

Sackcloth & Ashes

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FADE IN:

INT. RITZ-CARLTON NEW YORK CENTRAL PARK - SUITE - DAWN

BED

A dark-haired MAN lies in bed, gazing out a top floor window of the luxury hotel as the sun slowly rises on a waking Manhattan. But he's still, quiet, and his eyes unblinking. He's far off in thought of some distant memory that didn't allow him sleep...

An ELECTRONIC TUNE plays, interrupting his thoughts. It's the ALARM on his cellphone.

He reaches over on the nightstand and turns it off.

A beat.

He takes a deep breath. Not in the mood to face the day.

He sits up finally, not having a choice but to. He throws back the covers and approaches the window. He stares out at the green landscape of trees and ponds that is Central Park.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

Hotel gym. The man, wearing headphones, jogs vigorously on a treadmill. He's the only one in the empty area. He pays no attention to the TV before him, spewing news from CNN. His eyes straight forward, breathing concentrated. He turns the treadmill up two levels, jogging faster now.

He showers in his hotel room. It's all routine and quick.

At the sink, in his underwear, he shaves his face with antique straight razor.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. RITZ-CARLTON NEW YORK CENTRAL PARK - SUITE - MINUTES LATER

SOFA

Still in his boxers and an undershirt, the man, ETHAN LEWIS, 38, sits quietly on the sofa reading *The New York Times*.

The finished sections of the paper on the coffee table beside a tea set.

He's a handsome man; tall, and lean. With a distinguished air about him, that's both alluring and intimidating.

The door opens. A large, brutish man in a dark, two-piece suit ENTERS holding dry cleaning. He's big, with a square face, like a retired boxer-- TOM, 46.

Ethan puts the paper aside as Tom approaches. He hands Ethan the dry cleaning.

ETHAN  
(British accent)  
They get the wine out?

TOM  
(Jersey accent)  
Yeah. Can hardly tell it was even there before.

ETHAN  
Serves me right only brining two bloody suits. You want a cup?

TOM  
No. I had a coffee downstairs.

ETHAN  
And, uh--

TOM  
Right.

Tom reaches into his breast pocket and pulls out a pack of cigarettes and lighter. He puts them on the coffee table.

ETHAN  
Thank you. You can--

Tom raises his sleeves reminding Ethan of the Nicotine patch on his arm.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
Never in a million years.

Ethan disappears into the bathroom.

TOM  
You will some day.

ETHAN (O.S.)  
Where's the kid?

TOM  
Downstairs with Geoff. With the car.

ETHAN (O.S.)  
How's he doing?

TOM  
Okay, I guess. I like him alright. He's just young, you know?

ETHAN (O.S.)  
He's not that young.

TOM  
He's younger than the two of us.

Ethan laughs. Tom picks up a section the paper. He glosses over an article.

ETHAN (O.S.)  
Breakfast?

TOM  
I'm good with just the coffee.

Ethan emerges from the bathroom in a slim, black suit, matching skinny tie, and black dress shoes. His hair nicely groomed. He wears it all well, like he was born in a suit.

ETHAN  
(adjusting cuffs)  
Well, I'm starving.

INT. ESCALADE SUV - CONTINUOUS

Ethan and Tom sit in back. ROBBIE, the kid, 28, sits in the front passenger's seat beside the driver, GEOFF, 42.

TOM  
(low)  
How'd it go last night?

ETHAN  
You were there.

TOM  
He's hard to read.

ETHAN  
I think we're good. His reputation precedes him.

TOM

I'll say. His guys were the biggest idiots I'd ever seen detail. God forbid somebody make a move on him with those fucks around.

ETHAN

You suggesting something, Tom?

Tom shrugs.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Let's see if he holds up his end of the deal first. I don't see why he wouldn't.

TOM

Okay. But no disrespect, but you've been crossed before.

ETHAN

Years ago. And it hasn't happened since. I sent a nice little message to everybody that that won't happen again. Partial thanks to you.

TOM

I wish that fuck were alive and here, so I could pull all his goddamn teeth out again.

ROBBIE

Who?

TOM

Nevermind, Robbie. Jesus.

Ethan chuckles to himself at Tom's annoyance.

ROBBIE

I'm sorry, sir.

ETHAN

It's all right, Robbie. We don't usually talk about past business.

ROBBIE

I understand, sir.

ETHAN

(yawns)  
Jesus.

TOM  
You still ain't sleeping?

ETHAN  
No. I'm good.

Ethan turns his attention to the window. New York has woken up. KIDS in backpacks stroll the crosswalks, morning JOGGERS trek along the pavement, JUNIOR EXECUTIVES in their business suits rush toward Wall Street, TOURISTS snap pictures of every cranny of the Big Apple in their *I <3 New York* T-shirts, and CABBIES exchange obscenities with jaywalking PEDESTRIANS and other DRIVERS.

Geoff stops at a red light. Ethan's attention turns to the windshield as a bus load of elementary school CHILDREN are lead along the crosswalk toward the New York Public Library.

Among the children emerges an ATTRACTIVE BLACK WOMAN. She bounds along the cross walk before the light changes.

As Geoff passes the intersection, Ethan looks are her, peering close to the window at her. She turns her head and he sees her face clearly. His eyes widen, recognizing her.

She becomes smaller as their distance grows. Ethan watches her take the steps to the library.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
Stop! Stop!! Stop the car,  
goddamnit, Geoff!!

Geoff slams on the BRAKES! Cars behind them HONK their horns!

GEOFF  
What's the matter?! What's up?!

Ethan bolts from the car!

TOM  
Hey!!

ROBBIE  
Where's he going?!

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

A man determined, Ethan races toward the library, ignoring the blaring car horns that HONK at him as he races through traffic!

Tom is on his tail, knocking people over trying to catch up.

INT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The attractive black woman walks briskly through the lobby toward the stacks.

EXT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Ethan races up the stairs, barreling through the elementary SCHOOL CHILDREN on a field trip.

Tom is right behind him.

INT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Ethan looks around for her. He doesn't see her.

Tom approaches.

TOM  
What's going on?

ETHAN  
I'm not insane.

TOM  
Alright. What's up? What's going on? You damn near got run over--

TEACHER (O.S.)  
Excuse me!

Tom turns to an angry, young teacher.

TEACHER (CONT'D)  
Excuse me!  
(points to Ethan)  
I'm talking to you!

A LIBRARIAN SHUSHES the teacher.

TOM  
Hey. Take it easy. We're in a library for Christ's sake.

TEACHER  
(lowers voice)  
I'm not talking to you. I want to ask your friend here what his problem is. What's got him in such a hurry that he'd knock over a couple of kids!

TOM

I was right behind him. He didn't knock any kid over. He got shoved a little is all.

TEACHER

And that's okay? To go around without manners shoving little kids?

Tom continues arguing with the teacher, unbeknownst to Ethan who has made his way through the infamous library, scanning for the attractive black woman.

INT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - STACKS - CONTINUOUS

The attractive black woman, her face now covered by a pair of black, vintage horn-rimmed eyeglasses, wanders through the stacks, looking for a book.

She finally finds it: a worn copy of *The Four Feathers*. She pulls it from the shelf with a smile.

She weaves from the aisle and into the one in front of her.

Ethan appears in the same wing. He doesn't see her.

He makes his way down the wing, looking between the stacks for her.

She weaves from her aisle again, a few feet ahead of him.

He looks up in time to see her.

ETHAN

Hey!

Everyone stops and stares at him, but Ethan is too focused to notice, or even care if he did.

She pokes her head out from the stack, looking for the rude man yelling in the middle of a library. She sees him, recognizes him. She quickly ducks into the stacks!

He chases after her!

He runs through the stacks looking for her but she seems to have vanished.



ATTRACTIVE BLACK WOMAN

She races through the stacks and jumps down the stairs to the wing below. She tosses the book she pulled from the shelf.

She looks behind her. She doesn't see him.

She slows her pace, drawing attention to her manic behavior.

She takes refuge in a STACK. Taking a calming breath.

She EXITS the stack, along the wall side.

STACK

She ENTERS the stack before it, slamming into Ethan! He immediately grabs hold of her jacket, so she can't run.

Their eyes meet. She's terrified; he's full of rage and confusion. He's too overwhelmed. His face changes, the fury and confusion replaced with sadness and relief.

(5 beats)

His shaky hand comes up to gently touch her face; proving to himself she's really there.

ATTRACTIVE BLACK WOMAN  
(eyes swell with tears)  
I'm sorry.

He wants to speak, but can't find the words. His voice is gone.

She grabs hold on his hand with the tight grip on her jacket.

ATTRACTIVE BLACK WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Ethan... Let go. You have to let  
go. Let me go. Baby, please.

He isn't responding.

ATTRACTIVE BLACK WOMAN (CONT'D)  
(urgent)  
Ethan, baby, please, let go. They  
can not find you here. We can't be  
here together.

She looks around nervously.

ATTRACTIVE BLACK WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Ethan. Let go.

She digs her nails into his hand and drags them across his hand! He snatches his hand back, letting go of her jacket.

ATTRACTIVE BLACK WOMAN (CONT'D)

(exiting)

Don't look for me. I'm sorry.

And she's gone. He hasn't the strength to chase her; too crippled with emotion at the serendipitous turn of events. He tries to catch his breath, and get a hold of the tears threatening to fall from his eyes.

EXT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

STEPS

Ethan descends the steps. Tom is right behind him.

Geoff and Robbie meet them at the curb. Ethan climbs in the big, black SUV, followed by Tom.

ROBBIE

What happened?

GEOFF

I don't know. Just get in the fucking car, kid.

INT. ESCALADE SUV - CONTINUOUS

BACKSEAT

Tom watches Ethan: his hands are shaking, gripping the life out of his Blackberry. His breathing a little hyperventilated... Ethan loosens his tie, trying to get air...

TOM

(concerned)

You want a cigar--

Ethan, again, bolts from the car!

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Ethan ENTERS the gross, empty alley quickly and takes refuge behind a dumpster to vomit violently!

Tom ENTERS the alley, keeping an eye out. Ethan finishes throwing up. He stands, trying to take a breath. He can't. He's fuming now, purple with rage.

He paces back and forth, huffing like a dragon with a fiery, uncontrollable anger. He spots a bat-like plank of wood. He picks it up and beats the dumpster to death with it!

Tom is helpless, not knowing what to do. He's never seen Ethan so unraveled.

The wood plank breaks in half with Ethan's force. He violently throws the broken half in his hand at the dumpster! He kicks the dumpster a few times and knocks over a couple of trash cans!

He stops. He runs his hands through his hair, gaining his composure gradually...

TOM

What the fuck is going on?!

ETHAN

Moira. Find her.

TOM

W-w-what you mean, "find her?"  
She's...

ETHAN

She's not. Find her.

TOM

Are you sure? I mean, sometimes  
people think--  
(off his look)  
Okay. I'll find her.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The attractive black woman, MOIRA WALKER, 32, walks quickly down the pavement, looking around nervously. She's on her cellphone.

MOIRA

I need to speak to Father please...  
This is Daughter #5... I know he  
isn't speaking to me anymore... I  
understand, dammit, but... I need  
help! It's about my Husband! We are  
not divorced. We are *not*  
divorced... Yes. Manhattan...

(MORE)

MOIRA (CONT'D)  
When...? That's too long. I need  
him to extract me now...!

She ducks behind a building. Worry and panic on her face.

MOIRA (CONT'D)  
Yes... Yes... I understand--

She was hung up on.

MOIRA (CONT'D)  
Fuck.

She drops her phone to the ground and stomps on it until it's  
in pieces!

She EXITS back onto the sidewalk cautiously.

INT. MOIRA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Moira ENTERS the small, one bedroom apartment cautiously.  
It's an eclectic mixture of college dorm room, Ikea, and  
vintage, thrift shop finds that inhabit the nucleus of her  
place, held together by cobalt blue walls and hardwood  
floors.

She carefully pulls a 9mm from her umbrella stand.

She expertly searches throughout the apartment for any signs  
of an intruder.

None.

She locks the dead bolt to the front door along with the door  
chain. She turns on the lights and moves to the windows,  
closing the heavy curtains.

She sets the 9mm down and moves to a storage bench. She opens  
the bench and pulls out a truck full of books, then a  
professional sniper rifle.

INT. MOIRA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

It's dark save for a small stream of light from the busy New  
York streets that manages to creep inside the silent  
apartment.

## WINDOW

Moira sits perched on a chair with her rifle in front of the crept in light. She watches outside, below her apartment building.

A lit cigarette in her hand. She takes a final drag and slips the butt into an empty water bottle at her feet.

She's been here all day. Sitting. Waiting. Watching. Ready. She's in gym shorts and tank top and sneakers; agile and prepared.

(3 beats)

She takes a quick scan of the ground below, careful not to move the curtain too much, or reveal her face: no activity. Barely a pedestrian crosses in front her building.

She sets the rifle against the wall and grabs the 9mm.

We MOVE WITH HER as she leaves the common area and ENTERS the BEDROOM. It's dark in here as well. She ENTERS the adjoining BATHROOM.

The small window above the tub lets a little light in the pitch black apartment enough to see her drop her bottoms and sit on the toilet. She sits the gun on the sink and pees.

Finished, she wipes, pulls her underwear up and flushes.

We stay with her as she picks up the 9mm and EXITS the bathroom.

## BEDROOM DOOR

Moira freezes.

CLICK! The living room lights come on revealing Ethan sitting on the sofa!

Moira stands at the bedroom door with Tom holding a gun to her head! Tom motions for her to hand over her weapon. She does. He motions for her to approach Ethan. Tom empties her 9mm.

She crosses the room and takes a seat in front of him on the coffee table. The look on his face: it's taking every ounce of strength he has not to choke her to death and she knows it, but retains a look of insolence, pissing him off even more.

He grabs a piece of mail from her coffee table and takes a pen from his pocket. He writes on the envelope. He holds the note up to her face: *Bug?*

MOIRA

No.

He underlines it twice then holds it up to her face again:  
**Bug?!**

MOIRA (CONT'D)

No.

He writes again: **You're lying!** Tom approaches and holds the gun at her head again, taking the safety off.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

...the lamps.  
(off his look)  
And the wall clock.

Tom checks both lamps and the wall clock, removing three micro listening devices.

Moira watches Tom ENTER the kitchenette and turn on the sink faucet, dropping the bugs down the drain.

ETHAN

She's got a rifle by the window.

Tom crosses the room. He picks up the rifle.

TOM

This thing is pro. Shit.

ETHAN

Take it. And the nine.

A beat.

Ethan leans in.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

(strained anger)  
I am going to make you very sorry  
for all of this.

Moira's nose is covered by a handkerchief from behind! Tom holds on to her tightly as she struggles against him!

Ethan watches as Tom continues to hold her in his grasp as she slowly stops struggling, the chloroform taking affect on her.

She falls limp in Tom's arms.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

A massive master bedroom with it's own sitting area and fireplace. An equally large bathroom is adjoined to it. Floor-to-ceiling windows bring in bright sun light in every direction, illuminating the well-decorated room. A picturesque photo for the cover of *Architectural Digest*.

BED

Moira. Asleep, wrapped in the covers.

Gradually she awakes with a grimace on her face. Her eyes adjust to the luminous room.

She remembers... She's in Ethan's room.

She quickly sits up and tries to make it out of bed, but she's spinning. Her head is killing her. The sheet she's wrapped in drops to the floor, revealing her nakedness, as she clutches the nightstand for support. She sits back down, dizzy.

She picks the sheet up, realizing she's naked.

MOIRA  
(under her breath)  
Goddamnit.

The door bursts open. Moira jumps, on high-alert. It's the housekeeper, RODAN, a middle-aged Serbian woman in proper uniform. She holds a glass of water.

*Note: all dialogue between any character and a SERVANT is spoken in Serbian.*

RODAN  
*Good morning, Miss Walker.*

MOIRA  
*Rodan? Where is Ethan?*

RODAN  
*Mr. Lewis is outside on the south lawn.*

MOIRA  
*Where are my clothes?*

RODAN

*Mr. Lewis says that you are not to be dressed until he has spoken to you.*

MOIRA

*How long have I been here?*

RODAN

*Nearly two days. Mr. Lewis said to leave you undisturbed until you woke.*

MOIRA

*How did you know I was awake?*

Rodan places the glass of water on the nightstand beside Moira. She takes a packet of Alka-Seltzer from her pocket and drops the two tablets into the water.

RODAN

*I will let Mr. Lewis know you are up now.*

MOIRA

*I much rather you didn't.*

RODAN

*It's good to see you again, Miss Walker.*

Rodan EXITS.

EXT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - SOUTH LAWN - CONTINUOUS

Ethan, in casual clothes and barefoot, strolls toward the encompassing, English-style manor house on what seems to be the most expansive, immaculate green lawn. Made only more beautiful by gardens and rose bushes. A full-grown Saint-Bernard, FEVERSHAM, follows him fondly.

TERRACE

Tom waits for him on the terrace.

Ethan approaches.

TOM

*Rodan says she's up. She's in the office.*

Ethan nods and turns to EXIT--



TOM (CONT'D)

What--?

ETHAN

I don't know. But I'll handle it.

TOM

I can do it. If you want.

ETHAN

No...thank you.

Ethan EXITS into the house. Feversham behind him.

A beat.

Tom pulls a lone cigarette from his breast pocket. He considers it a moment before throwing it over the terrace.

TOM

Shit.

INT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

An elegant home office, enriched in dark wood and encased by windows in a rotunda shaped-room. It's all very Victorian, save for the electronics: desktop, laptop, printer, iPad, desk phone...

Moira sits across from the empty desk, still wrapped in the sheet.

A beat.

Ethan ENTERS. He takes a seat at his desk. He leans back, staring at her. Boring a hole through her with the iciest glare. Guilt all over her face; the insolence from before gone. She's exposed, in every sense of the word.

(3 beats)

MOIRA

Ethan--

ETHAN

(cold)

Shut up. You don't get to talk.

A beat.

He pulls a file from a desk drawer and drops it atop the desk in front of her. The US CIA seal is watermarked on the front of it.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
Look at it. It's yours.

MOIRA  
I know what's in it.

He takes the folder and opens it.

ETHAN  
Moira Walker-- at least your name wasn't a lie-- aka "The Black Canary," operative code name Daughter #5. Born November 11th, parents Donna and Joe, born and raised in Baltimore, Maryland. Four years at Annapolis, top of the class, then classified training at Camp Peary aka "The Farm." First assignment: sex trafficking in South America. Next assignment: the Sudan. Look at that. She's a big girl now. Ali Kushayb, was that you?

She'd rather not say.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
*Was that you?*

MOIRA  
Sudanese authorities have him now--

ETHAN  
Bullshit. That's what you tell the press, but it's not the truth. He's dead. Shame. One of my best clients.

MOIRA  
That's disgusting.

ETHAN  
You going to lecture me now?

He's daring her to, but his wrath at this point would only do more harm to her present situation.

MOIRA  
Why am I here, Ethan? What am I doing here?

ETHAN  
I thought you were dead. For 2 years I thought you were dead.

(MORE)

ETHAN (CONT'D)

I saw you die, right in front of me. At least I thought you did. And the whole bloody time you were running around Manhattan without a care in the world. Like nothing fucking mattered and I thought you were dead. What'd you do? What've you been doing the last 2 years? Come on. I want to know. You go on vacation? You take a cooking class? Catch up on some reading? Visit your mum? Says here you left the CIA after your "death." Which is funny because I always thought that the CIA was something that leaves you, you don't leave it. You go out with friends? On dates?

She chuckles wryly.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

(short)

What?

MOIRA

Dates. As if I could ever date another man after you.

ETHAN

And what does that mean?

MOIRA

Whatever you'd like it to.

A beat.

ETHAN

(matter-of-fact; cold)

You're going to stay here for 7 days, with me, doing whatever the hell it is I want you to do when I want you to do it, and on the 7th day I'm going to take a straight razor to your throat and cut it open from ear-to-ear. Which is far more than you deserve.

He means it. It's pure and simple, ruthless fact. And she knows it. But the killing her isn't a surprise.

MOIRA

And what am I supposed to be doing for 7 days here in Switzerland with you waiting to die?

ETHAN  
I said whatever the fuck I want.

MOIRA  
Why not put a bullet in me now?!

ETHAN  
Because this amuses me more.

MOIRA  
You're expecting me to beg for my life.

ETHAN  
There's no need for that. I'm not going to let you keep it.

MOIRA  
What a brilliant form of torture.

ETHAN  
Call it what you want. Rodan!

Robbie opens the door and pokes his head in.

ROBBIE  
Yes, sir.

ETHAN  
I was calling for Rodan.

ROBBIE  
I can get her.

ETHAN  
Please.

Robbie EXITS, forgetting to close the door.

A beat.

MOIRA  
Who's the new kid?

ETHAN  
The new kid. One of my guys died 2 years ago in a car explosion.

He gives her an accusatory glare.

Feversham trots in, right up to Moira.

She pets him lovingly, fondly remembering the animal.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
 (stands)  
 GET YOUR GODDAMN HANDS OFF MY DOG,  
 YOU CUNT!

Moira is taken aback at the sudden outburst. Feversham runs out of the office, terrified of his master's booming roar.

Rodan ENTERS.

RODAN  
*Yes, Mr. Lewis?*

ETHAN  
*Get Miss Walker something to eat please.*

RODAN  
*Yes, sir.*

Rodan EXITS.

ETHAN  
 Eat, shower, then get dressed.  
 We're leaving at eight.

Ethan EXITS.

INT. MASTER BATHROOM - LATER, CONTINUOUS

A regal, Jack & Jill bathroom the size of a studio apartment.

TUB

Moira sits in the two-person tub, staring into space.

She fights back tears, but it's no good. She's breaking down and they run down her face, dropping into the water.

She covers her mouth to stifle her CRIES.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

Moira EXITS the bathroom.

BED

An evening gown is laid out on the bed for her.

A young Serbian woman in a maid's uniform ENTERS-- ANA, 23.

ANA  
*Excuse me, Miss Walker, I just  
 wanted to take your food tray.*

Ana looks at the tray of food on the table in the sitting area. It's untouched.

ANA (CONT'D)  
*I'm sorry. I thought you were fin--*

MOIRA  
*Just take it please.*

Ana gets the tray. Moira takes a seat in an armchair before the fireplace.

ANA  
*I'll be back in a moment to help  
 you dress.*

MOIRA  
*Are there cameras in this room?*

ANA  
 (nervous)  
*I don't understand the question.*

MOIRA  
*You should. It's a simple one.*

ANA  
*I'm not aware of such things, Miss  
 Walker. That may be something you  
 would have to ask Mr. Lewis about.  
 I'll be back in a few min--*

MOIRA  
*There's no need. I won't be  
 joining, Mr. Lewis this evening.  
 Thank you.*

Ana, not knowing what to say, EXITS.

INT. BOUDOIR - LATER, CONTINUOUS

CHAISE

Ethan finishes tying his dress shoes. He stands. He's wearing a black tuxedo sans jacket and bow tie. And that's where VESEO, 19, comes in, his valet.

Veseo slips Ethan's jacket on. He faces Ethan. Ethan lifts his head as Veseo places his bowtie around his neck and ties it.

Ethan adjust his cuffs as Veseo works over Ethan's jacket with a lent roller.

ETHAN

*Thank you, Veseo.*

VESEO

*Anything else, sir?*

ETHAN

*Yes. Please have Ana check on Miss Walker.*

VESEO

*I'm afraid Ana and Rodan believe Miss Walker is being somewhat...difficult.*

ETHAN

*How so?*

VESEO

*She is refusing to join you this evening.*

ETHAN

*She must be mistaken. Miss Walker that is. Please inform her of such.*

VESEO

*Yes, sir.*

ETHAN

*Thank you.*

Veseo EXITS.

CUT TO:

EXT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT, MINUTES LATER

FRONT DOOR

Ethan, dressed and ready to go, stands in front of the open front door smoking a cigarette. Geoff sits in the running town car. Tom stands by the car as well. An annoyed look of impatience on his face.

Robbie appears in the door frame.

ROBBIE  
She locked the door and barricaded  
it with something.

ETHAN  
Tom.

Without missing a beat, Tom ENTERS the house to retrieve  
Moira.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
(to Robbie)  
Follow him.

INT. TOP FLOOR - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Tom and Robbie approach the bedroom door.

TOM  
Moira. Open the door.

The door vibrates with Tom's BANGING!

TOM (CONT'D)  
Your bullshit games are less than  
fucking appreciated! Open the door,  
goddamnit!

Rodan comes down the hall with a set of keys and hands them  
to Tom. Tom slips the bedroom key into the lock.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door opens a peek, still blocked by the chair. Tom pushes  
against the door hard, knocking the chair over, freeing it  
from the door! He and Robbie ENTER. No Moira.

Moira opens the bathroom door. Calm, collected, and dressed  
to the teeth in the evening gown.

MOIRA  
Would it have killed you to give me  
a little privacy so I could get  
dressed for this dog-and-pony show?

TOM  
What were you doing in here?

Moira slips her shoes on and grabs her purse. She EXITS.



INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

STAIRCASE

Tom and Moira descend the staircase. Robbie behind them. Tom tries to get a hold of her but she continually rebuffs him.

MOIRA

Keep your fucking hands off me,  
Tom.

Tom gets a good grip on her arm and pulls her in close.

TOM

Get rid of the cute act. It's not  
going to help you and it's  
irritating the fuck out of me.

She shakes him loose and takes the stairs the rest of the way without him.

DOOR

The butler, JOSIF, 60, holds out an expensive-looking fur coat for Moira to put on. She merely snatches it out of his hands and EXITS toward the car, ignoring Ethan.

ETHAN

*Thank you, Josif. Much appreciated.*

JOSIF

*You're welcome, sir.*

ETHAN

*We won't be out late, but please  
don't feel obligated to wait. Go to  
bed.*

JOSIF

*Yes, Mr. Lewis.*

Josif bows. Ethan does the same.

Ethan and Tom move from the house and into the waiting town car.

INT. TOWN CAR - CONTINUOUS

BACKSEAT

ETHAN

That won't happen again.  
Understand?

MOIRA

Chloroform doesn't sedate people  
for 2 days.

ETHAN

The response I was looking for was  
"understood." But no it doesn't. A  
non-lethal dose of Lorazepam  
however...

MOIRA

Why am I wearing this dress?

ETHAN

Because I liked the way you looked  
in it the last time you did.

EXT. "THE GHOST'S" HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

The town car pulls toward a heavily secured estate in  
succession with dozens of other town cars, limos, and high-  
end cars as they're checked by ARMED SECURITY GUARDS, and  
waved through the tall, black iron gate.

INT. TOWN CAR - CONTINUOUS

Moira watches as their car pulls in front of a majestic  
Jacobean style manor house. The 19th century mansion rest on  
500 acres of green lawn and covered in ivy.

EXT. "THE GHOST'S" HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A CAR VALET approaches, but Tom steps out of the car and  
stops him. He opens the back door and halfheartedly offers  
his hand to Moira. She ignores his gesture and steps from the  
vehicle on her own. Ethan follows.

They approach the house among dozens of other finely-dressed  
persons of all walks of life.

CAR VALET

May I park your car, sir?

TOM

No.

Tom hands him a tip.

TOM (CONT'D)  
But thank you.

CAR VALET  
Security entrance is on the right  
side.

TOM  
I know.

Tom-- along with other men and women in dark suits and ear  
pieces-- makes his way toward the west wing of the manor.

INT. "THE GHOST'S" HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

FOOTMEN take coats, hats, and scarves from GUESTS as they  
come in.

Ethan and Moira ENTER. It's apparent despite Ethan's  
harshness, he's the king of English manners and courtesy when  
appropriate; which he makes up for when Moira tosses the fur  
coat to the footman rudely.

He grabs hold of her arm tightly, pulling her aside.

ETHAN  
(whispers)  
Cut the shit or that 7 days turns  
into 7 seconds. Do not embarrass  
me; smile and pretend you're having  
the time of your life. Like you did  
all those other times.

She gives him her brightest, fakest smile.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
Perfect.

He let's go of her arm.

A FOOTMAN guides them toward the BALLROOM.

A Hispanic woman in a yellow gown, PILAR, 40, approaches  
Ethan with the warmest smile.

PILAR  
*Ethan! Es tan bueno verte! ¿Cómo  
estás? Tenía tanto miedo de que no  
vinieras!*

ETHAN

*¿Cómo iba a perderme tu cumpleaños?  
¿Cuántos años tiene de nuevo?  
Veintiuno?*

She hits him playfully.

PILAR

*(to Moira)  
Él es un ligón tal!*

MOIRA

*Entre otras cosas.*

PILAR

*¿Quién es esta criatura de  
equilibrio y belleza delante de mí?*

ETHAN

*Moira Walker, la cumpleañera,  
Pilar.*

MOIRA

*Encantada de conocerte, Pilar.  
Feliz cumpleaños.*

PILAR

*Gracias. Cualquier amigo de Ethan  
es amigo acogida de los nuestros.*

ETHAN

*Lo dudo. ¿Dónde está su escondite  
marido?*

PILAR

*Trabajar, trabajar, trabajar.  
Incluso en mi cumpleaños. Por  
favor, Ethan, vaya a rescatarlo.*

ETHAN

*Tus deseos son órdenes para mí.  
(to Moira)  
Behave yourself.*

Ethan EXITS.

Pilar takes her arm.

PILAR

*So, my dear, where has Ethan been  
hiding you?*

MOIRA

I've actually made it a point to not be found for quite some time.

Pilar chuckles at her "joke." They approach the crowded ballroom.

INT. BILLIARDS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A man cave of the most handsome taste. Brick and dark oak everywhere, surrounding "toys" for a man of propriety, including a bar.

A Hispanic man in a tux lazily circles the pool table on his cellphone, speaking in rapid Spanish to the person on the other end-- THE GHOST, 45.

He notices Ethan ENTER the room and motions for him to approach.

The Ghost finishes his phone conversation and hangs up.

ETHAN

Pilar sent me to find you.

THE GHOST

Business. Always business. Is she going to kill me?

ETHAN

Not if you leave this room in 5 seconds.

THE GHOST

Well, then plan my funeral, my friend. Because we are going to have a drink first.

The Ghost moves to the BAR.

THE GHOST (CONT'D)

Whiskey, bourbon, or scotch?

ETHAN

Scotch, neat. Two fingers.

The Ghost pours two tumblers of scotch. He hands one to Ethan. They occupy the two armchairs before the fireplace.

THE GHOST

When people like us disappear for too long friends get worried.

ETHAN

I needed...regrouping, I guess? Is that the right word for feeling lost?

THE GHOST

Mourning. Crisis of faith? Missing your conscience? Your soul?

ETHAN

Didn't realize I had one of those until a couple years ago.

THE GHOST

So it's about a woman.

ETHAN

Isn't everything?

THE GHOST

Unfortunately. The good ones at least. You forget the bad ones pretty quickly.

ETHAN

What if you meet one that's both?

THE GHOST

A woman that's good and bad...? I don't know. Never met one of those.

ETHAN

I have. She's here.

THE GHOST

You brought this wonderfully terrible woman here? I'm curious. I can't wait to meet her.

ETHAN

She's a CIA operative.

Immediately, The Ghost's face changes, hardening into a raging scowl.

THE GHOST

Here? In my house?

ETHAN

Yes.

THE GHOST

And why the hell would you do that?

ETHAN

Because I'm going to kill her at  
the end of the week.

There's a seething on the brink of eruption within The Ghost,  
but he's curious to Ethan's actions of letting his home  
become violated.

THE GHOST

You'll have to forgive my  
confusion, Ethan.

ETHAN

I was in New York and I saw her. I  
thought she was dead, but she was  
living in Manhattan.

THE GHOST

Is this the same woman that you  
were--

ETHAN

Yes.

THE GHOST

I still have no idea as to why you  
thought it appropriate to bring her  
to my house.

ETHAN

Because I want to disappoint her.  
And I want her to know that  
everything she's worked for has  
clearly been meaningless.

INT. BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

An old world ballroom in all it's gaudy, gold and chandelier  
glory.

Moira mingles with Pilar and TWO WELL-DRESSED COUPLES. She  
does as told: smiling, making conversation, laughing at  
boring jokes, and making a few of her own.

A SECURITY GUARD approaches Pilar and whispers in her ear.

PILAR

*Ai Dios Mio!*

(to Moira)

My absent husband and your date  
would care to steal you away, my  
dear.

MOIRA

Is everything all right?

PILAR

I think so. But when you see my better half please tell him if he doesn't return in 10 minutes with you and Ethan, his darling wife is going to divorce him on her birthday.

MOIRA

I promise to have him out in nine.

Moira EXITS with the security guard.

INT. BILLIARDS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Moira steps into the room.

ETHAN

Moira.

She approaches them at the BAR.

THE GHOST

She's beautiful at least. Is she smart?

ETHAN

Very. She knows just about everything and speaks 5 languages.

MOIRA

Six. If you count English.

THE GHOST

Impressive. The CIA taught her well.

Moira is taken aback at the casual reference of her former life.

THE GHOST (CONT'D)

(to Ethan)

I can see how you could be...

(to Moira)

And just how well did they train you? Do you know who I am?

She refuses to shudder in front of them both.



MOIRA

I'm afraid not. Seeing as how we haven't been properly introduced.  
(extends hand)  
Moira Walker.

He takes her hand and kisses it.

THE GHOST

It's nice to finally put a face to the name. Heard a lot about you. Or at least I used to. It's a shame we didn't meet sooner. For you that is.

MOIRA

I didn't catch your name.

The Ghost chuckles wryly.

THE GHOST

What's in a name really? I have so many. There's the one my mother gave me when I was born, the one the priests gave me in school, and all the others.

MOIRA

Which do you answer to?

THE GHOST

Depends on whom I'm speaking to.

MOIRA

Well, you're speaking to me...

THE GHOST

You would probably refer to me by one of my *other* names.

She's still a bit confused. But gradually it comes to her...

MOIRA

"The Ghost."

The Ghost smiles proudly at her.

THE GHOST

She is smart. Quick. Welcome to my wife's 40th birthday party.

Moira is speechless, standing before the infamous villain.

THE GHOST (CONT'D)

(off her look)

I don't look the way you thought I would, do I?

MOIRA

No.

THE GHOST

What were you expecting?

MOIRA

(short)

Horns.

The Ghost bursts into laughter.

THE GHOST

(to Ethan)

You failed to mention she was funny.

MOIRA

Your wife would like for you to join the party.

THE GHOST

Is that all? Is there anything you'd like to ask me?

MOIRA

It would be a waste of my time to do so. I no longer work for the US government.

THE GHOST

So Ethan tells me.

MOIRA

Did he also tell you he plans on killing me at the end of the week?

THE GHOST

Yes, he did. Otherwise, neither of you would continue to be standing here. Do you really have nothing to ask me? I've been evading your government and several others for a very long time, and exhausting all their efforts to find me as well. Including their best agents. Is there anything you'd like to know? I've been assured we won't meet again...

MOIRA

Your wife was insistent.

THE GHOST

...Well, then I think we should be go--

MOIRA

What's it like, killing a man, his wife and small children? Raping a woman to death? Setting a man on fire and dumping his charred body on his widowed mother's front step? Bombing a building of innocent people? Or mounting a severed head, with its lips sown shut, on the gates of the embassy?

THE GHOST

I wouldn't know. I've never done any of those things.

MOIRA

But you've told others to. Paid them to do it.

THE GHOST

I sleep very well at night.

MOIRA

Of course you do. Enlighten me. How does an orphaned, street urchin occupy a spot on an international 'most wanted' list?

THE GHOST

His father leaves for America, promising to return and send for his family, but never does. His mother dies after giving birth to his frail, little sister; the result of a man's brutality that had taken advantage of a desperate woman with a small boy to feed and clothe. He lives in a dirty, filthy boarding home run by devout nuns who tell him his sister dying of leukeMoir is "God's will," and not the result of her sad predicament of being brown, poor, and unlucky. He'd rather beg on the streets than have to go back to that: the bleeding crosses and blind worship. The streets are kinder to him;

(MORE)

THE GHOST (CONT'D)  
 they're more honest. He survives  
 them well. He survives the cartels  
 well, eventually, too. But 'well'  
 isn't good enough. 'Best' is  
 better.

MOIRA  
 So you did killed Sergio "The  
 Demon" Valdez.

THE GHOST  
 As it turns out, some demons can be  
 exercised. After him, the rest of  
 them...were so easy. Drugs are  
 interesting. Guns are fun. But true  
 excitement is finance. Business.  
 Being in connection with either  
 helping to keep the world spinning,  
 or bringing it to it's knees.

MOIRA  
 You don't do that.

THE GHOST  
 No. Not yet at least. There's still  
 dirt and blood on my hands--

MOIRA  
 I'll say.

THE GHOST  
 --as evident by what little you,  
 and those like you, know about me.  
 But time, and acquaintances in very  
 high places will help with that.

MOIRA  
 You won't live until old age. Men  
 like you never do. The both of you.

THE GHOST  
 You're right. Men like Ethan and  
 myself never see the end as we  
 picture it. But the same can be  
 said about you as well. And that  
 has stopped neither of us from  
 pursuit.

The truth hangs there a moment...

THE GHOST (CONT'D)  
 I'm sure my wife has threatened to  
 divorce me several times by now.  
 (MORE)

## THE GHOST (CONT'D)

I think it's time we joined the party.

The Ghost EXITS.

Ethan extends his hand to Moira. She's disgusted, angered with his similitude and camaraderie with The Ghost. No one around; she doesn't need to be polite to him when they're alone. She EXITS. He follows.

INT. BALLROOM - LATER

Ethan talks with The Ghost, Pilar, and a man dressed a lot like Rich Uncle Pennybags, minus the top hat.

ETHAN'S POV - Moira

He spots Moira across the room holding court with a TRIO OF MEN with graying hair and pot-bellies in well-tailored tuxedos. They hang on her every word, enamoured with the young woman in front of them.

Her eyes meet his. And for a brief moment it's all familiar and comfortable between them again. But only for a moment...

Ethan excuses himself from the group and crosses the room toward her--

KATHERINE (O.S.)

(British accent)

Ethan!

Ethan turns to a gorgeous blonde woman standing before him. She's the picture of perfect: long, yellow hair like wheat, bright, white smile, and a curvy figure hugged nicely by the red dress on her body that looks as though it were poured onto her cream-colored skin-- KATHERINE, 28.

ETHAN

Katherine. How lovely to see you.

He pecks her cheek.

KATHERINE

Lovely to see you as well. How have you been?

ETHAN

Very well. Thank you.

KATHERINE

Are you sure? You've seemed to fall off the face of the Earth last I heard.

ETHAN

Asking about me?

KATHERINE

Worried a bit, yes.

She blushes. She likes him. A little crush he's well aware of.

ETHAN

Well, as you can see I'm in one piece.

KATHERINE

Thankfully.

Moira appears at Ethan's side.

MOIRA

And what are we thankful for?

ETHAN

Katherine is grateful that I'm in good health.

MOIRA

And why wouldn't you be?

Moira keeps her eyes on Katherine. She's all smiles, but her tone and glare suggest otherwise.

KATHERINE

I hadn't heard from him in quite some time.

MOIRA

Didn't know the two of you were keeping in touch.

KATHERINE

Well, I consider Ethan to be a good friend, and fantastic conversationalist. I missed talking to him, a great deal.

Katherine's remark implies more than it should.

MOIRA

Did you?

Moira reaches into the breast pocket of Ethan's jacket and takes out his pack of cigarettes and matches.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Then carry on. I'm sure you have a lot to catch up on. It's nice to see you again, Katherine.

KATHERINE

You, too, *Martha*.

Moira's glare could cut glass. She EXITS.

EXT. BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

TERRACE

Moira ENTERS. She lights a cigarette and stands on the elevated terrace, gazing out into the dark lawn.

(3 beats)

Ethan approaches her. He places a tumbler of scotch on the railing. Another rest in his hand. He takes a cigarette from the pack and puts it in his mouth, then takes the lit cigarette from her's, using it to light his own. He hands her the cigarette back.

MOIRA

Well that was poetic justice. Is that why I'm here?

ETHAN

No. Katherine was just good timing.

Moira rolls her eyes.

MOIRA

Sounds like you two saw a lot of each other while I was in New York.

ETHAN

Do you think you have the right to make that assumption?

She doesn't. She takes the last drag from her cigarette and tosses the butt over the railing. She grabs her scotch and turns to EXIT--

He grabs her arm.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

You're here for that guy.

Ethan nods toward the ballroom, and a MAN inside with salt-and-pepper hair and spray-on tan looking very dapper.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
That's the CEO of Optics  
Enterprises. And that guy--

He nods to a balding MAN in a red bow tie

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
--is the CEO of Wilder and Co.  
Engineering. Standing next to him  
is the CEO of Likewood Trust &  
Savings. That gentleman--

He nods to a MIDDLE EASTERN MAN in full *thwab* and *keffiyeh*.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
--is an Iraqi prince that owns a  
very large lot of land with tons of  
oil beneath it. And the two gits  
he's speaking to are--

MOIRA  
Senators Gelvin and Rish from  
Texas. What's next? Are the CIA  
Director and Secretary of State  
going to walk in?

ETHAN  
I don't know. But his royal  
highness knows the Secretary of  
Defense very well from what I  
understand.

MOIRA  
Very nice set up, Ethan. Really.

She EXITS down the terrace steps.

We MOVE WITH HER as she walks onto the property, atop the lawn, trying her best not to cry. But it's hard; she struggles.

She leans against a large tree for support. She drops her scotch, trying to get a hold of herself. All that she's worked for as an agent has come to mean very little in 5 minutes; her patriotism and sacrifice being mocked at a party where her superiors and criminals mingle and sip champagne.

A SECURITY GUARD holding an AK-47 approaches her.



SECURITY GUARD

Ma'am. Miss? Is everything all right?

She takes a breath.

MOIRA

Y-yes. Yes, I'm fine. Thank you.

She gives him a weak smile.

SECURITY GUARD

Do you need assistance back to the party?

MOIRA

No. Thank you. I'm not drunk. Just... I'm not drunk. Thank you for your concern.

Before he can respond she's walking back toward the house.

EXT. "THE GHOST'S" HOUSE - LATE NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

FRONT DOOR

The Ghost and Pilar stand outside their door saying 'goodbye' to their GUESTS as they leave.

Ethan and Moira are the last to leave. Pilar hugs and kisses them both.

PILAR

Please do not make it such a long time before we see you again. Both of you.

THE GHOST

Oh, this guy and I are going to Cuba in the winter.

PILAR

Oh, let's! We had so much fun last time.

(to Moira)

And I expect to see you there as well.

MOIRA

Well, winter is a few months away. We'll see if Ethan's sick of me before then.

PILAR

How could he be? You're a very charming woman.

MOIRA

Thank you, Pilar. For your hospitality and your kindness. I hope you enjoyed your birthday.

PILAR

Thank you, my darling. I did. He spoils me so.

She playfully nudges him.

THE GHOST

I have no choice.

He wraps an arm around her. A couple genuinely in love, despite the ugliness of his "work."

THE GHOST (CONT'D)

Moira. I enjoyed meeting you.

She nods as politely as she can. Ethan and The Ghost embrace.

THE GHOST (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Remember who you are. And what that means. To us both.

Ethan nods understandingly.

Ethan and Moira approach their waiting car. Tom standing by.

PILAR

*¿Crees que la quiere?*

THE GHOST

*Mucho.*

They ENTER the house. Their BUTLER closes the door.

INT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Moira ENTERS. She tosses the fur coat onto the bed.

VANITY

She takes a seat at the mirror. She looks at all her things from years ago: hairbrush, makeup, perfume, jewelry, face crèmes and lotions... He kept it all. Not just her clothes.

She buries her head in her hands. Long, disappointing day...

EXT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ethan comes up the stairs, making his way to the bedroom.

TOM

Ethan.

Tom rushes up to him from the STAIRS.

ETHAN

What is it?

TOM

I... I think it may be a good idea if you slept in a guest room until Miss Walker is no longer with us.

ETHAN

Why is that?

TOM

I believe she may be dangerous. You did tell her to her face that you were going to kill her. What if she gets to you first?

ETHAN

No. I don't think so.

TOM

She had a military grade weapon and 9mm on her when we broke into her place.

ETHAN

That was for you and Geoff. Not me.

TOM

The surveillance in your room is dark. She found the cameras.

ETHAN

I know.

TOM

Ethan--

ETHAN

I understand you're concern, Tom, but I'm sleeping in my own bed tonight. Thank you. Goodnight.

Ethan ENTERS the bedroom.

I/E. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

VANITY

Moira removes bobby pins from her hair and shakes it loose. Through the mirror she notices Ethan close the door. She freezes, watching him take off his jacket and undo his bow tie. Her eyes follow him as he toes off his shoes then ENTERS the bathroom.

She moves finally, putting her arms down as she listens to the running faucet in the bathroom... The water stops.

Ethan comes out of the bathroom. Tuxedo shirt open and untucked from his pants, appearing very "at-home."

She tries to appear unfazed, attempting to take her bracelet off, but the more she fiddles with it, the harder the simple task becomes.

Ethan calmly approaches her, takes her wrist and removes the bracelet. It's all very smooth, like a husband-ly chore he performs every night.

MOIRA  
(softly)  
Thank you.

ETHAN  
Do you need help with your dress?

Before she can answer he unzips the back of her gown.

MOIRA  
Thank--

His hand caresses her shoulder. It's the first time he's touched her without it being aggressive. And despite all that's happened, it's needed. With everything else pushed aside, she's missed him. And he's missed her. And once upon a time they were in love, like no other two people could have been...

And she does it. She falls into his touch and closes her eyes...

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

## VANITY

Ethan fucks Moira atop the vanity, knocking everything to the floor, and BANGING the mirror hard against the wall. He's ardent, with a deprived salaciousness about it. He's missed her like this, but is still consumed by fury.

It isn't lost on her. But she's just as desperate for his intimacy as well.

They lose balance and fall to the FLOOR. Ethan doesn't miss a beat. But he changes pace; faster and more aggressive. Moira could care less; a complete wanton for the man atop of her.

He brings her to climax. Ethan follows.

They lay still in each other's arms, trying to catch their breath.

(3 beats)

Ethan gets up. Moira listens as he ENTERS the bathroom... The shower running... The door closes.

And not once has he kissed her.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

BED

Ethan lies in bed fast asleep.

INT. MASTER BATHROOM - MINUTES LATER

SINK

Ethan, wrapped in a towel, shaves his face with a straight razor.

INT. BREAKFAST ROOM - LATER

TABLE

Ethan-- jeans, T-shirt, barefoot-- sits at the head of the table. A hearty, English breakfast in front of him.

A forkful of food manages to make it into his mouth as he casually reads *The Guardian*.

(5 beats)

The door bursts open! Tom drags a struggling Moira into the room. Blood pours from his broken nose and busted lip. And he seems to be limping.

A tall, muscle-bound BLACK MAN, follows inside behind him. He holds his right arm, which looks limp and broken and drags his right foot like a gimp.

Tom deposits Moira in the chair next to Ethan. Her hands are tied with plasticuffs, but there's not a scratch on her.

Ethan hasn't bothered to tear himself away from his newspaper.

TOM

She beat the crap out of the kid.  
And stabbed Karl with this.

Tom tosses a bloody kitchen knife on the table.

ETHAN

Call Dr. Luchsinger then.

TOM

I did. But I don't think Karl's  
going to make it.

ETHAN

Than the doc can take care of the  
kid. And you can take care of Karl.  
If need be.

TOM

That's it?

Tom is pissed. He wants to strangle Moira to death and knock some sense into Ethan.

ETHAN

Are you two okay?

TOM

(points to black man)  
Oaks has a broken arm and fractured  
foot!

ETHAN

Than Dr. Luchsinger can take care  
of you both as well. Thank you.

TOM

Eth--

ETHAN

Miss Walker and I are about to have a quick chat about what has just unfolded. Is that all right with you, Tom?

He dare not say.

Tom helps the black man, OAKS, 36, out of the room. The two men EXIT.

A beat.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

And just how far did you think you'd get?

MOIRA

Fuck you.

ETHAN

(finally looks up; smug)  
No. That happened last night.

He feeds Feversham a piece of food.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

What is it exactly about this whole thing that you're not getting? What don't you understand? You're here. With me. Until I'm done with you.

HOUSEMAID #1 ENTERS. She places a plate of food in front of Moira and EXITS.

Moira looks at the food suspiciously.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

You haven't eaten in almost 3 days--

MOIRA

Two of which were due to me being kidnapped and unconscious.

ETHAN

I wouldn't waste my time poisoning you, Moira. It's too polite. Eat.

She raises her hands, showing him the plasticuffs. He grabs her hands and cuts them loose with the bloody knife Tom tossed on the table. Immediately, she throws the plate of food on the floor! For the split second Ethan's attention is taken away, she grabs the knife and lunges for him!

He blocks her attack and grabs hold of her arm, pinning her against the table! She kicks his knee and elbows his jaw! He stumbles and she lunges with the knife again, but he kicks her, knocking her into the table! He tries to punch her but she ducks and swipes at him with the knife in her hand!

He blocks, knocking the knife from her hand! He spins her around, putting her in a rear naked choke! She stomps on his foot, elbows him in the gut, and headbutts his chin! His grip on her neck looses as a result and they stumble into the serving buffet!

He grabs her and spins her around, throwing her against the serving buffet! They throw punches at one another, none of them connecting, blocked by the other's willfulness. Their moves are fluid, a skilled dance of trained hand-to-hand combat.

She kicks him, pushing him back, and swipes the knife from the floor and goes after him, but he grips her arm, turns her around, and knees the back of her thighs, sending her to the floor! He takes the knife from her and throws her onto the table! His weight on her, their faces close, and the business end at her jugular!

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Would you like to die now?

Feversham WHINES at Ethan's feet. Ethan presses the knife into her skin, drawing a trickle of blood.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

*Would you like to die now?*

Feversham BARKS, not liking the tension in the room!

Nothing but fear on Moira's face...

ETHAN (CONT'D)

I didn't think so.

Ethan climbs off of her. He yanks her up harshly; she falls to the floor, clutching her neck. Fear still on her face. She can barely breathe. Feversham nudges her, worried.

Ethan throws the knife into the table; it sticking straight up out of the wood!

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS



BED

Moira lies on the bed. Staring off into space. An empty food tray beside her; every morsel gone.

A beat.

Ana ENTERS. She grabs the tray.

ANA

*Mr. Lewis asked that when you were done, if you would join him in the library.*

INT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

A large, two-story space; shelves eclipsed with books cover every wall but one. The uneducated wall just one long window, spanning the width of the entire room.

Moira ENTERS. No Ethan.

She approaches the window and looks out onto the lawn at nothing in particular, just occupying her time. She moves to the globe and spins it lazily, then idly flips through the pages of the giant atlas on the stand beside it. She forgot how much she loved this room.

She moves to the fireplace and runs her fingers delicately along the mantle of books atop of it. They're all the same book: A.E.W Mason's *The Four Feathers*; various copies and editions. Some seemingly as old as time. Her mind drifts, staring at the treasured books...

Ethan ENTERS.

ETHAN

Sorry. Business.

She shrugs: *"What did you want?"*

ETHAN (CONT'D)

I want to talk.

She chuckles wryly. *Now, a conversation is to happen?* She takes a seat on the sofa. Ethan takes a seat on the sofa across from her.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

How long were you living in New York?

MOIRA  
Less than a year.

ETHAN  
And before then?

MOIRA  
Nebraska.

ETHAN  
Why'd you move to New York?

MOIRA  
I was told one day I was free to  
live anywhere I pleased. And that  
you were no longer looking.

ETHAN  
I wasn't looking for you, I was  
looking for who I thought was  
responsible.

MOIRA  
That's what I meant.

ETHAN  
Nothing but dead ends. Now I know  
why. Why were you extracted?

MOIRA  
You read my file.

ETHAN  
It said you were "compromised." I'd  
like to know the meaning of that.

She doesn't want to do this. It's too revealing.

MOIRA  
I don't understand the point of--

ETHAN  
(stern)  
Answer me.

MOIRA  
...I found the ring.

Ethan's taken aback. Unaware that she knew he had it.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

I found it and the first thought in my head was to say 'yes' the moment you'd asked me. And then my second thought was how I couldn't.

ETHAN

I wanted to ask you the night you... But then we got into that stupid fucking fight about Katherine...

Moira can't help but to roll her eyes at the mention of beautiful, blonde woman. Ethan takes notice.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

I never slept with her. Not that you're owned the truth.

MOIRA

It's not about whether or not you slept with her, but about her wanting to sleep with you. And you egging her on.

ETHAN

I do no such thing!

MOIRA

You do! You flirt with her, on purpose--

ETHAN

That's ridiculous!

MOIRA

And then get pissed at me for calling you on it!

ETHAN

I don't believe this! We are actually having the very same argument from that night!

MOIRA

It was never resolved!

ETHAN

And who's fault is that!

Moira turns quiet, embarrassed by the girly argument and Ethan calling her out.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
You didn't give me up.

MOIRA  
I didn't know anything. You hid that part of yourself from me very well.

ETHAN  
Not well enough. There's a fact or two in that file I wish wasn't there.

MOIRA  
Speculative at the time.

ETHAN  
You can ask me about it now.

MOIRA  
No. I'd rather not know. Its too much like you bragging.

He doesn't like that comment.

ETHAN  
I can't believe for 2 years you lead me to think you were dead; and I spent that whole time blaming myself. Do you feel guilty about that? Any of it?

MOIRA  
Yes.

ETHAN  
(snide)  
The part where you were caught?

MOIRA  
All of it.

ETHAN  
There is a rage inside of me that I wish I could describe. It festers and it's volatile and it keeps me picturing my hands around your neck and squeezing the life from you. It's hungry, and I want to feed it. I want it to devour every inch of what's left of me and rid you of your last breath because no one has every betrayed me the way you have.

(MORE)

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Its kept me awake every night for 500 days and made me see your face in every woman that passed by me. It boils in the back of my throat having to say your name. It grows every day I see your face. Spreading. Like...a disease. Cancer. And I feel it even more when I do something stupid. Like make love to you. So when I ask you if you feel guilty, that's what I mean. Do you feel your complete self rotting away? Do you feel your entire being riddled, crippled, with a pain you can't shake? Is that how you feel, Moira? Do you feel guilty?

MOIRA

I said yes. And I meant it. You can't make me feel anymore horrible than I already do, Ethan.

ETHAN

I can try.

MOIRA

Then you're wasting both our time.

ETHAN

And here you have so little of it left.

MOIRA

That has gotten very old, very quickly.

ETHAN

What has?

MOIRA

The threats and the reminders. You've made your point.

ETHAN

Sorry. The cancer I was telling you about.

MOIRA

How do you feel, Ethan? Do you feel guilty?

ETHAN

I already told you how I feel.

MOIRA

That's it? Just boiling, cancerous  
rage?

ETHAN

That's enough.

MOIRA

You think so? For a woman you  
wanted to marry? That wanted to  
marry you?

ETHAN

That woman's dead. The rage is for  
you.

MOIRA

Same woman.

ETHAN

I beg to differ.

MOIRA

And you'd be wrong.

The honest admission of her feelings catches him off guard a moment; his rough exterior ruined for a brief second.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Anything else you want to talk  
about?

ETHAN

I'll let you know.

Ethan stands.

MOIRA

What am supposed to do all day?

ETHAN

(exiting)  
Not piss me off.

EXT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

BALCONY

Moira, feet propped up on the ledge, smokes a cigarette,  
staring out onto the vast property.

She takes one last drag before putting it out in an ashtray crowded with a dozen other butts. She's been bored all day, just sitting and smoking for most of it.

She stands, sick of being cooped up with nothing to do.

EXT. HORSE STABLES - CONTINUOUS

Moira ENTERS. A small stable barn consisting of only 4 horses: two thoroughbreds and two Clydesdales.

The STABLE MASTER, a short, elderly man in tweed, brushes the coat of one of the Clydesdales.

STABLE MASTER  
(in German)  
*Hallo.*

MOIRA  
(in German)  
*Hallo. Er ist wunderschön.*

STABLE MASTER  
*She.*

MOIRA  
*She. Sorry. I don't remember her.*

STABLE MASTER  
*Mr. Lewis got her a year ago.*

MOIRA  
*Good pick. She's stunning. Huge, too.*

STABLE MASTER  
*Yes. Do you ride?*

MOIRA  
*No. Not well anyway.*

STABLE MASTER  
*You should learn. Mr. Lewis is an excellent rider. He could teach you.*

MOIRA  
*He could. But I doubt he would want to.*

Moira pets the horse.

STABLE MASTER  
Are you a friend of Mr. Lewis'?

MOIRA  
No. Not anymore.

Moira EXITS the stables.

EXT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - ROSE GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Moira opens the door to a walled in rose garden. It's big, with an elaborate fountain in the center. Various colors of roses bring the garden to life.

INT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ethan is on his cellphone phone talking in rapid Japanese.

Tom ENTERS, a bandage around his nose and butterfly band-aid on his busted lip. He has a black eye and bruised cheek to match. He limps a little toward Ethan.

Ethan quickly ends his call.

ETHAN  
And the kid is worse than you?

TOM  
Fractured rib and bruised larynx.

ETHAN  
Jesus. How'd she do that?

TOM  
Choked him. He's going to be laid up for a while.

ETHAN  
No shit. And Oaks?

TOM  
His arm and foot are both broken.

ETHAN  
All right. Compensate them both, make sure they're good, and let them know they can come back when they're healed.

TOM  
Did so already.



ETHAN

Thank you.

TOM

Ethan.

ETHAN

I feel a lecture erupting very soon.

TOM

I never question you because you've never stirred wrong, but this...? I have no idea what you're doing with her. I have no clue as to what it is you plan on doing with her.

ETHAN

You know what I'm planning to do.

TOM

What's with the waiting period? Just cut her open now!

Ethan is taken aback, a little peeved as well, at Tom's harshness about Moira.

TOM (CONT'D)

(off his look)

And you see that? There. That's what I'm afraid of. You, not going through with it. Backing down and getting caught up.

ETHAN

Weakness.

TOM

Exactly! You puss out on this--

ETHAN

And I'll puss out on everything else, too? Huh? That's what you mean? That's what you're afraid of?

TOM

...Yes. And then where will we be?

ETHAN

How long have you known me?

TOM

8 years. And not once have I seen you break over some snatch before her. I spent two years watching you treat her like a goddamn queen and the next two in pain over her. She takes a shit on your heart and you bring her back here like nothing's happened.

ETHAN

For the last time, that's not what I'm doing, Tom.

TOM

Looks that way.

ETHAN

Looks can be deceiving, Tom.

TOM

Ain't that the truth... If you look me in the eye, and tell me you got this, I'll believe you, and I'll keep following you to the ends of the fucking Earth.

Ethan looks him directly in the eyes.

ETHAN

I got this. Trust me.

Tom's got no choice. And Ethan isn't just his employer, he's a friend.

TOM

Okay. I believe you. But if she lays another hand on me or one of the guys--

ETHAN

She won't. I made it very clear in my *conversation* with her that that won't happen again.

TOM

Good. Thank you.

INT. HOME THEATRE - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

Despite the excessiveness of having such a room, it's pretty minimalist: long couch, and a decent-sized shelf of DVDs.

The massive TV plays *Casablanca*:

TV

*Ilsa (Ingrid Bergman): Play it once, Sam. For old times' sake.*

*Sam (Dooley Wilson): I don't know what you mean, Miss Ilsa.*

*Ilsa: Play it, Sam. Play "As Time Goes By."*

*Sam: Oh, I can't remember it, Miss Ilsa. I'm a little rusty on it.*

*Ilsa: I'll hum it for you. Da-dy-da-dy-da-dum, da-dy-da-dee-da-dum...*

*[Sam begins playing]*

*Ilsa: Sing it, Sam.*

*Sam: [singing] You must remember this / A kiss is still a kiss / A sigh is just a sigh / The fundamental things apply / As time goes by. / And when two lovers woo, / They still say, "I love you" / On that you can rely / No matter what the future brings--*

*Rick (Humphrey Bogart): [rushing up] Sam, I thought I told you never to play-- [Sees Ilsa. Sam closes the piano and rolls it away]*

COUCH

Moira lies fast asleep.

A beat.

The door opens. Tom. He ENTERS and approaches the couch. A scowl on his face at the woman sleeping soundly.

He takes the remote from her hands and turns the TV off.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

STAIRS

Ethan carries a sleeping Moira up the stairs. Tom behind him.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ethan ENTERS, Moira in his arms. He places her on the bed.

A beat.

Ethan EXITS, closing the door quietly behind him.

BED

Moira opens her eyes.

EXT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

ETHAN  
...Goodnight, Tom.

Tom watches Ethan make his way down the hall and ENTER a GUEST ROOM.

Tom descends the stairs.

OS, KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK...

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

Moira, wrapped in nothing but a bedsheet, opens the bedroom door. Ethan on the other side in a gray suit.

ETHAN  
We need to be on a plane in almost  
an hour.

MOIRA  
To?

ETHAN  
Venice. And don't ever lock this  
door again.

Ethan EXITS.

MOIRA  
(grumbles)  
Yes, sir.

Moira closes the door.

EXT. AIRPORT, VENICE, ITALY - TARMAC - CONTINUOUS

Tom EXITS a small, private jet. Ethan and Moira follow, along with another burly man in a dark suit, BRYSON, 33. They approach a waiting black, SUV.

Tom holds the door open for Ethan and Moira. He and Moira exchange glares before she climbs into the car.

EXT. LUXURY HOTEL - RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

TERRANCE

A gloriously beautiful view of *Piazza San Marco* is offered on the outdoor, dining deck of the hotel restaurant. VENETIANS dine on their lunch without abandon and converse with one another fondly.

TABLE

Moira lights a cigarette.

MOIRA

What are we doing here?

ETHAN

*I'm* here for business. You're here because I can't leave you alone.

MOIRA

And what I am supposed to be doing while you have "business" to attend to?

ETHAN

You're in Venice and you have no idea how to occupy your time?

He takes her cigarette from her hand and takes a drag.

MOIRA

Am I to be baby-sat by Bryson?

ETHAN

No. Tom. You owe him an apology.

MOIRA

I refuse.

ETHAN

I'm asking you. Nicely.

MOIRA  
Are you?

ETHAN  
Yes. Will you please apologize to  
him?

MOIRA  
No.

ETHAN  
Well, then now I'm telling you.

He offers the cigarette back to her. She takes it.

ETHAN'S POV - SUMMER SUIT

Ethan notices a well-tanned, middle-aged MAN in an expensive  
summer suit and ice cream-colored shirt ENTER the terrace  
with a sexy, young Italian WOMAN on his arm.

He spots Ethan and gives a friendly wave.

Ethan stands.

MOIRA  
Your business is with Angelo Dioli?

ETHAN  
Tom will be here shortly. Don't  
give him a hard time, and remember  
to apologize to him please.

Ethan approaches the summer suit, ANGELO DIOLI, 55, and his  
arm candy.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

BACKSEAT

Moira and Tom ride in awkward silence.

(3 beats)

MOIRA  
I'm sorry I broke your nose--

TOM  
Fuck you.

MOIRA  
(snorts)  
Well, I tried...  
(MORE)

MOIRA (CONT'D)

What exactly is your problem with me, Tom? Seriously.

TOM

You're a cunt. Did you really just ask me that?

MOIRA

Your issue with me has nothing to do with me breaking your boy's heart. You didn't like me from the jump.

TOM

I warned him about you and he didn't listen.

MOIRA

How many other women have you warned him about?

TOM

None. He didn't lose his head until you.

MOIRA

I never asked him for anything.

TOM

Which was a red fucking flag in my opinion.

MOIRA

This isn't about me. Now, it is, but 4 years ago... You wouldn't have cared for any woman stepping into the picture. It just so happens I'm the lucky one.

TOM

What are you implying?

A stare down between the both of them...

The car comes to a stop.

MOIRA

Nothing.

Tom steps out of the car.

EXT. ART GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

Tom holds the car door open for Moira as she steps out of the vehicle.

They approach the art gallery.

TOM

You sleep pretty good for someone  
about to die in 4 days.

MOIRA

(snide)  
'Pretty well,' Tom. I sleep 'pretty  
well.'

They ENTER the art gallery.

INT. ART GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

WET BAR

Moira sits at the bar guzzling the last of her glass of red wine.

TOM

Tom hangs back in a corner watching her. He shakes his head to himself. She's not drunk, but on her way there quickly.

WET BAR

Moira signals the BARTENDER for another glass.

KATHERINE (O.S.)

Curing boredom with alcohol would  
be incredibly unwise.

Moira turns her attention to Katherine taking the empty seat beside her.

The bartender places the glass of wine in front of Moira.

MOIRA

(pushes wine back)  
This needs to be scotch now.

The bartender takes the glass of wine back.



MOIRA (CONT'D)

What are you doing here, Katherine?

KATHERINE

Enjoying Venice--  
(perfect Italian)  
*"La città galleggiante."*

MOIRA

We both know better.

KATHERINE

This truly is a coincidence.

MOIRA

Ethan isn't here.

KATHERINE

So I've noticed.

MOIRA

Then why bother?

KATHERINE

I told you. Coincidence.

MOIRA

You're a liar.

KATHERINE

Is that not what we do? Who we are?  
Liars. Actresses, in the most  
elaborate play.

The bartender returns with Moira's scotch.

BARTENDER

*Un altro bicchiere di vino,  
signorina?*

KATHERINE

*No, grazie. Uno è sufficiente.*

The bartender EXITS.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

How's your Italian? I understand  
it's a little shaky.

MOIRA

It really burns a whole in you  
doesn't it?

KATHERINE

(leans in; whispers)

I was groomed for him. 18 months of training blown out the bloody window without warning. "Sorry, Kat. The Yanks got him now." You muck up the whole thing and suddenly reappear like new. Burns a little.

MOIRA

What are you crying about, Katherine? You've got your big fish. Last time I checked Khan was pretty high up on the 'wanted' list.

KATHERINE

He's also a pig.

MOIRA

With a lot of money and a lot of secrets.

KATHERINE

Just like Ethan.

MOIRA

This is really happening. Two spies having a catfight over a man. This must be that 'hell in a handbasket' people are always screaming about.

ENTRANCE

Ethan ENTERS with Bryson behind him. He steps to approach Moira, noticing she and Katherine talking. But an eager, OLD FRIEND blocks his path, grabbing his attention.

WET BAR

KATHERINE

I'm curious as to what you're even doing here. Aren't you supposed to be dead?

MOIRA

I am. What you see before you is merely a ghost.

KATHERINE

I feel as though I'm supposed to glimmer something profound in that abstract response.

MOIRA

No. You're not. But you can heed a warning: Back off Ethan. He doesn't need this.

KATHERINE

I heard a rumor you were compromised. I see it's true.

MOIRA

I could blow your cover right now if I wanted.

KATHERINE

But you won't. You would never, and neither would I. I wonder what elaborate story you told him of your resurrection that has enamored him so much again.

MOIRA

Continue wondering, Katherine.

Moira stands, grabs her scotch and throws it directly in Katherine's face!

KATHERINE

YOU CUNT!

MOIRA

That's the second time today someone's called me that.

Katherine looks ready to swing.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Now, now. Remember: you're in a play; stay in character.

Moira EXITS breezing directly by Ethan and the stunned crowd as they watch her leave. Tom follows after her.

WET BAR

The bartender hands Katherine a napkin. She's approached by a good-looking Pakistani man, CHAUDHRY KHAN, 40, looking very concerned for her.

ETHAN

Ethan makes for the ENTRANCE after Moira--

KHAN

(in Urdu)

*Hey! I want that bitch wife of yours to apologize to my girl!*

ETHAN

(in Urdu)

*She'll do no such thing, Khan. And I'd watch my choice of words if I were you. You're still in a great amount of debt to me.*

KHAN

(toned down)

Learn to control your woman, Ethan.

Khan EXITS to attend to Katherine.

Ethan EXITS out of the gallery.

INT. LUXURY HOTEL - MOIRA'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Moira charges into the room! Ethan right behind her. He SLAMS the door!

ETHAN

Was that necessary?!

Moira removes her heels and tosses them on the floor.

MOIRA

Completely.

ETHAN

It was childish.

MOIRA

And deserving.

ETHAN

Along with embarrassing. I thought I explained to you that I didn't sleep with her.

MOIRA

We've both been telling lies to each other for the last four years;

(MORE)

MOIRA (CONT'D)  
 just like you have no reason to  
 trust me, I have no reason to trust  
 you.

Touche. She unzips her dress, allowing it to slide down her body to the floor. Ethan can't take his eyes off her body. A lusty moment passes between them...but neither of them will make the first move. It would be too vulnerable; a surrender.

Nothing.

Moira moves to a suitcase and takes out clothes: yoga pants and a tank top. She puts them on and removes her bra through her shirt, tossing it on the floor, before climbing into bed under the covers.

ETHAN  
 What are you doing?

MOIRA  
 I'm going to sit here for the rest  
 of the night watching Italian TV  
 and ordering room service until I  
 pass out from a food coma.

ETHAN  
 Good idea. But we're going to the  
 opera at eight.

She throws the remote across the room! It shatters against the wall!

MOIRA  
 Of course we are.

ETHAN  
 You aren't on vacation, Moira.  
 You're being baby-sat remember?

MOIRA  
 Silly of me to forget!

She flings the covers back and removes her tank top. She stops.

MOIRA (CONT'D)  
 Are my showers under surveillance  
 now, too?

ETHAN  
 Eight o'clock.

MOIRA  
 I heard you the first time.

ETHAN

Good.

Ethan EXITS.

EXT. MOIRA'S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

She opens the door. Ethan on the other side looking very dapper in a tuxedo tails with Tom and Bryson behind him. Moira looks beautiful as well in a fashionable backless, green gown.

He wants to compliment her, badly. But he can't allow it.

She grabs her purse and coat then closes the door behind her. They walk down the corridor, the two bruisers behind them.

TOM

Tom catches Bryson's eyes follow Moira's neck, down her exposed back and to her ass.

TOM

(whispers)

Watch it. There are less things  
he'd kill for.

Bryson turns his attention ahead. Caught and getting Tom's meaning.

INT. LA FENICE OPERA HOUSE - THEATRE - CONTINUOUS

BALCONY

Ethan and Moira. Bryson sits behind them near the door, yawning, bored to death.

STAGE

**Pagliacci.** The end of the second act. "CANIO" demands to know the name of "NEDDA'S" lover. She refuses and they argue in beautiful Italian dramatics, their powerful singing voices telling the tragic tale.

"Canio" stabs "Nedda."

## BALCONY

Moira-- a moment ago enthralled by the opera-- shifts in her seat, uncomfortable at the death of the woman who betrayed her dotting husband. Ethan takes notice. The performance no longer interests her and her eyes wander around the glorious opera house.

Ethan's attention wavers as well.

## ETHAN'S POV - BOX SEATS

Angelo Dioli and his arm candy. Dioli spies Ethan through his opera glasses. He gives Ethan an gentlemanly nod of acknowledgement.

## DIOLI

Ethan does the same.

## ETHAN'S POV - DIOLI

Dioli hands his opera glasses to the woman. And just as she takes them, a MASKED FIGURE all in black quietly ENTERS their box and shoots Dioli in the back of the head!

PANDEMONIUM in the theatre at the loud GUNSHOT!

The woman SCREAMS in horror at the top of her lungs before she too is shot!

The masked figure runs out of the box!

Moira jumps at the erupted CHAOS that has suddenly taken over the theatre, ATTENDEES rush for the doors, trying to get out! STAGE PERFORMERS rush backstage!

Moira turns to Ethan...who sits calmly, quietly. Completely unnerved. And then it dawns on her, and the panic once on her stunned face turns into a heated scowl. He did this.

A beat.

The door opens. Tom.

TOM

Ethan, let's go! Come on!

Moira, enraged, EXITS the box, knocking over her chair. Bryson follows her out.

She left her coat.

TOM (CONT'D)

Ethan!

Ethan grabs her coat and EXITS with Tom.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

BACKSEAT

The car is completely silent. A deafening, tensional silence. Moira is a volcano on the verge of erupting, and Ethan tries his best to pretend he doesn't care.

The car comes to a stop.

EXT. AIRPORT, VENICE, ITALY - TARMAC - CONTINUOUS

Tom opens the door for Moira who bolts from the car and approaches the waiting private jet. Ethan behind her. He still has her coat.

Suddenly, she turns, and slaps Ethan across his face! He takes her hit silently. Deserving it. She climbs aboard the plane.

Ethan follows with Tom and Bryson in tow.

INT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - HOME THEATER - DAY

COUCH

Moira mindlessly watches American Daytime TV. A solemn look on her face as she takes a drag from her cigarette before putting it out in a cluttered ashtray. An empty food tray lies beside it. She's been here for a good while.

Ethan ENTERS.

ETHAN

How long have you been in here?

She simply glares at him with contempt and turns back to the TV.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Dinner tonight. Here. I need you to cook.

Raised eyebrows at him and his audacity.



ETHAN (CONT'D)  
With me. Please.

She's beyond pissed, but has no choice and knows there's no sense in arguing with him.

She throws the blanket off her, revealing she's still wearing her opera gown, and EXITS the room. Ethan turns the TV off, grabs the ashtray and food tray and EXITS.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

A massive, old world Victorian kitchen. Exposed brick, large windows, a fireplace, wood-burning stove, ice box, meat hooks, wooden tables, copper pots and pans, and an actual wheel and pulley dumbwaiter.

Moira and Ethan work diligently side by side cooking. Despite neither of them speaking or looking at one another. Especially Moira who does her best to ignore his presence as she maneuvers around him, still in her gown.

Neither of them of expert chefs, but know their way around a stove appreciatively. The whole thing might even be enjoyable and endearing if they didn't fill it with so much tension.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

VANITY

Moira, out of her gown and in fresh clothes, brushes her hair.

She looks deep and hard at her face in the mirror. Not a vain gesture, but a reflective one. It starts to feel too revealing, exposing something ugly she doesn't want to see. She looks away and puts on her eyeglasses.

She swings around on the stool and slips on her shoes.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Ethan opens the front door. FIVE THIRTYSOMETHINGS-- TWO WOMEN and THREE MEN-- on the other side cheerfully greet him. They rush in and it's a clamor of noise as everyone talks over each other in hyper tones and laughter. Old friends.

## STAIRCASE

Moira comes down the stairs. She stops at the foot of the steps, stunned.

A redheaded woman with a bright smile takes notice of her and SCREAMS WITH JOY at the sight of her-- FIONA, 34.

FIONA  
Oh, my God! Moira!

Moira and Fiona hug, holding each other tightly. Friends who've missed each other a lot over the last two years. The other woman, HEMA, 35, an Indian beauty joins them in their embrace.

Ethan watches the three women rejoice at each other's presence. A genuine moment of happiness, and the most amazing smile on Moira's face.

## INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

## TABLE

HEMA  
(British accent)  
You're an idiot!

Hema points accusingly to a dark-haired man with the smile that could charm a rattlesnake, DEREK, 38.

Laughter. Ethan, Moira, and their 5 friends crowd the table among half-eaten dishes of food and glasses of wine.

DEREK  
(American accent)  
How does having that belief make me  
an idiot?

A cacophony of responses from every direction. Seems Derek has sparked a bit of a debate amongst his friends.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
I just don't think there's a such  
thing as a soulmate, or true love,  
or love at first sight; any of that  
bullshit!

ETHAN

Are you proclaiming you've never been in love, mate, because I distinctly remember you being in near physical pain over a thin girl with big, manly hands named Lana.

DEREK

First off, she was thin but did not have man hands. And secondly, Lana was a figment. I thought I loved her, when the idea/notion of which were conceivable to me, but I later discovered that what I felt for her in the end was simply misplaced feelings of insecurity about myself and my relationship to women in general.

FIONA

But then you also have to question why it was Lana in particular you chose to misplace your feelings upon.

DEREK

I did. And the answer I have come up with is unfortunately very Freudian. I have a slight Oedipus Complex; she reminded me of my mother in some ways.

MOIRA

I call bullshit.

DEREK

Oh, you do, miss.

MOIRA

I do indeed, sir. I believe that you fell hard for Lana, she broke your heart, and not having fully dealt with the pain appropriately, you've chosen to shut down completely, making yourself emotional unavailable to women by staking this ostentatious, and delusional claim that love is some sort of chemical defect--

DEREK

I like that: "chemical defect."

MOIRA

--when really you're just too damn scared to open yourself up emotionally again to another woman for fear of rejection, or getting hurt. You, my friend, are weak sauce.

DEREK

Weak sauce?

MOIRA

Weak. Sauce.

DEREK

That's horseshit.

Derek looks around the table for help. Silence. They agree with her.

DEREK (CONT'D)

(to Ethan)

*Et tu, Brute? Et tu?*

ETHAN

I think we're going to need more wine if this is how the nights going to go.

Ethan breaks from the table approaching a wine hutch.

DEREK

Fuck that! Break out the hard stuff! Shit's about to get real!

CHEERS in agreement.

INT. HOME THEATRE - CONTINUOUS

Ethan, Derek, and the two other men-- WILLIAM, 32, a short, Scotsman in spectacles, and Nathaniel, 38, a soft-spoken Asian-American man-- sit on the floor cracking up with laughter, passing a bottle of whiskey between them. Nathaniel rolls a joint on Moira's food tray.

WILLIAM

(Scottish accent)

I'm fucking serious!

They crack up laughing even harder. They're drunk.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

It was the bloody worse thing  
that's ever happened to me!

NATHANIEL

I'm sure there are worse things  
that have happened to you, Will.

WILLIAM

Falling in dog shit in front of a  
supermodel? No. No, there isn't.

ETHAN

Will, if that's the worse thing  
that's ever happened to you, I'd  
hate to be the bearer of bad news,  
chap, but it can only get worse  
from here on out.

DEREK

Amen.

WILLIAM

Oh, that's just fucking great!

DEREK

You were humiliated in front of a  
beautiful woman. Worst things on  
the planet have taken place.  
Genocides.

NATHANIEL

The Depression.

ETHAN

Ritual killings.

Derek laughs at Ethan's example.

DEREK

This is fun. I got another one:  
coat-hanger abortions.

ETHAN

The Black Plague.

DEREK

The Kardashians.

NATHANIEL

Crystal meth.

DEREK

Jerry Sandusky.

ETHAN  
Maggie Thatcher.

DEREK  
Alabama. The state and the band.

They crack up again.

WILLIAM  
Oh, go ahead. It's easy for you lot to laugh, isn't it? None of you got my mug. It's easy for you to smile at a bird and buy her a drink and watch her float on over to you like an angel, isn't it? But me, blokes like me, have to be flawless to make up for it all, just to have a girl look your way and not see right through you.

DEREK  
Oh, Jesus Christ, Willie! You do this every time we drink. You get all pitiful and downtrodden. It's so fucking annoying.

WILLIAM  
Annoying?! Annoying?! It's annoying to you that I'm alone?! That I'm lonely?! That I'm terrified I might die in my flat one day and it'll be two bloody weeks before anyone notices, and the only reason they do is because the sodding neighbors complained to the landlady about the smell of my rotting corpse?!

No one's laughing anymore. Especially Ethan. William's rant resonates with him. And what Moira said to The Ghost about not reaching old age...

DEREK  
Wow. That was...graphic.

WILLIAM  
Fuck you, Derek.

DEREK  
You're not going to die alone because some bulimic bitch saw you trip in dog shit! And who gives two fucks about what she thinks?! She's a cunt that doesn't know you!

WILLIAM

I care what she thinks. I care what every woman thinks. I kind of need one of them to like me in order to avoid that whole abandoned corpse-thing.

DEREK

Another person doesn't equal happiness. Sometimes it's the fucking opposite. "Other people are hell." Jean-Paul Satre, a philosopher and a god amongst the cynical.

Derek raises the bottle in a toast to the deceased philosopher before taking a giant swig.

ETHAN

Hema's in love with you.

Derek spits whiskey all over himself. They turn to Ethan with wide eyes.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

She has been for years. Moira told me.

WILLIAM

(stunned)  
What?

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

BED

Hema is sprawled across the king-size bed.

HEMA

I don't want to talk anymore about William.

She takes a swig from a bottle of whiskey. She crawls to the end of the bed and hands the bottle to Fiona. Moira sits on the bench at the foot of the bed with Fiona sitting between her legs. She's braiding her hair into a crown braid.

HEMA (CONT'D)

I'd much rather hear about how you and Ethan got back together, and why we hadn't heard a peep out of you for almost two bloody years.

FIONA

I'd like to hear that tale as well.

MOIRA

I... I needed...regrouping. Is that the word?

FIONA

You still could have called, or emailed to let someone know you were going all the way back to the states. Why'd you two break up to begin with? I tried to ask Ethan but he just brushed it aside and wouldn't say.

HEMA

Did he cheat on you?! Because I remember that little tart Katherine sniffing around him!

MOIRA

No. We just, um, thought we... We both wanted different things.

FIONA

You didn't want children?

MOIRA

What?

FIONA

Because I know Ethan wants them, so I thought that that's what you meant. About wanting different things.

MOIRA

He told you he wanted children? With me? When?

FIONA

When I helped him pick out that enormous blood diamond you call an engagement ring.

Maira is near catatonic with this new piece of information.



FIONA (CONT'D)  
 Why aren't you wearing it by the way?

MOIRA  
 (snaps to)  
 ...It... It needs to be resized.  
 I'm finished.

Fiona stands and checks out her hair in the vanity mirror. She likes it.

FIONA  
 (to Moira)  
 Let me do your hair!

EXT. POOL HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

POOL

Fiona and Hema chicken fight atop Nathaniel and William's shoulders respectively. Hema looks like she's about to go down, but plays a dirty trick to avoid losing: she rips Fiona's bathing suit top off her body, exposing her breasts! When Fiona moves her hands over her chest, Hema pushes her back and she splashes into the water!

Hema and William celebrate their victory as everyone else laughs hysterically...except Fiona.

FIONA  
 Give me back my goddamn top, Hema!

Hema hands it over. Fiona snatches it from her hands.

HEMA  
 It was just a joke, Fee.

FIONA  
 Real fucking funny, Hema!

Fiona climbs out of the pool and storms into the pool house, SLAMMING the sliding door behind her!

NATHANIEL  
 Shit. Fee!

He climbs out of the pool after her.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)  
 Come on, Fee! Fiona!

Nathaniel ENTERS the pool house to console his wife.

A beat.

Ethan, Moira, Derek, William, and Hema bursts into laughter.

EXT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - SOUTH LAWN - CONTINUOUS

TERRACE

Moira, Fiona, Hema, William, and Nathaniel stand on the terrace, looking out onto the south lawn, still in their bathing suits. Moira's hair in a fishtail braid, courtesy of Fiona.

NATHANIEL  
They're fucking idiots.

HEMA  
I think it's hilarious.

MOIRA  
I have no opinion.

LAWN

DEREK  
Okay, where?

ETHAN  
To that tree.

Ethan points to a tree about 250 yards away.

DEREK  
How much?

ETHAN  
A hundred.

DEREK  
No sweat.

They shake. A bet. They drop their swimming trunks, standing in the pitch black night naked as the day they were born.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
On three. 1, 2--

Ethan takes off, sprinting with all his might toward the tree!

DEREK (CONT'D)  
Fuck!

Derek takes off!

Ethan has the lead, running down the green lawn. But Derek is a champion and is right on his heels.

He catches up. They're neck-and-neck.

Ethan is an athlete, but Derek is a racehorse and pulls ahead.

TREE

Derek reaches the tree first! Victor! Ethan misses him by a foot.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
Suck it, limey. USA all the way.

Ethan can't help but to laugh while trying to catch his breath. Derek holds his side, in pain.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
Oh, shit. That might not have been smart.

ETHAN  
We're drunk. Smart decisions aren't made when that occurs.

DEREK  
Can we pretend to make one and not race back to the house?

ETHAN  
Sold.

They catch their breath. They walk back.

(3 beats)

DEREK  
What do you do?

ETHAN  
What?

DEREK  
For a living. What do you do for a living?

ETHAN  
You know what I do?

They stop walking.

DEREK

You think I actually believe  
"senior executive of mergers and  
acquisitions" affords someone a  
19th century mansion in Sweden and  
a private jet?

Ethan is taken aback. But he won't tell him. He continues walking. Derek catches up.

Ethan stops.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Are you in trouble?

ETHAN

Does it look like I am?

DEREK

If you told me the truth,  
would...would I be in danger? Would  
you?

ETHAN

Who are you, Derek? Why are you  
asking me this?

DEREK

Because I'm concerned about my best  
friend. Kind of gotten used to his  
ugly face through the years and  
it'd be nice to see it at my kid's  
*bris*.

ETHAN

You're not having kids.

DEREK

Christ, no. They're horrible. But  
that's not what I meant--

ETHAN

I know what you meant. I'm fine.

DEREK

Is Moira fine, too?

ETHAN

Yeah. She's good.

They start walking again.

DEREK

It's a damn good thing you tricked her into taking you back.

ETHAN

What makes you think she's not the one that begged for me to take her back?

DEREK

Look at her. She's never had to beg a man for anything in her life. You should consider yourself very lucky, my friend.

They continue walking toward the house.

INT. POOL HOUSE - GREAT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

NATHANIEL

Paul McCartney's "Maybe I'm Amazed."

DEREK

Are you serious?

Nathaniel takes on a joint and passes it to Ethan.

NATHANIEL

You have something wrong with music executed by the world's greatest living musician?

DEREK

No. But I definitely take issue with that hyperbolic statement. And I think BB King and Nancy Wilson would as well.

HEMA

Nancy Wilson? What are you? Sixty?

DEREK

Her album, *Something Wonderful* is just sex. The best sex you or I will ever have.

NATHANIEL

Now who's speaking in hyperbole...

The joint makes it to Derek. He takes a deep inhale. Then:

DEREK

It's sweltering out and you're laying poolside on a lounge chair letting the hot-ass sun beam down on you; you're sweating from every pore on your sunkissed ass. Nancy Wilson is a tall, endless glass of ice water.

ETHAN

So it's safe to say a Nancy Wilson song is your favorite song of all time.

DEREK

No. Van Morrison's "Tupelo Honey." My grandfather's band used to play it all the time when I was a kid.

HEMA

Well, look at that. The Tin Man has a heart after all.

DEREK

And what's your favorite song? Some Rihanna? Lady Gaga? Katy Perry? Beyonce?

HEMA

No, dick. It's--  
(mumbles)  
"Leaving on a Jet Plane."

DEREK

I'm sorry. Excuse me?

HEMA

"Leaving on a Jet Plane."

DEREK

The Peter, Paul, and Mary song?!

FIONA

What's wrong with that song? I love that song.

DEREK

It's a good song. But I didn't think anyone would call it their favorite song of all time.

HEMA

My hippie mum used to sing it to me when I was sick when I was a kid.

DEREK

All right. I'll shut up now.

FIONA

(hits joint)

Bob Marley's "Waiting In Vain."

MOIRA

That's a good one.

DEREK

Agreed. All right, Willie, moment of truth. Favorite song.

WILLIAM

None of you have ever heard it.

DEREK

Christ. It's some somber opera piece.

WILLIAM

No. It's a Stevie Wonder song.

They all clamor at him in protest. Of course they know Stevie Wonder!

DEREK

Come on, William! Who doesn't know a fucking Stevie Wonder song?! What is it? "Superstition?"

ETHAN

"As?"

FIONA

"Sir Duke?"

HEMA

"Isn't She Lovely?"

NATHANIEL

"Signed, Sealed, Delivered?"

WILLIAM

"I Don't Know Why."

They exchange looks. They actually don't know that one. Well, someone--

MOIRA

I know it.

Moira smiles at him. Good song.

DEREK

Well, let's hear it.

Derek grabs his cellphone and approaches the stereo system. He's still naked, much to everyone but Hema's amusement. He plays on his phone for a moment then connects it to the stereo.

Stevie Wonder's "I Don't Know Why" plays. A soulful, heartbreak anthem of betrayal; Stevie up in arms over not being able to understand why he continues loving someone that does nothing but hurt him.

Each syllable resonating with Ethan and Moira, like a sledgehammer that keeps hitting the ground in between them.

Moira can't take it anymore and bolts from the room!

INT. POOL HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Moira ENTERS and immediately closes the door. Her back against the door as she tries to gain some sort of composure, but she's pushed forward, the door busting open with Ethan's force!

He grabs her by the arm and sits her on the bed. He kneels on the floor before her. He unties her bathing suit bottoms. She lies back on the bed. He parts her legs and disappears between them.

Moira's hand keeps a tight grip on Ethan's hair as he goes down on her. The grasp gets harder and tighter with every squirm of her body at what he's doing and how well he does it.

Moira comes, her back bowing off the bed.

Ethan stands and Moira sits up, helping him take off his clothes.

FLASHBACK

INT. ESCALADE SUV - NIGHT

BACKSEAT

Ethan and Moira sit in silence. Tension between them; both with scowls on their face.

Moira opens her purse and pulls out a pack of cigarettes. Empty.



MOIRA  
I need cigarettes.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out his pack. Empty, too.

ETHAN  
(to driver)  
Iain, please stop at the nearest tobacco shop.

DRIVER/IAIN  
Yes, Mr. Lewis.

ETHAN  
Thank you.

A beat.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
How do you expect this relationship to work if you don't trust me?

MOIRA  
Did I embarrass you?

ETHAN  
No. And that's not the point.

MOIRA  
She's such a snake.

ETHAN  
Moira--

MOIRA  
No. Not a snake. A vulture. That's what she is; this predatory buzzard that feeds off of dead carcasses.

ETHAN  
Are you present enough to have an adult conversation?

MOIRA  
You flirt with her.

ETHAN  
I do no such thing.

MOIRA  
You do. What is it about her attention that you desperately need?

ETHAN

I'm not desperate for anything that has to do with Katherine!

MOIRA

You completely enjoy her fawning over you.

ETHAN

She doesn't fawn over me.

MOIRA

Like the prom queen panting over the gym teacher. Its all very...pathetic.

ETHAN

Am I the calisthenics instructor in your feeble analogy?

MOIRA

This is probably the most ridiculous moment of my life.

ETHAN

I hope so, because your completely unfounded jealousy--

MOIRA

Jealously?!

ETHAN

--used to be incredibly sexy, but now I find it to be less of a turn-on and more of a problem.

Before she can retort the car comes to a stop. No matter. She had nothing.

Neither of them move. Her look: "Well...?" Ethan rolls his eyes and climbs out of the car.

INT. TOBACCO SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Ethan and Tom ENTER and approach the COUNTER.

TOM

You all right?

ETHAN

I don't understand how a woman that beautiful and intelligent can turn so petty and immature when another woman is present.

TOM

You're full of shit. You know exactly what you're doing, and you do it to get a reaction out of her.

ETHAN

(smirks)  
Maybe.

TOBACCONIST

(in French)  
*Bonsoir, monsieur. Comment puis-je vous aider?*

ETHAN

*Rien de bien passionnant, je le crains. J'ai juste besoin de deux--*

Tom clears his throat.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

(corrects)  
*--trois paquets de Gauloises  
Blondes, s'il vous plaît.*

The tobacconist turns to the shelf behind him and grabs 3 packs of cigarettes. Ethan notices in the glass showcase a vintage, jeweled CIGARETTE CASE.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

*Pour le spectacle ou à vendre?*

TOBACCONIST

*Toujours à vendre, monsieur.*

The tobacconist takes the cigarette holder from the glass showcase and sits it neatly on colored tissue paper. Ethan hands one of the packs of cigarettes to Tom. Ethan pulls his wallet from his breast pocket--

BOOOOOOM! The glass windows shatter into a million pieces at the sonic boom, blasting smoke into the shop! Ethan and Tom hit the floor! Tom covers Ethan from the blast!

(long beat)

The tobacconist GROANS in pain on the floor. He holds his bleeding arm, having caught shards of sprayed glass in it from the explosion.

Ethan scrambles up, pushing Tom off him!

ETHAN'S POV - ESCALADE SUV

The car burns in effigy. The bomb explosion rooted from the firey vehicle.

ETHAN  
Moira!!!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAWN

BED

Ethan wakes from the nightmare. He's in bed. With Moira. His arms wrapped around her.

He gently slips his arm from under her. He rubs his bloodshot eyes. He looks at her. His memory of that night still fresh in his mind...but she looks so innocent, and she's so present, sleeping right beside him...

EXT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The sun has risen and cast a warm glow on the estate. Silence. And the still of the Swedish countryside in early morning. Dew casting a mist on all the sun touches.

FRONT DOOR

Fiona, still drunk, stumbles out the front door. Her entire night worn on her face. Nathaniel EXITS the house, trying to get a hold of her. He holds tight to her. She needs a crutch.

FIONA  
Thanks, baby.

NATHANIEL  
I can't believe you're still  
hammered.

Hema and William EXIT the house with grimaces on their faces. Their hangovers already starting to take a nasty affect on them. Derek follows.

DEREK

Christ!

He puts on a pair of dark sunglasses, cursing the bright, morning sun in his face.

Ethan and Moira EXIT the house. Moira approaches the two women.

ETHAN'S POV - Moira

He watches her as she and the other two women say their 'goodbyes' to one another. Moira's, however, permanent, but continues the charade with her best smile. And he feels shitty for having brought them here.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Did Feversham just die or something? You should see the look on your goddamn face.

Ethan chuckles, watching as Derek, still a little inebriated, fumbling as he tries to light a cigarette.

ETHAN

Need some help with that?

DEREK

Go to hell.

William approaches. He and Ethan embrace.

WILLIAM

What you told me...about Hema--

ETHAN

Is true. I swear. What are you going to do about it?

WILLIAM

Don't know yet.

They break apart.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

But I'll ring you up when I do get the balls to come up with something.

Hema approaches. She pecks his cheek and hugs him.

HEMA

Believe it or not, I missed you, too.

ETHAN

I know.

WILLIAM

Cheers, mate.

Ethan waves 'goodbye'. William and Hema climb into his car. Ethan watches them take off down the long, gravel driveway.

FIONA

Hey. Let's try and make sure it's not another 6 months before I hear from you again.

ETHAN

I will.

FIONA

Promise.

ETHAN

I promise.

FIONA

Now swear.

ETHAN

I swear.

FIONA

I believe you.

She hugs him. A loving, sisterly hug.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Take care of each other. Aside from myself and Nathaniel, you're the best couple I know.

He chuckles.

NATHANIEL

Hey, next time, our place. We don't have a pool house, but a greenhouse full of weed is just as good.

ETHAN

I'd say so.

They shake hands. Nathaniel pecks Moira's cheek.

FIONA

I really do love you two.

Ethan wraps his arm around Moira.

ETHAN

I love us, too.

FIONA

Good. Then it won't be an eternity until we see each other again.

Moira and Fiona hug. A long, endearing hug that brings tears from them both.

Fiona pulls apart.

FIONA (CONT'D)

That's enough of that. No one's going to die.

Her words hang there between Ethan and Moira like a giant elephant wedged in the middle of them.

Fiona and Nathaniel climb into their car. Fiona waves as they take off down the driveway.

DEREK

And then there was one... Fiona's right. Let's not make this a thing. No one's dead. We'll just say life is shit sometimes, and sometimes shit happens. Like not seeing your best friends in forever. But we love each other. We care about each other. And when we do get together, it's a fucking blast and I always leave happily intoxicated.

(to Moira)

Take care of this guy. I don't think he can make it on his own.

Derek climbs into a sexy, black '68 Ford Mustang GT fastback.

MOIRA

That is a very sweet car, Derek.

DEREK

I know. I can't wait to have sex in it.

Derek revvs the engine then takes off down the driveway like lightening.

Moira turns back toward the house--

ETHAN

Do you want to have dinner tonight?

MOIRA

Do I have a choice?

No. She doesn't. But asking her instead felt better than demanding that she do.

Moira ENTERS the house.

EXT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - PATIO - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

Moira sits at a table for two beneath a pergola covered in grapevines and white lights. She pours herself an over serving of red wine and guzzles half of it.

Ethan EXITS the house with a plate of food in each hand. He places one before her and the other in front of the empty chair beside her. As he takes the empty seat, Moira takes another gulp of her wine. It's clear getting drunk is her goal.

Ethan grabs the bottle to pour himself a glass and only a swallow spills from it. He turns to Moira, now finishing her wine in one sip.

Ethan grabs the empty bottle and ENTERS the house again. Moira looks around despondent.

Ethan comes back out with a new bottle of wine and opens it. He sits and pours himself a glass. Moira reaches for the bottle and he moves it out of her reach.

She scoffs wryly at him treating her like a child.

MOIRA

(referring to food)

What is this?

ETHAN

Maybe you should eat it and find out.

(off her look)

Devilled kidneys on toast with wild mushrooms.

MOIRA

Did you make this?

ETHAN

Yes.



She pushes the food aside, grabs the bottle and pours herself a glass. Ethan angrily drops his silverware on his plate! This isn't going how he had hoped.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
What's wrong with the dish?

MOIRA  
I'm not hungry. I am however  
thirsty.

ETHAN  
Fine. Eat it, don't eat it. I don't  
fucking care, Moira.

He breaks from the table and storms into the house!

A beat.

He comes back out with a bottle of beer. He plops into his chair and caps the bottle.

(long beat)

MOIRA  
Did you really think we'd sit here  
and have a nice dinner, chatting  
about the weather and our day?

ETHAN  
...Yes. I need us to.

MOIRA  
I don't give a fuck about what you  
need anymore.

She guzzles half her glass again.

ETHAN  
Clearly.

She tilts her head back, staring up at the white lights. She closes her eyes...

MOIRA  
I should have let you cut my throat  
open in the breakfast room.

He stills at her statement.

MOIRA (CONT'D)  
So I won't have to sit here next to  
you right now, and your stupid  
devililed kidneys.

ETHAN

You mean that don't you?

She finally looks at him. She does.

MOIRA

You could do it now. Get it over with.

ETHAN

You're provoking.

MOIRA

No, I mean it. There's no point in dragging this out. This is clearly no good for either of us. Whatever the hell it is.

There's no fight left in her. For herself or them and what they used to be. She finishes her glass and pours another.

ETHAN

You asked me if I could cook. On our first date. The food at the restaurant was horrible and you asked me if I could cook. And I said, "I can only make Devilled Kidneys." And you said you never had it, so we left the restaurant and went to my place and I cooked for you. I made you Devilled Kidneys on toast. And you said, "Now all you have to do is learn to make spaghetti and you'll be the world's best cook." So I taught myself how to cook. For you.

MOIRA

I don't remember that.

Now, she's provoking.

He stares at her. A heated glare in her direction for what feels like an eternity... He breaks from his chair, taking the table with him, upturning it onto the ground! He storms into the house!

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ethan paces back and forth, fuming.

Moira ENTERS.

ETHAN  
(gritted teeth)  
Get away from me.

He continues pacing, trying to calm down, but he can't.

MOIRA  
I am done with this.

ETHAN  
I said get the hell away from me!

MOIRA  
(voice shaking)  
I am so done with this.

ETHAN  
I SAID GET AWAY FROM ME, MOIRA!

MOIRA  
I hate you so much.

He stops cold at that.

ETHAN  
Three days ago you said  
differently.

MOIRA  
And I also said you're not the only  
one rotting from the inside. You  
don't have a monopoly on hurt. I  
can't believe how stupid I am. I'm  
really, truly surprised by it. I am  
seriously stunned at discovering  
the difference between knowing who  
you are from a CIA profile, and  
sitting next to you while you have  
someone killed. And how you can  
just sit there, like stone... It's  
unbelievable how I could know that  
man exist, but never really see him  
until now. And it destroys me that  
that man, and the one that races  
his best friend in the dark, and  
cooks for me, and loves his dog and  
goes to bed with me is the same  
person. You have every right to be  
angry about me being deceptive  
because I'm just as pissed about  
it. I am furious for lying to  
myself for the last 4 years about  
who exactly you are. Thank you. For  
showing me that.

ETHAN

That's not--

MOIRA

You going to tell me "that's not who you are; just what you do?" As if somehow they're two different things?

He was.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

You're an arms dealer, Ethan. You sell guns to zealots and war criminals and mafias. And you traffick drugs. Stolen goods. People--

ETHAN

I've never trafficked a person. Ever.

MOIRA

Maybe not. But you've helped people who have. Not to mention you're a killer. You're just a one man army of ill-will, aren't you--?!

ETHAN

Stop! You've made your point!

MOIRA

Good! And congratulations by the way! Nice touch brining our friends here to see me before you slit my throat! My favorite part was the herd of elephants in the room I was forced to ignore!

ETHAN

You could have shouted 'fire' if you wanted to.

MOIRA

And then what would have happened? Just a day ago I saw you order a hit on a man in the middle of an opera house. A massacre didn't need to happen.

ETHAN

How much of a monster do you think I am?!

MOIRA

The enormous kind! That brings his friends over and forces his ex to play housewife while on a death clock! The kind that makes me play the charming countess to a room full of treasonous statesmen and CEOs at a birthday party thrown by a man so cartoonishly evil he should be in a comic book! That was rich too, Ethan! I'm glad you're having fun! What's next? You going to make me watch you fuck Katherine?!

ETHAN

I swear to Christ if you bring her up one more time, not only will I open your throat with a razor, but I'll reach in and pull your goddamn tongue out! I DID NOT FUCK HER!

MOIRA

Doesn't matter. I'm done. You win.

ETHAN

That's it, huh?

MOIRA

That's the objective, right? That's what this is, isn't it? Emotional torture. Psychological abuse. It's unfathomable to me that you're not an agent anymore, because you are really good at breaking your mark down!

He's pensive. A look of disappointment on his face.

She tries to read his face...

MOIRA (CONT'D)

That's not what this is about? Is it?

ETHAN

As outraged as I am, I can't let you swallow all the blame. I lied, too. I lied every day to your face, too, and forced you so far into a corner you took the only way you knew out. And you still didn't give me up.

MOIRA

I told you I didn't know any--

ETHAN

Yes, you did. I don't have to rot away in a prison to know you're a good agent, Moira. Good enough your mark bought an engagement ring, and for 4 years had no idea you were an operative.

MOIRA

If this isn't some form of torture, what am I doing here? Why make me spend a whole week with you like this?

ETHAN

This wasn't originally the plan.

MOIRA

When did it become the plan?

ETHAN

When I noticed a birthday invitation sitting on my desk.

FLASHBACK

She chuckles wryly.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

(short)

What?

MOIRA

Dates. As if I could ever date another man after you.

ETHAN

And what does that mean?

MOIRA

Whatever you'd like it to.

*Ethan notices Pilar's birthday invitation on his desk.*

ETHAN

(matter-of-fact; cold)

You're going to stay here for 7 days, with me, doing whatever the hell it is I want you to do when I want you to do it, and on the 7th day I'm going to take a straight razor to your throat and cut it open from ear-to-ear. Which is far more than you deserve.

He means it. It's pure and simple, ruthless fact. And she knows it. But the killing her isn't a surprise.

MOIRA

And what am I supposed to be doing for 7 days here in Switzerland with you waiting to die?

ETHAN

I said whatever the fuck I want.

MOIRA

Why not put a bullet in me now?

ETHAN

Because this amuses me more.

END FLASHBACK

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MOIRA

The Ghost and Pilar. You think we could do that. We could be them. That's why Derek and everyone was here yesterday. You think we can have something--

ETHAN

Normal.

MOIRA

(stands)

Delusional. The opera house-- among other things-- aren't normal.

ETHAN

I had to bring you. I couldn't leave you here. I don't trust you--

MOIRA

Another issue!

ETHAN

That can be fixed at this very moment!

MOIRA

Yeah, four years of lies squared away in an hour sounds plausible!

ETHAN

It will be if we stop bullshitting one another!

MOIRA

Like believing a normal marriage can come of two former agents: one practically an international terrorist and the other disgraced for being compromised by him? Do you really think he and Pilar have something real?!

ETHAN

Yes! I do! I know they do!

MOIRA

No! That woman lives in a ocean of denial! And I don't have that luxury! That choice wasn't given to me! So what you're essentially asking me to do is turn a blind eye!

ETHAN

YES, I AM, BECAUSE THE ONLY OTHER OPTION I HAVE IS KILLING YOU!

Too plain-spoken a truth said aloud. A beat.

He grabs her arm and yanks her closer to him.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

(fights back tears)

Do you love me?

Tears run down her face.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Do you love me, Moira?

MOIRA

...I really wish that I didn't. And that's why it will never work. I'm not proud that I do.



His heart visibly breaks.

MOIRA (CONT'D)  
Just...let me go.

ETHAN  
If I do, someone else will find  
you. And then they'll find me.

She knows he's right...

TOM (O.S.)  
Ethan.

ETHAN  
Yeah?

TOM  
Business. Japan on the phone.

ETHAN  
Right.

Ethan rushes from the room, breezing past Tom. Tom EXITS, a suspicious glare in Moira's direction as he leaves.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

BED

Moira lies in bed, wide awake, staring at the ceiling. Mind adrift... She's alone. We get the impression she spent the entire night that way as well.

INT. ETHAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Moira, dressed, ENTERS. HOUSEMAID #1 and another HOUSEMAID (#2) are cleaning. One doing the windows, the other dusting. They stop when they notice Moira.

HOUSEMAID #1  
*Good morning, Miss Walker.*

MOIRA  
*Morning.*

HOUSEMAID #1  
*May we do something for you, Miss Walker?*

MOIRA  
*Where is Mr. Lewis?*

HOUSEMAID #1

*Mr. Lewis had business to attend to and asked that we accommodate you as needed.*

MOIRA

*He left?*

HOUSEMAID #2

*Yes. He and Mr. Flannery.*

MOIRA

*Tom went, too? Geoff?*

The housemaids nod.

Alone. He doesn't trust her enough to leave her alone. Or so he said.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

*Did Mr. Lewis mention when he will be back?*

HOUSEMAID #1

*Sometime this evening. Before dinner is served.*

Rodan ENTERS.

RODAN

*Miss Walker. Is there something you need? Should I get the cook to make you breakfast?*

MOIRA

*Um, sure. That's fine. Thank you.*

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The bright, morning light manages to cast a yellow hue within the decrepid building through the numerous windows and skylight. And through the far-end windows the EIFFEL TOWER is visible in the b.g.

A middle-aged, Japanese man, RYUTARO YOKOI, 56, in a sharp, expensive suit and long coat talks in his native tongue with TWO YOUNGER JAPANESE MEN in suits with ear pieces. Bodyguards. Yakuza.

A long, folding table and two chairs rest beside them.

Ethan ENTERS the wide open space, flanked by Tom and Geoff. They approach the three men waiting for them. Ethan and Yokoi shake hands.

YOKOI  
Mr. Lewis.

ETHAN  
I apologize if you were kept waiting long.

YOKOI  
We only got here a minute ago ourselves. Please.

They sit in the empty chairs. Both titans of the underworld with their bodyguards behind them.

YOKOI (CONT'D)  
Believe it or not this is my first trip to France.

ETHAN  
Really?

YOKOI  
I've never been one to romanticize the culture of the French people. My daughters on the other hand... They'd be furious with me if they found out I was here and didn't bring them.

ETHAN  
How old are your children again?

YOKOI  
Old enough to make me feel ancient by the very minute.

ETHAN  
They do that from what I hear.

YOKOI  
It's very true. And there are also countless other things they do that make you feel younger than you ever were. You'll find out one day.

ETHAN  
(solemn)  
Possibly.

YOKOI

Only a woman could bring about that look on a man's face. Only *the* woman could. A look I've worn myself at one time.

ETHAN

But eventually the look goes, when you've moved on, and the reasons that were behind it are no longer important because you've learned to just be.

YOKOI

No. No, not with *the* woman. Things will never just be, with her. Otherwise, she wouldn't have as profound a presence in one's life as she does.

ETHAN

But surely there is a resolution? Was there not with you and your wife?

YOKOI

My wife, as lovely as she may be, is unfortunately not *the* woman.  
(off his look)  
You appear disappointed.

ETHAN

I apologize. I'm afraid in our brief conversation I've managed to place a very large question on you in hopes of getting the answer that I wanted.

YOKOI

She must be a very difficult woman to let go.

ETHAN

She is.

YOKOI

A hard decision I wish only for my worst enemies.

Ethan smiles.

YOKOI (CONT'D)

Men such as ourselves don't live very long. And most often alone.

(MORE)

YOKOI (CONT'D)  
It's the life we've built, and  
chosen.

ETHAN  
I was told that very thing just a  
few days ago.

YOKOI  
No doubt from the very person  
anguishing you now.

ETHAN  
Unfortunately.

A somber moment passes between the two lovelorn men.

YOKOI  
I apologize for making this visit  
longer than it needs to be.  
(stands)  
I like to personally thank someone  
when they are true to their word.

Ethan stands as well.

YOKOI (CONT'D)  
(extends hand)  
Thank you, Mr. Lewis, for your  
assistance with Angelo Dioli.

They shake hands. One of Yokoi's bodyguards approaches with a  
suitcase. He opens it, displaying a cachè of banded money.

ETHAN  
I believe that's far more than  
owed.

YOKOI  
Nonsense. You've managed to  
accomplish something for me that  
even my best men have failed at--  
(eyes bodyguards)  
--miserably.

Geoff takes the suitcase from the bodyguard.

ETHAN  
I appreciate it.

YOKOI  
And I appreciate you allowing a  
little conversation to take place.  
(MORE)

YOKOI (CONT'D)

Being who we are doesn't allow much by way of civility a lot of the time. I believe it good to have just a fragment of it every now and again.

ETHAN

"Civility costs nothing, and buys everything."

YOKOI

Truer words have never been spoken. We must find a suitable occasion for us to retain such acts of decorum. Your homeland of England perhaps? London is one of my favorite cities.

ETHAN

Mine as well. But I'm afraid I'm not longer welcomed there. At least not in a light I would find welcoming.

YOKOI

Well, then you must come to Tokyo.

ETHAN

I will. Thank you.

Yokoi turns to EXIT--

YOKOI

And I hope you are satisfied with our exchange.

REVEAL: THREE ALBANIAN MEN bound and gagged to chairs on the opposite side of the table. They couldn't be any more terrified.

YOKOI (CONT'D)

An informer of mine found them just outside Paris.

ETHAN

(cold glare at Albanians)

I am very satisfied. Thank you, Mr. Yokoi.

Yokoi bows. Ethan bows in return. Yokoi and his bodyguards EXIT.

Ethan turns his attention to the scared, Albanian men. Tom removes Ethan's jacket.

Ethan removes his tie and opens the collar to his dress shirt. He then rolls up his sleeves. Tom places a black bag atop the table and takes out a coiled pouch and places it in front of the men on the table. He then unrolls it revealing several deadly-looking tools (meat cleaver, scalpel, pliers, bowie knife, needles, syringes, claw hammer, aluminum mallet, etc.). The men panic in their chairs, SCREAMING in muffled hymns through their gags.

Tom then takes out two glass jars, one label 'bleach' and the other 'gasoline'. Finally, he removes a small, unlabeled glass jar containing about 4 tablespoons of a white, powder-y substance. Their panic has evolved into tears and SOBS.

Tom and Geoff take the two chairs Ethan and Yokoi were sitting in and turn them toward Ethan and the Albanians. Front row seats. Tom reaches into the black bag and pulls out two sandwiches. He hands one to Geoff.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
 (points)  
 You. You're first.

Ethan picks up the pliers and shows them to the first Albanian man.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
 I'm going to start with this.

He pulls his straight razor from his pants pocket.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
 And end with this.

Ethan rounds the table with the pliers in his hand.

TOM AND GEOFF

They nonchalantly eat their sandwiches as the first Albanian's SCREAM echoes through the empty warehouse.

INT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

TUB

Moira sits in the hot water with a lit cigarette in her hand. She takes a drag from her cigarette then puts it out in the ashtray on the edge of the tub in favor of the tumbler of scotch resting there.

She leans back, holding her scotch. Worry on her face. Ethan in her thoughts...

(3 beats)

The door opens. Ethan. She puts the tumbler back down on the edge.

ETHAN

He approaches the sink and turns on the faucet. He tosses his straight razor in the sink with a TING. There's blood all over it. And blood all over his hands. He washes them clean, feeling her eyes on him. Knowing she wants to know where he went for so long.

He turns around to face her. His coat opens enough to answer her begging questions. Blood. Deep, red blood covers his shirt.

*And he wants normalcy?* She turns her head away from him, angry and disgusted.

He takes his coat off. It's a lot worse: his shirt is drenched with a spew of blood. His pants as well, from the knees up. Along with his arms and neck, too.

He takes off his shirt.

MOIRA

She avoids eye contact with him, keeping her head down, listening to him undress.

He climbs into the tub with her, sitting behind her. She tries to climb out, not wanting to be around him, but he gets a hold of her and forces her to stay put.

He holds tight to her as she attempts to avoid him touching her.

ETHAN

(whispers)

Stop. Please.

She wants to cry. This is the man she's in love with: a murderer who comes home caked in other people's blood.

Ethan buries his face in her hair. He begins kissing her neck. It's the last thing she wants...and the only thing she wants.

They kiss. And it's the first time we've seen it, because it's the first time he's allowed it. A deep, wanting kiss that could go on for days.

CUT TO:



INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

BED

Ethan and Moira, naked, making love. There's more passion and tenderness in it this time. Two people in love, rather than two people projecting hurt feelings on one another.

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - LATER, CONTINUOUS

ARMCHAIR

Moira straddles Ethan ardently as they occupy the armchair together. He slams his mouth on her's with a fist full of her hair in his hand.

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - LATER, CONTINUOUS

FLOOR

Ethan lies on the floor. We only see the upper half of his body; the lower half blocking our view with the bed. Moira is also unseen from our view, but it's apparent where she is and what she's doing, as made evident by Ethan's amativeness.

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - LATER, CONTINUOUS

BED

Moira lies flat on her stomach as Ethan takes her from behind.

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - LATER, CONTINUOUS

BED

Ethan and Moira lie in a spooning position, with him behind her. They're making love again: slow, and romantic. Their mouths never parting from each other...

EXT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - LATER, CONTINUOUS

## TERRACE

The blue hour. The period of twilight in the morning of neither full daylight, nor complete darkness.

Ethan ascends the steps in a pair of boxers, undershirt, and boots. Feversham is right beside him. All the money in the world and he's still a man that gets up every morning to walk his dog.

The sun is coming up... Ethan stops for a moment to watch it break the horizon, waking the world up...

He and Feversham ENTER the house.

## INT. BREAKFAST ROOM - MORNING, CONTINUOUS

Ethan sits at the table, eating a full English breakfast.

Moira ENTERS. She takes a seat at the table. Housemaid #1 ENTERS and places Moira's breakfast in front of her then EXITS back into the kitchen.

Moira stares at her breakfast. Not really hungry. It's day 7.

MOIRA

Ethan--

ETHAN

Eat your breakfast.

He doesn't want to address it. At least not now.

Moira picks up her fork and digs into her food, not knowing how to read him, or what to do if she could.

## INT. BREAKFAST ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Ethan reads the paper while Moira finishes her breakfast. Housemaid #1 ENTERS and clears away their plates. Housemaid #2 ENTERS and places a tea service on the table.

ETHAN

*Thank you.*

MIA

*Thank you.*

Housemaid #2 pours them both a cup and the two women EXIT back into the kitchen. Ethan puts the paper down in favor of his tea.

It's all very...normal. The very thing he wanted. But there's still the unspoken looming like a ghost in the room. At least for her there seems to be.

MOIRA

I'm... I need a shower.

Moira pushes her chair back. She attempts to stand but falls back into her seat. Wobbly. Dizzy. She takes a breath and tries again, but falls back into the chair harder, rattling the table. Something's wrong... She's having trouble breathing. She turns to Ethan. Tears flood his eyes.

He did this. He poisoned her food. Moira begins to panic, making it harder to breathe. She tries to stand again and ends up falling onto the floor, MOANING in pain, clutching her stomach.

Ethan can't hide how much this hurts him. To do this to her. To see her in agony.

Moira tries crawling away, but she's in too much pain. She has to end her torment--

Ethan notices her trying to stick her fingers down her throat. He approaches her and takes her hand away from her mouth. She SOBS. He really can't let her live.

He sits and pulls her into his lap, cradling her.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

(crying)

I'm sorry.

He turns his head from her, not wanting her to see him lose it. She grabs a hold of his shirt, pulling at it as she squirms and jerks, fighting the poison making it's way through her body. He holds her tighter, embracing.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

(struggling)

I love you. And I'm sorry.

Gradually, she stops fidgeting. Moving. The poison shutting her down. The grip on his shirt no longer taut. No noise. No breathing. She's gone.

He pulls her as close to him as he can, burying his head in her neck, and SOBBING UNCONTROLLABLY.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Rodan, the two housemaids, and the COOK sit and listen to Ethan's sorrow wail from the breakfast room.

The same black bag Tom had at the warehouse sits in front of Rodan. She takes out the jar with the powder-y substance in it.

She walks over to a sink, turns on the faucet and dumps the poison down the drain. She rinses the jar out and turns it over on the counter to dry.

INT. BREAKFAST ROOM - LATER, CONTINUOUS

Tom and Bryson ENTER. Moira lies on the floor, dead. Ethan?

Tom turns to find Ethan sitting on the floor, smoking. A blank expression on his face.

Tom opens a cabinet in the serving buffet. He takes out two folded, white table cloths. He and Bryson approach Moira's body.

ETHAN

With shaky hands, Ethan lights another cigarette.

Tom carries Moira's body, wrapped in the cloth, out of the room. Ethan avoids watching him carry her dead body away. Bryson follows Tom out.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

Ethan lies passed out on the sofa. An empty whiskey bottle lies on the floor beside him with an ashtray filled to the brim with cigarette butts.

Feversham sits on the floor by his feet, appearing very concerned for his master.

A pair of HANDS places a simple, wooden urn on the coffee table. Tom.

TOM

Ethan. Ethan!

He shakes his shoulder. Ethan stirs awake. He sits up. He looks like hell.

ETHAN  
What time is it?

Tom checks his watch.

TOM  
Almost ten.

Ethan notices the urn.

TOM (CONT'D)  
I didn't know if you wanted...

ETHAN  
...It's fine.

TOM  
Do you want to kept it in here or--

ETHAN  
The rose garden.

Tom makes to pick up the urn--

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
I'll do it.

Tom EXITS.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - LATER, CONTINUOUS

Ethan ENTERS, tracking mud and dirt into the pristine room. He sits on the bed. His hands are dirty, and his fingers slit with pricks from the thorn-y rose bushes.

He grabs the pack of cigarettes resting on the nightstand. Empty. He tosses the box. He toes his shoes off and lies down on the bed. He's exhausted, drunk, angry, sad, and everything else in between. And shutting the world out right now sounds pretty good.

Feversham ENTERS. He sits at the side of the bed, looking concerned for his master again. He WHINES.

ETHAN  
Jesus Christ.

He WHINES again.

Ethan sits up.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
For Christ's sake, Feversham, what?

The animal licks Ethan's hand. Ethan just stares at him. Recognizing his dog's attempt at consoling him.

Ethan removes the laces from his shoe. He opens the nightstand drawer and takes out a ring box. Moira's ring. Using the shoe string he ties the engagement ring to Feversham's collar.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
Don't lose it, okay?

Ethan lies back down. Feversham climbs atop the bed and lays down beside him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OUTDOOR COFFEE SHOP - DAY

SUPER: 8 months later

It's a sweltering day in the colorful city of Havana. But the NATIVES are restless and busy, comfortable and used to the heat. MUSICIANS play Cuban Jazz near the entrance.

We follow a WAITRESS as she saunters through the crowded patio past TOURISTS taking pictures on their phones and REGULARS playing cards.

She makes her way to a corner table protected by THREE BODYMEN openly carrying weapons: two with AK's and one with a MAC-10. They part, letting her through.

TABLE

The Ghost, Pilar, and Ethan sit at the table. The waitress places a bottle of dark rum and two glasses between Ethan and The Ghost, and a mojito in Pilar's hand.

THE GHOST  
*Gracias.*

WAITRESS  
*De nada, senior.*

The waitress EXITS.

The Ghost puffs away on a fat, Cuban cigar while Pilar sips her drink, fanning herself with a palm fan.

PILAR  
My God! Can the sun take a vacation? I'd really appreciate a hurricane right now.

Ethan and The Ghost chuckle.

ETHAN

Perhaps drinking liquor in this heat wasn't such a good idea.

THE GHOST

Nonsense! We're in Cuba! We have to partake in native customs.

PILAR

You big phony! You just like drinking at two in the afternoon without judgement.

THE GHOST

She knows me too well.

The Ghost pours himself and Ethan some rum.

THE GHOST (CONT'D)

To good weather, good friends, and good rum.

He and Ethan toast.

EXT. OUTDOOR COFFEE SHOP - SUNSET, CONTINUOUS

The Ghost is drunk off his ass, leaning on Pilar for support. Ethan tags along.

She tries to put him in the waiting car, but he staggers around too much. Ethan tries to help and The Ghost releases Pilar in favor of Ethan.

THE GHOST

(slurring)

Ethan. You, are the only person I trust. The only one. That is a very important thing in our work. Trust.

PILAR

Come on, my love. I think you're terrifying poor Ethan.

THE GHOST

No. I'm not. I'm not. I'm talking to my friend. My good friend.

(to Ethan)

Aren't I?

Ethan's a little amused by his intoxicated comrade.

ETHAN

Yes. You are.

THE GHOST

What was I saying? Oh! Right!  
Trust! I trust you. And I love  
doing business with you, and I love  
going on vacation with you. But  
next time, you have to bring a  
girl. A pretty one. Like the one  
you brought to my house for Pilar's  
birthday.

Ethan's now uncomfortable but tries his best to mask it.

THE GHOST (CONT'D)

She was beautiful and quick. But  
she had to go. She had to. That  
must have been very hard to do. I  
can't imagine--

PILAR

All right, my love. Time for bed.  
We're going now.

THE GHOST

But I'm glad you did it. No room  
for errors for men like us.

PILAR

He understands. Let's go, *mi amor*.

Pilar shoves The Ghost into the car.

PILAR (CONT'D)

Goodnight, Ethan.

ETHAN

Goodnight.

THE GHOST

(sing-song)  
Goodnight, Ethan!

Ethan tips his straw fedora to The Ghost and watches the car  
take off down the street.

INT. HOTEL BAR - CONTINUOUS

Ethan sits alone at the bar drinking a beer.

A beat.



KATHERINE (O.S.)  
Well, hello, stranger.

Ethan turns to Katherine taking the empty seat beside him with the biggest surprised-look on her face.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)  
Long time, no see.

ETHAN  
(short)  
Fancy meeting you here.

KATHERINE  
Is it? You don't seem so surprised.  
I'm, however, floored.

ETHAN  
"Of all the gin joints in all the  
world..."

KATHERINE  
Exactly. What are you doing here  
all alone? Doesn't Moira know not  
to leave such a handsome man in a  
bar all by himself?

At the mere mention of Moira--

ETHAN  
Let's cut the shit, Katherine. I'm  
tired of being played. But if you  
want to have a real conversation  
I'm up for it.

KATHERINE  
I don't know what you mean.

ETHAN  
Fine. Have it your way.

Ethan walks away to the lounge area and sits on a comfy-looking chair.

Her face changes. Hardens. All business; no more "flirty Katherine."

LOUNGE

Katherine approaches and sits in the empty chair beside him.

KATHERINE

No one's heard or seen Moira Walker in nearly 8 months. Where is she?

ETHAN

Gone.

KATHERINE

Where is she?

ETHAN

Gone. Didn't think you cared that much?

KATHERINE

We may have not played for the same team but we were in the same game.

ETHAN

She didn't hate you. Believe it or not.

KATHERINE

*Didn't?*

(off his look)

I don't hate her either. Believe it or not.

ETHAN

I do.

KATHERINE

Khan is dead. The Russians.

ETHAN

He was a shitty businessman. And an even worse crook. With those two qualities together I'm surprised it wasn't sooner. Is that why you're here? You're mark was taken out so on to the next? Do you really think my grief is only 8 months long? She's gone. And I got a lifetime of hurt for that.

KATHERINE

I know.

ETHAN

Then what are you doing here?

KATHERINE

Exactly what you suspect me of doing. I'm sorry.

Katherine stands--

ETHAN

Sit. Have a drink with me.

Katherine sits back down. Ethan motions to the BARTENDER for two more beers. The BARTENDER brings them over and EXITS.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

As a courtesy to Moira, I'll give you a 3 day head start.

KATHERINE

For?

ETHAN

To go back to London. Before I tell all my friends who you are. If you're a good enough agent, that's more than a generous amount of time. And after I do tell them, it would a good idea if you moved to the states.

He hit her with a ton of bricks. She wasn't expecting any of this to happen.

KATHERINE

What other choice have you given me?

ETHAN

More than she had.

KATHERINE

So it seems.

He raises his beer. A toast. And a deal.

Ethan pulls the vintage cigarette case he bought in France for Moira out of his pocket and offers Katherine a cigarette. He lights it for her before lighting his own. He removes his hat. Katherine slips off her shoes. She shakes her hair loose and props her bare feet atop the coffee table in front of her. Ethan leans back in his chair and rests his hands behind his head.

They're relaxed. Comfortable. There's no pretending. No actress and no actor. Just truth and who they are out in the open.

CUT TO BLACK.

ROLL CREDITS.

THE END