

CAT LADY

Written by

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A large carving knife STABS into pink flesh. A gout of dark red juice GUSHES.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

A prime rib on an ornate tray on a cart. A SERVER in a white jacket and black tie plates a slab and walks it through:

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

Amber light pools from sconces in dark wood-paneled surfaces.

FOLLOW THE SERVER

As he moves through the space to REVEAL GUARDS in black suits, ties, earpieces, and FNP90 personal defense weapons, standing at every entrance.

A large round table at the center holds the night's only diners... including CIA DIRECTOR JACK PALLISER (60s - dessicated, like a taxidermied bald eagle with a half-lit cigarette in its beak) who holds court among his subordinates: all male, all suit and tie, all sycophantic.

Currently, every one of the subalterns squawks at the boss, who waves his glass of bourbon dismissively. The noise finally resolves into a collective squeal of:

CIA SUBALTERN #1
Come on, chief - tell the story.

PALLISER
No... no, I can't.

The gathered subalterns break out into further AVIAN CLATTER. Some of them CLAP. Others BANG the table. The words "TELL THE STORY" resolve from the din:

PALLISER (CONT'D)
(too quickly)
All right, all right, if you insist.
(off the applause)
Must have been... oh, five years ago?
(off Franklin's nod)
The Company was about to take on the most important mission of the decade... this, or any...

CIA SUBALTERN #2

What was the job?

PALLISER

Ever hear of World War Three?

(off the nods)

This mission's why.

(off the silence)

We needed our most ruthless, most blood thirsty, most unyielding asset on the task. So I asked Franklin here to narrow it down to the top three...

Palliser shoulder-claps the man at his right, ALIESTER FRANKLIN (50s) a much-beaten, much-berated deputy who has heard this tale five million times and over it by the third.

PALLISER

And I guess he didn't cock it up too badly. This time.

(off Franklin's sigh)

Because I got some really tough hombres up in there. Guys who ate lightning and crapped thunder.

SMASH CUT TO

INT. BRUSHED STEEL HALLWAY - CIA, LANGLEY - DAY (**FLASHBACK**)

A slightly YOUNGER, less desiccated but still pretty mangy Palliser - apparently still smoking the same cigarette - stands at the end of the hallway by a large VAULT DOOR.

PALLISER (V.O.)

But the final test. The last audition. That's where we were going to separate the men from the boys.

A large, angular, VIRGINIA FARMBOY (late 20s, looks like Ethan Hunt in the first *Mission: Impossible*), crewcut, suit and tie, enters the hallway and makes the long walk to the vault door.

PALLISER (V.O.)

Because when that young man got to the end of the hallway, he got the surprise of his life.

Old Palliser's VOICE OVER matches the lip movements of his younger counterpart as he says:

PALLISER (V.O.)

Behind that door, we have your wife, Sally. She's tied to a chair. If you want this mission, you have to prove you have the sack to make the tough calls.

(off Farmboy's look)

If you want this mission, you are going to walk through that door, and you're going to shoot her with this gun.

Younger Palliser pulls out a small Halliburton case holding a nickel-plated revolver on a grey foam form.

Farm boy looks down at the gun. Then at the closed vault door. Then at Palliser.

He takes a few deep breaths...

Then BREAKS INTO TEARS and RUNS down the hallway.

SMASH CUT TO

A SECOND VIRGINIA FARM BOY (40s, looks like Ethan Hunt in the fourth *Mission: Impossible* movie) making his way down the corridor to Palliser.

As Palliser speaks in V.O., his younger self gives Second Virginia Farm Boy a version of the previous monologue...

PALLISER (V.O.)

The second guy Franklin sent me... fifty confirmed kills, multiple tours of duty in the shittiest shit that ever shat... well, at least he made it through the door...

Younger Palliser's voice takes over the soundscape:

YOUNGER PALLISER

We have your wife, Vivian. She's tied to a chair. And if you want this mission, you have to prove you have the balls. You are going to walk through that door, and you're going to shoot her with this gun.

Second looks at the gun. Then the door. Then Palliser. Then takes a deep breath.

He then takes the gun.

The vault door OPENS AUTOMATICALLY behind him. He steps through.

The door closes. THUNK.

Palliser waits.

The door then opens.

Second steps through it, eyes wet with tears.

He drops the gun at Palliser's feet like a poison chalice and RUNS down the hallway.

YOUNGER PALLISER

Next!

SMASH CUT TO

A WOMAN in her late 20s, hair shaved on the sides and back, also angular in suit and tie, STRIDES to the vault door.

She doesn't look like anyone in any movie you've seen.

She stoops in front of Palliser - her piercing, supersaturated eyes bearing down on him as he speaks.

Her name is LOLA BLACK.

YOUNGER PALLISER

We have your husband. Westley. He's tied to a chair. And if you want this mission, you have to prove you have the balls. You are going to walk through that door, and you're going to shoot him with this gun.

Lola takes the gun and walks through the opening door.

The door closes - THUNK - behind her.

Palliser closes the Halliburton case and sets it aside.

He waits a moment. Then:

BANG.

Palliser starts, looks at the door, then:

BANG. BANG. BANGBANGBANG!

Then, after a moment:

THUNK! AAARGH! THUNKTHUNKTHUNK! ARGH! OHGODOHGOHGOHGOH!
THUNK! CRASH! PLEASE! NO! NO! GOD NO! THUNKTHUNKTHUNK!

THUNK! THUNK! THUNK! AUUUGH! SPLAT!

A long pause.

The door OPENS. Lola steps out, wipes the sweat from her brow with the top of her gun hand wrist, then hands Palliser the weapon.

LOLA

You didn't tell me the gun was loaded with blanks. I had to beat him to death with the chair.

SMASH CUT TO

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. STEAK HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The crowd around Palliser CHORTLES AND APPLAUDS the old man's story. Palliser drains the last of the bourbon from his glass.

PALLISER

Start another round, Franklin.

Franklin nods, then turns to look across the room to a fully stocked BAR. Franklin trades a look with...

THE BARTENDER

A vest-wearing mixologist in his 40s, already mixing a drink. The bartender pours the drink into a glass, then reaches for something under the counter:

A SYRINGE IN A FOAM FORM IN A METAL CASE

The bartender spikes the drink, conceals the syringe, then puts the glass on a tray...

And walks it past all the bodyguards and servers to Palliser - still receiving kudos for his story.

CIA SUBALTERN #1

Who was the agent? What was her name?

Palliser takes the drink from the tray and draws a long, plaintive sip.

PALLISER
Oh, she's long gone...

Franklin nods at the exiting bartender... content.

Palliser sucks down the rest of his drink and puts the glass down.

PALLISER
Long gone...

SMASH CUT TO

EXT. WHISKERS OF HOPE CAT SHELTER - NIGHT (ESTABLISHING)

A shabby storefront in a lived-in part of a large city. Smoke pours out of a manhole, a DELIVERY MAN climbs out of a cellar hatch, pulling an empty dolly.

A last holdout INDEPENDENT BOOK STORE squats next to the cat shelter... with a CLOCK REPAIR SHOP on the other side.

A FEMALE VOICE - the voice of LOLA BLACK - quizzes someone in VOICE OVER:

LOLA (V.O.)
And this is the first time you have
tried to adopt a cat?

As a MALE VOICE replies:

INT. WHISKERS OF HOPE CAT SHELTER - CONTINUOUS

THE CUTEST LITTLE ORANGE KITTEN IN THE HISTORY OF CUTENESS stares right ahead. Seriously, this kitten is so big-eyed-aww-dorbs that Garfield, Puss-n-Boots, and every video you ever saw on the web would genuflect in awe.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Well, you know, it's hard to have
pets here in the city, but I've
been in my place a while, and
things are good at work, and I
think I'm ready.

THE KITTEN TURNS TO REVEAL

A large CAT PLAY AREA... a dozen scratching posts, many carpeted shelves and ladders... a neat row of litter boxes...

and many, many cats, of all shapes and colors, all doing adorable cat things like licking their paws, scratching their backs with the floor.

On one end of the room, several cats sit before an old-fashioned CRT television, watching *Toy Story 3* - enraptured.

The place is clean, well-lit, impeccably maintained, and something of a paradise... if you were a cat.

LOLA (V.O.)
What's her name?

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Excuse me?

Through a GLASS WALL, as the voices continue, FIND LOLA BLACK (now early 30s), sitting across a neat but cramped desk in the FRONT OFFICE.

Lola's hair has turned hamster brown and grown to her shoulders, on which it falls limp and lifeless. Her eyes now peek from behind thick, unfashionable tortoiseshell glasses.

Lola stares down a HEDGEFUND DUDEBRO (late 20s) trying to look like a "man of the people" in rolled up shirtsleeves and no tie.

LOLA
The girl you want to fuck.

Dude bro takes that like a sucker punch. He thought he had this sewn up.

HEDGEFUND DUDEBRO
Uh... what - I'm not sure that you -

Lola pulls out a file and opens it to REVEAL a COMPLETE DOSSIER ON HEDGEFUND, including surveillance pictures, screen grabs, school transcripts, and employment reviews.

LOLA
You didn't think I'd perform due diligence when you turned in your application?
(off the file)
You adopted a cat three years ago. Her name was "Bluebell"...
(off a photo)
You changed her name to "Honeypot", which should be dick move enough for me to bounce your smug ass out of here.

HEDGEFUND DUDEBRO

Lady, what the hell are you - ?

LOLA

You didn't think I'd know that the last time you deactivated your Match.com account was three weeks after you got the cat?

(leaning in)

Come on. Have some dignity. You met some nice young lady online and you got yourself a cat so you could close the deal with her... now it's three years later and you're trawling for another cat.

(cutting him off)

What happened? She find out what a rat bastard liar you are and dump you? Is that why you abandoned little Honeypot?

Hedgefund tries righteous indignation:

HEDGEFUND DUDEBRO

She did not dump me - and I did not abandon the cat - I loved that cat, but my landlord decided to revise his pet policy and -

LOLA

Bitch, please, you haven't changed apartments in six years - and I saw the security cam footage: you dropped Honeypot off in the middle of the night at an ASPCA. That's not an act of love.

Hedgefund only deflates enough to let his incredulity flare:

HEDGEFUND DUDEBRO

How can you know all this?

As Lola speaks, her boss, HOWARD (50s, salt and pepper beard, round wire glasses, sweater vest - imagine a latter-day Bradley Whitford at his most benignly avuncular), quietly steps out from the door to a back office and watches:

LOLA

Now your Match.com account's back up - not to mention your Tinder and your OK Cupid - and you're trying to get another cat so you can - what?

(MORE)

LOLA (CONT'D)

Show what a sensitive guy you are to some other unsuspecting female? Is that what the rest of your hedge fund dudebro scumbag friends do when you come back on the market?

HEDGEFUND DUDEBRO

You can't - you can't snoop on people like this - it's not -

LOLA

Legal? What about trying to adopt a defenseless little kitten so you can get your rocks off? Pets aren't props, you duplicitous douchebag!

Hedgefund SPRINGS to his feet:

HEDGEFUND DUDEBRO

Bitch, I'm going to call the cops!

LOLA

(taking off her glasses)
You best stand down, boy, or I'm gonna break off your cock and balls and shove them so far up your ass you'll be shitting jizz for a year.

Hedgefund locks eyes with Lola... and his bravado MELTS as she stands to meet him: her piercing stare drilling down to his shitty little soul.

Hedgefund stands down... and turns to go... and as he EXITS:

LOLA (CONT'D)

I have eyes on every shelter in town. You try this again, I'll be on you like stink on a litter box.

Hedgefund SLAMS the front door SHUT on his way out.

Lola smiles - watching him disappear into the street through the glass window on the door.

HOWARD (O.S.)

That went well.

Lola turns somewhat sheepish, not sure he approves:

LOLA (CONT'D)

I wasn't mean enough, was I? I should have been meaner?

Howard turns to a coat rack, puts on his jacket and scarf.

HOWARD

Nah... I think your usual silken stylings did the trick.

(then)

But if you spot him trying to adopt some other place...

Lola closes the dossier and puts it back in a filing drawer.

LOLA

He won't.

HOWARD

(a big, warm smile)

I think you have "Employee of the Month" locked down.

LOLA

Again?

HOWARD

You are my only employee.

(as she keeps filing)

If we made any real money around here, I'd give you a raise.

LOLA

(eyes on the work)

Room and board's all I need. I got my disability.

HOWARD

Wherever you used to work must have had the best worker's comp in the world.

LOLA

(ignoring that)

Oh... but I am going to need a little time off tomorrow... I need to run an op on that NYU freshman who wants to adopt the tabby kitten.

Lola looks over to the glassed-in cat play area...

THE LITTLE ORANGE KITTEN

Looks at her from one of the multi-tiered scratching posts with huge amber eyes. Lola turns back to Howard.

LOLA (CONT'D)

I don't trust college kids.

Howard buttons up his jacket and ties his scarf before heading for the door.

HOWARD

Okay... but if you should be caught or killed, the Secretary will disavow any knowledge of your actions.

(on his way out)

Lock it up?

LOLA

Don't I always?

Howard smiles, pulls the string on a neon OPEN sign by the door to turn it off... and as he opens the front door with the SQUEAK of rusty hinges...

A MONTAGE

Lola LOCKS UP the place.

She places food bowls down for the cats - not on the floor, but on the scratching posts and shelves.

The cats and kittens all SCAMPER to their places in the play area, nuzzling her face, licking her hand as she places their bowls before them... loving her.

Lola steps up to a high shelf with the last of the bowls... the big-eyed orange tabby pads up to meet her.

LOLA (CONT'D)

Here's one for my little Tabby.
How's my little Yub-Nub... my sweet little Yub-Nub...

Lola "Eskimo kisses" the Tabby, petting the striped fur on his head. The tabby PURRS lovingly as she puts the food down.

EXT. WHISKERS OF HOPE CAT SHELTER - MOMENTS LATER

THROUGH THE FRONT WINDOWS: Lola switches off the lights, then SQUEAKS the front door open and steps out, locking it before she turns to:

A SMALL DOOR BEFORE THE CLOCK REPAIR SHOP

Lola unlocks it, enters... and, a few seconds later...

A LIGHT COMES ON IN A SAD LITTLE WINDOW ABOVE THE SHELTER

And as Lola takes off her scarf and coat...

INT. WHISKERS OF HOPE CAT SHELTER - CONTINUOUS

Yub-Nub, still on the topmost ledge of the cat room, stealthily makes his way to a corner near a low portion of the ceiling from which hangs a string with a knob.

Yub-Nub reaches up with his adorable paw, PULLS THE STRING, and a little door opens overhead.

As Yub-Nub CLIMBS into the hatch...

INT. LOLA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Small. Spare. A weight bench sits in a corner. A comfortable chair under a fraying rug faces the window. Framed photographs of cats mosaic across the apartment's wall.

As Lola hangs her scarf, she hears a SCRATCHING SOUND. She smiles, walks over to the comfortable chair, and lifts the rug to reveal a hatch in the floorboards.

Lola opens the hatch and YUB NUB JUMPS INTO HER ARMS!

As Lola nuzzles the little orange scamp ALL OF THE OTHER CATS FROM THE SHELTER COME UP THROUGH THE HATCH!

Lola relaxes into the chair as the cats jump on her, nuzzle her and love her. She smiles.

This is a good life.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. STEAK HOUSE - NIGHT

A BLACK CADILLAC ESCALADE pulls up to the restaurant entrance. Franklin helps a very drunk Palliser to the arriving car, WAVING OFF the subalterns:

FRANKLIN
Don't worry, I got him...

INT. CADILLAC ESCALADE - MOMENTS LATER

Limo-style seating. Franklin sits with his back to the DRIVER, his finger on a toggle, SLIDING UP the opaque divider between the front and back of the vehicle.

Palliser SLUMPS back in his seat, disheveled, eyes glassy, the cigarette hanging by the viscous, dry saliva on his lips.

PALLISER
Good party, right? Good party.

FRANKLIN
I don't think you'll be remembering
much of it tomorrow.

PALLISER
Fuck you Franklin. I was drinking
bourbon when you were sucking milk
from your hooker mom's tit.

Franklin shakes his head: he's clearly been hearing this kind of shit from the old man for a long time.

FRANKLIN
Why are you such an asshole,
Palliser?

PALLISER
What's the matter, Franklin, bad
words make your vagina hurt?

FRANKLIN
How about you just tell me her
name?

PALLISER
Whose... name?

As Franklin speaks, his voice DISTORTS, and Palliser's POV goes slightly fish-eye... just enough to remind us that he's been drugged.

FRANKLIN
The agent. In your story. You're
the only one who knows her name...
and her cover.
(leaning in)
Tell me.

PALLISER
I can't. I promised her. After what
she did... she deserves her
peace...

FRANKLIN

Just take a deep breath and let the
drugs do their work.

Palliser looks at Franklin, taking ragged breaths as the
cigarette falls from his mouth.

PALLISER

Drugs?

FRANKLINN

You won't remember a thing in the
morning. Now give me her name.

PALLISER

No... I can't...

(fading fast)

We all owe that woman our lives...
she saved the free world... I made
a promise...

Franklin SLAPS Palliser across the face. Palliser recoils,
then looks to Franklin with equal parts shock and fear:

FRANKLIN

Old man, I gave my life to you and
this agency... I know what your
promises are worth.

(leaning in)

I want a name. I want opsec codes.

PALLISER

Her name... her name...

Before Palliser can say it...

A BOOMING BASS VOICE OVERTAKES THE SOUNDSCAPE

Singing Manilow's "Copacabana" in a thick German accent, with
little nuance, to a steady if less than soulful rhythm:

GERMAN SINGER (V.O.)

*HER NAME WAS LOLA! SHE WAS A
SHOWGIRL!*

EXT. *DER WEISSE ANGEL SPIELHAUS* - NIGHT

An upscale cabaret decorated in the style of 1930s Berlin.
Thick velvet curtains. Walls lined in dark and deeply
saturated fabrics. Large expressionist works on heavy gilt
frames on the walls. Waitresses dressed like Sally Bowles.

GERMAN SINGER
*BUT THAT WAS THIRTY YEARS AGO, WHEN
 THEY USED TO HAVE A SHOW! NOW IT'S
 A DISCO, BUT NOT FOR LOLA!*

The singer - tall and pale with a shock of almost white blond hair, massive blackout sunglasses, dressed in a deep black *Trachten* suit and a gold and red vest - declaims from a proscenium stage in front of a four-piece band.

GERMAN SINGER (CONT'D)
*STILL IN THE DRESS SHE USED TO
 WEAR! FADED FEATHERS IN HER HAIR,
 SHE SITS THERE SO REFINED, AND
 DRINKS HERSELF HALF BLIND!*

Any resemblance to Dusseldorf's legendary *Volksleidersänger* Heino - or to an evil twin of Captain Von Trapp - is completely intentional.

GERMAN SINGER (CONT'D)
*SHE LOST HER YOUTH! AND SHE LOST
 HER TONY! NOW SHE'S LOST HER MIND
 AT THE COPA - COPACABANA...
 COPACABAAAANA!*

(then, as if in closing)

ZING!

The cabaret EXPLODES with applause. The singer hands off the mic to a band mate and revels in the adulation.

His name is HANS-DIETER MUNDT.

Mundt STEPS OFF the proscenium via a small stair to the club floor - crowded with small, round, candle-lit tables and couples in height-of-fashion-going-out regalia - all of whom rise to shake his hand, pat his back, or really, get any form of contact with this formidable man as he makes his way to...

A VELVET-ROPED-OFF SECTION IN THE BACK OF THE CLUB

An ARMED BODYGUARD in a black suit unhooks the rope to let Mundt to his table as a SERVER arrives with an ornate tray. Holding a bottle of schnapps and two glasses.

As Mundt sits, the Server places the glasses on the table and pours. Mundt takes one of the shots and PASSES IT OVER...

TO REVEAL FRANKLIN, SITTING AT THE TABLE, UNCOMFORTABLE

Franklin's hands rest over a dossier. Mundt WOLFS his shot, then takes the dossier, opening it...

MUNDT

So what did you think of my performance?

FRANKLIN

It was breathtaking.

Mundt nods - completely unaware of the value neutrality of the compliment - as he looks down at the file, reading.

MUNDT

"Cat Lady". That was her code name?
Cat Lady?

FRANKLIN

I guess she liked cats.

Mundt opens the file to find a picture of Lola at her prime. Shaved hair, boxy suit.

MUNDT

She liked knives also.
(a moment, then)
Did they ever show you pictures of what she did to my father?

FRANKLIN

Sensitive compartmentalized information.
(off Mundt)
Only the old man saw the reports.

MUNDT

If you could have seen how she massacred him... you would be giving me this information for free.

Franklin puts his shot glass down on the table, upside down, spilling schnapps all over the nice tablecloth.

FRANKLIN

We're not friends. My granddaddy lost his leg on Omaha beach putting assholes like you out of business.

MUNDT

It was my granddaddy who probably shot it off.

FRANKLIN

Let's close this.

Mundt gestures. A very tall woman, GRETCHEN - also in a suit - steps up, puts a briefcase on the table, SNAPS it open just enough to reveal ten twelve kilograms bars of gold.

MUNDT
Are we closed then?

FRANKLIN
We are closed.

Mundt makes a "rifle gesture" at Franklin.

MUNDT
Auf Wiedersehen, Mister Franklin.

Gretchen SNAPS the briefcase shut.

CUT TO

EXT. DER WEISSE ANGEL SPIELHAUS - MOMENTS LATER

Franklin steps out the front door, hefting the briefcase as a VALET brings up his Town Car. As Franklin makes his escape...

DISSOLVE TO

The sun, RISING over the city, its rays landing on...

INT. LOLA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Lola's eyes open. She reclines in the chair in her pajamas, covered in cats. Smiling, she stands, the cats gently slipping off her as she kneels before the hatch and opens it.

LOLA
Back to work, guys, another day
another dollar.

And as the cats go back down to the shop...

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. WHISKERS OF HOPE CAT SHELTER - DAY

THROUGH THE SECOND STORY WINDOW: Lola - now dressed for the day - wraps on her scarf.

Lola leaves her place, and a few minutes later emerges from the small downstairs door, pulling a set of keys from her pocket.

Lola tries the keys to the front door, but it is already open. Lola steps in.

INT. WHISKERS OF HOPE CAT SHELTER - CONTINUOUS

The neon OPEN sign is still out. Lola pulls the string to turn it on. her Spidey-sense tingles. Something's strange.

LOLA

Howie?

A MEOW gets her gaze to the floor, where little Yub-Nub nuzzles its orange muzzle against Lola's shoe.

LOLA

Hello again.

(then)

How'd you get out of the
playground? You got another secret
hatch I don't know about?

Lola brings Yub-Nub to her face and "eskimo kisses" its nose.

Yub-Nub MEOWS again and looks over his shoulder... and Lola follows the kitten's gaze to see:

HANS-DIETER MUNDT

Nattily dressed in a crisp suit and tie under a camel hair coat with a fur collar... standing by the door - now ajar - to the back office.

MUNDT

Good morning.

LOLA

Can I help you?

MUNDT

Yes I believe you can.

(a smile)

I have come to adopt a cat.

Lola nods, then looks over Mundt's shoulder:

LOLA

Howie?

MUNDT

Your employer, yes.

(gesturing)

(MORE)

MUNDT (CONT'D)

He is in the back office... went to get the adoption papers, he said.

Lola steps to the desk, puts down the kitten, and discreetly palms a LETTER OPENER from a pen cup.

LOLA

He said he went to get the adoption papers?

MUNDT

Yes.

LOLA

That's what he said.
(indicates the desk)
Adoption papers are kept here.

MUNDT

(not moving)
Lovely. Then let us begin.

LOLA

How about you tell me who you really are and how you broke in here?

Mundt SHRUGS. The front door SQUEAKS open behind Lola.

LOLA SPINS AND SEES GRETCHEN AT THE DOOR: HOLDING A TASER GUN

And if you're watching carefully, you will also notice a phalanx of ARMED GUARDS IN DARK SUITS standing behind her.

No escape. Nothing left to chance.

Before Lola can react to any of this, twin darts SHOOT OUT of the Taser and a 50,000 volt carrier wave delivers 4.5 milliamperes to her body!

Lola lets out a SHRIEKING, GUTTURAL BELLOW: fighting the current even as her hand opens to DROP the letter opener.

But she soon FALLS TO HER KNEES... then her hands... her body turning so that Mundt occupies her field of vision.

Just as Mundt walks to her, REVEALING what's behind the door:

HOWIE - SHROUDED IN SHADOW - TIED, GAGGED, BEATEN TO A PULP

Lola blinks, as if that could make the awful sight go away.

LOLA

No... Howie... no...

Lola makes a PAINED GROPE for the letter opener.

Mundt gestures. Gretchen releases the second charge on the Taser cartridge.

LOLA writhes in excruciating pain - the AUDIBLE CRUNCH of the electricity torturing her nervous system still rippling the air as Mundt steps over:

AND DELIVERS A TROIKA OF VICIOUS KICKS TO HER SIDE

Lola REELS back - spitting blood - and FALLS into the waiting arms of Gretchen, who pins her arms back.

Mundt steps closer and holds his hand to Lola's face, showing her his signet ring - which depicts a STYLIZED DRAGON HEAD IN A RING OF FIRE.

Lola's eyes WIDEN. Her face becomes a snarl of pure rage...

LOLA

You...

But before she can turn the rage into action:

GRETCHEN LIFTS AND THROWS LOLA

In a vicious arc that puts her THROUGH THE GLASS into the kitten playing area.

Lola CRASHES down into a row of scratching posts in a HAIL OF BLOOD AND SHATTERED GLASS!

Mundt looks over to see her, then:

MUNDT

I told you. I came to adopt a kitten.

LOLA STRUGGLES TO TO SEE HIM

Her world going fish-eye, the soundscape DISTORTING as:

MUNDT PICKS UP THE TABBY FROM THE DESK

MUNDT

"Yub-Nub"? Is that what you call him?

(looks down at the cat)

(MORE)

MUNDT (CONT'D)

I will name him Siegfried.
(locks eyes with Lola)
After my murdered father.

And with that he turns and goes...

AND ALL LOLA CAN SEE THROUGH THE STORE WINDOW

Is Mundt carrying Yub-Nub into the back seat of a Mercedes Gelandewagen as Gretchen holds the door... but not before turning back, holding his phone toward the store, and pushing a button.

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP-BEEP

Lola struggles to turn her badly beaten body back to the source of the BEEPING:

THE BACK OFFICE

And the bomb strapped to Howie's chest, previously shrouded in shadow, now lit up with an LED countdown. Set to 10.

THE MERCEDES GELANDEWAGEN

PULLS AWAY quickly.

LOLA STRUGGLES TO HER FEET AND TURNS TO HOWIE

The timer is down to eight seconds.

A tear falling from his eye, Howie SHAKES HIS HEAD.

BEEP. Seven.

Lola looks at all the cats surrounding her, terrified, hiding behind the scratching posts.

BEEP. Six.

Lola tries to move, but her legs GIVE OUT from under her, she clutches her side in agony.

BEEP. Five.

Lola falls to the floor, hands first, spitting blood.

SMASH CUT TO

FADE IN ON THE DRAGON SIGNET RING

And PULL OUT TO REVEAL that it rounds the finger of SIEGFRIED MUNDT, standing in the middle of:

INT. GOTHIC CATHEDRAL - NIGHT (**FLASHBACK**)

Mundt stands surrounded by three MEN IN BLACK SUITS, facing off against a A VERY NERVOUS CHAIN-SMOKING RUSSIAN in a tweed overcoat, thick BCE style glasses, and three day growth.

A large Pelican case sits dead center on the transept before the altar, dividing Mundt from Chain-Smoking. Mundt motions to one of his men

Chain-Smoking opens the Pelican case to reveal a CHROME TUBE WITH A VERY PROMINENT RADIATION WARNING STICKER AND CYRILLIC MARKINGS.

As Siegfried Mundt smiles.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. WHISKERS OF HOPE CAT SHELTER - DAY (**PRESENT DAY**)

Thick beams of white light illuminate the dust in the air and reflect off the pools of water on the floor as the wind-breakered CORONERS go in for the post-mortem.

One of them STOPS and looks down, training the light on:

A BURNED CAT

The Coroner SHAKES HIS/HER HEAD - heartbroken - and pulls out a RED BIOHAZARD BAG with latex-gloved hands.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. GOTHIC CATHEDRAL - NIGHT (**FLASHBACK**)

Chain-Smoking closes his case as one of Siegfried Mundt's henchmen brings in a rollaway, and UNZIPS the front flap to REVEAL a large number of GOLD BARS.

As Mundt LOCKS EYES with Chain-Smoking, and the two nod in agreement:

THE BANK OF CANDLES AT THE FOOT OF THE ALTAR
BLOWS OUT by a gust of wind.

Siegfried's Henchmen reach for their guns.

Then the MUFFLED sound of THREE SHOTS fired by a silenced
pistol.

PFFT! PFFT! PFFT!

Their heads BLOSSOM in blood and offal before they can draw.
As they FALL:

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. WHISKERS OF HOPE CAT SHELTER - DAY (**PRESENT DAY**)

The Coroners step out through the crime scene tape, each of
them carrying multiple red biohazard bags.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. GOTHIC CATHEDRAL - NIGHT (**FLASHBACK**)

Siegfried Mundt and Chain-Smoking REACT as Siegfried's
henchmen hit the marble floor... then...

WHOO-WHOO-WHOO-WHOO-WHOOSH!

A knife FLIES INTO FRAME and finds purchase dead center
between Chain-Smoking's eyes, SPLITTING HIS GLASSES IN TWO!

Mundt SPINS in the direction of the knife hit and:

WHOOSH-SLASH!

A BANANA KNIFE enters frame and DECAPITATES HIM.

Mundt's head SPLATS the floor by the Pelican case.

A DARK-BOOTED SHOE enters the frame. Lola's.

Her DARK-GLOVED HAND SHUTS THE CASE... and then PICKS UP THE
SEVERED HEAD.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. WHISKERS OF HOPE CAT SHELTER - DAY (**FLASHBACK**)

First responder vehicle doors SLAM SHUT. The cop cars, ambulances, fire trucks, and coroner vans all PULL OUT.

The remains of the cat shelter sit there, broken and alone...

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. AIRSTRIP - NIGHT (**FLASHBACK**)

Younger Palliser stands by the open rear gate of a Boeing C-17 Globemaster.

Seen only from behind - in her black tactical gear, mini backpack, and balaclava - for the length of this scene, Lola ENTERS FRAME, pulling the Pelican case on its wheels as Palliser waits patiently.

THE PELICAN CASE LANDS AT PALLISER'S FEET

And Lola's gloved hands open it to reveal the chrome tube.

Palliser smiles... then looks down...

As Lola DROPS the severed head of Siegfried Mundt on the tarmac by the case.

And off Palliser...

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. WHISKERS OF HOPE CAT SHELTER - DAY (**PRESENT DAY**)

Right where the last moment ended. Sad. Alone. Devastated.

UNTIL A PIECE OF DEBRIS ON THE SIDEWALK SHAKES

Then SHIFTS, then FLIES as the CELLAR ACCESS DOOR BURSTS UP like one of the fucking fountains at the Bellagio.

Then nothing.

Until Lola Black CLIMBS UP from underneath... beaten, bloody, covered in soot...

But very much alive.

Lola steps onto the sidewalk and keeps walking, until she grows to dominate the frame...

and when her soot and blood stained face filled the field of vision, and her eyes pierce straight into the lens...

LOLA SCREAMS

A feral, desperate scream... and it keeps going, punctuated by the occasional breath.

This is the loud, angry, transformative roar of a wounded soul about to let out the darkest of the dark side.

And in the middle of her most anguished ROAR:

SMASH TO BLACK

FADE IN

EXT. A NICE HOUSE SOMEWHERE IN MCLEAN, VIRGINIA - NIGHT

Colonial style, large front yard, roundabout driveway. A Cadillac Escalade PULLS UP to the front door.

A CHAUFFEUR opens the door for Palliser, who makes his way to the front door without acknowledging the ride.

INT. A NICE HOUSE SOMEWHERE IN MCLEAN, VIRGINIA - CONTINUOUS

Dressed in a suit and overcoat - and a cigarette in his mouth - Palliser enters the atrium through the large front door and deactivates his complicated home alarm system.

It takes him a hot second - he's head of the CIA, he's got a good alarm system.

He then flips the light switch, but nothing happens. Palliser looks ahead to see a BLUE GLOW coming from a long hallway past the atrium.

Palliser reaches under his overcoat and removes a revolver as he goes into the hallway and into...

INT. PALLISER'S DEN - CONTINUOUS

Palliser's laptop sits on top of a small conference table facing the door - the screen set to a wallpaper showing the CIA logo - the rest of the office is dark.

Lola's voice sounds from beyond the laptop.

LOLA
Drop the gun.

Palliser fires FIVE TIMES in the direction of the voice.
BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

A bullet hits the laptop. It EXPIRES with a sizzle, the dying light from its monitor illuminating the smoke in the air.

Lola's voice sounds again - from straight ahead.

LOLA
Bad form, boss.

Palliser drops his shells, pulls a speed loader from a pocket and steps to the source of the voice:

A CELL PHONE - SET ON SPEAKER

On the table just behind the tattered remains of his laptop.

LOLA COMES UP FROM BEHIND AND DISARMS PALLISER

Then pulls down his overcoat around his arms and delivers a kick to the solar plexus that sends him REELING to his conference table.

LOLA
(re, the revolver)
That Saturday night special's going to be the death of you.

With a single flick of her wrist, Lola pops the cylinder open and Palliser's brass hits the floor.

LOLA
Devastator bullets.

Palliser recovers quickly:

PALLISER
John Hinckleys. I'm sentimental like that.

Palliser reaches for his cigarette - it's gone.

Lola STEPS INTO THE LIGHT and jams the cigarette back in.

She's still wearing the burned clothes with which she left the cat shelter. She looks like Beatrix Kiddo fresh from the grave.

PALLISER

What the hell happened to you,
Lola? You smell like burned fur.

LOLA

How about you tell me why?

None of this fazes Palliser, who's too fucking old and too fucking veteran to be frightened by the theatrics.

PALLISER

You want to treat me like a grown
up or am I going to have to pretend
I'm the one doing the
interrogating?

Lola takes a moment, then decides to play the game:

LOLA

White Dragons.

PALLISER

(shakes his head)
You killed them all. With extreme
prejudice, if I remember correctly.

LOLA

Looks like I missed one.

PALLISER

How'd he find you?

LOLA

How'd you know it was a he?

Lola pulls out a knife - a chef's knife - and puts it to
Pallister's throat. He remains completely calm - now and
through the rest of the conversation.

The man has ice in his veins... and his sweat glands.

PALLISER

Oh for God's sake. You're really
going to get blood on one of my
wife's Wüsthofs? Really?
(a moment, then)
You didn't kill her, did you?

LOLA

(points "upstairs")
Sleeping. Has her earplugs in.

PALLISER

It really is not my night.
(off Lola's look)
So you think I burned you?

LOLA

You're the only one who knew my new identity and whereabouts.

PALLISER

OK. So you think that I - the head of the CIA, a man who doesn't just know where the bodies are buried, but who did most of the burying personally - sold you, of all the people I could sell out for money - to a bunch of white nationalist krauts... and you think a knife to my throat's going to make me sing?
(off her look)
All right. Let's see where this goes. You wouldn't be talking to me if you hadn't hacked into my...
(looks down)
Former laptop.

LOLA

Unauthorized entry into your accounts. One week ago. Sent through so many anonymous repeaters it might as well have come from Mars... only it came from a seedy gaming cafe somewhere in the city.

PALLISER

You go hold a knife at someone's throat over there?

LOLA

Place mysteriously burned down.

PALLISER

Sounds like you are up against professionals.

LOLA

Want to tell me where to find them?

PALLISER

Are you going to make me give you name rank and serial?
(as she stares)
Lola.

(MORE)

PALLISER (CONT'D)

You saved half of Europe from being blown up, selling you out would be rude.

LOLA

Have you given anyone access to your private directory?

(off his head-shake)

Have there been any cyber attacks on the company mainframe?

PALLISER

Every fucking day. You know these answers. You think I sold you out, go ahead, leave a mess for Grace to find, but spare me the fishing trip. I'm too fucking old and too fucking veteran to get the shake down from a fucking plumber.

Lola pushes the knife into the wrinkled crepe that is Palliser's throat, but this is clearly a tough one for her.

LOLA

I worshipped you. Wanted to be you.

PALLISER

Then it's going to be emotionally devastating when you finally figure out you killed me for no reason.

(then, a smile)

Last drink for old time's sake?

Lola keeps the pressure on but lets out a faint smile.

LOLA

Whiskey sour?

PALLISER

Whiskey - sour.

(then an echo in his head)

Oh... shit.

LOLA

Those are your last words?

PALLISER

I just remembered the last time I had one of those.

LOLA

What about it?

PALLISER

I can't remember a thing about it.
That's what about it.

LOLA

You. You can't remember something?

PALLISER

I remember who drove me home.
(then)
Someone who just took early
retirement.

Lola pulls the knife away, and as she leans in...

LOLA

Give me a name.

SMASH CUT TO

INT. A LOUD GAY BAR IN WHAT WAS ONCE A CHURCH - NIGHT

GO-GO BOYS in G-strings dance on poles on upraised platforms,
a large and mostly male and shirtless crowd dances with wild
abandon.

Lola sticks out like a sore thumb in the sea of abs, guns,
and pecs. Though she still looks like a burn victim, SHE
MOVES LIKE A GUIDED MISSILE through the crowd.

The crowd PARTS around Lola as the dancing men get a look at
her. She keeps moving, matching no one's gaze, until she
reaches a table past the dance floor.

Sitting at the table is VITALY TSKATCHENKO (60s) imagine
venerated Hungarian character actor Rade Srbedgia in a
leather vest and pants, surrounded by SHIRTLESS TWINKS.

Lola steps before him.

Some of the Twinks notice Lola and gawk at her like the
anomaly she is... soon all the Twinks stare, but Vitaly,
oblivious, downs a large Tiki drink.

VITALY

What's the matter boys, did you
come to party or did we come to
stare off into the -
(getting a look at Lola)
Oh, hai Lola!

And off Lola, drilling into his eyes...

INT. GAY BAR - DUNGEON - MOMENTS LATER

Remember the "red room of pain" from *50 Shades*? Same deal.

A MUSCULAR MAN in a leather gimp mask, ass-less chaps, and a leather harness hangs from a St. Andrew's cross as a VERY FAT MAN in a VINYL NURSE COSTUME attaches nipple clamps.

The padded door to the room OPENS to REVEAL Lola and Vitaly, who casually strolls by the scene in progress, turning to Vinyl Nurse:

VITALY
(in Russian)
Bitches, leave.

Vinyl Nurse puts the nipple clamps on a wheeled medical tray loaded with gear, and pushes past Lola and out of the room.

Lola watches the padded door close behind Vinyl Nurse, then points out the man on the cross.

Vitaly shrugs, steps up to him, ZIPS up the eye holes in his leather mask, then turns to Lola as if for confirmation.

Lola gives a grudging nod and steps further in.

VITALY
My attention is undivided.
(matching her eyeline)
What is this face you are making,
my little Koshka? I know this face.
(a grin)
When you make this face, insurance
companies dial the fire department.
(off her silence)
You smell like burned fur.

Even for a cool customer like Lola, it's hard to hold back the rage.

LOLA
I've. Heard.

VITALY
Then I would be right to suppose
you did not come here for the
throbbing man flesh?

LOLA
I need to arm up for an op.
(shakes her head, then)
Still have your Cold War stash?

Vitaly steps to a closet, which he opens to REVEAL a lighted shelf full of chrome sex toys.

VITALY

The Cold War and its stash all
stayed back in Murmansk along with
my heterosexuality.

(a deep sigh)

All of which you are too young to
have known. Sadly.

LOLA

You still in business?

Vitaly reaches for one especially long buttplug and turns it like the candle sconce in *Young Frankenstein*.

The chrome shelf REVOLVES to REVEAL a SECOND CHROME SHELF, this one covered in high-tech weapons. It looks like Christmas for John Rambo's kids who love state-of-the-art first person shooters.

Lola reaches for a weapon. Vitaly STAYS HER HAND.

VITALY

Mushka. I know you're no longer a
missionary for the Christians in
Action, and I know you've been out
of the game long enough that the
land has shifted beneath your feet.

(off her glare)

You want to go make a man into a
corpse, that is between you and
your deity of choice, but you need
help - and judging by your
appearance, you have no way of
paying me - right?

(off her silence)

Perhaps you pay me by trusting me?
For old time's sake.

(off her silence)

Are you going to think all night?
Those dicks are not sucking
themselves you know.

Lola looks at Vitaly, weighing her options, and finally deciding to trust an old friend:

LOLA

White Dragon.

VITALY

Those *nekulturny* ultra nationalist
fashisty a-holes? I thought you
killed all of them.

LOLA

Must have missed one.

VITALY

(an exasperated sigh)
Man, I fucking hated their
hypocritical Nazi guts. Men so
deeply closeted they have to kill
minorities.

(spits)

Goose-step in the streets, up the
ass in the sheets. Every last one
of them. Gives a bad name to those
of us who have committed to a
glorious life of shameless
faggotry.

(lets her hand go)

Have at it.

Lola reaches into the cabinet, pulling out several guns,
placing them onto a velvet-lined shelf at the bottom of the
armoire, and testing their action - among them:

VITALY

That one is very popular. Smith and
Wesson .500 Magnum with the
optional snub nose. Has the
stopping power of hunting rifle.
Five round barrel, not always
convenient, but will never jam...
also makes loud bang, not good for
those quiet times.

Lola reaches for a grenade:

VITALY

Those grenades are really nice -
they have a remote detonator.
Bluetooth. Comes with an app.

Vitaly reaches in for a cellphone - shows her the screen...
it's an app all right, for BLOWING SHIT UP.

VITALY

I remember that nut job, Siegfried
Mundt. To think he could have been
elected Chancellor of Germany... if
you hadn't cut off his head.

LOLA

That wasn't all I cut off.

VITALY

False flag operation, correct?
Detonate dirty nuke in Berlin,
blame the Arabs, get elected on
ultra-right wing platform

(off her nod)

What an a-hole. You want to win an
election you do it old-fashioned
way. Bribes.

(looks at the weapons)

Miniature shape charges. Very nice.

LOLA

You have any clothes I can borrow?

VITALY

(nods, then)

Anything else?

Lola looks down at the weapons... and realizes something:

LOLA

Got any knives?

SMASH CUT TO

INT. GAY BAR - MOMENTS LATER

She STRIDES across the dance floor.

Her arms - exposed for the first time - are covered in tattoos.

The back of her head is now shaved.

She wears a leather vest, leather pants and combat boots.

She carries a large bag - with enough ordnance inside to invade Poland.

This is Lola Black.

Let's party.

SMASH CUT TO

EXT. MARINA - DRY DOCK QUONSET HUT - NIGHT

A SIXTY FOOT-LONG LUXURY TRAWLER sits high up on a wheeled, mechanized platform at the end of a very long, sloping ramp that starts inside the very large quonset hut and ends in the Atlantic ocean.

The trawler is surrounded by a large, red, mechanic's tool cart and a number of saw horses, painting stations and work stands.

A WHEELED LADDER leads up and into the ship.

At the bow of the trawler - under the ship's name "GOLDIE" - a very flustered Aliester Franklin has a heated exchange with a TRAWLER SALESMAN.

FRANKLIN

Five days? That's not good enough!

TRAWLER SALESMAN

I have to give my crew some time off - you've had us working round the clock for -

FRANKLIN

And I'm paying you a premium for expediency. I want her wet by sunrise.

TRAWLER SALESMAN

The new fixtures you ordered for the galley alone are going to take -

FRANKLIN

Oh my god... wait... do you hear that?

(off Salesman's look)

That's the sound of me not caring. Name your price.

Before the salesman can reply, A HAND CARRYING A CELLPHONE reaches into frame - it belongs to a man whom discerning viewers will recognize as THE BARTENDER in the opening scene, now dressed in black shirt and trousers.

His name is BING SOKOLOFF.

BING

Call for you, chief.

Franklin shoots an eye dagger at the salesman and snatches the phone from Bing's hand.

FRANKLIN

Talk to me.

LOLA (FILTERED)

Hello, Franklin.

(as he looks around)

Where's the White Dragon?

Franklin CLICKS OFF so fast he leaves a skid-mark. He takes a moment to process his fear, then looks to Bing:

FRANKLIN

Get the car. Get security, and tell
the -

WHO-WHO-WHO-WHOOSH!

A knife FLIES into frame and SHUNKS! into Bing's temple.

So I guess his name was Bing Sokoloff.

Franklin SPINS around to see:

LOLA - BACKLIT AGAINST THE HUT'S MASSIVE, OPEN GATE

The Smith and Wesson leading the way.

TRAWLER SALESMAN FAINTS

Franklin takes a deep breath, then:

FRANKLIN

Listen to me, Lola, whatever
Palliser told you -

BANG!

HALF OF FRANKLIN'S SHOULDER VANISHES IN A NIMBUS OF GORE

Franklin FALLS.

Before his body hits, Lola is on top of him, holding the gun hard against his shockingly large wound.

Franklin SHRIEKS IN PAIN.

Lola holds up her Smith and Wesson, soaked in his blood, and tucks into the back of her pants.

LOLA
Don't make me ask again.

Franklin whispers through gritted teeth.

FRANKLIN
I...am...

LOLA
What?

FRANKLIN
Ready... for you.

DOORS ON EITHER SIDE OF THE QUONSET HUT SLAM OPEN

To REVEAL an eight-person security team, four on either side - brandishing Desert Eagles and speaking into their coms:

SECURITY #1 (COM FILTERED)
Secure Franklin - first priority -

LOLA DIVES UNDER THE BOAT

Landing on her back on a MECHANICS CREEPER which MOVES with the energy of her body - ZIPPING her down the length of the ship's keel.

AT THE SAME TIME, LOLA DRAWS TWIN GLOCKS

And SPREADS her arms to OPEN FIRE on both sides of the incoming crew.

FOUR GROINS BECOME ERUPTIONS OF BLOOD AND BONE AND GRISTLE

As her opening salvo starts the process.

Four men FALL - two on either side of the boat.

The two remaining security men on the right side of the boat STUMBLE over their fallen brethren as they return fire - BANG! BANG! BANG!

Their bullets pockmark the side of the trawler - missing Lola - as:

THE TWO SECURITY MEN ON THE OTHER SIDE

Rush to aid Franklin.

Lola ROLLS OFF the creeper, scrambles up and KICKS the ladder, PROPELLING IT INTO THE INCOMING MEN...

Giving her enough time to:

FIRE AT A LEVER ON A CONTROL PANEL ON THE FAR WALL

ACTIVATING the Trawler's launch platform.

The machinery KICKS INTO GEAR with a NOISY CLATTER and a loud WARNING SOUND as its wheels noisily swing into motion:

AND THE TRAWLER LURCHES BACKWARD TOWARD THE WATER!

As the two Security closest to Franklin SCRAMBLE to move his bleeding body from the incoming behemoth:

LOLA RUSHES THE TWO SECURITY MEN BEHIND THE LADDER

FIRING at them as they disentangle themselves from the ladder and the clamor of their wounded friends to return fire, and as their shots miss the rapidly moving Lola...

LOLA LEAPS UP TO GRAB A HIGH RUNG ON THE LADDER

And PUSHES HERSELF THROUGH THE SPACE BETWEEN LOWER RUNGS like a French Parkour punk...

To land a TWO FOOTED KICK to the head of one of the Security men. Lola then drops to the ground just as:

THE NEXT SECURITY MAN FIRES AT THE AIR SHE ONCE OCCUPIED

Lola SHOOTS UP FROM THE FLOOR and grabs the man's gun hand, SNAPPING HIS WRIST before she DISLOCATES HIS KNEECAP with a quick drop of her heel.

The man SCREAMS and falls. Lola SPINS to the one she kicked in the face as he struggles to rise and fire.

He gets a SHOT out - missing her head because she has grabbed his gun arm - twisting it until it breaks with a disgusting - and crunchy - SNAP!

Lola surveys the four men now on the floor, and as she kicks their guns away:

A BULLET SPARKS AGAINST THE LADDER

Lola turns to see one of the remaining security men, turning the corner from the back of the trawler and FIRING wildly as he runs toward her - BANG! BANG! BANG!

Lola fires one shot.

It hits him between the eyes.

LOLA SHOVES THE LADDER BACK TOWARD THE TRAWLER

Before it can SLAM against the side of the moving ship, she is already on it, LEAPING to the boat's upper deck... and as she does...

THE ONE REMAINING SECURITY MAN

Looks up from his attempt to stabilize Franklin:

TO SEE LOLA LEAPING FROM THE BOW OF THE TRAWLER

And LANDING on top of him just in time to KICK a. the gun from his hand, b. the worried expression from his face, and, c. his femur into a compound fracture.

Lola stands in the silence... well, but for the pained MOANS of her victims... as well as Franklin... and as she eyes him...

A beat... then:

FRANKLIN LOOKS UP TO SEE LOLA - ENTERING HIS FIELD OF VISION

Now carrying a long rope.

FRANKLIN

Oh god... oh god...

She ties his hands:

LOLA

Was that it, or do you have more rent-a-cops for me to kill?

(looking around)

Man, they bleed a lot. I'm gonna have to leave a tip for the maid.

(off his silence)

So... the White Dragon? Who is he? How can I find him?

Franklin says nothing.

Lola points to the rope, its slack coiled nearby and...

ITS OTHER END ATTACHED TO THE BOW OF THE RETREATING TRAWLER

LOLA

You're running out of slack,
Franklin.

Franklin's eyes dart back to Lola. He quickly makes up his mind to cooperate fully:

FRANKLIN

His name is Hans-Dieter Mundt...
son of Siegfried Mundt...

As he speaks the name:

LOLA FLASHES

To the man she decapitated - as he looks at her in the moment before his death!

RESUME ON LOLA AND FRANKLIN

LOLA

He had a son?
(a moment)
It wasn't in his dossier.

FRANKLIN

No one knew. Grew up in an orphanage in Austria.
(sucking air)
He found me. Our emails are in my phone... my private phone... in my pocket...

Lola takes the phone from Franklin's pocket.

LOLA

Thank you, Franklin.
(pocketing it)
Sorry about your boat. Hope you didn't spend all your blood money on it.

FRANKLIN

Untie me.

LOLA
(standing)
No.

The rope TIGHTENS. Franklin SCREAMS.

The retreating ship DRAGS HIM away.

Lola watches dispassionately... then spots a gas can on a work table.

She smiles.

SMASH CUT TO

EXT. MARINA - MOMENTS LATER

Now in FLAMES, the trawler continues its inexorable march... and as it enters the water - DRAGGING THE STILL-SCREAMING FRANKLIN ALONG.

LOLA EXITS THE QUONSET HUT

Framed against the open entrance - lit by the RISING FLAMES - the men she felled WRITHING on the floor behind her.

And as she watches the ship, and Franklin, ENTER THE WATER:

SMASH CUT TO

EXT. WHISPERING FRONDS RETIREMENT HOME - DAY

The sign by the manicured front lawn of this plantation style manor declares the place name for all to know.

Lola steps onto a brick path leading to the front porch, where numerous OLD PEOPLE sit on rockers, enjoying their dotage.

INT. WHISPERING FRONDS RETIREMENT HOME - FRONT DESK - DAY

A YOUNG MAN sits behind the desk, looking up at the leather-clad angel of death before him.

YOUNG MAN
Can I help you?

LOLA
I'm here for my great aunt. Eunice.

YOUNG MAN
You with the Pickle Factory?

LOLA
Let's just say I have a jar that
needs opening.

The Young man regards her for another moment, then reaches under his desk and pushes a RED BUTTON.

INT. WHISPERING FRONDS RETIREMENT HOME - CORRIDOR - DAY

Lola walks down a long hallway bathed in sunlight from grated windows. The door at the end of the hallway looms before her.

A sign on the door reads **DEMENTIA WARD**.

Lola PUSHES the door open.

INT. DEMENTIA WARD - CONTINUOUS

A lone woman sits on a wheelchair, her back to Lola, looking out another grated window.

Lola makes her way over, grabbing a chair, which she places in front of the wheelchair.

The woman on the wheelchair looks like an albino prune in a sundress. She must be three hundred and fifty-seven years old. Her withered lips fall over toothless gums, her milky eyes peer out through coke bottle glasses.

Seriously, she makes Mama Coco look like Millie Bobbie Brown.

Her name?

LOLA
Eunice.

EUNICE looks up, shakes her head, then:

EUNICE
Jesus fuck, Lola, you look like a
bondage queen.

LOLA
Well, you know, Vitaly.

A smile crosses her face, good times:

EUNICE
How is that old commie?

LOLA
Still breaking hearts.

EUNICE
And rimming young boys, I'm sure.

LOLA
How do you know from that?

EUNICE
There's a reason we used to call
that guy "The Iron Twink."
(off Lola)
The Agency send you?

LOLA
This one's more of a freelance gig.

EUNICE
I thought so. Word around the
campfire was you went off with the
Lotus Eaters.

LOLA
(a shrug, then)
Had to go underground for a few
years. New identity. New job.

EUNICE
Sounds like that fuckstick Palliser
put you out to pasture.

LOLA
Let's just say... there was an at-
risk population that needed
rescuing.

EUNICE
Refugees?

LOLA
I like that. Sure.
(then)
Still talk to Westley?

EUNICE
Not since the wedding.
(off Lola's look)
Nice girl, dull as dishwater.
Reminds me of Pat Nixon without the
razor wit. Now, tell me more about
this freelance gig.

Lola hands over Franklin's phone. Eunice looks it over.

LOLA
It's a Freedom 251 -

EUNICE
(points to her glasses)
These work.
(off Lola's "surrender")
Let's see... Freedom 251 smart
phone, Indian made, 1.3 gigahertz
processor running Android Lollipop -
you know these were originally
priced at less than four dollars a
piece?
(looking up)
Whose burner was this?

LOLA
Aliester Franklin.

Eunice's eyes NARROW with unconcealed loathing.

EUNICE
That ageist, traitorous piece of
shit?
(off Lola's nod)
It's his doing I had to retire.
Just when I was hitting my prime
too.

LOLA
I know.

EUNICE
God I hate him.

LOLA
Hated.

EUNICE
Past tense?
(off Lola's blank stare)
Past? Tense?

LOLA
His encryption lives on.

EUNICE
(a big, toothless smile)
Shit, bitch - I'm'a do this one for
free.
(examining the phone)
Do me a favor honey, hand me my
laptop.... and my teeth.

Lola turns to look at a nearby shelf... it's STACKED WITH LAPTOPS, and - on top - a set of false teeth in a glass of Efferdent.

LOLA
Any one in particular?

EUNICE
Oh... let's make this interesting -
I'll take the 686 prototype with
the artificial intelligence RISC
chip.

And as Lola goes to the shelf, and starts with the teeth...

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. MARINA - DAY

As CORONERS pull the pale, waterlogged, 8-ball hemorrhaged body of Aliester Franklin from the water...

WIDEN TO REVEAL

THE REMAINS OF A BURNT TRAWLER POKING UP THE SHALLOW WATER

As UNIFORMED POLICE tape the scene, photograph the evidence, and interview bystanders, a DETECTIVE (black, female, young, named HOOKS) briefs a man seen only over-the-shoulder on the particulars of the murder.

HOOKS
The perp came in through the
entrance - she knifed one guy in
the face, shot the victim, then
plugged these four guys right in
the wedding tackle, maimed another
four, then tied the vic to the
trawler before sinking and burning
it.

(a moment, then)
Oh, there was one other man,
salesman for the trawler company...
he had a mini stroke just from
looking at her.

Off that line REVEAL that the man listening to the briefing is Palliser, shaking his head.

PALLISER
So the perp was a woman?

HOOKS

It wasn't easy getting statements from guys with brass caps where their balls used to be... but yes. All accounts point to that.

PALLISER

Keep me posted on any further developments.

HOOKS

Want the usual cover up?

Palliser TURNS TO GO, shaking his head and sucking on his unlit smoke.

PALLISER

We can't exactly pin this on a lone drifter, can we?

HOOKS

(surveying the carnage)
Group of drifters?

PALLISER

(not looking back)
Your check is in the mail, Hooks.

Palliser walks to his Escalade. His driver opens the door.

And as Palliser looks back to the still-smoldering, half underwater ruin of Franklin's trawler.

CUT TO

INT. WHISPERING FRONDS RETIREMENT HOME - DEMENTIA WARD - DAY

The TICK-TICK-TICK of Eunice hacking away - unmoved from her last position but resting her laptop on an old timey TV tray table - fills the empty room.

Lola stands at a window, looking out into the sun-dappled grounds of the retirement home... and as a ray of light hits her wistful face...

FADE TO WHITE

FADE IN TO A FLASHBACK

INT. CIA VAULT - DAY (**FLASHBACK**)

Lola stands in this shiny steel room - the walls featureless but for a round and heavy door, the floor covered with a plastic dropcloth - holding a gun.

As Lola lifts the gun to a firing stance, REVEAL who she is aiming at:

HER HUSBAND WESTLEY

Blindfolded and tied to a steel chair. Sweating. Whimpering under his gag.

Lola stops as the gun reaches Westley's temple, his body now wracking with sobs.

EUNICE (V.O.)

Whoo-we!

As Lola turns...

MATCH CUT TO

INT. WHISPERING FRONDS RETIREMENT HOME - DEMENTIA WARD - DAY

EUNICE

Hello, nasty!

Lola strides over to Eunice, who practically beams with excitement and anticipation.

LOLA

Found something?

EUNICE

Franklin was a very bad boy. Now, according to his emails, texts, and messages, he had no direct contact with Hans-Dieter Mundt, but he did do a lot of business with this a-hole...

Lola leans in to look at the laptop:

ON THE SCREEN

Are a number of text messages - among them:

FRANKLIN: WHEN DO I MEET THE WHITE DRAGON?

**CASPIAN: HE WILL REVIEW THE PACKAGE AND RENDER PAYMENT
PERSONALLY.**

RESUME ON LOLA

As she considers this, then:

LOLA
Caspian. Haven't heard that name
before.

EUNICE
Me neither, but it didn't take a
lot of digging into the Langley
mainframe to find out who he is.

LOLA
You still have privileges?

EUNICE
No, but how's that to stop me? I
built the damn thing.
(typing)
I could dig up enough dirt to put
Eisenhower behind bars without
taking my wrinkled ass off this
chair.

LOLA
Eisenhower's been dead for fifty
years.

EUNICE
I know. That's how hard I rule...
voila!

A DOSSIER APPEARS ON THE SCREEN

Alongside an image of CASPIAN. A smug little weasel.

Imagine that "pharma bro" asshole who went to jail a few
years back for thousand-tupling the price of badly-needed
medications.

Caspian makes him look like Albert Schweitzer.

LOLA
Code name Caspian, real name Lewis
Staples, illegal arms sales
middleman, information broker...

EUNICE

All-around garden variety shitbird.
Good news is that if you turn him
into a soprano and chuck him in the
river, the world ain't exactly
gonna weep.

Lola looks at Eunice, then:

LOLA

You got a car I could borrow?

EUNICE

(a big smile)
Do I have a car.

And off Lola:

CUT TO

EXT. 1976 CHRYSLER CORDOBA - MINT CONDITION - DAY

A beaut. Looks like it just rolled off the assembly line. Two
tone black and grey paint job. Wire wheels.

Opera roof.

Lola steers from a driver's seat made of soft, rich,
Corinthian leather, barreling this badass baby down...

A HIGHWAY LEADING AWAY FROM THE CITY

And as the Cordoba VROOMS in the opposite direction from the
commuters making their way to the city...

CUT TO

EXT. A NICE SUBURBAN PLAYGROUND - DAY

Surrounded by Mayberry-like houses and white picket fences. A
TEN YEAR OLD BOY in a *My Hero Academia* shirt plays on a
climbing structure in the middle of the park.

A MAN in his forties, wearing ripped jeans, red All-Stars,
and a Charlie Brown shirt - no, not a shirt with Charlie
Brown on it, a yellow shirt with that distinctive pinking
stripe - steps up to the boy.

This is CASPIAN.

You already hate this guy, just by looking at him, so don't
feel too bad about what's about to come down on him.

CASPIAN
My Hero Academia - cool shirt.

BOY
(keeps playing)
Thanks.

CASPIAN
I have the Bandai game at home for
my PS4... you wanna come over and
play?
(off the boy's look)
I'll let you be Izuku if you want.

The boy stops climbing, suddenly interested:

BOY
Really?

CASPIAN
Shyeah... and I have all the Manga
too. You live around here?
(off the boy's nod)
I'm like five minutes away. Wanna
take my van?

THE BOY LOOKS OVER TO A VAN PARKED ON THE STREET

Windowless but for a round porthole on the far corner,
decorated with an Anime-inspired airbrush mural on the side.

The boy's eyes widen as he turns back to Caspian.

BOY
That's a cool van!

CASPIAN
I know, right?

BOY
You said I could be Izuku?

Caspian's face lights up, but before he can reply:

LOLA REACHES INTO FRAME

GRABS a fistful of hair from the back of his head, and SHOVES
it into one of the bars of the climbing structure, BREAKING
HIS NOSE with an EXPLOSIVE SPLAT.

Caspian HOWLS in pain as he goes to his knees, Lola's hand
still holding his hair.

The boy looks up at Lola, dumbstruck.

LOLA

Mommy never said don't talk to
strangers?

(taps him upside the head)

Go home.

The boy RUNS AWAY.

Caspian - doubled over in pain - reaches into his jeans pocket and pulls out a stun-gun before Lola can clock him, and ZAPS HER ON THE LEG!

RECOILING from the shock, Lola lets go of Caspian's hair, giving him just enough of a window to run for his van.

Recovering quickly, Lola draws her Smith & Wesson and turns the tires into confetti.

Caspian PIVOTS and runs toward the nearest house.

Lola GIVES CHASE.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Minivan on the driveway, bicycle lying on the front lawn. Caspian TEARS ASS onto the front lawn with Lola - limping slightly from the stun-gun - hot on his six.

Caspian looks back at her - gaining ground - picks up the bicycle and THROWS it in her way!

Lola DODGES the tumbling bicycle, GRABS the frame as it passes her way, and then HEAVES it right back at Caspian!

THE BICYCLE SLAMS CASPIAN IN THE BACK!

He STUMBLES, clearly in pain, but still has enough juice in the tank to PUSH through the open screen door at the front of the house and into:

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

A small and cozy entrance hall to a very quaintly decorated home. A door leads to a kitchen. A nice console table holds a row of potted plants.

Caspian STUMBLES in very noisily, attracting the attention of a SOCCER MOM, who appears at the kitchen door, holding a mixing bowl and wooden spoon... it's awkward...

But before Soccer Mom can say or do anything...

LOLA BARGES IN

GRABBING Caspian by the shirt collar and SLAMMING him into the console table with a very gratifying THUNK!

Lola lifts Caspian and SMASHES his head into a potted plant, then picks up another and BREAKS IT over his head.

Lola lets Caspian fall... and locks eyes with Soccer Mom.

LOLA

Call the cops. I know their
response time. 911 lady, chop-chop!

Soccer Mom DROPS the mixing bowl and nods in shock.

Meanwhile, Caspian SHAKES IT OFF and reaches for his stun-gun. Lola turns to see him get to his feet.

Lola shakes her head, and draws the S&W, but is forced to use her gun arm to block the incoming stun-gun - BANG! - her shot goes off near Caspian's head.

Caspian FIRES A PUNCH into Lola's stomach. She reels.

He LUNGES with the stun-gun, she BLOCKS it with the gunless hand and moves to shoot him in the head - he ducks and her shot goes over his head.

They're in a grapple impasse.

Until Caspian FINDS AN OPENING and STUNS Lola's gun hand. She drops the gun, wincing, before she grabs his wrist:

LOLA (CONT'D)

Do that again I'm really gonna be
pissed.

Caspian sees that she means it and does something unexpected:

He lets his body go limp and DROPS to the floor.

Still in pain, Lola DROPS TO ONE KNEE to pin him down, but he manages to SCAMPER away and into the kitchen.

Lola picks up the empty gun, tucks it in her belt, and CHASES him into:

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

All the ingredients of cookies-in-progress sit on the counter. Caspian moves past it - looking for a way out.

Lola enters, leaps over the counter, GRABS THE BACK OF HIS HEAD, AND SLAMS IT INTO THE STOVE.

Now it's a nasty close-quarters fight.

Caspian SPINS and ATTACKS WILDLY with his BLAZING, CRACKLING stun-gun.

Lola reaches back, WRAPS her hand around a KNIFE BLOCK and CHUCKS the thing at him with enough force that -

SHUNK!SHUNK!SHUNK!

The knives FLY OUT and imbed on the wall behind him!

Caspian makes a completely reckless swing with the stu-gun, giving Lola an opening to BLOCK him with one arm and GRAB A FRYING PAN WITH THE OTHER.

Lola SWINGS.

Caspian JUMPS BACK, then sidesteps Lola and THRUSTS the stun-gun in her direction, Lola OPENS THE REFRIGERATOR DOOR into his attack.

The stun-gun FLIES ACROSS THE KITCHEN FLOOR.

Caspian KICKS the refrigerator door into Lola, sandwiching her for a moment. Lola lets out a pained GRUNT, Caspian kicks the door again - Lola is getting mighty tired of this...

She BRINGS THE FRYING PAN DOWN ON HIM WITH AN UNGODLY FURY.

That stops the kicking. Lola drops the frying pan and sidesteps the door.

And that's when Caspian GRABS THE FRYING PAN, about to come after her when Lola arcs back to grab a bag of flour from the counter and SMASHES it into his face.

Caspian YELLS in stinging eye pain.

Now he's blind, and he looks like Chow Yun-Fat at the beginning of *Hard Boiled*.

But Lola isn't done, she PICKS HIM UP by the belt line and hits him repeatedly with the door - open SLAM!/close-open SLAM!/close-open SLAM!/close!

Lola then looks up to see Soccer Mom, standing at the kitchen entrance, dumbstruck.

LOLA

Call the cops yet?
(off her shocked silence)
Hey, June Cleaver, eyes over here.
You call 911?
(off her head shake)
Do I have to dial for you? What the
fuck's the matter with you?

Soccer Mom RUNS OFF.

Lola picks Caspian up - he talks through blood and broken teeth, his mouth a lake of red in an ocean of white:

CASPIAN

Who -

LOLA

I bet you have all the kiddie porn
in the world in that van, short
eyes. You don't give me what I
want, I'm leaving you to the cops.

CASPIAN

What do you want?

LOLA

The White Dragon. Hans-Dieter
Mundt.
(off his "oh shit" look)
What was your business with him?

CASPIAN

I can't -

LOLA

You know what they do to short-eyes
in prison?

CASPIAN

You don't understand.
(off her look)
I'm protected, I'm a confidential
informant - you can't -

Lola DRAGS Caspian to the counter, accidentally BANGING his head on a cabinet - he OWs audibly - as she grabs a cleaver from a counter top.

LOLA

So you're a snitch and a short eyes, short eyes? Here's some news - Franklin is dead, whatever CI deal you had with him... gone.

(then)

You know what? Maybe I should just cut off your balls right here and now -

CASPIAN

No. Please. I'm just the middleman -

LOLA

For what?

CASPIAN

For Mundt!

(deep breaths, then)

He's buying a chemical weapon - enough Varcon nerve gas to take out western Europe - that's why he's in the country. I set up the meet for tomorrow night.

Lola shakes her head. This is really shitty news to her: not just because like father like son, but also because the job went unfinished the first time.

LOLA

So fucking up my life was what, a fun thing for him to do in the meantime?

CASPIAN

I don't know anything about that -

LOLA

I want drop locations, I want to know who he's meeting for this weapon, where and when - and I want to know where he's hiding out -

CASPIAN

And you'll let me go?

LOLA

I promise you won't go to prison.

SMASH CUT TO

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

Multiple POLICE CRUISERS make their way down the road, SIRENS BLARING... RUSHING past the still-parked van, as they roll toward the suburban home...

REVEAL CASPIAN, TIED TO THE TOP OF THE VAN

His voice finally audible as the sirens subside:

CASPIAN
SOMEBODY HELP ME! PLEASE!

But if anybody can hear him, no one is coming, which is good because as he opens his mouth to scream again:

THE VAN EXPLODES

Caspian is engulfed in FLAMES, his final scream dying in a ROAR of fire and flying van conversion parts.

So yeah, he's not going to prison.

As the neighborhood AWAKENS around the scene... and the police cars SPIN to face the new danger:

REVEAL LOLA - LEANING AGAINST A TREE ON A DISTANT FRONT LAWN

In front of a nice split level.

Lola looks at her phone:

ON THE DISPLAY: THE REMOTE DETONATOR APP

And a dialogue box that reads:

CONGRATULATIONS, YOU HAVE SUCCESSFULLY DETONATED A GRENADE!

Lola nods, and puts the phone in a pocket, watching the vehicular carnage down the street, until:

The Boy previously seen talking to Caspian looks out the front door of the split-level and sees Lola.

LOLA
Stay out of trouble.

And off the boy's NOD:

DISSOLVE TO

CASPIAN'S VAN - NOW A SMOULDERING RUIN

Surrounded by COP CARS, UNIFORMS, and crime scene tape... and one black Cadillac Escalade. Palliser steps out of the vehicle to meet one of his SUBALTERNS, who rushes up holding a tablet.

SUBALTERN

One of the houses on the street has a security camera - we pulled this.

ON THE TABLET DISPLAY

An IMAGE OF LOLA, she looks pissed.

Palliser hands back the tablet - he has clearly been made deeply unhappy by this confirmation of what he already knew.

SUBALTERN

I already spoke to our contacts at DHS, FBI and local police. They're going to put out an APB and -

PALLISER

And what?

SUBALTERN

And... arrest her?

PALLISER

That's great, Sparky. Maybe they'll catch her and put her in some shiny handcuffs in one of their colorful police cars.

(off his look)

Listen you fucking infant, Lola Black is the most ruthless and blood-thirsty agent the Invisible Army ever trained. She has murdered more people than you will ever be friends with. She can turn anything into a weapon, and anyone into a target. She speaks a dozen languages, has flawless situational awareness, is proficient in forty-two styles of martial arts, and has tactical mastery of every firearm and bladed weapon made in the last three centuries.

(MORE)

PALLISER (CONT'D)

She could snap your neck like a twig with her bare hands right now and vanish before your bowels empty and your body hits the pavement... and by the sounds of the shit coming out of your piehole, she might have already.

As Palliser cows his Subaltern, Hooks makes her way over, waits patiently for Palliser to finish, and then:

HOOKS

How many drifters do you want us to peg this on?

PALLISER

All of them.

Palliser heads back for his car.

CUT TO

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

A Mercedes-Benz Gelandewagen WEAVES through traffic far more nimbly than its boxy shape and size would lead one to expect.

The street lights roll off its impeccably waxed black surface and blacked-out windows.

INT. MERCEDES BENZ GELANDEWAGEN - NIGHT

Hans-Dieter Mundt sits in the back - dressed for a night out - feeding tid-bits from a crystal bowl to little Yub-Nub, who sits on his lap.

Next to him, Gretchen conducts a grim conversation on her cellphone.

GRETCHEN

Ja. Ich werde es ihm gleich sagen.
(clicking off)

Caspian is dead. Someone tied him to his conversion van and shoved a grenade up his ass.

Mundt doesn't look up from feeding the cat, but his mind is already moving:

MUNDT

Is our meeting with the gasman compromised?

GRETCHEN

I don't know, but that's not all.
(off Mundt)
Franklin is dead too. Tied to his
boat and drowned in the shallows.
(gravely)
We need to leave this country. Now.

Mundt turns to Gretchen, then, snidely:

MUNDT

I agree. We are ten million dollars
in the hole for our down payment
and have a meet with our arms
dealer scheduled to complete the
transaction... but you think we
need to skip town without our money
or the nerve gas. Right?
(off her look)
You're right. Let's cut bait. We'll
make it a tax write-off. What's ten
million? They're not even Euros!
(to the driver)
Turn the car around, let's go
straight to the airport.

GRETCHEN

(after a beat)
That was passive-aggressive and
mean. Why do you hurt my feelings
like that?

MUNDT

Why are you suggesting we skip town
in the middle of a massive arms
deal that's at the center of
everything we are planning. I'm
trying to nerve gas half of Europe,
it would be nice to get a little
support from my team.

GRETCHEN

You don't get it, do you?

MUNDT

I do get it -

GRETCHEN

Lola Black survived the explosion.
She's out there picking off our
contacts.

MUNDT

Yes. I completely figured that out -
from you telling me about the dead
people -

GRETCHEN

No, clearly you did not, because if
you had, you would have also
realized that she probably
questioned Franklin and Caspian.

MUNDT

I said I got it from when you said
it the first time. Why is it so
hard for you to accept that I have
other priorities?

GRETCHEN

Staying alive is not a priority?
Our opsec is probably blown - for
all we know, when we show up at the
meet she's going to be there
waiting for us... but fine.

(a sniff! then:)

I'm only your head of security and
trained in tactical analysis,
threat assessment, and high-value
target protection. Why take my
advice?

MUNDT

You could give me other advice,
like that we double our security
both now and at the meet, instead
of suggesting I throw ten million
American Dollars into the fire.

GRETCHEN

You want me to give you shitty
advice, why pay my fees? Why keep
me around? Why drive around in the
bulletproof car? Let's trade it for
a rusty Karmann-Ghia and see how
long we last!

MUNDT

Now who's being passive-aggressive?

GRETCHEN

You - it's still you!

A long, uncomfortable beat sits between the two of them.

MUNDT

I'm sorry about your feelings.

GRETCHEN

Thank you.

(off his look)

We can double our security if that's what you want.

MUNDT

Thank you.

(off her look)

You can triple it too if you feel we need to, I do trust your...

Gretchen just shakes her head and shoots him a "talk to the hand" gesture.

Mundt wisely stops talking as she looks down at her phone. A beat, until:

THE DRIVER TURNS TO ASK A QUESTION

DRIVER

You still want... me to... head for the airport?

MUNDT

No, don't head for the fucking airport!

EXT. DER WEISSE ANGEL SPIELHAUS - NIGHT

The Gelandewagen GLIDES to a valet stand. Gretchen rushes around to the passenger side rear, opens it for Mundt.

GRETCHEN

Stand by. I called for reinforcements, they should be here by now.

Gretchen then looks out to see:

TWO BRIGHT ORANGE VW GTIS - VROOMING UP FROM BEHIND

Their doors OPEN to disgorge FOUR TOUGH GUYS from each car - all of them match, black trousers, black shirts, and jackets the exact Clark Plaid Tartan used in the seats for the Volkswagen GTI.

Gretchen exchanges glances with the lead Wolfsburg, then motions for Mundt to step out.

MUNDT
(re: the reinforcements)
The Wolfsburg Brothers. Well done,
Gretchen.

GRETCHEN
Always on time.

Gretchen nods in reply... and as the Wolfsburg boys form a protective cordon around Mundt:

TRAVEL ACROSS THE STREET

Where, a few doors down from the *Weisse Angel*, a RICH APARTMENT OWNER shouts at a MOVING COMPANY FOREMAN:

A GRAND PIANO LOOMS ABOVE THEM

Strapped to the platform of a FURNITURE ELEVATOR on the back of a truck.

RICH APARTMENT OWNER
I'm getting killed with the
overtime already - can you get it
in through the window or not?

And as the Foreman makes his excuses... FIND THE CHRYSLER CORDOBA, parked a few meters away:

AND LOLA, STANDING BEHIND IT

Watching through folded binoculars as:

THE WOLFSBURG BOYS AND GRETCHEN

Walk Mundt into the club.

LOLA

SNAPS the binos SHUT.

INT. DER WEISSE ANGEL SPIELHAUS - NIGHT

A Jazz quartet in tuxedos plays a stirring rendition of Kraftwerk's *Autobahn* - a blonde CHANTEUSE in a red dress and kid gloves PURRS the few lyrics into a mic...

CHANTEUSE

*Wir fahr'n, fahr'n, fahr'n auf der
autobahn... fahr'n, fahr'n, fahr'n
auf der autobahn!*

MUNDT WATCHES FROM ACROSS THE CLUB

In the same elevated/velvet roped seat he occupied in his previous visit.

Gretchen stands behind Mundt, examining a bottle of schnapps before allowing a WAITER to pour for Mundt.

As Mundt drinks, Gretchen SCANS the busy club... making eye contact with her security detail...

LEFT CORNER BY THE STAGE

Eyes. She scans across the dance floor.

RIGHT CORNER

Eyes. She scans to the CENTER PERIMETER.

A GUARD ON EITHER SIDE

Eyes. Eyes.

Good.

Gretchen allows herself a moment...

To look at Mundt as HE LIFTS HIS SCHNAPPS to her in salute...

And, finally... to close her weary eyes and take a deep breath... and as she inhales...

A GRAND PIANO PLUNGES THROUGH THE ROOF ONTO THE DANCE FLOOR

UNLEASHING A MENACING CLOUD OF DUST AND DEBRIS that fills the place with a choking haze as the very air SHAKES WITH A THUNDEROUS ECHO:

**THE DEAFENING - AND DEVASTATING - CACOPHONY OF NOT JUST A
ROOF COLLAPSING, BUT ALSO 88 PIANO STRINGS SNAPPING LIKE
MADMAN'S ORCHESTRA!**

The singer on stage SCREAMS.

The band DROPS their instruments and RUNS as the stage lights
RAIN DOWN on them.

The club descends into SCREAMS and CHAOS as its well-dressed
guests scramble to find an exit in the blinding fog.

Then, as a SHAFT OF STREET LIGHT from above illuminates the
inside of the club, turning the haze of wood and concrete
dust into a translucent shaft framed by SPARKING WIRES from
stage and house lights:

LOLA DESCENDS ON A ROPE AND LANDS ON TOP OF THE PIANO

Immediately producing the Mossberg from a sling across her
back as she looks ACROSS THE ROOM:

TO SEE GRETCHEN

BOWING MUNDT INTO A PROTECTIVE CROUCH behind her as she draws
her sidearm, but before Lola can move:

ONE OF THE WOLFSBURG BROTHERS GRABS HER FROM BEHIND

Lola JAMS the shotgun into his gut, FLIPS HIM over her
shoulder and SHOOTS HIM POINT BLANK in the face as she
accelerates toward Mundt.

GRETCHEN'S SCANS FOR THE SOURCE OF THE SHOTS AND FINDS LOLA

They lock eyes.

Now the two warrior women know what's what - but as Lola
moves through the panicking crowd:

ANOTHER WOLFSBURG BROTHER RUSHES TO HER, FIRING HIS WEAPON

Lola SLIDES to the floor, his shots BUZZING past where her
head used to be - Lola aims the shotgun up and:

BANG - RIGHT IN THE NARDS!

The Wolfsburg REELS back and CRUMPLES.

Lola BOUNDS to her feet - ejecting her shells with a loud CLICKCLICK.

She's guided missile of purpose hellbent on ending Mundt once and for all.

A THIRD WOLFSBURG EMERGES THROUGH THE DUST

And GRABS the barrel of Lola's Mossberg: BANG! Up into the air!

Lola TUGS OF WAR the Wolfsburg for a moment...

But she then takes one hand off the shotgun, draws her belt knife and SHIVSHIVSHIVSHIVS - it prison-style - into the Wolfsburg's belly.

The Wolfsburg RELEASES THE SHOTGUN, and falls.

LOLA KEEPS MOVING

As Gretchen - now joined by a few more dark-suited MUNDT SECURITY MEN - STRUGGLES through the crowd - none of whom can find the exit in the chaos - trying to get their boss to safety.

ANOTHER WOLFSBURG RUSHES LOLA

And his bullet HITS the Mossberg, sending it FLYING.

Lola SPINS to face the incoming attacker, sidesteps him, GRABS his gun hand and SLAMS it onto a still-standing table.

The Wolfsburg keeps hold of the gun as Lola SLAMSLAMSLAMS it.

The table finally TIPS OVER, sending a bottle of champagne SLIDING into one of Lola's hands.

She SMASHES it over the Wolfsburg's head while holding down his gun hand...

AND THEN PLUNGES IT INTO HIS CHEST

Lola scrambles back up and draws the Smith & Wesson from her belt - BANG! BANG!

The next two Wolfsburgs rushing her get EXPLOSIVELY DECEREBRATED by her precision head shots... just as...

THE WOLFSBURG WITH THE BOTTLE IN HIS CHEST RISES BEHIND HER

Which takes place at the same time that:

A SEVENTH WOLFSBURG LANDS A PUNCH ON LOLA'S FACE

Lola SPINS - now she's facing the guy with the bottle as the guy who punched her REACHES FOR HIS GUN.

So she takes the bottle out of the one guy's chest, STABS the second in the face, then pulls it out, turns back...

AND JAMS IT RIGHT BACK IN THE FIRST GUY

This time putting him down for good.

Lola looks out to see that:

GRETCHEN HAS MANAGED TO GET MUNDT DOWN TO THE CLUB FLOOR

And that's when A FINAL WOLFSBURG steps between her and Gretchen - brandishing his gun:

BANG BANG BANG!

But Lola has already launched into a SIDEWAYS CARTWHEEL away from the shots, she bounds back up, SHOOTS HIM IN THE SHOULDER, then RUNS TO and VAULTS herself over him, locking her legs around his neck!

SNAP! THUD!

Now the path to Mundt is clear - even as Gretchen hurries him to the room entrance amid a SCRUM of panicked non-combatants!

LOLA
HANS-DIETER MUNDT!

MUNDT AND GRETCHEN

Both turn to look at Lola. Eyes LOCK.

Lola raises her gun... trying to get a clean shot through all the innocents!

She finds the shot.

Her finger SQUEEZES.

The crowd gives way and FUNNELS out of the room!

BANGBANGBANG!

Three bulletholes OPEN where Gretchen and Mundt once stood!

More SCREAMING and PANIC.

Lola runs to the door as the last of the crowd EXITS.

Lola reaches the door, pushes it open, and stands on the threshold of...

INT. *DER WEISSE ANGEL SPIELHAUS* - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Decked out in the most stereotypically "life is a cabaret old chum" style imaginable.

A fountain in the center of the place features a statue of Lotte Lenya holding a cigarette.

Lola STOPS DEAD IN HER TRACKS before she can cross into the foyer.

The SOUND OF THE PANICKING CROWD still hangs in the air... but that's not why she stopped...

She stopped because some TWELVE RED LASER DOTS have just clustered about her head and chest.

SMASH REVERSE

TO REVEAL TWELVE SWAT GUYS IN FULL TACTICAL GEAR

In various cover formations all through the foyer.

The light from several BLACK AND WHITES parked outside spill in through the front door.

And then a familiar voice... amplified through a BULLHORN:

PALLISER (O.S.)
Stand down, Agent Black.

RESUME ON LOLA

LOLA
Oh nutsack.

SMASH CUT TO

EXT. DER WEISSE ANGEL SPIELHAUS - CONTINUOUS

Palliser stands behind the open door of a Black and White, talking into a bullhorn mic. Hooks stands behind him.

ON THE ROOF OF THE CAR SITS A MONITOR

Through which Palliser can see Lola, captured in one of the HELMET CAMERAS from the SWAT team.

PALLISER

We have the exits, please don't push this any further, Lola.

As he speaks:

ANGLE ON GRETCHEN AND MUNDT

Stealthily WEAVING their way out of the scrum of police and frightened club goers, and into the Gelandewagen.

PALLISER

Just put your weapons down and come out.

A COP approaches Mundt and Gretchen:

COP

Excuse me, sir, ma'am. We're going to need statements, could you please -

Gretchen pulls her hand from a pocket, producing a SWITCHBLADE and STABS the cop in the kidneys - a shot too painful for him to even scream.

And no one's the wiser, not even:

PALLISER

These men will be authorized to use deadly force if you do not comply.

MUNDT AND GRETCHEN ENTER THE GELANDEWAGEN

And as it ROARS away...

INTERCUT BETWEEN PALLISER AND LOLA

As the rage grows in Lola's face:

LOLA

Palliser you crap hound! You're letting the actual bad guys get away!

PALLISER

That's not our op. We're not domestic. You know that!

LOLA

Did you miss the part where they're not from around here?

PALLISER

(breathes, then)

Do the right thing, Lola, I'll bring you in myself.

LOLA

Bring me in where? You gonna put me back on the field?

PALLISER

We both know that's not going to happen. You blew up Caspian -

LOLA

World's better off without that fucking pederast -

PALLISER

- and Franklin -

LOLA

He betrayed us both - and he has that child molesting creep on our payroll as a CI.

PALLISER

You could have just shot him in the head instead of tying him to his boat and setting the whole thing on fire while dragging him off to drown! Would it kill you to be a little less conspicuous?

(deep breath)

This is exactly the kind of behavior that made me take you off the field.

LOLA

You mean after I stopped World War Three?

PALLISER

You're just too damn violent!

Lola shakes her head - she's probably heard that one before, and it annoys her.

LOLA

Then you don't have a thing to offer me.

PALLISER

Really? Did you suddenly forget you like breathing?

(then)

Sweet muscular Jesus, Lola, do you have a head injury? I'm a guest of the cops here, I don't have a lot of time to talk you down before they put you down for good.

(driving it home)

Now lose the weapons and surrender.

Lola looks at the SWAT team facing her, the light spill from the cops outside. Does she have any other options really?

Lola turns to the SWAT guys and drops her S&W, then:

LOLA

This might take a second. I'm very heavily armed.

A LEAD SWAT lowers his weapon and steps forward:

LEAD SWAT

You know the drill - no sudden moves, slide the weapons toward me.

(she kicks the gun over)

Let's see the rest of it.

LOLA

Shit, man, buy me dinner.

LEAD SWAT

Don't get cute. You got a dozen HK nine millimeter MP5s on you... try anything and your body hits the floor before your reptile brain knows you're dead.

(then)

Take it off. Put it down. Kick it over.

Lola does as she's told... slowly reaching for two more pistols... and putting them down... and kicking them over...

INTERCUT WITH PALLISER

Watching on the feed from his position... dubious...

LOLA TAKES OUT HER KNIVES

All five of them... putting them down... kicking them over...
and the brass knuckles... and the garrotte.

Lola wipes her hands, then holds them up...

LOLA

That's it. Unless you want the
grenades.

LEAD SWAT

You're carrying grenades?

LOLA

And you're not?

Lead SWAT shakes his head and motions for her to continue.

Lola reaches for a grenade, unclips it from the back of her
belt and rolls it over to the foot of the fountain.

LEAD SWAT

That all?

Lola LIFTS her arms, then opens a fist to REVEAL her phone...

And the grenade's detonator app!

LOLA

You may want to take cover now.

LEAD SWAT

(eyes saucer-ing)

FIRE IN THE HOLE!

The grenade EXPLODES with a deafening BOOOOOOOM!

PALLISER'S MONITOR SCREEN TURNS WHITE

As everybody but him HITS THE DECK.

INSIDE THE CLUB - THE STATUE OF LOTTE LENYA VAPORIZES

A GEYSER of water FIRES straight up from the fountain's pipe - simultaneously putting out all fires and also DOUSING the SWAT team, obscuring their vision and slowing them down even as they recover from the explosion.

EXT. DER WEISSE ANGEL SPIELHAUS - CONTINUOUS

Palliser - still standing, the only person so cool that he didn't hit the deck for the explosion - shakes his head as Hooks rises behind him.

PALLISER

Tell your men it's shoot to kill.

As Hooks lifts her walkie mic:

SMASH CUT TO

INT. DER WEISSE ANGEL SPIELHAUS - CONTINUOUS

Lola RUNS down the length of the wrecked club, past the remains of the piano, toward a door labeled EXIT by the side of the stage.

THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN

To REVEAL two SWAT in tactical gear, FIRING their HKs into the still hanging haze. BUDDABUDDABUDDA!

LOLA BREAKS HARD

Diving into a TACTICAL ROLL as the bullets WHIZ overhead, and taking shelter by the piano's carcass.

The RADIO CHATTER of the SWAT team takes over for the guns.

CHATTER

Shots fired... target out of sight... moving in... moving in... need reinforcements...

LOLA LOOKS TO ANOTHER EXIT

This one on the centerline of the club... but as she prepares to get herself over there and out to freedom:

THAT DOOR OPENS TO REVEAL MORE SWAT!

SWAT
Breaching the side entrance...

SWAT POV:

ENTERING. Muzzle flashlights lead the way. Debris everywhere.

The second SWAT duo sees the first... moving along the wall toward the center of the club.

And that's when Lola SCRAMBLES to her feet and JAMS a chair into the second team - one drops his HK, the other FIRES his into the ceiling as the first FALLS into him!

RATATATATATATATATATATATATAT!

Lola GRABS the HK-MP5 off the floor and RUNS to the stage, FIRING AT THE FIRST TEAM.

CHATTER
AGENT BLACK IS RETURNING FIRE!
BREACHING FROM THE MAIN ENTRANCE!

The team from the foyer RUSHES into the club from the front entrance, guns blazing!

Lola RUNSRUNSRUNS to the stage as the hail of bullets VAPORIZES everything behind her!

She then takes a RUNNING LEAP onto the stage and TUCKS AND ROLLS onto the proscenium before VANISHING through the curtains behind the drummer's dais.

INT. *DER WEISSE ANGEL SPIELHAUS* - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Lola reaches the FLY RAIL. She grabs a rope - sees the SWAT advancing onto the stage through a crack in the curtains - she aims the HK-MP5 and:

BANG! THE ROPE SNAPS!

And Lola FLIES UP INTO THE RAFTERS as one of the only remaining pipes FALLS onto the SWAT team with a loud KERRASH!

EXT. DER WEISSE ANGEL SPIELHAUS - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

A hatch SLAMS OPEN on the theater roof. Lola emerges from below, pulls herself up, and wastes no time running across the roof...

Until she stops and looks down:

AT THE DROPS OF BLOOD FALLING FROM HER TORSO

Lola's hand rises.

It's covered in her own blood.

From the bullet wound on her side.

Lola's legs turn to jelly. She GRUNTS. The pain is excruciating.

Lola FALLS ON HER BACK... she shuts her eyes, hard... she grits her teeth... curls into the fetal...

AND HEARS THE SOUND OF RADIO CHATTER FROM BELOW

Pushing into her side to apply pressure on the wound, Lola gets to her feet... and RUNS.

And as she LEAPS from the theater roof onto the next building... and VANISHES into the inky void:

DISSOLVE TO

DING! A PAIR OF ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN

To REVEAL a THIRTYSOMETHING DAD in khakis and a blazer walking his FOUR YEAR OLD DAUGHTER through:

INT. HIGH RISE PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Dad walks Daughter toward a parked Jeep Cherokee. She has her *Toy Story* backpack on and carries a lunch box.

DAUGHTER

Woody's my favorite. He's brave.
And kind. And smart.

DAD

Hey howdy hey, Zoe.

Zoe thinks for a moment, then pivots to a new topic:

ZOE
So... I'm four now.

DAD
You sure are sweetie.

ZOE
So..... can I watch *Toy Story 3*?

DAD
Not on your life, kid. That movie's terrifying.

ZOE
Aw dad... pleeeeeease?

DAD
It's like *Schindler's List* with toys!

ZOE
Can I see *Schindler's List*?

Dad reaches the Cherokee before he can answer... and stops dead in his tracks, looking down:

DAD
Do me a favor, sweetie... take ten steps back and wait for me.

ZOE
Why, daddy?

DAD
Just do it, honey. Be a buddy?

Zoe does as she's told. Her father looks down to REVEAL:

A DROP OF BLOOD AT HIS FEET

And a few more... leading to the driver side door of the Cherokee... on the handle of which is a RED HANDPRINT.

Dad opens the door.

TO REVEAL LOLA

Looking up at him, sheepish but unbowed.

LOLA
Hello, Westley.

Holy shit! Didn't she kill her husband Westley in the first scene of this movie?

What the hell is going on? Imagine that - a personal and emotional twist in what you thought was a straight shoot-em-up revenge movie!

DISSOLVE TO

INT. HIGH RISE APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Homey. Not high tech high-rise apartment. More like *Kramer vs. Kramer* high-rise.

The opening of *Toy Story 3* plays on the TV screen - the scene in which the toys argue about whether or not Andy is going to donate them when he goes to college.

Zoe sits on a beanbag chair in front of the television, cradling a half gallon carton of chocolate ice cream, which she eats with a wooden spoon.

SOLDIER TOY (ON SCREEN)

Let's face it, when the trash bags come out, we army guys are the first to go.

BUZZ LIGHTYEAR (ON SCREEN)

Trash bags?

WOODY (ON SCREEN)

Who said anything about trash bags?

SOLDIER TOY (ON SCREEN)

It has been an honor serving with you... good luck, folks.

Zoe SNIFFLES, slowly transitioning to SOBS as Westley walks through the room, carrying first aid supplies.

Westley sees his daughter crying and shakes his head - that fucking movie.

INT. HIGH RISE APARTMENT - GUEST ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A nice guest room with a make-up console and a chair - on which sit Lola's leather vest and a bright yellow plastic kid's bowl: holding a bullet in a small puddle of blood!

Stripped down to her pants and a sports bra, Lola sits on a few blood-spattered towels spread across the bed, holding a small teddy bear clenched in her teeth as Westley stitches up the bullet hole on her side with a needle and a white thread.

WESTLEY

Just one more stitch to go...
(as she GRUNTS)
There.

Westley reaches for a pair of scissors and cuts the thread. Lola SPITS out the teddy bear, and sucks in air.

LOLA

Shit that stings. What are you using for thread?

WESTLEY

Don't ask.
(off her look)
Dental floss.

LOLA

Mint flavored?

WESTLEY

It's supposed to give you a fresh feeling.

LOLA

It. Has. A zing.
(then)
I'm gonna need some duct tape.
(off his look)
Keep the wound from tearing.

WESTLEY

You mean while you rest for a few days in a clean and safe place that's not my family's apartment?

LOLA

I had that option I wouldn't have come to you.

Westley shakes his head, she's really not getting it:

WESTLEY

You're not back with The Company, are you?

LOLA

If I were I would have gone to a safe house.

WESTLEY

Gone private?

LOLA

Sort of.

Westley buries his face in his hands, rubs his temples:

WESTLEY

Of course not... this is more like
you went rogue, isn't it? That's
why you had to come here.

(then)

Some sort of vendetta? Are people
going to come here and try to kill
you?

LOLA

No but...

WESTLEY

Come on, Lola, I have a wife and a
daughter - I gotta know.

LOLA

(a deep breath, then)

Some white nationalist neo-nazi
Eurotrash scumbags blew my cover
and my home, so I'm getting
revenge, but then I found out from
this pedophile middleman that
they're buying a chemical weapon
later today so -

Westley holds his hands up in surrender.

WESTLEY

Whoa - whoa - red light, red light.
I just wanted to know if there's a
chance anyone followed you.

(off her head-shake)

It's one thing to traumatize my
daughter and turn me into your
illegal shot doc, but I don't need
you letting me in on... whatever
you're in on.

LOLA

Duct tape.

Westley nods, steps to the door, tentatively measuring his
words, then:

WESTLEY

I'll get the duct tape but... look,
I don't want to be a dick about
this...

Lola knows what's coming - she's not really welcome here.

LOLA

I get it.

WESTLEY

I don't know how long my wife's
going to be out and...

LOLA

She won't know I was here.

WESTLEY

She will. We don't keep secrets
from one another.

LOLA

Sounds like a nice marriage.

WESTLEY

At least no one's pointed a gun to
my head and pulled the trigger.

Lola looks up, then checks her watch.

LOLA

Wow. Congratulations. You held out
a lot longer than I thought before
bringing that up.

Westley stands his ground - he's used to this argument, and
has no problem litigating it once more.

WESTLEY

Yeah, well. That kind of thing puts
a dent in a guy.

LOLA

You don't say.
(off his look)
Make them bail on their marriages
too.

The temperature drops about fifty degrees.

WESTLEY

I'll get the duct tape.

TIME CUT TO

A ROLL OF RAINBOW DUCT TAPE

Which Lola regards dubiously as she tries to wrap it around her mid-section.

LOLA

I like it. No really. It's festive.

Westley watches as she tries to twist around and apply the tape without tearing her wound. He moves in closer.

WESTLEY

I know it's not going to intimidate the bad guys but... tactical is not a look we go for around here.

LOLA

Scares the children.

WESTLEY

(hand on the roll)
Let me help you with this.

Lola sighs and hands him the tape, which he nimbly wraps around her midsection.

LOLA

You're still the best field medic I know.

She can't help but smile... a flash of tenderness as she has her idea of a fond memory... which probably also includes bullets and blood.

WESTLEY

I'm sorry you know more than one.

LOLA

Occupational hazard.
(off his look)
Come on, some part of you must miss being on the job.

WESTLEY

Oh, you mean the part of me that's not saving innocent young lives in a pediatric cancer ward?

LOLA

(meaning it)
So... you're saying you... find that more rewarding than espionage?

WESTLEY

Yes. Lola.
(off her incredulity)
Infinitely.

Lola grimaces... he's got her there.

Westley RIPS the tape, pats it down, then goes to work on applying another layer.

Lola watches him - steady and competent. She pivots:

LOLA

I do appreciate this.
(off his awkward nod)
I'll be out of your hair soon.

WESTLEY

(checks his watch)
We have about thirty minutes left
of *Toy Story 3*.

LOLA

Man. That movie... it's like
Schindler's List with toys.

Westley can't help but smile - there's a reason these two married, after all:

WESTLEY

I know... right?
(then, confused)
Wait... do... you have kids?

Lola looks at him, a little hurt:

LOLA

Would it be that hard to believe?
Me as a mom?

WESTLEY

No... not hard... more like...
really hard.

LOLA

I have cats.
(a pause, then)
I had cats.
(deep breath, then)
Howard... my boss at the shelter
he, he played kids movies for the
cats. They'd just sit there,
mesmerized.

WESTLEY

Cat lady?
(wow - really?)
That's how Palliser hid you?
(off her nod)
Way to lean into the code name.

LOLA

I felt the same way at first but...
I pretty much lived there, and it
wasn't a bad life... until... the
neo-Nazis came and...
(a sigh)
Turns out I get along with cats.

Westley starts the last of his layers of tape.

WESTLEY

So you're at my house with a hole
in your belly because you're
avenging your murdered cats.
(she shrugs)
Makes sense.
(off her look)
Cats are feral creatures. They
don't love anyone, they just stick
around while you feed them. Only
reason they don't rip your throat
out in your sleep is they weren't
born tigers.

Westley RIPS the tape, looks up to Lola's now icy gaze.

LOLA

Good thing that's not an analogy or
I'd take it personal.

WESTLEY

Maybe you should.

Lola SHAKES HER HEAD - what she's about to say she has said a
million times, but there's always the hope this is the one
that will stick:

LOLA

The gun. Wasn't. Loaded.
(off his eye roll)
I was The Shop's top operator, you
think I wouldn't know the
difference between a full clip and
an empty one?

WESTLEY

That's not the point.

LOLA

It absolutely is. You should have trusted me, even if you didn't understand what I was -

WESTLEY

(cuts her off angrily)
I understood it the moment you pulled that trigger.

LOLA

(ice in her veins)
I wanted that assignment. I loved my job. I was good at it.

WESTLEY

Your job was killinq.

LOLA

Take that up with God. You don't get to pick your gifts.

WESTLEY

You get to pick your job!

Lola stands and crosses to the make-up table. She picks up her vest and puts it on.

LOLA

I stopped World War Three - and I am about to stop it again, for free, because that's what I do.

(then)

You're welcome. Your wife is welcome. Your daughter is welcome. Your pediatric cancer patients are welcome.

Lola heads for the door.

WESTLEY

I loved you.

LOLA

Yeah. Just not enough.

Westley looks up at her as she opens the door:

WESTLEY

This really isn't about avenging cats, is it?

LOLA

What do you think?

And with that she crosses the threshold and shuts the door. Kind of like Nora Helmer walking out on Thorvald at the end of Henrik Ibsen's *A Doll's House*... only in leather and with guns.

Westley shakes his head, looks at the blood stained towels...

And then Lola opens the door again:

LOLA
You got anything to eat?

CUT TO:

A STRAW SLAMMING INTO A COLORFUL JUICE BOX...

In Lola's hands - along with a small bag of pillsbury Goldfish - as she walks across the street from:

EXT. *DER WEISSE ANGEL SPIELHAUS* - DAY

The front of the theater is COVERED with crime scene tape. The roof of the theater is CAVED IN because of the piano.

RESUME ON LOLA - WIDER

To REVEAL that in addition to the juice box and Goldfish, she also carries a small tank: the kind you usually see in a wheeled dolly carried by some octogenarian at Sizzler at 4:30 on a weekday.

EXT. 1976 CHRYSLER CORDOBA - MINT CONDITION - MOMENTS LATER

The trunk SWINGS OPEN to REVEAL lola's weapons stash.

Close your eyes and imagine World War Two in a trunk, and you get the idea... and as she puts the tank in, next to the modified AR-15 and the RPG launcher...

SMASH CUT TO

A QUICK SERIES OF CUTS

In which Lola GETS BEHIND THE WHEEL - TURNS the key - SLAMS the automatic shifter to DRIVE - STOMPS on the accelerator...

And as the Cordoba SCREAMS away...

CUT TO

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The sound of the Cordoba MATCHES UP to the sound of Hans-Dieter Mundt's Mercedes Benz Gelandewagen as it LEAPS up from a ridge, CLEARING the frame...

And then COMING TO A STOP in a very wide, very desolate strip by the sea.

The water stretches into the distance on one side. Angry waves CRASH. No one can be seen for MILES.

The doors to the Gelandewagen OPEN. Gretchen steps out of the driver's seat, Hans-Dieter from the passenger's... they are the only ones here.

The two of them look around. Gretchen glimpses at her cellphone.

MUNDT

Are these the right coordinates?

GRETCHEN

(looking up)

No, I drove us out into the middle of a large, flat, desolate patch of land in which we have no hope to defend ourselves because I'm fun like that.

MUNDT

You get on my ass for being passive-aggressive but you pull this kind of lip all the time. How am I supposed to behave?

Gretchen steps over to Hans, grabs his wrist, and SLAPS the phone down on his palm.

ON THE DISPLAY

Is a map of the coast with a red dot where they stand.

GRETCHEN

Of course these are the right coordinates, Hans. I'm a professional.

MUNDT

And I don't know that? Why do you have to pick a fight every time I open my mouth to ask a perfectly reasonable question?

Hans-Dieter hands the phone back to her.

GRETCHEN

You are more than welcome to fire me in protest.

HANS

I don't want to fire you. All I want is a moment, a single moment, with some damn peace and quiet.

GRETCHEN

Then maybe you should reconsider your choice of terrorism as a vocation.

HANS

(said it a million times)
I am not a terrorist. I am a right wing political activist driven underground and into a pattern of insurgency and wildcat revolutionary violence by the intolerance of the radical left.
(beat, then, sadly)
Also, my father would kill me.

GRETCHEN

He is dead, you know.

HANS

See, this is exactly what I'm talking about, I can't say anything without you going on the warpath -

The fledgling quarrel is cut short by the arrival of:

THREE ATVS

Also LEAPING over the sandy ridge that borders the beach.

The vehicles make their way to Hans-Dieter and Gretchen with lightning speed and SKID to a dramatic halt some thirty feet before them.

GRETCHEN

I'm reasonably certain that's not Lola Black or the CIA.

MUNDT

I could have sworn that little piece of *scheisse* Caspian would have sold us out.

The ATVs disgorge four TOUGH GUYS - in full motorcycle body armor and mirror visor helmets - carrying UZIs.

The TGs take up flanking positions. One of them looks back and gives the "go ahead" to the only passenger left in the center ATV.

Out steps HARVEY WEINSTOCK (60s, balding and puffy) wearing golf clothes - plaid pants, knit vest over a polo shirt, light colored cap - and a very smug look on his face.

WEINSTOCK

Can't believe I'm selling poison
gas to a bunch of krauts.

Mundt PUTS A HAND TO HIS EAR - couldn't hear over the waves.

WEINSTOCK

(shouting)

I WAS MUSING ABOUT THE IRONY OF ME
SELLING POISON GAS TO A BUNCH OF
KRAUTS!

Mundt looks at Gretchen... did he really just say that?

MUNDT

We're Austrian!

WEINSTOCK

(to himself)

That doesn't help your case,
asshole.

(to his team)

Men, within earshot!

Weinstock and his men MOVE ABOUT TEN FEET IN, then:

WEINSTOCK

I'm Harvey Weinstock - can you hear
me now?

(off the nods)

Great. The boys won't be
introducing themselves.

(off the shrugs)

I have a reservation at the driving
range in about two hours... a real
nice one too, full bar and
restaurant, floodlights so I can
keep going after sunset...

(off the silence)

Crickets, lovely. OK, let's get
this show on the road.

MUNDT

My chief of security will walk to you with the payment. She will examine the goods.

WEINSTOCK

Wow. It's like you've done this before.

Weinstock MOTIONS for Gretchen to move forward - then for one of his TGs to meet her.

That TG lowers his weapon on its sling, takes a cylindrical case from an ATV, and walks.

MUNDT

(to Weinstock)

Have you heard about your middleman, Caspian?

As this conversation takes place:

GRETCHEN REACHES THE MIDDLE OF THE MEET

To square off with the TG.

She pulls out a small, black felt pouch, opens it, and shows it to the TG.

THE POUCH CONTAINS A DIAMOND THE SIZE OF A GOLF BALL

Weinstock just keeps yapping at the TG examines the diamond.

WEINSTOCK

Of course I did. Think I'd be here if I didn't know everything?

(to the main TG)

Show him the drones.

Main TG pulls out a remote control and hits a few buttons.

FOUR DRONES DESCEND TO EYE LEVEL

One on every corner of the meet.

MUNDT

Impressive.

The TG meeting Gretchen retracts his visor, puts a LOUPE in his eye, and examines the merchandise.

WEINSTOCK

Been scouting the surrounding terrain for the last two hours... any chance of an incursion and you'd be standing there holding your dick.

The TG looking at the diamond gives Weinstock a THUMBS UP.

Weinstock returns the gesture.

The TG puts the round case before Gretchen, and opens it to REVEAL a dozen vials of Varcon gas!

They look just like the VX glass vials in *The Rock*.

Because really, who's going to say that's NOT what nerve gas looks like?

I mean, come on, the only reason you even know nerve gas as a viable movie McGuffin IS *The Rock*, so don't give me any shit.

Like you have any experience with nerve gas. Sheesh.

Anyway, Gretchen LIFTS ONE OF THE VIALS, then removes a TESTING MODULE from her coat, and puts the vial into a slot.

The module responds with a BEEP.

Gretchen gives Mundt a THUMBS UP. He NODS.

Gretchen CLOSES the case and heads for the Gelandewagen's trunk.

MUNDT

(to Weinstock)

Pleasure doing business with you.

Weinstock smiles:

WEINSTOCK

Peace in our time!

(off the silence)

What? Too soon?

(off the silence)

Fine. See that ridge over there? You wait until we clear that, and then you count to sixty - with Mississippi - then you go. Sound good?

MUNDT

Ja, Zeigenficker.

Weinstock heads for his ATV as his guards follow suit, then, before he gets in, he throws Mundt a Nazi salute.

WEINSTOCK
Big smile, motherfucker.

THE ATVS RIDE AWAY

As Gretchen SHUTS the rear gate of the Gelandewagen and meets Mundt by the passenger side doors.

MUNDT
Did he seem to have a chip on his
shoulder?
(off her nod)
It really seemed that way.

GRETCHEN
I did not like him at all.

They look out into the distance, the ATVs are still in sight.

MUNDT
At least the exchange went off
without a hitch.

And no sooner has he said that that:

LOLA'S ARM SHOOTS OUT FROM THE SAND BENEATH GRETCHEN

And GRABS her ankle. Then another arm, which follows suit!

Lola FLIPS Gretchen down to the ground.

She lands on her face with with a SLAM as her nose BREAKS.

Mundt WATCHES IN FUCKSTRUCK AND GOBSMACKED HORROR as Lola EMERGES from the sand, an oxygen mask on her face, attached to the tank!

She looks like some indestructible science-fictional monster!

MUNDT
No... no... come on... it's not
fair...

Lola produces a knife which she THROWS into Mundt's leg.

He SCREAMS and falls.

She then produces another knife and FLINGS it straight into Gretchen's back.

As Mundt suffers, Lola bends down and picks up the RPG... then aims it at Weinstock's ATV...

SCHWWWWWWWOOOOOOOOMMMMMP!

IN THE ATV

Weinstock looks back at the incoming missile:

WEINSTOCK

Oh. Shit.

KABLLAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!

That's the end of Harvey Weinstock.

RESUME ON LOLA

About to pick up the AR-15 when Gretchen LIFTS herself with her arms and SPINS her legs, TRIPPING LOLA.

Gretchen STANDS, PULLS the knife from her back, and points it at Lola.

GRETCHEN

(to Mundt)

Get in the car!

As Mundt obeys...

Lola REACHES behind her belt to pull out a gun...

But Gretchen TOSSES the knife in the air, GRABS it by the blade, and FIRES it into Lola's hand.

SHUNK! LOLA TAKES A HIT!

Lola REELS back and DROPS HER GUN as her hand BLEEDS: the knife went STRAIGHT THROUGH to her palm.

Gretchen reaches for her own gun...

But Lola REMOVES the knife from her hand and THROWS IT RIGHT BACK AT GRETCHEN, nailing her in the hand!

Now Gretchen DROPS HER GUN.

Lola TACKLES her to the ground.

The two women WRESTLE - each trying to reach the nearest weapon.

Gretchen SLAMS Lola's wounded hand, sending a lightning bolt of pain down her arm and slowing her down... but Lola ROLLS over and ELBOWS Gretchen in the face...

But as Lola reaches her gun:

WEINSTOCK'S SECURITY MEN ROAR IN IN THEIR ATVS!

Lola GRABS her gun. Weinstock's men LIFT their weapons.

LOLA AND GRETCHEN LOCK EYES

They both know that Weinstock's men aren't here to give away free punch and cookies.

Lola KICKS Gretchen's gun to her!

WEINSTOCK'S MEN FIRE!

Gretchen and Lola both take shelter behind the Gelandewagen and BLAST AWAY at their attackers!

INT. MERCEDES BENZ GELANDEWAGEN - CONTINUOUS

Mundt curls into the fetal in the passenger seat as bullets IMPACT outside and their BLASTS ECHO inside!

RESUME ON LOLA AND GRETCHEN

As Lola spots a DRONE moving in...

WITH A GRENADE IN A CLAW-LIKE GRIPPER ON ITS BELLY!

LOLA
You have got to be shitting me.

INSIDE THE ATV

Weinstock's drone guy watches a TACTICAL DISPLAY on his tablet and SMILES a douchebaggy smile... because...

THERE'S THREE MORE DRONES MOVING IN BEHIND THE LEAD!

LOLA (CONT'D)
Cover me!

Gretchen shakes her head - great, now I'm taking orders from this bitch - then RELOADS...

And as she lets them have it:

LOLA THROWS HERSELF DOWN AND ROLLS AWAY FROM THE GELANDEWAGEN

She finishes the roll to land on her back, lifts her gun and:

BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!

IT'S RAINING DRONES - HALLELUJAH!

As Lola ROLLS BACK behind the Gelandewagen:

THE DRONES EXPLODE ON IMPACT WITH THE GROUND

Lifting a cloud of dust that lingers as:

LOLA AND GRETCHEN

Exit from opposite sides of the Gelandewagen, guns out, as:

MUNDT'S MEN EMERGE FROM THE CLOUD

Barrels leading the way, SCANNING FOR THEIR PREY.

Lola SQUEEZES HER TRIGGER and puts all of them down as:

MUNDT ROLLS DOWN THE WINDOW

To face Gretchen:

MUNDT
KEYS! KEYS!

Gretchen reaches in her pocket - while FIRING - and TOSSES the keys over.

GRETCHEN REACHES THE GELANDEWAGEN'S FRONT BUMPER

To see Lola GUNNING DOWN the last of Weinstock's crew.

She turns to shoot Lola:

BUT MUNDT STARTS THE ENGINE

Hearing it, Lola TURNS, barrel-front, and FIRES at Gretchen.

Gretchen DOUBLES BACK behind the drivers side of the car:

GRETCHEN
(screaming to Mundt)
Wait for me you piece of shit!

MUNDT GUNS THE ENGINE - THE GELANDEWAGEN'S ON THE MOVE

Lola RUNS to the Gelandewagen as its tires SPIN, kicking up another cloud of sand... then LEAPS to its side, using the rear passenger side door latch as a FOOTHOLD and the cargo rail as a HANDHOLD.

EXT. MERCEDES BENZ GELANDEWAGEEN - IN MOTION - CONTINUOUS

Lola CLAMBERS halfway up the side of the vehicle to see:

GRETCHEN - CLAMBERING UP THE OTHER SIDE!

The two women DRAW simultaneously:

CLICK!

Now it's a race to see who can get the high ground first. Lola decides to get the advantage by THROWING her gun at Gretchen...

ONLY GRETCHEN DECIDES TO DO THE SAME

Their guns MEET IN THE MIDDLE AND HIT EACH OTHER.

The two women each sport WHAT THE FUCK? expressions.

But not for long, they KEEP CLIMBING.

They both REACH THE ROOF and HOOK a foot in the luggage racking, then STAND to meet one another - each at lightly less than an arm's length:

THE PERFECT DISTANCE FOR A KNIFE FIGHT

Gretchen draws first. Lola draws her own knife - both their weapons are about the size of a Sykes-Fairbairn... so, yeah - we're at that part of the movie:

THE BOSS BATTLE IS ON!

Both women STRUGGLE to keep their balance.

Both hold their knives in stance.

The Gelandewagen SHAKES like a sick headache as it PLOUGHS the uneven ground of this sandy shore - occasionally veering into the shallow water with a SPLASH!

Gretchen LUNGES first.

Lola DEFLECTS.

The knives SPARK.

And what follows is vicious.

There's no misses here. Every time a knife SWINGS it either gets BLOCKED or finds a target on one of their bodies.

SLASH-BLOCK-SLASH-BLOCK-SLASH-BLOCK.

In seconds, both Lola and Gretchen have multiple - and bloody - WOUNDS in their arms, legs, and torsos.

Then it goes to the next level as the KICKS AND PUNCHES FLY along with the KNIFE SLASHES AND STABS.

All while the women do all they can to stay standing. All while trying to keep their feet hooked into the cargo rack. All while trying not to FLY OFF.

For a FLASH, Lola and Gretchen stop swinging to face off:

And both their faces acknowledge one thing: damn, this bitch is hard to kill but I kinda respect that.

And as they BRING IT once more:

INSIDE THE GELANDEWAGEN

Mundt decides to help out his buddy on the roof.

He opens the glove box - struggling not to spin out into the sea - and takes out a Glock...

Which he pushes into the Gelandewagen's ceiling and FIRES.

RESUME ON LOLA AND GRETCHEN

Breaking off their fight as the bullets FLY from below:
taking large EXIT-WOUND CHUNKS out of the car's roof.

Both Gretchen and Lola get this look on their face like
"Jesus Christ, he is worse than useless. What an asshole."

BLAM! A bullet SHOOTS UP dangerously close to Lola's foot.

Lola LOSES HER BALANCE and TIPS STRAIGHT BACK, arms WAVING.

Gretchen moves in, throwing out a BLOOM OF SLASHES - and
avoiding Mundt's emptying clip - until:

LOLAS BLOCKS WITH ONE HAND

And GRABS GRETCHEN's HAIR with the other.

Lola uses Gretchen to PULL herself from the fall and back
into balance, driving Gretchen downward while PLUNGING HER
ELBOW between Gretchen's shoulder blades.

Gretchen FALLS, losing her foothold. She grabs onto a rack
with her free hand:

AND STABS LOLA'S FOOT WITH THE OTHER

Lola FALLS.

Gretchen PULLS HER KNIFE OUT OF LOLA'S FOOT.

Now Lola's lying on the roof NEXT to Gretchen, each HOLDING
ON with one hand and trying to STAB with the other.

Until Lola just plain decides she's had enough of this shit.

She LETS HER KNIFE FALL... then gets a hold of Gretchen's
knife hand, and, keeping it away, ROLLS OVER ONTO GRETCHEN.

Lola's momentum CARRIES GRETCHEN INTO THE ROLL...

Down the length of the roof as Gretchen tries to wrest her
knife hand free...

Then down the windshield, SPIDERWEBBING the shit out of it...

And, finally, ONTO THE HOOD.

Lola GRABS the edge of the hood where it meets the
windshield.

And that's when Gretchen realizes that she has rolled too far down the smooth metal surface and has nothing to hang on to!

And that's when Lola LETS GO OF GRETCHEN'S ARM.

The two lock eyes one more time.

AND GRETCHEN ROLLS OFF THE TRUNK

And I'm not going to dwell on that because, though a villain, she had her own perverse kind of dignity.

But the O.S. SQUISHCRACK that greets the meeting of her body with the car's wheels and the ground is not the least satisfying sound in the world.

LOLA TURNS TO LOOK AT MUNDT THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

He POINTS HIS GUN at her... but he already emptied his clip into the roof! CLICK. Okay, plan B:

MUNDT HITS THE BRAKE

The Gelandewagen SPINS OUT, creating a massive WHIRLWIND OF WET SAND AND SALT WATER that obscured everything from view.

And when it all clears...

LOLA STILL HANGS ON

Lola PLUNGES HER FIST INTO THE ALREADY BROKEN WINDSHIELD.

She grabs Mundt's hair, gets her footing, and SLAMS him into the steering wheel. Repeatedly.

The skin on Mundt's forehead SPLITS OPEN TO RELEASE a stream of blood as he FUMBLES for the door handle.

Lola lets him go, with one last - and deeply gratifying - THUNK!

And as he POURS HIMSELF out the drivers side door:

LOLA GETS OFF THE HOOD AND LIMPS OVER TO FACE HIM

Mundt looks at her in sheer panic, even though she is truly beat to shit and he only looks like someone who's had kind of a rough morning... could he take her in her wounded and diminished form?

He's not even going to try.

MUNDT

I have twenty million dollar worth
of Varcon gas in the back of this
vehicle - if you let me live -

Lola SNAPS his neck like a twig.

CUT TO BLACK

And RETURN as the Gelandewagen's REAR DOOR OPENS...

TO REVEAL the cylindrical case holding the gas.

Lola is NOT in good shape. Her face and body are covered in
blood, she's been shot, and stabbed in both a hand and a
foot... and, well, she's probably really tired too.

I mean, she's had a week, amirite?

All of which is to say that, given the shape she's in, it's
weird that she SMILES at this exact moment... why?

BECAUSE, CURLED UP NEXT TO THE VARCON GAS, IS YUB-NUB

The cute little orange tabby who LOVES Lola more than anyone
else in the world.

Yub-Nub looks up at Lola and JUMPS into her arms without
hesitation... Lola NUZZLES the little critter, listening to
him PURRR.

And as she smiles:

DISSOLVE TO

Mundt's WHITE DRAGON RING... slipping onto Lola's finger.

WIDER TO REVEAL

EXT. BEACH - DUSK

The sun sets: a massive orange disk.

Lola stands on a ridge, the vast ocean on one side, the
setting sun on the other. She looks at the dragon ring on one
hand... and the little orange kitten on the other.

She then picks up the canister of Varcon gas and starts
walking - etched against the bright and shining light.

And as Lola Black - ascendant and triumphant - literally walks into the sunset...

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. A NICE HOUSE SOMEWHERE IN MCLEAN, VIRGINIA - NIGHT

A black Cadillac Escalade PULLS UP to the rotunda.

A Chauffeur steps out of the driver's side door and walks around to open the rear passenger door.

Palliser steps out, in an overcoat, carrying a briefcase.

He makes his way to the front door, dismissing the Chauffeur with a wave.

INT. A NICE HOUSE SOMEWHERE IN MCLEAN, VIRGINIA - NIGHT

Palliser unlocks the door and disarms the alarm.

He then looks toward his kitchen and sees...

A BLUE GLOW

Palliser lets out a breath. He takes off his overcoat, and then his revolver.

PALLISER

Shit. Good thing my affairs are in order.

(then, into the house)

Lola?

Palliser goes deeper into the house until he reaches:

INT. PALLISER'S DEN - CONTINUOUS

Palliser's finds three things on his desk:

A CYLINDRICAL CASE.

Palliser opens it to see THE VIALS OF VARCON GAS.

HIS LAPTOP.

Nothing on screen but a message:

YOU'RE WELCOME.

WHEN YOU NEED ME - 555.555.555

And next to the laptop?

A BLACK SATCHEL THE SIZE OF A BOWLING BALL BAG.

Palliser open the satchel... and an expression of complete exasperation courses his features.

Palliser digs in his pockets for his phone, dials a number:

PALLISER

Hey. Yeah, it's Palliser,
authorization DOX-16309.

(then)

Challenge response, Aztec Serpent.

(a moment, then)

I am going to need a toxic
substances containment team in my
house... and a biohazardous waste
disposal crew.

(listens, then)

Uh-huh. Yeah. Enough Varcon gas to
take out the continental United
States, and the severed head and
balls of a neo-Nazi terrorist in a
bag.

He clicks off... fuckin' Lola Black.

EXT. A NICE HOUSE SOMEWHERE IN MCLEAN, VIRGINIA - NIGHT

Large WORK LIGHTS turn the night into a strange kind of amber day. The house has been TENTED with transparent plastic... it looks kind of like the end of *E.T.*

A number of EMERGENCY VEHICLES in varying degrees of tactical livery crowd the driveway and adjacent street. The scene is cordoned off with hazard tape, and a number of POLICE CARS hold traffic past the cordon.

Palliser stands by an unmarked sedan, next to his WIFE - in a bathrobe and curlers - taking two cups of coffee from a Subaltern.

PALLISER

Grace, honey, maybe you shouldn't
watch this part.

(to the subaltern)

Can you take her to the safety
perimeter?

And as Grace EXITS with the Subaltern:

A TEAM IN HAZMAT SUITS EXITS HIS HOUSE

Carrying the Varcon gas canister inside a large, lucite-walled containment unit: it looks like a stripper's coffin.

Palliser watches the team walk by, then looks back to the house to see:

ANOTHER GROUP OF HAZMAT TECHS

Walking out of the house with two bags... one about the size of a severed human head, the other much smaller... about the size of... well, you get the idea.

Palliser turns to see the Hazmat techs, loading their bounty onto several trucks, and then sees:

AN UNMARKED - SCREECHING TO A HALT IN THE OUTER PERIMETER

Another one of Palliser's Subalterns - this one recognizable from the opening scene - BOUNDS out of the car, showing his credentials to the police and everyone else standing between him and Palliser.

SUBALTERN

Director Palliser! Director
Palliser!

PALLISER

Louder. They didn't hear you in
Moscow.

(as the subaltern shrinks)

OK. Deep breaths. Now use your
inside voice.

SUBALTERN

We have a code 359 in -

PALLISER

Code 359? It's two in the morning.

SUBALTERN

Not in Mexico City...

(off Palliser)

There was a party at the Paraguayan
Embassy, armed terrorists calling
themselves the Obsidian Front
stormed the embassy, assassinated
the Ambassador and took everyone
hostage.

PALLISER
How's that my problem?

SUBALTERN
One of the guests is an asset of
ours. In deep cover with the
cartels, funded by a black bag
op... that we're sort of not
supposed to be doing.

PALLISER
If the terrorists find and question
him...

The Subaltern gives Palliser a "shit will hit the fan" nod.

Palliser considers this for a moment... then waves the
Subaltern away... and takes his phone out of his pocket...

PALLISER
Fuck me.

ON THE PHONE DISPLAY

Palliser keys the numbers... 555.555.5555... a faint
RINGING... then...

LOLA'S VOICE (FILTERED)
Hello.

SMASH CUT TO

INT. PRIVATE JET - CONTINUOUS

Small. High tech. Lola sits alone - her hand neatly bandaged -
the only one in the plane.

Yub-Nub sleeps peacefully on her lap.

Lola brings a book to her eyes:

LONELY PLANET - MEXICO

And off Lola Black... preparing for another eventful week...

EXT. PRIVATE JET - NIGHT

SCREAMING into the night.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END

