

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-- 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 an 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, 40, sits quietly on the sofa reading *The New York Times*. The sports section of the paper is 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, 48.

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 dark Bespoke suit, tie, and black dress shoes. His hair nicely groomed. He wears it all well, like he was born in a tailored 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. Though 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. Partial thanks to you.

TOM
Sometimes I wish that fuck were still alive 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 so openly.

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.

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 stares at her, peering out the window.

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 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. One or two 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 - CONTINUOUS

STACKS

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 faint smile.

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

STAIRS

Ethan appears on the same floor, his head whipping around; he doesn't see her.

He makes his way down the wing looking between the stacks.

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 hurries up the stairs to the wing above. She tosses the book she pulled from the shelf onto a nearby table.

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

She slows her pace, trying to not draw attention to her manic behavior.

She takes refuge in a STACK. Breathing deep...

(3 beats)

She EXITS the stack, along the wall side--

She slams right into Ethan!

He immediately grabs hold of her jacket, so she can't run.

She's terrified.

Ethan, on the other hand, is too overwhelmed. His face changes; the earlier fury and confusion replaced with sadness and relief.

(5 beats)

His shaky hand comes up to gently touch her face, needing to prove to himself she's really there.

ATTRACTIVE BLACK WOMAN

(wet eyes)

I'm sorry.

He wants to speak, but can't find the words.

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.

His grip tightens.

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 skin and drags them across his
 hand. He reflexively snatches his hand back, letting go of
 her jacket.

ATTRACTIVE BLACK WOMAN (CONT'D)
 (exiting)
 Don't look for me. I'm sorry.

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 ahold 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
 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!

ALLEY

Ethan ENTERS the gross, empty alley 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 throws the broken half in his hand at the dumpster with a SCREAM, then kicks it a few times and knocks over a couple of trash cans!

He stops to breathe...

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

TOM (CONT'D)
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 on her cellphone.

MOIRA
(on phone)
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...
When...? That's too long. I need to
be extracted 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 carefully.

It's an eclectic mixture of Ikea and vintage, thrift shop finds that inhabit the nucleus of her place, held together by cobalt blue walls and hardwood floors.

She eases 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 opens a storage bench. She pulls out a truck full of books, then a disassembled 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 between the curtains.

WINDOW

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

She's been here all day. Sitting. Waiting. Watching. Ready. Agile and prepared.

(3 beats)

She takes a quick scan of the ground below, careful not to move the curtains too much: 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 living area and ENTERS the BEDROOM. It's dark in here as well.

She ENTERS the adjoining BATHROOM.

She drops her bottoms and sits on the toilet. She sets 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.

Moira stands at the bedroom door with Tom holding a gun to her head!

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

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 Ethan 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 then 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 his 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.

Tom comes from behind to stab her in the shoulder with a syringe!

MOIRA
Fuck!

She takes a swing at Tom but loses her balance, woozy... She slumps atop the coffee table, fighting whatever he stuck her with.

But she can't. It's a losing battle as her breathing slows and eyes get heavy...

Ethan watches as she falls limp to the floor.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

An expansive master bedroom with it's own sitting area and fireplace. Floor-to-ceiling windows bring in bright sun light in every direction, illuminating the well-decorated room. It's a luxury 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. But it's only 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, stately manor house on what seems to be the most expansive and 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, ascending the steps.

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. 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 what's 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 yell.

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 marble 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 and they crawl 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.

Which is where VESEO, 19, his valet, comes in.

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 find 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. ETHAN'S HOUSE - 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.

MASTER BEDROOM

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.

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.

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

Fuck you.

ETHAN

The response I was looking for was "understood."

MOIRA

Why am I wearing this dress?

ETHAN

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

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

Ethan's 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 is 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 a 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 Moira's 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 ENTER 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, 50.

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.

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.

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. 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 nothing 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 agencies 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?

(MORE)

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Or mounting a severed head, with
its lips sown shut, on the gates of
an 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
leukemia 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;
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

Did you 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.

(MORE)

THE GHOST (CONT'D)

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 its 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 to see 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 hasn't 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. 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 is 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 hers, 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 a last drag from her cigarette then 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 points at 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.

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 swallows her scotch in one gulp then gives him a weak smile.

SECURITY GUARD

Do you need assistance back to the party?

MOIRA

No. Thank you. I'm not drunk. Just...disappointed. 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 The Ghost.

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 EXIT into 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. It's been a long, strange day...

EXT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

TOM (O.S.)

Ethan.

Tom rushes up behind him.

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

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.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

VANITY

Moira removes bobby pins from her hair and shakes it loose. Through the mirror she notices Ethan ENTER and close the door.

She freezes, watching him nonchalantly 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 faucet in the bathroom turn on, then off after a few beats...

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

She tries to appear unphased, 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. He does it so smoothly, 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...

So she does it. She falls into his touch and closes her eyes as he kisses her neck...

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, clawing at his back.

They lose balance and fall to the floor but Ethan doesn't miss a beat.

He brings her to climax then 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... Then the door closes.

And not once has he kissed her.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

BED

Ethan lies in bed fast asleep. Alone.

INT. MASTER BATHROOM - MINUTES LATER

SINK

Veseo shaves Ethan's face with a straight razor as he lies back in a portable barber's chair.

INT. BREAKFAST ROOM - LATER

TABLE

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

A forkful of food manages to make it into his mouth as he casually reads skims the news on his iPad.

(5 beats)

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

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

Tom throws Moira into 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 tablet.

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, 35, 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)
Again?

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.

Rodan 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 arms, 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!

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. Feversham nudges her, worried.

Ethan throws the knife into the table; 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 eaten.

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.

A tiny smile forms on her lips. 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 (O.S.)

The Penguin Classic edition you got me is still my favorite. For some reason.

MOIRA

I doubt the \$8.99 Barnes and Noble buy I got you of your favorite novel is also your favorite edition.

ETHAN

It is. For some reason.

He motions to the two tufted, leather couches in the center of the room.

She takes a seat on the one closest to the door. Ethan takes a seat on the other.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

I want to talk.

She scoffs.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Can we do that? Please?

MOIRA

(shrugs)

What choice do I have?

ETHAN

None. 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 petty 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. It's too
much like you bragging.

He doesn't like that comment, narrowing his eyes at her.

ETHAN
I can't believe for 2 years you
lead me to think you were dead. 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

No. All of it.

He chuckles wryly; he doesn't believe her.

A beat.

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 ever betrayed me the way you have. It's kept me awake every night for 750 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 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 fast.

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.

Josif ENTERS the library.

JOSIF
*Mr. Yokoi is on the phone for you,
 sir.*

ETHAN
Thank you, Josif.

Josif EXITS.

MOIRA
 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. Clearly, 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. ETHAN'S HOUSE - HORSE STABLES - CONTINUOUS

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
You're 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, and various colors of roses all around.

She makes her way to a patch of pink cabbage roses. There's a marker among the flowers that reads: *Moira's Jardin.*

She bends down to smell them.

INT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ethan is on a satphone speaking in rapid Japanese.

Tom ENTERS with 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 then? Just cut her open now!

Ethan is given pause by Tom's ruthlessness.

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.

He wants to. He does. He's got no choice; 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 THEATER - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

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]*

SOFA

Moira is asleep.

A beat.

The door opens. Tom. He ENTERS and approaches the sofa. 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.

I/E. 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.

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 is on the other side in a summer suit.

ETHAN

We need to be on a plane in 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. VENICE MARCO POLO AIRPORT - TARMAC - CONTINUOUS

Tom EXITS a small, private jet. Ethan and Moira follow, along with another burly man in a dark suit, BRYSON, 40.

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 - WHITE SUIT

Ethan notices a well-tanned, middle-aged MAN in an expensive white suit and ice cream-colored shirt ENTER the terrace with a SEXY 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 white suit, ANGELO DIOLI, 60, 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 (CONT'D)

(snorts)

Well, I tried... 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 nose or 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 should've been 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... Tom's hands tighten into fists.

The car comes to a stop.

MOIRA

(smirks)

Nothing.

Tom steps out of the car before he loses it.

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 right now.

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 slides away to care for other thirsty art enthusiasts.

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 scowls, because it does...

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, yeah.

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 toward Moira's direction, noticing she and Katherine at the wet bar. 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. But I do 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, returning to Katherine.

Ethan EXITS 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; just like you have no reason to trust me, I have no reason to trust you.

Touché.

She unzips her dress, allowing it to slide down her body to the floor.

Ethan's eyes wander over her half-naked form.

A lusty moment passes between them...but neither will make the first move. It would be too vulnerable; a surrender.

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 lie here for the rest of the night watching Italian game shows 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 breaks 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 takes off her clothes, standing completely naked before him.

MOIRA (CONT'D)
Are my showers under surveillance,
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 tuxedo tails with Tom and Bryson behind him.

Moira looks beautiful as well in a backless, green gown.

They want to compliment each other, but neither of them says a word.

Moira grabs her purse and fur, EXITING her suite.

She and Ethan walk side-by-side 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)
There are less things he'd kill
for.

Bryson turns his attention ahead. Caught and not needing to be told twice.

INT. LA FENICE OPERA HOUSE - THEATRE - CONTINUOUS

BALCONY

Ethan and Moira watch the opera below.

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 doting husband.

Ethan takes notice.

The diverts her attention from the performance 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 bloody hole appears right through Dioli's eye, then another at the top of his head. Gunshots. From a sniper rifle.

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

PANDEMONIUM in the theatre at the loud GUNSHOTS!

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.

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 stole.

TOM (CONT'D)

Ethan!

Ethan grabs her fur and EXITS with Tom.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

BACKSEAT

The car is completely quiet with deafening, tensional silence.

Moira is a volcano on the verge of erupting, and Ethan is trying his best to pretend he doesn't care.

The car comes to a stop.

AIRPORT TARMAC

Tom opens the door for Moira who bolts from the car and heads for the waiting private jet.

Ethan is behind her. He still has her coat.

Suddenly, she turns, and slaps Ethan across his face!

He takes her hit without recourse. Deserving it.

She climbs aboard the plane. Ethan follows with Tom and Bryson in tow.

INT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - HOME THEATER - DAY

SOFA

Moira mindlessly watches American Daytime TV. A solemn look paints 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.

Ethan ENTERS, taking in her miserable presence.

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 party 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 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 kitchen of 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-- still in her gown-- and Ethan work diligently side by side cooking. Despite neither of them speaking or looking at one another.

Neither of them of expert chefs, but know their way around a stove appreciatively. The whole thing might even be enjoyably reminiscent 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.

Her accessing stare starts to feel too revealing; exposing something hurtful 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 Gen-Xers-- 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, speechless at their guests.

A redheaded woman with a bright smile takes notice of her and SCREAMS WITH JOY at the sight of her-- FIONA, 39.

FIONA
 (South African accent)
 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, 39, an Indian beauty joins them in their embrace.

Ethan watches the three women rejoice in each other's presence. A genuine moment of happiness eliciting the most amazing smile on Moira's teary face.

HEMA (V.O.)
 (British accent)
 You're an idiot!

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

TABLE

Hema points accusingly to a dark-haired man with a smile that could charm a rattlesnake, DEREK, 40.

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 short
 girl with big, sad eyes named Lana.

DEREK

First off, yes, Lana did look like a Precious Moments figurine. 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.

ETHAN

Lana? Your trans ex-girlfriend reminded you of your mother?

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 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 Horse. Shit. See? I know compound words, too.

HEMA

Weak sauce isn't a compound word, you tit.

DEREK

I'm afraid your savage assessment of me, Moira, is wildly inaccurate.

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 for the wine cellar.

DEREK

Fuck that! Break out the hard stuff if shit's about to get real.

CHEERS in agreement.

INT. HOME THEATRE - CONTINUOUS

Ethan, Derek, and the two other men-- WILLIAM, 41, a short, Scotsman wearing rimless eyeglasses, and NATHANIEL, 32, a soft-spoken Asian-American man-- sit on the floor cracking up with drunk laughter. Nathaniel rolls a joint on Moira's food tray.

WILLIAM
(Scottish accent)
I'm fucking serious!

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
Tumbling face first into dog shit
in front of a model? No. No, there
isn't.

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

ETHAN
Amen.

WILLIAM
Oh, that's just fucking great!

Derek rolls his eyes.

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

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 grabs a half-empty scotch bottle off the sofa. He 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 scotch. 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.

Moira 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.

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 covers her chest,
Hema pushes her 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 bloody 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. 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.

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 on their bet.

Ethan and Derek 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 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 walk back, catching their breath.

(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 caught off guard. But he won't tell him. He continues walking.

Derek catches up.

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.

He's not going to get any more out of Ethan and he knows it.
Best to leave well enough alone. He asked and that's good
enough.

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

ETHAN
What makes you think she didn't beg
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.
(MORE)

DEREK (CONT'D)

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 pulsing 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 ever call it their favorite song of all time.

HEMA

My hippie mum used to sing it to me when I was sick as 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 the bluetooth 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 beat resonates 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. She tries to SLAM it shut, but Ethan appears, pushing into the room.

He grabs her by the arm and shoves her onto the bed. He unties her bathing suit bottoms and parts her knees, then buries his face 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 swim trunks and T-shirt.

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 hyena. That's what she is;

(MORE)

MOIRA (CONT'D)
a desert dog that feeds off the
kills of other animals.

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
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 substantial she could say anyway.

Neither of them move.

She scowls at him: "Well...?"

Ethan rolls his eyes and climbs out of the car.

INT. TOBACCO SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Ethan and Tom ENTER.

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.

They approach the counter.

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 hands Ethan the 3 packs of cigarettes. Ethan gives one of the packs of cigarettes to Tom.

The tobacconist takes the cigarette holder from the glass showcase and sits it neatly on colored tissue paper.

It's beautiful and he knows Moira will like it, in spite of her current mood.

Ethan pulls his wallet from his breast pocket--

BOOOOOOM!

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

(long beat)

The tobacconist GROANS in pain behind the counter. 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 violently. The bomb rooted from the fiery 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 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 bathed a warm glow on the estate. A gorgeous stillness is casted over the Swedish countryside in early morning. Dew lingers in a moist 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 after her.

She leans on him, needing 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 chat fondly.

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, fumble 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 Ethan's 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 them both to tears.

Fiona pulls away.

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 between them.

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

DEREK

And then there was one... Fiona's right. Let's not make this a thing. 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.

(MORE)

DEREK (CONT'D)

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 live without you.

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 feels better than demanding that she do.

Moira EXITING into the house.

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

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

Ethan ENTERS from 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 EXITS into the house.

(5 beats)

Ethan comes back out with a new bottle of wine and opens it with a wine key. 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.

She glances at her plate.

MOIRA
What is this?

ETHAN
Maybe you should eat it and find
out.
(off her look)
Devilleed kidneys on toast with wild
mushrooms.

She turns her nose up at it.

MOIRA
No, thank you.

She pushes the food aside.

Ethan angrily drops his silverware on his plate. This isn't going how he had hoped.

ETHAN
What's wrong with the dish?

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

She reaches over, grabs the bottle of wine, and pours herself a glass.

He grabs the glass out of her hand, along with the bottle, and nonchalantly throws them on the ground.

He returns to eating his dinner.

(long beat)

MOIRA (CONT'D)
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.

ETHAN

Clearly.

She SIGHS, her eyes wet with tears. She slumps into her chair, staring up at the white lights...

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 devilled kidneys.

ETHAN

...You mean that, don't you?

MOIRA

You could do it now. Get it over with.

ETHAN

You're provoking.

MOIRA

There's no point in dragging this out, Ethan. This is 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.

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. you said it was good.

(MORE)

ETHAN (CONT'D)

And that if I wanted to marry you
I'd better learn to cook more than
one dish. So I taught myself how to
cook. For you.

Her eyes move to him.

MOIRA

Who gives a shit?

He stares at her. A heated glare in her direction for what
feels like an eternity...

Ethan breaks from his chair, upturning the table!

He storms into the house.

INT. DEN - CONTINUOUS

Ethan paces back and forth, fuming.

Moira ENTERS.

ETHAN

Get away from me.

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.

(MORE)

MOIRA (CONT'D)

I can't believe there's two of you in one man. I'm really, truly surprised by it. I am seriously stunned at discovering I can sit next to you while you have someone killed, but there's also the you that races his best friend in the dark, loves his dog and cooks for 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?"

He was.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

You're an arms dealer, Ethan. You sell guns to zealots and war criminals and mafias. You traffick drugs. Stolen art and jewelery. 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 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 senators and CEOs at a birthday party thrown by a drug lord! 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 down your mark.

He's pensive, pacing again.

She tries to read his face...

MOIRA (CONT'D)

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

He stops. Clenching and unclench his fists, deciding if he should admit something...

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 were a good agent, Moira. Good enough your mark bought an engagement ring, and for 4 years had no idea you were CIA.

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

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!

MOIRA

I can't do that!

ETHAN

YOU HAVE TO, 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...

(3 beats)

There's a SOFT KNOCK at the door. Tom pokes his head inside.

TOM
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 alone, wide awake, staring at the ceiling.
Mind adrift...

INT. ETHAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Moira, dressed, ENTERS. HOUSEMAID #1 and 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 decrepit building through the numerous windows and skylight. Through the far-end windows the Eiffel Tower is visible in the b.g.

A middle-aged, Japanese man, RYUTARO YOKOI, 50, in a Cerutti 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 me feel younger than I ever
was. 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. 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 exchange 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 chuckles lightly.

YOKOI (CONT'D)
Men such as ourselves don't live
very long. And most often alone.
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 Ethan 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 Yakuza bodyguard.

ETHAN

I appreciate it.

YOKOI

And I appreciate you allowing a little conversation to take place. 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--

ETHAN (CONT'D)

You're not alone.

YOKOI

Pardon?

ETHAN

You said men like us usually wind up alone. But you're not alone.

YOKOI

No. I'm not. A rarity that terrifies me everyday. I unfortunately have a lot to lose. 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)
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 he places it in front of the men. He unrolls it displaying 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 from the bag; 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 a pair of pliers from the unspooled pouch 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 Ethan's first victim's SCREAMS echo 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 then puts it out in the ashtray on the edge of the tub in favor of the tumbler of scotch resting there.

(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 feels her eyes on him. He knows she's curious about where he's been all day.

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 looking at him, keeping her head down, listening to him undress.

He climbs into the tub with her, nudging her so he can sit 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, slapping his hands off her body.

She cries. 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.

ETHAN

(whispers)

Stop. Please.

He kisses 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. They're 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, riding him ardently as they occupy the armchair together.

He slams his mouth on hers 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 steady. Their mouths never parting from each other...

EXT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - LATER, CONTINUOUS

The blue hour. The period of twilight in the morning of neither full daylight, nor complete darkness.

TERRACE

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 EXIT into 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.

She can't read him. And doesn't know what she'd do if she could. So, she picks up her fork to tuck into her breakfast.

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.

MOIRA

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 (CONT'D)
I'm... I need a shower.

He nods.

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, 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 relieve her torment--

Ethan notices her trying to stick her fingers down her throat. He breaks from the table and takes her hand away from her mouth.

She SOBS.

He sits and pulls her into his lap, cradling her.

He really can't let her live...

MOIRA (CONT'D)
(crying)
I'm sorry.

He doesn't want to watch her die in his arms, but there's no other way he'd rather have to let her go.

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 face in her neck, and SOBBING UNCONTROLLABLY.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Rodan, the two housemaids, and the COOK listen to Ethan's WAILS 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 across the room, smoking. His face ashen and tear-stained.

Tom opens a cabinet in the serving buffet. He takes out two white tablecloths.

Tom covers Moira's body with the tablecloths.

He and Bryson carry Moira's body out of the room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

Ethan lies passed out on the sofa. An empty scotch bottle is 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.

(long beat)

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 nods, then EXITS.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - LATER, CONTINUOUS

Ethan ENTERS, tracking mud and dirt into the usually 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. 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 one of his shoes.

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. Ethan pets the loyal animal's head.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
Good boy.

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 occupy 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, cooling herself with a palm fan.

PILAR

My God! Can the sun take a break?
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 with The Ghost's bodymen.

Pilar tries to put him in the waiting car, but he staggers
around too much. Ethan tries to help and The Ghost releases
his wife 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.

(MORE)

THE GHOST (CONT'D)

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.

(3 beats)

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 in a comfy-
looking chair.

Her face changes. Hardens. All business; no more "flirty
Katherine."

LOUNGE

Katherine 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'd care this 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 didn'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? Your mark was taken out so onto 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 return 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 do I have?

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 slumps back in his chair.

They're relaxed. Comfortable. There's no pretending. No actress and no actor. Just the truth of who they are, out in the open.

CUT TO BLACK.

ROLL CREDITS.

THE END

