

ARTIFICE

FADE IN

Super: INSPIRED BY TRUE EVENTS

In April 2023, The NY Times reported a Brooklyn court charged an art dealer with funding Iranian-backed terrorists.

EXT. UK, WALES, INGLENOOK ANIMAL SHELTER, WOODS - DAY

SUPER: WALES, UK.

From a high-vantage point, military binoculars sweep the paddocks of rescue animals. Two signs flank the driveway: *Inglenook Animal Shelter* and *Hemp Goddess Designs*. Peaceful.

The lenses' sighting graticules (to measure target distance) follow a river belting the grounds to a gazebo and the occasional volunteer. A phone vibrates. The lenses still.

SERGEI (V.O.)

(Russian accent)

Am in place...Not yet...Targeting
takes time...When we are done.

Phone clicks off.

INT. LONDON, UK, CONFERENCE HALL - DAY

SUPER: LONDON, UK.

Standing room only for the book signing: *A Good Man With A Bayonet* by Americans, Ruland and Wesley Nash, *Clarington News Group* publishers.

Center stage: RULAND NASH, 30, Ben Sherman chinos and blazer over an open shirt, and WESLEY NASH, 60s, Eddie Bauer crisp.

At a podium, MURDOCH CLARINGTON, 60s, Tom Ford elegant.

Blowups of the book's covers serve as the stage's backdrop.

Front cover: Ruland, face on, beside a man in profile, (MONTY HAVEL, 40s). His forearm tattoo: the SAS winged dagger and motto, *Who Dares Wins*.

Back cover photo: A smiling Ruland and his dad, golfing.

Blown up photos from the book bracket the cover pages.

Flanking the stage, 10' tall book launch tour posters listing stops in London, Rome, Berlin, Paris, Geneva and Madrid.

Q&A in progress. Clarington nods to a woman with her hand up.

WOMAN

(standing)

Was it hard writing with your
father who has three Pulitzers,
while you basically have nothing?

A titter through the audience. Ruland smiles.

MURDOCH

Actually, Ruland and Wesley have
been nominated for three literary
prizes for this book-

WESLEY

(interrupting)

Some of the most lyrical passages
flowed from Ruland's pen. And to be
clear, the heavy lifting was Ruland
surviving the repeated attacks by
the Albanian gang.

WOMAN

But you were also attacked. They
nailed your cheek to a wall-

WESLEY

(rubs a cheek scar)

Admittedly, the writing was easier.

More laughter. Clarington gestures to a young man.

YOUNG MAN

Just wanted to say I love the
title.

Ruland shoots a glance in the wings, at GARETH KIRKLADDY
(KIRK) 40s, former SAS staff sergeant.

RULAND

Uh, well, that title's a tribute to
Monty Havel whose skills in battle
are matched only by his dedication
to those he cares for.

YOUNG MAN

I think you were all pretty heroic.

RULAND

Heroic? In stopping the Albanian
gang, innocent people died.

Ruland stares at a smiling photo of 30-year-old woman and the caption: Alessandra with her DOB and death (1994-2024).

RULAND

This book is an apology to those who suffered.

Ruland's clearly moved. Wesley pats his shoulder. Clarington points to a grey-haired woman.

GREY HAired WOMAN

Mr. Clarington, now that Ruland's proven to be such a good writer, will he remain an investigative reporter or continue to review golf courses? Or can he do both?

MURDOCH

The transition is in place. But he still owes our publication, *The Business Adventurer*, a few more golf course reviews. That, folks, concludes the Q&A. Wesley and Ruland will be happy to sign your copies of their book.

Kirk looks to Ruland, points to his watch, gestures 'hurry' and mimes driving. As people line up with books to be signed, Ruland takes a big gulp from his glass of water.

EXT. INGLENOOK ANIMAL SHELTER - DAY

Water splashes as MONTY HAVEL, late 40s, fills a trough.

His forearm tattoo: a winged dagger, *Who Dares Wins*. He's the man on the cover of Ruland's book.

Horses, donkeys and sheep graze in two large enclosures.

INSERT: Binoculars follow Monty, his two Jack Russells as he fills the mangers with help from Monty's wife, LEYLA SINGH, late 30s, and Dr. CHRISTIAN SOLOMAN, 40s, black, dreadlocks.

INT. LONDON, UK, CONFERENCE HALL - DAY

Ruland signs the last books. Wesley joins Murdoch.

WESLEY

See you in Rome in a week.

RULAND

Have a good flight home, dad.

Kirk phone shoots an ATTRACTIVE WOMAN slipping her card into Ruland's pocket while seductively boob-brushing Ruland's arm.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN
 How does it feel?
 (off his confused look)
 Your first book being a breast-
 seller?

Kirk grabs Ruland, propels him towards the door.

KIRK
 (British accent)
 Hup, hup. Burning daylight. Got a
 three-hour drive.

RULAND
 (hurrying out)
 Google says it's four hours.

KIRK
 That's why you're not driving.

EXT. INGLENOOK WOODS - DAY

The binoculars find Monty under the hood of a truck he's servicing by the garage barn.

The lenses travel to a black SUV hidden in the woods.

SERGEI (V.O.)
 (on a cellphone)
 Get the men in place.

MONTAGE - HIT SQUAD GETS INTO PLACE AT INGLENOOK

- The binoculars follow the black SUV along a secondary road.
- It stops. A man exits, scampers to the woods, pulls and assembles a sniper's rifle, disappears amidst the foliage.
- The SUV drops another gunman who scurries along a footpath.
- The SUV parks amidst trees. The driver/third gunman checks his Soviet military compass, hurries off.

EXT. WALES, COUNTRY PUB, PATIO - DAY

SUPER: WALES, UK

A nearby roadside sign: *Inglenook Animal Shelter, 20 miles.*

At a table, DECLAN KANE, 40s, dapper, sips tea, *A Good Man With a Bayonet* on his lap. His phone by his hand.

EXT./INT. SUV, WELSH HIGHWAY - DAY

Kirk's SUV flies past a sign: Inglenook Animal Shelter, 30 Miles. Speed limit sign: 60mph. Speedometer hits: 80mph.

Kirk raises an inquiring eyebrow as Ruland crumples the attractive woman's card and stuffs it in the ashtray.

KIRK

Did that cute woman actually say,
'breast-seller'?
(off Ruland's shrug)
Got a girlfriend, then?

Ruland shakes, no, then fires up his laptop.

INSERT LAPTOP: a series of emails sent to Monty Havel.

RULAND

He hasn't answered a single email.

KIRK

Our brooding Heathcliff of the
Welsh moors.

RULAND

Not sure going's a good idea...
what d'you think?

KIRK

I think 'dillos are dangerous.
Don't arm one.

RULAND

Don't armadillo?
(getting the joke)
Oh, geez. I'm serious, Kirk. I
called him from New York to tell
him *60 Minutes* wanted to interview
us. Know what he did?

Kirk flies past a police car going in the opposite direction.

KIRK

Hung up?
(off Ruland's surprise)
Sometimes, what's best for us isn't
always what's best for our friends.

Lights flash as the cop car U-turns and sirens Kirk over.

SGT ANCHOR, 40s, stops by Kirk's window, notes Ruland's book, luggage and golf clubs in the back.

SGT ANCHOR
(British accent)
Any faster and you'd a been
airborne. Where's your pilot's
license there, Top Gun?

Kirk hands him his UK Civil Aviation Authority license.

KIRK
Fixed wing and chopper, Sgt.

Kirk squints at the officer's name tag: Richard Anchor.

SGT ANCHOR
(hands back his license)
Right... Next time, I clip your
wings. Slow down and live.

KIRK
Right you are, Sgt Wanker.

He utters 'wanker' soft enough it could be Anchor. Anchor frowns. Kirk leaves in a spray of gravel.

EXT. INGLENOOK WOODS - DAY

The binoculars follow a man who, from a bag, pulls and assembles a sniper's rifle, then climbs a tree.

EXT./INT. INGLENOOK ROADWAY, SUV - DAY

Kirk stops behind a car near a motorized gate with a speaker box. A sign: Visitors are asked to call ahead.

Four teenagers compare photos in Ruland's book to the actual property and take selfies. Ruland shoots Kirk a puzzled look.

KIRK
Wales' answer to the Alamo - after
your book came out.

Despondent at the sight of Inglenook, Ruland misses the drone flying high overhead. The teenagers leave in their car.

RULAND
Monty saved my life.

KIRK
And you saved his.

RULAND
Yeah...Isn't that worth a simple
fucking answer?

A delivery van stops. The gate rises. The van eases through.

RULAND
(suddenly worried)
Maybe there's something wrong?
Something we don't know about.

Kirk shrugs. Ruland points to the open gate.

RULAND
C'mon, let's go. NOW!

Kirk boots the SUV under the closing gate.

EXT./INT. INGLENOOK ANIMAL SHELTER, FRONT YARD - DAY

Kirk parks by the barn. Ruland looks at the main building's *Hemp Goddess* design studio through second floor windows. A female mannequin has Leyla's face, the male one has Monty's.

Kirk looks to the freshly painted main house.

KIRK
You'd never know what happened
here.

Ruland stares at faint, patched bullet holes. Winces.

FLASHBACK: An Albanian gunman with a barbed wire tattoo ringing his neck (Wire Tat) shoots at Monty, who dives into the barn as bullets tear into the wood siding.

Ruland mouths 'dad' as he runs to rescue a kneeling, bloodied Wesley, his cheek nailed to the wood siding.

END FLASHBACK

Shaken, Ruland stares at the patched spot where he found his father. He jumps when Kirk pats him on the back.

INT. INGLENOOK BARN - DAY

Monty stacks bags of kibble from the van.

Monty sees Ruland and Kirk exiting their SUV.

EXT. INGLENOK ANIMAL SHELTER, FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Ruland and Kirk pet the keening Jacks as they look to the barn where Monty's busy ignoring them. They greet Leyla, dressed in her own smart hemp designs. She's pregnant.

RULAND
Oh my gosh, look at you.

KIRK
Aw, you wee lassie. Pure dead
brilliant, that.
(teasing)
Do we know who the father is?

LEYLA
(hugging both men)
Hello strangers.

Ruland's gaze drifts to the patched bullet holes.

LEYLA
(whispers to Ruland)
Easier to wash away the blood than
the memories.

Ruland winces. He nods towards Monty at the barn door.

RULAND
(whispers to Leyla)
Is Monty okay?

LEYLA
(nods)
But go for a walk with him.

RULAND
Oh, I will.

Ruland gets a golf club and 3 golf balls from the SUV and skillfully bounces a golf ball on the club face.

KIRK
I'll get takeaway.

RULAND
Coward.

KIRK
Want something?

RULAND
(hard eyes on Monty)
A conversation.

EXT. INGLENOOK WOODS - DAY

Ruland and Monty walk with the Jacks. Ruland spins his club in his fist, Charlie Chaplin-esque. Monty's momentarily distracted by the sound of a drone flying high over them.

Ruland hits his balls, the Jacks fetch them back to him.

RULAND

(off Monty's stare)

Gives me something to do if you remain mute. Like about the baby.

(Monty sighs)

You know, I don't have that many friends that I can afford to be careless with them.

(silence)

Even if they can't be bothered to answer the six emails I sent.

MONTY

(British accent)

Eight. You sent eight emails.

(off Ruland's look)

That book of yours...Magazines and TV show people barging in for interviews. Had to install a gate -

RULAND

Forgive me all to hell for painting you in a heroic light. And, hey, a portion, a generous portion, of my book's royalties bought Inglenook solar panels and wind turbines.

MONTY

We'd a managed without -

RULAND

(eye roll)

The donations that flowed after the book's publication completely erased Inglenook's debt.

MONTY

Where'd you hear that?

RULAND

Duh...Research is what I do.

Ruland hits another golf ball for the Jacks.

EXT. WELSH PUB - DAY

Kirk carries the takeout food past Declan on the patio, jumps into his SUV and drives off.

EXT. INGLENOOK WOODS - DAY

The dogs carry a golf ball back to Ruland and suddenly still. They stare in warning - **danger!**

Monty pulls Ruland off the path, takes out a monocular and points it in the direction the Jacks are staring.

INSERT: monocular locates the sniper in a tree with a scoped rifle, trying to locate them.

Monty shows Ruland the shooter in the monocular, signals Ruland to distract the sniper by hitting balls.

Ruland lobs a ball that slap, slap, slaps the leaves on its downward arc. As the gunman looks up, Ruland whistles 2 knockdown shots. One ricochets off the tree, the other cracks his cheekbone. He recoils in a burst of Russian curses.

Monty leaps, stabs his foot, pinning it to the tree. He pulls the screaming man down, snaps his pinned leg. His rifle falls. Already in full sprint, Ruland lunges for the gun.

The sniper draws a pistol. Boom. Ruland shoots him in the chest with the rifle. The wounded sniper shoots Ruland in the arm. Monty clubs him with Ruland's wedge - dead.

Ruland waves off Monty's help. They search the dead sniper.

Slavic features, gloves, no ID, burner, cigarettes, 3,000 euros, 500 British pounds and a photo of Monty and Leyla.

RULAND

From my book. Who the fuck's he?

BOOM. A distant shotgun blast freezes both men.

EXT./INT. ROAD NEAR INGLENOOK, SUV - DAY

Kirk hears the shotgun's echo and accelerates towards Inglenook.

EXT. INGLENOOK WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Binoculars see Ruland and Monty sprint from the dead man.

SERGEI (V.O.)
 (in Russian)
 Shit!

The lenses pan to another armed man answering his cell.

SERGEI (V.O.)
 (on his cell)
 Abort, Yuri. Get to the road.

EXT./INT. HIGHWAY NEAR INGLENOOK, SUV - DAY

Kirk slows, sees the second figure emerging from the trees and onto the road, rifle in hand, gun bag over his shoulder.

KIRK
 (mutters to himself)
 Mother of God on a wee, wide
 donkey.

Kirk gets out, calls to the man folding the rifle stock.

KIRK
 You're nae' collecting for the Red
 Cross, now are ya, ya wee shite?

The panicked man snaps his rifle back together, raises it.

From a hidden sheath on his thigh, Kirk flings a throwing knife. Pierces the gunman's throat. He falls and bleeds out.

Kirk grabs the Dragunov rifle and races the SUV to Inglenook.

INT. INGLENOOK, KITCHEN - DAY

Monty and Ruland rush in. Monty lowers the shotgun Leyla still points at a dying gunman muttering in Arabic.

LEYLA
 (softly to Monty)
 You said this was over.

Monty gently helps her to a chair, kneels by her side. She comforts the circling, worried Jacks. Kirk runs in. The gunman's phone beeps. Leyla nods. Monty answers cell.

SERGEI (V.O.)
 Ali?

MONTY
 (controlled anger)
 Ali's dead. So are you.

Click. From the front windows, a drone whizzes into view.

MONTY

That's how they tracked us in the woods.

He hands Kirk Leyla's pump shotgun. Kirk sprints out.

Through the window they see Kirk shoulder and shoot. BOOM.

The wreckage falls into the yard. Kirk walks back in as Christian rushes to Leyla, who gestures she's okay.

They search the gunman: no fingerprints, no ID, a wad of euros, car keys, burner, Monty's photo from Ruland's book.

RULAND

Who the hell are these guys?

From the gunman's pocket, Christian pulls out a crumpled pack of Tripoli cigarettes with a Bedouin riding a dromedary.

CHRISTIAN

Libyan.

Monty points to the blood on Kirk's pants.

KIRK

Found his mate. No longer a threat.

MONTY

So three gunmen and a drone operator who's still out there.

(to Kirk)

Secure the house. We're going walkabout. See if there're more.

(hands a gun to Ruland)

You coming?

Ruland takes it, pleased the team's back together.

MONTAGE: RULAND AND MONTY FIND THE VAN

- Both armed, Ruland and Kirk fast jog to the woods.
- From a tree, Monty surveys the environs with his monocular.
- More jogging, more scanning. Monty's found something.
- They sneak up on a half-hidden SUV. Tinted windows. Ruland activates the gunman's fob. SUV's lights flash.

- Guns drawn, they creep up. Ruland peers into the crack in the driver's side window. He leaps back as a frightened French bulldog with spiky collar lunges and barks.

- Monty calms it. They find an envelope full of euros and British pounds in the glove box, a canvas bag with burner phones, an electronic scanner and firearms. And a metal box.

EXT. INGLENOOK WOODS - DAY

Binoculars watch Ruland and Monty open the box with a tire iron: packed with bundles of British pounds. Sirens approach.

SERGEI, 30s, slavic features, dark fatigues, lowers the binoculars, drops from a tree. Dials his cell.

SERGEI
Crew is all dead. Targets intact.

INT. LIBYA, AIRCONDITIONED CONTAINER OFFICE - NIGHT

SUPER: LIBYA, PARAMILITARY CAMP

Iranian AMIR ANSARI, 60s, on his cell. A laptop and Ruland's book lie on his desk. Headshots on the wall, many X-ed out.

ANSARI
(Iranian accent)
The money box?...
(inferring the worst)
You said it would be safe.

SERGEI (V.O.)
You said they'd be easy targets.

ANSARI
Did you kill the dog?

SERGEI
Not close enough.

Ansari slams the phone down, stares at Ruland and Monty's headshots - no X through them. Fumes. Dials his cell.

ANSARI
It's Ansari. You need to pick up Sergei. I'll send coordinates.

EXT. WALES, COUNTRY PUB, PATIO - DAY

Declan leans in, concerned.

DECLAN
 (light Irish accent)
 What happened to the others?

ANSARI (V.O.)
 Dead.

DECLAN
 My payment?
 (silence)
 You promised I'd be paid -

ANSARI
 You insisted on cash.
 (more soothing tone)
 We pay you after we sell second
 painting. Sergei will give you
 expense money. See you in Venice.

Click. Declan taps an angry finger on his phone, then crosses the patio towards a white van in the adjacent parking lot.

Declan thumb-rubs the **arrow-head scar on his inside left wrist**, dials another number.

DECLAN
 Hello, Ma, it's Declan. How's the
 weather in Belfast?...I'll be home
 a bit late...No, I won't forget
 your cigarettes.

His phone vibrates with Sergei's GPS location.

He clicks a fob that unlocks a car with a flash of lights.

INT. INGLENOOK VETERINARY - DAY

Distant emergency lights fill the window as police cars take the roadway, waiting for the electric gate to open.

Ruland finishes counting the bundles of British currency.

RULAND
 Holy shit. A million pounds.

MONTY
 (studying the banknotes)
 In non-sequential order.

RULAND
 Harder to trace.

Cops getting closer. Monty piles the cash into the bag with the electronic scanner, guns and phones and hides the bag.

MONTY
(off Ruland's look)
Guns'n cash might prove useful
before this is over.

EXT. INGLENOOK ANIMAL SHELTER - DAY

Sgt Anchor posts his armed response constables.

Anchor, Monty and Kirk cross to the gazebo, where Leyla pours tea. Christian bandages Ruland's shoulder. Sgt Anchor studies the wrecked drone, weapons and burner phones on the table.

SGT ANCHOR
Should'a left the guns in situ for
the CSI lot.

LEYLA
So kids can pick up loaded weapons?

SGT ANCHOR
Point taken.

Christian hands a cup of tea to Anchor and Kirk.

SGT ANCHOR
(reaching for the sugar)
I ran your plates, Staff Sgt. You
were wounded here during last
year's siege.

Kirk gives a dismissive shrug. Anchor stares at the patched bullet holes. He flicks through stories on his phone.

SGT ANCHOR
I was transferred to Wales three
months ago. You, Mr. Havel, have an
impressive reputation at our police
station.

MONTY
(indicating Ruland)
That's on him.

SGT ANCHOR

(surprised at his rancor)
 And, I take it you, Mr. Nash,
 started the circus here by
 'finding' a laptop linking the
 Albanians to a terrorist group.
 That right?

KIRK

(as Ruland nods)
 To get their laptop back, the wee
 bastards attacked this place.
 Mistake.

SGT ANCHOR

(looks at his screen)
 Weren't there a lot of them?

KIRK

Seventeen body bags.

LEYLA

No match for a good man with a
 bayonet.

She gives Monty's arm a squeeze. Kirk pulls the book from
 Ruland's backpack, hands it to Anchor.

LEYLA

This the Albanians again, then?

Monty shrugs, not likely. Anchor nods to the weapons.

SGT ANCHOR

What have we got here?

MONTY

Katran knives. Russian Dragunov
 rifles and Makarov pistols.
 (off Anchor's look)
 To kill from a distance or up
 close. Assassins' tools.
 (checks the magazine)
 9x18 cartridges. Only manufactured
 in Russia and Ukraine. Not exactly
 hiding their identity.

SGT ANCHOR

How'd you piss off the Russians?

Shrugs all round. Anchor produces a photo of Monty.

SGT ANCHOR
 From the dead man with the knife in
 his throat. Know any of them?

Head shakes. Sgt Anchor leans in to the chatter on his radio.

SGT ANCHOR
 Somebody wants you and Mr. Nash in
 London.
 (off Monty's look)
 Somebody important.

A chopper whap, whap, whaps its way to an empty paddock.

White suit techies hustle equipment from the chopper to the
 table with the gunmen's weapons. Monty and Anchor stare.

MI5 officer REGINAL WELLWOOD-FINCH, 50s, Saville-Row suit
 walks towards them.

SGT ANCHOR
 By the look of'im, I'd say MI5.

MONTY
 Not leaving my family.

SGT ANCHOR
 Not so much a request.

KIRK
 Go on then, Monty. Sgt Wanker
 n'I'll keep watch here.
 (whispers)
 You find who, you find us a target.

Monty looks to Leyla. She nods. They hurry to the chopper.

EXT. LONDON, CITY AIRPORT - DAY

SUPER: LONDON, UK

A helicopter comes in for a landing.

INT. LONDON, US EMBASSY LOBBY - DAY

SUPER: LONDON, U.S. EMBASSY

NAZEM KHOURI, 30s, nice suit, misbaha prayer beads hanging
 from a pocket, shakes with Ruland. Monty ignores his hand.

MONTY
 So?

NAZEM

Nice to see you too, Monty.
Congrats on your book, Ruland.

RULAND

Why are we here, Nazem? What's
going on?

NAZEM

(leading them)
State-sponsored terrorism.

RULAND

Against us? C'mon.

EXT. BELFAST, KANE ART GALLERY BUILDING - DAY

SUPER: BELFAST, NORTHERN IRELAND

Declan unlocks the door next to the Kane Art Gallery door
with the 'closed' sign. He climbs the stairs, Sobranie
cigarettes in hand.

DECLAN

(calling out)
Home, ma. Got your Sobranies.

INT. LONDON, U.S. EMBASSY, CIA BOARDROOM - DAY

SUPER: LONDON, US EMBASSY

Nazem, Ruland and Monty stare at an electronic map of Europe
on the wall-wide screen.

Ruland's phone beeps.

INSERT Ruland's phone, a message from Wesley: "You ok? Dad."
Ruland types: All good. More later.

Nazem points to the corner with a live feed from Langley with
CIA analyst, KAREN BRUCE, Asian, late 20s.

NAZEM

You remember our analyst, Karen.

Ruland nods to her. Monty remains stoic. Nazem points to the
map dotted with a series of crosses spanning Europe.

NAZEM

Each cross represent a victim
killed over a six-week period.

(MORE)

NAZEM (CONT'D)

All opponents of the Russian and Iranian regimes.

Nazem's cursor roams over the crosses, each names with two photos: one while living, one autopsied with date killed.

NAZEM

Some killed with acid in their eye drops, poison in their toothpaste, failed brakes, BBQ tank exploding, three defenestrations plus old-fashioned shootings and stabbings.

RULAND

Dissidents have always been a target.

NAZEM

Not on this scale. This is retribution on steroids. At least four hit squads.

RULAND

How do they get this many gunmen and weapons into Europe?
(off Nazem's shrug)
Who's funding them?

NAZEM

One of our Iranian operatives reported forged art being sold to fund new terrorist operations.

RULAND

They that desperate?

KAREN

The Iranian economy is crumbling under sanctions and the Ukraine war is sapping Russia's economy.

RULAND

Ok, maybe. But, we're not dissidents so how do we fit in?

NAZEM

We were hoping you'd tell us.

MONTY

How do you know our attackers also attacked these dissidents?

KAREN

The techies confirmed traces of LDG, Libyan Desert Glass, were found on your three hitmen.

NAZEM

Traces of LDG sand was found at all of the other murder sites.

KAREN

Your guys had gloves or fingerprints burnt off. The few latent prints lifted from the other murder scenes were also burnt off.

RULAND

They're Libyan?

KAREN

Uh, uh. Wagner Group soldiers and Assad's Syrian Desert Hawks. Recruited as hit teams.

RULAND

(to Monty)

The guy Leyla shot spoke Arabic. The guy who called him had a Russian accent.

KAREN

We'd like you to look at these photos.

(brings them on screen)

We've used CCTV footage from the areas where killings happened and let the computers collate faces that recurred and that we couldn't identify as local. We've potentially matched one of your gunman to a killing in Belgium.

She brings up the first gunman Ruland and Monty killed.

NAZEM

If a face rings a bell, we widen our search and see if that yields more info. Recognize anyone else?

RULAND

Could'a sent these to us by phone.

KAREN

Over unsecured lines? If the hit teams are eavesdropping with more than drones, we've just warned them off. So, not a chance.

Karen activates a series of photos for Ruland and Monty.

EXT. INGLENOOK ANIMAL SHELTER - DAY

As Anchor talks to his men, a hazmat techie plants a hidden camera. Two other techies plant spy cameras elsewhere.

INT. LONDON, U.S. EMBASSY, CIA BOARDROOM - DAY

Photos scroll on the wall. Monty points to a photo of Sergei.

MONTY

Him. At the Shrewsbury market two days ago. Who is he?

NAZEM

Don't know. But we'll try facial recognition at ports, train stations and airports, might track how they got into the UK and -

KAREN

(messed via earpiece)
Nazem, another incident.

NAZEM

Bring it up.

She gestures at Ruland and Monty. Nazem waves 'do it'.

KAREN

Our Rome desk recorded this video call by Dr. Hatamian, an Iranian nuclear scientist who's shared nuclear intel with us.

INSERT: video call hosted by DR. HATAMIAN, 50S, speaking Farsi. Eight participants ring his image. A shadow falls.

In mid-sentence, a garrote slips over Hatamian's head and strangles him. Participants scream in horror as blood from his neck oozes through his fingers. He convulses. Stills.

Karen switches image back to current exchange. She's shaken.

NAZEM

This is the sixth targeted killing in Italy alone. Without dissidents, the west is groping blind.

MONTY

(stares at map of Italy)
With these attacks in Italy, have you contacted Pasquale Fontana?
(beat)
He's the head of Italy's counter-terrorist -

KAREN

(curt)
We know who Fontana is.

RULAND

Should I cancel my book tour? My father - at least until we know why we're targets-

KAREN

No, no need. We'll have a team watching. Thank you for coming.

She gestures for Nazem to get rid of Ruland and Monty.

KAREN

Nazem, Dr. Greer needs a word.

NAZEM

(to Ruland and Monty)
The chopper will take you back to Inglenook.

As they leave, Monty whispers to Ruland.

MONTY

They're using you as bait.

The door closes, Dr. JOANNE GREER, 60s joins the video link.

NAZEM

Shouldn't we advise Nash to cancel his book tour?

GREER

All the other victims are political targets. Nash and Havel have to be a personal issue.

Greer brings up Inglenook on satellite and hidden cameras.

GREER
We need them out there.

NAZEM
As bait? Nash's an American
citizen.

Greer holds up Ruland's book.

GREER
He didn't miss a chance to
embarrass the country.

NAZEM
He criticized policy, not the
country.

GREER
When did you get appointed to
analyst?

NAZEM
So what am I supposed to do?

GREER
You're the acting deputy head of
London station. Act like it. And
catch the bastards behind this.

Her image goes dark. Only image on screen: Dr. Hatamian.

INT. LIBYA, AIR-CONDITIONED CONTAINER OFFICE - NIGHT

SUPER: LIBYA, PARAMILITARY CAMP

Ansari draws a black X through Hatamian's photo.

Ruland's book is open on his desk.

Ansari is on a video call with an Iranian mullah.

INSERT COMPUTER SCREEN: The mullah holds up a document.

MULLAH
(in Farsi)
The payment for the painting went
through. Forty million should allow
you to finish your task.

ANSARI
It would if you didn't take half.

MULLAH

My dear Amir Ansari, who are we to
argue with the will of Allah?
(off Ansari's sneer)
Don't forget why you are here.

Ansari stares at a photo in Ruland's book.

INSERT: A photo of a wretched Ansari with caption: Iranian
Amir Ansari sentenced to 15 years in Evin prison.

ANSARI

I forget nothing.

Ansari grabs his bag and coat, throws a venomous look at
Ruland and Monty's photos – still no X.

INT. BELFAST, DECLAN'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A woman in a blue dress paints at an easel, her hand reaching
for a lit cigarette from the newly-opened pack of Sobranies.

On the walls, photos of a young Declan with a woman in blue.

INT. INGLENOOK, VET SURGERY - NIGHT

Through a window, Christian sees a helicopter drop Ruland and
Monty who crouch-jog towards Kirk as the chopper lifts away.

Christian stands by an examination table, feeding a treat to
the French Bulldog from the gunmen's van.

Kirk leads Ruland and Monty inside.

CHRISTIAN

How was London? Learn anything?

Monty points to the dog's shaved patch with two stitches
between its shoulders.

MONTY

What happened to –

CHRISTIAN

The gunmen's dog has a chip.

RULAND

You found who owns the dog?

CHRISTIAN

Couldn't read the chip. But this
Russian scanner was in the van.

He pulls the scanner from the bag with the cash and burners.

CHRISTIAN

Two things on this chip: a list of names and two paintings.

Christian holds the chip reader up to the microchip.

CHIP READER INSERT: Two Modigliani paintings, one ID'd as *Nude by a White Cabinet for Kopek*. The other ID'd as *Woman with a Red Shawl for Biennale*.'

RULAND

Amedeo Modigliani.

MONTY

Who?

RULAND

An Italian painter my mum liked. Known for his distinctive elongated human figures. Died young and penniless. Now worth millions.

RULAND

(shares look with Monty)
Millions that could...

KIRK

What?

MONTY

The CIA think Iran's selling art to fund hit squads.

KIRK

Mother of God on a wee, wide donkey. Why these paintings?

RULAND

(shrugs)
The Biennale's an art gathering in Venice. But wha't Kopek?

MONTY

The smallest coin in Russian currency.

RULAND

Doesn't tell us anything. And the list of names?

KIRK

(shows a list)

I Googled them. Russians and
Iranians. In the last three weeks,
half have been murdered, had
'accidents' or suspicious suicides.

RULAND

The dog's chip has a hit list?

KIRK

Looks to be. Monty and Leyla were
the second last on the list.

RULAND

Who was last?

CHIP READER INSERT: the book shot of Ruland and his father.

RULAND

Holy shit.

CHRISTIAN

And a creepy note: "They will come
for Havel's funeral. Wait for
them."

RULAND

Those fuckers.

MONTY

Clever fuckers. Who'd guess their
hit list is on a chip in the dog?

Monty grabs a burner from the bag, activates and dials.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. VENICE, APARTMENT - NIGHT

PASQUALE FONTANA, 60s, dapper, sees his phone's ID's blank.

PASQUALE

Pronto.

MONTY

Pasquale, Monty. I'm with Ruland.
Calling you on a burner.

PASQUALE

Smart. Maybe why you're the only
ones to survive these hit squads.

MONTY

You heard?

PASQUALE

Was going to call but busy. Alora?

MONTY

The people who attacked us had a
hit list-

PASQUALE

(suddenly keen)

You have a list?

RULAND

And something about Modigliani
paintings and the Biennale.

PASQUALE

Cazzo!

RULAND

What's the issue with Modigliani?

PASQUALE

Can't talk, even on a burner.

(thinks)

I'll have a plane for you at
Cardiff airport tomorrow morning.

RULAND

Taking us where?

PASQUALE

Venice.

MONTY

(studies his list)

There's a name on the list with a
Venice address. A Professor
Alexander -

PASQUALE

Alexander Alexeyev.

Pasquale turns towards CSI techs in hazmat white clustered around two corpses, man and a woman, each with a halo of congealed blood, each gripping the sharpened rebar driven through their respective ears into the floor.

PASQUALE

He shared the blueprints for the Shahed drones Iran sells to Russia and used against Ukraine. I'll see you tomorrow. Buonanotte!

Pasquale clicks off, looks to his assistant, GIANNI PELA, 30s who points to the woman pinned to the floor.

GIANNI

His Italian fiancée. Coroner says they were alive when this was...to ensure they saw each other die.

CSI take flash photos of the gruesome scene.

INT. INGLENOOK, VET SURGERY - NIGHT

Monty hands the phone back to Kirk.

RULAND

We're going to Venice?

MONTY

Not me. You.

RULAND

But -

MONTY

You need to get that chip to Pasquale. I need to be here.

Ruland's shoulder's sag. Christian gives him a 'hang in there' shrug. Kirk, an encouraging pat on the back.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA, LIBYAN COAST GUARD CUTTER - NIGHT

SUPER: MEDITERRANEAN, OFF THE ITALIAN COAST

The cutter slows near an overloaded migrant boat. Ansari springs aboard a Zodiac, its motor overwhelming the screams of migrants being detained as Ansari heads for shore.

INT. BELFAST, KANE ART GALLERY - DAY

SUPER: BELFAST, NORTHERN IRELAND

Declan reads emails as an employee and her beagle come in.

DECLAN
 Morning, Cathy.
 (off her smile)
 And how's Freddie this morning?

The beagle takes Declan's treat to a dog bed by the cash.

His phone beeps.

INSERT TEXT: from Boy Kelly, his photo shows a thug in a suit, 60s.

Text: "Need to talk. Locker."

DECLAN
 Shit.

INT. BELFAST, STORAGE LOCKER - NIGHT

Declan has the beagle, wearing a coat, on a leash, by a roll-up garage door. Its ears prick up as footsteps approach.

The door rattles open. BOY KELLY (BK), 60s, nice suit, pugilist's build and nose, signals his bodyguard who frisks Declan. Nods to BK: Declan's unarmed. Declan checks nobody's watching and closes the garage door.

BOY KELLY
 (Irish accent)
 How's your ma?
 (to bodyguard)
 She lost a lung to cancer but still smokes. She still hums 'Danny Boy'? Mad as a hatter, that one.

BOY KELLY
 (looks at the beagle)
 Never took you for much of a dog person.

DECLAN
 Never took me for much of anything.

BOY KELLY
 That any way to talk to your father?
 (looks around)
 Funny Ansari remembered me telling'im about grandad, Cillian, the forger. Where's the painting?

Boy Kelly sips a water bottle, walks to where Declan points.

BOY KELLY

Met Ansari in London in the 70s. A cute whore, that one. He sold art through the Iranian embassy and slipped us more'n a few quid to buy weapons during the 'Troubles.'

Declan follows, gives the dog a treat.

DECLAN

You told the Irish Times you were never in the IRA.

Boy Kelly waves off the lie, lifts a dusty blanket, kneels before the painting of a woman with an elongated face and red shawl. His eyes sparkle with greed. Declan's with respect.

DECLAN

Woman with a Red Shawl. Amazingly good copy.

BOY KELLY

Well, Cillian must'a studied the originals when they were seized from the SS Excalibur in Bermuda.

DECLAN

Nice wartime posting. Why didn't your grandad sell them?

BOY KELLY

Cillian Kelly never made it'ome after the war. Killed on a London dock by a drunk driver.

Boy Kelly stands, brushes the dust from his knees.

BOY KELLY

His gear arrived a month after his death. We didn't know his copies had any value. But, you know, paintings. Why didn't you sell'em?

DECLAN

(disdainful)

I never touched anything that belonged to you.

BOY KELLY

Lucky me. You got the first one, I'm taking this one. Problem?

Declan thumb-rubs the arrowhead scar on his left wrist.

DECLAN

Always about money. But I promised
ma I wouldn't lose the gallery.

Declan pets the dog, pulls a tiny .25 Caliber pistol from inside the dog's coat, rises, shoots the bodyguard through his open mouth, spins, shoots Boy Kelly through the eye.

He falters against the wall. Bloody ocular fluid oozes down his cheek. As he loses the fight to stay upright and alive, Declan leans in and whispers.

DECLAN

Ma and I wished you'd spent more
time at home... Da.

Boy Kelly drops his water bottle that smashes on the floor.

EXT. BELFAST, CANAL - DAY

SUPER: BELFAST, NORTHERN IRELAND

Splash. BK's body lands beside his bodyguard in the secluded canal. A woman in a blue dress, humming 'Danny Boy', watches the corpses float. A fist thumps the van behind her.

She turns to see a Belfast cop in a high-viz yellow jacket squeezes past the van towards her.

COP

Sorry, 'mam, no parking here at
this hour. You'll have to-

The small caliber pistol in her hand barks. The upward trajectory pierces the cop's cheek and lodges in his brain.

The face under the wig and red lipstick is **DECLAN'S**.

INT. ITALIAN SECURITY SERVICES JET - DAY

The sun red-belts the cloudy horizon out the porthole as Ruland looks at a smiling Alessandra in his book.

ITALIAN PILOT (V.O.)

For your information, Mr. Nash, we
are now in Italian airspace.

Ruland peers at the mountains.

FLASHBACK: RULAND MEETS ALESSANDRA 9 MONTHS AGO

EXT. ITALY, MONTY'S MOUNTAIN HOUSE, PATIO - DAY

Surrounded by mountains, Ruland writes. A woman laughs. Ruland peers around the trellis, gapes, grabs his phone.

EXT. MONTY'S HOUSE, CATCH BASIN - DAY

ALESSANDRA, 30, curvaceous, bikini-clad and dripping, climbs a rope ladder out of a catch basin. Monty's next up, soaps and rinses off with a bucket on a rope, walks home. She pulls up a bucket of water.

Ruland stops, she turns, their eyes lock, something clicks.

ALESSANDRA
(educated Italian accent)
Ciao. I'm Alessandra. You're Ruland, the writer Monty says is afraid of the cold water.

RULAND
Oh, doesn't look that cold.

Puts his cell on tractor's tire, it slips, he catches it, puts it back. She douses him with the bucket of icy water.

RULAND
Holy shit, my balls just flew into a different time zone.

ALESSANDRA
When are they due back? You need balls to write.
(they're starstruck)
Monty says you're good.

RULAND
He does? How'd he know?

ALESSANDRA
You wrote *Russia's Fire in the Hole*?

RULAND
Oh, yeah. It's on my phone, you know. If you wanna, or not's okay.

He unlocks his phone, awkward. She climbs down into the catch basin. He soaps up, adjusts his crotch, follows her down.

RULAND
(muttering)
Oh, they're back

She swims to the far rope ladder, climbs, walks back, picks up his cell and reads.

Ruland wrestles up the far ladder, walks back to her, unsure.

ALESSANDRA
(reading his article)
You are a man with a conscience.

RULAND
I am? I mean, I am. Oh, I am.

ALLESANDRA
(waves his phone)
You write that broken dreams in Chechnya lead to desperation. What's your dream, Ruland?

RULAND
Uh, as a kid, I wanted to be Atticus Finch.
(she doesn't get it)
To Kill a Mockingbird? No? Think of a crusading character.

ALLESANDRA
Oh, like Don Quixote?

RULAND
Well yeah, but hopefully with more success. And a pen, not a lance.

ALLESANDRA
We need more men like you.

RULAND
Shame there aren't more like me.

ALLESANDRA
If pigs could fly.

She bends over for her towel. He stares, aroused.

RULAND
If pigs could fly, I'd be a pilot.

ALLESANDRA
We have enough pilots. What does the writer say?

RULAND
(improvises, looks up)
Uh, the, uh, sun blinks at this swirl of a girl.
(MORE)

RULAND (CONT'D)
Graceful curves catch roving eyes.
And rivals pounce, to steal his
prize.

ALLESANDRA
(getting closer)
A man who writes like that, must
have great success, no?

RULAND
Oh, he must.

GRAZIANA (O.C.)
(calling from house)
Alessandra! Dove sei?

ALESSANDRA
Si, mama. The sun blinks at this
swirl of a girl? Madonna.

She grabs his hand, pulls him along.

EXT. DOM AND GRAZIANA'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

Alessandra sheds her bathing suit, thumbs Ruland's off. They
kiss, he tongue-surfs between her breasts, down, between her
legs. Curtains billow. Climax. She pulls him up beside her.

ALESSANDRA
Dio, mio. Where'd you learn that?

RULAND
I've got a deviant septum.

Graziana calling interrupts their muffled laughter.

GRAZIANA (O.C.)
Alessandra? Dove, sei?

ALLESANDRA
Vengo, vengo, mamma.
(to Nash)
I told my mother I'd come quickly.
You must too.

She guides him inside her.

END FLASHBACK.

Ruland casts a forlorn look out the porthole.

INT. BELFAST, DECLAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

SUPER: BELFAST, NORTHERN IRELAND

A woman's gloved hand finishes a painting of Boy Kelly. As a model, the painter uses a photo from a news article.

EXT. VENICE, LEONARDO DAVINCI EXHIBIT - DAY

SUPER: VENICE, ITALY

Establishing shot of the deconsecrated church.

INT. VENICE, LEONARDO DAVINCI EXHIBIT, SECRET ROOM - DAY

Fontana goes over paperwork when Gianni gets a text he reads.

GIANNI

The flight's coming in...You going to tell them about her?

PASQUALE

When I have to.

GIANNI

You going to tell her about them?

PASQUALE

When I have to.

INT. BELFAST, DECLAN'S APARTMENT, HOME OFFICE - DAY

Declan is at his desk paying 'overdue' bills. He calls out over his shoulder, through the open door.

DECLAN

I've filled the fridge...Don't make that face, ma. I'll be back from Venice as soon as, yeah?

Declan hides the second Modigliani, *The Woman with a Red Shawl*, behind a third-rate canvas. He makes two cappuccinos at the machine.

INT. DECLAN'S APARTMENT, SOLARIUM - DAY

The painting on the easel is the canal where BK and Dickie's bodies were dumped. The painter, a smock over a long-sleeved blue dress, uses media photos of the floating bodies.

The lace-gloved right hand adds a finishing touch to the canvas. It measures 10" by 12", identical to the amateur landscapes already on the wall.

The lace-gloved left hand picks the lit Sobranie cigarette by the cappuccino cup, exposing the left wrist and an arrowhead scar. The thumb of Declan's gloved right hand rubs the scar.

EXT. VENICE, GUGENHEIM MUSEUM, CAFE - DAY

SUPER: VENICE, ITALY

ALESSANDRA DOLCE, (the woman listed as dead) 30s, sits at a table, where a FEMALE REPORTER, 20s, taps 'record' on her phone and slides it behind a menu.

REPORTER

(in Italian)

Signora Dolce, as we're on the eve of the Art Biennale, can you tell Galleria Venezia readers how a seasoned art historian like you determines the authenticity of a work of art, such as -

A shadow falls over the table. Fontana smiles, shows his ID.

PASQUALE

(in Italian)

Signora, *permesso*, can I steal your subject for an urgent matter?

The journalist waves Alessandra back down.

REPORTER

(to Pasquale)

Please take my seat. I'll get some *cicchetti*. Take your time.

She leaves. Fontana sits. The hidden phone still records.

PASQUALE

I need you to hear someone explain why one of the hit squads makes reference to two Modigliani paintings, one linked to the Biennale. A person you don't want to see, because...

He plunks Ruland's book down. She's livid.

ALESSANDRA

NO! This...No, you cannot ask.

PASQUALE
 Your refusal will cost more lives.
 Would your parents approve?

Her eyes spit fire at Ruland and Monty's photo.

MEMORY FLASHBACK: (9 months ago)

INT. BARRI, ITALY, ALESSANDRA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Wire Tat, the Albanian gunman, shoots Graziana and Domenico. Alessandra screams and claws the gunman's face. Wire Tat shoots her in the stomach. Hemorrhaging, she falls.

END FLASHBACK

Clutching her stomach at the memory, Alessandra falls back in her seat.

EXT. VENICE CANAL, WATER TAXI - DAY

Ruland falls into the back of a police boat. Gianni looks expectantly along the fondamenta but Ruland shakes his head and gestures, 'just me.' Gianni shrugs and phone texts.

EXT. VENICE, GUGENHEIM MUSEUM, CAFE - DAY

Pasquale checks his phone, rises, waves the reporter back.

PASQUALE
 (to Alessandra)
 I have to go. I wouldn't ask if it
 wasn't absolutely necessary.

ALESSANDRA
 I'll do it...Because I really need
 to work. This work.

PASQUALE
 Oh, Alessandra...our past is meant
 to be a lesson, not a sentence.

ALESSANDRA
 (terse)
 You weren't there.

Pasquale kisses her forehead and weaves his way out. She pulls herself to her feet as the reporter returns.

ALESSANDRA
 Scusi, questa è un'emergenza.

As Alessandra leaves, the reporter fishes her phone from behind the menu and clicks it off.

INT. VENICE, ANSARI'S APARTMENT - DAY

Buzzer. Sergei looks through the peephole, opens the door to Declan carrying a carry-on bag and a well-packaged painting.

ANSARI
Welcome to Venice.

Declan, wearing flesh-colored latex gloves, unpackages the hidden Modigliani painting, *Woman with a Red Shawl*.

ANSARI
Our buyer is keen to see it.
(admiring the painting)
And she's a beauty.

DECLAN
They aren't interested in beauty.
It's the prestige they're buying.

EXT. VENICE CANAL BY A SQUARE - DAY

Gianni docks the boat. Ruland shakes hands with Pasquale who leads them to a side door to the Leonardo Davinci exhibit.

INT. LEONARDO DAVINCI EXHIBIT - CONTINUOUS

Visitors mill about the Leonardo exhibit in the deconsecrated church. Pasquale leads the others behind a large canvas, then into a disused confessional whose wall opens onto a tunnel.

INT. DAVINCI EXHIBIT, SECRET ROOM - DAY

Pasquale, Ruland and Gianni enter the chapel walled off from the exhibit. Flanked by paintings on easels, two women study a painting on a desk.

On Pasquale's gesture, one woman grabs her laptop and leaves.

Pasquale waves for Ruland and Gianni to grab folding chairs. The second woman, turns and rises.

Ruland jumps and gapes at Alessandra, her striking features marred by a cold look. Ruland blinks, points at her.

RULAND
You...You died.

ALESSANDRA
I often wish I had.

RULAND
But...but...
(angry, to Pasquale)
You told us she was dead.

ALESSANDRA
To you, I am.
(seething)
Because of you and Monty, killers
came to our door. You caused my
parents' death.
(he shakes his head)
And you caused this.

She raises her shirt, shows a scarred abdomen. He flinches.

ALESSANDRA
The bullet took my ovaries. You
took my past and my future.

Pasquale patiently gestures 'enough' and turns to Ruland.

PASQUALE
Can you give Gianni the dog chip.

Ruland hands Gianni the chip and reader. As Gianni heads to
the back room, Ruland sees her name tag: Alessandra Dolce.

RULAND
(gently)
Dolce? You took your mother's name.

ALESSANDRA
(wistful)
She wasn't using it.

She follows the others. Ruland catches his breath, then
follows.

INT. VENICE, LEONARDO DAVINCI EXHIBIT, SECRET ROOM - DAY

Gianni has the hit list of names on the screen. He finishes
typing on the keyboard.

GIANNI
I've sent this to the CIA.
Including this -

He clicks the keyboard and the two Modigliani paintings come up on screen. *"Nude by a white Cabinet - for Kopek"* and *"Woman With a Red Shawl - for Biennale"*.

Alessandra gasps and stares at them.

ALESSANDRA
Madona! This can't be.

PASQUALE
What?

ALESSANDRA
These paintings were destroyed in Bermuda during WWII.

PASQUALE
Bermuda?

Gianni yields his seat to her. She types, brings up a b&w photo of Hitler and Goering inspecting paintings.

ALESSANDRA
Paintings by avant-guard painters like Picasso, or Modigliani, deemed degenerate art, were seized by the Nazis and shipped to be sold in New York on the SS Excalibur.

INSERT: A b&w photo of a cargo ship, steaming on the ocean.

RULAND
We allowed that in the US?

PASQUALE
Before your country declared war.

ALESSANDRA
The Allies seized the paintings when the ship refueled in Bermuda. But to protect them from Bermuda's humidity, they were sent to Canada's National Gallery, in Ottawa. At the end of the war, they were returned to their owners.

RULAND
Including these Modiglianis?

ALESSANDRA
No, they were on a Bermuda dock when they were irreparably damaged.

PASQUALE
So these are forgeries?

She brings the paintings back on screen and studies them.

ALESSANDRA
If they are, they're brilliant.

RULAND
Lots of artists copy paintings,
right?

ALESSANDRA
Copy, yes. Duplicate? No.

RULAND
Sorry, can you explain...

ALESSANDRA
To be this good, you'd have to
study the original, know the
direction of the brush strokes, the
pigment, thickness of the paint,
its exact color shading and so on.

RULAND
So this is, what then?

Alessandra yields her seat back to Gianni

ALESSANDRA
Can't tell you until I study the
actual canvas.

PASQUALE
I'm guessing they're trying to sell
one of these at the Biennale?

RULAND
That happen a lot?

ALESSANDRA
Most of the Biennale's patrons are
honest. But, because of the
millions involved, art also draws
every shade of corruption.

RULAND
The CIA said they're selling art to
fund hit squads.

PASQUALE

In April of last year, a Brooklyn court charged a dealer with using art sales to fund Iranian-backed terrorists. So...

RULAND

What's Kopek? Other than the smallest Russian coin.

Gianni types, then shoots a knowing look to Pasquale.

PASQUALE

What?

Gianni brings up a photo of a mega yacht.

GIANNI

It's a Russian Oligarch's yacht.

RULAND

Is that who bought the first painting? Can you search the yacht?

GIANNI

With the West seizing Russian assets since Ukraine, oligarchs hide their loot offshore. Kopek's safely in Libya.

PASQUALE

(pats Gianni's shoulder)
We'll take Ruland to his apartment.

The men head out. Alessandra calls to Ruland.

ALESSANDRA

The man who killed my parents, the one with the tattoos on his...
(points to her neck)
Did he get off easy?

MEMORY FLASHBACK: (9 months ago)

EXT./INT. INGLENOOK BARN - NIGHT

Ruland sees Wire Tat's hand reach for the barn's light. Swish, Monty's scythe severs his hand. Swish, Monty severs his head, it rolls upright, eyes blink.

END FLASHBACK

RULAND
No. He didn't get off easy.

Ruland shuffles out. She's still seething.

ALESSANDRA
Are you troubled by my anger?

RULAND
No...By your sadness.

Ruland leaves while Alessandra stares.

INT. VENICE, ANSARI'S APARTMENT - DAY

INSERT COMPUTER: Alessandra's corporate photo for the Biennale peers out from the computer.

Declan, Ansari and Sergei read the English version of the Galleria Venezia article. Declan's eyes narrow with anger.

ANSARI
I can't believe she's alive.

DECLAN
I can't believe our buyer's backing out.

(reading the article)
Signora Alessandra Dolce, an art fraud specialist, was overheard speaking about a possible fake Modigliani. Signora Dolce spoke of two men, a "Montay" and a "Roland", with whom she apparently has some history and who are somehow involved with the discovery of the forged art work-

SERGEI
Roland and Montay?

ANSARI
Ruland Nash and Monty Havel.

SERGEI
Those two bastards from Inglenook?

DECLAN
(off Ansari's nod)
Your issue with them is personal?

Ansari opens Ruland's book to Ansari's Evin prison photo.

ANSARI

They exposed an Albanian car theft ring I did business with. And landed me a 15-year sentence in the living hell of Evin prison. Makes it personal. Just as killing Boy Kelly was personal.

DECLAN

He was going to take our painting.

Ansari stares at a book photo of Ruland and Monty.

ANSARI

I have something in the works for them.

DECLAN

This Alessandra Dolce needs to tell us if what they know will stop us from finding a new buyer. No sale, no hit squad, right?

ANSARI

And no payment for you. Sergei, get the other team back from Rome. Everyone stakes out the Biennale. We tail her and have a quiet talk.

EXT. VENICE CANAL, WATER TAXI - DAY

While Gianni pilots the boat along the sunset beauty of the canal and Pasquale leans on the canopy, Ruland fumes on the rear banquette. Pasquale turns.

PASQUALE

You want to know why I didn't tell you.

RULAND

Alessandra and I had history -

PASQUALE

She's my goddaughter. That trumps a roll in the hay.

Ruland leaps to his feet. Gianni shoots him a warning look.

PASQUALE

The ambulance was transporting a corpse. Until they detected a pulse and put her in an induced coma.

(cuts off Ruland)

(MORE)

PASQUALE (CONT'D)

You already thought she was dead.
Why tell you differently if she was
going to die in a day or two.

RULAND

But after? When she recovered?

PASQUALE

She said she never wanted to see
you or Monty again.

(Ruland's crushed)

Telling you she was alive but hated
you would not have lessened your
suffering. Or mine. I was trying to
shield all of us from more pain. If
I was wrong...you can hate me.

Ruland splays his hands in a gesture of appeasement.

PASQUALE

I arranged her transfer from the
art gallery in Genoa where she was
curator to work here with the art
fraud group. She got away from
harsh memories and I can keep an
eye on her.

RULAND

You have no idea who's behind this?
Why they targeted us?

PASQUALE

(shakes no)

The chip you brought is another
piece of the puzzle. I'll have
Gianni take you back to the airport
tomorrow morning.

EXT. INGLENOOK ANIMAL SHELTER - DAY

Sgt Anchor finishes his call and steps out of his car. Kirk,
Monty and Christian exit the house and head for Kirk's SUV.

SGT ANCHOR

What do you know, Staff Sergeant?

KIRK

Well, I know that a Persian rug is
no' an Iranian hairpiece. I know
that the terror group Hezbollah has
a segregated wing for women, called
Her-bollah.

SGT ANCHOR
That much knowledge can only be
gleaned from very posh schooling.

Christian fights a grin.

KIRK
You've an eye for quality, Sgt.
Wanker.

He utters 'wanker' softly. Anchor's smile says he knows.

KIRK
(to Anchor)
Boys are off for some takeaway.

Monty starts his SUV. Anchor signals cops to open the gate.

EXT./INT. INGLENOK ROADWAY, SUV - DAY

As they leave the property and take the secondary roadway,
Monty sees a dark sedan fall in behind them.

INT. LONDON, US EMBASSY - DAY

Nazem is in video communication with Greer and Karen in
Langley, all watching a satellite image of the two vehicles.

NAZEM
Do we -

GREER
Not until we're sure.

EXT. WALES, PUB PARKING LOT - DAY

Monty parks. At the door, in the glass' reflection, Monty
sees the dark sedan pull in. Three sullen passengers.

INT. WALES, PUB BAR - DAY

A light early evening crowd. Publican draws two pints for
Monty and Christian. They clink. Monty spots two sullen men,
wearing gloves, entering and scoping the room.

Monty grabs three darts from the bar, throws one: bull's-eye.

Knowing he's watched, Monty heads to the men's room.

INT. WALES, PUB, MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

One of the killers inches past the door. Nobody. He peeks under the stalls: two boots. He pulls out a silenced Makarov.

Shoots through the door at waist height, kicks it open.

Empty, except for the boots. From behind the bathroom door, a barefooted Monty side-plants a dart through his temple.

The gunman convulses. Monty snaps his neck. Tucks the pistol in his belt. Checks his pockets: cash, no ID, burner phone and a photo of Ruland and Monty.

INT. WALES, PUB BAR - CONTINUOUS

Monty slides onto the stool beside Christian. In the mirror, Monty sees the second gunman's astonished look. The man stares expectantly at the bathroom. Draws his pistol.

From his stool, Monty flings a dart that punctures the gunman's eye. He screams. Monty knocks the shooter's gun free and pins the man by the window. A shot rings out, a bullet pierces the window, killing Monty's prisoner. Tires screech.

Bracing against the doorway, Monty aims and empties the Makarov. Through the bay window, Christian sees the dark sedan skid out of control, hit a tree and burst into flames.

The pub owner and the cook join 6 patrons, all standing, mouths agape, their forks in mid-bite.

Christian checks the fallen gunman's carotid artery. Dead. He rises and faces the bar, calling out in a strong, calm voice.

CHRISTIAN

I'm a doctor. Is anybody hurt?

Heads shake, no. He touches Monty's forearm, speaks softly.

CHRISTIAN

You okay, Monty?

Monty's surfing adrenaline, slips the safety on and nods.

MONTY

Fit as a butcher's dog.

Sirens approach as they exit.

INT. LONDON, US EMBASSY - DAY

Nazem, with Greer and Karen in Langley, watch the satellite image of Monty driving past the gunmen's burning vehicle.

Greer slams her cell down.

GREER

We have nobody to interrogate. He killed'em all.

Nazem holds up Ruland's book.

NAZEM

At the risk of sounding like an analyst, that's what I'd expect from a good man with a bayonet.

Greer fumes.

EXT. VENICE, CANAL CAFE - NIGHT

Alessandra, in a smart pantsuit and red scarf, and MANUELA CARUSO, 30s, leave the canal-side tables.

They step into a gondola where Manuela dons the gondoliera's straw hat and maneuver's them into the channel.

They pass two gondolas tied together where a small group is serenaded by a man playing the accordion and singing.

EXT. VENICE CANAL, GONDOLA - NIGHT

Manuela ducks, expertly propelling them under a bridge.

MANUELA

Why you so moody? You think of your hung man?

ALESSANDRA

What?

MANUELA

Practicing my English. To speak good with tourists.

ALESSANDRA

No, no. You just said...

MANUELA

Yes, what?

ALESSANDRA

You said, you know.

She laughs and smacks the gondola's gunwale in mock annoyance, catches a fingernail.

MANUELA

You were tell about your young man.

ALESSANDRA

No, no, you said 'hung' man, which is, you know, completely wrong.

MANUELA

You say he's not so -

ALESSANDRA

He's more than adequately...I'm just not in a frame of mind to...

MANUELA

Well if you are sucked your last dick, the girls on my team are so happy to have you-

ALESSANDRA

If you're going to be vulgar every time I treat you to dinner...

Their laughter echoes off the canal walls. Manuela looks behind at four men in an outboard, trailing from a distance.

MANUELA

You must have a picture of him.

Alessandra shows Ruland's book cover photo on her phone.

MANUELA

Alora. Che bello! He make even the Madonna ovulate, si?

ALESSANDRA

I told, you, Manuela, after what happened...

Alessandra makes a dismissive gestures, pulls a metal nail file from her purse and deals with the snag in her fingernail. Manuela steers them down a narrower canal.

ALESSANDRA

Whatever might have been...Let's get back to a happier mood.

Alessandra takes a selfie of herself and Manuela just as the outboard accelerates, throwing a wake. Manuela reacts.

MANUELA

Calma! Calma!

Without warning, Ansari and Sergei spring from the outboard into the gondola. Manuela screams at them.

A gunman wrestles the oar from Manuela and slams her temple with the butt of the handle. She topples overboard, striking her head against the stone wall. Splash.

Ansari reaches for Alessandra with a syringe. Quick as a cat she stabs him on his arm with the pointed steel nail file, then three times, deep in the abdomen.

Sergei, manning the outboard, leans in and punches Alessandra in the stomach. Pain radiates through her scars, doubling her over. Ansari jabs her arm with the syringe.

Her eyes flutter closed but not before she nudges her phone in the narrow space between her seat and the hull.

They drop Alessandra into the bottom of the motorboat. Sergei reaches under the deck boards and unplugs the bow light.

Ansari clasps a forearm against his bleeding stomach and crawls into the outboard. Sergei dumps the contents of Alessandra's backpack onto the gondola's floorboards.

SERGEI

No computer. No phone.

Ansari waves him back aboard and pulls the house keys from Alessandra's pocket. The boat spins around and motors off.

INT. VENICE, LEONARDO DAVINCI EXHIBIT, SECRET ROOM - NIGHT

Pasquale's phone pings. He reads a text, turns on his laptop.

INSERT: The article in Galleria Venezia detailing Pasquale and Alessandra's private conversation.

PASQUALE

Che cazzo? Alessandra.

Pasquale dials a number. Voicemail. Dials another number.

PASQUALE

Ruland, we have a problem.

INT. INGLENOOK, LEYLA AND MONTY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A phone beeps. Monty grabs it off the bedside table, reads the text. Puts it down. Swings his legs off the bed. Rises and heads for the door, both Jacks in tow.

Leyla rolls over and reads the text, frowns with sadness.

INT. INGLENOOK, KITCHEN - NIGHT

The jacks attention swings from Monty at the window to Leyla as she walks in. Monty leans against her baby bump.

LEYLA

You have to go.

MONTY

I have to take care of you -

LEYLA

Sgt Anchor and his men can do that.

Monty gets up and stares out the window.

LEYLA

They targeted the pub, because
Inglenook's too well protected.

(he sighs)

If you don't go, it'll tear you
apart. And that'll tear us apart.

MONTY

(losing the argument)

I'd have to get to Cardiff and book
a flight to Venice, whenever the
next one's leaving-

LEYLA

Kirk knows who can fly you there.
And you have a bag of money to pay
for it.

(he nods)

Go pack.

They stare and kiss.

INT. VENICE, ALESSANDRA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Photos line the walls: Alessandra with her parents and some with Pasquale.

Ansari lies sprawled on the couch, surrounded by Alessandra's treadmill and free weights. He sweats, labored with pain. Sergei bandages his abdominal wounds as their men search.

SERGEI

You've got a fever. She punctured your bowel. The infection spreads, you go septic. You need a doctor.

Ansari fingers Alessandra's Art Fraud ID badge on a lanyard.

ANSARI

(groans)

She's police. When her colleagues find my blood in the gondola, they'll search for me in hospitals, clinics, doctor's office and vets. Safer to get medical help in Libya.

(Sergei starts to object)

I'll die before I go back to prison.

Sergei shakes two horse pills from a container.

SERGEI

General antibiotic. Better than nothing.

Ansari washes them down. He injects a military syrette of morphine. A gunman emerges from a room, shakes his head.

SERGEI

(off Ansari's look)

Still no phone. This is first place they will look for her. We can't wait until she's awake.

ANSARI

We'll question her in Libya.

(Sergei's doubtful)

Put her laptop in a Faraday bag to block tracking signals. Let's go.

Sergei slips her laptop in a Faraday bag, looks out the window to the motorboat, flashes a light, gets one in return.

Sergei flashes to the rooftop across the canal, gets a flash back. Sergei helps Ansari shuffle to the door. Sergei nods to one of his men who opens a pouch and pulls out a grenade.

EXT. VENICE CANAL, POLICE BOAT - NIGHT

Gianni pilots the boat up to the steps by the fondamente where Ruland waits. As it emerges into the small pool of light the darkness reveals Pasquale and, surprise, Monty.

Ruland smiles at Monty who hands him a pistol. Pasquale and Gianni make a show of not seeing him tuck it away.

Pasquale taps the boat's GPS screen.

PASQUALE

Her phone's in a side canal.

RULAND

Why'd she tell that to the journalist?

PASQUALE

She didn't. The journalist moved out of earshot. But kept recording while I prepped Alessandra.

MONTY

Why aren't you using your people?

PASQUALE

If I scramble an armed unit, my bosses will want to know why and why I haven't mentioned you two.

RULAND

Why?

PASQUALE

Two members of far-right parties sit on my internal security committee. Members who might pass intel to foreign governments. That worries me and the CIA. So I keep you two and this mess on the QT.

Ruland nods. Gianni points to the dark gondola wedged by a piling. Monty jacks the slide on his Makarov pistol. Gianni floodlights the gondola. Empty. Blood in two areas.

Monty scopes the nearby windows for signs of an ambush.

RULAND

There.

A woman's body floating. Gianni brings the launch alongside. They turn her over and let out a guilty sigh of relief: not Alessandra. Pasquale does the sign of the cross.

PASQUALE

Cazzo. It's her friend, Manuela.

Gianni pulls on latex gloves, finds the gondola's unplugged front light, finds and hands Alessandra's phone to Pasquale.

MONTY

(points to the blood)
Judging by the gap in blood
splatters, two different bleeders.

Pasquale nods. Gianni takes blood swabs he bags and tags.

PASQUALE

Let's check her apartment.

INT. VENICE, ANSARI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The hit squad packs in a hurry. Alessandra, unconscious on the couch, a red scarf around her neck, mirrors the painting of *Woman with a Red Shawl* that Declan repackages.

ANSARI

I'll call you when we can safely
move the painting.

DECLAN

I'll head back and care for me ma.
But I have expenses.

Ansari waves for Sergei to bring him a box. He opens it and pulls out two bundles of cash.

ANSARI

A hundred thousand. For now money.

DECLAN

You never doubted I might sell the
paintings myself?

ANSARI

Without my contacts, you'd only get
a fraction of what I get.

Declan removes and pockets his latex gloves. He leans his ungloved index finger on the couch to watch Sergei dump the unconscious Alessandra into a wheeled bin.

Ansari stares at a photo of Monty and Ruland from his book.

DECLAN

D'you want me to take care of them?

ANSARI

When the media breaks the story
about her disappearance, Havel or
Nash will come. I have men waiting.

Declan carries the painting out, closes the door.

EXT. VENICE CANAL, GONDOLA - NIGHT

Gianni, wearing the gondolier's straw boater, rows Ruland towards Alessandra's apartment as Pasquale softly plays the accordion - the image of a tourist outing.

Gianni ties up close enough to keep an eye on her building. Monty pilots their motorboat and moors behind them.

Gianni watches from the gondola as Monty, Pasquale and Ruland dashing along the shadows to the door.

INT. VENICE, ALESSANDRA'S APARTMENT STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Vertical windows bathe the staircase in the pale outside light. Guns drawn, Ruland, Monty and Pasquale silently scale the steps, hugging the outside wall shadows.

Halfway up, a motion detector triggers a light that startles them, makes them all crouch. They hurry to her door.

INT. VENICE, ALESSANDRA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The place has been tossed. On Pasquale's signal, Ruland and Monty spread out and search the place.

PASQUALE

Clear.

RULAND

Clear.

INT. VENICE, ALESSANDRA'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ruland notes the rifled medicine cabinet, cosmetics lying in the cast iron clawfoot tub by the frosted window.

RULAND

Clear.

A strip of paper hangs from the medicine cabinet mirror. Ruland eases the door open. PING, a grenade handle flies out from the cabinet, the grenade bounces on the floor.

RULAND

Grenade!

He dives into the iron tub. WHOMP. The grenade blows out the window. Debris showers a stunned but unhurt Ruland. Monty and Pasquale run in, steady him. Ruland signals his ears ring.

MONTY

They knew we'd come.

RULAND

Who the fuck're they?

Ruland shakes it off, retrieves his pistol and hurries out.

INT. VENICE, ALESSANDRA'S APARTMENT, STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Monty jerks Ruland back before he can take the stairs, mimes the light coming on in front of the broad stairwell windows.

Ruland takes a golf ball from his pocket and lets it bounce down. Pasquale and Gianni huddle with them behind a column.

Bump, bump, bump, click. Light floods the staircase. Nothing. Boom! Boom! Boom! Gunshots. Shattered glass everywhere.

Through the windows they see Gianni draw his gun and shoot at a building across the canal where muzzle flashes erupt.

Gianni's hit, spins, flies backwards into the canal.

PASQUALE

GIANNI!

Ruland sprints. Monty shoots out the stairwell light, aims at the muzzle flashes visible through the broken windows.

A silhouetted figure on the opposite rooftop staggers and pitches to the *fondamenta* (canal sidewalk).

EXT. VENICE CANAL, BY ALESSANDRA'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Gianni surfaces, coughing up canal water and shaking, his wound leaching blood. Ruland and Monty pull him into the gondola, wrap the gondolier's carpet around him.

Pasquale fires up the outboard and brings it alongside, they all pile in and roar off.

EXT./INT. ITALIAN AUTOSTRADA, SUV - NIGHT

Sergei drives. Alessandra, curled up in the storage area, moans. Ansari leans over the back seat, administers another sedative injection then covers her with a blanket.

EXT. VENICE, RULAND AND MONTY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ruland carries a bag with a pharmacy logo, unlocks the door.

INT. VENICE, RULAND AND MONTY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ruland opens the front door as Pasquale and Monty watch a female doctor plug an IV unit into Gianni, asleep in the bedroom. Ruland hands Pasquale the bag of fresh bandages.

PASQUALE

Doctor says the wound's clean and to change his dressing daily. She's given Gianni shots so he's not sick from the canal water.

RULAND

Can't be that bad that -

PASQUALE

Venice flushes its toilets in the canal and relies on the tide to clean it out. You don't want that in a wound or in your stomach.

Doctor administers an injection, patches the bullet crease on Gianni's rib cage, gives Pasquale antibiotics. She leaves.

RULAND

We need to focus on Alessandra.

Pasquale points at Gianni and snaps.

PASQUALE

And I need to focus on my agent!

Annoyed at his outburst, he makes an apologetic gesture.

PASQUALE

Thanks for letting him stay here...
At the hospital, there'd be a lot
of questions that...

RULAND

Any news?

PASQUALE

They're dragging the canal for her.
We've put her photo everywhere. The
grenade blast brought the local
police. We'll see what they find.

MONTY

Let's get some kip. Tired people
make mistakes.

EXT. ITALIAN AUTOSTRADA, SUV - DAY

The sun rises. Sergei's SUV passes a sign for Rome.

EXT. VENICE, CANAL CAFE - DAY

Pasquale exits Alessandra's building where crime scene
investigators come and go. He hurries over to Ruland and
Monty drinking coffee at a canal-side café.

PASQUALE

Okay, one of the blood splatters in
the gondola belongs to that poor
girl, Manuela.

A worker wheels a half keg of beer on a dolly, stops beside
them to order a coffee at the café's window.

PASQUALE

The second blood spatter belongs to
a male. But, suspect or victim?

RULAND

Didn't Gianni say Manuela and
Alessandra left the restaurant
alone? So likely, one of the
attackers, right?

Something about the worker with the dolly distracts Monty.

PASQUALE

We've sent the DNA to various
agencies. But look at the selfie
Alessandra took.

He opens his tablet to Alessandra's selfie on the gondola.

PASQUALE

(zooms in)

Look at the man on the boat behind.

He zooms in to the man piloting the motorboat: it's Sergei.

RULAND

Holy shit, Monty. That's the guy
the CIA showed us. The guy you saw
before the attack on Inglenook.

MONTY

(nods)
Any hits from your CCTV cameras?

PASQUALE

No, Venice only uses cameras in
tourist areas. But carabinieri are
canvassing neighborhoods.

Beside them, the worker swallows his espresso and walks away.

RULAND

(calling to the worker)
Hey! You forgot your cart.

The worker stops, then sprints away. Monty springs from his
chair, grabs the half keg, heaves it into the canal. SPLASH.

MONTY

Down!

The trio hits the pavement. WHOMP.

Pasquale rises, pistol drawn, aims, Boom. Boom. Boom. Hit,
the bomber staggers and pitches into the canal.

MONTY

Nice.

Pasquale's cell beeps. He reads the text, nods.

PASQUALE

They've found the hit squad's
apartment.

The men rush to the police boat.

EXT./INT. ITALIAN AUTOSTRADA, SUV - DAY

The SUV drives. Ansari's phone beeps. He reads the text.

ANSARI

Oh, fuck.
(to Sergei)
We're going to need a bazooka to
kill these guys.

He slumps against his seat, sweating and panting with pain.

INT. VENICE, ANSARI'S APARTMENT - DAY

SUPER: VENICE, ITALY

Ruland, Monty and Pasquale, hazmat booties on, stare inside.

PASQUALE

Tourist rental, paid in cash, false ID. We found bloody bandages in the garbage that match the blood in the gondola. Neighbors heard them leave in the early morning.

RULAND

Alessandra?

PASQUALE

(shakes, no)

They carried out suitcases. One big enough to smuggle a body.

(points to techies)

We might get a print. Let's leave them to it.

RULAND

There'll be a million fingerprints in a rental.

PASQUALE

The owner says that after Covid, he super cleans after a guest. So....

They cast hopeful glances at the fingerprint techies.

EXT. INGLENOOK BARN - NIGHT

Kirk, the shotgun slung over his shoulder, sweeps the perimeter with his binoculars. Anchor approaches.

Kirk's cell pings.

KIRK

Monty, how're things?

(listens, still scans)

All quiet on the Welsh front.

(listens)

No. The wee lass is resting. Young Ruland no' hurtin' 'imself, then?

(listens)

Same your way.

Kirk pockets his phone. Anchor gives him an approving nod.

KIRK

We're heating up some frozen pizza with a garden fresh salad. I'll get you some...Sergeant Anchor.

EXT. SICILIAN COAST - NIGHT

SUPER: SICILY, ITALY

An unconscious Alessandra is dumped into a Zodiac boat. Blood from Ansari's wound splotch the sand as Sergei helps him into the boat. Unseen, the laptop slips onto the beach.

SERGEI

The helicopter will meet us at the cutter. We'll go directly to the doctor at the El Massoud camp.

ANSARI

What's the camp commander's name?

SERGEI

Who cares. As long as he's paid.

The Zodiac motors into the darkness.

INT. VENICE, LEONARDO DAVINCI EXHIBIT, SECRET ROOM - DAY

A worn-out Pasquale leads Ruland and Monty to the back room.

PASQUALE

No signal from her laptop. So, no location, no leads.

RULAND

Why take Alessandra?

PASQUALE

I'm guessing the article in Galleria Venezia did nothing to help the sale of the second Modigliani. It also identified her as the head of our Art Fraud section. Who better to tell them what we know.

Ruland and Monty shuffle out.

PASQUALE

Keep your phones close.

INT. BELFAST, DECLAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

A lace-gloved left hand reaches for a Sobranie. Using a photo from Ruland's book as a model, the artist paints a double portrait of Ruland and Monty while humming 'Danny Boy.'

INT. LIBYA, REFUGEE CAMP, SPECIAL QUARTERS - DAY

SUPER: LIBYA, REFUGEE CAMP

Alessandra wakes on a bed as FATIMA, Sudanese, late 20s, gives her a sponge bath under the supervision of a two-year-old boy. Fatima is gentle with the abdominal scars, not shocked. Alessandra casts a groggy, frightened glance around.

ALESSANDRA
(in Italian)
Dove sono?

FATIMA
You speak English?

ALESSANDRA
Where am I?

FATIMA
In a refugee camp in Libya. They put you in the 'high value' section.
(off her look)
It means the camp commander expects to sell or ransom you for more money. The washroom is that way. These are clean.

Alessandra rummages through the used but clean clothes. Holds up pants to see if they'd fit.

FATIMA
Pants. You're thinking of escape?

ALESSANDRA
These came from...?

FATIMA
People who no longer need them.

INT. LIBYA, REFUGEE CAMP, SURGICAL QUARTERS - DAY

Sergei questions a SURGEON scrubbing up with his team.

SURGEON

(Arabic accent)

We'll remove fluids and waste from the abdominal cavity. Then suture the three perforations.

SERGEI

How is he?

SURGEON

Sedated and running a fever. We'll pump him full of antibiotics and pain killers.

(off Sergei's look)

Better than my usual patients who are gut shot by bullets or grenades. A nail file is a first. Excuse me.

The surgeon moves into the OR. Sergei dials his cell.

INT. BELFAST, KANE ART GALLERY - DAY

Declan is at the front counter, sorting through unpaid invoices when his burner cell rings.

DECLAN

Yes?

SERGEI (V.O.)

Amir is in surgery. But, you know paintings, so if we need you to be boss....

DECLAN

Not looking to be boss. Just looking to sell the second painting.

(thinks a moment)

But, let me know how it goes.

Sergei clicks off, stares at the doors to the OR.

INT. VENICE, LEONARDO DAVINCI EXHIBIT, SECRET ROOM - DAY

SUPER: VENICE, ITALY

Pasquale leads Ruland and Monty into the back room. They're startled to see a sickly Gianni hooked up to his IV pole.

PASQUALE

What are you doing -

GIANNI
Helping you find Alessandra.

INSERT COMPUTER SCREEN: a forest of red dots across Europe.

GIANNI (O.C.)
These are the cellphones used while
dissidents were attacked. Now
remove calls from outside areas.

Number of red dots shrinks.

GIANNI
By focussing on calls near the
attacks and made 30 minutes before
or after, they all called here:
Libya.

Gianni points to Tripoli, Libya. He holds up his cell.

GIANNI
Our techies reported that the
attack sites in Italy had trace
amounts of Libyan Desert Glass.

MONTY
Same as the attacks in the UK.

RULAND
Why did the calls to Libya stop?

Gianni types keys, reducing the screen to one dot.

GIANNI
The phone in Libya relocated to
Venice three days ago.

PASQUALE
And now?

GIANNI
We got cell-tower hits all the way
to Sicily. Then nothing. Get
coffee. I'll have more in a bit.

EXT. LIBYA, REFUGEE CAMP, CAMP COMMANDER'S OFFICE - DAY

SUPER: LIBYA, REFUGEE CAMP

A window AC hums as Fatima, followed by her son and
Alessandra, does a quick tidy of the office in an old, high-
ceiling building full of mismatched European furniture.

ALESSANDRA

How did you end up here?

FATIMA

I was a schoolteacher in Sudan until drought killed or chased away my students. I was trying to get to England and teach. The Libyans stopped our boat.

ALESSANDRA

How long have you and your son been here?

Alessandra helps dump garbage into a big plastic bin.

FATIMA

I was brought here three years ago. Alone.

Fatima nods towards a desk photo of man in a crisp military uniform with his wife and three daughters.

FATIMA

Hasan Nasser. He raped me. Gave me the boy his wife didn't bear. Gave the boy his name. And me, I have a child I can't love and can't leave.

ALESSANDRA

(shaken)

Can you go back to Sudan?

FATIMA

In Sudan, a raped woman is damaged goods. Shunned, left to die.

She dips a cloth in a bucket and wipes down the clubs in a golf bag as well as the golf shoes with steel cleats.

FATIMA

(a sad glance at the boy)

When Hasan is old enough, they'll take him away. Make him one of them. They took my past and my future.

Alessandra's stunned to hear her words echoed by Fatima.

ALESSANDRA

At least...you're alive.

FATIMA

This camp doesn't always bury its
dead.

Fatima picks up one of the hands from a grandfather clock that's fallen, sharpens the tip against floor stone, then, as if to cause self-harm, dimples the inside of her wrist with it. Alessandra's relieved she puts it back on the clock face.

The door flies open, HASAN NASSER, 40s, crisp military uniform, strides in, gives the boy a fresh fig, grabs his golf clubs, pulls on his golf shoes, looks at Alessandra.

NASSER

(Arabic accent)

The man who brings you here is out
of surgery. When he recovers, he'll
deal with you. Until then, Fatima
will make sure...you don't lose
value.

He gives her a reptilian smile, then carries his clubs out, his steel cleats click-clacking on the floor.

The boy holds his fig out for Alessandra. She curls his hand around it for him to keep, managing a thank-you smile.

INT. VENICE, LEONARDO DAVINCI EXHIBIT, SECRET ROOM - DAY

Food containers and empty coffee cups litter a counter. Ruland, Monty and Pasquale hover behind Gianni's computer.

GIANNI

I got a hit on Alessandra's laptop
this morning. From Sicily. The
carabinieri found it on a beach and
sent this photo.

INSERT: computer photo of a boat's keel mark and blood
splotches in the sand.

MONTY

So a small boat.

GIANNI

(nods)

I checked out Frontex.

RULAND

What's that?

Gianni and Pasquale share an awkward look.

INSERT COMPUTER SCENE: map of the Mediterranean Sea tracking plane symbols that move with their flight paths over water.

PASQUALE

Frontex is European, operates surveillance flights over the Mediterranean. It feeds information to the Libyan Coast Guard to intercept migrant boats.

MONTY

And the migrants?

More awkward looks between Pasquale and Gianni.

GIANNI

They're taken to Libya.

RULAND

Then what?

PASQUALE

(embarrassed resignation)
They're kept in arbitrary detention camps.

RULAND

Where they're sold into sexual slavery, ransomed back to their families or used as forced labour.
(off their looks)
My dad wrote about it.

Pasquale sighs with resignation. Monty's worried.

MONTY

So, Alessandra?

GIANNI

Fontex said the Zodiac rendezvoused with a Libyan cutter, then a helicopter that landed here.

He points a dot on his computer, outside of Tripoli.

PASQUALE

The El Massoud camp.
(off Ruland's look)
Makes Shawshank look like Disney World.

Pasquale paces.

PASQUALE

The UN put Hasan Nasser, the camp commander, on a sanctions list for sinking migrant boats and working with human smugglers.

MONTY

How do you know –

PASQUALE

Italy provides the Coast Guard cutters. The EU provides the funding to intercept migrants.

MONTY

(indignant)

That's convenient –

PASQUALE

(getting testy)

Nobody's proud of this, but it's how Europe stops hundreds of thousands of migrants.

(beat)

Year after year.

Everybody looks awkward. Pause. Pasquale taps the table.

PASQUALE

We've been too busy to ask how hit squads get here. Gianni, bring up that photo of the Sicilian beach.

INSERT: the image of the V groove in the sand.

PASQUALE

(staring at it)

Because they clean up our migrant problem, we don't look too closely at Libyan boats near our shores.

RULAND

(realization dawns)

When larger boats intercept migrants, small boats ride along and make for shore. On boats like the one that took Alessandra.

Monty, Pasquale and Gianni realize he's hit on a truth.

GIANNI

And once in Italy, they can crisscross Europe without showing passports ...Cazzo.

MONTY

Are we sure she's in the camp?

PASQUALE

I'll make a call.

EXT. LIBYA, REFUGEE CAMP, - DAY

Seated at a table with Fatima and her son, Alessandra stares at her bowl of watery rice with two gristly pieces of lamb where a maggot wriggles. She puts it down.

FATIMA

Eat it.

ALESSANDRA

It's disgusting.

FATIMA

I didn't say 'like it'. I said eat it. The weak don't survive here.

Alessandra flings the worm out, grimaces as she eats quickly.

Fatima waves for her to follow as she heads towards a building at the far end of the compound.

Fatima sees Alessandra stare at refugees with arms and legs dotted with a pattern of red pinpricks.

FATIMA

If migrants don't move fast enough,
Nasser kicks them with the steel
spikes on his golf shoes. Like
branding his cattle.

Fatima stops by a large shed, turns Alessandra so she has to look inside at a refugee tied to a chair, electrical clamps on the man's hands and legs.

Nasser signals the guard who switches the current on while he holds a cellphone near the screaming man.

FATIMA

(without looking)

They are calling his family. They think hearing their son scream will help get the ransom money. Nobody has money. But the family will get more phone calls like this one.

Nasser turns and gives Alessandra his reptilian smile. Fatima pulls Alessandra out of his eye-line.

FATIMA
That's what he will do to you if
you don't escape.

Alessandra throws up. Fatima frowns and shakes her head at
the wasted food.

ALESSANDRA
Who allows this to happen?

FATIMA
Who stops it?

Another electric buzz and scream shakes Alessandra.

INT. BELFAST, DECLAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

The gloved painter's hand finishes a landscape of a canal.
The painter's model is the newspaper photo of the canal where
Boy Kelly's body was dumped.

INT. VENICE, LEONARDO DAVINCI EXHIBIT, SECRET ROOM - DAY

Ruland and Monty shuffle back in and Pasquale excitedly
gestures for them to take a seat.

GIANNI
We got a name for the DNA sample
from the bloody bandages.

Amir Ansari's photo appears on screen. Ruland and Monty are
shocked. Gianni brings up the photo in Ruland's book of Amir
being sentenced to 15 years in Evin prison.

MONTY
Oh, fuck!

RULAND
That's Amir Ansari.

MONTY
He funded the Albanian car theft
ring.

RULAND
How'd he get out?
(thinking it through)
Oh, selling art to fund terrorism
was Ansari's get-out-of-jail card?

MONTY

So Inglenook...is what, just
revenge? Payback?

PASQUALE

(nods)

Revenge for fifteen years in Evin
prison.

RULAND

(horrified)

And Alessandra's paying the price.
Again.

MONTY

(to Pasquale, steely)

Proof?

PASQUALE

We have body cam footage from our
assets in the Libyan coast guard.

He waves for Gianni to bring it up on screen.

GIANNI

This is the night they took
Alessandra. And Ansari was hurt.

INSERT COMPUTER: body cam footage of Ansari being hoisted on
a gurney from a Libyan Coast Guard cutter to a helicopter.

RULAND (O.C.)

That's Ansari.

Gianni zooms in to the man next to the gurney:

GIANNI (O.C.)

Facial recognition says it's Sergei
Gromiko, ex Wagner Group sergeant.

Next to be hoisted: a disheveled, glassy-eyed, drugged woman,
hair flying on a windswept deck.

RULAND (O.C.)

Holy shit, that's her.

Gianni freezes Alessandra's image.

PASQUALE

Our asset says Ansari's group set
up shop at the back of the El
Massoud camp two months ago. Very
hush, hush. No names. Paid in cash.

MONTY

You didn't know about this?

PASQUALE

Not on my radar, unless it's a domestic terror threat.

GIANNI

Let's see what else our assets know.

(off their keen looks)

Going to need some time.

Pasquale, Ruland and Monty reluctantly shuffle out with a last look at the frozen screen image of Alessandra.

INT. LIBYA, REFUGEE CAMP, DORMITORY - DAY

Alessandra, Fatima and her son enter a dormitory. Hasan runs to play with a little girl. The place is almost empty.

FATIMA

The men are rented out to farmers.

A shell-shocked brother and sister cling to each other.

FATIMA

Here, it doesn't pay to be young or attractive.

Sparse bedding lies in neat, tight rows. Alessandra stares at a small compass the little girl clutches.

FATIMA

If chance comes, it will come from the Mediterranean. North. Go south, you find desert, drought, death.

INT. VENICE, LEONARDO DAVINCI EXHIBIT, SECRET ROOM - DAY

GIANNI

Our assets confirm Alessandra is being held in El Massoud, not in the hit squads' barracks.

MONTY

Why?

GIANNI

Ansari's base camp's not setup to hold prisoners.

MONTY

But El Massoud is. So, what do we know about the camp?

Pasquale produces surveillance photos sitting in the printer's basket: Nasser at the opera.

PASQUALE

This is camp commander Hasan Nasser, the kind of sadist needed to run these hellholes. He comes to Italy once a month. He likes La Scala.

Pasquale drops a photo of Nasser at a bank.

PASQUALE

He banks in Kotor, Montenegro where he stashes his blood money.

He drops photos of Nasser on different Italian golf courses.

RULAND

What? Wait, golf?

GIANNI

He plays golf in Italy once or twice a month and daily in Libya.

RULAND

Golf is popular in Libya?

Gianni types on his computer, swivels the screen out.

INSERT COMPUTER: images of a desert golf course.

GIANNI

Nasser plays this course outside Tripoli that survived Khadafi. They even have a little clubhouse with some of Nasser's trophies.

Gianni brings up wall photos of tournaments and winners. Many feature Nasser and his predatory smile.

MONTY

Can you get the Libyans to give her back?

PASQUALE

(morose)

Not my jurisdiction. Plus it's a delicate issue.

RULAND
Of course it's fucking delicate,
they've got Alessandra -

PASQUALE
(jumps to his feet)
You think I don't know that?

Monty spreads his arms in a calming gesture.

PASQUALE
They'll never let me launch a
rescue mission from a camp nobody
wants to admit exists.

RULAND
So it's up to us?

PASQUALE
You wouldn't stand a chance.

They stare at an image of Alessandra frozen on screen.

MONTY
So we do nothing? Get Ruland to
challenge Nasser at golf? Closest
to the pin wins Alessandra?

The four men stare dejectedly at each other, until Ruland
taps the table.

RULAND
We don't challenge Nasser. We
celebrate him.

They lean in to hear Ruland's idea.

EXT. LIBYA, REFUGEE CAMP - DAY

The sign by the gate reads: Directorate for Combatting
Illegal Migration.

As Alessandra watches the living dead shuffle by, Nasser
erupts from his office, a building segregated from the main
population, tosses his clubs into his Hummer and peels out.

EXT. VENICE, CANAL CAFE - DAY

Ruland, Monty, Pasquale and Gianni sit at a table furthest
from the other diners.

MONTY

Okay, maybe golf gets us in. How do we get out?

Ignoring their anxious looks, Ruland dials his cell, on speaker phone.

RULAND

Nazem, it's Ruland.

NAZEM (V.O.)

Nice of you to call after skipping out on me like that.

RULAND

Calling to make a swap.

(there's a pause)

I give you the name of the Iranian behind the hit squads and current footage of the hit squad's base camp at the El Massoud camp.

NAZEM (V.O.)

How are you – in exchange for what?

RULAND

An armed escort from Tripoli to the airport. When I need it. Very soon.

(pause)

You wanna know who's behind this murderous mayhem?

(pause)

Amir Ansari. You were right. He's funding the hit squads by selling forged or stolen art. It's his get-out-of-jail card. You interested?

NAZEM (V.O.)

Mike Tyson pack a punch?

RULAND

Great. Be in touch.

He dials another number.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

INT. NEW YORK, CLARINGTON NEWSGROUP, CEO'S OFFICE - DAY

Murdoch and Wesley huddle around the cell on Murdoch's desk.

MURDOCH

You want to expose yourself to the people who are trying to kill you?

RULAND

Not the same. Ansari rents space. They don't share intel. Know nothing about each other.

MURDOCH

Nasser could Google you—

RULAND

He won't have time. We show up and pitch him on the spot about giving us an interview. Appeal to his ego.

WESLEY

The camp is full of armed men.

MONTY

Who prevent people from breaking out, not in.

MURDOCH

Because nobody'd be stupid enough to—

RULAND

I have a two-man army that would stop Hannibal from crossing the Alps.

MURDOCH

What if he's not playing when you—

PASQUALE

He plays every day, late morning.

MURDOCH

Why would he want to give you an interview?

RULAND

Because we'll offer him a new golf bag and clubs, courtesy of Clarington Newsgroup swag. You still have some from your anniversary bash, right?

Murdoch nods.

WESLEY

It's too dangerous because it's personal. You feel guilty about her. And guilt clouds judgment.

RULAND

We were both too busy to help mom when she cried for help. If you could go back and save mom, would you weigh the risk or just do it?

Visibly moved, Wesley taps Murdoch's forearm and nods.

MURDOCH

What do you need?

RULAND

Can you dummy up an article and post it on our website and call it a sneak peek at my next article?

MURDOCH

Which one?

RULAND

Golfing in Venice.

MURDOCH

The interview with the gondolieri who golfs?

(off Ruland's nod)

Didn't we postpone that because...

RULAND

Another story superseded it. Yes, but it's still on file. Only need it on the website for a day or two, then you can pull it. They haven't changed the course layout, so the story will hold.

MURDOCH

How are you going to get to Libya?

INT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA, PARACHUTE JUMP PLANE - DAY

Kirk flies the plane. Monty's in the back studying the drone equipment in its case.

RULAND

I haven't thanked you for standing with us again.

KIRK

Anybody can knock on the devil's door. Few have the balls to stay until he opens it like you did against the Albanians. So yeah, I'll stand with you again.

Ruland nods his thanks, looks out the porthole at the port of Tripoli, ferries, fishing boats and three oligarchs' mega-yachts, including Kopek.

MONTY

Leyla liked your book.
(Ruland looks up)
She cried when you described her dedication to hurt and abandoned animals. Said it was elegant prose.

RULAND

(touched)
Oh, really?

MONTY

She also liked the title...I think we conceived the night she finished reading it.

Ruland's touched by Monty's candor.

MONTY

Thought you should know, in case, you know, things get bumpy.

Ruland gives an anxious look at the brand new golf bag with the 'Clarrington Newsgroup' logo.

EXT. LIBYAN GOLF COURSE - DAY

SUPER: LIBYAN GOLF COURSE

Nasser beams at the bag with the Clarrington Newsgroup logo as a handful of armed guards watch in the background.

NASSER

You will give me this simply for talking about golf?

RULAND

We do that with the serious players we feature in our stories.

NASSER
(suddenly suspicious)
We just meet. So, how you know I'm
serious player?

Caught off guard, Ruland wipes his club and recovers.

MONTY
We peeked through the windows.
That's you in all of those
photographs with the trophies,
right? We were looking for
something unusual this time and
golfing in Libya is kinda top of
the list.

Nasser gives him a self-satisfied smile and nod.

NASSER
These clubs...will bring
consistency.

RULAND
You know how it is with golf. One
day you slice and hook the ball
everywhere.
(brightening)
Then the next day, you play like
crap.

Nasser gets the joke and doubles up laughing.

NASSER
You are a funny guy.

RULAND
Probably die laughing. Can I record
the course for our website?

Nasser gestures go ahead while he tries his new clubs.

Ruland waves to Monty and Kirk, who carry the camera
equipment over. Ruland opens his laptop for Nasser.

RULAND
Here's my next article on playing
the course in Venice. That's a
photo of the golfing gondolier. He
got a set of golf clubs too.

Ruland closes his laptop.

RULAND

Oh, this is our pilot, Gareth
Kirkcladdy and our photographer,
Monty Havel.

Ruland and Monty get the drone up. When Nasser comes over to look at the monitor, Ruland turns off the image from the back camera but the red light says it's still recording.

MONTAGE - GOLFING IN LIBYA

- Nasser tees off. Ruland eases up, lands just a bit farther.
- Bunkers are deep. Ruland's shot comes out beautifully.
- Fairway shots. Ruland keeps them modest.
- Putting on sand. Ruland struggles on this new surface.
- Monty shoots video and stills while Ruland types notes on his phone.

END MONTAGE

Nasser leads Ruland and Monty back to Kirk on the clubhouse veranda.

NASSER

(reading)

I've played that course in Venice.
Can I read that article?

RULAND

(handing it to him)

That's just a mock-up, scheduled
for publication in two weeks.
Golfing in Libya will be published
in three weeks.

They sit at the outside tables. Mint tea is brought. Nasser keeps reading until he puts Ruland's laptop down. On Nasser's signal, his guards raise their guns. Mood shift.

NASSER

You made one mistake. Your
description of the Circolo golf
course in Venice is false, Mr.
Nash. You are correct about the
mosquitoes, the ducks by the water
hazards, Venice's winged lion
statues, the cream-colored sail-
like fabric over the terrace. But
you wrote that the tables on the
terrace were white.

(MORE)

NASSER (CONT'D)

They put new, blacktop tables in a year ago. You weren't there last week.

Awkward, tense moment. Then Monty shakes his head.

MONTY

I told you we'd be caught. You and your women, Ruland. This kinda shit's gonna get us all sacked.

KIRK

Will you no' think of those of us who actually need to work?

RULAND

Okay, sorry. You're right. I didn't review the golf course last week.

KIRK

(feigning exasperation)
He was in bed all weekend with an Italian woman he met there.

Ruland shrugs his guilt. Nasser's unsure. Kirk shows his book-launch photo of the woman boob-brushing Ruland's arm.

KIRK

She's no' hard on the eyes.

RULAND

(going with the gift)
I used notes from a previous visit. But, to finish this article here, we need a shot of you in your work environment.

NASSER

This is delicate.

Nasser tries to stare them down.

MONTY

Our publisher insists. It's a deal-breaker. But, you can tell us what we can or cannot shoot? Deal?

Nasser doesn't like the ultimatum.

RULAND

Tell you what, we could, you know, play closest to the pin for the privilege of shooting you at work?

Nasser nods, points to a flag 150 yards away, steps up to the sandy tee box, hits his seven iron, the ball soars, lands 30 feet from the pin.

Ruland's shot soars, the wind pushes it back to the middle, it hits the pin and drops, still inside Nasser's shot.

RULAND

Perhaps we can do the interview
inside your office.

MONTY

And you tell us what we can or
can't shoot.

Nasser gestures for them to go to the vehicles, steers Ruland to his Hummer and waves him in the shotgun seat. A guard drops Nasser and Ruland's golf bags into the Hummer.

INT. LONDON, US EMBASSY - DAY

Nazem watches Ruland's drone feed live, joined by Greer and Karen in Langley.

They watch Nasser board his Hummer as Monty lands the drone.

EXT. LIBYA, REFUGEE CAMP - DAY

Panicked guards fling the gate open as, horn blaring, Nasser's Hummer races in, followed by the others.

They park by Nasser's office, in an area segregated by a second fence from the general population of migrants.

Ruland poses Nasser in front of the sign, Directorate for Combatting Illegal Migration.

Monty flies the drone. Ruland checks the monitor.

INSERT MONITOR: the front camera shows Nasser. But the rear camera captures the living quarters of the hit squads, hidden behind the fence where Sergei and his team heft weights.

NASSER

Only the office area. The rest is
strictly forbidden.

Ruland waves Nasser over for a look, kills back camera view.

RULAND

Just establishing shots for our
readers.

Nasser checks the monitor and gives them a nod of approval.

NASSER
My office is this way.

INT. LIBYA, REFUGEE CAMP OFFICE - EVENING

Nasser waves his guests over to comfortable chairs and couches where migrants bring mint tea, then scurry out.

Nasser picks up the hand from the grandfather clock, again fallen on the floor, and puts it back.

A migrant worker with red puncture marks on his calf carries Nasser's two golf bags and shoes to the shelf behind the desk, then slips between guards on his way out.

Ruland serves himself a glass of water from an industrial-sized dispenser.

Nasser sees Monty place the drone case by his chair. The reach exposes his forearm with the winged dagger tattoo and motto: *Who dares Wins*.

Nasser gives them a suspicious look, sits at his desk and fires up his computer. After a moment, he snaps his fingers and his guards swing their machine guns at his guests.

NASSER
In 2019, SAS troops came to Libya
to suppress ISIS. I work with them.

Nasser walks over to a floor lamp, leans over and flicks the lamp's plug switch on. He points to Monty's forearm.

NASSER
The SAS symbol is the winged
dagger. The same one your
'cameraman' has on his arm.

RULAND
(dismissively)
A lot of Brits have that.

NASSER
(points to his laptop)
Your pilot also a former member of
SAS.
(thinks)
Why your sudden interest in Libyan
golf? And me in particular? Let's
see if I'm right.

He turns the switch off at the plug, grabs his golf shoes.

NASSER

When I return, if you're not all sitting quietly where you are now, my men will shoot.

RULAND

And when you realize you're wrong?

NASSER

Then I will apologize, offer you a delicious *méchoui* and *tagine* dinner before driving you back to the airport and look forward to reading your article.

He leaves with the guard posted outside the only door. The windows are all barred. Monty grabs two golf clubs.

MONTY

We need to distract Nasser. Without alerting the camp.

Ruland scopes the office. Carries a metal Scotch tape dispenser to the floor lamp and saws the wire's plastic coating off with the dispenser's serrated edge.

RULAND

(whispers)

Kirk...the water jug.

INT. VENICE, LEONARDO DAVINCI EXHIBIT, SECRET ROOM - EVENING

Pasquale and Gianni monitor a GPS dot on a computer screen.

GIANNI

(worried)

Golf bag hasn't moved.

INT. LIBYA, REFUGEE CAMP OFFICE - EVENING

Ruland, Monty and Kirk sit back quickly as they hear the approaching click clack of steel cleats on concrete.

The door opens, a guard enters, machine gun drawn. He nods to the open door, steps aside. Nasser pushes Alessandra inside.

She flinches at the sight of Ruland, Monty and Kirk on the couch. Realizes she's betrayed them. Nasser smiles.

NASSER

I am right. This is not about
golfing. It's about you.

(smiles at her)

I called him. The man who brings
you here. He's coming.

RULAND

Alessandra, move from the door.

She sidles from the door.

Nasser frowns at the plastic wire sheathing on his desk and the bare copper wire edging from under the carpet. The carpet squishes. He lifts his foot. Water drips from the spikes.

Ruland leans back and flicks the switch on the lamp socket.

Current shoots through the bare wire, a ball of light travels through the wet carpet, up the steel spikes with a buzzing sound and into Nasser's convulsing body until the power goes out and Nasser collapses in the smoke-filled, dimly lit room.

Outside voices erupt at the power failure. Alessandra reaches for the loose hand on the grandfather clock.

With the four-iron hidden by the couch, Kirk swings at the guard whose shot wings him before the four-iron connects.

As the second guard jerks his machine gun at Monty, Alessandra stabs the spiky clock hand into his neck. Monty clamps his hand over his mouth and choking him until he dies. Monty looks to the others, puts his finger to his lips.

Alessandra knots a golf towel around Kirk's wound. Monty and Kirk grab the guards' AK47s. Ruland hands her a golf club and grabs the keys from Nasser's body.

Ruland lifts a seven-iron from the bag when the door flies open, filling the room with the sounds of people in the blackout.

Ansari's wobbly-wheeled IV cart crosses into Nasser's office with a screeching sound.

Ansari and Sergei's looks of glee morph into incomprehension at the sight of Nasser and his guards' bodies.

Ansari snarls as he reaches back for Sergei's pistol, just clearing Sergei's holster when Ruland flings his club tomahawk-like, whoop, whoop, whooping, end over end.

It drops Sergei with a skull-crunching crack.

Ansari lets out an enraged scream and swings Sergei's pistol at Alessandra. Her two-handed swing of the wedge caves in Ansari's temple. He collapses on the couch where she keeps swinging the club at his head, again, again, again, and -

Ruland's bear hug pins her arms.

RULAND
(whispers)
He won't get any deader.

She still reaches for Ansari, then Ruland's words reach her. Monty takes the club, gives her a wet towel to wipe her blood-splattered face.

INT. LIBYA, REFUGEE CAMP, BREEZEWAY - EVENING

With the clamor of guards and refugees in the background, Monty and Kirk, the dead guards' AK47s kept low, lead Ruland and Alessandra towards the back of Nasser's Hummer.

EXT. LIBYA, REFUGEE CAMP OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Forty yards of open terrain stretch between them and the gate where the guards smoke and laugh.

The Hummer roars to life and, caught in its headlights, the guards scramble to open the gate for Nasser's vehicle that races towards them, horn blaring.

INT. VENICE, LEONARDO DAVINCI EXHIBIT, SECRET ROOM - EVENING

Pasquale and Gianni see the GPS dot move.

GIANNI
It's moving.

EXT. LIBYA, REFUGEE CAMP OFFICE - NIGHT

Monty boots the Hummer at the gate, honking. Even with the windows tinted, Ruland, Kirk and Alessandra scrunch down.

The guards fling the gates open. Monty peels out, turns left.

EXT./INT. LIBYAN ROAD, HUMMER - CONTINUOUS

Ruland punches in Nazem's number.

INT. LONDON, US EMBASSY - NIGHT

Nazem is in teleconference communication with Greer and Karen in Langley.

NAZEM

But we promised an armed escort to the airport.

GREER

That was before yesterday's mess off the coast of Libya.

She points to a screen.

INSERT SCREEN: An arial view of hundreds of migrants, wearing life jackets, floating and dead.

GREER

If it gets out that we rescued one American while hundreds of migrants were allowed to die...That kind of headline sinks careers.

Nazem stares at his phone that keeps ringing.

GREER

Tell him our rescue team was detained. Shit happens all the time in Libya.

NAZEM

Yeah, but this time we're filling the bowl.

Greer stares. Her screen goes blank. Karen looks elsewhere.

INT. LIBYAN ROAD, HUMMER - NIGHT

Ruland's stunned by Nazem's text. Looks from his phone to Monty, Kirk and Alessandra.

RULAND

We're on our own.

MONTY

We won't make the airport before they find Nasser. Go for the port.

Monty whips the SUV around. Kirk reaches for Ruland's golf bag.

KIRK
Let's distract them.

Kirk unscrews the bottom of the bag: a bomb. He arms it.

EXT. LIBYA, REFUGEE CAMP, - NIGHT

As the Hummer passes gates to the main compound, Kirk tosses the bomb. It blows both doors off. Guards scatter for cover.

In the rear view, hundreds of migrants run for freedom.

INT. VENICE, LEONARDO DAVINCI EXHIBIT, SECRET ROOM - DAY

Pasquale and Gianni monitor the GPS on a monitor.

GIANNI
They're at the port? Why?

EXT. LIBYA, PORT - NIGHT

Guns discreetly by their side, Ruland, Monty, Kirk and Alessandra are about to board a 40' fishing boat when a clamor rises from the port gates: thirty Sudanese migrants surge forward.

ALESSANDRA
We have to take them.
(the men hesitate)
We take them, or I stay.

She stares at Ruland who doesn't doubt her resolve.

RULAND
We're gonna need a bigger boat.

They all look at the three moored super yachts.

KIRK
(to Monty)
Take the first one?

ALESSANDRA
No. Take *Kopek*.

She points to one with a helipad and *Kopek* on its transom.

RULAND
Oh, shit, yes.

EXT. LIBYA, PORT, YACHT KOPEK - NIGHT

While Kirk and Alessandra huddle behind a shed, Ruland and Monty shinny up a mooring line and drop to the deck.

The click clack of a machine gun being cocked echoes.

FIRST MATE
(Russian accent)
Don't move.

The FIRST MATE, 40s, steps forward, his AK47 in play. Behind him are DENIS, 40s and PETROV, 40s.

RULAND
Hey, listen, we have some refugees
who are in a bad way.

Ruland points to the thirty refugees huddled on the far dock.

RULAND
They need to be taken to
international water.

MONTY
Then you come back. Nobody the
wiser. Earn a boy-scout badge and
all, yeah?

FIRST MATE
We look like charity to you?

Suddenly Denis and Petrov grab the first officer, pull his gun away and toss him overboard. Splash.

DENIS
I am Denis. Second officer. My
mother is Ukrainian. Petrov was
born in Kiev. The only Russian on
boat has gone swimming. Where you
want to go? Anywhere is okay, no
worries, no worries.

EXT. LIBYA, YACHT KOPEK - NIGHT

Denis eases Kopek's bulk along the harbor, her decks and helipad covered with grateful refugees.

Alessandra runs along the railing looking at the harbor wall.

ALESSANDRA
Where is Fatima? She knew this was
the way - there! There she is.

She points to Fatima, carrying young Hasan down a boat ramp into the water, knee deep, waist deep, chest deep, shoulders.

ALESSANDRA

Oh, my god, she can't swim with the boy.

Alessandra scrambles down the passageway. Ruland leaps ahead of her, down to the stern swim platform Petrov has lowered.

A military pickup screeches to a stop on the quay alongside Kopek. Four armed guards shoot at Fatima.

Bullets checkmark the water around her as Ruland dives in.

Monty and Kirk shoot, dimpling the truck, killing the guards.

EXT. LIBYA, PORT, WATER - CONTINUOUS

Fatima coughs water as waves wash over her and frighten Hasan. Ruland grabs the boy and gracefully treads water.

RULAND

The boat can't get any closer but all you have to do is swim out with me, right.

Monty hurls a life ring that lands near Fatima. She grabs it.

FATIMA

You will keep Hasan safe.
(looks to Alessandra)
Bring him to Alessandra.

RULAND

Sure, you got it. All you-

FATIMA

(smiles at Alessandra)
Tell her I am going north.

She lets herself sink below the waves. Alessandra screams. A chorus of grief from the refugees. Ruland turns Hasan to face the boat, grabs the life ring Monty hauls in.

Hasan frantically reaches around Ruland to where Fatima sank.

HASAN

Mama...mama...mama.

INT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA, YACHT KOPEK, BELOW DECK - NIGHT

Refugees are sleeping everywhere and anywhere as Ruland gathers dirty plates, smiling as one child licks his plate clean, and brings the dishes back to the galley.

INT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA, HALLWAY, YACHT KOPEK - NIGHT

Alessandra carries a sleeping Hasan to her stateroom, stops by a painting. It's *Nude by a White Cabinet*.

Astonished, she leans in to study it. She continues on but throws a last awed, haunted look at the painting.

INT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA, YACHT KOPEK, BRIDGE - NIGHT

Ruland joins Denis at the helm, Monty and Kirk beside him.

DENIS

We disable the ship locator so we should be okay to reach European waters. Our freezers are full of food. Our tanks are full of diesel so no worries, no worries.

MONTY

Denis an'I'll take first watch. You two get some kip.

INT. YACHT KOPEK, ALESSANDRA'S STATEROOM - NIGHT

Lighting's subdued. Alessandra paces, glances at Hasan sleeping on the couch, touches her abdomen, paces again.

INT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA, YACHT KOPEK, STATE ROOM - NIGHT

Exhausted, his hair shower-wet, a towel around his waist, Ruland falls on the bed. A knock. Alessandra opens the door.

ALESSANDRA

I...I haven't been...Blaming you for my parents' death was all I had. But you saved Hasan. Gave him a future. Maybe me too.

(cuts Ruland off)

You should know something about how I sleep.

RULAND

Erm, we've slept together...Once.

ALESSANDRA

No. We made love. When I roll over, I'm like a whale breaching. I take up a lot of room. You should know that...if we're going to be sleeping together.

Ruland holds his breath, eyes riveted on her.

ALESSANDRA

Sometimes words can't say what needs to be said.

She takes his hand and leads him out of the cabin.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA, YACHT KOPEK - NIGHT

Kopek rumbles through the night. A cabin light goes out.

INT. YACHT KOPEK, ALESSANDRA'S STATEROOM - CONTINUOUS

In the dark, Alessandra lies up against Ruland's chest.

ALESSANDRA

Marilyn Monroe said a boyfriend should mess your lipstick, not your mascara. You do both.

She places his hand on her abdomen, shudders.

ALESSANDRA

(a whispered sob)

I've been so desperate for someone to hold me.

INT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA, YACHT KOPEK, BRIDGE - NIGHT

While Denis helms, Monty scans the horizon with binoculars.

INT. YACHT KOPEK, ALESSANDRA'S STATEROOM - LATER

Alessandra is in the throes of a violent nightmare. Ruland wakes her. Her breathing slows and steadies.

RULAND

You okay?

She checks her abdomen. Checks Hasan. He's sleeping.

ALESSANDRA

That bullet tore so much.
 (pauses, remembering)
 I came out of my coma to the
 eternal darkness of loss.

She stares, drawn by sombre memories.

RULAND

My mom went through that.
 (she turns to him)
 She said, "I don't believe there's
 enough time in the world to heal
 all the broken bones of my soul."

ALESSANDRA

Poetry of the damned.
 (looks at the boy)
 But there's another way.

Alessandra kisses her fingers, touches Hasan's forehead.

She reaches for Ruland and climbs on top of him.

EXT./INT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA, YACHT KOPEK, BRIDGE - NIGHT

A Libyan Coast Guard cutter's floodlights crisscross Kopek's
 bridge and a loud hailer cuts through the night.

LIBYAN COAST GUARD (V.O.)

Ship Kopek, prepare to be boarded.

Monty pulls Denis to the floor, cocks his machine gun.

MONTY

They'll shoot here first. Stay
 down.

DENIS

(scared)
 What are you-

MONTY

Try to disable their bridge first.

He crawls to the door. Migrants' fearful moans fill the air.

INT. YACHT KOPEK, ALESSANDRA'S STATEROOM - NIGHT

Through the porthole, Ruland and Alessandra stare in horror
 at the Libyan ship.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA, YACHT KOPEK - CONTINUOUS

Suddenly, an Italian patrol vessel surges out of the darkness, barking at the Libyans on its loud hailer.

ITALIAN COAST GUARD (V.O.)
 Libyan Coast Guard, this is Italian
 Coast Guard vessel, 'Genoa'. The
 vessel Kopek is under our
 authority.

A tense moment, then the Libyans back off and head home. A man walks the deck of the Italian boat, turns: Pasquale.

INT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA, YACHT KOPEK - MORNING

Early Dawn. With Denis, Ruland, Monty, Kirk and Alessandra with Pasquale on the bridge. He sips coffee, smiles.

DENIS
 You like? Is Italian coffee. What
 happens to our ship?

PASQUALE
 Europe may eventually sell property
 seized from oligarchs, like this,
 to pay for the war in Ukraine.

ALESSANDRA
 Including its contents?
 (off Pasquale's nod)
 Is the Modigliani on the manifest?

Denis gives a wry smile, shakes his head, no.

ALESSANDRA
 There's no bill of sale for '*Nude
 by a White Cabinet*'? And it's not
 in Kopek's inventory of goods?

Denis shakes, no and reads from the ship's computer.

DENIS
 Was delivered by Fed Ex. Waybill
 from Belfast. Paid cash.

RULAND
 Who shipped it?

DENIS
 Says from... Gian Giacomo Caprotti.

Alessandra smirks.

ALESSANDRA

Caprotti was Da Vinci's apprentice.
His nickname was Salai - the devil.

MONTY

So the painting's from Belfast?

ALESSANDRA

Shipped from there. But the
galleries I know in Belfast deal
with modern art.

RULAND

Could the second Modigliani also be
from there?

PASQUALE

(shrugs)

We found CCTV footage of a mystery
man carrying a painting near the
hit squad's apartment, before our
raid.

INT. BELFAST, DECLAN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

A gloved hand paints the finishing touches on a naive
portrait of a paddock with horses, donkeys and sheep in it,
all belted by a river.

ALESSANDRA (V.O.)

He's high on the food chain if he's
carrying a painting of that worth.

In the painting's foreground, a partial sign: Inglenook.

INT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA, YACHT KOPEK - MORNING

OUTSIDE ALESSANDRA'S STATEROOM

Ruland carries two coffees down the hall to Alessandra who's
admiring the painting, "*Nude by a White Cabinet*". He hands
her a coffee, drapes an arm around her.

RULAND

My kimono dragon.

ALESSANDRA

Kimono dragon? How long have you
been waiting to say that?

RULAND

Since the first time we...

She smiles. They admire the painting.

She looks to Hasan playing in her stateroom, bathed in daylight, looking like a Paul Peel painting.

ALESSANDRA

This is an orphaned masterpiece.
 (looks at the painting)
 Imagine how much these refugees
 would benefit from forty million.

RULAND

For a copy?

She waves for Ruland to help her remove the painting and lean it against the wall. She points to a document on the frame.

ALESSANDRA

I found a COA. A certificate of
 authenticity. From a firm I trust.
 Unfortunately, its provenance died
 with Ansari.

RULAND

The mystery guy carrying the
 painting might know. But all we
 have is a fingerprint that isn't on
 any police data bases.
 (off her frown)
 What?

ALESSANDRA

Have we checked the fingerprint
 with bonded art dealers?

Light bulb moment for them both.

EXT/INT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA, YACHT KOPEK, HELIPAD - DAY

Pasquale, Monty, Kirk, Alessandra (carrying Hasan) and Ruland carrying the painting, await an approaching helicopter.

Alessandra finishes her conversation with a nodding Pasquale, then walks back to Ruland, who gives her a smile.

RULAND

I'm getting used to the idea of
 seeing a ghost on a regular basis.
 (off her frown)
 What?

ALESSANDRA

I'm taking a leave of absence to
help these refugees with the money
we'll get for the painting...Sorry.

Shell-shocked, Ruland watches everyone board the chopper.
Pasquale has to come out to get him. The chopper lifts off.

INT. BELFAST, DECLAN'S APARTMENT KITCHEN - DAY

Declan rinses his cup in the sink. He pulls a crumpled piece
of paper from his pocket with two phone numbers, one with an
'A' in front, the other with an 'S'. He dials.

DECLAN

(calling out)

I'm going to open the gallery, ma.

His phone rings as he opens a door that leads to stairs.

INT. BELFAST, KANE ART GALLERY - DAY

Declan steps through a door to the inside staircase to the
apartment. His phone still rings. He flicks the lights on,
disappears into an alcove and pushes a 'trompe-l'oeil' panel
that swings open to a large storage room. Lights.

INT. KANE ART GALLERY SECRET STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Declan hangs up, pulls the second Modigliani out and admires
it. He hears knocking and slides the painting out of sight.

INT. BELFAST, KANE ART GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

Declan unlocks the door and lets Cathy and the beagle in.

EXT. ITALIAN AIRPORT - DAY

The chopper lands. Pasquale, Ruland, Monty, Kirk and
Alessandra hurry over to Gianni with the boy and painting.

Gianni hands them each a photo ID lanyard as he leads them to
the Italian security service jet waiting on the runway.

GIANNI

You are now all employees of the
Italian art fraud unit.

(to Pasquale)

(MORE)

GIANNI (CONT'D)

I have sent you the MI5
authorization to join the raid on
Declan Kane's property -

RULAND

So who is Declan Kane?

GIANNI

He manages the Kane Art Gallery in
Belfast for his mother.

MONTY

Anything on him, other than his
fingerprint in Venice?

GIANNI

No criminal record, but his father,
mobster Boy Kelly, was murdered
last week, with his bodyguard and a
Belfast cop. Same 25 caliber gun.

RULAND

Bit of a coincidence.

GIANNI

The MI5 officer who will meet us in
Belfast will have more information.

Alessandra hugs Hasan, then hands him to Gianni. She's the
last aboard the jet, waves. They wave back.

INT. BELFAST, KANE ART GALLERY - DAY

Declan is on the phone. Hangs up, tries the second number
from the crumpled paper. Cathy, carrying take-out lunch,
comes back in with the beagle.

EXT. BELFAST AIRPORT - DAY

Pasquale leads Alessandra, Ruland, Monty and Kirk towards a
van where MI5 officer Wellwood-Finch, shows his credentials.

WELLWOOD-FINCH

(posh accent)

Mr. Fontana, I'm MI5 officer,
Reginald Wellwood-Finch. You can
call me Reggy. I've been asked to
liaise with you in regards to-

He freezes at the sight of Ruland, Monty and Kirk he
recognizes from Inglenook. He stares at their ID lanyards.

WELLWOOD-FINCH

Since when are you part of Italy's
art fraud squad?

PASQUALE

(quiet authority)

Without these men we would never
have exposed the hit squads.
They're essential to this mission.

An awkward moment. Then Wellwood-Finch, nods them to the van.

INT. BELFAST STREET, VAN - CONTINUOUS

On Wellwood-Finch's signal, the Belfast cop drives off.

RULAND

So, this guy Kane? You think he
shot his father?

WELLWOOD-FINCH

(shrugs)

A masterpiece is linked to Belfast.
Kane owns a gallery in Belfast and
leaves his fingerprint in Venice.
Now his father who abandoned his
family years ago is shot along with
his bodyguard and a cop.

PASQUALE

Any criminal record?

WELLWOOD-FINCH

Not for Kane or the mother, who by
the way is a wheel-chair bound
cancer survivor.

(checks his notes)

But crime runs in the family. Boy
Kelly was a gunman with the IRA.
His grandfather, Cillian Kelly, a
gifted forger, was pardoned so he
could help the Allies. Died before
he got home from Bermuda.

RULAND

Where the Modigliani paintings were
supposedly lost.

WELLWOOD-FINCH

So, how do we explain that we're
looking for masterpieces that were
declared lost during the war?

ALESSANDRA

I'd guess the forger, made two excellent copies in Bermuda, destroyed them in public, then quietly smuggled the originals home after the war. Not the first time we've seen that kind of artifice.

(off Monty's frown)

Trickery. Forgery. Destroying the copy so you can keep the original.

MONTY

(off Pasquale's nod)

What's the situation on the ground?

WELLWOOD-FINCH

We have an armed intervention unit on site keeping an eye until we arrive. It's a no-knock entry.

INT. BELFAST, KANE ART GALLERY - DAY

Declan again calls the numbers on the crumpled paper. No answer. Cathy puts the lead on the dog and takes him out for a walk along the pedestrian walkway.

Through the window, Declan sees a man and a woman bracket Cathy and lead her and the dog away, but not before she throws an anxious look back at the gallery.

Declan steels a look at the security cameras behind the desk and sees police hiding by a van. He takes the inside stairs.

INT. BELFAST, DECLAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

A blue dress crosses the computer screen with the image of Monty on the street pointing at the security camera.

INT. BELFAST, DECLAN'S APARTMENT - LATER

The door lock scritchies, the door inches open, stops.

WELLWOOD-FINCH (V.O.)

Remember, his mother's in a wheelchair, so go easy.

A woman's compact reaches around the door, freezes: a wire.

Snip, the wire's cut, Monty hands the compact back to a female officer, looks in and points out the lurking grenade.

Armed police step in followed by Wellwood-Finch, Pasquale, Ruland, Monty, Kirk and Alessandra.

Calling 'clear' the cops converge on the living room - place is empty.

WELLWOOD-FINCH

Declan and his mother have disappeared. But found this.
(shows box of bullets)
25 caliber.

BEDROOM - The closet is full of blue, long-sleeved dresses and wigs. Monty studies the pile carpet.

WELLWOOD-FINCH

She always wears blue.
(points to wigs)
Survived cancer.

MONTY

No wheelchair. No wheelchair marks on the carpet.

LIVING ROOM - series of landscape paintings on the wall.

ALESSANDRA

Gallery's full of beautiful art, yet these on his wall. Hmmm.

RULAND

What?

ALESSANDRA

All of them have been painted over.
(off Ruland's shrug)
In the past, artists did that when money was tight. Picasso's *The Old Guitarist* has the likeness of a nursing mother beneath it. Strange for a gallery owner to overpaint.

They mill about, disappointed not to catch Declan.

INT. BELFAST, KANE ART GALLERY - DAY

Declan, in a blue dress, hangs the Modigliani, 'Woman With The Red Shawl' in the alcove. Admires it as muffled footfalls are heard above.

INT. BELFAST, DECLAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Monty stares at a portable machine pointing towards a walled-in fireplace.

MONTY

What's this piece of equipment?

RULAND

It's a portable X-ray machine.
Sports stadiums have them.

WELLWOOD-FINCH

From all reports, Declan Kane
played no sports.

RULAND

Why would a gallery owner have an X-
ray machine?

Alessandra and Pasquale share a knowing look.

RULAND

What?

ALESSANDRA

X-ray machines are used to reveal
the original paintings the artist
covered up.

Ruland and Monty move the X-ray machine nearer the paintings.

MONTAGE of landscapes with portraits beneath.

WELLWOOD-FINCH

That's Boy Kelly and, now I see it,
the covering painting is the canal
where he was found floating.

The second painting reveals a bald man's portrait.

WELLWOOD-FINCH

(horrified)

That's his bodyguard, and that's
the cop shot with them.

Monty leans in to the last painting: Inglenook. The X-ray
machine reveals a hidden portrait of two men.

RULAND

That's us on the cover of my book.

PASQUALE

A serial killer's trophies, hiding
in plain sight.

MONTY

Why was it pointing at the wall?

They wheel it back to the wall and plug it in, revealing a cavity beside the chimney with a wheelchair and a body. Monty swings a police sledge hammer, opens a hole, flashes a light on a mummified corpse in a blue dress. Stunned silence.

RULAND

His mother?

PASQUALE

Alessandra, can you look at the
gallery for the Modigliani?

WELLWOOD-FINCH

Gallery's empty and we've got
guards outside.

INT. BELFAST, KANE ART GALLERY - DAY

Armed policemen are visible through the gallery's window. A sad Ruland follows Alessandra past colorful canvasses.

ALESSANDRA

You angry with me?

RULAND

(shakes his head)

As Kirk said...sometimes what's
best for us, isn't what's best for
those we love.

Subdued, she walks to the alcove, stunned to find the Modigliani.

ALESSANDRA

Dio, mio.

She clasps her hands as Ruland gapes.

INSERT: An eye stuck to the tiny gap in the 'trompe-l'oeil' to the hidden storage room, watches them.

They both stare in awe. His phone rings. It's on speaker.

PASQUALE (V.O.)
 (as bg voices mingle)
 MI5 just accessed security footage
 near the canal. A woman in a blue
 dress killed the policeman.

RULAND
 But his mother's dead -

A floor to ceiling fresco swings open and out steps Declan,
 wearing a blue dress and pointing his .25 caliber pistol.

RULAND
 (in his phone)
 Shit, Norman Bates is here.

Declan checks his pistol's magazine. Full.

Through the window, Ruland sees armed cops take refuge. Monty
 springs from the apartment's outside staircase and grabs the
 cop's HK MP5, leans across the hood of a car, aiming through
 the window towards Declan who's hidden behind a beam.

Ruland, hands calmly raised, steps in front of Alessandra.

RULAND
 No need to hurt Alessandra, Declan.
 It's me you want.

DECLAN
 But losing her would hurt more.

RULAND
 He teach you that? Boy Kelly?

DECLAN
 He never called. All those years.
 Then only shows up because of
 money. All he ever cared about. Not
 his wife. Not his son.

RULAND
 Must'a been hard on your mom.

DECLAN
 Hard? At the end of the Troubles,
 an English soldier, a Tommy was
 shot on our street. Collapsed on
 our stoop, dying. My ma put a
 pillow under his head.
 (struggles for breath)
 The IRA called it treason. My da
 didn't stop his mates. One used a
 broken bottle on her face.

(MORE)

DECLAN (CONT'D)

I tried to help but they...
 (shows his arrowhead scar)
 Even after months in the hospital,
 her face...never went out again.
 (smiles at the memory)
 She'd been such a beauty.
 (pauses)
 All for a pillow.

ALESSANDRA

(clearly moved)
 My God.

DECLAN

During The Troubles, my father
 dimmed the darkness.
 (looking at the gallery)
 My ma, she brought beauty to
 Belfast.

ALESSANDRA

This gallery is your mother's
 masterpiece.

RULAND

(off Declan's nod)
 Boy Kelly's answer was violence.
 Your mother's was kindness. Which
 is yours, the gun or the pillow?

Struggling to answer, Declan stares at his gun, at his dress
 and sees Monty trying for a clean shot around the post.

RULAND

Which would your mom want from you?

DECLAN

You know...

Declan's pistol clicks. Ruland braces for the shot.

DECLAN

I'll ask her.

Still aiming at Ruland, Declan steps away from the post.
 Boom. Monty's bullet pierces Declan's chest. He smiles, lets
 the pistol fall from his right hand, the magazine from his
 left. Wasn't loaded.

Ruland takes Alessandra's hand, walks her outside to Monty,
 with, in the background, *'Woman With The Red Shawl.'*

FADE OUT