 50 meters from the rocky crag – the bungee cord snaps, and recoils them back up only to swing wildly to the side. Gia faints.

The two bodies are flung this way and that. Xan looks down – not high enough but it will have to do. She severs the cord swiftly with her knife and the two drop again.

Xan releases the parachute and the two women land HARD as the train disappears into the tunnel beyond the bridge.

EXT. CREEK/RAVINE- BELGIUM - DUSK

Xan immediately releases herself. Gia is still unconscious. Xan gathers the parachute and the harness, sets them ablaze with an incendiary device, then hurls it down the creek.

She slaps Gia awake.

XAN

Get up. We have to move.

Gia becomes somewhat conscious and Xan tugs at her hard and pulls her on feet and drags Gia.

XAN

What happened at the train station?  
Why did the bomb fail?

Gia walks, dazed. She should be dead; she doesn't care. She doesn't answer.

XAN

Did you forget your chute? Why did you jump? You ought to have stayed in the compartment until Brussels and let yourself out.

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Gia is silent. Xan keeps dragging her away. Xan is following the SatNav device which indicates that they need to go down the hill. Gia still looks utterly perplexed.

XAN

(tersely)

What went wrong with your mission?  
Talk.

GIA

Who... who are you?

Xan smirks and then stops them under the tree. She carefully scans the night sky then looks at the device as it beeps with: NO DRONES DETECTED. They are safe for now. Xan matter-of-factly checks Gia for injuries and notes the damage to her arm. Xan tugs hard at Gia and pulls her along.

Gia walks a few steps and then collapses.

EXT. RIVERSIDE RURAL BELGIUM COUNTRYSIDE- NIGHT

CLOSE-UP OF MESSAGE ON GIA'S PHONE: It's the SAME ONE Gia listened to earlier. She's shouting in Spanish "Gia where are you? Gia where are you?" Then the sound of an explosion and then BLACK SCREEN.

PAN TO: A FINGER PUNCHING THE MESSAGE AGAIN.

IT PLAYS. THE FINGER PRESSES-'TIME STAMP' COMMAND. WE SEE IT'S XAN. SHE PULLS HER OWN PHONE DEVICE AND COMPARES IT AGAINST HER OWN EXPERIENCE OF THE EXPLOSION. THE TIME STAMP IS OFF 52 seconds.

XAN

The taser is not charged. I wouldn't  
try it if I were you, Gia.

PAN OUT TO REVEAL: GIA WITH A TASER PRESSED TO XAN'S NECK

XAN

(matter-of-factly)

Good to see that you are up and about.

Before Gia reacts, Xan snatches the taser swiftly and elbows Gia's face. Gia is knocked back, but she's quick to recover and lunges at Xan. The two wrestle for control, but Xan is surprised to see that Gia is a master of judo and has Xan in a complete bodylock. Xan is limber and uses her leg to kick at Gia, but it

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doesn't work. Xan uses the taser and stuns Gia; her muscles go into spasms and she is disabled for a minute.

XAN

Calm down. If I wanted to kill you, I would have let you die falling off the train.

Xan grabs Gia's phone and plays the message again.

GIA

(struggling to get up)  
Give... give me my phone.

XAN

Is this why you jumped out the train?  
(waiting on a response  
from Gia)  
It's fake. Transmitted 52 seconds before the actual explosion. They figured you wouldn't notice and they were right.

GIA

No more mind games. I don't work for you anymore.

XAN

I'm not the ORDER.

Gia cannot hide her recognition at this word. Xan notes Gia's reaction.

XAN

I thought so. C'mon. We have to keep moving. We have 10 minutes before they find us.

Xan drags Gia down the hill again. Gia pulls back and sweeps her leg under Xan. Going down hard, Xan doesn't notice Gia quietly slipping off her narrow belt. She flips it over—the belt is now a lethal serrated chain knife. Xan flips Gia over, straddling her, face close and fierce.

XAN

(growls)  
Last year. Moscow Square. Nerve Gas.  
Was that you?

Gia doesn't answer. She stretches her fingers to grip the serrated belt quietly, at the ready.



9.

XAN

2017 DC high-speed train derailment.  
Was that you?

Gia stays silent but manages to wriggle away from Xan. Frustrated, Xan gets up and searches the valley below, scanning for something. She notices a tiny speck of light in the valley. Up ahead is an abandoned barn, barely visible. Xan pulls Gia in that direction.

XAN

Two months ago. The cruise shipwreck  
in the Adriatic. 12 incidental deaths.  
Was that you?

Gia suddenly stops. Xan turns around and looks at her face hard but does not see the serrated belt on her hands.

XAN

We're running out of time.

In a flash, Gia pulls her serrated belt and wraps it around Xan's neck tightly, but Xan has seen the strike and sticks her with the taser. Gia's fingers go into paroxysms and she collapses again.

INT. ABANDONED BARN- BELGIUM COUNTRYSIDE -NIGHT

XAN's face looks grim as she stares at Gia's passed out face. Her neck shows some damage made by Gia's serrated belt. Xan pulls out a sharp, lethal knife and plunges it into Gia. Gia's eyes open as she gasps in pain.

CLOSE ON THE KNIFE WHICH IS EMBEDDED DEEPLY IN GIA'S FOREARM. Gia stifles a gut-wrenching scream. Even though she remains silent, we can feel her pain. The knife digs and pulls open the gash. Xan's other hand inserts a tweezer and out comes a tiny chip, smaller than a penny.

Xan looks around the barn and notices a pail of fresh milk next to a cow in the stall. She drops the chip into the milk.

XAN

It's temperature sensitive so, this  
warm milk should work but...  
(glancing down at her  
watch)  
But for only a few minutes.

Gia stares at the pail in complete shock. She touches the gash in her arm gingerly -SHE HAD NO IDEA. We FLASH through a quick

10.

strobe light jumble of memories - her arm broken, a nurse, a secure hospital room-- too rapid fire to make sense of.

XAN

(V.O.)

Remember that time you broke your arm during training and you needed surgery?

Gia's world is upside down. Snapping back to the here and now as Xan uses emergency instant stitching from her kit to pull Gia's wound shut. Gia shakes her head; she doesn't know what to believe.

XAN

We need to go. Do you want to live?

Gia gives Xan a fierce look.

XAN

Two minutes left, maybe less.

GIA

What do you want from me?

XAN

(brusquely)

Right now, your survival.

EXT. BELGIUM COUNTRYSIDE- NIGHT

Xan steps out of the barn and makes a mad sprint down the hill as fast as possible. Gia is right behind her and labors to keep up.

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION- DARK BUT OPULENT ENVIRONMENT (HADES'S DEN)

PURE BLACK. UTTER DARKNESS. A shadow can barely be glimpsed at the corner.

LOW MALE VOICE

Zeus. Open.

A.I.

Confirmation required.

LOW MALE VOICE

Zeus. Do you have a sense of humor?

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A.I.

I am an AI. I possess a sense of humor  
if you have programmed it.

LOW MALE VOICE

Did I program you with humor?

A.I.

Negative. I'm humorless.

LOW MALE VOICE

You're lying. You have a sense of  
humor, but only when I want you to.

A.I.

Affirmative. Voice recognition  
confirmed. Iris confirmed. Identity  
confirmed. Welcome, Master Hades. ZEUS  
ready at your beck and call.

Suddenly the DEN lights up – it's ZEUS: the latest augmented  
reality technology layered above a glass wall of screens  
displaying a vast array of data feeds from all over the world.  
The whole room is lit blue, alive with lasers and motion  
controlled interfaces.

The shadowy figure, HADES, sits down at the heart of this massive  
control center, quickly flicking his head from one screen to  
another. But there's only one screen he is really interested in –  
the one showing:

CLOSE ON THE SCREEN: Belgium, the same countryside where Xan &  
Gia are.

HADES

(in a commanding  
voice)

Give me Codename Fury 25's location  
and movement pattern.

ZEUS

Codename Fury 25, AKA Gia. Location  
Coordinates Gsc-109-777. Movement  
pattern averaging at 7.4 miles an hour  
based on locations tracked at 19:02,  
19:04 and 19:06. No movement since  
19:08.

HADES SWIVELS TO LOOK AT THE SCREEN – TIME FLASHING 19:12.

HADES

How long since last movement?

12.

ZEUS

Four minutes, 16 seconds.

HADES

(a pregnant pause)

Activate Class-4 drone.

A. I. ZEUS

Class 4-drone activated. Distance to intercept: 212 miles. Estimated arrival time: 19:15pm. Confirm activation?

HADES

Confirmed. Redirect all satellite & surveillance cameras within 300 miles to the target.

A. I. ZEUS

3 satellite cameras-ZONA, XING & HERRA-redirected; 42 surveillance cameras redirected. Seven seconds to drone launch. 5-4-3-2....

EXT. BELGIUM COUNTRYSIDE- NIGHT

Xan and Gia run down the hill as fast as they can. They are both in top condition and sprinting hard. Behind them, suddenly, 400 yards away, the barn explodes. Gia pauses in shock, but Xan pulls her down the hill.

XAN

(as she runs-huffing)

Congratulations. You're dead now.  
Mission accomplished.

INT. LONDON ST. PANCREAS INT'L RAIL TERMINAL

Mayhem in the terminal as PHILLIP JONAH (40s), an MI6 terrorism specialist, marches into the scene with a fast, clipped walk. Not a button out of place on his Savile Row suit, Jonah sidesteps debris on the floor deftly as he scans the scene with his brooding eyes. He quickly locates the Constable in Charge standing ahead wildly waving his hands.

His tall figure cutting through the crowd straight for the Constable, Jonah quickly reaches for the badge in his side pocket to flash at the Constable just as he walks up.

JONAH  
(brusquely)  
Are you in charge here?

CONSTABLE IN CHARGE  
(struggling to get it  
all out)  
Yes. Luckily the explosives only  
partially detonated. No casualties due  
to the malfunctioning... We are trying  
to secure the perimeter...

JONAH  
(annoyed)  
You must secure the perimeter  
immediately. Get more down here now.  
Did someone at least conduct a bomb  
sweep of the area?

CONSTABLE IN CHARGE  
(looking askance)  
Canine units were dispatched, sir. All  
clear so far.

JONAH  
(seething)  
Fifty-seven minutes since the initial  
detonation. Unlikely there are more to  
go off. We should focus on identifying  
the bomber. Any notes, any messages  
left? Any group claiming credit?

The Constable shakes his head, bewildered and waiting on Jonah for orders. Jonah takes a deep breath and casts a keen eye on the platform. He notices the cameras positioned at key spots around the terminal.

JONAH  
(starting to run)  
I need to see the CC footage of all  
the platforms and the departed trains.  
No trains have come in since?

CONSTABLE IN CHARGE  
Correct. The facility is under  
lockdown. All incoming trains were  
diverted.

JONAH  
Where is the control room for the  
cameras?

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CONSTABLE IN CHARGE

(pointing to  
escalator)

Up and then over two platforms.

INT. LONDON ST. PANCREAS CC CONTROL ROOM

ON CAMERA FOOTAGE - we see Gia fleeing. Xan comes after her, but her face is blurred, the glasses distorting the screen. FOOTAGE STOPS: REWIND & REPEAT several times.

WIDEN TO REVEAL: Jonah and a junior official assigned to the control room station. It's cramped in there and the junior official is sweating a bit as Jonah hovers over him.

JONAH

(impatiently)

Concentrate on those two women. What are the destinations of the trains at nearby platforms? Which ones were able to leave before the lockdown?

Suddenly, someone appears in the doorway. It's BROWNING (50s), a soft, slightly pudgy, balding specialist working with Jonah from MI6 HQ.

BROWNING

You've got company coming. CIA is sending someone and he's on the way. Name is Pullman.

JONAH

(under his breath)

Oh here we go.

Jonah walks out of the small room waiting to speak till he is out of earshot from the junior official.

JONAH

(quietly)

I just reviewed the CC footage and two women fled the scene. The first one could have been the bomber but the second one, if she is part of it, doesn't make sense. She seems to be a pro as her glasses are scrambling the facial recognition function.

(eyes darting inside)

They fled to another platform. We're looking to see if a train departed before the lockdown.

BROWNING

It fits the pattern, doesn't it?

JONAH

(slowly as he puts it  
together)

Yes and... no. Every major geo-political incident in the past year has been flawlessly coordinated but this one is odd. And the additional woman with the high-tech glasses is unusual. It's always a single female operative, but why two this time, on a bomb that's failed to fully explode?

The junior official comes out of the control room and almost collides with Jonah. He is stammering but finally manages to get out:

JUNIOR OFFICIAL

We have it, sir! The Brussels Express left a few minutes after. They found a female passenger who claims to have been knocked out. She said her passport and train tickets were missing.

JONAH

(running in to grab  
his coat)

Good work. Anything else to report? Any sign of the two women from the footage?

JUNIOR OFFICIAL

No, but there was a broken window in the storage compartment on the same train. What should I tell my CO?

JONAH

(looking at his watch)

Tell them to secure the train when it arrives at Brussels. Nobody gets on or off until we give the go-ahead. When's the next flight to Brussels? Put me on it.

(looking at Browning)

Do we have an ETA on Pullman? I can't afford to wait on him.

BROWNING

CIA confirms Pullman is onsite,  
checking out the platform where the  
bombing occurred.

Jonah dashes out of the control room in frustration, then runs  
down to the platform. Jonah quickly sees a VERY OBVIOUS AMERICAN  
CIA TYPE marching towards the stairs with a FEMALE ASSISTANT  
striding quickly next to him.

JONAH

(calling out)

We need to catch the flight to  
Brussels. There's nothing more to see  
here.

MAN

(clearly put off)

Can't spare a few seconds to shake  
hands, huh?

FEMALE ASSISTANT

(extends her hand  
firmly)

Did we miss your introduction?

JONAH

(forced to take her  
hand; shakes it)

Phillip Jonah, MI6.

(turns to the man)

And you must be Pullman.

MAN

Nope. I'm JACKSON, Pullman's special  
assistant.

Jackson makes a head gesture to the woman. Jonah turns and looks  
at the woman again staring at him with steady probing eyes. SHORT  
BUZZ CUT, DARK TANNED FACE- with a mysterious ethnic background,  
could be half-Asian, half-anything (Think Pink, the singer but  
the Hapa version).

PULLMAN

(releases Jonah's hand  
from her grip)

Nice to meet you Jonah. Nikki Pullman.

The helicopter leaves in 5 minutes.

Would you like to join us?

NIKKI (NICOLA) PULLMAN's stare is making Jonah uncomfortable. He  
steps back. She quickly gives his expensive outfit a once-over.



Pullman stands stock still, not budging, with her feet firmly apart in simple black military cargo pants & boots.

JONAH

Why is the CIA bothering? This is the sloppiest terrorist attack I've seen in years.

PULLMAN

The failed bomb was intentional.  
(with a knowing  
pointed look)  
The Order doesn't make mistakes.

JONAH

(taken aback)  
What do you know about The Order?  
That's classified intelligence.

JACKSON

(smirking)  
She's the one who ordered it  
classified.

PULLMAN

Our SW analyst on the Order predicted a small incident in the UK, just enough to swing the vote. There is a vote coming down this week, isn't there?

JACKSON

(off Jonah's look)  
Sucks to discover you're a few steps behind, doesn't it?

JONAH

What is this SW analyst?

PULLMAN

I cannot share that information yet.  
(stepping out)  
Our transport is waiting. Let's go,  
Jacko.

Jonah flinches at the 'Jacko' and Jackson shrugs his shoulders as Pullman strides forward. Pullman is in charge, and Jacko knows it. The two men look at Pullman a few steps ahead of them; Jackson extends his arm out in an "after you" gesture as Jonah grimaces and follows briskly. This is gonna be a hell of a case...

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EXT. RURAL BELGIUM COUNTRYSIDE- NIGHT

Xan and Gia hiding behind a slope. Ahead is a petrol station. Long-distance trucks are lined up to fuel.

XAN

(using her binoculars)

You have 2 days before they discover that there is no body inside the barn they blew up.

(passing the binoculars to Gia)

What do you think? Which one looks most promising?

GIA

The white one with the British plates. The driver is already drunk.

XAN

You want to go back to London?

(off Gia's silence)

You think you will find your mother?

GIA

(unconvincingly)

It's the one place from where I can disappear easily.

XAN

It is also the heaviest surveillanced city in the world. I don't care whether you live or die. But the Order has set you up to be a dead Fury. And I need to know why. That means you have to live a bit longer.

(seeing an opening)

Let's go...

Furtively, the two approach the petrol station. Xan passes the driver of the white UK-plated freight truck as he hobbles inside the petrol station. Xan quickly places something on one of the rear tires and then picks the lock at the back of the truck. At her signal, Gia joins her. They are in.

INT. FREIGHT TRUCK- INT- NIGHT- SEVEN HOURS LATER

Pitch dark inside a large freight load. Suddenly a screen lights up - it's Xan's MOBILE device. It tracks where they are. Xan gets something out of her knapsack-some kind of foil that unflaps to a size of a small box.

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XAN

We are nearly at the port. Make yourself small.

Gia curls herself into a ball while Xan pulls the box flap over them.

EXT. FREIGHT TRUCK- NIGHT- DOVER, U.K. PORT CUSTOMS CHECK

The truck sits as it goes through an X-ray machine.

CLOSE-UP ON X-RAY RESULTS ON THE MONITOR:

Standard shipment boxes and one small darker metal box (this blacked-out area is where Xan and Gia are hidden under) shows up on the monitor.

EXT. FREIGHT TRUCK- NIGHT- PORT CUSTOMS

The truck is allowed to pass. The driver revs the engine and continues on.

EXT. MOTORWAY-OUTSIDE DOVER, UK- NIGHT

The truck hums along the double-carriage motorway, just outside Dover.

INT. FREIGHT TRUCK- NIGHT

Xan stares at Gia and then looks at her device.

XAN

We have an hour until we get off.

GIA

How do you know you are not being tracked?

XAN

If we were being tracked, another drone would have hit us already.

(watching Gia as it  
all starts to come  
together for her)

What will you do now?

GIA  
(stubbornly)  
Why should I tell you?

XAN  
(smirks)  
Come and find me when you are ready  
for the truth. Just make sure they  
think you're dead first.  
(pause)  
Serbian Air Crash. Last fall. Seven  
top officials dead. Was it you?

GIA  
And if it was?

XAN  
Then you messed up. It was the wrong  
plane.

GIA  
It wasn't me.

Xan gazes at her coolly.

GIA  
I turned the Serbian job down. I had  
to look after my mother. I don't know  
who they sent instead.

XAN  
Between Serbia and this, what else?

GIA  
Mexico.

XAN  
This spring? The kidnapping of the  
first lady, blamed on the drug lord  
Reynaldo. His cocaine empire raided in  
retaliation.

GIA  
How do you know all this? Why are you  
keeping track?

XAN  
Did she suffer?

GIA  
Who?

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XAN

The first lady.

GIA

No. She was treated like a princess  
and returned untouched.

XAN

Is that why she killed herself?

Gia suddenly turns her head. This is not what she expected.

XAN

You have not kept up with the news.

GIA

You're making it up.

XAN

It was reported yesterday. You were  
too busy running around with your  
defective bombs.

Gia lunges at Xan, knocking her back, but stops herself in time.

XAN

(wind knocked out of  
her)

There is no exit plan for us. The dive  
you took out of the train is the only  
one. Apart from Serbia, did you turn  
another assignment down?

GIA

(hesitating, then  
speaks)

No.

XAN

(to herself)

Then why do they want you dead?  
Fifteen years of training. They cannot  
afford to waste it.

GIA

They didn't kill me. I wanted it to  
end.

At this, Xan starts to laugh.

XAN

The drone bomb was a mistake then?

GIA

I went off the plan. The Order doesn't like anyone going off the program.

Xan gets out her device again. She activates it by voice - rattling off a series of numbers and letters that starts up the system. Gia stares captivated - she's never seen a device set up that way before.

XAN

CLO, engage system. Scramble signal.

DEVICE

Signal now scrambled.

XAN

Give me the Brussels internal police feed.

DEVICE

Accessing... Which key topics would you like me to search?

XAN

Train. London. Bomb.

DEVICE

Searching... Would you like a translation?

XAN

No. Play.

Xan listens to the stream of Belgian French for the internal police alert.

XAN

Stop. Replay the last one. Translate.

DEVICE

Fire & emergency services on scene at Brussels Station. All Eurostar passengers securely disembarked. 4 injured, none critical. No fatalities. Arrival delayed 30 min. due to an explosion in the storage cabinet 4 minutes before arrival.

XAN

Location of explosion?

23.

Gia's face flickers with a moment of uncertainty... The device drones on.

DEVICE

Accessing... Car #4, storage compartment  
F.

GIA

(shaking her head)

I don't understand. That can't be.

XAN

(knowingly)

Orders were to stay in the  
compartment. Let yourself out when the  
train enters the station, wasn't it?  
It's good that you jumped. I  
personally hate being burnt alive in a  
small space.

INT. BRUSSELS TRAIN STATION - 4 AM

Pullman and Jonah look at the burnt-out storage compartment of the Eurostar train with the help of Belgian police. The station and the train cordoned off. Pullman is carefully using a device to photograph the bomb site.

JONAH

This is the second bomb with no  
casualties.

JACKO

Maybe it was just another scare tactic  
to keep everyone on edge.

PULLMAN

No, it's too sloppy.

JACKO

It's perfect publicity though -  
everyone on edge thinking-when is the  
next one going off?

Pullman takes a few sample dabs of the explosives into a kit and tucks them into her cargo pants.

JONAH

Doing your own forensics? You don't  
trust the Belgian team?

24.

PULLMAN

I don't like to wait for the lab.

Jonah shrugs.

PULLMAN

This job is not clean enough for the Order. Something went wrong.

JONAH

Any bright ideas you'd like to share with us?

PULLMAN

The bomb was meant for one of the women. But she got away.

(to Jonah)

Can we check whether either of them exited the train or there's a match on any of surveillance cameras at the station?

As Jonah and Pullman step back from the train to talk to one of the Belgian officers, Jacko looks over some materials. The forensics and detective team step up with their equipment. They slowly videotape the wreckage of the compartment and the train, including blackened shards of the broken window.

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION- HADES'S DEN

We are back at the dark room of surveillance monitors-ZEUS is humming along.

ON THE CENTRAL MONITOR-CLOSE ON: VIDEO FEED OF THE FORENSICS AND DETECTIVE TEAM OF THE BOMBED EUROSTAR TRAIN

Hades (unseen) has a real-time feed of the investigation. Once the camera pans to the broken window of the train, Hades' THICK MALE HAND enters the frame and SWIPES to another monitor, which is flashing bright red: FURY GIA- TARGET TERMINATED.

HADES

Zoom in on Gia. Enhance.

ZEUS

Enhancing. Chip signal dead.

.

An adjacent screen comes to life, displaying a satellite aerial close up, time-stamped, of the Belgian barn, now burnt to cinders.



25.

Hades pinch zooms with a gesture, to a close-up of the area. Nothing. The screen switches between the scene of the farmhouse before and after the drone's explosion. The barn is destroyed, but there is no clothing, no body—nothing else.

The hand hesitantly taps on the screen.

HADES

Zeus, calculate chance of survival.

ZEUS

Please give me a moment. Analyzing thermal camera transmissions. 22 seconds until analysis.

(20 sec pause)

Analysis: 51.3% chance that Fury 25 has been terminated.

HADES

Engage all cameras within 600 miles of the target zone.

ZEUS

Surveillance redirect now underway. Data stream accessible in 45 seconds.

HADES

Commence new activation protocol.

A simple black activation menu comes up on the screen.

ZEUS

Activation protocol acknowledged. Specify agent you would like to activate.

HADES

Activate Codename 44 AKA NARI.

HADES'S HAND HITS A BUTTON as the screen shows in quick succession:

'LOCATING CODENAME 44 NARI. ACTIVATING'

'AWAITING CONFIRMATION'

'CODENAME 44 NARI CONFIRMED & ACTIVATED'

ZEUS

Confirm destination?

HADES

Belgium - use the GPS coordinates from the drone strike. Plan C-2 Send directive & tool kit to Brussels.

ZEUS

Confirmed.

INT. BRUSSELS TRAIN STATION - SECURITY ROOM - 4:30AM

Pullman, Jacko and Jonah have found a hapless Belgian police IT employee to show them the camera footage from the express train. It's slow going and Jonah is losing patience.

JONAH

(exasperated)

This is taking too long. We need another solution. These two women will be gone by the time we get the information.

PULLMAN

(cutting in)

How many cameras?

IT EMPLOYEE

Forty-eight.

PULLMAN

How many angles on each location?

IT EMPLOYEE

At least three.

PULLMAN

How many hours of surveillance footage for blast window?

IT EMPLOYEE

153 hours and 16 minutes.

PULLMAN

We can't wait that long. Do I have your permission to analyze the data from this desk?

The IT employee nods and step away.

IT EMPLOYEE

I've trained 2 years on this. But if you know it better than I do, go ahead.

27.

Pullman pulls out her gadget. The IT employee whistles, impressed. It is a rolled-up sheet of white vellum-like paper-10 inches by 30 inches with a micro USB attachment at the end which she plugs into the Brussels console. She pulls on pair of black leather gloves with special touch pads on the fingertips. The paper lights up-like a filmy Kindle screen and slightly illuminates keyboards and two circular areas of track pad that she deftly manipulates with her gloves.

PULLMAN

(looking up sharply at  
the employee)

I need your password.

The IT employee looks askance at Pullman at this request but understands her gesture. He begrudgingly types it in to the main console, making sure that the password is hidden with his body.

Pullman starts to manipulate the information on the screen using all three keyboards and track pad areas. She's fast - and this is A REVOLUTIONARY DEVICE.)

JONAH is similarly riveted by Pullman's technological manipulations on display. Jacko has SEEN IT ALL BEFORE.

JACKO

(bored)

I need a smoke. You can find me  
outside.

(in awkward French)

Fumée?

INT. BRUSSELS TRAIN STATION - SECURITY ROOM- DAWN

The IT employee and Jacko are gone. It's only Jonah and Pullman staring intensely at several monitors as Pullman works at lightning speed on her vellum touchpad.

JONAH

So, is this another new toy that the  
CIA has been keeping to themselves?

PULLMAN

If you haven't seen it before, then  
you haven't passed clearance for it.

JONAH

(off this light  
insult)

Well, perhaps you'd be kind enough to enlighten me. We're supposed to be on the same side, aren't we?

PULLMAN

(as she works away  
with her two gloved  
hands)

I'm currently using the only functioning prototype and I could share the technology. BUT would you be able to understand it? Because otherwise it will be a waste of my time and yours.

JONAH

Charming. Never underestimate your enemies, OR your allies. I would hate to be there when you are caught off-guard.

Pullman ignores Jonah keeps manipulating the data and finally sits back. She is DONE. She types out: 'SEND FOR ANALYSIS' Second request reads 'SW: FACE RECOGNITION ASAP; CROSS REFERENCE ALL INTERPOL DATABASES-THANK YOU P.'

JONAH

Cup of tea?

Pullman finally relents with a smile.

PULLMAN

No, let me buy you a coffee.

INT. BRUSSELS TRAIN STATION - COFFEE BAR - DAWN

Pullman and Jonah each have a cup in their hands. Jonah watches while Pullman pours her fourth packet of sugar into her cup.

JONAH

(holding out his two  
unused packets)

Would you like mine?

Pullman doesn't reply and drinks her coffee.

PULLMAN

Why don't you tell me what you know about the Order?

JONAH

Since you've classified it, why not just ask me for details I SHOULDN'T HAVE ACCESS TO.

A long silence – a stand-off. But Pullman finally cracks a smile. She hands him the prototype. Jonah smiles back as he pockets it.

JONAH

I suspect that these women are operatives for The Order. What I don't understand is why there are two of them on one botched mission. And why they've made so many mistakes.

PULLMAN

There's been only one mistake. One of them was supposed to have died in that compartment.

Jacko bursts back into the coffee bar.

JACKO

(excitedly)

We have a location from SW!

INT. BRUSSELS TRAIN STATION - DAWN

Pullman and Jonah are briskly walking down to the main train station office, pushing through throngs of commuters. Jacko, exasperated, tries to keep up, several steps behind.

JACKO

How did they get off the train? None of the CCTVs tracked them off the train or at the station. They simply disappeared.

PULLMAN

They jumped. There was a severed bungee cord hitched on the side of the train.

JONAH

I know that terrain. It's lethal. Deep gorges and sheer precipice. It's called suicide cliff by the locals. I doubt they could have survived.

PULLMAN

We'll find out soon enough.

While walking, Pullman pulls up a screen on her mobile device, showing a GPS location.

PULLMAN

A barn burned down just a few miles outside Lille next to the train tracks. Satellite photos suggest a clear blast radius. This was no simple hay fire.

JONAH

Another bomb? We need to get there right away. Someone might tamper with the evidence.

Pullman and Jonah turn around to find a ticket counter. As they head to the counter, a sleek ASIAN WOMAN (NARI late 30s) walking quickly, bumping right into Pullman.

PULLMAN

Pardon. (French)

The Asian woman walks off briskly, rudely ignoring Pullman.

FOCUS ON:

NARI as she is walking away.

CLOSE ON: Her right ear as she adjusts a small earphone. We hear the feed.

PULLMAN

(V.O.- in perfect French)

Deux billets a Lille, s'il vous plait.

We hear Jonah interrupting in a mumble.

POV-NARI LOOKING AT THE BLINKING DOT TRACKING ON HER MOBILE PHONE

CLOSE ON NARI following Pullman and Jonah very closely using her mobile phone as a mirror. To all others she looks like she is re-applying her lipstick.

She keeps a safe distance but it's clear she knows where they are headed.

31.

TIGHT ON: Pullman's sleeve – a tiny bug has been pinned on the arm pocket.

INT. FREIGHT TRUCK, DRIVER'S CAB- DAWN

The slightly drunk driver is happily singing along to Bohemian Rhapsody by Queen at the top of his lungs.

CUT TO: XAN DETONATING THE MINI TIRE BOMB as the truck swerves off the road and then rights itself. On his dashboard flashes a warning: "Check tire: Rear left." The driver curses and slows down as he pulls into an industrial area by the side of the motorway.

EXT. FREIGHT TRUCK- FROM THE BACK

As soon as the truck begins to slow down, one of the doors swings slightly ajar. Xan is balancing herself by the door. She signals to Gia telling her to jump to the right towards the shoulder, with huge bushes to hide them.

Just before the truck comes to a total stop, Xan stealthily drops down, almost noiselessly and rolls over to the shoulder. Gia is immediately behind her. They take cover instantly behind the bushes. Just then the driver's door opens and he steps down. The driver shuffles to the back of the truck to examine the blown tire (this is where Xan placed her small explosive) and then notices that the door is ajar.

DRIVER

What the...?

Driver climbs up the back door and looks inside. Nothing is missing. He just shakes his head and latches the door again.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA OUTSIDE LONDON - DAWN

The area is gearing up for a busy morning as the rubbish and delivery trucks make the rounds.

Xan moves stealthily within the complex, looking up and around to spot any CCTV cameras and avoid being caught on camera.

She sees a very old airport shuttle bus stalling without a driver, and she climbs into it, and makes a signal to Gia. Once hidden inside, she looks around for Gia. But there is no sign of her. She is gone.

XAN

(under her breath)

You must play dead to stay alive. Good luck.

EXT. BELGIAN COUNTRYSIDE- MORNING

Pullman and Johan sift through what little remains of the BARN. It's been completely destroyed and in charred bits, still smoking in the morning sun. Jacko takes videos of the site and documents the procedure.

JONAH

(Picking shrapnel out  
of a nearby tree)

This is a precision, military-grade detonation.

PULLMAN

And no bodies. As I suspected.

One of the Belgian police investigators runs in and taps Jonah on the shoulder, mumbling something to him in French and leaves. Jonah nods.

JONAH

The men found some debris by the creek. A bit of cord from a parachute. You were right. They jumped off the train.

PULLMAN

There are no bodies, so we have to assume they both survived.

JONAH

None of it makes sense. And this is infrared guided drone-work. Quick combustion, almost undetectable on the satellite. Not much left but charred animal bones.

Pullman is no longer listening. She stands up and walks away, scanning the stretch of countryside.

PULLMAN

We passed a petrol station three kilometers from here. They might have found a ride out from there.



33.

JONAH

If so, they can be anywhere in Europe.

Jacko kicks at debris in the dirt, stymied.

EXT. BELGIUM COUNTRYSIDE- THE OTHER SIDE OF HILL - DAY

Hidden behind a large oak tree is Nari with binoculars. She is watching Jonah, Pullman, Jacko and the investigative team. Once Jonah & Pullman start walking off the site, she pulls out her Fury device (similar to Xan's) and types: NEGATIVE.

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION- DARK DEN OF MONITORS- HADES'S DEN

ZEUS comes alive. The screen bleeps alert.

INT. A SLEEK MARBLE-COVERED RECEPTION HALL FOR 3000 PEOPLE

A scene with US military insignia. It's a gathering of top global military leaders for a conference.

A thick male arm has an advanced watch device with an INVISIBLE SHIELD so that only the wearer can see it. It lights up- it is the ZEUS-MOBILE WATCH. 'Display?' The hand on the arm slowly spreads the fingers out one by one (A FIVE-FINGER SPREAD) as if stretching. This triggers a YES. The watch displays Nari's 'NEGATIVE' message. A prompt comes through: 'CONTINUE?' The hand makes the same FIVE-FINGER SPREAD to signal YES, which gets typed out to say 'YES'. 'COORDINATES?' The voice lightly whispers 'PLAN B.' The ZEUS MOBILE DECIPHERS the whisper. 'PLAN B' flashes on the watch. The hand rolls up the hand into a FIST and cross the other hand over it, activating 'EXECUTE' command. Another slow five-finger spread and then the words come up the watch screen 'EXECUTED' 'COORDINATES SENT.'

INT. MEETING ROOM - WHITEHALL-LONDON - DAY

A LARGE FLAT-SCREEN TV: Images of the London bombing and Westminster pan across.

BBC REPORTER (ON SCREEN)

The bombing could not have come at a worse time for members of Parliament. MPs are under strong pressure from constituents to vote yes on new proposed regulation tightening immigration and border controls, and granting police extrajudicial powers

in suspected terrorism cases. Human rights groups are decrying the Conservative government as fascist. The atmosphere of fear that has gripped the country since yesterday signals the law will most certainly pass, whereas it was marked for defeat just a days ago..

PULL OUT TO REVEAL: Pullman, Jonah, Browning and a security specialist, PEMBERTON (40s), sitting around a conference table, INTENSELY watching large screen broadcasts BBC NEWS.

Jonah switches off the TV in disgust.

PEMBERTON

That motion was all but dead three days ago.

JONAH

And today it will pass without a murmur. No one will dare to vote it down. None of the MPs will have the balls to decry this bill for what it is: Beginning of the surveillance state.

BROWNING

A new era of fascism for the UK. Welcome to the new GLOBAL normal.

JONAH

(grimfaced to Browning)

If this continues, our department may be shut down.

(pause)

Pullman, you called us here. What is it that you want to share?

PULLMAN

SW found 32 potential matches on the young operative on that train. But we found nothing on the second woman. Her sunglasses have made her unidentifiable through our security systems. The glasses were made bespoke as we've never seen anything like that before.

JONAH

What about the young girl? Anything interesting from the 32 profiles you pulled up?

PULLMAN

We found discarded mobile phones but nothing else. We believe her to be Gia Barnette. From San Antonio, degree in cyber security from Texas A&M. Both parents dead. But no tracking info on her since 2 years ago. It's as if she disappeared off the map.

JONAH

Nothing new from the borders or ports we flagged. It's been more than 16 hours so highly unlikely anything new will turn up. Any hunches on the other woman?

PULLMAN

(pointing to her titanium case)

I need a smaller room.

The two specialists look at each other—they feel that Pullman is being difficult. But Jonah nods towards the hallway and starts to walk out, a signal that they should move to a more secure location.

INT. HALLWAY-WHITEHALL- LONDON

Jonah leads Pullman and the two security specialists into another smaller room down the corridor. They pass through a metal door at the end of the hallway. TIGHT SECURITY everywhere. Each room needs a swipe of a Jonah's ID card & his iris match.

INT. SECURED ROOM- WHITEHALL - LONDON

PULLMAN

Actually, I left my case in the other room. Would you mind, Pemberton?

Jonah gives PEMBERTON a look — he shrugs his shoulders and walks out to get it. As soon as he leaves, Pullman bolts the door and then positions four black devices at each corner. She uses voice command to activate.

PULLMAN

Lock.

JONAH

What are you doing? This is our facility.

PULLMAN

I asked you for top clearance only. Why is Pemberton here?

JONAH

He has top clearance. And he's an expert in European affairs.

PULLMAN

He can't attend this meeting.

JONAH

What do you propose I tell him?

PULLMAN

Tell him to make us a pot of tea.  
(turns head to  
BROWNING)  
I would have blocked you too, but you've been on this case even longer than Jonah.

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION- HADES'S DEN

The shady figure notices that Pullman's signal has suddenly gone out. Typed out on the screen: RE-ENGAGE SIGNAL. The prompt reply: NEGATIVE - SIGNAL LOST.

A hand clenches tightly.

INT. SECURE ROOM - WHITEHALL

JONAH

Do you mind telling us what the hell is going on?

PULLMAN

There's been a leak. The black box I've placed in the corners block any signal in and out of this room. We need to make sure what is spoken in this room stays with the 3 of us.

JONAH

(nodding impatiently)

You're in our top-security facility, in the inner most sanctum. A leak is impossible.

PULLMAN

Wrong. I was bugged while we were in Brussels. The Order knows we're on their trail. I can't take any risks.

(waits for Jonah's nod)

All right, let's start. Three Twenty-Seven. September 22nd. December 7th. Can you tell me what you know about these?

Jonah is losing his patience with Pullman's cryptic delivery, but his specialist quickly answers.

BROWNING

March twenty-seven the date of last year's massacre in Egypt. December 7th the Christmas van incident. September 22nd—that I don't know.

PULLMAN

September 22nd last year. This is when the new satellite launched by China two months before it suddenly started to malfunction.

BROWNING

And? Why is that relevant?

PULLMAN

There was no coverage as the Chinese have kept it top secret but it's been a disaster for the Chinese PSB. The satellite was supposed to be the lynchpin of a new security system — something they had been secretly developing for more than five years.

BROWNING

(catching on now)

And now they're flying blind. That might explain the sudden China hacks on NASA and EU Space labs that started late last year.

PULLMAN

These three dates, plus yesterday's and others, were found on a list called DISRUPTER that we intercepted last year.

JONAH

Intercepted from?

PULLMAN

That's what we've been trying to learn. For years, people have been whispering about the Order. But this is the first time we intercepted something concrete.

Using a cutting-edge, micro holo-projector, we see a rotating 3D map of the world in real-time, with territories in different color codes.

PULLMAN

MI6 and CIA have theorized about an organization masterminding instability around the world.

(pointing at each location)

Turkey. Malaysia. Venezuela. All have had catastrophic events triggering domestic issues escalating into a destabilized region, and suddenly strong-arm leaders consolidate their powers. Many easily influenced with offers of arms and money.

Jonah and Browning lean in, paying close attention.

PULLMAN

Countries we thought were secure allies are turning into nationalists or are now forging new unsavory alliances.

JONAH

And you believe The Order is behind this?

PULLMAN

Yes. No one took credit for these attacks. The operations were razor-sharp, and perpetrators were never found. Yet the results were surgically effective.

JONAH

How do we know it's not a renegade branch of the CIA?

PULLMAN

It might have been once, but whatever it is, it is beyond the CIA now. I found no traces of it when I conducted my own "unofficial" internal investigation.

BROWNING

How did you intercept this 'Disrupter' message?

PULLMAN

Do you recall the mass outage that knocked out satellite signals and most of the servers in the northern hemisphere? That was a little stress test, unauthorized.

JONAH

(looking at Browning  
with a frown before  
continuing)

Pullman, are you telling me your team is conducting covert sabotage on the data grid on half of the planet?

PULLMAN

(shrugs them off)

By severely limiting the flow of data, we were able to focus on certain packets of information during those two hours. It took SW 10 months to decrypt it.

JONAH

Pullman, this is bigger than the two of us. We're out of our depths here. We have done some preliminary tests on that bomb in Brussels. This is not just military-grade. It's weapons technology our lab here hasn't seen before.

PULLMAN

We're at a critical point. It's a very dangerous time. I don't know how far reaching The Order's tentacles each is

and how deeply they've infiltrated our organizations.

(pointedly)

My hunch is that this other woman is the key to it all. She has disrupted the Order's playbook.

JONAH

Do you have a bright suggestion as to how we find her?

PULLMAN

We follow Gia.

EXT. RURAL FARMHOUSE NEAR SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS - DUSK

A picturesque sight. An old farmhouse stands in the middle of a heartland Texas landscape. The house is dark.

A bit of rustling in the overgrown corn fields and weeds as we see Gia emerge very quietly from the back of the house, almost unnoticeable. The house has a lean-to for stacking logs and Gia deftly climbs up the lean-to up to the attic window, which has been left open.

Gia peers in through the open window, kneeling on the lean-to.

INT. RURAL FARMHOUSE - GIA'S BEDROOM

It's her childhood room, still adorned with framed photos of her as a young girl and pink heart stickers stuck everywhere. It's as if time has stopped. Gia smiles to herself. Her left knee brushes against something and she looks down to see her teddy bear-worn and weather-beaten outside the window. She picks it up and rubs it against her face fondly.

Gia is about to climb through the window when she spots something out of the corner of her eyes. She freezes and scans the room again. IT ALL LOOKS NORMAL BUT...

She pauses then tosses the teddy bear into the room, close to the door. We see it - a red laser motion light detector flashing briefly.

Gia instantly jumps down and lies flat on the ground, scanning the environs. She locates a few spots up the hill where someone can be watching her and commando crawls backwards towards the maze field slowly. Luckily, she's in the evening shade and not visible. Gia hears a rumbling in the distance..



41.

THEN Gia spots HER— NARI now riding a dirty, jacked motorbike impossibly fast down the hill.

EXT. RURAL FARMHOUSE ST. ANTONIO, TEXAS - DUSK

NARI takes less than minute to descend on the house. As she nears it, she doesn't stop. Full throttle as she presses her remote and...

CLOSE ON: GAS STOVE INSIDE THE HOUSE EXPLODES

Wasting no time, Nari points her bike directly into the corn field, going after Gia.

EXT. CORN FIELDS - DUSK

Gia is running as fast as she can through the corn field but crouching low so as to not rustle the leaves. We can hear the roar of the motorbike as Nari races through the field behind her.

EXT. NARI'S POINT OF VIEW- CORN FIELDS - DUSK

She sees the husks of the corn rustling a few hundred yards diagonally across her. Nari revs her bike and speeds that way.

EXT. CORN FIELD- DUSK

Gia finds what she is looking for — her kit bag and straps it on her shoulder, continuing to run. She quickly releases the safety on her Beretta, weaving in and out of the corn.

EXT. CORN FIELDS - FROM WITHIN

NARI follows the rustling — just a whirligig with Gia's wadded-up sleeve tied around it, moving in the wind. She turns the bike around scanning for Gia and catches her hair in the whirligig. Snapping away with a snarl, Nari sees... Gia's head bobbing up between the rows of corn to her right.

Nari wastes no time and pulls out her shotgun and aims.

BAM. Gia ducks, narrowly missing her. She disappears beneath the corn leaves. As Nari revs towards her, another pointed shot pierces the air. A HUGE POP and the bike skids and Nari slides across the field. Gia HAS SHOT OUT THE FRONT TIRE.

Now both women are on foot. Nari chases with her shotgun at her shoulder. All Gia can do is run, ducking back and forth, and shooting back, hoping to stop Nari.

42.

Gia sees that she is running out of rounds – only 3 left. Nari does not waste her ammunition and when she aims, she hits. Nari's last shot grazes Gia's ears-so close!

POV: UP AHEAD - END OF THE FIELD AND THE WOODS- DUSK

Gia sprints into the woods, aiming one of her last 3 bullets back at Nari to slow her down. Nari ducks but continues the chase.

EXT. WOODS- DUSK

All is silent as Nari scrambles through thick brush. No sign of Gia anywhere- impossible. Then, Gia suddenly emerges at the end of the woods. Nari runs after her and fires several rounds off with her pump shot gun.

EXT. EDGE OF WOODS- DUSK

Gia runs out to the edge—a huge reservoir stretching out ahead of her. Without hesitating, she jumps, taking the 100 feet plunge into the water, Nari comes up behind her. Nari aims her gun but Gia is falling and hits the water.

EXT. RESERVOIR- DUSK

NARI stares at the water, waiting for Gia to emerge after a minute. Nothing. She slowly scans the surface of the water of the huge reservoir for signs of Gia.

CLOSE ON: NARI'S WATCH- which shows 7:58pm.

EXT. RESERVOIR- 30 FEET BELOW WATER SURFACE- NIGHT

Gia frantically swims down to a spillway channel. She looks at her watch. It is flashing RED—8:05. She has to get some air!

Gia swims and latches onto the structure she was looking for: a small air pocket beside the channel. She gulps in huge breaths while waiting underwater when she looks up and sees:

A HUGE DISTURBANCE IN THE WATER

Gia stares AT THE MOTORBIKE Nari has just dumped, as it sinks deeper.

EXT. RESERVOIR- NIGHT

Nari continues to gaze at the water which is bubbling furiously from the motorbike's descent. As her watch hits 8:18pm, Nari walks back up the hill. A small car emerges and then drives away.

43.

EXT. - RESERVOIR - UNDER WATER

Gia looks her watch: 8:23pm. No disturbance above. She quietly swims back up to the surface—all clear. No Nari.

EXT. ROAD, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS- NIGHT

Pure darkness. Only a flicker of light can be seen. On a closer look, it is Nari walking stealthily. Her device flashes and she glances down at it.

Screen flashes: TERMINATION COMPLETE?

Nari types: 50-50. POSSIBILITY. PERMISSION TO CONTINUE.

Screen flashes: CONTINUE.

A beat and then the screen flashes again.

LISTENING DEVICE ON CIA AGENT NOW UNSTABLE. PROCEED WITH MINIMAL DETECTION.

INT. RESERVOIR PUMPING STATION - NIGHT

The steel door opens slightly — Gia, wet and cold, steps inside. She takes off her knapsack and wet clothes and quickly goes over to a metal cabinet, triggering a secret compartment. It is full of mops and other cleaning supplies.

She kneels down and removes the floorboard to reveal a stash of emergency goods — with a change of clothes, a box of weapons and different passports & a blonde wig.

Gia quickly puts on a blonde wig and with the change of clothes— she is unrecognizable: a rodeo girl in her jeans and big blonde hair.

EXT. RESERVOIR PUMPING STATION - NIGHT

A little way down the road is a beaten-up pick-up truck, inconspicuously parked— like part of the landscape. Gia gets into it, driving into the darkness.

INT. - XAN'S PENTHOUSE - DAY

In the luxurious living room, we see Xan as she works on a state-of-the-art computer. Xan wears a super-sophisticated, augmented reality headset worn as glasses that is connected to the computer and we hear her as she sends voice commands to query the system.

XAN

CLO, pull up the Istanbul terrorist cell massacre. Find any and all connections with the Crown Prince of Qatar.

Suddenly, the penthouse's panoramic views of Central Park change into frosted white LCD glass. High-def 3-D projects against the room. An image of the former Crown Abdul Salaam of Qatar, flashes across the screen. Some of the images show Xan, as a socialite attending some of his parties as part of his entourage. Xan stares intently at a large projected MAP of the world. A red dot begins to radiate from Istanbul, Turkey. Other pinpoints blinking across the globe: Mexico City, off the coast of Dubrovnik in the Adriatic Sea, Moscow, on the southern tip of Taiwan in the South China Sea. She is clearly adding up the pieces, putting her own missions on the map and tracking other events.

A.I. VOICE

The Crown Prince Abdul Salaam was a classmate of the Istanbul terrorist cell leader Cyrus Shasoshian at Yale. No connection prior to 1992 when they were known to be roommates. No known connection with current Crown Prince Suleiman.

XAN

(calling out another command)

Search on kidnapping of First Lady of Mexico and Reynaldo Cartel.

A.I. VOICE

First Lady Carmina Lopez was thought to be kidnapped by the Reynaldo Cartel but later freed under suspicious circumstances. She took her own life only a few weeks later with an overdose of fentanyl sourced from China.

A red beep goes off inside the Google glass. Xan REALIZES that there's an intruder.

XAN

Code Red NOW.

Xan suddenly turns around and does a very strange but rhythmic mixture of three large, bouncy steps exactly the same in distance and a single somersault roll until she gets to a door, which she wrenches open and slams behind her.

45.

INT. XAN'S PANIC ROOM

Xan's inside her panic room. With thick steel doors, it's impregnable. Xan turns on the monitors. The eight monitors show the inside and outside of her penthouse. On adjacent wall is a huge ARSENAL of weapons, from unusual knives, grenades to guns.

XAN

(eyes narrowing)

Who the hell are you?

CLOSE ON A SURVEILLANCE MONITOR: A blonde intruder is at the far side room, staring at the projected screen, frozen in position.

Suddenly, the intruder takes a big bouncy step the same as Xan did and then freezes in spot. She pauses before taking another one.

Xan watches keenly as the figure stands still frozen again. Another bouncy step.

XAN

Disarm.

Xan opens the panic room door and walks out as the intruder-it's GIA- gets ready for another step. Gia looks up.

XAN

Careful, that next step would have killed you. Motion-activated needle projectiles.

GIA

I've memorized the Fury evasion pattern B.

XAN

Ah, but I added a somersault- would you have figured that out? Don't move. Red Alert Now.

Xan throws an African wooden sculpture next to her in the air between her and Gia and ten needles shoot out instantly, all hitting the plant.

QUICK PAN TO REVEAL Gia's grim face.

XAN

Disarm. (to Gia) You can move now.

Xan casually picks up the plant-worse for the wear.

XAN

Complete paralysis for 5 minutes, just enough for me to figure out who you are, before I kill you. How did you get in?

GIA

I took a copy of your fingerprint from the foil in the truck and hacked your security door.

XAN

Not bad. How long did it take you to find me?

GIA

36 hours.

XAN

You have to work faster.

GIA

My house in Texas was booby-trapped. It exploded just as I arrived.

XAN

You went home? That was a dumb move.

GIA

There's nothing there now.

XAN

Now they know you are alive.

GIA

They might think I'm dead. I stayed under water for 20 minutes.

XAN

I wouldn't bet on it. Why are you here?

Gia hands over several strands of long black hair.

GIA

This is the woman sent to eliminate me. Maybe we can find out who she is.

Xan carefully places the strands on the table.

47.

XAN

I doubt she will show up in the database but we can run analysis for DNA. Can you remember her face at all?

Gia nods.

XAN

(pointing to a laptop  
on the table)

Try the facial recognition databank.  
(to the machine)

Clo. Grant access. User Gia. Access  
level 2. Initiate retina scan for  
access.

GIA

(sits at the laptop)

Why were you there in London? That's  
what I've been trying to figure out.

XAN

We've been pawns. We did what we were  
told to and were rewarded for it, but  
now... the game has changed. And they  
want you dead. And maybe others too.  
My matrix pointed me to London on that  
day. I guess I got lucky.

Gia is working incredibly fast on the interface. Moving around face types and hair types as she pieces together -- She has almost a photographic memory and gets CLO (AI) to model a face very close like Nari's.

GIA

She's not showing up on any of the  
database.

XAN

Try Japan Intelligence. Use the  
translation module.

Gia is clicking away as the computer tries to match her reconstructed model of Nari's face.

A.I. VOICE

A partial match.

Gia manipulates the software-and THERE in the corner of a grainy CCTV monitor is the face of Nari.

GIA  
(perking up)  
Incident details. Translate.

A.I. VOICE  
An unidentified young woman, aged 32,  
was found dead overdosed on Fentanyl  
in Osaka, Japan.

XAN  
(cuts in)  
Details.

A.I. VOICE  
Japanese defense units have classified  
her as a possible Russian prostitute  
working in Japan. No passport. No  
visa. Not even facial recognition hits  
on Tokyo's surveillance grid -which  
was highly unusual. There has been no  
official identification.

XAN  
CLO. Project. Give me visuals.

Xan looks up to the projection. It's a visual of a blonde woman  
in a grim, official coroner autopsy photo. Xan zooms in on the  
arm—and SURE ENOUGH—there is scar tissue on the inside forearm.

GIA  
That grainy surveillance footage  
inside the woman's apartment is the  
only capture of the Asian woman and  
only because the camera was hit and  
turned at the wrong angle.

XAN  
(to herself-face going  
white)  
Hebe is dead.

GIA  
Who is Hebe?

XAN  
Another Fury I've been tracking for  
the last two years. But why terminate  
us now?

(with purpose)  
See if you can get any more photos of  
the woman who came after you. We are  
running out of time.



EXT. SOUTH BANK-SOUTHWARK-LONDON-DAY

View of London looms in the distance as Jonah sits inside special-issue car with blackened windows checking his messages. An abrupt knock comes on the car window. He looks up to see Pemberton— the specialist LOCKED OUT of Pullman's meeting— standing over the car. Jonah rolls his car window down.

PEMBERTON

Did you hear? Brownie's dead.

JONAH

(sits up)

What do you mean?

PEMBERTON

Can you open the door? We are expected at Leather & Latex.

Jonah unlocks the door to let in Pemberton.

INT. BLACK ROVER - EAST LONDON-DAY

Working-class tenement houses of dockland and East London whizz by as they drive.

PEMBERTON

Apparently, Brownie was a closet homosexual and one of the most AVID clients at this S&M club. The club just discovered his body this afternoon. The owner thinks that an angry lover killed him and stuffed his body parts in a suitcase and delivered it to the club.

Jonah is stunned to hear the embarrassing details.

PEMBERTON

Who knew? He hid all those scars from whips and chains, huh? We're here.

EXT. LATEX & LEATHER - LIVERPOOL STREET LONDON -DAY

A decrepit building painted in black greets Jonah and Brownie as they step out.

INT. LATEX & LEATHER CLUB -DAY

Already the die-hard members of the club are getting started. Some acts, decked out in full S&M gear, are strutting around and testing out the whips as Jonah and Brownie make eye-contact with the owner sitting at the bar.

THE OWNER (late 60s), a throwback to the disco era, a "bear" in leather gear, comes over and escorts them through the few early denizens there to enjoy sex toys while the space is uncrowded.

PEMBERTON

(whispering to Jonah)

His lover confessed it all on some selfie video and then hanged himself inside the club.

The owner shakes his head as he walks over (the look of someone who has seen it all) and leads them down to one of the dark dens down in the corner. Cages, bars & unusual torture objects hanged on the wall greet them as they pass the unoccupied dens along the way. In the final den, they see:

A MAN still hanging off one of the hooks placed there for other sorts of metal pleasure. He is naked with only a metal chastity strap on his groin. A kicked chair is knocked over a few feet away.

The owner gestures to an open suitcase in the corner. Jonah walks over to it.

P.O.V. INSIDE the suitcase, a glimpse of the dismembered and mutilated body—including part of Brownie's head.

JONAH

(gagging)

When was the suitcase discovered?

OWNER

This morning.

JONAH

Thank you. We'll send a team. I trust you will be discrete.

OWNER

Discretion is my business, gentlemen. Please come again.

Jonah starts walking away with Pemberton following him.

JONAH

Stay here and take care of it.

PEMBERTON

Should I sterilize this for his wife and kids and tell them that he died while serving her majesty? The insurance department will make sure they are well looked after.

JONAH

Yes, please. I will send condolences to his wife.

Jonah walks out but something makes him turn back to the den. Pemberton doesn't notice him looking back, and whistles while lightly pushing the hanging body back and forth.

Jonah stares after Pemberton with a suspicious glare, not knowing what this means.

EXT. HYDE PARK- DAY - AFTERNOON

Jonah and Pullman are walking slowly past joggers and women pushing babies. They look very serious.

JONAH

(low)

Did the Order kill Brownie?

PULLMAN

Yes. Do you think Brownie talked?

JONAH

I don't know. He's a knowledge specialist. Doesn't do field work. They wouldn't have given him torture training.

PULLMAN

Then he talked. But it doesn't matter.

JONAH

(angry)

What do you mean?

PULLMAN

I didn't mention anything that the Order doesn't suspect already from me and you.

JONAH

And you put my man at risk?

PULLMAN

It is not my problem if you have breach in your system.

JONAH

(angry now)

Are you saying that Pemberton is the breach?

PULLMAN

I don't know where the breach is. So I can take only limited risks.

JONAH

How do you know that they are not listening to us right now?

PULLMAN

They are listening to us. But they are listening to a carefully prepared recording that SW has pieced together from our last few conversations.

JONAH

(letting loose)

Pullman, you need to tell me everything you know about SW. I cannot work with you if you do not share information. I will not work half-blind when my man has turned up with his body chopped into 28 pieces, and I have to convince his widow not to look at his body for the closed casket funeral!

PULLMAN

That didn't help.

JONAH

What didn't help?

PULLMAN

We did not plan on you losing your temper. The visual won't match the recording we are broadcasting.

JONAH

You recorded us without permission?

Jonah is about to strangle Pullman but contains himself.

PULLMAN

SW has almost processed the data. We now have access to the Interpol main system and the European security system.

JONAH

(everything clicking now)

You hacked into Interpol? When you manipulated their system in Brussels. You used the password to get into their files.

Pullman's silence is the answer—YES.

JONAH

You're dangerous.

PULLMAN

The information I have access to is 2 steps behind the Order. Does that make you feel better?

JONAH

I like to play by the rules.

PULLMAN

Then you will lose. AND they will KILL you.

JONAH

(figuring it all out)

You knew they were listening even at Whitehall?

PULLMAN

SW detected too much data stream outbound from us and alerted me. But I wanted to test our theory..

JONAH

All that time you were aware... Brownie was killed because you wanted to play games.

PULLMAN

Brownie would have been killed sooner or later. He had a very bad S&M habit

and a worse habit of spilling top secrets.

(pause)

We are getting close. Maybe too close for the Order. Don't trust anyone and if you want Pemberton to stay alive, keep him out of it.

(walking away—to signal that this conversation is over)

Don't forget our safety protocol.

JONAH

Don't worry. I wouldn't want another dead person on my hands.

PULLMAN

I can take care of myself. It's you I'm worried about.

Pullman leaves Jonah in the park. He stands unsettled and stares at her disappearing back. She cuts her way through the crowd, carefully gauging every single person she passes.

From a distance, Jonah watches her disappear and shakes his head in frustration, walking off in the opposite direction.

POV: PULLMAN as she weaves her way through a group of school children, then she passes a GARDEN SHACK to the left. A Chinese gardener pushing a wheelbarrow with a rake shuffles by past her and mumbles out in soft voice to her as he passes.

CHINESE GARDENER

(in Mandarin)

Sister. Big Brother wants Family to Gather.

Pullman walks on without missing a beat, but she whispers as she passes.

PULLMAN

(in Mandarin)

After the Wedding.

Pullman keeps moving as the gardener continues to slowly push wheelbarrow into the far side of the park. Whatever game Pullman is playing, it's definitely NOT CIA protocol.

INT. - XAN'S PENTHOUSE

55.

Suddenly, a loud alert lights up. Gia and Xan suddenly sit up-tight & tense.

CLO AI  
Incoming Communication from Hades.

XAN  
(looking alarmed)  
It's been a year since he contacted me. CLO, transmission contents?

CLO  
Requesting High Priority 'SPECIAL ACTIVATION'

Xan pauses, frowning.

XAN  
Tell him I have no intention of coming out of retirement.

CLO  
Answering, 'I'm retired.'

Xan and Gia silently await the response.

CLO  
Hades has made a special request for you.

XAN  
Question: "THE LENGTH OF MISSION & LOCATION?"

CLO  
Question sent.  
(pause)  
Response: 'One day. 14 hours travel time one way. 2 hours prep. Dubai Desert Summit.'

XAN  
(to herself)  
They're sending me to Desert Summit where the new Crown Prince will surely be present. Clo, project potential incident list for Dubai and Middle East region.

Gia is amazed as the wall lights up with 7 different dots across the Middle East. The new Crown Prince Suleiman's face also appears next to Dubai's flashing light.

XAN

Question: 'Mission difficulty?'

CLO

(a split-second delay)

Response: 'Seven'

GIA

Why do you get to pick and choose? Why do they offer YOU so much information?

XAN

(wry)

I've learned the hard way to ask. Clo, question: "Skill difficulty?"

CLO

(a split-second delay)

Response: 'You can do it with your eyes closed.'

GIA

It's a set-up. You're next.

Xan looks at Gia with a hard stare.

XAN

It IS unusual but this may bring us closer to what we need to know. Clo: Answer, "Accepted."

CLO

Answered, "ACCEPTED." Response. "ACTIVATED. TRAVEL INFO DISPATCHED."

XAN

There's no mission summary. Highly unusual.

Gia's face says it all. She's looking at Xan with a grim expression.

XAN

IF I don't go I DIE. IF I DO go, I have a CHANCE. And I might learn something.

INT. HADES'S DEN - NIGHT

Back of the head of the dark figure staring at the monitor.



HADES

Zeus. Calculate Xan's hesitation.

ZEUS

Three hesitations. The longest between 'One day. 14 hours travel time one way. 2 hours prep.' AND 'Mission Difficulty?'

HADES

Give me hesitation breakdown during activation protocol for Xan for the last 5 years.

ZEUS

Calculating. Hesitation span, minimum one second to maximum three seconds. Frequency of hesitation with each activation, 1.7.

HADES

Hesitation for this one?

ZEUS

Three hesitations. The longest being eight seconds.

Hades leans into the bank of consoles. His left hand clenches hard. He is concerned.

HADES

Implement DECIMAX. Give me two scenarios.

ZEUS

Two scenarios for DECIMAX will be calculated and delivered to you.

INT. DUBAI - INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT- MORNING

A demure woman in full niqab scarf is walking down the airport corridor. As we go close, we realize it's Xan disguised with brown contacts and heavy kohl eyeliner.

She enters the immigration line, where a Middle Eastern man nods at her, appreciating her modesty as she humbly holds her head down while he stamps her passport. He waves her through.

Xan walks briskly by a bank of public phones when one of them suddenly starts ringing. She quickly picks up as a voice gives her the next set of instructions. After listening closely, she hangs up and walks immediately into a nearby restroom.

INT. - DUBAI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - WOMEN'S RESTROOM

Slick, expensive marble surfaces everywhere. Xan walks in as women are changing their niqabs after their long journeys. Xan walks up to the mirror and adjusts her niqab. Her hand travels down to the sink and locates a communication device installed underneath and surreptitiously folds it in under her niqab. She quickly scans the room, then pulls it out like a make-up compact. It looks just like it but has a small flashing light- the surveillance mode has just kicked in. Xan takes her sunglasses off, looking into the red flashing dot.

XAN  
(whispering)  
Activation complete.

INT. BLACK SEDAN: INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - MORNING

Pullman is behind the wheel of a darkened window sedan, looking at a tablet device giving her the feed of international news over 4 split screens. The passenger door opens, and Jonah gets into the seat.

JONAH  
That's quite a prank you pulled,  
getting me to fly 7 hours with a 30-  
minute notice.

PULLMAN  
You speak Arabic, don't you? You'd be  
more useful here today than in London.

Pullman drives the sedan away.

INT. BLACK SEDAN: CITY STREETS - AFTERNOON

Pullman drives steadily as Jonah looks out the window into the streets of Dubai.

JONAH  
Why Dubai?

PULLMAN  
Desert Summit. Three thousand  
attendees. And my information has  
shown an unusual amount of  
international traffic coming into the  
hub.

JONAH

That is not unusual when there is an international summit happening with multiple security details.

PULLMAN

I have a hunch that we might run in to the two women from the incident here.

JONAH

We're here on another one of your hunches?

PULLMAN

And a 78% chance of intersection according to the SW algorithm.

Jonah rolls his eyes at this...

JONAH

You are putting both of our lives at stake on some algorithm results.

PULLMAN

The same algorithm pointed me to London BEFORE the bombing.

EXT. - THE PALACE HOTEL DOWNTOWN - DUBAI - AFTERNOON

CLOSE ON news camera as the reporter broadcasts live.

REPORTER

We are awaiting the launch of the unprecedented "Desert Summit". Some call this the new Middle Eastern G20. The mood here is nervous, with four G20 leaders declining to attend the pre-conference meeting of G20, sending a very strong message to the West. The US has sent Secretary of State Graham at the last minute so as to not offend three of their primary oil suppliers. Expect to see King Salmud of Saudi Arabia as well as the new Crown Prince of Qatar, Mohammed Suleiman. This is the first time for King Salmud and Suleiman to appear in the same room since the spat over the illegal detention and death of the former Crown Prince.

Pull out from the camera to show the delegates arriving at the hotel for the summit.

INT. - THE PALACE DOWNTOWN DUBAI MAIN LOBBY - LATE MORNING

Pullman is in a no-nonsense suit with a badge over her neck, looking surprisingly like one of the many delegates there. She moves through the crowd, making eye contact with Jonah, also sporting a badge, who is near the perimeter blockades. They are communicating via a wireless head unit.

Jonah is chatting in Arabic in a casual manner to different security teams. He finally breaks away and stares at Pullman from his corner.

JONAH

This is madness. We're looking at an over 300-person security detail. They've had the terrorism expert on this for 13 months to make sure nothing goes wrong.

PULLMAN

This is the only way in and out.

Another reporter appears nearby about to begin shooting the news update. Suddenly, the reporter and camera man stop in their tracks, hearing something on their headsets.

REPORTER

(frazzled but  
listening intently)

We are ready to go live...

(a beat)

You want us to go where? No, it will take another 15 minutes for us to get to that location. Why there?

JONAH

(overhearing)

Wait, this place is emptying out. Where is everyone going?

PULLMAN

(looking at her  
device)

Still no target confirmation.

JONAH

(pointing discreetly)

Something is wrong. I recognize that man to the left. It's Jamal Faheem.

61.

He's part of Crown Prince Suleiman's detail.

Pullman follows Jonah's gaze. CAMERA PANS to:

An Arab man wearing a dark gray expensive suit moving out with a contingency of bodyguards.

JONAH

He's leaving. We have to move. Follow him.

EXT. BURJ KHALIFA HOTEL - SUNSET

A black limousine pulls up, and Xan, in her niqab garb, steps out. She shows her invitation card to the security guards and is ushered in.

INT. BURJ KHALIFA HOTEL ELEVATOR - SUNSET

Xan rides the elevator alone with her head down. As the floors whizz by, heading towards 140<sup>th</sup> floor, she suddenly jams the elevator control panel. The elevator stops in between floor 143 and 144.

Xan quickly disables the elevator security camera and pulls ceiling hatch and climbs out.

EXT. - PALACE DOWNTOWN HOTEL- BACK GARDENS

REPORTER

(flustered as he comes back into frame)

...We have just confirmed the arrival of a surprise guest, the Nobel Peace Prize candidate, Nazria Kashani, who has been granted a special visa to travel back to the Middle East. With a price on her head after the King of Saudi Arabia declared her public enemy #1, this move may be a gesture to a new post-Sharia Middle East.

SMASH CUT to Jonah and Pullman running away from the back garden, dashing as fast as they can towards the 163-story BURJ KHALIFA HOTEL next door. Several news crews trail them.

EXT. BURJ KHALIFA HOTEL - SUNSET

Montage of Nazria Kashani as she enters the building through a back entrance, other delegates arriving at the Burj through the main elevators, security details crawling all over the grand

front entrance and through the massive elevator halls and stairwells.

REPORTER (VO)

With death threats already coming in, the actual conference has been moved to an unspecified location to protect the exiled activist. This is an extraordinary overture by the Crown Prince to include Kashani in the summit...

SMASH CUT TO A CLOSE UP OF A DEVICE...

XAN

(speaking into her compact)

AT THE LOCATION. READY FOR MISSION SUMMARY.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL: Xan, her niqab off, now standing at the Burj Khalifa inside the MAINTENANCE AREA of the communication service floor-156th. THROUGH HER DIGITAL-MODIFIED GLASSES, WE CAN SEE HER LOOKING DOWN: we see - Corporate Suites, two floors below.

XAN

Mission summary received. Locating target now.

Xan's glasses ZOOM IN on the FACE OF Nazria Kashani marked TARGET on the interface. Xan's face DARKENS as she experiences a moment of hesitation: She doesn't want to kill this woman... but this is the mission -- she must move forward.

Gritting her teeth, Xan gets into a sleeker 2.0 Gravity JETSUIT (like Iron Man but way slimmer). She powers up the thrusters on her arms & the backpack, flying out of the building.

EXT. - THE BURJ KHALIFA - SKYDECK - SUNSET

Xan glides around and down to the 154th floor of the Burj - she briefly looks down the 555 meters drop below. A LONG WAY DOWN. She shifts control of her arm jets to AUTO, waiting till a digital screen readout on her watch shows, "ZEUS AUTO PILOT ON." Catching her breath, she pulls out a gun from her hip holster.

She steadily hovers and moves down the building to rest at the Corporate Suite where the meeting is taking place.

XAN

(under her breath)

In position and closing on target.

63.

INT. - THE BURJ KHALIFA - 154TH FLOOR CORPORATE SUITE

Two hundred delegates, surrounded by their bodyguards all around the room, sit listening to Nazria Kashani speak.

KASHANI

This form of subjugation of women is not Islam. It is not in the Koran. An educated woman is an empowered woman, a woman who will fight for her country and contribute to it, is a patriot, not a criminal.

EXT. - THE BURJ KHALIFA - SUNSET

Xan is now DIAGONALLY OPPOSITE Kashani's speaking podium on THE OUTSIDE of the building. ANGLE ON Xan's glasses, detecting a visual of the PEOPLE SITTING AND WATCHING Kashani, the Crown Prince prominently at her side.

CLOSE UP ON the arm propulsion jets as they suddenly sputter. The display on the arm of the suit reads: DISENGAGING PRIMARY THRUSTERS: CLOSE ON XAN'S EYES: she realizes what is happening. ZEUS IS ABOUT TO SHUT THE JETS OFF! Xan tries to override it but it's pointless. She aims her gun to shoot into the building but she misses as the thruster swings her against the window. A bullet whizzes by her ear. There's another shooter and they've got a direct hit on...

INT. - THE BURJ KHALIFA - 154TH FLOOR CONFERENCE ROOM

THE CROWN PRINCE SULEIMAN as he keels over. Everyone in the conference room screams, glass shards flying around; KASHANI is tackled by the security detail and kept down for safety.

XAN is bouncing off the window as her thrusters sputter and her fingers try to swing to reach out for the edge of broken window.

CLOSE ON: THE JET PACK ON XAN'S BACK as it completely loses power! We see Xan's panicked face as she realizes she's about to drop!

INT. HADES'S DEN - NIGHT

ZEUS lights up as it shows one command on all of its screens: CODENAME FURY 8 XAN IN PERIL - DECIMAX IN PROGRESS.

EXT. - THE BURJ KHALIFA - COURTYARD

64.

On the ground, Pullman and Jonah are circling the perimeter when suddenly:

THEY SEE XAN AS SHE PLUNGES FROM 154-STORIES ABOVE...

**END OF PILOT**