

WHISKEY CAVALIER

(pilot)

written by

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - PARIS - DAY

Bonnie Tyler's "TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE HEART" plays as the camera drifts down the hallway of a spacious apartment. The curtains are drawn, so it's dark, but we can still tell that the place is tasteful - clean lines, classic furniture.

O.S. VOICE  
(singing along)  
Turn around...

As the MUSIC CONTINUES, we enter the LIVING ROOM, which is slightly disheveled, as if someone packed up and left in a hurry. Empty ice cream containers and spent beer bottles crowd the coffee table, competing for space with a stack of Nancy Meyers and Nora Ephron DVDs. A DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING sits abandoned among the chaos, glittering in the half-light.

O.S. VOICE (CONT'D)  
Turn around...

Finally, we find the singer. FBI AGENT WILL CHASE, 40s, hot and haunted (think SCOTT FOLEY) sits in an armchair in pajama bottoms and a t-shirt, watching *The Notebook*, sans sound. As he watches, he assembles a sniper rifle without looking, his hands piecing the barrel, stock and the magazine together with lightning speed and amazing precision.

WILL  
(really getting into it)  
TURN AROUND BRIGHT EYES/EVERY NOW  
AND THEN I FALL APART...

Will's cell phone RINGS. The screen says "RAY". Will punches in a code. The screen flashes ENCRYPTION ACTIVATED.

WILL (CONT'D)  
AND I NEED YOU NOW TONIGHT/AND I  
NEED YOU MORE THAN EVER...  
(into phone, instantly  
professional)  
Hey man. What's up?

INTERCUT:

EXT. STREET - PARIS - DAY

FBI AGENT RAY PRINCE, 40s, cocky, undercover scruffy in a fatigue jacket and jeans, emerges from an apartment. An FBI badge hangs from a lanyard around his neck.

RAY

Oh, you know. Just saving the free world and stuff. How about you?

WILL

Just hanging out. Doing great.

RAY

You're not still sitting in the dark in your pajamas, are you?

Will gets up and crosses to the window.

WILL

What? No!

He opens the curtains, REVEALING a beautiful romantic Parisian neighborhood. Sunlight streams in. He squints.

RAY

Listen, are you eating? And I don't mean junk. Did you even touch the casserole I sent over?

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Will opens the fridge. It's crammed with covered dishes.

WILL

Yeah. And I've got three others. People have been stopping by.

RAY

Awww. Sweet.

WILL

Yeah, no, I feel the love. But can we just focus on the mission?

RAY

Copy that. You wanna run the play?

Will puts him on speaker as he crosses into the...

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Will enters. His laptop is open on the bed. A picture of a middle-aged man and an accompanying dossier fill the screen.

WILL

Our target is Dr. Stephen Conrad, American, CDC scientist and degenerate gambler.

Will opens his armoire. One side contains a large quantity of FBI tactical gear and a Marine Corps uniform, crowded with medals. The other side is empty, save for a single silk slip.

WILL (CONT'D)

He's stolen a vial of weaponized Ebola which he is looking to sell to the highest bidder--

Will glances at the slip. He sighs. Fresh pain!

WILL (CONT'D)

--which in this case would be you.

He strips off his t-shirt and tosses it STRAIGHT AT CAMERA, transitioning us to...

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Will's now fully dressed in a black leather jacket and jeans.

WILL

Posing as a terrorist from a French right-wing hate group, you'll give Dr. Conrad 1.1 million euros for the pathogen, then arrest him when the exchange is complete--

Will picks up the sniper rifle, peers through the scope.

WILL (CONT'D)

--with me chaperoning to make sure everybody stays polite.

RAY

That's the Whiskey Cavalier I know. See you at the rendez-vous.

Ray hangs up.

END INTERCUT.

Will puts the rifle in its case and grabs his back-up piece - a 9mm Glock - and a roll of duct tape. As he crosses into the foyer, he sees a single red high-heeled shoe abandoned in the corner. He sighs. Another nail through the heart.

EXT. CEMETERY - PARIS - A LITTLE LATER

Will drops into position among the crooked crosses and takes out his rifle. Then he pops in an earpiece and pulls on a black balaclava. He raises the rifle and scans the crypts.

WILL'S POV THROUGH THE SCOPE: the crosshairs find an anxious, middle-aged man. We saw his picture: DR. STEPHEN CONRAD.

WILL

Dr. Conrad. Very punctual. I like that in a traitor.

He swings the scope over to catch a looming mass of flesh twice Conrad's size. From the size of his body and the size of his pistol, we know that this is his BODYGUARD.

WILL (CONT'D)

And you brought a plus one, so everybody's got a friend here, which is nice.

Just then, Will's earpiece CRACKLES. It's Ray.

RAY (O.S.)

Son of a bitch.

INTERCUT:

EXT. STREET - PARIS - SAME TIME

Ray's in his car amid a SEA OF CELEBRATING SOCCER FANS.

RAY

I'm red-balled. Paris-St.Germaine just beat Marseille and it's total gridlock. We have to abort.

WILL

Negative. This guy's carrying a pathogen that could wipe out half of Europe. We can't just walk away.

RAY

I've alerted the *Surite* and the DST. They've got eyes on him.

Will ZOOMS IN on Conrad, who fidgets, checks his watch.

WILL

You're not seeing what I'm seeing. The seller is clearly spooked. We miss the meet and he's in the wind. And we cannot lose that pathogen.

RAY

Negative. You don't have the money and you don't have the back-up. The Director said to stand down. Whiskey? Whiskey!

EXT. CEMETERY - CRYPTS - MOMENTS LATER

Will - minus tactical gear - approaches in character.

WILL  
(flawless French accent)  
*Monsieur. You are waiting for me.*

DR. CONRAD  
What? Who are you?

WILL  
I am Jean. I come for the package.

DR. CONRAD  
Jean? No. Where's Arthur?

WILL  
Arthur makes the deal. I collect  
the item.

DR. CONRAD  
Arthur never said anything about--

WILL  
*C'est vrai. You do not know me, so  
you are wary. Search me. Please.  
(to the Bodyguard)  
N'hésitez pas à me fouiller.*

Will raises his arms, inviting a pat down. Bodyguard obliges.

BODYGAURD  
*Il est propre. He's clean.*

DR. CONRAD  
OK. So where's the money?

WILL  
Nearby.

DR. CONRAD  
"Nearby"? No. No. This is supposed  
to be a simultaneous exchange.

WILL  
And you were supposed to come alone  
and unarmed, but life is full of  
surprises, *oui?* So why don't you  
give me the vial and I'll lead to  
the money. And if I don't, your  
friend here can kill me, *son juste?*

A beat. Conrad wants this. He reaches into his pocket....

DR. CONRAD

It's suspended in solution.

Whatever you do, do not drop it.

...and produces the vial. He reaches out to hand it to Will just as the Bodyguard gets a text. He stares at his phone for a beat - then raises his gun and SHOTS CONRAD.

Before Conrad's body can even hit the ground, the Bodyguard GRABS THE VIAL and turns to shoot Will, who PIVOTS just in time, taking cover behind a weather-worn angel. The Bodyguard BLOWS the wings off the angel as Will reaches behind his back and tears off the concealed 9MM that he's taped between his shoulder blades (think: Bruce Willis in DIE HARD). Will returns fire, grazing the Bodyguard. Wounded, the Bodyguard drops the phone and runs. Will follows. As he does, he glances down at the discarded phone and sees the message on the screen: "CAUTE". He reaches for it but it SELF-DESTRUCTS.

EXT. STREET - PARIS - MOMENTS LATER

Still clutching the VIAL OF BIOTOXIN, the Bodyguard vaults over the cemetery fence and onto the sidewalk. Will follows. The Bodyguard weaves in between vendors and pedestrians in an attempt to shake Will. Will, determined to close the distance, deserts the sidewalk for the street, sprinting along with the traffic. He catches up to the Bodyguard, who stops and FIRES at Will, missing him but SHATTERING a car window. The car PLOWS into a newspaper kiosk. Pandemonium! The Bodyguard spots the entrance to the Metro. He JUMPS over the railing and PLUNGES into the underground.

INT. METRO STATION - PARIS - CONTINUOUS

The Bodyguard HURLS himself down the stairs and LEAPS over the turnstile. Will is hot on his heels. The Bodyguard makes it to the platform of the Number 2 train and squeezes on just as the doors are shutting. As the train pulls away, he waves at Will... who LEAPS OFF THE PLATFORM onto the back of the last car a nanosecond before it disappears into the tunnel.

INT. NUMBER 2 TRAIN - PARIS - CONTINUOUS

Will holsters his gun and moves purposefully through the train cars, scanning the crowd for the Bodyguard. Finds him. They lock eyes. The Bodyguard draws his gun. Passengers SCREAM. The Bodyguard FIRES at Will, but the train LURCHES. Will pushes a YOUNG GIRL out of the way a nanosecond before the bullet slams into the spot where she had been standing. The Bodyguard aims again. Will doesn't have a clean shot at his adversary, but he does have a clean shot at a nearby fire extinguisher. He shoots, sending a GEYSER of fire suppressant into the Bodyguard's face. The Bodyguard staggers, temporarily blinded. Will charges him...

Just then, the train doors open and the Bodyguard stumbles onto the platform and sprints up the stairs. Will follows.

EXT. CHARMING STREET - PARIS - MOMENTS LATER

The Bodyguard emerges from the metro onto the cacophonous boulevard. Will is behind him. He's finally got a clear shot.

WILL  
Arretez! Freeze!

The Bodyguard stops, turns, and a CAR CLIPS HIM. The force of the impact SPINS him around, sending the vial of ebola into the air. Will watches it spiral and arc over the throng of traffic. He SPRINTS like a wide receiver, leaping onto the hoods of vehicles, running up windshields and launching himself across roofs until he finally makes a catch worthy of the Super Bowl. Dazzled, the Bodyguard hesitates before raising his pistol. Will shoots first. Bullseye. The Bodyguard drops. A small crowd gathers. Will addresses them:

WILL (CONT'D)  
(flashing his badge)  
Regardez. FBI. Please step back.

They do. Will walks toward the Bodyguard to confirm the kill... but something catches his eye.

ANGLE ON: a BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN wearing a pair of RED PUMPS sitting at a nearby sidewalk cafe. A MAN kneels before her and holds out a diamond ring. She GASPS. Will GASPS. Transfixed by the proposal, Will doesn't see the dying Bodyguard sit up and grab his gun. Before Will can respond, the Bodyguard chambers a round and SHOOTS WILL IN THE CHEST!

**TITLE CARD: WHISKEY CAVALIER**

EXT. CHARMING STREET - PARIS - SECONDS LATER

Will lies motionless... then SITS UP, GASPS AND TEARS OPEN his leather jacket, REVEALING a BULLET-PROOF VEST. The UNBROKEN VIAL is still in his hand. The Bodyguard, mortally wounded but dead-set on vengeance, levels his pistol. Will fires again. Kill shot. SIRENS BLARE. Will glances at the dead Bodyguard, then pulls the SLUG out of his vest and spits out a little blood. He looks up to see a shocked ONLOOKER.

WILL  
Don't worry. I'll walk it off.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY - UNDERGROUND GARAGE - PARIS - THE NEXT DAY

Ray and Will exit the car and head toward an elevator. Will wears a hospital bracelet.

WILL

Thanks for picking me up, man.

RAY

Well, I figured she's probably still your emergency contact and that would've been hella awkward--  
(then, off Will's look)  
So anyway, how you feeling?

WILL

I feel great. I feel awesome.

RAY

Really?

WILL

No. I feel like I got shot.

They get to the elevator. Will leans into a RETINAL SCANNER.

RAY

Well, you shoulda listened to me. Ollerman made me head of evidence recovery. I was the only one authorized to make that exchange.

WILL

Ray, why are you coming in hot? I broke protocol and I took a bullet. I'm not saying it's your fault.

They enter the elevator and the door closes.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Ray and Will ride up with several silent, dark-suited agents. They speak quietly, using their "elevator voices".

RAY

You're not?

WILL

Why do you sound so surprised?

RAY

'Cause I think it was kinda my fault. Truth is, I was coming from this girl's apartment and I got a little turned around.

WILL

Well, was she worth me almost getting killed?

RAY  
(thinks)  
Pretty close.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY - FBI BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

The elevator opens into a large room lined with AMERICAN FLAGS. This is the FBI Headquarters at the U.S. Embassy. The place is a high tech hive of activity, swarming with agents.

RAY  
Let me make it up to you. You know how I rent that little place in Reims, right on the river? Let's go down and totally bro out.

WILL  
Ray, I'm too bruised to bro out.

RAY  
I'm just saying, it'd be fun. We could play some Ultimate Frisbee, get liquored up, grow those little mustaches French guys have--

WILL  
Thanks, but I need some alone time.

Will exits. Ray calls after him, across the crowd of agents:

RAY  
You're a warrior, dude!  
(broadcasting it)  
And thanks for telling everybody this definitely wasn't my fault!

INT. U.S. EMBASSY - MEN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Will sits on the (closed) toilet. He dials his cell.

INTERCUT:

INT. SHENANIGAN'S BAR - NEW YORK CITY - SAME TIME

An old-school NYC piano bar. SUSAN SAMPSON (30s, bubbly, quirky, Will's best friend) sips a Brandy Alexander.

SUSAN  
Hey there!

FBI AGENTS drink and laugh behind her.

WILL  
Are you at Shenanigan's right now?

SUSAN

Guilty. The whole gang's here. Remember the cannibal we were tracking that looked like David Spade? Turns out it was David Spade.

WILL

No it wasn't.

SUSAN

Damn! I thought I sold it! I'm a terrible liar when I'm drunk.

WILL

I hate that you're having fun without me.

SUSAN

Then move back home. Seriously, Will, I think it'd be good for you.

WILL

I don't know if I'm ready yet.  
(a beat, then)  
Do you think she misses me?

Susan sighs. Gestures to the BARTENDER. "Another round".

SUSAN

Do you want my professional opinion?

As the conversation continues in hushed tones, Will's boss, ALEX OLLERMAN (late 50s, Ivy League, signet ring) enters. Washes his hands. He overhears Will in the stall.

WILL (O.C.)

Should I text her? I mean, I know I shouldn't text her, but I really want to text her.

Ollerman shuts off the water so he can listen.

SUSAN

I get it. There are a lot of feelings here. But what did we decide about your feelings?

WILL

(reluctant)  
I have my feelings, my feelings don't have me.

SUSAN

I'm always here, OK? Just keep taking it one day at a time.

Will looks up. He sees Ollerman is staring at him through the gap between the stall and the door.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

I'll call you later. Usual time. We can finish *Stranger Things*.

WILL

(covering)

Affirmative, agent. We'll pursue that plan of action.

SUSAN

I know that tone. Boss catch you?

Off Will, who smiles at Ollerman through the crack.

END INTERCUT.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY - DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Will stands in front of a stoic Ollerman.

WILL

Sir, if this is about what happened yesterday, I thought it wise to--

OLLERMAN

--change the play, given the facts on the ground. It was the right move.

(glancing at Will's file)

And consistent with the rest of the extraordinary work you've done here in Paris.

WILL

Thank you, sir. Just doing my job.

OLLERMAN

That being said, I think it'd be best if you took some time off.

WILL

Sir, I find it's best to get back in the saddle. When I got hit in Iraq, I was out on the next patrol.

OLLERMAN

I'm not worried about the bullet.  
I'm worried about your... um...  
(he points to Will's chest)  
I understand you and your  
girlfriend... recently parted ways.

WILL

Fiancee. And that's got nothing to--

OLLERMAN

Gigi Debrosse, 29. Graduate student  
at L'Ecole. You'd been together 19  
months, 2 weeks, 3 days.  
(off Will's look)  
It's my job to know.

WILL

Yes. We did end things. It was  
mutual. Mostly from her side. But I  
am totally fine with it.

OLLERMAN

Then why the 2 a.m. emails to the  
other agents requesting suggestions  
for your "break-up playlist"?

WILL

I was kinda leaning too hard on the  
Bonnie Tyler and I needed fresh  
eyes, so--

OLLERMAN

You've also been calling Dr. Susan  
Sampson of the New York office with  
some regularity.

WILL

We've been close since Quantico.

OLLERMAN

She's the Bureau's top profiler.  
Not your personal psychiatrist.

WILL

If you're referring to our  
conversation in the toilet just  
now, that was a private moment.

OLLERMAN

This is the FBI. There are no  
private moments. We all know this  
was a really rough break-up.

WILL

It really wasn't that bad.

OLLERMAN

Son, we have the footage.

Ollerman pulls up CCTV footage on his computer. In the video, Will sits at a cafe with a gorgeous woman. This is GIGI. There's no sound, but it's obvious from the candlelight that this is meant to be a romantic evening. A waiter arrives with champagne. Suddenly, Gigi starts to cry. A confused Will asks her what's wrong. More tears. Ollerman fast-forwards to the point where Gigi hurries out, leaving her RING on the table.

OLLERMAN (CONT'D)

And here it is with thermal enhancement.

Ollerman rewinds. Now we see everybody's HEAT SIGNATURE. As Gigi returns the ring, Will's chest goes from RED to BLUE.

OLLERMAN (CONT'D)

See? Right there. There's the exact moment she broke your heart.

WILL

Wow. Super fun to watch it happen. And to feel it all over again.

OLLERMAN

Will, you're one of our best agents. And your high emotional intelligence - some might call it sensitivity - has proven to be a huge asset to the Bureau. But I'm concerned that recent events may have temporarily compromised your effectiveness.

He enhances the image of a heartbroken Will.

OLLERMAN (CONT'D)

They're slashing intelligence funding, the other agencies are rooting for us to fail, and this is not the profile we need right now.

WILL

Sir, I am 100% mission-ready...

OLLERMAN

I hear you. But you've got to prove to me you haven't lost your edge.

Ollerman taps a few keys on his computer. Pulls up a photo of a man in his 30s - a bookish endomorph. This is...

OLLERMAN (CONT'D)  
Edgar Standish, NSA analyst.  
Standish hacked the State  
Department mainframe, stole  
classified intel and fled. Didn't  
get very far, though. The Russians  
grabbed him up at the Hague  
airport. No field experience,  
easily winded.

Ollerman pulls up a shot of a sweaty Standish being shoved into a town car by some very big men. He looks terrified.

OLLERMAN (CONT'D)  
Last August, we snapped up a  
Russian deep cover operative and  
they've agreed to a trade. Your  
mission is to pick up Standish in  
Moscow and bring him back to Paris  
within 48 hours. Do that and you're  
off my shit list.

Off Will, determined...

EXT/ESTAB. - MOSCOW - NIGHT

The domes of the Kremlin glitter beside the black, icy river.

EXT. - THE HOTEL INTERCONTINENTAL - NIGHT

A black AUDI R9 SPIDER growls to a stop outside the hotel, joining a line of Escalades, Porches, Lambos. Oligarch money. Will, suave as fuck in a suit and tie, exits the Audi.

WILL  
I'm at the rendez-vous.

INTERCUT:

INT. U.S. EMBASSY - FBI BULLPEN - PARIS - SAME TIME

Ray sits behind his desk. He's in Will's ear (no visual).

RAY  
I'm so jelly you get to drive the  
Spider.

WILL  
I gotta get shot more often.

INT. HOTEL INTERCONTINENTAL - BAR - MOSCOW - MOMENTS LATER

Gorgeous couples hold hands and murmur over champagne. The romance is so thick you can cut it with a knife. Will smiles ruefully. More salt in the wound. He flags the Bartender.

WILL

Parker's Heritage. The Reserve.

He takes a seat as the Bartender pours.

RAY

Taking a full swing. I love it.

Will scans the room. Catches the exits. Glances through the huge plate glass window facing the street where his Audi is parked and where the pick-up will occur. He turns back to find a BEAUTIFUL, BESPECTACLED WOMAN (30s) sitting next to him. This is DR. TINE. She smiles at the Bartender.

DR. TINE

(British accent)

Macallan 18, please. Neat.

(then, glancing at Will)

Hello.

RAY

You make a friend? She sounds sexy.

DR. TINE

Sorry. I heard you order bourbon and figured you for a fellow traveller. Dr. Valerie Tine. I'm here for a conference. Art history.

RAY

You made a sexy British friend!

WILL

Nice to meet you, Dr. Tine.

RAY

Bro, normally I'd say run toward the rebound but we're 5 out on the pickup so can you get rid of her?

(then)

Oooh. Do boring-ass salesman guy. I love that guy.

WILL

Rick Restoosha! Rainbird Sprinkler Systems. I'm here bidding on the industrial sprinkler array at the new Karamozoff chrome factory.

DR. TINE

Oh, really? How, um, interesting.

WILL

I know. Sprinklers. You turn 'em on, they sprinkle. Game over, right? Wrong. There's so much more. You've got your pressure quotients, volume differentials, spray radius--

RAY

Yes! You're putting me to sleep.

DR. TINE

Fascinating. If you'll excuse me...

Tine pays, turns to leave... then softly starts to CRY.

DR. TINE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. It's not you. I shouldn't have come out tonight. I... I just broke up with my boyfriend. So, you know--

RAY

Oof-fah. Pull the ripcord.

Will considers, but can't leave this woman crying at the bar.

WILL

What was his name?

RAY

Agent, do not empathize.

She pulls out her compact case, touches up her makeup.

DR. TINE

Hugh. It's just, you spend all that time with someone, you think you know what the future's going to be--

WILL

--and it doesn't turn out that way. But you're still here. And you're still whole. Just remember: you have your feelings. Your feelings don't have you. Trust me. I know.

She smiles warmly and puts her hand on his, comforted.

Outside, EDGAR STANDISH emerges from a building across the street, flanked by two hulking RUSSIAN MINDERS. Dr. Tine smiles at Will. There's something more than sympathy here.

DR. TINE

Oh, I know you know.

She picks up her compact case and THROWS it against the window. 3, 2, 1... and it EXPLODES, shattering the glass.

SCREAMING patrons hit the floor. Dr. Tine reaches into her bag, pulls out a Walther 9MM, sprints through the smoking chaos and jumps out the shattered window onto the street. Will tries to follow but he's been cuffed to the bar rail.

WILL

Son of a bitch!

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. HOTEL INTERCONTINENTAL - BAR - MOMENTS LATER

RESUME SCENE

Will pulls out his pistol and hammers at the cuffs - as, of course, the sprinklers go off.

WILL

The asset has been compromised.

RAY

What? How?

WILL

It'll be in the report!

EXT. HOTEL INTERCONTINENTAL - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Tine strides purposefully across the street, calmly SHOTS the Russian Minders and grabs Standish.

STANDISH

Wait! What're you--

She puts a black bag over his head and heaves him into the back seat of an idling, JACKED-UP ESCALADE. She leaps in and takes off. Will breaks free of the cuffs, runs through the restaurant and leaps onto the street.

EXT. HOTEL INTERCONTINENTAL - BAR - MOSCOW - CONTINUOUS

Will skids across the icy sidewalk up to the Audi - but a DELIVERY TRUCK, HAZARDS FLASHING, has blocked him in.

WILL

Seriously?!

Will sees a DUCATI MOTORCYCLE approaching. Will THROWS AN ELBOW, knocking the Rider off his bike. He jumps on and speeds after the Escalade, racing to catch up.

RAY

Whiskey! I need an update!

WILL

In pursuit, eastbound on Petrovka.

EXT. MOSCOW STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Escalade weaves wildly through traffic. TWO MOSCOW POLICE CARS join the chase.

Will draws even with the Escalade, but the police cars box him out, denying him a clean shot at his quarry. Will SHOTS OUT THE TIRES of the police cars, forcing them to peel off. He's about to do the same to the Escalade when the massive vehicle corners hard, leading Will into...

EXT. MOSCOW STREET - OPEN AIR MARKET - CONTINUOUS

The Escalade speeds into an open air market. It SMASHES through stalls and scatters tourists. Unable to navigate the debris and panicked pedestrians, Will loses the Escalade as it veers left. Then he sees a nearby SET OF STAIRS.

EXT. MOSCOW STREET - STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Will THROTTLES the bike up the stairs.

EXT. MOSCOW STREET - ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The Escalade ROCKETS down a narrow alley, heading toward a HIGH BRICK WALL. At the end, you can turn right or left. The Escalade closes the distance. Suddenly, Will ROARS in from the left. He skids to a halt and PUTS A BULLET THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD, just missing Dr. Tine. She stomps on the brakes.

WILL

Will Chase, FBI. Toss the keys and exit the vehicle. Please. Ma'am.

She stares at him. BLAM! Will blows off her side view mirror. She's considering her dwindling options when she sees--

TINE'S POV: Two RUSSIAN COMMANDOS silently rappel down the wall behind Will. They're about to get the drop on him.

DR. TINE

Get down!

She throws the Escalade into gear and DRIVES STRAIGHT AT WILL. He empties his clip into the windshield. Tine ducks and accelerates. Glass rains down as the giant vehicle hurtles toward our hero. At the last second, Will dives off the bike, letting the SUV ROAR OVER HIM. The Escalade SMASHES into the wall, pinning the two Commandos in place.

Will rolls out from under the SUV and reaches for his gun - but Tine already has her Walther in his face.

DR. TINE (CONT'D)

I'll take that - and whoever's in your ear. Please. Sir.

WILL

Bye, Ray.

Will surrenders his earwig. Tine STOMPS on it.

RAY  
Whiskey? Whiskey?!

INT. ESCALADE - MOMENTS LATER

Tine drives at breakneck speed. A ZIP-TIED Will is in the back with Standish (who still has the bag over his head).

WILL  
Who the hell are you?

FRANKIE  
Frankie Trowbridge. CIA.

Frankie takes her glasses off. Tucks them into her jacket.

WILL  
Of course. This is so CIA.

FRANKIE  
What's that supposed to mean?

WILL  
Edgar Standish is an American citizen who committed a crime on American soil, which gives the FBI jurisdiction. But does that matter to you guys? Noooo. Because the CIA is just a bunch of trigger-happy cowboys who run around like Rambo without a jock strap. Or the female equivalent of jock strap.

STANDISH  
Sports bra.

WILL  
Thank you.

FRANKIE  
Well the FBI is just a herd of headline-grabbing glory hogs who vacuum up cases. They call it the "Hoover building" for a reason!

STANDISH  
Classic.

FRANKIE  
That's why we don't tell you button-down Boy Scouts anything. You're in the dark about this douchenozzle.

STANDISH

"Douchenozzle"? That's vivid. And hurtful. And the second time I've been called that. First time I was 11 and I was at Arby's. I asked for a jamocha shake and the guy said: "The machine's down." And I said: "When's it not?" And he said: "Buzz off, douchenozzle!"

WILL

OK, so that was an overshare...

STANDISH

Yeah, I know. I have logorrhea. It's a nervous condition. The more anxious I am, the more I talk.

WILL

Great. Then tell us why you hacked the State Department.

FRANKIE

He didn't just hack State. He also breached our mainframe and stole data from the CIA.

STANDISH

Look: you're not so special. I stole data from everybody.

FRANKIE

So you admit it.

Frankie turns and punches him in the face (through the bag.)

STANDISH

Ow! FBI, you gonna let her do that?

WILL

She already has.

FRANKIE

Scarecrow here accessed the names of all our agents, their covers and their locations. Then he downloaded everything onto an alpha file and deleted the data from our server.

STANDISH

You don't have all the facts, so--

Frankie punches him in the face again.

STANDISH (CONT'D)

Dammit! Just like grade school!

FRANKIE

Where's the alpha file?

STANDISH

Y'know what? Now I'm done talking!

EXT. FRANKIE'S SAFE HOUSE - OUTSIDE MOSCOW - A LITTLE LATER

The Escalade SCREECHES up to a warehouse. A hard-looking, heavily muscled man emerges, carrying an Uzi. This is DMITRI.

FRANKIE

Meet Dmitri. Don't try to escape because he is aching to shoot you.

DMITRI

Da. Shoot you.

INT. FRANKIE'S SAFE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The place is a weapons warehouse. Shell casings litter the floor. Dmitri hustles Will and Standish in, forces them down and zip-ties them together. As he does, Will discretely palms one of the shell casings. Frankie removes Standish's bag.

WILL

Agent Trowbridge, the Constitution requires that he be remanded into US custody to stand trial under federal law.

FRANKIE

Agent Chase, quote the Constitution all you want, but if that file gets out, it'll mean instant death for every one of my colleagues. So he's going to a CIA facility outside Munich for enhanced interrogation.

STANDISH

"Enhanced interrogation"?! You're sending me to a CIA black site. We're talking sleep deprivation, electrodes on the balls, the whole office Christmas party! Will - may I call you Will?

WILL

No.

STANDISH

Will, don't let her do this!

WILL

Don't worry. I won't. The FBI doesn't dabble in those methods.

FRANKIE

Well this is a CIA operation now.

WILL

And how many disasters have begun with those six words.

FRANKIE

Look, as one professional to another, I should probably apologize for cuffing and kidnapping you. But if I let you go, you're gonna cause me problems. So I'm gonna hang onto you until Big Gulp here is safely away.

WILL

Oh, you're going to hang on to me? I love the confidence.

FRANKIE

And there's no denying that this is gonna be bad for you, career-wise. But maybe you shouldn't have taken an assignment in your condition.

WILL

What "condition"?

FRANKIE

All heartbroken over Gigi.

Frankie pulls out her cell phone and pulls up the CCTV video.

STANDISH

We saw it too. Kinda went viral.

FRANKIE

(to Will, re. video)

See that? The way you die inside? A lot of women would find that kind of sensitivity irresistible. Not me, of course. Or Gigi, apparently.

WILL

That's a little mean. Even for you.

Frankie smiles and leaves with Dmitri. As the door closes:

STANDISH

I'm a fucking grease spot.

WILL

Listen to me. I will get you out of here. But first, I need the location of that alpha file.

STANDISH

OK, one, you are currently  tied  to me. Our  butts  are touching. And two, that file is the only thing keeping me alive, so you know,  no .

From the other room, we hear Frankie and Dmitri speak in Russian. She LAUGHS. The laughter turns to SOUNDS OF PASSION.

STANDISH (CONT'D)

Oh, they're.... she's very vocal.  
(a beat, then)  
Think she's wearing her glasses?

As they try not to listen, we see Will silently, diligently sawing away at his restraints with the stolen shell casing.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY - DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - PARIS - SAME TIME

Ollerman is at his desk, seething. Ray faces him, cowed.

RAY

Sir, we haven't heard from Whiskey since he lost the target in Moscow.

OLLERMAN

What about the satellite intel?

RAY

There  is  none. The whole thing went down between overflights. Whoever did this timed it perfectly.

OLLERMAN

Making us look like fucking idiots!

RAY

The Russians say we set them up. They issued an APB on Whiskey with orders to terminate. I'll alert--

OLLERMAN

This stays between us. We keep this contained, to preserve deniability.

INT. FRANKIE'S SAFE HOUSE - LATER

WHAM! Will is awakened by a boot to the ribs. It's Dmitri.

DMITRI  
Wakey, wakey, hands off snakey.

STANDISH  
Mr. Dmitri, sir, um, I need to go  
to the bathroom, like, yesterday.

Dmitri pulls out a wicked-looking knife, separates them.

DMITRI  
No funny stuff.

STANDISH  
Well, it's been 11 hours, so I  
can't promise anything.

Dmitri and Standish exit. Frankie emerges, fresh as a daisy.

FRANKIE  
Sleep well?

WILL  
No. I had to listen to your little  
bedroom rodeo all night long.

FRANKIE  
(not sorry)  
Sorry. I'm very vocal.

WILL  
It was worse than getting shot.

EXT. AIRFIELD - MINSK - LATER

Frankie, with Dmitri by her side, drives Will and Standish onto a remote airfield. A CIA plane touches down. Everybody exits the car. Frankie, gun out, nudges Standish and Will, still zip-tied, down the runway. She smiles at Standish.

FRANKIE  
Say goodbye to your new friend.

WILL  
So what're you and Big D gonna do  
after this? Grab a little borscht,  
do some more kidnapping, drop me in  
a snowbank and leave me for dead?

FRANKIE

You're bitter. I get it. You lose  
your fiancée, now this. But I guess  
when it rains, it pours.

With that, Will twists his zip tie, BREAKING FREE. He whirls on her, ready to attack as an RPG WHIZZES past them toward the taxiing plane. The rocket hits and - BOOM!- THE PLANE BLOWS UP IN MASSIVE FIREBALL. The blast knocks Will, Standish and Frankie onto their backs as the CAMERA WHIPS AROUND to reveal: Dmitri, holding a rocket launcher.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. AIRFIELD - MINSK - CONTINUOUS

Standish scrambles to his feet and runs desperately toward Dmitri, who has dropped the rocket launcher and is reaching for an Uzi. Frankie rises woozily to her knees, but she's lost her gun - and it's right in front of Will. Dmitri turns the Uzi toward Frankie. Before he can fire, Will grabs Frankie's gun and takes him out, then he pivots to Frankie.

WILL

Hands where I can see them. This is an FBI operation now.

FRANKIE

Well your asset's getting away.

Behind them, we see a gasping Standish continue to "run".

WILL

Yeah, I'm not worried.

ANGLE ON STANDISH: sinking to his knees, not ten yards away.

WILL (CONT'D)

He's easily winded.

Standish collapses onto his face. Will, teasing, to Frankie:

WILL (CONT'D)

You're loading him into the car.

INT. FBI - NEW YORK OFFICE - INTERROGATION ROOM - SAME TIME

Susan, wearing a headset, is on one side of a TWO-WAY MIRROR. On the other side is an AGENT wearing an earpiece. The Agent sits at a table across from a HARDENED KILLER.

SUSAN

(into headset, to Agent)  
He'll break. Show him the photos.

The Agent pulls out a file. Susan picks up her phone. Dials.

INTERCUT:

INT. U.S. EMBASSY - FBI BULLPEN - PARIS

Ray, stressed, sits at his desk. His phone RINGS. He answers.

SUSAN

Agent Prince? Dr. Sampson, in the New York Office.

RAY

Oh. Susan, right? Will's bestie.  
Nice to meet you over the phone.

SUSAN

Likewise. Listen, I know you and  
Will have been working together...

On the other side of the mirror, the Agent splays PHOTOS on  
the table. The Killer SWEEPS them off and SPITS on the floor.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

(into headset, to Agent)  
Tell him we found his trophies.  
(then, to Ray)  
Anyway, Will's not answering his  
phone, and--

RAY

(too quickly)  
I don't know where he is.

SUSAN

OK, you instantly pivoted from  
relaxed cordiality to hostile  
denial which tells me you're lying.

The Agent speaks to the Killer - who LAUGHS. The Agent  
glances toward Susan as if to say "what now?"

SUSAN (CONT'D)

(into headset, to Agent)  
Say we spoke to his mother.

RAY

Dr. Sampson, I'm not lying to you.

SUSAN

Your voice just went up an octave,  
indicating stress and deception.  
Seriously, I can hear your blood  
pressure rising over the phone.

RAY

I'm under instructions not to--

SUSAN

--tell me anything? Agent, you've  
already told me everything. Will's  
in danger and you're hiding  
something. And if anything happens  
to him, I'm coming for you. Because  
I don't think I like you, Ray.

Ray stares at the phone, more than a little frightened. Susan savors the silence then hangs up.

END INTERCUT.

On the other side of the mirror, the Killer BREAKS DOWN. The Agent gives Susan a THUMBS UP.

EXT. CHURCH - BELARUS COUNTRYSIDE - A LITTLE LATER

Twenty vehicles crowd the green in front of an ANCIENT STONE CHURCH. The Escalade SCREECHES up. Will gets out, followed by Frankie and Standish, both of whom are now CUFFED. Will holds a pistol on them as they walk the wind-swept green.

STANDISH

Are we here? Is this Paris?

WILL

I spotted a checkpoint up ahead.  
Time to change rides.

FRANKIE

Yeah, those boys down the road are local militia. They're total dumb-nuts, but if they make us for the Moscow thing, they will kill us.

STANDISH

Fine. Can we at least steal a car with some snacks in it? My blood sugar is crashing and--

Will raises his pistol. Standish shuts up. Throughout the following, Will and Frankie "shop" for the perfect car to steal: they look through windows, check tires, scope alarms.

WILL

So is it too soon to talk about you getting betrayed by your boyfriend?

FRANKIE

I didn't get "betrayed" and he wasn't my-- Dmitri was a mercenary. I knew that going in. I bet Porkchop here just made him a better offer. Didn't you, Porkchop?

STANDISH

The FBI wants to jail me, the CIA wants to waterboard me, I'm gonna do what I gotta do. So I bribed Dmitri on the way to the toilet.

FRANKIE

And he took the bait. No surprise.  
Can't hate a wolf for being a wolf.

WILL

Well, we accept the love we think  
we deserve.

FRANKIE

Love didn't enter into it. I used  
Dmitri as much as he used me.

WILL

I don't know how you can make sex  
all... transactional like that.

FRANKIE

I don't do emotional attachments.

STANDISH

Really? Then what were all those  
sweet nothings this morning?

WILL

"Sweet nothings"? Pray tell.

STANDISH

I heard them through the wall. From  
the angle of the moon I'd say it  
was, like, 3:30. You must have been  
asleep because your breathing was  
very shallow. Anyway, Dmitri was  
all: "*Vy znayete, chto eto  
zapreshcheno*". And Frankie was all  
"*Ya ne mogu tebya dostat*". And then  
Dimitri was all: "*Snova, skol'ko--*"

WILL

(to Frankie)

You said "I can't get enough of  
you"?!

FRANKIE

(to Standish)

How do you remember all this stuff?

STANDISH

I also have an eiditic memory. And  
frankly it's a curse. I don't need  
to remember the 527 times I've  
eaten an entire can of frosting.

WILL

You actually had a thing for  
Dmitri.

A smiling Will spots an old VOLKSWAGEN: Fast. Anonymous.  
Perfect. As Frankie seethes, he JIMMIES THE TRUNK LOCK.

FRANKIE

Please. At least I wasn't paying  
off his student loans.

STANDISH

I wish someone would pay off my  
student loans.

WILL

(shoving Standish in)  
Get in the trunk.

STANDISH

But I'm afraid of the dark--

Will SLAMS the trunk shut.

WILL

How did you know about the--

FRANKIE

You think I didn't study your file  
before I took this assignment?

WILL

OK, well what my file didn't tell  
you is that I believe in love. And  
loyalty. And country. So for me,  
emotion does enter into the  
equation. And I think - no, I know -  
that I'm a better person and a  
better agent because of it.

Just then, the CHURCH DOORS OPEN and a RUSSIAN WEDDING SPILLS  
OUT: joyous BRIDE and GROOM, ecstatic GUESTS, music, kissing,  
LOVE. DOVES are released. Will lets out a little SIGH.

FRANKIE

Are you getting misty-eyed?

WILL

What? No. A little. It's the doves.

FRANKIE

Totally. Wanna stick around? Throw  
some rice? Catch the bouquet?

WILL

Laugh now, but I just figured out how to beat that checkpoint. You up for the Newlywed Game?

FRANKIE

You better let me drive.

She holds up her cuffs and smiles. He knows she's right.

EXT. CHECKPOINT - MOMENTS LATER

The Volkswagen pulls up. A BURLY SOLDIER looks in the window. Frankie (sans cuffs) is at the wheel. Will studies a map. The Soldier KNOCKS ON THE WINDOW. Frankie rolls it down.

SOLDIER

Voyat se. Your passports, please.

FRANKIE

Babe, give the man our passports.

WILL

What? Babe, you have the passports.

FRANKIE

No, Babe, we agreed: I'd be the wheel, you'd be the documents.

SOLDIER

Passports. Now.

WILL

Sorry, officer, we're on our honeymoon and in all the excitement-

FRANKIE

Excitement? You're taking me cheese tasting.

WILL

'Cause it's pastoral. And romantic!

FRANKIE

You know what would be romantic? If you didn't fall asleep right away.

WILL

You get bossy when I let you drive.

FRANKIE

Wait, wait, wait: let me drive?!

A CAR BEHIND THEM LAYS ON ITS HORN. The Soldier motions: go

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
Seriously? Thank you, officer.

WILL  
Aw, Babe, that was our first fight.

Frankie steps on the gas and they peel out.

INT. VOLKSWAGEN - PASSENGER COMPARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Frankie drives. REVEAL: Will has a GUN IN HER RIBS.

WILL  
For someone who doesn't do  
emotional attachments, you really  
sold that relationship.

FRANKIE  
When are you going to stop doubting  
my abilities as an agent?

WILL  
The gun is because I don't doubt  
your abilities as an agent.

FRANKIE  
Wise. Because now this is happening-

In a flash, Frankie RELEASES WILL'S SEAT BELT, HAULS THE  
WHEEL TO THE LEFT and SLAMS ON THE BRAKES. Will's head HITS  
THE WINDOW, stunning him for a beat, which is all she needs.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. ROADSIDE - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

Frankie, gun in hand, locks Will into her cuffs.

FRANKIE  
Look, it was fun working together  
but you didn't really think I was  
gonna let you win this one, did ya?

She notices a little blood on Will's collar.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
Wait a second. Are you hurt?

She reaches out tenderly to check on him. He lets her. The  
closeness builds. The electricity is palpable. Then:

WILL  
Open the trunk so I can get in.

The bubble pops. She opens the trunk. He climbs in.

FRANKIE

We're gonna to be crossing borders  
on the way to Munich, so I don't  
want to hear a peep outta you two.

She SLAMS the trunk on her spooning captives.

STANDISH

She got you too, huh?

WILL

Not for long. When she leaned into  
me, I lifted the keys. Problem is I  
dropped them in my pocket and can't  
reach them. So I need you to--  
(then, wincing)  
Ow. Not the keys.

STANDISH

Yeah. I know that now.

INT. VOLKSWAGEN - PASSENGER COMPARTMENT - SAME TIME

Frankie drives. Looks at the gas gauge. She's running on  
fumes. She picks up her phone and dials. A beat.

FRANKIE

It's me. I know you're on vacation  
but I need roadside assistance--  
(a beat, then)  
OK if you're in the middle of that,  
why are you answering the phone?

INT. VOLKSWAGEN - TRUNK - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

Standish is still trying to get the keys from Will's pocket.

STANDISH

This is second most humiliating  
thing that has ever happened to me.

WILL

Second? Really?

STANDISH

I got stuffed into a garbage can by  
my ninth grade gym teacher. She was  
very powerful.

WILL

Yeah, high school was no picnic for  
me either.

STANDISH

You? Come on.

WILL

'Til senior year, one leg was half an inch shorter than the other. I had to wear a special boot.

STANDISH

But now you get to be the hero. I've always wanted be the hero.

WILL

Is that why you took the data?

Standish exhales. Will nailed it. He sees his opportunity:

WILL (CONT'D)

Edgar, the more I know, the more I can help you.

EXT. BAVARIAN BIERGARTEN - BERLIN - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

Frankie sits at a table. A WAITER brings a beer. She takes a deep pull as a MAN (30s, super fit, super refined) cycles up, dressed in expensive biking regalia, carrying a backpack.

MAN

Excuse me. Would you be so kind as direct me to the Gilterstrasse?

Frankie nods and the Man pulls out a map and leans in close to her. He drops the act. This is RUTGER, CIA QUARTERMASTER. Throughout the following, they pretend to examine the map.

RUTGER

Sorry I was snippy on the phone. My souffle wouldn't rise and our class was marching on to the galette--

FRANKIE

I didn't mean to disrupt--

RUTGER

It's fine. I heard about Dmitri...

FRANKIE

I'm OK. You can't hate a wolf--

RUTGER

--for being a wolf. Keep telling yourself that. But if you're really OK, then why am I bailing you out of a botched retrieval?

FRANKIE

(defensive)

I didn't "botch" the retrieval. I still have control of the asset.

INT. VOLKSWAGEN - TRUNK - CONTINUOUS

Standish has now taken Will into his confidence. Think: Clooney and Lopez in the trunk scene from *Out Of Sight*.

STANDISH

I was working for a special department of the NSA called the Smash and Grab Division. We were tasked with probing all of the other spy agencies' computer systems for weaknesses.

WILL

Sounds like a major grind.

STANDISH

Spending 12 hours a day bruting firewalls? Ch-yeah. You get a hernia in your mind balls. So I wrote a program to do it for me. But it chewed right through every agency's security protocols and started making connections, identifying patterns of corruption.

WILL

You mean within the agencies?

STANDISH

It found evidence of rigged elections, murder for hire, confiscated WMDs being sold on the black market. Someone on the inside is working with the bad guys.

(excitedly)

Wait. I think I got the keys.

WILL

This time, yes.

We hear a CLICK. Will raises his hands into frame.

WILL (CONT'D)

Now let's get out of here.

EXT. BAVARIAN BIERGARTEN - BERLIN - SAME TIME

Frankie and Rutger continue to argue while examining the map.

RUTGER

I am just looking out for you.

FRANKIE

I don't need anybody looking out for me.

RUTGER

Really? Then why did you call?

FRANKIE

'Cause you're the only one I trust.

RUTGER

Did you ever think that's too much to put on one person?

FRANKIE

Well, not 'til just now....

She leans back in her chair, stung. Rutger takes her hand.

RUTGER

Frankie: I love you. You are so loyal and so relentless. But there are some battles you cannot win alone. And I'm not always going to be there. So you need to stop pushing everyone else away.

FRANKIE

You think I don't know this? I just don't want to lose more than I already have.

She softens for a beat... then the armor is back on.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

So are you gonna keep lecturing me or are you gonna give me what I asked for?

RUTGER

Standard road kit, with something thrown in for emergencies.

Rutger lifts a small backpack into frame. Frankie looks inside. Pulls out a box of COMPACT TAMPONS.

FRANKIE

You really do think of everything.

RUTGER

Would you like me to accompany you?

FRANKIE

Helen would kill me. Have you proposed yet?

RUTGER

I was going to on this bike tour, but then it turned into business--

O.S. VOICE

Suge, we gotta move if we want to see the palace and make it back in time for the wine tutorial.

They look up to see AN ATTRACTIVE WOMAN IN HER 60S in cycling gear. She straddles a bike like Rutger's. This is HELEN.

FRANKIE

May/December really works for you.

RUTGER

I know. I am rejoicing constantly.

EXT. VOLKSWAGEN - BERLIN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Frankie approaches the car with the backpack and a paper tray with a couple of bratwursts. She keys the lock to the trunk.

FRANKIE

I hope you guys haven't pissed on--

The trunk BURSTS open and Will LAUNCHES out. He and Frankie trade blows, "Bourne"-style. Will finally manages to put her in a sleeper hold. She passes out. Standish tumbles out of the trunk and spies the fallen bratwursts. Hands still zip-tied, he crawls toward them. Two GERMANS walk by. They see Will, a passed-out Frankie and a sausage-seeking Standish.

WILL

*So betrunken! Zu viel Jägermeister!*

The Germans move on. Will lifts an unconscious Frankie into the trunk and rifles through Rutger's "road kit". He pockets a pistol, fake IDs and euros. He finds the TAMPONS and gingerly returns them to the bag. He tosses the bag into the trunk and SLAMS it shut. Then he hoists Standish into frame.

WILL (CONT'D)

Before you say anything, no, I'm not letting you go. No, you can't pitch a destination other than Paris. And yes, I'll get you a snack once we're on the train.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN TO PARIS - LATER

Will steers Standish down the aisle. They pass a restroom.

STANDISH  
Can I at least pee now?

Will opens the door and looks: single-seater, tiny window.

STANDISH (CONT'D)  
You gotta cut me loose - unless you  
want to come in and lend a hand.

Will cuts his zip-tie, shoves him in and shuts the door. A beat, then a YOUNG COUPLE squeezes past, laughing and nuzzling. It's some serious PDA, and Will is forced to watch up close. Barf. He purposely shifts, BUMPING INTO THEM as they pass. Will lifts a stolen IPHONE into frame. He dials.

INTERCUT:

INT. U.S. EMBASSY - DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - PARIS - SAME TIME

Ollerman is at his desk. His phone rings. He answers.

WILL  
Whiskey Cavalier. I have Standish.

OLLERMAN  
Chase? Give me your coordinates--

From inside the restroom we hear a THUMP and a STRANGLED CRY.

WILL  
No time, sir. I've got a situation.

Will hangs up. Ollerman SLAMS the receiver down, frustrated.

END INTERCUT.

Will BURSTS into the restroom. Standish has one foot in the toilet and his head out the tiny window, trying to escape.

WILL (CONT'D)  
Still glad I didn't lend a hand.

INT. TRAIN TO PARIS - DINING CAR - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

Standish devours his third tiramisu. Will stares, disgusted.

STANDISH  
What? Might as well enjoy myself.  
I'm an innocent man headed to jail.

WILL

So you were totally justified in stealing classified data...

STANDISH

Yes! I was! I didn't know who to trust with what I found. Anybody could be bent. The NSA Director. Frankie. You. No, not you. You got this whole Captain America vibe going on. But anybody else.

WILL

(piecing it together)  
You were trying to be the hero.

STANDISH

Exactly. I was never gonna sell the data. I was trying to protect it. Will, you're a good agent. I know you believe me.

Will considers this for a long beat, then:

WILL

Just eat your tiramisu.

STANDISH

Fine. But if this blows over, you think I got a shot with Frankie?

WILL

She punched you in the face. Twice.

STANDISH

She is a strong cup of coffee.

Just then THE DESSERT CART comes by. Standish perks up. Looks at Will pleadingly. "One more?" Will nods. As Standish turns to select another dessert, Will dials the stolen iPhone.

INTERCUT:

INT. FBI - NEW YORK OFFICE - SAME TIME

Susan's desk phone rings. It's a foreign number. She answers.

WILL

I need some information.

SUSAN

"Hello, Susan. I'm fine. I know I've been AWOL for 36 hours and I'm sure you were worried sick..."

WILL

I'm so sorry. I got sandbagged by this CIA agent. She's relentless.

SUSAN

Oooh. She? Name please.

WILL

Frankie Trowbridge.

ANGLE ON: Standish, who has selected another dessert. Before he can begin eating, he sees a KID in front of him playing a PSP. He glances at Will, who is focused on talking to Susan.

SUSAN

Francesca Trowbridge. Codename: Fiery Tribune. Only child. Family inseparable. Junior year, she studied abroad. Her parents were flying out to surprise her when they were killed in a terrorist attack. She disappeared for two years and re-emerged at Langley.

(she stops; analyzes)

OK. So: cataclysmic loss. Probably blames herself. Definite fear of intimacy and need for retribution...

(scans the file)

...which has served her well. She's got the highest kill or capture rate of any agent at the CIA.

WILL

Then it's good thing I shook her.

SUSAN

Based on her profile, I have two conclusions: one, I kinda want her to be my new best friend. And two, I don't think you shook her.

WILL

Wait, what? We're heading into a tunnel and you're breaking up...

SUSAN

I said I DON'T THINK YOU--

The line goes dead. Will stares at the phone as the train enters the tunnel. The car goes black. When the lights come back on seconds later, Frankie is sitting across from Will.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. TRAIN TO PARIS - DINING CAR - DAY

RESUME SCENE.

WILL

How?

Frankie leans in very close. Runs her finger sensually along his collar. Produces a miniscule dot. Will glances at it.

WILL (CONT'D)

Micro-tracker. Very fancy.

FRANKIE

The CIA has all the coolest toys.

WILL

And here I thought we were just having a tender moment.

Frankie discretely raises a pistol. Smiles.

FRANKIE

I got your "tender moment" right here. Now stand down. Standish is coming with me.

WILL

Yeah, no.

ZOOM OUT TO REVEAL: Will's pistol, under the table, is already drawn. The muzzle is pressed against her knee.

WILL (CONT'D)

That's my gun, by the way.

Frankie seethes as we hear a THUMP on the roof. A beat. Then 6 CHINESE ASSASSINS armed with QBZ-95 assault rifles CRASH THROUGH the windows.

Passengers SCREAM and SURGE toward the exits as the Assassins unleash a hail of GUNFIRE. Standish scrambles for cover. Bullets obliterate crockery and tabletops. Will ducks and dodges, taking on these death-dealers hand-to-hand. Frankie empties her clip at the attackers, taking out 3 before she runs out of bullets. The lead Assassin stops to reload. Will grabs his gun and takes out 2 Assassins as 4 more pour in.

As the battle escalates, Will and Frankie start working in unison and together they are brilliant! At one point, Frankie is cornered by an Assassin but Will disarms him at the last second, saving Frankie's life.

Finally, our dynamic duo has beaten them all back. Silence. Then the sound of MORE FOOTSTEPS on the roof. Will sighs.

WILL (CONT'D)

Oh, come on.

EXT. TRAIN TO PARIS - BETWEEN CARS - SECONDS LATER

Will hauls Frankie and Standish into the gangway connection.

WILL

There are too many! We gotta jump!

STANDISH

Are you crazy?! It's like 200--

Will leaps, taking Frankie and Standish with him. We follow them all the way down until they plunge into the river below.

EXT. RIVERBANK - MOMENTS LATER

Will, Frankie and Standish, half-drowned, climb out of the river and on to the bank.

FRANKIE

How did they find us?

WILL

(realizing)

The PSP.

FRANKIE

What?

WILL

The Playstation Portable. I saw ladyfingers here looking at it in the dining car. It's wi-fi enabled.

STANDISH

Really? Is it? I had no--

FRANKIE

Of course.

(to Standish)

You put a bounty on your own head and invited every mercenary unit within 30 miles to come get you.

WILL

The Chinese were closest, so they came to collect.

STANDISH

Hey, don't act surprised. We all know I don't love my options. You can't hate a wolf for being a wolf.

FRANKIE

Great. You ruined that for me. Why do you have to ruin everything?

STANDISH

Now you just sound like my mom.

Frankie scans the river and the bridge above them.

FRANKIE

We gotta move. So here's the plan--

WILL

No. I got us off the train. So I get to make the plan.

STANDISH

Question: what if I have a plan?

WILL

Then we'll do the opposite of that.

Frankie collapses against Will. He opens her jacket. Blood.

WILL (CONT'D)

You're hit.

FRANKIE

It's fine. I'm still mobile...

She tries to walk. Drops down on one knee. It's not good.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

You won. Just go. The mission comes first.

Will looks at her for a beat. Seriously considers. Then...

WILL

Do you remember what the next stop on the train was?

STANDISH

Reims.

EXT./ESTAB. REIMS, FRANCE - A LITTLE LATER

A romantic, storybook medieval city in the heart of champagne country, half an hour from Paris, right on the river.

INT. RAY'S COTTAGE - KITCHEN - REIMS - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

Impossibly quaint. Ray, in t-shirt and pajama bottoms, cooks breakfast on an old gas stove. There's a knock at the door.

INT. RAY'S COTTAGE - FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Ray opens the door to find Will, Standish and Frankie there.

RAY

Will?! You're here. I, I--

WILL

Hey Ray. Sorry for the pop-in.

INT. RAY'S COTTAGE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Will pushes past him, carrying Frankie. Standish follows.

RAY

Is that--

WILL

Edgar Standish. Cuff him to the radiator.

Ray grabs a set of cuffs and does just that.

STANDISH

Is this because of the Chinese assassins?

WILL

Among other things, yes.  
(then, re. Frankie, to Ray)  
And you remember my sexy British friend. She'd say "hi", but she's lost a lot of blood.

INT. RAY'S COTTAGE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Will sweeps all the breakfast dishes off the table. They CRASH to the floor. Will hoists Frankie onto to the table. Opens her shirt. Examines the wound.

WILL

Well, the good news is it's a through and through.

FRANKIE

And the bad news?

WILL

There doesn't always have to be bad news.

Ray enters.

RAY

I called for a medic - and back-up.

Will pulls him aside.

WILL

Can't wait. A piece of her shirt went in with the bullet. It'll go septic if I don't get it out now.

FRANKIE

Did you say "septic"?

RAY

Kettle's on. I'll get some towels.

Ray exits. Will crosses to Frankie.

FRANKIE

You told me there was no bad news.

WILL

I thought you'd be unconscious by now.

(then)

Stay frosty. During my last tour in Iraq, I had to step in for the corpsman when our unit got hit.

FRANKIE

Yeah, I know. That's how you won the Silver Star.

WILL

Aw, you really did read my file. Flattered.

Will picks up a 10-INCH KNIFE. Frankie grabs his hand.

FRANKIE

Wait, wait, wait, wait. Hard pass. You are not cutting into me with that thing.

WILL

What? You think I should use the vegetable peeler?

FRANKIE

Was that supposed to make me laugh?

WILL

Frankie, we both know this ends one of two ways. You stop me and the infection will kill you. You let me get in there--

FRANKIE

And I could totally bleed to death.

WILL

Yeah, but I won't let that happen. I mean, I'd hate to lose you just when things are getting interesting.

FRANKIE

Are you as scared as I am?

WILL

Yeah, but I'm trusting you not to bail on me.

She looks at him. This is what's up. For both of them.

FRANKIE

Make sure you give me a cute scar.

WILL

Don't worry. It'll be a conversation starter.  
(raising the knife)  
Now this is gonna hurt, so I need you Mountain Lion.

FRANKIE

Have I ever been anything less?

Ray re-enters with towels. The tea kettle SCREAMS, drowning out the sound of Frankie's agony as Will CUTS INTO HER.

ANGLE ON STANDISH: who's still cuffed to the radiator. He can see directly into the kitchen. The camera never goes back to Frankie. Instead, we let Standish be our eyes.

STANDISH

Oh that's a lot of blo-oooh God.

ANGLE BACK ON WILL: he pulls a tiny circle of fabric from the wound. Holds it to her blouse. It's a match. He got it all.

WILL  
Should patch up nicely.

FRANKIE  
Why do I think you enjoyed that?

He smiles. She smiles. And passes out. Will sits heavily and looks down at the broken chaos that was Ray's breakfast.

WILL  
We really destroyed your Sunday.

RAY  
No, dude. I'm just glad you're OK.

Will bends down and starts to gather up the table setting.

RAY (CONT'D)  
Seriously, Will. Please don't...

Will notices two plates, two napkins, two sets of silver.

WILL  
Did we interrupt something?

RAY  
What? No. Not at all. I was just--  
(a beat, then, giving up)  
Will, look, there's no easy way to--

Just then, we hear the DOOR OPEN.

O.S. WOMAN'S VOICE  
Raymond *mon cher*. I am back and I  
am starving. What's for breakfast?

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN in running clothes enters. Will is stunned.

GIGI  
William?

STANDISH  
Wait. I know you from the video.  
You're Gigi. Which means--

In a flash, Will PUNCHES RAY in the face as we....

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. RAY'S COTTAGE - KITCHEN - DAY

RESUME SCENE

Ray struggles to his feet, holding his jaw.

WILL

How long?

GIGI

We didn't mean to--

WILL

How. Long.

GIGI

Seven months.

RAY

Will, look man, it just happened,  
OK? You were working a lot of hours  
and she's a woman with needs...

Will CRACKS Ray in the jaw again. Ray goes down again.

WILL

You prick. You knew this would kill  
me, and you did it anyway.

Ray sweeps his leg, takes Will to the ground. Chokes him.

WILL (CONT'D)

Were you coming from her new place  
that day? That day I got shot?!

RAY

You got shot 'cause you broke  
protocol! You said it wasn't my  
fault!

WILL

Well, it totally was!

Will breaks Ray's hold and hauls him to his feet. Will throws  
him against the wall and BEATS THE SHIT OUT OF HIM.

GIGI

Stop! Please don't!

STANDISH

Yeah, you better just let them work  
it all out. FYI: I'm Team Will.

BOOM! The door flies open. It's Director Ollerman.

OLLERMAN

Agents?

Will lets go of Ray, who is now a bloody mess. He rises.

WILL

Sir. I, um...

OLLERMAN

Clearly a lot has transpired since you disappeared in Moscow, but regarding your initial objective, Agent Prince called and said that you have the asset here.

WILL

Yes, sir.

Will gestures to Standish, cuffed to the radiator.

OLLERMAN

Edgar Standish, I am formally taking you into U.S. custody for the theft of government intel.

STANDISH

I want a lawyer.

OLLERMAN

After you tell me the location of the alpha file.

Standish says nothing. Ollerman glares at him. Then:

OLLERMAN (CONT'D)

OK, let me hazard a guess. Before the Russians grabbed you, the backscatter x-ray at the Hague airport picked up a dental implant in your second mandibular molar. But your service record says you've never even had so much as a cavity.

Ollerman puts a knee on Standish's chest. Draws a gun.

OLLERMAN (CONT'D)

Let's take a look at that tooth.

WILL

Sir! What are you doing?

Will takes a step toward Ollerman. Gun at Standish's head, Ollerman POINTS A FINGER IN WILL'S FACE, stopping him.

OLLERMAN  
Stay out of this, Agent Chase.

Will clocks Ollerman's signet ring. It's a simple crest emblazoned with the latin word "CAUTE".

OLLERMAN (CONT'D)  
(to Standish)  
Bite me and I'll shoot you.

He reaches into Standish's mouth. Standish squirms as Ollerman struggles to RIP THE TOOTH OUT. Success.

Ollerman unscrews the tooth. Looks inside. We see a tiny chip. Ollerman smiles, then rises and turns to Will.

OLLERMAN (CONT'D)  
I'm taking him back to Paris. Keys.

Ray tosses Ollerman the keys. He begins to unlock Standish.

OLLERMAN (CONT'D)  
Chase, despite your rather colorful detour, I'm counting this as a win. You're back on active duty. And since I'm feeling generous, I'll keep whatever this is--

He gestures to Will, Gigi and Ray.

OLLERMAN (CONT'D)  
--out of my report.

WILL  
"Caute".

OLLERMAN  
What?

FLASHBACK:

EXT. CEMETERY - AMONG THE CRYPTS - PARIS

The Bodyguard gets a text. It reads "CAUTE." He freezes - then raises his gun and SHOOTs CONRAD.

BACK TO PRESENT:

WILL  
Your ring. It has the word "Caute" engraved on it.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. STREET - PARIS - DAY

Ray's in his car amid a SEA OF CELEBRATING SOCCER FANS.

RAY

...the Director said to stand down.

BACK TO PRESENT:

OLLERMAN

It's my family motto. It's latin--

WILL

---for "caution". It's also the message the bodyguard got right before killing Dr. Conrad.

A beat. Ollerman points his gun at Will. Sighs.

OLLERMAN

You are exhausting. First you screw up a perfectly planned exchange after I'd already lined up a buyer--

RAY

"Buyer" what do you mean--

WILL

He was going to sell the pathogen we were sent to pick up. Like he's been selling all of the other deadly weapons that we've seized.

OLLERMAN

Of course, I had to have someone clueless on the inside who's sloppy with the chain of custody.

WILL

Which is why you made Ray the head of the evidence retrieval team.

RAY

I'm not clueless.

OLLERMAN

You never checked the seals, Ray.

Ray looks down. Busted. Ollerman takes a step toward Will.

OLLERMAN (CONT'D)

I had it all wired up until you stepped in. But let's not forget Ray was the one who was late to the meet, so, you know, consequences.

Ollerman SHOTS Ray. Gigi SCREAMS.

ANGLE ON: Frankie, lying motionless on the kitchen table. She stirs. Looks to her right. Sees a weeping Gigi, Ray's bleeding body and Ollerman, holding a gun on Will.

BACK ON OLLERMAN: who has closed the distance on Will.

WILL

You sent me to Moscow to get the one person with the intel to put it all together, but we were never supposed to make it back.

OLLERMAN

The Audi you were driving was packed with C4. And now, because you wouldn't die right, I have to kill all of these people.

Gigi cries harder. Standish sits stunned, his mouth bloody.

ANGLE ON: Frankie, as she reaches into her pocket and pulls out a COMPACT TAMPON. She slowly, carefully, unwraps it.

BACK ON WILL: calmly staring down the barrel of Ollerman's gun.

WILL

Sir, let's leave them out of this.

OLLERMAN

Too late. Chaos and collapse are coming, Agent Chase. But in the collapse, there's opportunity. If you know how to play it. And we know how to play it.

ANGLE ON FRANKIE: As she pushes down on the applicator. A red light flashes. We hear a high-pitched WHINE. REVEAL: the tampon is actually an EXPLOSIVE ("a little something for emergencies" - Rutger is awesome.)

BACK ON OLLERMAN: He raises his pistol to Will's forehead.

OLLERMAN (CONT'D)

Goodbye, Whiskey Cavalier.

ANGLE ON FRANKIE: as she tosses the tampon toward the GAS STOVE, then ROLLS OFF THE KITCHEN TABLE, taking the table with her to shield herself from the coming EXPLOSION.

KABOOM! The gas stove BLOWS UP. The blast SLAMS Ollerman into the wall, knocking him unconscious. Standish coughs as Will crawls through the smoke and debris toward Frankie. He checks to make sure she's still breathing. She smiles up at him.

FRANKIE

Like I said. All the coolest toys.

Will smiles. Hears something. He turns just in time to see Ollerman stirring... and reaching for his gun.

Will looks down, sees that 10-inch knife - the same knife that he used to save Frankie's life - lying just out of reach, at Standish's feet. Will and Standish lock eyes. As Ollerman comes to and raises his gun, Standish KICKS THE KNIFE towards Will. He picks it up and THROWS IT just as Ollerman FIRES. The bullet goes wide. The knife doesn't. THWACK! Straight through Ollerman's chest.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - NEW YORK CITY - DAYS LATER

TIGHT ON: DIRECTOR EUGENE CASEY, 50s, Ollerman's replacement.

DIRECTOR CASEY

Welcome home, agents. On behalf of a grateful nation, I would like to thank you for stopping a grievous threat to our great country.

REVERSE TO REVEAL: Will and Frankie standing in front of him.

DIRECTOR CASEY (CONT'D)

I wish I could say it was limited to Director Ollerman, but it goes much deeper. Which is why I have to classify this mission. Officially, none of it ever occurred.

FRANKIE

So you're just going to sweep all of this under the rug?

WILL

(sotto, to Frankie)  
That's not what he said. You need to listen more.

FRANKIE

(sotto, to Will)  
Don't tell me what I need to do.

DIRECTOR CASEY

Actually, Agent Trowbridge, in the wake of recent events, our intelligence services have united to create an inter-agency team. This team will root out corruption and specialize in super-sensitive, short fuse missions - all of which will be completely off the books.

WILL

(sotto, to Frankie)  
Now don't you wish you'd listened?

FRANKIE

(sotto, to Will)  
So far he's just a lot of talk and a badge. I wanna see some action.

DIRECTOR CASEY

(he's heard everything)  
Good. Because of your demonstrated ability to work together and your complimentary skills, we want you - both of you - to lead the charge.

FRANKIE

OK, I guess that's action.

DIRECTOR CASEY

Agents, you are dismissed.

Will and Frankie turn to go. They whisper to each other.

WILL

Bet you feel like an asshole for reacting so quickly, huh?

FRANKIE

You really want to start this now?

Will stops and turns back to Director Casey.

WILL

Oh sir, one last thing. I'm assuming we get to pick our people?

INT. SHENANIGAN'S BAR - NEW YORK CITY - DAYS LATER

Pretty empty. Susan sips a Brandy Alexander. Will enters.

SUSAN

Oh my God. It's you. In the flesh!

Susan runs over. Jumps into a hug. He hugs her back. Then:

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Wait, stubble? Is this a choice or just 'cause it was a long flight?

WILL

Still deciding. Is Frankie here?

SUSAN

Over there, with our quartermaster.

WILL

So... does she live up to the hype?

SUSAN

Are you kidding? I wanna get in a fight with her just so she'll touch me.

ANGLE ON: Frankie and Rutger, playing darts. Frankie wins.

FRANKIE

You said if I beat you, you'd let me see it. So let me see it.

Rutger produces a TUBE OF LIPSTICK and hands it to her.

RUTGER

Remove the cap and press the bottom.

She does. The lipstick DEPLOYS and HITS THE BULLSEYE. There's a HUM and then a SHOCK WAVE SHATTERS EVERYBODY'S DRINK.

FRANKIE

Sub-sonic pulse bomb!

RUTGER

And the shade is perfect for your warm undertones.

BACK ON SUSAN AND WILL: Susan mourns her shattered Brandy Alexander as Rutger and Frankie head over to join them.

SUSAN

It's probably for the best. I shouldn't be drinking before we go to the office anyway.

WILL

Suze, this is the office. All of our missions are off the books.

FRANKIE

Which means we can't be based out  
of a government facility, so--

SUSAN

What I'm hearing is I don't have to  
pay for drinks ever again.

The door opens. Standish enters, sweating, breathing hard.  
Will gives him a look: "You're late". He catches his breath.

STANDISH

You said 1 pm.

WILL

I said 12:45.

STANDISH

No, you said 1. We were going  
through customs and I asked you  
"What time?" But before you could  
respond, the customs officer tried  
to confiscate my chocolate bar. And  
I said "No, you can't. I bought it  
at duty free." And then I reached  
for the receipt. But I didn't have  
the receipt. You had the receipt.  
And you handed it to me and you  
said "1 pm" because you wanted to  
freshen up before you saw Frankie.

Rutger and Frankie share a look. "This is awesome".

SUSAN

So the stubble is a choice.

WILL

I wanted to freshen up for  
everyone.  
(then, sotto, to Standish)  
I'm already regretting keeping you  
out of jail.

A fresh round lands in front of them.

WILL (CONT'D)

I'd like to propose a toast.

FRANKIE

I thought I'd give the toast.

WILL

(pulling out note cards)  
Actually, I prepared some remarks.

FRANKIE

Note cards? You were totally that  
guy in high school, weren't you?

STANDISH

He had to wear one big boot.

RUTGER

(to Susan)

Do you think it's always going to  
be like this?

SUSAN

I sure hope so.

Will's cell RINGS. The screen says "GIGI". Susan clocks it.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

You gonna answer that?

A beat. The phone continues to ring. Will raises his glass.

WILL

To new beginnings.

They toast. The phone goes silent. The Bartender approaches.

BARTENDER

Sir. Whenever you're ready.

He slides a check to Will. Will reads it.

WILL

There's a suitcase nuke on a subway  
car somewhere in midtown. So drink  
up and let's go.

The check SELF DESTRUCTS, spontaneously BURSTING INTO FLAME.  
As Will and Frankie share a look and we...

END PILOT